

A Storm of Forbidden Passion

Ellie's stepmother was truly the bitch goddess from hell. All blonde hair and big tits, Ellie could see why her grief-stricken father was taken in by Karen's physical beauty. True, Karen had been there for him as James went through the horrible ordeal of watching his wife waste away from cancer that was ravaging her body.

Karen had been a nurse in the terminal cancer ward, so Ellie figured it was part of her job to be nice to the family members of cancer patients. But her poor father took it that Karen really cared for him. As far as Ellie was concerned all Karen really cared about was his money as James was quite well off financially.

But now the time for revenge was at hand. Ellie, who had just turned 18 weeks ago, is a much worthier opponent now, as opposed to when Karen had first married her daddy back when she was only 14. She considered it to be no coincidence that after roughly three years of marriage, just as father's financial fortunes were taking a major hit, Karen started to fool around with other men.

Subsequently, Karen divorced him, leaving James for a younger man. Ellie's dad was devastated as now he had been hit with the double whammy of two women he loved dearly coming and going from his life. One from death, one from divorce; both equally painful.

Some time later, as it was apt to do, the stock market turned around, and once again James' financial fortunes were on the rise, along with little Ms. Karen's interest in him. All this Ellie watched with a careful

eye. To this end, she was determined to keep Karen away from James and was quite prepared to do anything to achieve just this objective.

After the marriage, Ellie and Karen had fought like cats and dogs, to the point where, shortly after her 15th birthday, Ellie moved to the Philippines to stay with her grandparents. Her dad, much to her dismay, said little in the way of trying to stop her. She took this as a sign that he was siding with Karen over her.

Now three years have passed, and she is returning home for the first time since leaving. Ellie strongly suspects her daddy is still holding a torch for Karen, and since he has been desperately lonely this past year or so since the divorce, he will be vulnerable to her physical charms.

But just maybe, that is if Ellie is brave enough to really follow through with her plans, his desperate loneliness will play into her hands. Ellie's daring plan is to relieve her daddy of his desperate loneliness, and hopefully his need to be with Karen, by seducing him.

If he gets back with Karen, it won't be because he has not had a chance to fill that large hole in his heart with an intense forbidden night of passion with his young 18-year-old daughter. Everything is planned. Everything is ready. The only question is, in the end with the money on the table, will Ellie be brave enough to offer herself up for her daddy's pleasure, and even then, will he take the bait. Ellie would soon find out.

Ellie arrives at her dad's large house at around four in the afternoon. She is on spring break from her college in Manila, and will be spending it with her daddy in the fervent hope of securing his love and affections, hopefully before Karen worms her way back into his life.

They bring her bags in for her two-week vacation while chatting idly about her schooling. Finally, after spending a few minutes at the kitchen table continuing to catch up on things, Ellie excuses herself to take a hot shower.

"When I get back downstairs I am going to cook your favorite dinner."

"What do you want me to do? Can I help maybe?"

"Sure go to the store and get some champagne."

"Champagne. So what are we celebrating little girl?"

Ellie's heart skips a beat as him calling her "little girl" brought back so many wonderful memories.

"My graciously choosing to spend my entire spring break with you, Daddy. I thought that would be obvious. Just pick out something nice huh."

"Sure why not. I could use a good old fashioned celebratory drunk to help me forget about my problems."

"That makes two of us daddy," she says excitedly dashing up the stairs to the bathroom quite happy that the first part of her plan is going off without a hitch.

After getting out of the shower, Ellie wanders into her old bedroom, her mind is preoccupied with what she will wear for this evening's fun and games. It has to be something sweet and innocent, yet seductive, all at the same time.

She goes through her suitcases looking at several different outfits, before rejecting each one for one reason or the other. She moves over to her dresser and yanks open the bottom drawer. This drawer would contain some of her older clothes she left behind when she moved away. One particular top catches her eye. It is a top that has the green face and body of Kermit the frog on it. Kermit is framed by a bright yellow background, and in big red letters, the words Kermit Rules is written. The top is both cute and innocent. Perfect even.

She looks at the top and smiles, remembering how this was a birthday present from her father when she was only 13. "This is the

one," she thinks, excited to have finally found something both sweet and innocent.

She quickly tries it on; liking how it still fits her—just barely. She, of course, has filled out a bit in the past five years, which the cute little top aptly shows off. It's rather tight across her perky little 32B breasts.

"Tight enough where he just might notice," she muses to herself as she admires how the top looks on her in the bathroom mirror. "Especially if I wear my new padded purple bra that makes my tits look bigger," she thinks with growing enthusiasm.

Now she would just have to pick out something to go with it. She digs through her dresser drawer some more and comes up with an answer in the form of a pair of old faded blue jeans.

Just as she suspected, her old jeans are a bit snug. Skin tight in fact. In other words, they are just perfect. It will be perfect combo--innocent top, with a super tight pair of blue jeans.

As a final touch, Ellie arranges her pretty, dark hair in the twin ponytails that makes her look so very young, sweet and innocent. The twin ponytails was a look that always had gotten his attention when she was younger, and she could only hope it still worked.

About an hour later, they are sitting in the darkened dining room enjoying a romantic candle light dinner. They talk quietly about all

sorts of things as they eat their dinner, and sip on Dom Perignon. Ellie is waiting until the champagne starts to kick in for the both of them before she steers the conversation in the direction she wants it to go.

