

Life Of Mine

Ever since the day I was born, I've been loved and admired.

An adorable, cute baby. A beautiful little girl. An attractive, stunning teenager. A sexy, hott, breathtaking young woman. All my life, people have complemented me on my looks. When I was young, it'd been innocent. I'd been a cute child. But, as the years went by and I grew up, the complements became a lot less innocent and a lot more specific.

My 'friends' envied me, I knew that. I could see it in their eyes.

Not my fault I was naturally blessed. And it certainly wasn't *my* fault that they were too lazy to go to the gym. Like, seriously. They had the gall to comment that I 'might be getting a little tubby' while they stuffed down burgers like there was no tomorrow? Fuck that.

They weren't real friends. I hadn't had any of those since my breasts first began to grow in. The girls that used to be my friends fell into two categories now; they either stuck around as fake 'friends', or they became catty bitches who loved to spread rumours about me out loud. At least my fake friends had the decency to spread rumours about me *behind* my back and not right in front of me.

Oh, and for the record, I am *not* 'getting a little tubby'.

I am as good-looking as ever. Hell, I was even *more* attractive today than I had been yesterday. And yesterday, I'd been more attractive than the day before.

Every day, I grow more beautiful. More attractive. More sexy.

It's not my fault. I don't control how I look other than working out a little every day and having a healthy diet. That I'm naturally beautiful isn't something I'd ever intended or really desired. It just *is*.

From the way some of those girls talked about me, you'd think I'd murdered someone. The amount of condemnation they gave me – unless you've experienced it yourself, it's impossible to fully grasp or comprehend.

And those are just the girls.

Guys – meat-headed and stupid as they are – were even *worse* to deal with. So many categories I could fit men into, and none of them were good. There were the peekers – the guys who glanced at my body at every opportunity they got, sometimes not even bothering to hide their sliminess. And then you had the dipshits who believed the rumours, thought that all they had to do was proposition me and I'd spread my legs for them just like that. After them came the 'gentlemen' and 'nice guys', the ones who thought that I'd fall head over heels in love with them over a handful of compliments – and who got upset and showed their true colours the moment I rejected them. Another category was 'those who should know better', the older guys; teachers and parents and the like who, as the category said, should know better than to creep on a barely legal girl like me.

Seriously, what is *wrong* with people?

There wasn't a single man in my entire life that I hadn't caught looking at my body at one point or another. Not a single one. Not even my own *father*.

That's right, my father sneaks peeks at me when he thinks I won't notice.

My *father* creeps on me.

And I *wish* it was just peeking. If it'd been just that, I might have accepted it. Might have looked past it. But no. Peeking was the *least* of his perversions towards me.

The first time I'd opened my underwear draw and found a pair of sticky, soggy panties, I'd found it odd. Why did it smell the way it did? Why was it wet? But, I'd been in a rush and hadn't thought much of it. I'd tossed the soiled panties aside and put on some clean ones – rushed off to school without realising.

It happened again. And again. And again. And, after I'd found a sixth pair of panties soiled, I realized *why* they were so wet and sticky. Realised why it was only one pair of panties each time, not the entire drawer full. If there was moisture in the air or something

wrong with the drawers themselves, it wouldn't be a single pair of panties each time – it'd be all or most of them.

The stink. That musky, faint odour.

It was my father's cum.

My father's *cum*.

That moment of realisation happened while I was holding a pair of soiled panties. And, as it hit me, I screeched – flinging the panties away in horror. My stomach twisted, and I was almost overwhelmed by the sudden urge to hurl.

No-where was safe. Not from leering men, not from perverts.

Not even my own home.

After I'd gotten over my revulsion and queasiness, a new sensation rocked through my body. Rage. Pure, black rage.

It was every morning.

When I went to bed at night, my panties were clean. And every morning when I woke up, one of them was stained.

I didn't leave my room during the night.

Which meant that my father – my fucked up, pervert, monster of a father – was sneaking into my room at night and jacking off with my panties while I was *sleeping* in the *very same room*. While I was unconscious, dreaming soundly, my father was feet away from me, my panties wrapped around his cock.

Just the thought made me want to puke.

I could handle bitchy fake friends. I could deal with guys looking at me like a piece of meat. But my father? My own home?

That, I refused to tolerate.

What my father was doing was sick, perverse. He deserved to be turned in to the police for it. But then what? Him being sent to jail would be great. But, without proof, nothing would happen. Not even a meaningless warning.

If I wanted my father shamed and gone, I'd need evidence.

So that's what I decided to get.

People think that because I'm attractive, I must be stupid.

As if, because I had looks, I didn't need to think or use my brain. That being pretty made me some brain-dead bimbo.

Sorry to say, that's *not* the case.

