

Katya

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Stepdaughter seduces her stepfather after her mother dies.

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"Good morning, daddy," she said with just a trace of her Ukrainian accent. "I really wish you wouldn't call me that," said her stepfather, "at least not the way you do." "What do you mean, daddy?" Her voice softer yet, like dripping honey, sexy, inviting, subtle in its meaning. "You're flirting again, Kate, and it's not right for you to do that. You have to stop. I can only take so much of it. "I know," she said softly to herself. "That's the idea." "Maybe I'll stop when I get what I want," she thought.. She smiled sweetly and in her mind she knew that it wouldn't be long. He was breaking down, and soon she would have what she had wanted since she first laid eyes on her new father. She and her mother, a younger looking 34 year old woman who worked in a law office, had come to live in this new country with this man four years earlier, her mother marrying a man five years her junior, an American she had met via computer on one of the foreign mail-order bride sites. He had come to the Ukraine to meet her and only then had she told him of her young daughter, Katya. He didn't care that she had a child, or that she had never married the child's father. He was in love with her and they were married almost immediately. Three years later she woke up one morning, kissed the man she loved so very much, and fell to the floor. A massive heart attack, the coroner had said. She was two years shy of 40. The first time Katya had seen her new father had been the day before the wedding. He was 29, handsome and well off. Not rich, but comfortable, with a good job befitting his genius as a designer of industrial machines. His square jaw and piercing blue eyes coupled with his thick, wavy black hair was enough to send the impressionable 16 year old Katya into a frenzy of lust. She loved her mother far too much to ever even consider interfering with her marriage by flirting with her stepfather, no matter how much she wanted to. He was kind to her, helping her to more fully understand the language she must now master. He treated her as though she were a daughter born to him, even so far as patiently teaching her how to drive a car, carefully questioning the boys she chose to date, helping her and her mother to shop for the proper clothing. She was happy, rarely missing the country she was forced to leave. He taught her how to assimilate into American society and it wasn't long before she was fully accepted by her peers. For the first six months following her mother's death,

Katya wore nothing but heavy, unappealing black clothing and hardly left her room except to eat and finish her last few months of school. But the change came. It came suddenly, without warning, almost violently. Peter was in his office designing some new packaging machine on his computer when his ears were assailed by a horrible scream coming from Katya's bedroom. The girl had spent so many days and nights in her room crying that he had come to accept it. His offers of help and consolation unheeded, but this was something else. The scream had sounded more painful than usual. "Kate? What's happening? Are you alright?" he shouted, rushing down the hall to the girl's room. The door was locked, so he knocked loudly on it. "Katya!" There were awful sounds of crying coming from inside the room. Peter had come to love Katya as much as any man could love a daughter, and it pained him deeply to hear her crying. "Katya!" he repeated, "Are you alright?" The crying stopped as suddenly as it had started, and then the sound of the lock being turned. Peter turned the handle and slowly entered, hesitating for a moment while his eyes became accustomed to the relative darkness of the room. She sat on the edge of the bed, her back to him. "Are you alright now, Princess? You scare me when you cry like that. What can I do to help you?" "Nothing," she replied, softly, putting her face into her hands. "You will not understand. You cannot help me." "I miss your mother too, very much. I do understand," he said, sure that he knew the cause of her pain, coming to her and putting his hand on her shoulder, feeling the smooth skin under his palm. He felt her shudder slightly at his touch but ignored it. "It isn't that. I accept her death because I must. There is nothing anyone can do about that. It is the way of things, is it not? Before we came here my mother and I witnessed death many times. I am not a stranger to it. I mourned for my mother because that too is the way of things. It is proper, is it not?" "Of course it is," he replied, suddenly ashamed of himself for not mourning longer. "You, as a man, are forced to put your feelings deep inside. Your duty is to provide home and food for your family, and so you cannot be seen to feel deep sadness as women do. For that I feel sadness for you." "You are a very wise woman, Katya," he said, grateful for being let off of the hook, "Wise beyond your years." "I am a woman," she said very softly, rising from the edge of the bed, going to the window, pushing open the frilly drapes for the first time in many months, and then turned to face him, "and that is the trouble." The vision of her hit him like a prizefighter's punch to the jaw. She had worn the long black, ankle-length mourning dresses for so long that he had quite forgotten how very beautiful she had become in the four years she had been with him. He could hardly take his eyes off of her. The thick blonde hair cascaded down her back and over her shoulders in soft ringlets, her bright green eyes still a little red from crying. Gone was the black dress, and in its place a tiny white skirt above calf-high white leather boots. A white translucent bra barely covered her perfectly round, full breasts. The frumpy looking girl had transformed back into a vision of loveliness. His voice refused to sound. "You will send me back to the Ukraine, will you not? I am nothing to you, just the daughter of your wife. And now that she is dead you have no... I am not sure of the English word... loyalty to me." She knew how he felt about her, she had always felt accepted by him but she needed to know for sure that his feelings went beyond mere acceptance. "The word is obligation, Katya, and I have far more than just an obligation to you. I would have hoped that you could see that by now. I love you, as any decent father would his daughter. I was thrilled to discover that your mother had a

