A Sexy Weekend In Spain

by SimonSays1 Â©

Ian was really looking forward to this weekend away with Susie, his

daughter. As they sat side by side on the plane heading for Spain, he

closed his eyes and thought back to how it had all come about.

Susie was just nineteen, and liked to think that she was independent. She

was just coming to the end of her first year at University. For the last

couple of years, Susie had chosen not to go away on the annual family

holiday with her younger brother and her parents. The previous summer, the

rest of the family had gone to Spain, and had spent the day in Barcelona,

a city Susie had always wanted to visit. When they got back, Susie was

quite jealous of them for having been there, and on the spur of the

moment, Ian had promised to take her there for a long weekend.

For various reasons, the long weekend had never happened â€“ until now.

About a month a go, the topic of the trip had come up again. Ian was due a

few days off, and so â€“ without telling Susie â€“ he had stumbled about on

the internet, and booked them some flights and two rooms at a decent

looking hotel. Although he hated the internet (and computers in general!),

it had all seemed to work out okay, and he was actually quite proud of

himself for having booked the holiday that way.

He could barely contain himself when he surprised Susie with the tickets a

few days later. The excitement had built over the next few weeks as they

had both looked forward to the trip. The two of them had always got on

well, and Susie actually got on better with her Dad than she did with her

Mum, particularly in the last couple of years since she had got over those

difficult, early teenage years.

They had caught the early flight to Barcelona on the Friday morning, and

had until their flight back, late on Sunday afternoon, to enjoy

themselves.

Ian smiled at Susie as he caught her looking across at him. They laughed,

for no other reason than they were happy to be getting away for a few

days, able to spend some time together.

Susie shut her eyes and relaxed, thinking about her Dad. He was okay, she

thought to herself. Generous, a good laugh, kind. And not bad looking

either, she concluded. Actually, she thought, he was very good looking, in

a certain kind of way, and she knew that at least a few of her friends

fancied him like mad. She laughed to herself at the thought, preferring

men her own age, but understanding the attraction of someone older.

Ian looked at his daughter, as she sat, totally relaxed, her eyes closed.

Susie was quite beautiful, just like her Mum at that age. She had had her

red hair cut for their break, but it still hung around her shoulders,

framing her face. She really was quite lovely, with her big brown eyes,

full lips and pert nose.

Like many girls of her age, Susie was wearing a tight sleeveless top, with

the narrowest of straps, which clung to her body, curving softly around

her full breasts. Susie's tanned midriff was bare, the gold cross in her

pierced belly button glinting softly. Her skirt was â€“ according to her Mum

â€“ too short. Looking across at her, Ian suddenly felt uncomfortable at how

his eyes were drawn to her long, slender, tanned legs.

The flight wasn't that long, and by the time they had been fed a typical

airline breakfast, had a couple of cups of coffee, and bought Susie some

duty free perfume, it was time to start descending towards Barcelona. As

soon as the Captain announced their approach to the airport, Susie grabbed

Ian's arm, her excitement evident on her face, her breasts squashed

against him as she lent over to try and see more out of the window next to

him.

Once the plane landed, and came to a halt at the terminal, they were

amongst the first to leave the plane. They dashed through the airport,

hoping that their luggage would arrive quickly. They were in luck â€“ it

seemed that only minutes after they reached baggage reclaim, their cases

were on the conveyor belt in front of them. Minutes later, they were in a

taxi heading for the city centre.

The taxi driver picked up on their excitement straightaway, and was soon

chatting away in his broken English, pointing out the various sights as he

drove. He offered them a sight seeing "detour", and as it wasn't much more

than the fare itself, they took him up on his offer.

He drove them up to the highest part of the city, and they gasped at the

panoramic views in all directions, of the docks and the cruise ships lined

up in one direction, and of the city in the other. He showed them the

historical sights, where the famous football stadium was, where the

Olympic village had been, and so much more. By the time they reached the

hotel, they couldn't wait to see more.

Ian paid off the driver, and then led the way through to the hotel

reception, proud to have his beautiful young daughter on his arm, proud of

the admiring looks she was getting. Susie clung to his arm as they waited

in the short queue at reception, both of them chatting away happily.

When they reached the reception desk, Ian gave the receptionist their

name, and then waited while she found their paperwork. As she looked

through it, they both became aware of the looks the receptionist was

giving them. Susie giggled.

"She thinks I'm your girlfriend," she told Ian, hardly able to hold back

her giggles.

The receptionist gave Ian the booking in form to sign with a frosty smile,

and asked to see their passports. Ian handed over the passports, and then

looked at the form the receptionist had asked him to sign.

"I'm sorry," he told her a few minutes later, "there's been a mistake. I

booked two single rooms, not one twin room."

As the receptionist took the form back, Ian rummaged through his bag and

pulled out the e-mail confirmation he'd received. He also had the screen

print from when he booked the hotel over the Internet.

"Look â€“ there," he pointed. Susie looked as well.

