Surprise for Daddy

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Horny daughter has fun with daddy

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I was 18 when my fantasy came true. My Daddy and I were home by ourselves. My mother had gone out of state with my brother for a basketball game the day before and wouldn't be back for another day or so.

The morning they left, I lay back on my bed, letting my fingers work their way down my body to my waiting pussy. It was my Daddy I was thinking about. His black hair, his dark eyes, sensual lips and five o'clock shadow. At six foot he was impressive. All hard muscle and screaming MAN! My hands moved across my 36 c cup tits, rolling the perky nipples between my fingers until they became tight super sensitive buds. My other hand caressed my flat stomach, pausing at my hips. Squeezing them as a lover would before plunging my hands into my wet panties.

My Daddy was just down the hall, probably asleep still. But it was him I imagined as my fingers worked my clit in ever shrinking circles, while my favorite 8 inch vibrator pumped in and out of my pussy. I wanted His hands on my cunt, His hands on my body. I fucked myself harder thinking about his steel shaft penetrating my pussy. Thinking about his cock is what drove me over the edge of the most delicious orgasm. It was his name I softly whispered as I came.

I got up, steadying myself after my intense session, getting dressed in a pair of my favorite kaki short shorts, and a bikini top under a tank top.

I loved my body, really I did. The swell of my perky breasts, the curve of my stomach leading to my hip, my strong shoulders, I had a great body!

My Daddy must have noticed it too, because lately, when I'd look at him he would get this dazed look in his eyes. I'd seen that look before and knew what it meant. I had lost my virginity a few years back so I was no shy kitten. I knew my father wanted me. Quite frankly I wanted him too.

That morning, after going down to make coffee (I'm a little bit of a caffeine addict) I heard my father come down. Having just rolled out of bed, and still in his boxers and a white T-shirt he was absolutely yummy. Standing there watching him stretch, his muscles working themselves awake. I had to resist the urge to go and lick him like a lollipop. I could feel my fresh panties becoming wet, imagining

myself working my tongue over his cock like it was candy. Shaking myself out of the lust induced trance, I walked over to him, coffee in hand. Handing him his cup, I took a sip from mine.

“What do you want to do today, Daddy?” I said, leaning against one of the columns that formed the doorway to the dining room.

I watched my father, his eyes fixed to the small patch of skin that was showing at my hip between the top of my shorts and the bottom of my shirt. I put my hand on it letting my fingers caress the same spot he had been staring at.

I could tell he was trying to fight it, this tangible tension between us. I had long since given up that fight. I knew I wanted my Daddy and I knew he wanted me. It was only a matter of time before we broke down and gave in.

But that moment would have to wait for later. I had to stock up on my “Fuck Me” gear.

He left for work, and I cleaned up after our breakfast before heading out myself.

I headed to the mall, the new Victoria Secret’s Catalog had come in and I had my eye on a few things. Daddy spoiled me and I wasn’t complaining.

Three hours and two hundred dollars later, I was home. In my room I unpacked all the goodies I had purchased that day. Lace boy shorts, satin thongs, sheer bras, corsets, a complete arsenal with which I planned to seduce my father.

Putting on a pair of the boy shorts with tiny ruffles and a lace up back and a little satin camisole I went downstairs.

About an hour later, I heard my father coming up through the door.

I was lying on the couch. Pretending to be asleep, I heard him call my name. My hands once again followed the familiar path to my pussy. Already wet and waiting, I moaned, once, twice, before hearing my father’s footsteps heading in my direction. Still pretending to be asleep, I knew he was in the room with me, watching me. Thinking I was masturbating in my sleep. I heard his sharp intake of breath.

“Daddy, please...” I moaned my voice a tortured whisper. “Oh,God..” I heard him say. I moaned again, wanting the friction that came from his cock rather than my own hand.

“Mmmm, Daddy, that’s right, right there” I mumbled out. I heard his footsteps come closer. Peeking through my lashes I could see the effort his cock was making at escaping his trousers.

Opening my eyes, I looked at my father. He looked at me. We stood silent there for a moment more before my hands started once again to work my pussy.

