

# Stephanie's Dad (Part 2)

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My eyes fluttered open quickly and I was completely out of breath. Looking around I realized that I was in Stephanie's bed and light was shining in from her giant window. Pulling back the blankets, I looked down at myself, only to see I was still in just my panties. Last night had been a dream. I had dreamed of Mr. Jacob's masturbating and saying my name. I had not actually played with myself watching him and we had not made out in the shower. I was saddened by this realization, but I was also very relieved. I would not have been able to face him this morning if it were real. I quickly got myself out of bed and gathered up my clothes. I decided to actually take a shower this time, since I appeared to have gotten sweaty with the most amazing dream I could have ever had. Placing my clothes on the counter and turning on the water, I slipped out of my panties and tossed them to the corner behind the door. Looking over at myself in the mirror, I could not help but smile. I had gone from a girl to a woman in these last few years, filling out in all the right places. I was nowhere near as beautiful as Stephanie, but I had curves a mile long. I once heard my mom say that curves were a way to a man's heart. Stephanie said that was a lie, maybe because she didn't have any. Giving myself a nod of approval, I stepped into the shower. I was not one for taking long showers, so I quickly got on with what needed to be done and got out. Drying myself off and pulling on the clothes I had brought. Now what was I to do? It was Saturday morning. I could either go home or I could get in contact with Stephanie and go do something. Stephanie sounded like the better idea. Wanna hang out? I grabbed my phone and texted her as I made my way back into her room. Can't. She replied back. Tony and I are headed for the beach right now. Probably won't be home until tomorrow night. Your mom is okay with this? I texted her back, almost concerned. I did not trust Tony and I was not sure that her mother truly did either. Of course not lol. She texted back. I told her I was staying the night with you. So shhh!! Oh . I was not sure what to say, but then realized that her mom would never call to check up on her. I guess we will just have pizza and watch the first two seasons of Will and Grace. That is why you are my best friend . She texted back with a million smile faces to follow. I will call you Sunday night when I get home. Talk to you then. I responded. Have fun and be safe. Always. She texted back again with that face that had the tongue sticking out. Always. I tossed my phone onto her bed and laid back against the pillow. I really did not want to go home, but there really was no other option. Unless of course Mr. Jacob's did not mind me hanging around this weekend. I just needed to push my dreams out of my head and try not to make things awkward between us. Slowly

making my way down the stairs, I talked myself into being calm. I could do this. I was good at holding things in. I've had sex dreams about Stephanie before and I still acted fine around her. Though the dreams about her were not near as vivid as the one I'd had about her father. "Morning," I smiled as I made my way into the kitchen, where Mr. Jacobs appeared to be cooking eggs. "M-morning," he stuttered out, flipping his egg in the frying pan. "You sleep well?" I asked him, in terms of making conversation, as I grabbed a can of diet coke out of the fridge, an obsession Stephanie and I'd had since we were younger. "Um yeah," he responded, looking over at me curiously. I looked down to make sure there was not something on me that shouldn't be there. "Did you?" "Yeah," I answered, nodding my head to reaffirm it. "I think I did." "Good," he smiled toward me. "Can I ask you something?" I asked him, pulling a chair out and sitting down at the table. Mr. Jacobs dropped his spatula and I could not help but laugh at his clumsiness. His entire face turned red. He then quickly moved his eggs to a plate and set it aside. Before I knew it, he was sitting in that chair next to mine, his hands shaking against his lap. "Natasha," he began, his voice shaking just as badly as his hands. "I was going to try and avoid this but we need to talk about it." "Talk about what?" I asked curiously, trying to keep my chipper nature at bay. "Last night." He answered, looking down at his hands. "Last night?" I blurted my question out, my heart racing quickly in my chest. Had he heard me dreaming about him in my room? Had I said his name in my sleep? "What happened between us was not okay," he began, bringing his hands up and setting them on the table. "Don't get me wrong, you are a beautiful girl, but you are under eighteen and I am well over eighteen." I couldn't breathe as the realization that last night had actually happened occurred to me. I was embarrassed and ashamed of what I had done, yet the excitement that I remembered having was back in full effect and I felt my panties slowly get wet as the thought of him playing with himself once more popped into my head. "It's okay," I tried to assure him. "I won't be offended if you don't want to talk about it or ever do it again." I was not sure why I chose those words specifically, but I meant what I said. I would be okay if we never talked about it. I would also be okay if we never acted in that manner again, though part of me was disappointed. "Do you want to?" He asked me, raising his eye brow and looking me in the eye. "Do I want to what?" I asked him back. "Do it again." he stated matter of fact "Do you?" I inquired. I looked up at him and gave him a small smile. I did want to do it again. I wanted to see him touch himself. I wanted to kiss him again and feel his body pressed up against my own. I wanted to hear the sound in his voice when he cums at the thought of me. Moments passed as we looked at each other, but we both knew the answer to the question being asked. Within seconds I was straddling his lap, my lips pressed tightly against his own as his hands wandered down my backside over my thin tank top. "Mr. Jacobs?" I whispered in his ear as he kissed at my neck, sending chills down my spine. "Daniel," he spoke softly between kissing me. "Please call me Daniel." "Daniel?" I whispered again, kissing behind his ear. "Yes?" "I need to tell you something." I said quietly. Daniel pushed me back slightly and brought my face down to his level. He kissed my lips softly and gave me a smile. I knew that I could at that point tell him anything. I felt also that he knew what was coming and it was comforting to know that he was aware, if he truly was aware. "I am a virgin," I told him quickly, moving to bury my head against his shoulder but he would not let me. "I figured as much," he