"Dad," she cried. "It is wrong â€“ look at the boxes you ticked. You've

booked one, two bedded room, instead of two, one bedded rooms. She pointed

at the e-mail.

Ian stared at the paper in front of him, it suddenly dawning on him what

he had done.

"You can't be trusted with computers, can you?" Susie told him, only half

joking as she saw their weekend being spoilt in front of them.

Ian told her not to worry, that he would sort it out. But, as the

receptionist explained, the hotel was fully booked. If they wanted two

rooms, then they would have to look elsewhere. Ian looked helplessly at

Susie.

"We'll take it," she announced firmly. "After all," she told her Dad

softly, trying to make him feel better, "There are two beds â€“ and a

bathroom to get changed in."

They finished booking in, gave the still disbelieving receptionist Ian's

credit card details, and then followed the porter to the lifts, and the

eighth floor. He opened the door to their room for them, and placed their

cases just inside. As Ian tipped him, he gave a knowing wink. Susie

squeezed her Dad's arm, telling him to ignore the porter.

Ian followed Susie into the room. Like so many hotel rooms, there was a

short corridor, with the bathroom off to one side. Susie popped her around

the door to look inside. It was actually quite big, with a partially

sunken bath as well as a separate shower cubicle.

When she came out, she saw that Ian had stopped. She walked up behind him,

and took in the rest of the room. It was quite large, with sliding doors

out to a balcony which overlooked the city, and a large double bed. She

stopped, her eyes frozen on the bed.

Ian recovered first.

"Don't worry," he told her, "It's probably just two beds pushed together â€“

I'll get the hotel to move them."

"Look," he added, as he flipped up the bed clothes to show her.

They both stared. There was only one set of legs. It was only one bed.

They stared at each other. Ian eventually broke the silence.

"I'll get us another room."

"How?" Susie asked. "You heard what that receptionist said." She stared at

him for a moment longer. "We'll just have to put pillows between us like

when we were kids."

Despite himself, Ian laughed at the memory of when they had all gone to

Disneyland six or seven years before. The hotel room had two big beds, so

Susie had shared with her brother. They had used pillows to split the bed

into two, but by the time they had finished, the pillows had begun to look

like a barricade.

"Are you sure?" he asked, totally fed up with himself for getting it all

so wrong.

"Yes," she told, squeezing his arm reassuringly.

"Now come on, I'm starved. Let's get unpacked, and then get some lunch,"

she added, more brightly than she felt, but wanting to cheer her Dad up.

An hour later, they were sat in the warm spring sunshine, outside a cosy

Cafe towards the top end of Las Ramblas, a wonderfully entertaining street

in the centre of Barcelona, eating omelettes and sharing a bottle of red

wine.

As they ate and drank, they felt more relaxed, the problems of the last

few hours disappeared, and they started to plan their weekend. Ian was

torn between sight seeing and going to the Nou Camp stadium to soak up the

atmosphere and watch football, while Susie wanting nothing more than to

visit all the shops she could find, looking at the sights as she went. In

the end, they decided they would try and do everything.

"Okay, let's go for it," Susie told her Dad, before adding mischievously,

"So long as we go shopping first!"

So they spent the afternoon shopping. Ian actually quite enjoyed it, glad

to see Susie so happy as she led him from shop to shop, trying on dozens

of items for every one she bought. They even went shopping for Ian, as he

gave in at last to Susie's pleas for him to "get with it!" They still

hadn't finished when the shops began to close.

"There's always tomorrow," Susie told Ian, skipping out of the way as he

playfully swung a shopping bag at her.

They strolled the half a mile or so back to the hotel, their arms linked,

enjoying each others company as they always did. Back at the hotel, Ian

had a quick shower and then left the bathroom free for Susie. When he

heard her in the shower, he quickly dressed, putting on the new clothes

that Susie had left out for him. When Susie re-appeared, she was dressed

and ready to go out.

"What do you think?" she asked, spinning around to show off her new

outfit.

While his wolf whistle was meant to be playful, he couldn't help thinking

how good she looked. She had put on a tiny amount of make up, just enough

to highlight her features. She was wearing a short, flared skirt and high

heels, both of which helped to show off her legs to perfection. The skirt

fitted just tightly enough around her ass to show just how sexy it was.

She wore a vest top with very thin straps, with a shirt over the top of

it. She had left the shirt unbuttoned, and Ian couldn't help but notice

how the vest clung to the shape of his daughter's pert breasts.

"You look beautiful, sweet heart," he told her, "You make me so proud."

She hugged him, telling him he "didn't look so bad himself". As they stood

close together, Ian suddenly realised just how good it felt to have his

daughter in his arms like this, just how sexy she felt against him. He let

go of her as if he'd been burnt, mumbling something about them "needing to

go out" as Susie looked at him quizzically.

They ate in the hotel restaurant. They took their time, and even Ian felt

relaxed as they looked forward to the next few days. After dinner, they

went for a walk around the Place de Catalunya, strolling slowly amongst

the fountains and statues, enjoying the atmosphere. By the time they got

back to the hotel, it was quite late.

