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Daddy and Me

By

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I was young when momma died. I didn't have any brothers or sisters, so that just left daddy and me to help each other deal with momma's death. Even before she died, when I woke up alone and scared, I would go into the room she had shared with daddy and get into their bed. If daddy woke up while I was climbing under the covers, or any time before morning, he'd send me back to my room. When that happened I'd set on the edge of my bed for a few minutes, until daddy fell asleep again, then sneak back into his room and quietly climb back into his bed. Not long after she died, daddy gave up trying to force me to stop getting into his bed and just let me stay there.

Then one night, not long after that, when it was my bedtime I just walked back to the room daddy used to share with mommy and got into his bed. I've been sleeping in his bed ever since. We almost always woke up cuddled up next to each other, I think we both needed the warmth and comfort of the other's body. Before she died momma had several long talks with me about men, women, bodies and sex. She said that daddy would be too embarrassed so she had to do it before she went away. So I knew what was happening when I'd wake up in the morning all cuddled up next to my daddy and feel his hard thing pushed up against my butt. Momma had told me all about how men got hard, put their hard penises inside the woman's vagina, and made babies. She told me sex was great only if you were doing it with someone you really, really loved. I couldn't think of anybody I loved more than daddy.

One Saturday morning, when I woke up with my butt against Daddy's hard penis, I started moving my bottom gently against him. He moaned, and woke up. He put his hands on

my shoulders like he was going to push me away, but instead of pushing he just held on to me while I moved against him.

"No," he said, with his mouth so close to my ear his hot breath sent chills down my back, "oh god, no. We can't do this." I ignored what he said and continued to rub against him until he twitched several times, then sighed deeply as I felt the wetness soaking through my panties. Daddy was real embarrassed all day long, and tried to make me sleep in my own bed that night, but I just waited until he was asleep again then crawled back into 'our' bed, where I belonged. The next time I woke him up that way he didn't protest nearly as much.

I remember I woke up in the middle of the night once and Daddy was sitting on the side of the bed crying. I knew he was sad, and missed mommy. I was sad too. I cried a lot during that time too. I got on my knees on the edge of the bed and put my arm around his shoulders.

"It's OK daddy," I said giving him a hug. I held him for a few minutes, then I used my other hand to turn his face toward mine and kissed him. I kissed him just like I'd seen mommy kissing him before she died. Daddy moaned, and tried to push me away but I held onto his neck and kept my lips against his. I slowly pushed my tongue between his lips. Daddy's body stiffened, then he moaned again and his body relaxed in my arms as his tongue slipped between my lips. I could feel a thrill like I'd never felt before throughout my whole body. I twisted around until I was sitting on my daddy's lap with one knee on the bed on each side of his legs. I held him tight and we kissed, our tongues dancing against each others while I felt him grow hard against the crotch of the white panties I'd worn to bed that night. Even through his pajamas and my under pants I could feel the heat of his hard penis against my excited young vagina. I held on to my daddy's neck and pushed my crotch against him, gently moving back and forth while I kissed him. Daddy wrapped his arms around my waist and held me tight against his body while his tongue roamed around inside my mouth. I had never felt anything as nice as the feeling of rubbing my panty covered vagina against his hard penis while we kissed. Daddy held me so tight it almost hurt, and helped me move my crotch back and forth, until I felt him jerk several times against me. All the tension seemed to drain out of him, and he relaxed as soon as that happened.

I learned an important lesson about men that night, I learned that there is a big difference between what is 'OK' when they are hard and desperate and what is 'OK' after they've been satisfied. Almost as soon as his penis stopped jerking against the crotch of my panties, just as I felt the nice warm dampness penetrate to my sensitive vagina, daddy stood up, throwing me from his lap onto the floor, and started yelling about how evil what we had just done was. I got up and ran, crying, into my bedroom. Daddy came in a few minutes later and tried to comfort me. I faced away from him and sobbed while he tried to explain that he didn't mean that I was evil or bad, but just the thing we were doing.

"I blame myself, not you," he said, "I should have been stronger and not allowed it to happen." I wasn't really listening to him, I just laid there in my bed weeping with a broken heart. Daddy had been sad and I helped him feel better, at least for a few minutes. How could that be bad? I don't remember falling asleep, but it was while daddy was still trying to comfort me. I had a dream that night, my mommy told me that it was never wrong to make a person you loved feel better. I woke up with a new resolve to do what I knew had to be done to help my daddy.

