

# Unwilling Victim of Seduction - 5

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*A father is determined to punish the man who turned his daughter into a slut.*

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Unwilling Victim of Seduction - Part 5

Before the congregation could finish the last song and benediction, I slipped out of my pew and down the outer aisle and headed to the restroom, hoping that no one would notice the big wet spot in my suit on my crotch and down my right leg -- caused by my daughter masturbating me. I got into the restroom and, seeing no one about, I looked in the mirror while I lifted my right leg. Wow. It was a big, big wet spot. Even through my boxers the semen had soaked all the way through. Looked like I pissed myself. I debated whether I should try to clean up some of the semen, or just make a dash for the car.

A loud click startled me and I turned, my heart pounding in panic. It was reverend Peabody, stepping out of a booth, holding his unzipped slacks up with one hand. He smiled and said hello cheerfully, then tucked his shirt and zipped up.

"Good to see you here, Jack. So was the sermon up to your expectations?... Whoaa! That's quite a wet spot you have there. Looks like someone was having a really good time!"

He laughed casually and checked his tie in the mirror, while I tried to think of something to say. He turned back to me and patted me on the back in a very friendly manner.

"That's an incredibly lovely daughter you have, Jack. I love that dress she was wearing this morning. Wouldn't mind seeing her come to church in that dress more often. I've been trying to get my daughter to show a little more of her figure at church, but she's shy -- you know how girls are. Say, would you like to put on some clean slacks? We're about the same size and I keep a spare suit in my office. No, really, it's no problem. Come with me."

And gently grasping my arm, he pulled me toward a door at the far end of the restroom. It was

marked, Private. Karl Peabody pulled out a key and unlocked the door. On the other side was his well-appointed office, with huge bookshelves, solid wood desk, computer with oversized flat panel screen, two chairs and a daybed that doubled as a couch. The windows were big and bright but had frosted glass so nothing outside was visible.

"Let's see what I can find in this wardrobe, Jack. Yeah, these should fit you. Go ahead and take those off. No, no, no, Jack, it's okay, I'm a minister, and you wouldn't believe what I've seen as part of my ministry. Your skinny legs won't bother me."

I slipped off my slacks and pulled the belt out, only too aware of the sticky, gooey feeling of all that semen smeared down my thigh. I got a whiff of warm semen and blushed. If the reverend recognized the aroma of... He handed me his clean slacks and took mine out of my hand. He casually put them up to his nose and sniffed. And then he grinned at me.

"Don't worry, Jack, your secret is safe with me. I'm sure worse things have happened in this church before. In fact, I'm sure of it. I can only imagine that you're as attracted to that lovely daughter of yours as much as I am. And you were sitting a lot closer to her than I was, you lucky dog. I couldn't help but notice you looking down at her beautiful breasts during my sermon. No, it's okay, really. I'm not criticizing you, Jack. If I were sitting that close to such sensuous beauty, I would have gotten my pants sticky too. It's perfectly okay."

Despite my embarrassment, Karl had an amazing way of putting me at ease. He had just said that masturbating in church was not a big deal -- and somehow, bizarre though it sounded, I believed him and was reassured. I put on his slacks and threaded the belt. The fit was okay, although my boxers were still stuck to my skin. I was not so uncomfortable. He obviously assumed that I had masturbated myself, and I was not about to enlighten him. I picked up my jacket from the daybed and put it on. Karl said he would take my slacks to the cleaners and then return them. I turned around looking for the door out, just as his phone rang. Reverend Peabody answered it and began giving instructions for rearranging the sanctuary.

I found the door next to his computer desk and mumbled that I would let myself out. As I pulled the door open I looked at his computer screen. I would love to have one that big. It was maybe 28 inches... there was email poking out from under a browser, just maybe an inch. I did a double take, and a cold dry hand gripped my heart and squeezed. What little I could see said,

*"Your Princess & your Cock Worshiper."*

I'm not sure how we got home. I do remember that at Emmie's request, we went through a fast food window and picked up some sandwiches and soft drinks. The rest of the trip home was a blur, but

there I was in my bedroom, peeling off my cold, sticky, damp boxer shorts. The aroma of stale semen was overpowering. I stripped and got a towel and put it around me. As I opened my door, I almost bumped into Emmie. She was still wearing the blue dress with the low, revealing neckline. She grinned at me most wickedly.

