

WILD PASSION

Faye Valentine

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Wrong Room

The first time it happened I thought it an accident. My father entered my bedroom sometime after 3am reeking of booze and staggering around drunk off his ass. I woke with a start as he bumped into my bed and climbed in. I'm not sure when he had stripped out of his clothes, but he was butt naked when I yelled in surprise at having someone else in bed with me. I knew it wasn't my boyfriend as he was spending summer vacation in Italy with his family.

The body rolled off of me, but hands continued to grope my breasts over the blanket. That changed when I leaned over and turned on the lamp sitting on the stand next to my bed. The blanket fell down exposing my naked body to the waist and I stared in wide-eyed horror as my father's hands tweaked my nipples.

I pulled away from him, but he followed until I was forced to get out of bed. Probably not the best idea considering I slept naked, but I couldn't allow my drunk father to have his way with me. "DAD!" I yelled. "What in the hell are you doing!?"

"Mmmm, I don't wanna role-play tonight babe," he replied, rolling over so that he was on his back with his legs hanging over the edge of the bed. His dick was sticking up between his legs and my eyes momentarily locked onto it and then back up his chest.

"We're not role playing you drunken dipshit!" I protested. "You're in the wrong damn room! Now get out of my damn bedroom!"

"Don't play hard to get, babe." He reached out with his left arm. "Come on, help me up."

I approached my bed and stupidly stepped between his open legs and took hold of his hands. He half sat up and then fell back onto the bed dragging me down on top of him. His strong arms wrapped around me and he kissed my neck, but that was the least of my worries.

His dick was poised for entry, the head already splitting me open. With a quick thrust of his hips it was in and I froze in shock. He was longer and thicker than my boyfriend and filled me completely, but my mind reeled at the thought of my father fucking me. I tried to pull back, but he wasn't having any of that nonsense.

My father rammed his cock into me harder and faster while kissing my neck and cheek, occasionally landing one on my lips as I struggled to get away. But my damn body betrayed me. His cock was starting to feel good and I soon realized that I was rocking my hips back to meet it. "Mmmm, that's it daddy!" I moaned softly. "Fuck me, daddy! Uhn...uhn...oh god that's good!" His grip on me loosened and I climbed up onto him, now riding his glorious cock of my own accord.

I was completely disgusted with my actions, but I couldn't help it. His cock felt amazing thrusting in and out of me. Three months without my boyfriend to pleasure me was no longer looked so bad. I leaned down as daddy mauled my breasts and kissed him hard on the lips. We rolled over and he pulled my ass up and shoved my head into the pillow as he rammed his cock in and out of me harder and faster until his thrusting slowed and I could feel his seed shooting into me.

When he was finished he collapsed onto the bed next to me and fell asleep. I got out of bed and went to the bathroom where I took a long, hot shower but it didn't help wash away the guilt of what I just did. I couldn't go back to bed so I went downstairs and eventually fell asleep on the couch.

I woke to the aromas of pancakes and bacon cooking. I was still butt naked so I ran up to my bedroom to get dressed before joining my father in the kitchen. He whistled a tune I didn't know as he flipped the pancakes and added more bacon to the pan.

"Morning Kate. I hope you're hungry," dad said sitting the platter of food on the table. "Dig in. I'll join you when the last of the bacon finishes." He made no mention of last night and acted as if nothing had ever happened, so I left well enough alone and kept my mouth shut as well.

We talked about nothing throughout breakfast and then went our separate ways – he to work and me to the mall to shop for a new bikini. We didn't see each other again until he crawled into bed with me sometime after 2am. I didn't protest or complain, just rolled over onto all fours and let him have his way with me until his semen was flooding my womb. I took a shower again, but this time I crawled into bed next to him and fell asleep with his arm draped over my side, hand on my breast.

This went on every night for the entire two weeks mom was out of town. We had sex. I took a shower and crawled back into bed with him. The next morning he would cook us breakfast and we'd go our separate ways until late at night when we would repeat the process all over again. I knew I should have put a stop to it, but damn it the sex was just too fucking good.

When mom returned from her business trip it all came to a screeching halt. Dad no longer came to my bed at night and I had to resort to self-pleasuring to get off. I never wanted my mother to leave so badly in my life, but it could be weeks or even months before they sent her on another business trip so I was left to pleasure myself until classes resumed in the fall. Or so I thought.