As they went into their room, there was â€“ just for a moment â€“ an uncertain silence between them, as if they didn't quite know what to do. But then Ian went into the bathroom for a quick wash. When he came out, Susie was sat on the edge of the bed. She glanced across at him as he came back into the room bare chested. She stood up, her pyjamas in her hand, and went to take her turn in the bathroom, smiling at Ian as she brushed past him.

Ian sat on the edge of the bed, suddenly unsure about sharing a room, let

alone a bed, with his daughter. He glanced at himself in the mirror, and

quickly decided to get changed. He grabbed the pyjama's he'd bought

earlier and quickly unwrapped them. He didn't normally wear pyjama's,

preferring to sleep in the nude or in an old tee shirt if it was cold. But

while there were out shopping he had bought some just for the weekend.

He stood up and quickly pulled his trousers and underwear off. As he stood

naked, reaching out for his pyjamas, he caught sight of himself in the

mirror.

"Not bad," he thought, smiling to himself.

At forty four, he did still look okay. He always kept his tan, and had

managed to avoid putting on too much weight over the years. While his

muscular legs and chest may have softened slightly with the passing of

time, he knew that he could still draw the odd admiring look when he was

on the beach.

As he stood naked, his pyjama's still in his hand, the bathroom door burst

open. He sat down abruptly on the edge of the bed, holding his pyjama's in

a ball in his lap, covering his cock and balls, his face bright red.

Susie stopped dead, looking at him, feeling very embarrassed both for her

and her Dad. Ian looked at her, his throat and mouth suddenly very dry.

She was wearing her favourite Winnie the Pooh pyjamas. She had had them

for years, so they were now a bit too small, but she still loved to wear

them.

The short sleeved top, which had once been baggy on her, now fitted snugly

over her breasts, her nipples clearly visible. Ian stared at her, at the

picture of the bear on the front, at the way the picture moved with her,

with her body, with her breasts, as she breathed.

Her pyjama bottoms were shorts, and while they had once reached her knees,

they were now half way up her tanned thighs. Behind her, in the other wall

mirror, he could see just how tight they were over her firm ass, how they

clung to her soft curves.

Susie recovered first.

"Come on Dad, get a move on," she told him as she crossed to the other

side of the room, doing her best not to look in his direction as she

started to put her clothes away in the wardrobe.

"Susie, I'm trying to get changed," he told her, saying the first thing

that came into his head. He felt angry with himself for getting them into

this mess, and with Susie for being so sexy, so beautiful. And with

himself for the way his cock was reacting under his balled up pyjamas.

"Oh come on, Dad, I won't look."

"Well you better not," he told her, not daring to look in her direction,

his voice unexpectedly gruff.

"And if I do?" she teased him.

"I'll have to spank you," he retorted, automatically using their standard

joke.

Ian glanced in the mirror and saw that Susie was looking away. He

carefully shook his pyjamas to unfold them, before standing up to step

into them. He glanced up again. This time he saw Susie in the mirror,

looking in his direction. She could obviously see his ass, but that wasn't

were she was looking. She was looking in the mirror as well, at his

reflection, at his semi hard cock swaying in front of him, at his heavy

balls hanging beneath.

Ian dragged his pyjamas up his legs and sat down heavily, his mind in

turmoil. She had been looking at him so openly. Or had he imagined it?

"Sorry."

Her voice was small, so quiet he could hardly hear her, even though she

was now stood next to him. He felt angry again, at her, at himself. He

reached out and grabbed his daughters arm, dragging her to him and

throwing her over his knee.

"I told you what would happen," he almost shouted, as his hand crashed

down onto her perfect little ass, barely hidden by the thin material

stretched tightly over her hot body.

She screamed and wriggling, kicking her legs as his hand crashed down

again. He felt the heat of her ass against his hand as he smacked her for

a third time. He stopped, breathing heavily, his hand resting on her ass,

her heat radiating through to him.

He was suddenly aware of her breasts and belly against his leg, of her

pussy. Her pyjama top had ridden up and he looked down at her back, at her

smooth skin, at her beautiful sun tan, at the small tattoo at the base of

her spine, at the way her narrow waist flared out to meet the soft curves

of her hips and ass.

A groan escaped from deep within him as he ran his hand softly over her

ass, and up onto her back, feeling the shape of her sexy body. He slipped

his hand into the back of her shorts, pulling them down as he ran the tip

of his middle finger down between her cheeks, knowing it was wrong but

totally unable to stop himself.

Susie gasped, trying to take in what was happening, trying to understand

why the pain she had felt was now being overwhelmed by the pleasure

shooting through her.

"Daddy," she cried, wriggling harder as she felt his finger scratching

lightly over her puckered bum, as waves of pleasure washed through her.

"Daddy, stop," she moaned, as she felt his hard cock against her belly, as

her pussy flooded, as she pressed herself down against him.