"I love you so much, daddy! Did you enjoy the sermon? What did you think about Noah fucking his two daughters and getting them pregnant? Wasn't that wild? Did you like that part, daddy? I sure did."

And she came up right against me and kissed me on my chin as she slid her hands along my torso and around my back. Her D-cup breasts were on full display in front of me, rubbing lightly against my bare chest.

"How come you need another shower, daddy? Did something happen in your pants this morning? Hmmm? Oh god, daddy, you smell wonderful! I wish you smelled this way all the time."

And she looked up at me with those alluring eyes and batted her eyelashes at me.

"Let me wash up, Emmie, then we can... talk. Okay? I'll be out in just five minutes, then we'll have some lunch and talk."

I pulled away from her slowly, her hands continuing to caress my chest as I turned. I went into the bath, only too aware that I had an erection again. A big one. The memory of Emmie stroking my penis in church was replaying over and over again in my mind's eye. My head was pounding. My heart was a fucking trip-hammer. I even thought I might be having a heart attack -- but no, it was just panic. I got in the shower, and ... *Your Princess & your Cock Worshiper...* turned it on, and waited for it to heat up. I grabbed a bottle of body wash and squirted a blob in my hand ... *Your Princess & your Cock Worshiper...* and lathered up my crotch and my thighs. ... *Your Princess & your Cock Worshiper...* I lathered my sticky ass and my raging hardon. I washed my penis, but I avoided masturbating, not now, at that moment I just wanted to get the odor of my spent cum out of my nose. ... *Your Princess & your Cock Worshiper...*

Finally, I let my mind turn slowly to address the metaphorical elephant standing on my inner coffee table. Reverend Karl Peabody was... he was... was he... LilGirlsDaddy? Was he the one emailing my daughter with those obscene erotic fantasies? I felt a blast of cooler air, but I was transfixed by the question smouldering in my brain. Was he the pervert that was having cyber sex with ... *Your Princess & your Cock Worshiper...*

Hands came around my waist and pressed flat against my stomach. Something warm and fleshy pressed against my back. ... *Your Princess & your Cock Worshiper...* Omigod! OMIGOD! Emmie's

hands slid down my soapy stomach and into the thick mass of lather and pubic hair at the base of my erection. I couldn't breathe. I slowly looked down ... *Your Princess & your Cock Worshiper...* as my daughter's elegantly small hands began stroking my soapy hard cock. Oh God!! An erotic pulse of unquenchable lust flashed through me.

"Oh god, daddy, you have no idea... no idea how much I love you... how much I... I want you... I dream of you, daddy... at night when I hear you masturbating, I dream of touching you like this... you're so hard, daddy... so hard... for me... I worship your cock daddy... I want it inside me"

... *Your Princess & your Cock Worshiper...*

I was out of control. It was all too much. This isn't the way I wanted it, with that fucking reverend pervert standing behind my daughter pulling the strings. If, in fact he was. Or maybe it was just my paranoia. And I turned around trying to think of what to say to my daughter, when she pushed me back toward the shower wall. Water poured down my face and chest, my back settled against the water handles. And her face was in my face. And her lips were on my lips.

And her tongue was in my mouth.

And my arms were around her. And one of her hands was still trying to stroke my erection as it was pressed between our naked bellies.

... *Your Princess & your Cock Worshiper...*

Suddenly, she broke the kiss and went to her knees. She was going to... oh, no! NO! Emmie, we need to talk about this first... We need to... to talk... oh, shit it was too soon, too soon to

... *Your Princess & your Cock Worshiper...*

The red swollen mushroom cap of my painfully erect penis disappeared in Emmie's mouth, and she simultaneously stroked my shaft with one hand, fondled my testicles with the other, and slid her tightly pressed lips up and down my rigid, throbbing shaft. All seven inches of it. God, who taught her how to take a cock down her throat like that? Oh god! My daughter was sucking my cock! Again! Only this time, it was so... so much hotter... and nastier... where the fuck did my seventeen year old baby girl learn moves like this? I could feel my penis thrust through the back of her throat, and her tongue swirl over the length of my rigid shaft.