After dinner, working on their second glass of Dom, Ellie senses the time is right to have their quiet conversation take a serious turn.

"Daddy do you miss Mom?"

"Of course sweetie. I miss her terribly."

He pauses, looking at Ellie seriously, before adding, "You know maybe I never noticed until right now how much you are beginning to look just like her."

"As I recall you always thought Mom was so very beautiful."

"I did."

She gets up, comes around to his side of the dining room table, "So that must mean you think I look so very beautiful?"

"I do honey. I am afraid that you left years ago just a pretty little girl and now have returned as a very beautiful young lady. Indeed, just

like your mom. You know she was 18 just like you when we started dating."

"She was so lucky to find a man as sweet and handsome as you Daddy."

"Ahh flattery, you must want something young lady."

"Yes I do as a matter of fact, I do want something." She holds her hand out, and with an easy smile, indicates her daddy should take it. He does and finds himself being led downstairs to the spacious living room.

She suggests he sits down while she prepares things. She moves about the living room with the grace of a cat as his eyes track her every movement.

He likes the way she is dressed. The combo of the cute, innocent little top he bought her so long ago and her tight little faded blue jeans work together rather nicely in such a way to fully garner his attention.

He especially notices how her ass is on full display due to the super tight jeans she is wearing; and what an ass it is, he suspects with growing admiration for his barely 18-year-old daughter's youthful beauty.

Even more so, he can't help but to notice how her cute little Kermit the frog shirt is so tight on her showing off what appears to be a rather luscious set of small tits.

As she leans down to insert a CD into the corner stereo unit, her tight jeans allow her ass to be put fully on display for his viewing pleasure as she seems to be spending in inordinate amount of time fiddling with the stereo trying to insert the disc into the player.

James takes the bait, staring at his daughter's ass, memorized by its beauty. He has just enough time to contemplate how his "little girl certainly has grown into one very beautiful young lady," before she turns and asks him for a dance thankfully breaking the spell that super cute ass of hers has woven over his poor eyes.

He hoped she had not somehow sensed his eyes crawling all over her butt as he was already starting to feel more than a little guilty for staring at his young daughter's ass. He blames it on the champagne, which has made it easy for him to ignore what common sense would dictate doing in such a situation—that is not staring at her ass.

Just what James had desperately hoped was not happening though was, in fact, a reality. Ellie senses her daddy's eyes crawling all over her butt so she pretended to have problems inserting the CD into the player, just so she has an excuse to stay bent over in this "oh so vulnerable" position a bit longer.

Then just for fun, right before inserting the CD she drops it on the floor, thus having an excuse to bend over, even more, to pick it up. He does not want to think about the consequences as it almost seems she is doing this on purpose.

Soft romantic music fills the dimly lit living room ending the show, and any further complementation of her actions being strictly accidental, or maybe just a bit purposeful.

"Slow dance with me Daddy," she whispers using her softest sweetest voice. Ellie has cleared a space in the middle of the living room so they would have their own personal dance floor.

He obliges her as to say no is out of the question. James, over the years after she left, has managed to store up a rather large amount of guilt over the way he just let her so easily walk out of his life. He knows he should have done more to try and get her to stay, even if that meant hurting his relationship with Karen.

He was slow to realize one simple fact of life --a daughter's love for her father is forever while a wife's love may come go as the fickle winds of fate blow to and fro.

James is determined to make things up to Ellie, and if she wants to dance then dance he shall. But before they begin their dance, they share another champagne toast, drinking it down quickly. The champagne is making Ellie feel both brave and quite audacious in

her willingness to carry out her plans for the wicked seduction of her daddy.

She finishes her full glass of champagne, letting the warm buzz fully envelope her before she whispers as they come together on their small makeshift dance floor, "Daddy do you think I am as pretty as Karen?"

"Of course honey. Prettier even."

"Of course, though you like her so much and are going to get back together with her aren't you, coz you're lonely and miss Mom?" Ellie looks up at him as they circle the makeshift dance floor blinking back tears.

If it was an act on her part she would win an award, but the truth is what she is feeling tonight is no act. She loves her daddy fiercely, boldly, and now as she consumes more and more of the delicious champagne, recklessly.

"Honey it's really undecided if I will get back with her"

Ellie is quiet for a moment as she rests her head against her daddy's chest. She is like most Filipinos short in stature, about 5' 1" which allows her to fit nicely in his arms.

She raises her face up to him, looking him directly in the eyes she says softly, "I know she wants you back and you will probably give in to her. After all, why would you not? I mean she is not stupidly short like me, she doesn't have drab colored dark hair. Instead, she is tall and has that beautiful golden hair that all men love and then they are those God awful huge tits of hers that all men including you simply go crazy for. I guess once again I will be left out in the cold like before."

Tears begin to well in Ellie's eyes. Getting emotional like this was not part of her seduction plans, but the whole thing just sort of sneaked up on her. Her plan had been to play it cool and casual in a confident sexy manner, but instead, she begins to cry. All the planned cool sexiness she wanted so desperately to display slipping away.

James pulls his daughter closer to him as he lightly brushes away the tears from her face. They have stopped dancing and are now just holding one another in the middle of the living room. He lowers his voice saying to her quietly, "Listen little girl, honestly if I am to compare you to Karen, she will be the one crying."

He gives her a tight hug before continuing, "You are the light of my life not her, maybe because are so very beautiful honey that you make the sun blush."