Ian sensed the change in her, but couldn't work out what it was, his mind

still a blur. She was still wriggling, but her movements were now more

deliberate, more controlled. His already hard cock stiffened even more as

he realised that she was actually rubbing her pussy against him, against

the hardness of his knee.

Susie thought she was going to faint. Her pussy, her whole body, ached

with the pleasure surging through her. Her nipples felt like they were

ready to burst they felt so hard. And beneath her, she could feel the

hardness, the heat, of her Dad. She couldn't stop herself. It was as if a

floodgate had suddenly opened. She pressed her whole body down against

him, wanting him.

With a groan, Ian felt Susie press down against him. He pushed his hand

further into her pyjamas, reaching down between her legs to find her hot

pussy. She cried out as she felt his fingers on her, suddenly scared, very

scared, by the depths of her feelings, of her need, of her desire for her

own Father, of her need for release.

She scrambled away from him, falling onto the floor before quickly

standing up. Her chest was heaving, her nipples rock hard against the thin

material of her top. There was a dark patch on her shorts were she had

been rubbing against Ian.

He looked his daughter up and down, drinking in her sexiness, his heart

thumping. He saw her eyes looking down at him. Glancing down, he realised

for the first time that his cock had escaped through the open fly of his

pyjamas, and was now stood erect, all eight inches of it, thick and hard,

the head red and engorged, and already wet with pre cum. He felt his cock

jerk.

Susie's eyes widened as she watched her Dad's cock swaying. She didn't

resist, didn't want to resist, when her grabbed her, pulling her to him,

his mind blanked by lust.

Her shorts were half ripped away from her body as Ian grabbed them and

pulled her towards him. He caught a fleeting glimpse of her red hair, but

then she was straddling her, neither of them sure of what was happening,

neither of them wanting to stop, but both of them knowing that they had

to.

"Daddy," Susie almost sobbed as she knelt over his lap, her knees on the

bed each side of his thighs.

She didn't feel in control of her body any more. She could feel his hands

on her hips, the unbearable heat of his cock against her tight pussy. She

groaned.

"Daddy, I've never ........"

And then she felt her Dad's hands pulling her down onto him. Her knees

collapsed under her, and she felt the searing heat of his rigid cock

driving upwards into her body.

"..... done this before ..." she finished, his cock already deep inside

her like a rod of steel.

Susie screamed with pain, with desire, as Ian's cock tore into her body.

She automatically straightened her legs, lifting herself away from him.

She sobbed, tears welling up in her eyes. She looked at Ian, at the awful

confused, pained expression on his face, at the horror at what had

happened, what he'd done, in his eyes.

"Oh Daddy," Susie breathed, lowering her body back onto his.

This time it was Ian who was frozen, as Susie lowered her sexy young body

back down onto him. She moved slowly, almost gingerly, reaching down to

hold his cock, her hand barely big enough to reach around his thick shaft.

She wrapped her other arm round his neck as she eased his cock back into

her body, wanting him, wanting his cock, desperately.

Ian held her hips lightly, not quite believing what was happening,

watching his own daughters face as she lowered herself onto his throbbing

cock. He couldn't believe how hot, how wet, how tight she felt as the

engorged head of his cock slid into her. He somehow resisted the urge to

push his cock into her as deep as he could, to pull her hips down onto

him, and let Susie take her time.

As she lowered herself onto her Dad's lap, Susie felt her pussy lips

stretching around his cock as it slipped into her. The pain she had felt

was being washed away by the strength of her pleasure as her pussy moulded

itself to every ridge, every contour, of his cock. With a deep groan, she

settled onto his lap, all eight inches of his thick cock buried inside

her.

She was in awe of her body, of the pleasure surging through her. She had

no idea how all of that wonderful cock had fitted inside her, but it had.

She felt so full, as if his cock was reaching up to between her breasts.

Susie wrapped her arms around Ian's neck and looked into his eyes, seeing

the same need, the same desire in his eyes as she was sure he could see in

hers. Her legs were spread wide, her knees each side of him. It felt as

though she was being split apart by his cock, speared deep inside her. She

could feel his balls against her ass, his hands stroking her hips, running

softly over her body.

Still looking into his eyes, she eased herself up on his cock, feeling it

sliding out of her a few inches before dropping back onto him. She wiggled

her ass a little, and then lifted herself again, enjoying the wonderful

sensations flooding her body more and more, enjoying the feel of her Dad's

cock deep inside her, the feel of his skin peeling back over his cock head

each time she moved her pussy up and down his length.

It seemed natural for them to kiss, tentatively at first, their lips

barely touching. But then Susie licked slowly along Ian's lips, before

poking her tongue between them, feeling their way inside his mouth.

Moments later, their lips were locked together, their tongues thrusting

and exploring. As they kissed, Ian pulled his daughter to him, feeling her

breasts, her hard nipples against his chest even through her flimsy

pyjamas, their hips now moving as one.

They broke their kiss, staring at each other as they gasped for breath,

their lips still for a moment. Silently, Susie reached for the hem of her

top, and pulled it slowly up her body and over her head.