Just as I was about to spew, she stopped and stood up. She grabbed the body wash as she grinned up at me lasciviously. In a moment she had pulled me out of the torrent of warm water raining down,

pressed her back against me (pinning my throbbing erection against my thigh), lathered up the front of her body, grabbed my hands and placed them on her breasts. She moved my hands all up and down her body with her hands.

"I love you daddy... I want your hands all over me... I want your mouth all over me..."

My hands needed no guidance now. My lust had expunged all panic and jealousy from my mind. The only thing in the Cosmos that existed was Emmie's naked soapy body. Her little girl flesh was so warm and soft and inviting. My hands made love to her voluptuous breasts, massaging them, squeezing them together, rubbing my palms all over them, as I kissed her neck and told her how much I loved her. The feeling was exquisite, surpassing any sexual fantasy I had ever had. My fingers slipped between her soapy thighs, and she gasped loudly with pleasure.

"Oh god, daddy, yes! Yes! Yes!!"

My fingertips brailed her nipples, poised so high and perky upon her lovely mammary mounds, her hard swollen nipples begging to be sucked. My other hand brailed her young pussy lips, her clitoris, her sparse pubic hair, and the enticing entrance into her innermost sanctum. Her sacred chamber. The holy altar into which gifts of warm semen were to be offered. Like Noah had given his seed to his two nubile daughters, and impregnated them. Holy incest.

Emmie was breathing so loudly I could hear her over the rush of the shower that waterfalled over our naked writhing lust-filled bodies. I felt her hand reach behind her and grasp my male organ. The rush of pleasure was almost painful. Bolts of lust lightening flashed through my loins. Images of all the erotic fantasies I had wanted to perform on my daughter flashed before my eyes. I wanted to make her my lover, my slut, my submissive little whore...

But another voice in my head screamed, you don't want to do this, you DON'T want to do this!! This is incest! It's a sin, no matter what the hell that daughter fucker, Noah, did! People will find out, you stupid pervert! You'll be destroyed! They'll kick you out of your position at the university! You sick child fucker! You don't... you don't... you don't want to...

*... Your Princess & your Cock Worshiper...*

**LIKE HELL!! YES I DID WANT TO DO IT!!**

With a loud growl of unbridled lust, I manhandled Emmie to the padded floor of the shower, the drum of the water beating on my buttocks and thighs. I spread her legs, slipped between them and covered her body with mine. My chest rubbed sensuously over her lathered breasts. I covered her mouth with

mine. Her hands wrapped around my back. Her fingernails bit into my flesh. Her long beautiful legs wrapped around my waist.

"Daddy! Oh god, daddy, I want you so much! Take me! Take me completely! I'm yours, daddy! All of me! All of... UNGHH!"

Her breathing rate doubled, her breath coming out in loud gasps, as the head of my penis pierced through her soapy genitalia and penetrated inside her. Then it was my time to gasp out loud. I was doing it. Omigod! I was doing it! I was fucking Emmie!

I was fucking my daughter's sweet hot cunt!

And I slammed my cock all the way inside her. If she had an intact hymen, which was doubtful, I most certainly evaporated any trace of it with one thrust. We mewled and cried and moaned like animals, writhing all over the shower floor, the rain of water blessing our union. Our incestuous union. I could not get enough of her! I could not get enough of her tongue in my mouth, or enough of my cock in her vagina, her lovely vagina, my daughter's virgin, tight vagina. I was having intercourse with my virgin daughter, treating her as I had done my wife on our honeymoon so long ago. Yes! This was like being on honeymoon with my baby girl!