He pauses smiling at her, "And I will take your cute little twin ponytails," he reaches up and bats them playfully with his hands as he whispers, "Over her blond hair any day. As for her being tall so what!!! Honestly, I prefer short girls myself. Short and petite."

"Really why?" Ellie says starting to feel better about things.

"Oh maybe because you can do things like this with petite young ladies." He suddenly reaches his arms around her waist and lifts her up in the air twirling her around once, twice, and then a third time. It is easy as Ellie is not heavy at all, weighing in at only a bit over 100 pounds.

Ellie squeals in sheer delight crying, "Stop Daddy I am getting dizzy."

"Just as I am dizzy from your absolute stunning beauty my dearest daughter," he declares before swinging her around one last time, and then deftly setting her down on her feet.

"Great now I am too dizzy to dance anymore Daddy," she pouts. "You will have to take me over to the couch and cuddle me until my dizziness goes away."

"Hmm, maybe that was my plan all along honey. You know to get you onto the couch so we could cuddle some. Yeah, just like old times."

He takes her by the hand, and leads her over to the couch, but before they sit down Ellie grabs the champagne bottle and pours them both yet another full glass of champagne. She proposes a toast, "To

cuddling with my handsome daddy that I have missed so much over these past several years."

They both drain their respective glasses teasing each other to see which one can finish first before he strikes a formal tone in his voice as he addresses her.

"So let me get this straight. You need to sit down because you are dizzy, but yet just finished off your what? Your third glass of Dom Perignon, which by all accounts should make you dizzier still. Yeah makes sense to me."

"It only makes sense to you because you are drunk, and trying to get your little girl drunk daddy." She shoots him a sly smile before adding playfully, "What so you can take advantage of me maybe?"

"Right it was your idea to have yet another toast. Better sit down and be quiet before I change my mind about cuddling with you, lest you think I am trying to 'take advantage' of you," he says deciding to answer her teasing charge with a bit of sarcasm.

She plops down on the couch, holds her hands out to him saying, "Never happen. You cannot say no to me, especially not tonight of all nights since you are trying so very desperately to get back in my good graces."

"So true," he replies sighing as he settles down on the couch next to her. She quickly wraps her arms around him snuggling up to him so very close.

"This is nice" James whispers to her as he snakes his arms around her pulling her close. They sit quietly for a few minutes enjoying the silence of the house, disturbed only by the distant rumble of thunder.

The silence between them is finally broken when, without warning Ellie pulls back from him and gives him a long serious look.

"It's time for a history lesson and for you to beg me for forgiveness"

"Ok," he says wondering just what his history lesson would be about. As for the begging part, he already resigned himself to the fact he would do anything to try and make up for the way he treated her after he married Karen, and if that included begging so be it.

"You once asked me why I hated her so much. Remember."

"Yeah I remember."

"Well, now I am mature enough and confident enough to tell you exactly why."

"Go ahead honey I am listening"

"I was 14 when you married that bitch and then we stopped having a close relationship. By close, I mean physically Daddy. No more hugging, holding hands, cuddling like just now, no more sweet words exchanged, no more teasing fun and games." She sighs heavily as she pauses letting her words sink in.

"And worst of all, no more good morning, good night, or even goodbye kisses. No more kisses whatsoever like we once shared. I was both hurt and jealous as I seen all the affectionate I used to get from you go to Karen."

"You are right Ellie. I am guilty as charged, but you must understand I was on the rebound from your mother's death and honestly Karen was just there for me to lean on. And she got upset when I showed you attention so. . . ."

"So you bowed to her desire and cut me off from your love and affection. And then let me run off to the Philippines and stay with Grandma and Grandpa for all them years."

"Sadly yes. Can you ever forgive me, baby?"

"I can try if you are willing to make it up to me. Tonight, starting here and now."

"I will do whatever it takes Ellie. Just tell me what you want." He moves closer to her, and in a frantic attempt to convince her his words are true he gives her two soft kisses — one on each cheek.

"That is a good start as I do miss your kisses, Daddy."

"I missed giving them to you baby," he whispers into her ear as he draws her into a tight embrace. What happens next changes everything.

He moved his lips over and planted two gentle kisses on her forehead, and then started to pull back. He was going to once again say he was sorry and then tell her it was finally time they went to bed. But as it turns out, he never quite got the chance.

"Daddy can I give you a kiss back," she murmurs shyly, her voice dripping with utter sweetness.

"Of course baby."

As she moves her lips closer to his face he instinctively turns so she could plant her kiss on his cheek. But she uses her hand to turn his face to hers instead. Her kiss lands firmly on his lips. She gives him one, two, and then three light butterfly kisses that send his poor heart racing as does the words she whispers to him next.

"I just love you so much Daddy and want this to be a night for us to remember forever."

It was only with a tremendous effort that James was finally able to pull his lips from his daughter. Thus far he had been able to ignore the alarm bells going off inside his head telling him this was so very wrong.

The fact he was by now more than a little drunk made it not easy mind you, just easier, to ignore those annoying bells. He abruptly jumps up from the couch announcing in a firm voice, "Ellie it's time for bed. I am tired, you are a bit drunk, and this is getting out of hand."

He half expected Ellie to protest, but instead, she says nothing. She gets up from the sofa, crosses the room briskly towards him, and then floats past him, ignoring him completely.