told me, trying to reassure me that he was aware. "Thanks," I laughed. "I didn't know that I was that obvious." "You aren't," he laughed back, pulling me down and kissing me as well. "I just always see you as the opposite of Stephanie." "Oh," I said under my breath. That meant I was a virgin, a prude, didn't ever party and was every guy's worst nightmare. "That is a good thing." He informed me, pulling me down and kissing me again. "I love my daughter but she is wild and out of control. There is nothing pure or innocent about her like there is with you." "What if I don't want to be innocent?" I asked him, giving him a seductive look as I leaned in and bit his lower lip. "Are you sure about that?" He asked me with a slight growl in his voice. "Yes," I nodded. Daniel pulled me into his arms and brought himself to his feet. He carried me all the way out of the kitchen and up the stairs. "My room or Stephanie's?" He asked me. I wanted to say Stephanie's room. The thought of having sex with my best friend's father in her bed turned me on, but I also knew how wrong that would be. I loved Stephanie and I did not want to disrespect her. "Your room," I smiled. He kissed me again, pulling me tightly into him as we made out way into his room. He placed me gently down on the bed and laid beside me, half of his body laying on top of me. The pressure of his body on mine had on edge. He reached over and pulled at my shirt, bringing it over my head and tossing it to the side of us. I was nervous, realizing how close we were to each other and the intentions that we had, but I did not want him to stop touching me. Pulling me forward, he reached behind me and unclasped my bra. He fumbled slightly, making me realize that it may have been a long time since he had done this with anyone. That made me feel better, realizing that he was probably just as nervous as I was right now. Leaning forward, he took my nipple into his mouth and began to lightly suck and lick around it, causing it to harden instantly. I had never felt my nipple so hard, so hard that it could hurt and cause me so much pleasure all at once. But it was that pain that brought a sudden realization to me; I was not ready for the pain. "Daniel," I fought out between moans as his tongue flicked and bit at my nipple. "I don't think I am ready." Daniel pulled away from me quickly, worry plastered over his face. I pulled him back into me, not wanting him to think that I suddenly did not want this, because that was the furthest thing from the truth. "No," I said quickly. "I just mean, I am not ready to have sex." "We can stop." He informed me, pulling me into his arms. "We do not have to do this." "We do have to do this and we are going to do this." I told him sternly. "I just would like to skip the sex for a while, is that okay?" "Of course baby," he smiled, pressing his lips to mine. "What would you like to do then?" "I really really really," I began excitedly, more excited then I should have been, I was sure, but it was something big for me. "I really want to suck your cock." "Oh god, really?" he asked, excitement entering his eyes. "Can I?" I asked him, giving him my biggest puppy dog eyes. "Please?" "Yes," he smiled big. "Um very much yes." "Good," I smiled. Grabbing him by the hand, I dragged him out of the room and down the stairs. He followed me without question and that excited me, showing me how badly he truly wanted this. "Do what you did last night." I informed him. "What do you mean?" He asked. "I want you to put on some porn and touch yourself like you did last night," I told him. "Um, okay," he nodded, walking over to his video cabinet and looking around. I turned and ran back up the stairs towards Stephanie's room. "Hey," I heard him call out. "Where are you going?" "Just do what I told you to do," I called back down to him. I made my way into Stephanie's room and dug through my