beautiful, well behaved and intelligent daughter." "And that too is a trouble," she replied. "a thing I would have hoped you would have seen by now." "Why is that a problem? I don't understand," he asked, truly confused. "That you still see me as a child, and not the woman I am, with all of the needs that this thing brings with it." "Katya, I have never stopped you from being a woman. I have encouraged you to go out on dates, to socialize with people, to blend in with the rest of the kids. Until your mother died, you were very popular, always at the top of your classes, despite your early struggles with English. I understood your deep sadness because I felt it too. Maybe we both should have escaped our sad world more and mingled with other people, I don't know. It didn't seem right at the time, somehow. Maybe now is the time for us to return to the world of the living before we slip into an abyss we can't get out of." She swore softly in her native language, shaking her head. "You almost understand, the 'we' and the 'us', you almost have it, Peter." There, she said it, using his first name, for the first time, to his face. "Katya..." he began, the light of understanding just breaking over the horizon of his ignorance. "I love you," she said, softly, "and not as a daughter should love her father, but as a woman who has found the man she wishes to spend her life with. Before you tell me how improper it is, let me remind you that you did not adopt me. You asked me then if I would wish to be adopted, and I said no, that I wished to remain a Korchinko. I do not know why I did that, but now I am very glad that I did. I am not officially your daughter." She leaned back on the edge of the bed slightly, her confession complete, waiting for his reaction, ready to accept whatever should come of it, expecting the worst, but hoping for the best. For several very long moments he said nothing, a look of what she saw as confused horror on his face. "I... I don't know how to react to this, Kate. You've been my daughter for four years and I have never thought of you as... well, anything else. Certainly not as a ..." The words would not come out. Lover, object of desire, sensual being. No, she was his daughter, nothing more. She was beautiful, he had always seen that, even more beautiful than her mother had been, but there was no lust in the observation. It just was, and he was proud of her beauty, knowing that some very lucky young man would steal her away someday and make her his trophy wife. But this! This was entirely something else again and he had no idea how to deal with it. She could see his confusion, could almost feel it. "Now will you send me back?" she asked, softly. "No," he said, "That will never happen, and certainly not because you say you love me. That would be cruel beyond belief." Katya breathed a sigh of relief. He wasn't throwing her out, at least not yet. Her dainty foot was in the door, so to speak. "I warn you that if you are to let me stay, I will be as a woman, not as a daughter. I will not play the game fairly. You said yourself that I am a beautiful girl, and I am not so stupid that I do not know this to be so. A woman in love will do many things that are not fair to win the one man of her desire." "I could make you get a place of your own," he said, "You are an adult now." "But you won't, I think, because deep inside your heart you love me too. And I have no job and no money to live somewhere else. There is your brother, Bill, and his wife Nancy, but I think you would not trust his son." "No, I wouldn't trust that kid as far as I could throw him. I think he's doing drugs on the side." "I know he is," she said simply, not confessing that the boy had tried to get her high two years earlier in an attempt to get her into bed, or that he continued to grab at her whenever the two families got together. Still, he wasn't quite throwing her out. A slight change in