His heart sinks. He had not expected this-- to be ignored. Then as she reaches the foot of the stairs, she pauses, glancing back at him over her shoulder. A sad look crosses her face as she says to him very formally, "Since you made it abundantly clear my kisses are no longer welcome I bid you a not so fond good night!!"

Ellie storms up the stairs, the night seemingly over with, along with any plans she might have had of seducing him. James begrudgingly admits to himself that, "maybe he overreacted to that little impromptu kissing session on the sofa just now."

He drags himself upstairs to his own bedroom, but not before deciding to make an attempt to reconcile with her. She ignores his soft tapping at her locked bedroom door, so he gives up and walks wearily down the hallway to his own room.

A storm is coming. It has been building all day. That afternoon it had been exceedingly hot for October. He had noticed large purple thunderclouds off at a distance while he was out getting the champagne earlier. The weather forecast had predicted thunderstorms to be hitting the area around 10 pm that night. It had been intermittently flashing lightning for the past hour. This along with the occasional distance rumble of thunder says the weather forecast is probably correct. A storm is indeed coming. Both literally and figuratively.

About an hour later, just as he was falling asleep there is a light tapping on his door. He rubs his eyes wearily and gets out of the bed. The predicted storm is just starting to ramp up outside. Ellie, when she was little, and even into her teen years, had always been terrified of storms. He now wonders as he turns on the lamp on his nightstand, if anything has changed.

Apparently not, as Ellie throws herself into his arms as soon as he opens the door. She is on the verge of crying.

She hugs him with a vise-like grip. "The storm, you know I hate storms."

"Still I see."

She pulls back from him, looking up with large, desperately pleading eyes she whispers, "Daddy can I sleep with you. Please. Please, Daddy. The storm . . . I can't take it by myself."

Almost as if to emphasize Ellie's point, Mother Nature chimes in with a brilliant flash of lightning that momentarily bathes the gloomily lit bedroom in bright light, followed quickly by a loud crash of thunder that causes poor Ellie to literally jump into his arms.

"Please daddy," she begs once more burying her face against his bare chest.

To allow his 18-year-old daughter to sleep with him, especially after that little kissing session downstairs on the sofa would not the most proper thing in the world to do James realizes. But this inconvenient fact is trumped by the glaring need to comfort his daughter in her time of need. "Besides," he sighs to himself as he leads her over to the bed, "To deny her now what she so desperately wants would be suicidal to their relationship."

Careful to hide his reluctance to let her sleep with him he tells her, "Of course you can sleep with daddy little girl. Just like old times, I suppose."

Before reaching the bed, Ellie who is wearing a pretty white satin robe, makes a detour to his bathroom, allowing him time to go over to his dresser, and pull on a pair of comfortable jeans and an old tee shirt. If he is going to sleep with her, it won't be in his usual sleeping attire, which is just a pair of boxers.

When she comes out of the bathroom he is in bed already. She pauses at the bathroom door saying, "I'm just going to leave my robe here hanging on the door knob Daddy. I would hang it up in your closet but I am afraid."

"Afraid, why there is a light there. The switch is just to the left as you enter. Don't you remember?"

"I know, it's not the dark I'm really afraid of . . . but her. I am afraid of seeing she has already moved a bunch of her shit back into your closet."

"Honey I . . ."

She cuts him off before he can defend himself although he wasn't sure of just how he would have done that as what she suspected was, in fact, true. Karen had moved some of her stuff back in already, even though he had yet to be romantic with her, or tell her he would take her back. Karen was just forward that way.

"Shh, I don't care. You belong to me tonight and that is all that matters." As she says this she starts to slowly take off her robe. He can't help but to watch as a sudden and overpowering curiosity as to just what his pretty young daughter might be wearing under her satin robe takes hold of his heart.

His curiosity is rewarded with a most beautiful sight for Ellie is wearing a simply gorgeous purple bra, with matching panties under her robe. Purple is his favorite color and she knows this. As she crosses the room, bypassing the bed heading over to the small mini bar against the far wall his eyes are glued to her. Helplessly.

Just before she reaches the bar he manages to find his tongue. "Honey, w-where is your pajamas. I mean you don't intend to . . . Sleep in . . ."

"My underwear." She finishes for him as she reaches the bar and starts rooting around for a pair of glasses.

"Yeah," he murmurs while sitting up in the bed trying to get a better look at her.

"Oh, Daddy you really are silly," she replied, turning to him with a bright smile plastered on her face as she leans back against the bar. "Come join me for a nightcap. It will help calm my nerves from the storm." Again just like before when she referred to the storm the room is bathed in vivid light as a loud crash of lightning, followed

by a thunderous boom, tears through the deathly silence of the house.

He sighs while getting up from the bed and crossing the room towards her. She is leaning back against the bar still, her small chest thrust out, with a sly smile on her lovely face, looking just so smoking hot in her pretty purple bra and matching panties that his cock is already coming alive down there.

Just as he reaches her, she tilts her head seductively whispering, "So you don't really want me to run back to my bedroom and put on a pair of ugly old pajamas do you, Daddy?"

His brain tells him that is exactly what he should tell her to do, but his heart, his poor lonely heart, cannot resist her awesome beauty. He understands even as he mumbles, "Of course, not baby," that she knows this too.

She has poured them both a double shot of Jack Daniels, along with a bit of Coke into a pair of small tumblers, and now pushes one into his hand, declaring with utter confidence, along with a rather mischievous smile, "I didn't think so."

