

The Other Woman

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Published on Lush Stories on 08 Dec 2012

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“You could just leave,” I could hear my mother yelling from down the hall. She and my father were in another fight, something I had become overly familiar with. If they were not fighting, they were giving each other the death stare or avoiding the other person. Everyone could tell that they were not happy, yet they were convinced they had to stay together for other people. Apparently my mother had finally had it.

“And where do you suppose I should go, huh?” My father sounded angry and defeated all at the same time. I was never sure what part of this was his fault really. My mother had lost her mind in my opinion, my father was just trying to hold on to whatever marriage he might have left.

“Who cares,” she screamed back at him. “Stay at a fucking hotel for all I care, or even better go stay with your mother.”

My mother slammed the door to the bedroom and I knew that she was done for the night. This was the part where she would take whatever pills she had prescribed to her for bogus reasons, down a glass of scotch and pass out. It was just like every night before.

I pulled open my door slowly and made my way down the stairs behind my father. He was quick to grab his coat and head for the door but I could not let him leave. My father worked hard to put this roof over our house, if anyone should be leaving, it should be my mother.

“You don’t have to leave,” I called after him, finally making it to the bottom of the stairs.

“I do have to leave baby,” he frown at me, reaching over to grab his keys off the hall table. “I just need to get away from here for a little while.”

“So you are just going to leave me here,” I cried, anger building up inside of me. “You can’t leave me here with her.”

“She is your mother,” he defender her, though she did not deserve it.

“She is a fucking lunatic,” I corrected him.

“Addie,” his voice was firm, “do not speak about your mother that way.”

“So you are saying she is not a lunatic?” I asked him.

“No,” he frowned again. “She is just a little lost right now.”

I sighed, moving my way across the entry way to my father. I brought my arms up and wrapped them around his neck, pulling him down into a hug. He did not fight me but I could feel his body tense up. All this crap my mother had been putting him through was making him cold. I hated her for the way she treated him.

“If you are leaving, I am leaving.” I told him matter of fact.

“No you need to stay here,” he pushed me away slightly.

“If you don’t take me with you,” I tried to think of a good threat quickly. “I will just leave anyways.”

“No you will not,” he yelled at me. “You will go right upstairs and go to bed.”

“I will do no such thing,” I defended myself. “I am seventeen, not five. Stop treating me like I am a child.”

“You are a child,” he cried defeated. “You are my child and I would be happy if you would stay here and go to bed.”

“I am coming with you,” I threw my hands down to the side.

I grabbed my coat and pulled it over my arms. I then walked over and slipped my shoes quickly onto my feet. If he was leaving, he was not going to be leaving without me, that was for damn sure.

“Fine,” he admitted to losing. “But don’t expect me to be in a good mood about it.”

The hotel we ended up at was kind of shady but my father was never into spending money when it

was not important. I would have been happier with a nicer room, one that did not look like people could have died in it, but it was what it was and I could not complain much about it. If I complained, he would probably just take me home. I did not want to go home.

“Sign says they have HBO,” I tried to find something positive about the room, though that did not even seem like a positive. We had HBO at home, along with clean beds and a house that was virtually bug free. I had not seen a bug here yet but I knew they were lurking somewhere close by.

“I am going to take a shower,” my dad threw down his bag that he already had in the car. He made me make myself a bag before we left the house.

“Then I am going to watch free HBO,” I smiled over at him.

“You do that,” he gave me a force smile.

I flipped through the channels and could not find anything to my liking. There were a few movies that I had seen, as well as a few that I had not seen but appeared to be way out of my taste range. Then of course there was the porn and it was not even scrambled. I was not sure that was the best option, being as I could get caught. I ended with the television off.

I laid back against the bed, looking up at the ceiling and trying to see if I could make myself go to sleep, though I was far from tired. I had already put on my nightgown and was fully ready for bed.

Without even thinking about it, my hand began to slide across my body, running over my breast which perked up beneath my fingers that rubbed at them through the cotton fabric. I knew that I should not be doing this but seeing that porn, even for a slight moment, had turned me on. I knew that I was going to have to get off in order to fall asleep, but I needed to make it quick.