tactics... "All I have to offer you, is me." She slid forward slightly on the bed, her already short skirt sliding higher on her creamy thighs, and then laid back on the bed, her thick hair fanning out under her head like a halo. "I can't," he said softly, and left the room. Twice they ate meals in silence and as she cleaned up the dishes afterwards, a tear ran down her face. The tension between them was thick for several days. Peter hardly looked at Katya directly, he knew he didn't dare. Her skirts got shorter, the blouses thinner and more transparent, and her choice of perfumes more exotic. As confused as he was, it never occurred to him to order her to stop. Not that it would have done any good anyway. She knew he wasn't discouraging her, and by that lack of action was actually encouraging her to continue seducing him. He had no chance and he knew it, and worse, so did she. She started singing while she did her housework chores, and although he had known she had a beautiful voice, it was nothing like this. The most sensual sounds came from her ruby lips in the language of her homeland, and while he could not understand the words, he understood the breathless sounds perfectly. She was right, she didn't play fair. 2 So, to the fateful morning when Katya had gotten out of bed early, leaving the sheets rumpled and the pillows askew, bathed quietly, fixing her hair perfectly, and applying just a touch of makeup to the face that needed none. She padded to her closet and chose a tiny, pale green, silk robe that complimented her eyes, slipped it on and tied the belt just tight enough to look like she had tried. One deep breath and the robe would slide open. She made sure of that. She blushed as she looked into the mirror while testing the robe and noticed that the blush actually added to the innocent look she hoped to accomplish. Slipping quietly down the stairs, she began making a sumptuous breakfast for the two of them. The smell of the strong coffee woke Peter, and she could hear him in the bathroom shaving and washing up. Still half afraid to look at her, he sat at his usual place at the table, grabbed the coffee cup and sipped the hot liquid. "Good morning, Daddy..." He finally looked directly at her, gasping briefly as she set the plate of food in front of him, and breathed very deeply. She made no attempt to close the robe as the belt fell to her sides and the beauty that was Katya was exposed. He still held the cup of coffee while she took his face in her soft hands and kissed him, slipping her trembling tongue into his open mouth. She felt him shudder slightly as she kissed him, the feeling that somehow this wasn't right played havoc with his brain, but he didn't stop her, couldn't stop her, and she knew he was hers. She trembled, still afraid of what she was doing to him, afraid of her own inexperience, afraid of the thrill that ran throughout her body as she touched him finally. He sat the coffee cup onto the table, and she took his hands in hers, sliding them into her robe. Her skin was soft and firm, warm and inviting. His hands trembled as they closed around her firm breasts. She sucked in a huge gulp of air and thrust her chest toward him, a look of pleasure replacing the fear of rejection that had been there before. "Yes, ... please, Peter. Love me like you loved my mother. Make me the woman my mother was, your woman. I know I love you as much as she did, and I know she loved you very much." "Katya," he began, "This cannot..." and she covered his mouth with hers once again, tongue flicking his, insistent, wanting, demanding. She pulled his head closer to hers, her hands gripping his hair. His hands slid around her back, pulling her closer to him, and she straddled his lap, the robe fluttering to the floor. He was lost now. He belonged to her, and he knew it, could feel it in his loins. He felt the need in her, matched by his need for her,

and he succumbed to it. Trembling, she stood, her legs on either side of his, and began undressing him. She unbuttoned the top three buttons of his shirt and pulled it over his head, tossing it to the floor without a look. She grasped at the belt and zipper of his jeans, tugging at them, trying to overcome the resistance brought on by his erection. He stood, and putting his hands on hers, helped her release the closures. She slid to her knees, pulling his pants to the floor and he stepped out of them. "You're so beautiful," she said, looking up at him, "this is so beautiful, just as I knew it would be." She took his erection in her hand, feeling the hardness of him, the soft throbbing of the blood engorging it. "I don't know what to do, Peter. Please show me what to do." "You're a virgin." He said it as a fact, never questioning the voracity of her implied statement, as though he had expected that to be the case, and yet it surprised him, how such a stunning girl could remain a virgin. "Yes," she breathed, her hands grasping his erection, stroking him softly. "I have seen pictures and movies on the computer, so I know what I am expected to do. I've just not done it." Her voice trailed off to a soft whisper as she leaned forward and kissed the tip of his penis, rubbing the smoothness of it onto her cheek. It was all he could do to keep from grabbing her by the hair and ramming the thing down her throat when she began licking the length of his throbbing pole. He grabbed her shoulders, pulling her to her feet, threw his arms around her naked body and lifted her. Katya wrapped her legs around his waist, his erection grazing her soaking wet vagina, and he carried her up the stairs to her bedroom, where he gently laid her on the bed. She spread her legs wide, waiting for him to ram his cock deep into her, erasing once and for all the stain of virginity. Peter stood for a moment, looking at her, the daughter of his dead wife, his little princess begging to lose her virginity to him. "You shave?" he asked, a bit surprised. "Did you think I was only doing school homework in my room all of those months? I thought I was supposed to shave it," she replied with a wry smile, "Many of the girls in school do, and the girls on the computer do as well. I thought it looked nicer, and besides, some of the girls in school made fun of me not shaving. They said I should use my boyfriend's razor to do it with, very erotic they said. So I did,...yours." "Yes, very erotic," replied Peter as he slid to his knees before her, pulling her hips to the edge of the bed and split the firm lips of her vagina with his tongue. Katya groaned as the tip of his tongue touched the bottom of her clitoris. She squirmed, thrusting her hips up to him, once again gripping his head, her fingers tangled in his hair, pulling him insistently tighter to her thighs. Her head thrashed, but gently on the sheet, her long thick hair spreading out on either side of her, green eyes closed tightly. A hotness spread through her as his hands explored her legs, her firm belly and her taut breasts. Katya could feel the heat concentrate in that one spot just inside of her burning vagina. His tongue touched it again and again and she bit her lips to keep from crying out in ecstasy until she could no longer control herself. Not that she had never climaxed before, she had, many times. Touching the tiny bud herself, once she discovered the pleasure it brought. The girls in gym class helped her to discover that beautiful sensation one day when the teacher was out smoking a cigarette. They had discovered her virginity and were determined to "help her along the road to womanhood". "Climb the rope, Katya!" they said, with strange looks on their faces that she didn't quite understand. "Make sure you get the rope right between your legs while you climb. You'll love it, really. It's good for you!" And so she did as they said, climbing the thick rope with