He takes the glass and sniffs it. "Jesus honey whiskey. Really."

"Oh come on Daddy. Don't be a killjoy. When I said I needed a drink to calm my nerves that is exactly what I meant."

"But baby. Whiskey? After what we had to drink already . . ." His voice trails off, his argument dying on his lips as she gives him a sad pouty look that she uses when he is being obstinate in giving in to her. It works nearly every time, including this time.

"Come on Daddy. One gulp, let's race," she cries, tipping the tumbler to her lips not waiting for him to answer.

He takes the bait and dumps the double shot of Jack and Coke down his throat. They both slam their glasses down on the bar at about the same time.

She smiles at him, the whiskey making her brave, carefree and confident enough now to play her trump card. "Daddy our last dance downstairs was cut short by you picking me up and spinning me around."

"Yeah well you deserved it, little girl," he tells her as his eyes fall helplessly to her chest. Standing this close to her, he has the opportunity now to admire her pretty purple bra up close and personal. Each of the purple cups has pretty silver lines spaced out, running vertically across the length of the cups. And then as a lovely added touch, the bra is adorned with a small little bow between the cups. A little bow that captures his attention completely. He thinks how nice it would be to finger that pretty bow that adorns her lovely little bra, and maybe a bit more.

Ellie notices him, noticing her bra, and smiles to herself on the inside as her plan is working perfectly. She struts away, full of whiskey-fueled confidence that her daddy will be watching her all the way.

"Just as I deserve you to share another dance with me. One that this time you finish." She announces over her shoulder as she reaches the small CD player that sits on the large bookcase against the wall. There is no doubt in her mind that he will dance with her, despite the fact he has yet to agree.

She roots around his collection of CD's until she finds the one full of romantic ballads that her mom loved so. She inserts the CD and the bedroom is filled with the sounds of I Will Always Love You by Whitney Houston.

He surrenders, the whiskey making it easy, as they come together in the middle of the bedroom. The raw sexual tension between them is almost like a living breathing entity inside the dark bedroom as the romantic strains of the music fill both their hearts with soft musings of love.

James tries to make the dance formal as he takes her one hand in his, holding it up in the classic dance pose, while the other slips around her waist, trying his best to keep a safe distance between them. As the song progresses, Ellie lets her hand slip from his. She moves closer and closer still until finally she is pushing up against him, clinging tighter, arms locked around his back, her head resting easily on her much taller daddy's chest.

"So much for keeping her at a safe distance," James muses to himself. "Yet I don't dare protest." He knows his daughter's sweet charms cannot be denied.

One hand moves to the back of her head, stroking her soft hair while the other slips around to the small of her back. He gives in all the way pulling her tight to him. They sway gently to the soft romantic music. His eyes keep flickering down to her chest and that pretty purple bra of hers, a fact that fills her young heart with joy.

The song ends. James stops dancing as another song he doesn't recognize begins. Ellie lifts her head from his chest whispering, "Just one more song Daddy then I shall release you from your burden."

"You are hardly a burden Ellie."

"Karen thought I was and you let her send me away."

James regrets saying anything now as once again she is using the past against him. Furthermore, he senses she is about to get all emotional on him so he must tread carefully here. "Honey, I just hated to see you two fight all the time. I did what I thought was best at the time. Now I know I was wrong"

"Did you really love her that much more than me."

"Ellie, it's not an easy thing to analyze. I loved you both."

"But her more or should I say you loved all that pretty blond hair and those enormous tits more."

"Ellie must we talk about this. I thought you wanted another dance."

"We must. Answer the question please and then maybe we will dance."

She wants to talk, not dance, apparently and he is unsure of which one is more dangerous.

He starts to turn away from her ready to suggest they go to bed and talk in the morning. He actually begins to turn and take a step away when she says quietly, "Daddy if you turn away from me now, tonight in my time of need I wonder if I could ever forgive you."

She reaches out and grabs him. He allows himself to be pulled back to her. As they stand there in the middle of the floor, staring at each other, James is frantically searching for the right words.

"Answer me Daddy. It was the allure of those tits and hair that was too much to resist."

"Honey Jesus. Your hair, now, tonight." He begins exasperated at her stubbornness to concentrate on both Karen's blonde hair and big tits. "It looks a thousand times better than Karen's ever could. You know I love it when you do your hair in those cute little twin ponytails. And I am not hung up on blonde hair OK. I like your pretty dark hair. I like you for you so don't dare to compare yourself to her."

"You even like my small breasts better than Karen's Daddy?" She says leaning back from him while thrusting out her chest, seemingly wanting him to examine her tits.

The directness of the question makes James' knees damn near buckle. How does a father answer a question like that? The truth was – Karen did have a big beautiful set of tits while Ellie was blessed with a cute, typically Filipino small set of tits.

She had been rather flat chested when she went away four years ago, and while he had noticed some growth there tonight, especially as she ran around in her underwear, her tits could never be mistaken as big. Could he tell her all this? Of course not. But he had to tell her something.

He takes a deep breath unsure of what he will say, but she is waiting so he must say something. "Baby you have I am sure just an adorable pair of breasts." He makes it a point to stare at her chest now. Any guilt he might have been feeling for doing such a thing is kept neatly at bay by the double shot of whiskey he just downed, but maybe more so by the need to reassure his young insecure daughter.

