

Blowjob For Daddy

(MF, inc, oral)

By Tattletale

"You had better stop now, honey. I don't think it would be appropriate for me to come in your mouth. Maybe you should finish me off with your hand."

My beautiful daughter took her mouth off of my cock and smiled up at me. "Well, Dad, it wouldn't really be a blow job unless you came in my mouth, and it isn't like it would be my first time. I've sucked off at least ten guys."

"Well, if you really want me to," I said. Knowing that I was close and ready to come at any time, she sucked enthusiastically. Damn, she was good. I had never had such incredible head before. She didn't bat an eye when I started shooting. The load had been simmering in my balls for three days and was enough for two men, yet she swallowed it with ease.

"That was great, Dad. You have the biggest cock I've ever sucked and you gave me the

biggest load I've ever had. Yum-yum!"



I suppose I should explain how my daughter came to be on her knees sucking me off. My daughter Carol had just finished her freshman year at a prestigious Ivy League school and was home on summer vacation. It cost me a fortune to send her to that school, but some of my investments had paid off so I could afford it. I wanted only the best for her.

I had divorced my bitch of a wife two years previously. She was impossible to live with after she became an alcoholic. The experience left my psyche so scarred that I avoided women like the plague. My sex life, consisting exclusively of voyeurism and masturbation, could best be described as unhealthy.

Shortly after Carol came home, I received a mail order I had placed for several porno

tapes. I always broke in new tapes with lengthy masturbation sessions, so I loaded the tape into the VCR, stripped off my clothes, and stretched out on my bed.

In Carol's absence, I had become very careless about closing my door. It was several inches ajar so that anyone passing by would see what I was doing. I don't know how I could have been so careless. Perhaps subconsciously I wanted to get caught.

I stroked the length of my slick cock as I watched several men and women mate in some very imaginative ways. I had been at it for about twenty minutes when a voice from behind my right shoulder said, "Dad, do you want some help with that?" I believe I may have had a very brief out-of-body experience at that instant.

"Wow, look at them go at it," she said, as she pointed at the screen. "Now those people have the right idea. I sure would love to be in that pile with them."

I quickly covered myself with a pillow, but the harm had already been done. "Dad, you don't have to be ashamed of masturbating. Sometimes I get so horny I rub my pussy raw. I would be glad to lend a hand. You've done so much for me that the least I can do is help you get your rocks off."

If I hadn't been so unbearably horny, I would have sent her on her way and there would not be a story to tell, but my cock was doing my thinking for me. I didn't want to seem too eager and waited a couple of moments before responding.

"I'm afraid you might be disgusted by it, honey," I said.

"No way, Dad. I've been jacking guys off since seventh grade. I love doing it. Please let me jack you off. It would be the biggest thrill of my life."

I never actually gave her verbal consent; I simply moved the pillow aside. She sat next to me on the bed. When her soft hand encircled my cock, electricity seemed to course through my body. It had been two years since I'd been stroked by someone else's hand.

"This is really a beauty, Dad. I've never seen one this big except in porno. It is a shame that this thing is going to waste. You need to find a girlfriend to use it on. This fucker must be at least nine inches long. Wow! Now you just relax, watch the people fucking, and I'll do the rest. This is going to be fun for both of us."

It seemed like a dream that I would wake up from at any moment. Incest was for rednecks in trailer parks, not for well-educated, refined, successful men like myself. Yet I did nothing to stop her. My brain, filled with eighteen years of academic schooling, shut down and my cock took over.

The evil one-eyed monster was doing all of my thinking for me. It was obvious that my daughter knew her way around a cock. Her stimulation of the ultra-sensitive band of nerves just behind the head caused my legs to jerk like frog legs in a frying pan. I nearly

went over the edge when she lowered her head and dropped a mouthful of warm spit on my cock to lubricate it.

It was impossible to take in everything that was happening on the screen. A dozen people were involved in a variety of sex acts - gay, straight and everything in between but I no longer cared. "You really have good taste in porn, Dad," Carol said. "That bitch with the strap-on is really hot. Did you know that I like girls, too?"

My daughter's shocking revelation was the straw that broke the camel's back and my cock became a fountain. I came so hard that a gob of jism landed on my cheek.