Not only am I the most beautiful girl you'll ever meet, but I'm probably the most intelligent too. People, teachers especially, had been using words like 'genius' and 'prodigy' to describe me ever since I was little and, while I'd toned down just how much of my intelligence I showed at school since then, that raw brain-power was still there. Still sharp.

So, coming up with a plan of catching my father red-handed, or more accurately cum-soaked-panty-handed, wasn't difficult. A simple setup with a few hidden cameras would do the job just fine, as long as I made sure the cameras had some form of night-vision. I didn't even need to worry about motion sensors or anything like that – a way of saving camera battery power. Since it was my bedroom, and I could hook up cameras directly to power sockets and my computer, I didn't need to worry about a *lot* of the usual things one might when dealing with hidden cameras.

Buying what I'd need wouldn't be a problem – I had enough money saved up to buy a car; a few cameras was no issue at all. I bought them that very same day, spent the afternoon setting them up in concealed spots.

Unfortunately, in order to get the evidence I needed, I'd have to sleep in my bed tonight – knowing that my father would creep in while I was unconscious.

Thinking about it made my skin crawl, but there wasn't much I could do about it.

One night was all it'd take.

The next morning, I woke up to a cum-soaked pair of panties in my underwear drawer.

I glared at it, walked straight over to my computer and booted it up. Everything I'd recorded had been automatically saved to the cloud, accessible immediately. All I needed to do was sift through the footage for the moment my father entered my bedroom and-

There.

On my screen, my bedroom door creaked open.

The video quality wasn't the best – a lot of static distortion due to the lack of light. But it was good enough.

My father slipped inside my bedroom and, to my horror, he was totally naked. No underwear, no robe. Naked. I resisted the urge to look away, forced myself to continue staring at the screen. I needed to see this. Needed to know if the video would be enough to incriminate my father.

He didn't walk over to my drawers. Instead, he stepped towards my bed and leaned over. I trembled in revulsion as his face pressed to mine.

He *kissed* me.

I raised my hand to my lips, stunned and disgusted.

On the screen, my father took a step back, crossed his arms. It was hard to make out, but I thought I saw a smile on his face.

Then the sleeping me moved.

I watched, eyes wide, as past-me climbed slowly out of bed.

She walked over to my father, wrapped her arms around his head, leaned in, and began making out with him. Long, deep, passionate kissing while his hands roamed her body, squeezing her breasts and bottom.

My breasts. My bottom.

I blinked at the screen, stared at it transfixed – not believing what I was seeing.

When the kiss broke apart, the image of me backed away a step, reached down for the hem of her nightie – the same one I was wearing right now – and pulled it up over her head. She tossed it aside, turned to the bed and bent over, planting her hands on the mattress and presenting her backside to my father.

My stomach churned as he positioned himself behind her – behind me.

With the angle of the camera, I couldn't see it happen. But the moment my body jerked on screen, breasts swaying, I knew instantly what was going on.

Penetration.

My mouth hung open as I watched the video.

Swaying, rhythmic thrusting. My father and me. Fucking. Right there, a few feet away from where I was currently sitting. Last night. I'd...

My father pulled past-me's hair, slapped her ass.

I couldn't hear it. The cameras I'd used didn't have sound recording capabilities. But, in my mind, I could imagine it. My brain filling in the blanks. Slap, slap, slap. Liquid squelching sounds. Creaking bedsprings.

Moans.

I sped up the footage, feeling tears trailing down my face.

How could he do this to me? My own *father*?

Why was the me on the screen doing what he wanted?

Why couldn't I *remember* it?

Eventually, over an hour after first stepping into my bedroom, my father stepped out. Closed the door behind himself.

The version of me on the screen was on her knees, breasts held together in her arms. There was a puddle of cum in her cleavage, a little white lake of my father's jizz.

Carefully, the image of me stood, walked over to my underwear drawer and pulled

out a clean pair of panties – used it to wipe up the mess on her chest. Casually, she dropped the soiled panties back inside the underwear drawer. Then, as if nothing unusual had just happened, she put her nightie back on, climbed back into bed.

All I could do was stare at my screen – at my own body, sleeping serenely on my bed.

What could I do?

I had no memories of it, but it'd evidently happened. And it looked entirely consensual. If I took that to the police, what would they say? What would happen?

Was incest a crime if committed between two consenting adults?

I had no idea.

All I knew was that last night, and probably all the nights previously, I'd fucked my father. I'd *been* fucked by him. And I had no recollection of it. None at all. My mind was a black-hole.

Sleepwalking?

But no, that didn't make sense. How would my father know if I was a sleepwalker? How would he know he could get away with fucking me without risk of me waking up?

He'd done something. Made this happen somehow.

And I was going to find out how.