

Abigail's Day of Firsts

by

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About the author

Guy Nickologist is the pen name of an amateur writer living in the United States. By using a *nom de plume* he's more free to write about anything he wants without concern of criticism from friends, family, or employers.

The themes and situations depicted in his works in no way reflects his attitudes towards actual flesh and blood human beings and he poses no danger to society.

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"Daddy! Daddy! Help!"

William tossed the television remote and ran to his daughter's aid.

"Abigail, where are you? Are you in the toilet?"

"Yes, Daddy. I'm bleeding."

"Oh, God." He opened the bathroom door to his daughter's shrieks.

"Daddy, don't come in!"

He closed the door.

"Abby, what is the matter?"

"I wish mummy were still here."

William never stopped thinking about Liz. His dear wife who had been murdered by terrorists when they struck London's Tube.

"What's the matter dear?"

"My fanny is bleeding. I think I got my period."

"Already?" thought William. "She's barely eleven!" He had planned to take her back to his hometown of Kansas City over the summer and have his sister explain these matters to her.

"Abigail, dear. Put some toilet paper in your knickers and come out. Can you do that for daddy?"

She didn't respond, but he heard the toilet paper roll spin. She emerged.

"I'm sorry daddy."

"There's nothing to be sorry about. Come with me into my bathroom."

In a few seconds they were in the master bath. William opened the cabinet and pulled out two packages. He had gotten rid of much of Liz's stuff, but couldn't bear to get rid of these items. He held packages of tampons and maxipads.

"Did mum explain these items to you?"

Abby shook her head "no".

"Do you know what your period is?"

She nodded affirmation. "They told us girls in school."

"But you don't know about pads? Or towels, did they call them towels?" William had been in England for sixteen years and still couldn't get the hang of British English.

She nodded no.

"I feel yucky."

"Why?"

"This is gross. My teacher called it a curse."

He hugged his daughter. "Abigail, it's not a curse. It's a very beautiful thing. It means you're a woman now." He held his daughter remembering how much he used to crave Liz during her period. And during much of her bleeding she craved him too. She referred to her "bloody hormones" giving it a nice double entendre.

He released his daughter and gently asked her, "Do you mind if daddy has a look?"

"You want to look at me there?"

"It's okay poppet. Daddy just wants to have a look."

She nodded her head "yes".

William unbuttoned her pants and pulled them down along with her panties. A wad of toilet paper fell to the ground. He could see and smell the blood. William had been with several women in his life and Liz's period odor was particularly strong. Abby was the same way. She smelled exactly like her mother. It had been years since he saw his daughter naked. She had a little bit of hair growing, but was mostly still bald. He held her sides with his four fingers and probed around her clitoris with both thumbs.

"Daddy!"

"What poppet?"

"What are you doing?"

"Just checking." He stroked her clit a little harder. She just stood there. "Your mother was so beautiful when she had her period. You look just like her." Only after he said that did he look up at her. She did strongly resemble her mother. He stopped stroking her.

"Daddy, don't stop, that tickles."

William remembered his first time with Liz. They were both grad students at the University of

Missouri. They had only fingered each other until one evening he stuck his hand down her pants and felt her pad. He withdrew. She grabbed his hand and stuck it back in the front of her panties. They had honest to goodness penis in vagina sex several times that night.

"Mummy used to enjoy that too." He played with her some more using his thumbs. "She also enjoyed this." William brought his mouth to her and licked her. She tasted exactly like Liz.

"Liz, I need you."

"Daddy, I'm not mummy. I'm Abigail."

William ignored his daughter's voice and continued to eat her out as she stood in his bathroom. He stopped and picked his daughter up and carried her to the bed.

"I need you to be mommy right now. Can we pretend you're mommy?"

"That really feels good, what you were doing in the bathroom. Can you continue?"

William mentally chuckled at her prim and proper English manners. He pulled off her pants and panties. He then pulled off her shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra. Liz's mother had bought her some for Christmas, but he never saw them in the laundry so he guessed she wasn't wearing them. He continued licking her and probing her with his left hand as he held her thigh with his right. He finally let go of her thigh and played with her budding breasts. She had an orgasm. Even her gasps sounded like Liz's.

William quickly stood up and shed his clothes. He lied next to his daughter holding her naked body against his.

"I love you Liz."

"I love you too."

He climbed on top of Abby. She had a look in her eye, a look that bordered on naughtiness. He remembered that look the first time he mounted her mother. He carefully inserted himself into his daughter. She whimpered and dug her fingernails into his biceps.

"Did that hurt?"

"A little, but It's okay."

William used gentle strokes with his daughter. She held his ass and stroked the backs of his legs with her heels exactly the way Liz used to. His orgasm came suddenly causing him to thrust his hips hard towards her. She let out with a noise that sounded like a puppy getting stepped on. The two lied there silently for a moment or two.

"When I'm pretending to be mommy should I call you William? Or daddy?"

It would've been more consistent for her to call him "William", but he liked the idea of being called "daddy" in bed.

"You can just call me daddy. Unless you'd rather call me William."

"Okay, daddy." She hugged him. "I love you."

He held Abigail, smelling her hair.

"I'll start out showing you how to use pads. They're a little easier because they go in your knickers. When you're ready I'll show you how to use tampons."

"What's the difference?"

"Tampons go inside you. In your vagina."

"Oh."

William held her closer.

"This has to be our little secret. You can never tell anyone, your friends, teachers, no one that we did this."

"I know."

"I like pretending you're mommy."

"I like it too."

"We can do this again. When you have your period you can sleep with me and pretend you're mommy."

"That would be smashing."

He held her. What a day for Abigail. She got her period and lost her virginity on the same day.