I rubbed at my nipples, pushing down against them only to pull at them in return. Soon they were rock hard between my fingers and I had begun to moan. I was so turned on for all of the wrong reasons. I was in a shaggy motel with my father who was probably in the shower touching himself. I wondered if he ever thought about me and my nipples perked just that much harder.

I began to move my fingers down my body, circling them around parts of my stomach. I could not help think about my father’s fingers touching my body. I had felt his fingers against me so many times in passing that it did not take much imagining to make it feel real. It was as if he were right there, running his fingers over the fabric of my nightgown.

“Oh daddy,” I cried out as quietly as I could, my fingers slipping between my legs and running over my panties, just above my sweet spot.

I rubbed at my clit through my panties and I could tell that they were getting wet. The thought of daddy’s fingers brushing against my pussy had me so wet I could feel how quickly it was going to drench my panties. I had never thought about daddy like this before, but now I was regretting never doing it. Thinking about daddy had gotten me so wet, wetter than I had ever been before. This was an adventure I had definitely been missing out on.

“Oh yes daddy,” I rubbed harder at my pussy, “rub it daddy.”

“Oh god,” my eyes flashed open and I could see daddy standing in the doorway to the bathroom. The door was opened halfway and he was standing there, naked, looking at me with his cock in his hand. He stroked it back and forth looking over my body.

“Daddy,” I cried, beginning to pull myself up.

“Please don’t stop,” he begged me quickly, throwing me completely off guard.

“Are you sure?” I asked him, laying back down where I was.

“Please?” He begged again, still stroking softly at his cock.

I smiled up at daddy with a stomach full of nerves. I was not sure if I was going to be able to do this but the thought of pleasing myself in front of daddy was amazing. My developed feelings in my stomach I never knew I could feel. It was the feeling of true excitement.

“You like this daddy?” I asked him as I slid my fingers back between my legs.

Daddy nodded, watching over me as I began to rub at my clit again over my panties. They were soaking wet and I loved it, and I could tell that daddy loved it too. He loved watching his little girl rub at her sweet, soaking wet, virgin pussy.

“Oh daddy,” I cried out, slipping my finger in through the side of my panties and running it up my hot slit to my clit. I circled around my clit over and over again, chills running through my entire body.

“Yes baby girl, rub that clit,” my daddy spoke through clenched teeth, pulling at his cock harder. His body was shaking and I imagined that he was close to cumming. Daddy was going to get off watching

his baby girl touch herself.

“Yes daddy,” I moaned, looking him straight into the eye. I rubbed harder at my clit, my body beginning to thrust up against my hand on its own. Soon I was so wet that I could feel it running down my fingers and down my ass. I had never been so wet in my entire life.

“Oh fuck baby girl,” he groaned, a long string of cum spurting out of his cock and falling to the floor in front of him, some landing against his fingers.

“Come here,” I called to him, slipping my finger inside of me and bucking against myself. “Please.”

Daddy walked over to me and sat down on the bed beside me while I continued to fuck at my soaking wet pussy with my fingers.

“Let me lick it off your hand,” I told him, turning my head to him. “Now.”

Daddy did not argue with me, he moved his hand over to my mouth and let me lick his cum off of his fingers. The salty flavor ran over my tongue as I swallowed all that I could find on this fingers.

“Oh daddy I am going to cum,” I cried out. “Help me.”

Daddy leaned down and kissed his lips firmly against mine. It was just enough to send me over the edge. I bucked hard, fucking myself with my fingers as hard as I could as I came all over them. At the same time I swallowed daddy’s mouth with my own, thrusting my tongue into his mouth and licking against his tongue.

My body shook hard and it took forever for me to come back to earth. I had never cum so hard in my entire life.

Daddy and I continued to kiss for a few minutes before he pulled away and stood up from the bed. He looked confused and unsure of what just happened and that made me worry.

“I uh,” he stumbled over his words. “I think I need to take another shower.”

“Can I come with you?” I asked him with a pouty face.

“Yeah,” he smiled, looking down at me. “I would like that.”