"Wheee, that's it, Daddy, fire away!" She jacked me almost painfully hard. My cum-cannon fired a volley all over my chest and belly. It was an orgasm unlike any that I had

produced with my own hand.

My daughter's gleeful reaction made it all the more intense. She continued jacking me even after the fireworks ended.

"Damn, Daddy. I've never seen anything like that before. You should be making porno movies. You came like a fucking horse!"

Carol brought a towel from the bathroom and dried me. "I'll be glad to do you every day, Daddy. Even two or three times a day. As many as you need." As she dried my cock, it began to harden.

"My, my, what have we here? Daddy, you really are a lecher. It looks like I'm going to have to beat you off again."

She didn't touch my cock that time. Instead, she jacked me through the soft cloth. She giggled as the towel slid up and down my shaft. I managed to last five minutes or so, then the cum that had been left in my balls after my first orgasm shot into the towel.

After Carol left, I vowed that I would have no further sexual contact with her. I shuddered to think what might happen when my cock started thinking for me. I doubted my ability to resist her ample charms. However, my resolve only lasted a few days.

As I lay on my bed masturbating, I remembered how good my daughter's hand had felt on my cock. Her playful demeanor had made it all seem so harmless. I went to her room with my hard-on bobbing in front of me. She was lying on the bed watching TV in a skimpy bra and panties. She smiled when she saw me.

"I was wondering how long you could hold out, Daddy. Come and let nurse Carol treat that swelling between your legs."

She tossed aside her panties and bra and stood naked in front of me.

It is difficult to find the words to describe her beautiful body. Superlatives like flawless and awesome seem to fall short. Her pear-shaped tits were small but perfect, with swollen nipples pointing toward the ceiling. The seductress arched her back to make the fruity orbs more prominent.

My eyes were drawn to her sweet cunt, the jewel of her body. Only a thin strip of silky hair ran down her slit. She found some excuse to turn so I could see the perfection of her ass. My cock, now completely out of my control, bobbed a salute to the golden globes.

"Daddy, I have decided that you deserve far more than a hand job. I will not take no for an answer. You are the handsomest man I know, and I am going to have my way with you."

That brings me back to the beginning of my story with Carol on her knees in front of me,

smacking her lips after tasting my essence for the first time. I was deeply ashamed of myself for my inexcusable behavior, but felt a little better when I reminded myself that she had been the initiator. The sense of shame passed quickly.

"You know, Daddy, it really isn't fair that you are getting oral sex and I'm not. I think it's time for something a little more advanced."

Everything seemed to be happening in slow motion as she pushed me back and mounted me sixty-nine style. I watched in awe as her dainty cunt descended on my mouth. The tip of her clit had emerged from the hood and glistened like a tiny, pink pearl. She began grinding the soft flesh down against my lips.

It had been a long time since I had eaten pussy, but I suppose it is like riding a bicycle - once you learn how, you never forget. I stuffed my tongue up into my daughter's fuck-hole and swirled it in circles. I traced wet circles around her prominent button and then slashed my tongue down her slot all the way to her wrinkled anus. I made numerous round trips between her ass-hole and her cum-trigger by various routes, left side, right side, and creamy center.

Carol began humping my mouth so vigorously that she flossed my teeth with her cunt-hairs. I had seen porno queens who seemingly had the ability to ejaculate but I had thought it was a trick until then. Carol's juices spilled down my flushed cheeks and dripped off my chin.

I gave her lovely tits a squeeze that triggered another orgasm.

Carol took my drooling cock from her mouth and began licking it like a popsicle. Delightful obscenities streamed from her mouth in between licks.

"Oh, Daddy, I love your beautiful cock. It tastes so good. Give me some more of your sweet juice. I want to eat the same stuff that made me. Make your cock shoot in my mouth, Daddy. You can try to hold it back, but I will get it sooner or later."

She finished the lewd outburst, took my cock back into her mouth, and sucked like a whore trying for a big tip. Where had she learned to suck a cock so skillfully? I struggled to hold back, but I was losing the battle.

Carol humped my mouth frantically as she succumbed to one orgasm after another. I triggered a strong one by pulling on her nipples. Her moans rippled through my cock. All of my senses were overwhelmed. She retched as I shot my load against her tonsils. We both went into such violent orgasmic convulsions that I don't know how we stayed connected. The storm gradually passed and she lay heavily on top of me, her chest heaving against my belly.