Ian gasped, his cock jerking inside her, as the rest of her body was

uncovered. His eyes moved with her, following the edge of her top upwards.

Firstly, it was her flat, well toned belly with the little gold cross

nestling in her belly button. He had always been against her having her

navel pierced, but now all he could think about was how sexy it looked,

she looked. As the top went up higher, his hands moved from her hips and

slowly up the sides of her slender body, her skin smooth and soft under

his touch.

Gradually, as if in slow motion, the soft swell of her breasts came into

view. Ian moaned, his hands tightening around her, as her sexy young

breasts were unveiled to him. They were bigger than he'd ever imagined,

but still firm, very firm and beautifully shaped. They seemed to turn

upwards at the end, and were slightly conical shaped, her nipples hard and

swollen, the aureoles dark and wide.

Susie saw how her Dad was looking at her, her pussy throbbing at the

expression on his face. She held still for a few long moments, her arms

above her head, her breasts thrust out to him, wanting him, as Ian feasted

on her beauty. Ian reached out to her, his hands moving smoothly across

her body to cup her breasts. He sighed as he felt her firmness beneath his

hands, just as Susie sighed as she felt his hands on her, the rough skin

on his thumbs scraping lightly over her sensitive nipples.

She threw her top onto the floor and pulled his head to her. He pressed

his head into her cleavage, his hands still on her breasts, the two of

them still for a moment except for the gentle movement of their hips, of

his cock inside her.

Ian moved first, turning his head towards her breast and flicking his

tongue across her taut nipple. He watched as her nipples puckered and

tightened even more under his touch as he moved from one to the other He

sucked on them gently, and then harder, drawing them deep into his mouth

one at a time, licking her, sucking her, tasting her.

She held his head to her, wanting, needing, his attention, her hips rising

as she began to fuck his thick, hard cock again. They moved as one, his

cock ploughing into her, stretching her, as she clung to him, as he sucked

and licked her breasts and nipples, his hands roaming easily over her

body.

Susie felt as though Ian's cock was filling her entire body. It felt huge

inside her â€“ and she loved it. She loved the way it filled her pussy,

reaching deep inside her. She loved the way it moved, the way her pussy

wrapped itself around it. And she loved the way the pain, the dull ache,

she had felt was now being replaced by waves of intense, almost painful,

pleasure.

She had felt nothing like it ever before. The pleasure filling her,

reaching the very ends of her body, was amazing, and was being driven

there by her Dad's beautiful cock inside her body, by his hands on her

body, by his mouth on her breasts.

Everything was a blur as she clung to him, holding him tighter and tighter

as the pleasure inside her became almost unbearable. Their hips, their

bodies, were moving faster now, his cock reaching deeper and deeper inside

her as everything else was forgotten except for their pleasure.

Susie cried out as her orgasm tore through her body, wave after wave of

intense pleasure. She threw her head back, her chest flushed, her body

tense, as Ian buried his cock inside her and clung to her, in awe of her

reaction, of the pleasure she was enjoying.

She was almost sobbing with relief as her body relaxed, as he began

fucking her again. Susie was bouncing up and down on her Dad's lap as he

drove his cock wildly into her, her breasts bouncing in front of him as

she rode his thrusts, as she straddled his knees, pushing down to meet his

cock as he drove it deep into her body.

As they fucked, her juices poured from her onto his cock and balls, the

room echoing to the wet sounds of their bodies moving together. Susie felt

his cock grow even bigger inside her as his climax approached, as another

climax washed through her. As his cum threatened to erupt inside from him,

Ian started to lift his daughter away from his cock.

"No," Susie cried, understanding what he was trying to do, "its okay."

She drove her body downwards, using her weight to drive his cock back

inside her just as his balls contracted and sent his cum into her body in

thick jets. They both cried out, Ian at his release and Susie at the feel

of her Dad's cum filling her pussy, mixings with her juices. They clung

together, his cock throbbing inside her, her pussy squeezing his cum from

him.

Ian collapsed backwards on the bed, breathless, his muscular body slick

with sweat. Susie lay down on top of him, her cheek resting on his chest,

his softening cock still filling her hot, wet pussy.

"I love you Daddy," she murmured, hugging him as she felt his arms around

her.

They lay still for long moments, savouring the feel of each other, before

they inevitably thought about what had happened. They both knew that they

should be feeling guilty, but they didn't. All they knew was that they

wanted more, much more.

Susie got up slowly. As she knelt beside him, Ian propped himself up on

his elbows, looking at her. She leant over and kissed him softly, her hand

resting on his belly. She looked down at his cock. It was still semi

erect, lying at the base of his belly, still slick with cum and juices.

She giggled at the fact that he still had his pyjama bottoms on, at the

huge wet patch from her juices. She dragged them down his legs, leaving

him naked, and then got up off the bed.

Ian watched her, drinking in her nakedness, her beauty, as she crossed the

room and went into the bathroom. He laid back, his hands behind his head,

listening to Susie freshening up and marvelling at what had just happened.