"Really Daddy. You like them. Even though they aren't big."

"Size is NOT everything sweetheart. Anyways, you have something else that Karen could only dream of having."

"Oh, really Daddy and what might that be. But wait, before you tell me it's so unfair. You are fully dressed and here I am only in my underwear. I think maybe . . ." She reaches out and hooks her hands under the bottom half of his tee-shirt and begins to pull it up.

"Honey, what are you doing?"

"Evening things up."

"Fine the shirt only, though. Understand."

"Yes Daddy," she replies as a teasing mischievous smile comes over her face. He allows her to slide his shirt off of him amazed at her sudden mood shift as just moments ago, she was on the verge of tears, and now she is teasing and playful once more.

"Oh I like this song," she says as I Want To Know What Love Is by Foreigner starts up.

"Let's dance and talk Daddy," she whispers sliding her arms up around his neck, snuggling up so close to him that her bra begins to rub rather enticingly all over his bare chest.

"So tell me what exactly do I have that Karen doesn't? Hmm." She whispers killing off his hope that maybe she got distracted by taking off his shirt, and somehow forgotten what he said earlier.

Somewhere deep inside a little voice tells James to tell his daughter the truth if only for her self-esteem. He follows that little voice, lifting her chin up to stare at him as he whispers, "Those incredibly tight jeans you were wearing earlier and now your sexy little panties have made it abundantly clear to me Ellie that you have a real and I mean real . . ." He pauses letting the tension build as she stares up at him expectedly. "Nice butt sweetie."

"So you like my ass huh Daddy?" She fires back playfully.

"Well, yes if you want to be blunt, I guess I do little girl."

"Then show me," she says plainly as her hands move around to his side pulling him still closer still before whispering in his ear, "Your sweet words are not empty during this final dance of the evening."

The soft tender music grinds on as they sway softly back and forth to the romantic ballad. She lowers her head against his chest as his hands slip around, once again, to the small of her back. James

wonders just what, "show me" means. Surely it cannot mean what she is implying -- or can it?"

Not knowing what to do exactly, he does nothing. He keeps his hands firmly planted on the small of her back holding her tight against him. A long minute or so passes before Ellie says in the softest of whispers, "Daddy you are not showing your little girl that your words are true."

"Honey is not my words enough for you?"

"No, they are not. Not after you pushed me away."

Her constant reminders of how hurt she was by him letting her slip away makes his heart ache with a deep sadness. "Then what baby. What can Daddy do?"

She raises her face up to him. There are tears welling in her pretty eyes. "You should have never let me go, Daddy."

"Yes, Jesus Ellie I understand that. You don't have to keep reminding me . . ." He was starting to actually get a bit annoyed, and it showed in his voice, by her constant little reminders. Annoyed that is until he looks down at her and sees she is crying.

"Don't cry honey. Please don't cry. I'm sorry."

She has never looked so beautiful, so vulnerable, so sweet, or as innocent, to him as she does as this very moment. He does what comes naturally-- he lowers his lips to her face intending on giving her a soft kiss on her cheek, but at the very last moment she turns just enough for his kiss to fall upon her sweet lips.

They kiss lightly on the lips, once, twice before he tries to pull back. Her arms wrap around his neck, not allowing him to escape their forbidden destiny.

Their kisses go on and on, light, soft and sweet. In between, soft sweet whispers of perfumed endearments are exchanged.

"You are so very beautiful baby. You have the face of an angel and the body of a goddess," he says to her his heart beating wildly in his chest.

"And this angel longs for her daddy's kisses," she proclaims as their kisses grow stronger and last longer.

The forbidden passion is growing in undeniable leaps and bounds. The undeniable testament to this is how their lips take longer to part, before coming together again in a restless need to taste more of this new forbidden fruit they are sharing.

Meanwhile, his hands start to slide downwards off her back towards that adorable little ass of hers. They seem to be moving of their own volition ever downwards. It takes a tremendous dose of will power to finally bring them to a stop just above her butt. He is trying so very hard to maintain a semblance of decency between them, just as Ellie appears to be wanting all semblance of decency to completely disappear.

They both can't have it their way, and in the end, hot forbidden passion rules the night as over and over their kisses crash together, releasing giant waves of unspeakable lust to fill both of their lonely, desperate hearts.

Ellie senses it's time for the kill. She pulls back slightly saying in barely a whisper, "Let your hands go, Daddy."

She brings her mouth to his, kissing him deeply, just as she brings her hands behind her back giving his a little nudge. They begin to slide downwards once again so very slowly. As their kiss grows in passion, his hands slide down and over his daughter's lovely little ass. The skimpy panties offer scant protection from his roving hands. Her ass is tight, firm, and delicious while instantly making him hard. In short, it's so utterly perfect that to remove his hands now would be a near impossibility.

Finally, the deal is sealed when, without giving it any conscious thought his tongue escapes from his mouth into hers, and begins to explore, adding more fuel to the fire that is growing between them.

She responds in kind as her tongue twists in and out of his mouth. The already growing erection in his pants is throbbing with untamed fury. He fondles her ass with increasing eagerness as their forbidden kiss seems to last forever.

The storm brewing outside is nothing compared to the storm brewing inside of his jeans. It has been a long time, a very long time, maybe a year since Karen left and he had last enjoyed sex.

