

The Very First Man in My Life

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Before I had guy friends and boyfriends, there was dad.

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Please be patient with me as this is my very first attempt at writing an incest story.

I am sitting on the bed in my old room. The space that I grew up is now little more than a storage area. Gone are the toys and games that once occupied it. Only one lamp sits on a broken white dresser. My old color TV with the long outdated, unworkable cable box rests on a dusty TV table. The open closet doors are a gateway to nothing.

I wait for dad with both nervousness and excitement. My desires have overtaken me, but I cannot help but wonder if I have already punched my one-way ticket to hell for wanting him this way. Dad and I exchanged sexual signals for some time. We could not hide our desire for each other anymore. We had to do something about it.

Dad enters the room and I feel my pussy tingle with anticipation. He smiles at me and sits on the bed next to me. His short black hair now has noticeable strands of grey. His build is small, yet still firm. I can tell that he has just finished a cigarette and I wonder if he is as nervous as I am.

It is OK, I am all grown up now and he'll be aware of that very shortly. He strokes my cheek and slowly leans forward to kiss me. I love the feel of his tender lips. I open my mouth, inviting his tongue, which I soon feel inside my mouth. Our sweet kisses veil our incredible passion. Inside my head I say, "I'm going to make love to the man that made me".

He looks at my breasts, unsure of how to approach me. I nod to him, letting him know it is OK to touch me. He puts his hand on them and slowly rubs them through my clothes, but this is not good enough. I smile seductively as I pull off my shirt and throw it aside. I quickly unsnap my bra.

Dad slips his hand under my bra and in one motion removes it. My nipples are hard for him as he places soft kisses on my breasts. My body starts to quiver as he gently holds my breasts in his hands. His tongue slowly circles my nipples and I begin moaning in pleasure as I stroke his hair.

“Do you like it?” he asks me.

“Oh yes, oh God yes,” I reply as he sucks my breasts.

My pussy is so hot for him, but I do not want to rush the moment. Dad moves his hand between my legs as he continues to suck my breasts. Feeling his hands gives me a jolt of pleasure that I have never experienced before by any man. He motions me to stand up and my pussy is throbbing harder than before.

He pulls down my denim skirt and panties, and lets out a nervous laugh when he sees my bald pussy in front of him. “Nice little pussy,” he says to me. I was aroused even more when he said “pussy”.

“It’s all yours, dad,” I say and he begins to touch it lightly with his finger.

He was so gentle, as if he was touching fine porcelain. He slid his finger inside me, feeling my more that obvious wetness. He moved closer and put his lips to my pussy and I opened my legs wider.

By this time, I am going crazy inside, barely containing my desire for him. I opened my legs for him as his fingers and tongue explored me as I have never been before. I closed my eyes as my legs shook with pleasure as dad ate my pussy.

He licked softly and slowly and I moaned in approval. He sucked my clit as if he instinctively knew how I liked it. “YES!” I exclaimed as my pussy dripped with pleasure. I thought of things to distract me so I would not cum so quickly. Dad was so good at eating me, I envied mom for a moment.

I cupped his head in my hands and he stood up. I started to undress him, but he removed his own clothes. “All these years and I never saw my father naked.” I thought. However, by the time that thought was completed, dad was fully naked and erect in front of me. His body was smooth and beautiful and his cock was wider than I imagined it.

I knelt before him and kissed the tip of his cock as he gently stroked it. I took it in my mouth, trying not to gag from the width. I methodically sucked him in a steady motion. Dad’s moans were making me even hotter for him. I started to rub my pussy as my tongue teased his hard cock. As my tongue glided to his balls, he said, “I have an idea....”

He lay down on the bed and reached for my hand. “Squat over me so I can lick your pussy.”

I knelt on the bed and straddled his face and he licked my pussy again. At the same time, I took his cock in my mouth and slowly rubbed his balls. The once quiet room now held the sounds pleasure-

pleasure that I never experienced on this level. I loved dad's hardness in my mouth. I loved his scent. For this moment, I was in total lust for him. I wanted him to cum so badly. I wanted to please him.

My pussy was completely at his mercy as I felt the pleasure building up inside of me. I let out a scream. "Oh my God, that's it, that's it!" I felt the waves of pleasure ravage me inside. I have never cum this hard in my life as I orgasmed on his face and he laughed again. "I want you, dad. Please make love to me," I asked, but inside I was begging for him.

He startled me by picking me up and carrying me to his bedroom and gently put me on the bed. He parted my legs and entered me slowly, pumping me softly.

"You can do it harder, dad." I whispered.

"I don't want to hurt you," he said.

"You won't hurt me," I assured him.

He started pumping me harder. He felt so good inside me.

"Oh yes dad!" I said repeatedly and he responded by doing it even faster.

He was breathing heavier and now I could see the sweat on his face. His body started to shake and I knew he was going to cum. At that moment I tightened my pussy lips around his cock and with a loud grunt, he came inside me. My heart pounded in unspeakable excitement when he soaked my pussy with his semen. When he pulled out, he shook his cock on my pussy. Exhausted, he lay down next to me with his head on my breast. I looked at the nightstand next to me and saw my parents' wedding picture.

"I hope mom doesn't find out," I said as I stroked his sweaty forehead.

"She won't," he replied.

"Dad, I have a regret," I said seriously.

"What's that?" he asked, looking concerned.

"That we didn't do this sooner."

"Me too," he said with a smile as he kissed me on the forehead.

I took his hand as we drifted off to sleep.