He closed his eyes, imagining her close to him, her body pressed to him,

knowing that it would happen soon.

He opened his eyes as Susie came back into the room. He sat up a little

and smiled at her, feasting on her nakedness again as she climbed onto the

bed beside him. They wriggled around so that they were lying down the bed,

with Ian partially propped up on the pillows, his arm around Susie as she

cuddled up to him, her hand resting lightly on his chest.

They lay quietly for a few minutes. Susie ran her fingers through the hair

on her Dad's chest, feeling the hardness of the muscles under her touch.

Ian stroked her back, feeling the smoothness, the softness, of her skin,

his fingers moving ever lower towards the firmness of her ass.

Susie looked past her arm, down Ian's body, towards his cock. Even now,

his cock was still semi hard, and she knew that she wanted more of it. She

licked her lips, and looked up at him, holding his gaze as she spoke.

"I ...." she began.

But before she could continue, Ian was leaning towards her, kissing her,

her words dying in her mouth as his tongue slipped between her lips and

began exploring, gently at first, but then more urgently, more demanding.

Ian rolled Susie easily onto her back, his lips locked on hers, his hands

reaching for her as he straddled her, his knees each side of her. She

wrapped her arms around his neck as she responded to him, her body moving

of its own accord, rubbing against him. Her pussy flooded again as she

felt the head of his cock resting on her stomach, as he leant over her,

his strong tongue thrusting into her hungry mouth.

They gasped for breath as they broke their kiss, staring at each other,

lust and need in their eyes. Ian kissed Susie more gently, their lips only

just touching. He kissed the tip of her nose, and then her mouth again,

before he moved down her body, kissing slowly down her neck onto her

collar bone, before kissing the hollow of her throat. He stretched her

arms out above her head. Susie grabbed the head board behind her, her back

arching as she thrust her breasts up towards her Dad.

His lips moved slowly over her breasts, his cock reacting to the feel, the

taste, of her firm young body. He kissed down into the valley between her

breasts, marvelling at their size, their shape, their firmness. He traced

his tongue up onto the peak of one breast, swirling his tongue around the

dark aureole before sucking her puckered, rubbery nipple into his mouth.

He sucked gently at first, and then harder, drawing her nipple, her

breast, into his waiting mouth as she squirmed with pleasure beneath him.

And then he moved across to the other breast, sucking hungrily on one

nipple while he tweaked the other still wet nipple between his fingers and

thumb.

Susie thought she was on fire. Her whole body was throbbing from the

attention her breasts and nipples were getting, from the feel of Ian's

heavy cock dragging across her body each time he moved. Her nipples seemed

to be directly connected to her pussy, because every time her Dad sucked

on her, she could feel her pussy throbbing and leaking more hot juices

onto her thighs.

The room echoed to Susie's cries, to her Dad's muffled moans, as he kissed

and licked and sucked on her succulent breasts, before moving downwards to

shower the soft slopes of the underside of her breasts, and then her flat

tummy, with kisses. Susie wanted his attention, wanted him to take his

time, but her pussy, to where he must surely be heading, wanted, and

needed, him to hurry.

As soon as his mouth reached the base of her stomach, Ian knelt up and

gazed back down at his daughter. He drank in the sight of her gloriously

naked body stretched out before him, her firm breasts, her hard nipples,

her flat tummy, all wanting his attention. He licked his lips, tasting her

on them, as he looked down at the soft curls of short, red hair nestling

at the junction of her thighs.

Susie moaned softly in anticipation as he started to move, her eyes half

closed as she looked at his rock hard cock waving in front of him, her

legs pushing against her Dad's as she tried to ease them apart, to expose

herself to him.

But then she moaned in disappointment, in frustration, as she felt his

strong hands on her thighs rolling her over, and then in excitement as she

felt his cock against the back of her legs as he moved, as she felt his

hot breath on her back as he leant over her.

Ian kissed quickly down Susie's spine, sending shivers of pleasure through

her as his tongue moved softly over her flawless skin, towards her

beautiful ass. He paused at the tiny tattoo nestling just above the swell

of her perfectly rounded buttocks, smiling to himself as he suddenly

remembered the argument they'd had when he'd first seen it, as his mouth

moved past it to the tight crack between her cheeks.

Susie sighed and wriggled her ass, pushing it up to meet Ian's eager

tongue as he licked slowly down between her cheeks, his tongue leaving a

little wet trail before he moved across to kiss each cheek. He caressed

her ass, watching as her tight puckered hole winked at him from between

her cheeks. She wriggled her ass, raising it up to him, wanting more.

He held her cheeks slightly apart and ran his tongue between them, tasting

her juices were they had flooded from her pussy. He flicked his tongue

over her tight hole, making her cry out over and over again. He poked the

tip of his tongue into her ass, making her cry out even louder.