She turned around and snuggled against my hairy chest.

"Wow, Dad, wherever did you learn to eat pussy like that?"

You nearly sucked me inside out. I just love your cream. My God, there is so much of it. I've never gotten so much out of a cock. Your second one was as juicy as your first."

"How many people have fucked you?" I asked.

"Oh, Daddy, you don't want to know that."

"I always thought you were so innocent, but it turns out that you are really a little slut. As your father, I should be outraged, but I'm really only excited and curious."

"You should be glad your little girl is a slut, Dad. If I wasn't we wouldn't be doing this. You will have to fuck me, you know. Neither of us will be satisfied until you have speared me with this big, beautiful cock."

My cock, still glistening with her spit, was stretched out on my belly like a snake sunning itself on a rock. She ran her fingertips down the underside to my balls, traced a figure-eight around them and then made her way back up to the head. She repeated the technique until my cock began to rise. "It works every time," she said with a giggle. My prick was soon hard enough for her to stroke with her fist.



"Carol, I don't think it would be proper for us to fuck," I said. "Maybe we should just stick to what we have done so far. I can't see any real harm in hand jobs and blow jobs. Fucking is something entirely different."

"Daddy, if you won't fuck me, I'll fuck you!" She suddenly mounted me and impaled herself on my cock. She grinned down at me as she lowered herself until the twin globes of her ass were against my thighs. "How does it feel to have your cock in a tight pussy again, Dad? Now aren't you glad that I took the initiative."

Her cunt became slicker as she posted up and down on me. "I exercise my pussy muscles every day, Daddy. How do you like the way it feels?" She giggled as she clamped down on my cock. "I bet Mom couldn't do that, could she?"

She was right. Neither her mother nor any other woman I had fucked had had that ability. Each time she lifted her sweet ass off of me, she tightened that wonderful cunt. The tightness was like a hand job, the wetness like a blow job. It was everything combined into one act.

Carol bent forward and swung her tits back and forth against my face. "Come on, Dad, I can tell by the way you are staring at my tits that you're just dying to nurse on them." I grabbed a tit and began sucking. The nipple was swollen like a tiny cock. I filled my mouth with it, the aureole, and as much of the surrounding tit-flesh as would fit. "That's the idea, Dad. Get it all in your mouth."

After twenty minutes of her riding me, I said, "I'm ready to get on top now, honey." She rolled off onto her back and spread her legs wide. I hooked her legs in the crooks of my arms to hold them back and stabbed at her pussy until my spear found the target. She sucked in her breath as I sank most of my shaft into her. "Oh, yes, Daddy, that's it. My pussy has never been stretched so wide."

Carol huffed and puffed as I relentlessly fucked her. I was determined to screw her better than she had ever been screwed before. Her sharp fingernails raked across my ass, not hard enough to draw blood but certainly hard enough to get my attention. I smoothly propped her legs on my shoulders and pinned her wrists to the bed.

"Oh, yes, Daddy, I love to get fucked like this. Nobody has ever fucked me this good. OH, DADDY, FUCK ME HARDER. RAPE ME, DADDY! YOU'RE MAKING ME CUM AGAIN. SHOOT YOUR HOT CUM INTO ME! OH, YES, UHU... UHU... UHU... UHU... I'M CUMMING!"

The Kegel contractions in her cunt pulled my trigger and I shot my load into her. My orgasm was just as intense as the others, perhaps even more so. I shrugged Carol's legs off of my shoulders. She planted her feet for leverage and bucked up against me.

Our bellies slapping together sounded like an ass-spanking. Our convulsions gradually subsided and we lay quivering in each other's arms. A moment of almost unbearable self-loathing came and went.

I rolled to the side and we lay in silence, staring at the ceiling. Both of us were gasping for air like fish out of water. When our bodies and minds recovered somewhat, Carol said, "Daddy, do you know what my best girlfriend always says? She says that a girl isn't truly a slut until her father has fucked her. I guess you could say that you have made a true slut out of me."

"Carol, we can't do this again. It just isn't right for a man to fuck his daughter. We must put this behind us and never mention it again."

She slowly began stroking my cock and I did nothing to stop her. How weak I was!

"Don't be silly, Daddy. How long do you think you could hold out? And anyway, you've got one more hole to fill."

END



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