The first thing I did, as soon as I got out of bed, was to take the sheets and blankets off and put them in the laundry. I left my old bed unmade, I wanted to make it clear that daddy would never again be able to force me out of 'our' bed just by being mean to me. Next I took the clothes from my closet and hung them up with my mother's clothes in the closet in 'our' room. Finally, I made room in mommy's dresser for my panties and socks. I was now moved into his room, and his bed, and he wasn't going to find it easy to get rid of me. Daddy just watched while I did this and didn't say a word.

That night, when it was bedtime I got into 'our' bed and fell asleep waiting for daddy to join me. I woke up early in the morning to find I was alone in the bed. I got up and wandered into the front room where I found daddy asleep on the couch. That's OK, I thought, I can be more stubborn than him. It took three nights for daddy to get tired of the couch and climb back into the bed with me. The next morning we just cuddled, I didn't rub against him or anything. The next morning I woke up feeling my daddy's

hard penis pressed up against my but. I'm sure it had been moving gently, rubbing on my fanny, but as soon as I was awake it stopped. I turned over so I was facing my daddy then slipped my hand down inside his pajama bottoms and touched his penis for the first time. It was warm and more than filled my hand. It didn't take me long to find where my daddy was the most sensitive. I avoided those places. I was enjoying the closeness and contact, and I didn't want him to finish too fast. I was afraid he might turn mean again afterward. I don't know how long I stroked my daddy before he responded.

"Please," was all he said as he put his hand on top of mine and helped me do it just the way he liked. Once I was doing it just like he wanted, my daddy put his arms around my naked body and held me close to him. I heard him moan, and he started moving his hips. I held my hand still and let him move in my grasp. He brought his lips to mine and pushed his tongue into my mouth just as he jerked several times and I felt his warm slimy liquid all over my fingers. I held my breath and laid still, waiting to see if he was going to erupt emotionally like he had the last time. I relaxed, and began to breath again as Daddy continued to hold me and gently showered my face with kisses. I fell asleep with my naked body cuddled up to my daddy and his sperm drying on my fingers.

I woke up the next morning alone in the bed. I was a little afraid to get out of the bed and go looking for my daddy, there was still a chance that he could be suffering from morning regret after what we had done the previous night. After a few minutes it got to the point where I couldn't stand not knowing so I got out of bed and, after going to the bathroom wandered out into the living room, still as naked as the day I was born. I found my daddy on the couch reading the newspaper and drinking coffee.

"Good morning sleepy head," he greeted me without mentioning my lack of clothing. He seemed to be in a much better mood than he'd been in since mommy died. I wasn't. I'd been so preoccupied with helping my daddy feel better that I found myself feeling deprived and vaguely frustrated. I walked over to my daddy and, putting one hand on each of his cheeks, brought my lips to his and pushed my tongue into his mouth. Daddy stiffened at first, but then he relaxed and, letting the paper fall to the floor, put his arms around me. I climbed up on his lap

with one knee on the couch on each side of his legs, just like I had done on the edge of the bed a couple of nights before. This time, though, I was naked and the only thing separating my vagina from my daddy's penis was the thin material of his pajama bottoms.

"Please daddy," I begged softly as I left a trail of kisses from his mouth to his ear, then down onto his neck, while I pushed my naked crotch against his rapidly growing penis, "please." Daddy moaned deeply. I felt his hands move down my back and across my fanny as his fingers curled between my legs and the electric thrill of having my vagina touched for the first time surged up my spine and exploded inside my head. I instinctively arched my back, thrusting my butt back to give him better access. I planted my lips on his and thrust my tongue as far into his mouth as I could reach as I felt the tip of his finger spread me open and push inside my eager vagina. I reached down between our bodies and frantically tried to push his pajamas down to expose his hard penis. We never stopped kissing as daddy pulled his finger out and I pushed myself down onto him.

Mommy had told me that it might hurt the first time, but I guess I was too excited to notice. I felt myself stretching to accommodate him and, just as it got to the point where it was starting to hurt I realized that he was all the way inside me. I was sitting in my daddy's lap with his hard penis completely inside my vagina. We sat, joined but not moving, for several minutes before daddy grasped my butt and began to gently move me up and down.

Mamma was right, it was the most wonderful experience in the world.

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