back pack, but I could not find what I was looking for. I then remembered I had showered and made my way back into the bathroom, finding my panties from the night before laying on the ground. I quickly slipped out of the rest of my clothes and put my panties back on. Then I made a final stop back at the room and put on the same over shirt I had worn to go downstairs the night before, when I had caught him masturbating. I slowly made my way down the stairs, noticing him sitting on the couch, slowly stroking himself to a porn of a brunette girl playing with her pussy. His eyes were locked on the screen as I made my way slowly down the stairs. "Oh Natasha," he moaned, a small smile crossing his face and I realized that he had caught on to what I was doing. This time I did not stop at the stairs, I made my way all the way into the living room and stood in front of him. He looked up at me with so much want in his eyes, still stroking away at his cock. I watched as he rubbed his head over the tip and then all the way down the full length of his semi-erect cock. I slowly brought myself down to my knees in front of him, intently watching him stroke his cock for me. "Please?" I listened as the words escaped his mouth and I could not help but smile at how badly he wanted me right now. I reached out and took his cock in my hand, continuing on with what he was doing. He brought his hand to me face and brushed my hair out of my eyes. For the next few minutes, I stroked and pulled at his cock, watching it grow against my fingers. His cock twitched and jumped and swelled in my hands, making me hunger for it. I looked up at him and he nodded, letting me know that it was going to be okay. That was all that I needed to lean forward and take his cock into my mouth. I only took the tip at first, licking around it and lightly sucking it into my mouth. He moaned and I knew that he was loving this. I took my time though, slowly licking it, getting a taste for my first cock and not wanting to rush things. I began to take more of it into my mouth, using my hand to stroke that portion that my mouth did not currently hold and he loved it. He moaned loudly at this, grabbing the back of my hair with his hand. I could tell he wanted to push my head down and I wanted him to. I moaned around his cock and nodded at him. He nodded back as he pushed at my head, forcing my mouth to take more of his cock into it. He gasped loudly and quickly pulled my head back up so that my mouth was only on the tip and then pushed my head back down. This made my pussy so wet that I knew my panties were soaked the entire way through. "Oh fuck baby girl," he moaned, slamming my head back down around his cock, hitting my throat with the tip. I moaned loudly, taking his cock repeatedly all the way into my mouth. I moved my hands out of the way, giving him full control of my mouth and placed them on his bare hips. "Do you want me to cum in your mouth?" he asked me, looking me in the eyes. I nodded, moaning around his cock again. I wanted him to cum in my mouth. I wanted to feel his cum spill out over my lips as I had seen so many times in porn before. I wanted him to kiss me afterwards and show me how much he loved my mouth on his cock. I took control back, sucking and licking fiercely at his cock. I sucked his cock as if I needed to have it all the way inside of my mouth. I could not let a single inch of his cock be left wanting. I wanted to make him cum with my mouth by showing him how much I needed it inside of me. "Oh fuck baby, I am going to cum." He cried out, gripping the back of my head with his hand, holding himself all the way inside of me. I felt his cum hit the back of my throat and I gagged slightly, working to breathe through my nose. He held himself there for a moment before pulling my head back and off of his cock, cum flowing quickly down

the sides of my mouth. I reached my tongue out to lick his cock again and he jumped slightly, holding me back as if he could not take anymore. He then pulled me up to him and kissed me hard, licking around my lips. The thought of him licking his cum off my lips caused my pussy to gush so much that my juices ran down my thighs. "You are so beautiful," he smiled. "More beautiful than Stephanie?" I asked, unsure of where the question had come from. "Yes," he answered with a nod, kissing me again. "More beautiful than Stephanie."