The feeling of the walls of her tight vagina sliding and caressing along the shaft of my penis was beyond words. It was pure lust pleasure injected directly into the brain. I loved my daughter so much! So fucking much! I needed her! I needed her body! I needed to fuck her and possess her sexually! Her fingernails began shredding my back and her body arched! Her moans combined into one unending wail. Her vagina clamped down on my cock! I kept up my rhythm, relishing the loud slapping sound we made as our flesh came together over and over again. And my cock swelled even bigger, if that was possible, and suddenly, suddenly, suddenly...

*... Your Princess & your Cock Worshiper...*

I surrendered myself totally to the sexual pleasure that my daughter was giving me, and my semen was gushing through my stiff penis and into my baby girl. The friction between our flesh suddenly disappeared, and I was able to thrust into her two dozen more times at top speed before I was totally spent and exhausted. Her orgasms had been uncountable.

I picked up Emmie in my arms. She was limp as a ragdoll, gasping for breath. Carrying her, I stepped out of the shower, leaving it running, and grabbed a towel and hurried to her room. I lowered her to her bed just as her breathing calmed down. Her eyes flashed open, and she grinned up at me.

"God! Daddy, that was so wonderful! You fucked me! You took my virginity! I love you so much!"

"Uhhhh, princess, are you okay? I'm afraid I was pretty rough on you. I lost all control back there. I'm afraid I hurt you..."

"No daddy! No! You were awesome! It was just like in my fantasies! Like when you heard me through the walls? Masturbating? Masturbating for you daddy, so you would hear. I was dreaming of being with you, just like in the shower. And you were awesome!"

"Okay, baby, I uh... just want you to be okay. I, uh..." I decided this wasn't the time to discuss the fact that my fertile seed was inside her unprotected womb.

I moved the towel over her supine body. I noticed how her body flesh moved and rippled under my ministrations. Her lovely breasts undulated and quivered. Her nipples were very hard. She smiled and moaned, and let her eyes close languorously. Her thighs spread and her fingers dipped into her pussy. The rich warm aroma of her aroused vagina filled my nose. Her other hand grasped my flaccid penis.

"Uhhh, princess, let's wait a bit. I uhhh... have to think about something."

"What daddy?"

I was having trouble swallowing. I coughed nervously.

"Princess, are you cybering with someone named Lil Girls Daddy?"

She grinned real big and squeezed my penis several times. It began to swell. My own daughter was playing with my penis. And I was letting her do it. I was ashamed, but it felt marvelous.

"Yes, my sexy daddy, my sexy INCEST daddy. Thomas and Theresa introduced me to him."

"Has he ever... you know... had physical sex with you, sweetheart?"

"Of course not, I just meet him online. You're the only man who has ever fucked me. You're my first, daddy. I saved my virginity for you."

I had braced my one knee upon her bed, while Emmie fondled my slowly swelling penis. I tried to calm her down but she was so overwhelmed with lust for me. She went on and on about how she had fantasized having sex with me for so long. And the longer I listened, the harder my erection became. I wanted her to stop, but her passion was stronger than my reservations. It finally ended with her

getting up on one elbow, and sucking my hard dick into her willing and hungry mouth. I couldn't help myself, and I just watched her lovely lips make love to my penis until finally I couldn't stand it.

I grabbed my daughter's head in my two hands, pulled her into a position that gave me a better angle and began thrusting myself savagely into Emmie's mouth, getting a full four inches inside on each rapidfire stroke! I was face-fucking my daughter! Oh god, it was so shameful but I couldn't stop! I needed to act out my depraved lust for her, to use her, to fuck her slutish mouth, and then... then...

AAAAaaaaaaa!! AAaaa! Aaa! I spent myself again, overwhelmed by yet another over-powering orgasm, this time spewing my cum into my daughter's mouth. Her cock-sucking mouth. And it was glorious. There was no way I could stop myself. Cum dripped down her chin and all over her magnificent tits.

Emmie lay back on the bed exhausted, but content. Then she complained of her head and back being sore. There was a small knot on the very back of her head. Apparently, the shower floor was not a good place for hard fucking. I got her a couple of aspirin with a glass of water (and turned off the shower) and told her to take it easy. She said she was going to let my cum dry on her so she would smell good when I got back.