“I want you Daddy” I said.

I watched the final battle take place on his face before his baser urges won out. He wanted me.

Walking forward, he knelt down on his knees. Sliding my panties down to expose my shaven mound, he licked his lips. I felt his hands on my thighs, going ever higher until they reached my aching apex.

“So fucking beautiful…” I heard him say.

He placed his hand on my pussy, covering it, sliding it down my slit before inserting a finger into my tight hole.

“Your pussy is already wet baby.” He said. I was, my pussy was soaking wet for my Daddy.

“Yes Daddy, please...” I managed before he inserted another finger. My hips rose up to meet his thrust.

“You must have fantasized about this a lot, huh baby? You want to be Daddy’s slut.” He said.

My mind was racing as a new wave of wetness flooded my already soaked cunt. Yes, yes, this is exactly what I wanted. My dark desires coming true.

“Yes Daddy, make me your slut.”

Rising up to get undressed I saw his body, all muscle and tan skin, and his cock. My mouth still waters when I think of it.

“Stand up.” He said. His voice had changed, gotten a little lower, more authoritative. It was hot!

I stood, wearing only my thin camisole, my pussy and ass on display for him.

He went to sit in his favorite chair, his legs stretched out. Motioning me to come to him, I walked forward. I could feel my pussy juices running down the inside of my thighs.

“Do you know how to suck cock, baby?” He asked.

I thought I would cum right there as I answered, “Yes Daddy, I’ve done it a few times”

He stroked his cock and pulled me down on my knees in front of him.

“Suck it you slut.” He ordered. I think I had my first mini orgasm of the night. My hand gently circled his impressive shaft. Taking my mouth, I placed wet kisses up and down the length of him. His cock felt like satin covered steel to my lips. I worked my way back up, and looking at him once, I took the

head of his cock into my mouth. I tasted him for the first time, it was perfection. I took him deeper into my mouth and I felt his hands fist in my hair. “That’s right; suck Daddy’s cock, like a good slut.” Another mini orgasm hit me. I sucked his cock with more ferocity, taking all of him into my mouth, my tongue exploring the veined texture of his shaft. One hand fondled his balls and I heard muffled curses coming from him. I knew he was about to cum; I wanted to taste it, to swallow every drop. I took him in deep again and felt the first shot of hot salty cum coat my throat. I pulled out a little so my tongue could savor his cum, and got a mouthful! Moaning I swallowed it as he pushed me back, squirting the rest of his sticky cum on my tits.

“Go back to the couch, get on your knees and bend over on the cushions.” He said. I loved the way he ordered me about! I eagerly complied and soon felt his hands grip my hips, lining his ready cock up to my cunt. I wiggled my ass trying to get closer, wanting him inside me. He eased his cock inside my waiting sheath, inch by agonizing inch. I wanted it all now!

Looking behind me at him I said, “Daddy, stop fucking around and fuck me already!” His eyes held a devilish glint in them as he withdrew his hardened mast and rammed it in my pussy. I moaned out half in pain half in pleasure. The feeling of it was heavenly. I heard him groan, “Fuck baby you’re tight.” He allowed a moment to adjust before picking up where he left off. Finding a steady rhythm, his cock pumped in and out of my tight pussy.

He reached up and grabbed my hair, pulling me back toward him, I felt one of his hands come around and begin rubbing my clit as his cock fucked me from behind. “You like Daddy’s cock in your pussy?” he asked.

I had to focus to speak, but speak I did, “Yeah Daddy, fuck me good with that cock!” I all but screamed. His other hand was pinching my nipple, just hard enough to hurt a little. He picked up speed, thrusting like a man possessed in and out of my wet and willing cunt. I had lost count of the number of orgasms I had had that night. Suddenly, I felt him pull out of my pussy. Moaning at the loss momentarily before I was flipped on my back and the fucking resumed. He lifted my legs over his strong shoulders and buried his cock inside me deeper than before. I cried out, once again cumming under him. He moaned loudly before I felt his cum fill me up. I was spent; he collapsed beside me equally drained.

I had just fucked my Daddy. He had just fucked me, his daughter. We could make love later.