Ellie has been grinding away down there, pushing the lower part of her body against his crotch as their kisses continue unabated. His hands are literally attacking his young daughter's sweet ass. He is rubbing it all over, back and forth, loving the delicious feel of her silky soft panties against his hands.

All the while James had been kissing and fondling his daughter, she had been leading him over to the small mini bar with its lone bar stool. He lifts her up and onto the stool. They stare at each other, both breathing heavily.

His eyes involuntarily become stuck on her chest as the tension rises to an almost unbearable level before she whispers, "Daddy you wanna play with your little girl's tits. You have been staring at them the whole time we were dancing."

He moves his hands to her bare tummy. Another soft whisper of encouragement prompts his hands to begin a soft, slow ascent across her taunt stomach.

"This is so wrong sweetheart," James whispers making one final attempt to keep things decent.

She looks at him with the saddest, sweetest expression before she reaches out with one hand and gently strokes the side of his face. His hands have come to rest just below the soft rise of her breasts.

"Wrong was Mommy dying of cancer, wrong was Karen cheating, wrong was you letting me go with barely a word."

Her sad expression now turns to a soft smile as she takes his hands into hers. "This is not wrong, this is what I want. What you need," she whispers pushing his hands fully onto her small breasts.

He begins to knead them through the soft material of her bra. They feel nice and firm; delectable and delicious. They begin to kiss again. Deeply and without reservation this time. Their tongues battle while his hands become bolder by the second in fondling his daughter's tits.

She breaks the kiss off, and then removes his hands from her tits, bringing them to her mouth, kissing each softly, before reaching around and ever so slowly undoing her bra.

The pretty purple bra slips away revealing is daughter's perfectly modest tits. The nipples are fully erect and just begging to be sucked.

"God honey they are beautiful," he says to her his heart racing from pure unfettered desire.

"Really you don't think they are well," She angles her head to one side in a most beguiling manner before murmuring, "Too small."

"Oh, Jesus baby no."

"You wanna suck on your little princess's tits Daddy."

He has lost the power of speech, his mind whirling as he could have never contemplated receiving such an invitation. He is trying to make up his mind when it almost seems like fate is playing a part in this great forbidden drama that is unfolding between father and daughter as there is a brilliant flash of lightening followed closely by a tremendous crash of thunder.

The thunder and lightning occur at almost the exact time Ellie's hands are moving to the front of James' old jeans. She lets out a small gasp as she feels how incredibly big and hard her daddy is inside his jeans. Desire such as she has never known, fills her young heart as she begins to carefully explore his hardness with her hand.

He wraps his arms around her as his mouth falls on her chest like a hungry lion on a lamb. He expertly dances his tongue across her ripe young nipples making her moan with exquisite pleasure, before pulling back and then showering the entirety of both of her breasts with an increasingly fanatical series of soft kisses.

He alternates kisses, nibbles, and licks all over her delicate little breasts; he is pampering them with such tender loving care as to make poor Ellie squirm all over the bar stool she is still perched on with untold blissful joy.

Finally, pulling back, he smiles at her whispering, "See honey, how much Daddy admires your beautiful little breasts."

"Yes I see that," she replies as she scoots to the edge of the bar stool and wraps her arms around his neck. "Now admire my beautiful face with more kisses Daddy."

They exchange several long fiery kisses as he pulls her up off the bar stool and into his arms. Ellie turns away from him, and leans against the small bar, supporting herself with one arm using the other free hand to rip at his zipper. "Daddy I need you. Inside of me . . . NOW!!" her voice is rough with unabated lust.

He lowers his mouth to Ellie's neck showering it with kiss after kiss as his hands are now roaming around to her front once more, and massaging her pert little breasts.

"Be patient honey. Daddy must warm you up a bit first," he tells her, hardly believing the words that are coming out of his own mouth.

Her one free hand finally has the zipper down. She slips it inside his jeans and begins to rub his tremendous erection through the thin fabric of his boxers. His already raging erection gets even harder as Ellie strokes his cock while his hands stay busy fondling his daughter's tits.

His mouth is attacking her neck with reckless abandon, finding the exact spot that turns her into jelly. He begins to shower that spot with soft bites and nibbles as her moans become louder and louder still. Her free hand reaches inside and pulls his rock hard cock out of its cage.

"Daddy, please. Put it in me. Take me now. Please, Daddy, I need your big hard cock inside me so bad."

Hearing his daughter beg for his cock nearly causes his heart to stop. Sexual adrenaline courses through his veins. He moves his mouth to her ear, "I will baby. Patience, though."

His hands slide off her tits, and down to her ass where they unceremoniously rip down her panties before he brings his index finger to his mouth and quickly wets it. Then ever so slowly he pushes it up and inside Ellie's incredibly tight little pussy. She lets

out a gasp as his finger enters her, and then another as he begins to slowly move it in and out.

Ellie is very inexperienced at sex. She is not a virgin, allowing, at least, two boyfriends back in the P. I. to go all the way. But the boys were young and inexperienced like her. The whole experience each time, thanks to their clumsy inexperience was over in less than five minutes. Neither of the boys had much knowledge of foreplay, and even less of what it took to please a woman, unlike her daddy.

"Does that feel good baby," he asks her taking a break from assaulting her neck with his vicious passionate kisses.

"Oh God Daddy," is about all she can manage as he reaches around with his other hand and begins to finger her clit. Having her clit paid attention to for the first time cuts off her words.