I excused myself, put on some clean clothes and quietly left the house. I drove out to the Fuggledix Park and ate my cold sandwich, while trying to come to grips with the events of the day. I asked myself over and over again what the hell was happening to me? I was in danger of becoming sexually obsessed with my own daughter. I could see myself taking Emmie permanently into my own bed and making her my lover, my wife, the mother of my children -- if I could not find some way out of this. I briefly fantasized seeing Emmie naked and pregnant with my child -- and it aroused me. No, I had to focus on something else.

I decided to go back to the church and face that goddamned reverend Peabody. Technically, it was named the Temple of Holy Light. It wasn't a traditional church as most folks would expect, more like a 'new age' spiritual center. In fact, the Temple of Holy Light was unique, as far as I knew. It was founded right here in Fuggledix, starting as a small congregation meeting in people's homes, in public school auditoriums, and growing until now it had a large building of its own, with seating for over a thousand. Reverend Karl Peabody was its founder, and now he was one of the best known citizens of Fuggledix. His wife, Carol, not only taught Sunday School, but she and her identical twin sister, Connie, were also teachers in the public school. The two were often spoken of as the most beautiful women in town.

I pulled up in the church's parking lot and saw it was empty. Wait. There was an SUV parked near the rear entrance. I parked next to it and pulled out the pair of slacks that reverend Peabody had loaned

me. I was planning on using his slacks as the excuse for being there, but my real purpose was to find out if he was 'LilGirlsDaddy', and find out what his relationship to my daughter really was. And then I was going to punch his fucking lights out. The rear door was open, the building totally silent. I went through the sanctuary, noting the pew on which my daughter and I had been sitting. Memories of her stroking my hard cock through my slacks assaulted me, and I could feel my testicles descend and my penis swell slightly.

The door marked "MINISTER'S OFFICE" was locked. I stood there for a moment, trying to decide where to go next. I knew the minister had a parsonage nearby but I didn't have a clue where it was. I headed back the way I had come. And I heard a small click behind me, and the sound of a doorknob turning. I spun around and there was Karl Peabody, framed in the doorway to his office, wearing nothing but a pair of navy sweat pants and a big smile.

"Jack! Good to see ya! Come on in to my office. No, really, it's no imposition at all. I was just thinking about you and your daughter. Her name is Emmie, right? Beautiful girl your daughter. You really should introduce her to me, Jack. Yeah, just let me lock this door again. Oh, just put those pants on the table. You're welcome! You're welcome! It was the least I could do, Jack. I just hope you're over your shock at having had sex in my church. If it makes you feel any better Jack, I should tell you that I've done it too. No, I'm not kidding! One of the first things I did in my office was to... well, this is just the outer office, you know, just a comfy place to sit down with a family and get to know them. Come on back here to my private office."

I followed him into the same office area I had visited that morning. I saw his big screen computer monitor was on. One window was showing a door marked "MINISTER'S OFFICE" as if taken through a security video cam. And then I became aware of several things in rapid succession.

Another window on his monitor was showing the face of my daughter Emmie. She was smiling gently toward the camera. As I passed in front of the computer, she wagged her fingers and a tinny voice said, "Hi Daddy!"

Karl's voice was saying, "...when the building was finished, was to come in here and have some dynamite sex in my private office... oh. yeah. Your daughter was just telling me about you two having sex in the shower! That's awesome, Jack! Awesome! I have to congratulate you on a really good move! I can't wait to fuck her myself!"

And as I turned to face that mind blowing piece of news, I saw that Karl's two kids, Thomas and Theresa, were on the daybed. They were naked as the day they were born. They were in the classic missionary sexual position and they were grinning at me. As I stood there speechless, in total shock, Karl slipped off his sweat pants. He was naked and had an enormous erection. He gently grasped my

upper arm and pulled me toward the daybed.

Thomas stopped his easy slow rhythm of fucking his sister, and shifted his weight more to his left arm, so his right arm could come up in an invitation to shake hands. I could see that Thomas had his penis deep inside his sister's shaved pussy.

"Come on, Jack! Let me introduce you to my children!"