Susie felt almost faint with the sensations flooding her body. She pushed

her ass up to meet his tongue, sliding her own hand under her body so that

she could rub at her own clit as she felt another orgasm building, and

then rushing through her.

As Susie cried out, Ian rolled her quickly onto her back. She

automatically drew her knees up, leaving her pussy open to him. He stared

down at her for a brief moment, taking in the patch of damp red hair at

the top of her pubic mound, her swollen clit, her fingers still rubbing at

it, her pussy lips, already engorged with her need, her juices flooding

from her. He plunged his tongue inside her, drinking her juices from her,

his mouth clamped over her pussy, her body bucking under him as she

pressed herself back against his thrusts.

Susie could feel the heat rising through her, the flush rising up her

chest as she felt his tongue inside her for the first time, felt his mouth

on her, sucking and fucking her. The waves of pleasure rushing through her

were so intense that they were almost unbearable. As her orgasm subsided,

she felt exhausted, but elated, her body on fire.

She felt Ian's lips on her, kissing her gently, his tongue flicking over

her pussy and clit. She sighed, a deep contented sigh, as she felt his

lips kissing softly along the inside of her thighs, from her knee to her

pussy, little shivers coursing through her as his lips moved so softly

over her sensitive skin.

Ian loved the taste of her, what he was doing to her, what she was doing

to him. As he knelt between his daughters legs, kissing along the inside

of her thighs towards her hot, wet pussy, his cock was hanging down from

his body, longer and harder than he'd been for a long time.

After a few minutes of teasing her, he moved his mouth back onto Susie's

pussy, licking slowly along her slit before sucking one, and then the

other, and then both of her pink lips into his mouth. He sucked gently,

his tongue slipping between them and back into her pussy. He ran his

tongue downwards, tickling the sensitive flesh between her pussy and ass,

before probing again as she lifted her hips up to show herself off to him.

Susie knew that she would cum again soon. The feelings building inside her

body as her Dad's tongue moved from her pussy to her ass and then back up

again were unbelievable. Without thinking, she reached for her breasts,

cupping and squeezing them, before pulling and rubbing at her swollen

nipples. She gasped, a shudder going through her body, as Ian's tongue

swirled around her clit, rocking it from side to side before he nibbled it

gently, before he sucked it, before he sucked her pussy.

The room was full of her cries again as she came, as she reached for her

Dad's head and held him tight to her pussy, as she ground herself against

him, as she threw back her head and cried out her agonising pleasure.

Ian kissed her pussy softly as Susie began to relax. He kissed his way

back up her body before kissing her mouth, her tongue moving slowly along

his lips, tasting her pussy on him. They lay side by side as Susie got her

breath back, as Ian waited, his cock rigid.

Susie pushed him onto his back and leant over him. Slowly, tentatively at

first, she began to copy what he had done to her. She kissed his chest,

sucking and biting his nipples before moving swiftly over his flat stomach

to where his cock waited. As she moved, she was constantly aware of his

cock against her, of its strength and heat, of how thick and hard it was.

When at last she was kneeling over him, his cock only inches from her

face, she was suddenly unsure of what to do. She looked up at Ian.

"Tell me," she whispered, "Tell me what you want."

And so he guided his daughter as she sucked and licked a cock for the

first time. She licked slowly along his length as his cock lay heavily on

his belly, his balls taut beneath. She licked up and down his length,

feeling every ridge, every contour, of his cock on her tongue and lips.

She cradled his balls, imagining how full there were already. After that,

it all came to her naturally.

Susie looked up at Ian, her eyes on his, as she lifted his cock away from

his belly, her hand so small around his shaft. She stroked her hand up and

down his length as she knelt between his legs, peeling his foreskin back,

pulling it back tight as he moaned, looking at his cock closely. She

squeezed his cock, watching as more drops of pre cum appeared, watching as

it dribbled down his red, shiny cock head and onto his shaft and her hand.

She rubbed the pre cum over his cock head with her thumb, smearing it over

him. She leant forward and carefully took the tip of his cock into his

mouth, taking her first proper taste of him. Ian groaned as she sucked on

his tip, barely able to control his hips as they pushed up, pushing more

of him into her mouth.

She grasped his shaft and sunk her mouth lower, taking his head and some

of his shaft into her virgin mouth. She sucked hard, guided by him again,

her tongue rubbing at his cock head. She lifted her head away from him,

showing him his wet shaft, smeared with the remnants of her red lipstick.

And then she sucked him back into her mouth, sucking and wanking him, her

other hand cupping his balls, her fingers probing beneath them.

Ian couldn't believe the tremors running through him. His cock had never

felt so hard, so alive, as it did now. His cock and balls throbbed as

Susie sucked and licked and wanked him. He was desperate to cum, but just

as desperate to wait, wanting more, much more. He reached out, holding

Susie's head as she bobbed up and down on his cock.

Behind her, he could see her perfect heart shaped ass in the mirror, her

pussy winking back at him from between her firm thighs. She saw where he

was looking and wiggled her ass, sucking on him harder as he groaned

louder.