The triple action of having her clit rubbed, his pussy fingered, and her neck attacked with sweet loving kisses is nearly too much for poor little Ellie. Her knees begin to buckle from the onslaught. James thankfully notices her condition, stops his gentle assault upon her clit, and slips one arm around her belly supporting her while he begins to finger fuck her faster and harder.

Ellie moans loudly again and again, but her moans are lost among the clamor of the storm. Rain is pelting the windows in heavy drops as the storm is picking up in intensity. The lightning and thunder are crashing down with ever increasing frequency and power. It almost

seems like Mother Nature wants to make it a threesome as she adds to the surreal nature of what is happening between father and daughter.

He slips his index finger out of her and begins to work on her swollen clit once more. She turns her face to his, and their lips come together as they begin to kiss with reckless disregard to anything other than their own forbidden carnal cravings. His thumb is now working its magic on her clit as he happily feels his little girl getting so very wet. She is almost ready.

He breaks the kiss off. "You want your daddy inside of you now little girl . . . Are you ready?"

"Yes, Daddy. Put it in me. Please, I need your cock so bad."

He pulls back from her. His hand reluctantly slips away from her pussy. "Spread your legs wider and thrust that cute little ass out for me."

She obeys him, leaning lower against the bar, pushing her ass out, while spreading her legs wider. "That's it." His breath is coming in short gasps while his heart is beating at a frenetic pace, "God baby you have such a gorgeous ass."

And then just as if she concurs, Mother Nature lights up the room with a tremendous flash of lightning, highlighting Ellie's beautiful ass in the dark room for a brief moment.

Ellie had at some point, after entering the bedroom, had pulled the curtains open to look outside and admire the coming storm, offering now an unknown invitation for Mother Nature to partake, maybe, in this much-forbidden drama that was unfolding inside her daddy's bedroom.

James looks at Ellie. Her legs spread wide. Her pretty purple bra and panties in a heap at her feet; he is savoring the moment of this ultimate act of sin.

"I am going to take my young beautiful daughter!!" He thinks as he eagerly rubs his hands all over her bare ass. The thought, the anticipation of what he is about to do, causes his erection to somehow get harder. He moves in behind her holding his swollen 7-inch cock in his hand.

He begins to rub his cock against her pussy, feeling its wetness, teasing her. "Daddy stop teasing me and put it in, please" she groans softly.

But he is having too much fun teasing her, so instead of doing what she asks he pulls back just enough where the tip of his cock is resting against her moist opening. He moves it in a soft, slow circle against

her; he is waiting for just the right moment to thrust forward and penetrate his young nubile daughter.

The small nightstand table lamp, which was the only light on in the nearly dark bedroom, flickers and then goes out. The bedroom is suddenly plunged into total darkness as the power gives way.

James, unable to hold back any longer, at the exact same time the light went out, plunges his hardness up and into her waiting wet pussy. Ellie lets out an anguished cry of sweet passion as he penetrates her, burying his cock up to the hilt inside of her sex.

All this takes place to the crash and clamor of the storm that is rocking and rolling outside the bedroom window. It would seem that Mother Nature herself is applauding his efforts.

He goes slowly at first, being as gentle as possible, wanting to test his limits. It soon becomes like some kind of weird light and sex show as the lightning flashes briefly light up the interior of the bedroom as his thrusts into her become more and more powerful.

The storm gains in intensity as does their lust for each other. James has both of his hands on her hips rocking into his daughter harder and harder as her cries reach a fevered excitement. In between her furious moans she urges him on, "Oh God Daddy. That's it fuck your little girl. Come on please give it to me harder!!"

He alternates his thrusts into her. First hard, and then harder still, before backing off, and going slow and gentle, and then reverting once again to quick and hard.

He is near as her cries to be fucked is sending him over the edge. Normally he would try to hold out, making sure his partner would come first, but he understands tonight there is no holding back. His orgasm is building to a mighty undeniable climax, just as is the storm outside.

Thankfully, as he once again slows down pumping in and out of her, she is nearly there herself as she says in a harsh whisper, "Daddy I am going to come. Jesus, Pleaseeeeee . . . Don't stop . . . Pleasseeeee!!!"

That is all he needs to hear. James, like a sprinter making his final kick as he nears the finish line, begins to fuck his young daughter furiously as the storm tries to match his intensity.

Lightning and thunder are crashing down on the poor house as if it's the very focal point of the storm itself. The bedroom is lit up with brilliant flashes of lightning, before being plunging back into darkness over and over again.

James is starting to fuck her so hard and fast that he nearly lifts his little daughter off the ground before he collapses against her as the most intense orgasm of his life washes over him.

She is trembling, pinned against the bar under her daddy, as mere seconds before he came, her very first orgasm leaves her breathless. He turns her around to face him, not knowing if he should thank her, or apologize to her.

He reaches out with one hand and strokes her soft face just as it is bathed in glorious light by a flash of lightning. She is crying.

"Oh God baby, Daddy is so sorry. Please don't cry honey."

"Daddy those are tears of joy," she sobs. "That was so intense, so passionate. God, it could not have been better."

James lets out a deep sigh of relief as he leads her over to the bed where they collapse against each other. They snuggle tight under the covers, both content they are safe and sound in each other's arms. Both content they just experienced a memory that would last a lifetime. Meanwhile, the vicious autumn storm, seemingly getting what it came for, is receding with its passion and furore into the background.

THE END