the knots in it hand over hand, gripping it tightly with her strong legs, the roughness of its twists stimulating her clitoris until she had almost reached the top of it and climaxed for the first time. She hung on to the rope, shuddering violently, the spasms of ecstasy washing over her body. The girls on the floor applauded as she slid down to join them. "That's why we climb the rope, Katya," they said, with a leer she now understood. "That's also why we don't wear panties under our gym shorts. More stimulation. It's our friend, Katya." So it became her friend as well, especially whenever she felt depressed. She thought about asking Peter to put a rope in the tree out in the yard but couldn't bring herself to ask him for fear of having to explain why she wanted it. Peter took her entire mound into his mouth, sucking it in tightly, his tongue dancing over the tiny bud of her clitoris while she bucked and ground her pelvis into his face until she finally could take no more and exploded in orgasm, crying out his name, invoking the gods of pleasure and ecstasy. She pulled his head tightly to her heaving mound as wave after wave of pleasure rolled through her body, building and exploding, going on and on forever. The rope climb was never like this, her fingers couldn't match Peter's tongue, nothing could... "I want you inside me. Please, Peter, I want it in me," she begged. "I want to sit on you." Peter climbed onto the bed, his erection stiff, unmoving. Katya scrambled to his side and gazed at his hard offering. Gingerly, she lowered her mouth onto it, taking more and more of it into her until she began to gag. It felt good in her mouth, so soft and warm. She lowered her head further, fighting the gag reflex, swallowing the throbbing thing like a sausage until her nose touched his belly. She let the saliva drip from her lips, wetting his cock thoroughly, spreading it with her tongue. Peter fought the urge to use her soft mouth as a vagina. Letting her suck him dry would come later. Now he would have to be the best lover she would ever have, gentle, but in control of her body. He lifted her shoulders, pulling her towards him and she straddled his thighs, moaning gently as his hardness grazed the open lips of her vagina. Katya gripped the stiff rod in her hand and positioned it at the entrance to her womanhood, rubbing the tip across her clitoris, almost setting off another orgasm. "I love you, Peter," she said softly, gazing into his eyes, "I guess I always have. After mother died, I knew I would have to be the one to care for you." As she spoke, she began to lower herself onto him, slowly rising and falling a little further each time. "Then," she continued "I decided that this was what I had always wanted." She winced a little, drawing her breath in sharply as her hymen broke "I was so very afraid you would send me back to the Ukraine. But you didn't. You said you loved me like a real daughter. That was when I knew I must make you love me like the wife I want to be." She had forced his hardness fully into her body, twisting and pushing until she sat on his hips, her body engulfing him tightly. She felt him throb inside of her while his hands gently kneaded her breasts, fingers squeezing the hard nipples and she moaned at the sensations. "I do love you, Katya," he said, "but it may take some little time before I can work out in my mind how to make my daughter my wife." "Not quite even step-daughter," she reminded him. "Maybe this will help just a little bit," she said and began rising and falling on him, slowly at first, and then faster as she became used to his length and girth splitting her apart. Then with ever increasing enthusiasm, driving herself down onto him, head flung back, blonde curls waving across her face in her ever increasing frenzy. Below her, Peter matched her every stroke, Katya's vagina squeezing his penis like a vice, driving any feelings of guilt he might still have

had, out of his head. He needed this woman. Needed her maybe even more than he had needed her mother. The thought of her as his wife no longer repulsive or tinged with the guilt he was sure he should have. No, it was imperative now that she should be his. Not as his stepchild, the daughter of his beloved wife, but as the extension of her, the continuation of that love and devotion she had shown him for the four years before her death. He rose up from the bed, wrapping his arms around her, looking at the face contorted in an orgasm even more powerful than the first, feeling her body grinding down hard onto his hips, her arms flung around his neck squeezing him tightly as she moaned loudly, shuddering, sweat rolling down her naked back. "Yes, Katya!" Peter groaned, as his penis began to fill her quivering vagina with his thick semen, "Yes, be my wife, be my woman!" They held each other tightly as the waves of pleasure began to subside. Katya stroked his face and whispered into his ear, "Yes, daddy. Whatever you say." -EnD-