

When Daddy Isn't Home 4

By virginwriter94

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Cassie's discovery leads to new experiences...

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(Told from Cassie's point of view, rather than Courtney's.)

"No, I am seriously pissed off." I say to Stella, over the phone, as I walk into my house. "They think they can just cancel our practice because the gym is full of band and chorus shit? Why didn't that just set it up AFTER practice? Complete bullshit," I sigh, as I realize I've been ranting for about 15 minutes. "Listen, Stella, I'll talk to you later. Thanks for listening to me bitch about this. I love you too. Bye."

I slip my cell phone into my pocket and head upstairs. Before I get to the top I hear something loud coming from Courtney's room, like a pounding on the walls. I speed up, thinking she's in trouble. When I get to her room and peak through the half open door, however, I see that she's perfectly okay.

"Mmm, yeah daddy. Right there. Harder. Yesssss." The girl with the same face as me is saying, actually, moaning, as my very own father holds her against a wall and thrusts himself in and out of her. They're both fully clothed, although her shorts are pushed to the side, with her legs wrapped around my dad's back, and his jeans are just open enough to get his dick out.

"You like that, little girl? You like it when daddy fucks you rough?" my dad pants.

"Yes, daddy. Rough, soft, slow, fast, just fuck meeeee." Her eyes are closed and it looks as if she's in a trance.

My mind is going wild. Am I really seeing this right now? My own sister and father fucking each other? I mean, I guess I don't have much room to judge because I've also been fucking her, but come on. This is like, wrong, isn't it?

Just as I think this I realize I'm soaking wet, and not because it's raining outside. I slip my hand into my volleyball spandex and feel my wetness. Jesus, Cassie, you're turned on by this? I can't believe it.

How long has this been going on for? Since before me and her? After? Maybe since he walked in on us... that's it! No wonder he hasn't told mom about it. Courtney's been keeping him quiet, so to speak, by being his little slut. Now it makes sense why she's wanted to be home so much lately. That little bitch.

Suddenly, I'm so jealous I can't think. Not only because he's my dad, but because she was all mine, or so I thought, and now they're both just sneaking around behind my back. I look back into Courtney's room and see that he's removed her shirt and her tits are bouncing freely.

I can't help but get turned on by the sight. My sister, no matter how mad I am at her, is clearly in a place of complete and total bliss right now. Her grassy green eyes are locked with my father's, her hands in his hair. I hate myself for admiring her when I should be mad at her, but she's just so flawless. Her soft skin, her waist length brown, curly hair, her perfectly plump lips. I want more than anything to be the one to give her that pleasure.

So, despite the shock and jealousy of finding these two together, I find myself getting wetter and wetter. I slip off my volleyball shorts and toss them towards my room. Still in the hallway, I stick my hand into my panties, once again. I'm so wet and slippery down there that I'm surprised I haven't started dripping. I touch my clit with my index finger, but I'm careful not to moan. I start to circle it around and around. I glance back into my sister's room and see that they've moved to the bed, with my sister straddling dad, bouncing up and down on his cock.

"That's it Courtney, ride your daddy. Mmm that feels so good, baby," my dad moans.

"You like that, daddy? You like your favorite little girl riding your big cock?" Courtney teases.

Favorite? That slut. I'm too horny to focus on that, though. I lean against the door frame and watch the scene in front of me unfold, as I stick two fingers into my soaking wet pussy. I grab my boob with the other hand and lightly pinch my nipple.

"Yes, baby girl. Bounce up and down on that cock. You're so tight. Yesss, yesss daddy is going to cum soon," my dad announces.

I'm on the verge of cumming, myself, while in the hallway. I thrust two fingers in and out of myself while the palm of my hand rubs my clit.

"Cum for me, daddy!" my sister shouts, as she puts her mouth on his cock.

I feel myself nearing orgasm, I bite my lip, rub my clit harder, pinch my nipple, hard, with my other

hand, and just as I feel myself explode, I look up, and lock eyes with my father, as we both find our release.

I grab my spandex from the floor, and run directly to my bedroom and flop down on my bed. I cannot believe what I just witnessed. More importantly, I can't believe my father saw me masturbating to such a scene. I'm filled with rage and jealousy that I've been left out of this. My sister has always, always told me everything. How could she keep this from me? And my own father is now choosing favorites? Well of course she's the favorite, she's been sucking his cock for god only knows how long. As I'm thinking all of this, exhaustion from all this day has brought kicks in, and I drift off into a dreamless sleep.

I awake to a knocking at my door. I say, "Come in." And my dad enters.

"Hey, Cassie. How are you feeling?" he asks, still standing in the doorway.

"I'm not sick, dad," I say, very unfriendly like.

"Well you slept through dinner," he says sternly, "I figured you weren't feeling well."

"Yeah, I'm a little nauseous. I saw something very disturbing earlier today," I say with a smug face.

"Really, Cassie?" His voice is soft now, almost a whisper, "If it was so disturbing, why'd it get you to put your hand down your pants, and bring yourself to orgasm?"

I don't know how to reply to this, so I just stay silent. He comes and sits on my bed. He reaches over and brushes some hair off my face. "You're so beautiful, did you know that?" he questions. I still don't answer, instead, I look down at my hands. "I'm sorry we hid this from you, Cassie. It's just your sister can be a little... temperamental when she doesn't get what she wants. And she didn't think you'd approve.

"She didn't think I'd approve?!" I say, getting angry now, "How could I approve of my father and sister having sex?!"

He moves closer to me on the bed now, and pulls me into his lap so I'm facing him, with my legs on either side of his. "Maybe you're just a little... jealous?" he says, his deep voice sounding very seductive now.

He kisses me, and I don't pull away. It's a soft kiss at first, but it soon deepens. I feel his tongue glide across my bottom lip and I start to rock back and forth on his lap. I feel his bulge on my clit and I

whimper. He breaks the kiss and says “Daddy wants to make you feel good, too, honey.”

He lays me down on my back and takes off my underwear. “But what about mom and Courtney?” I ask, scared they could walk in at any moment, seeing that is how these things seem to work lately.

“They’ve gone out for ice cream,” he says while he lowers his head to my crotch. I feel his breath on my lips and I almost squeal. I’ve never had a guy down there before. He runs his tongue up and down my slit, and my lips part. “Mmm, Cassie, You’re so wet already,” he gasps out, before flicking his tongue across my clit. His tongue moves in circles around my clit, just like my fingers hours before. He sticks one finger inside me and rubs my G spot. “You’re so tight, baby. Are you a virgin?” he asks.

“Yes!” I gasp out. I’m writhing in pleasure at this point.

His tongue and fingers are so different from Courtney’s. Nothing like my previous experiences. And when he sucks my clit into his mouth, I burst into orgasm. I bite my lip, my toes curl under, and I grab the sheets until my knuckles turn white. When I’m done riding the waves of my orgasm, I look up to see a look of accomplishment on my dad’s face. “Daddy, I want you to take my virginity,” I say before I can stop myself.

The truth is, I’ve wanted to have sex for a long time, but have been too scared I’d lose it to someone who didn’t love me. But my dad, he’ll always love me, right?

“Are you sure, Cassie? That’s a pretty big statement,” he says, a wary expression on his face.

I’m just too excited to talk right now, and we’re getting nowhere. So I rip my shirt off, exposing my girls, and grab my dad’s neck to pull him down on top of me. “Now, dad. Before they get back,” I demand.

That seems to have convinced him and he starts to grind into me, while tugging on my bottom lip with his teeth. I take his shirt off, and try to unbutton his pants. Unfortunately, I fail to get them off, so he does it for me. I rub his dick through his underwear and he moans into my mouth. “I want you inside of me, daddy. Get inside your virgin daughter.”

He strips off his underwear in one smooth motion, and now we’re both completely naked. His dick is seriously a piece of work. Not that I’ve seen many in my lifetime, but for some reason I just have the urge to suck on it. Before I can do anything about that urge, however, he has himself positioned at my opening.

“Are you sure about this?” he asks, although the lust on his face shows he’d do it even if I wasn’t okay

with it.

“Fuck me,” I say.

Those two words put him into action. He pushes the head in, and I wince at the pain. As he pushes some more of the way in, I bite my bottom lip and dig my fingernails into my bed. As soon as he’s all the way in, I start to experience some pleasure. It’s like nothing I’ve ever felt before. I feel so filled up and like... complete. He starts to thrust in and out and that’s when I know I’ve waited way too long to start having sex. “Mmm, dad, you feel so good inside of me. Fuck my virgin pussy, daddy,” I moan out to him.

He starts to go in and out faster and leans down to suck on my nipple. Fuck, it feels so good I think I might cum on the spot. I put my hands on his ass and help him in and out. I can feel every vein of his dick in my pussy, while it brushes my G spot with every stroke.

“Mmm, baby, you’re so tight, I don’t know how much longer I can last,” he gasps.

“Cum for me daddy!” I yell right before I find my release. My pussy squeezes down on his cock and he pulls out, and shoots jet after jet of creamy white cum all over my stomach. He lays down beside me and runs his thumb over my bottom lip.

“You’re so beautiful, Cassie. I love you,” he says as his eyes get heavy.

“I love you too, daddy,” I say, before once again drifting off to sleep.