The room was full of the wet slurping sound of her mouth on his cock, of

his shaft fucking her mouth. She moaned softly, her body alive to the feel

of his cock in her mouth, of her hands on him. He groaned more deeply,

more loudly, as his climax approached. Susie could sense he was about to

cum, could feel the tightening of his balls.

"I'm cummmmming...................." he groaned as his balls erupted.

Susie was stunned by the sheer force of his cum as it gushed into her

mouth and splattered the back of her throat. She was awed by the feel of

his cum surging up his shaft, throbbing and pulsing. She gagged as the

first jet filled her mouth, and pulled away. But Ian instinctively held

her, pushing his cock into her moth, his head thrown back in pleasure.

She swallowed frantically, drinking down his cum. She dragged her head

away, watching as his cum continued to pump out of him as she wanked his

thick shaft. Ian watched through half open eyes as him cum dribbled from

the corner of his daughter's mouth, as she knelt over him and wanked his

cock, her firm breasts swaying over him, coated in his cum.

His cum seemed to go on for ever, surging out of him until his balls where

empty. He laid back, his body limp. Susie slumped down on top of him, his

arms around her, hugging her to him, both of them oblivious to his thick

cum being smeared between their bodies. Seconds later, they were asleep.

Ian woke up once in the night, momentarily confused by where he was. But

the memories flooded back as he rubbed his eyes and felt his naked

daughter next to him. She stirred, stretching her arms above her head

before wriggling up to him and sleeping again. His cock hardened as he

watched her, as he looked at her in the semi darkness, as he felt her

warm, sexy body against him.

He eased out of the bed and went through to the bathroom, his cock waving

in front of him. He smiled as he saw the dried cum down his chest and

belly, and had a quick wash. Afterwards, he drew Susie back into his arms,

her hand resting lightly on his cock even in her sleep.

The next morning, when Susie woke up, she lay still, not moving,

remembering, suddenly scared at what had happened, at the strength of her

need, her feelings, for her Dad. As she lay on her side, she could feel

him behind her, his cock warm against her ass. She knew it was wrong, but

she wanted him, needed him. And she was sure that he felt the same way

about her. So it couldn't be that wrong, could it?

She wriggled her ass against him, and was instantly rewarded by the feel

of his cock hardening against her. She smiled to herself. Yes, he

definitely wanted her. She wriggled again, this time more deliberately,

more sensually. She laughed at herself. Twelve hours ago she had been a

virgin, used only to her own fingers and the odd grope â€“ but now look at

her!

Beside her, Ian was waking up, aware of how hard his cock was already,

aware of Susie's wiggling ass and the way his cock was nestling between

her cheeks. He reached around her and cupped her breast, marvelling again

at how big, how firm they were, at how hard her nipples were.

Susie sighed as she realised he was awake. She twisted her head around,

and he leant forward to kiss her. They kissed slowly, gently, at first,

but then more deeply, more passionately, as their tongues slithered over

each other, their mouths locked together.

Susie rolled onto her back, Ian's hands roaming over her body as she

reached for his cock. They both gasped, Susie as she was reminded of the

size, the thickness, the hardness, of his cock, and Ian as he saw and felt

just how beautiful and sexy his daughter was.

Ian rolled easily on top of Susie, his weight supported by his knees and

elbows as he straddled her, his cock hanging down towards her pussy. Susie

wrapped her legs around her Dad, pulling him down towards her. He entered

her slowly, her pussy already running with her sticky juices. Ian held his

cock deep inside her, his daughter's pussy pulsing around him, squeezing

him.

He eased out of her, feeling her lips closing up as his cock left her, and

then opening again like the petals of a flower as she welcomed him back.

He fucked her slowly, his cock stretching her, reaching deep inside her.

Susie wrapped her arms around his neck, their mouths locked together,

their tongues exploring. Her hard nipples scrapped against his chest as

they moved together.

As their passion grew, their movements became more urgent, more demanding.

Ian drove his cock harder and deeper into his daughter, her heels drumming

on his back as she tightened her legs around him.

Their cries were muffled by each others mouths as they kissed, their lips

only parting when Susie cried out as an orgasm rippled through her. Ian

dipped his head lower and sucked a taut nipple into his mouth as he

continued to pump his cock into Susie through her climax. She held his

head to her, her legs still wrapped around him, holding his cock deep

inside her.

As her orgasm faded, Ian rolled them over so that Susie was straddling

him, his long cock still buried inside her. He fucked her slowly, her

breasts swaying in front of him. Beyond them, he could see her ass in the

mirror again, his cocking pumping into her pussy. He reached for her ass,

caressing and squeezing her cheeks, his hands wandering down the crack

between them, teasing her tight little hole.

He fucked her harder, their damp bodies tight against each other, their

mouths locked together again. She arched her back, changing the angle of

her pussy, screaming as her Dad's cock reached deeper inside her than ever

before. She came again just as he yelled out, just as she felt his hot cum

surging into her pussy in a thick jet. She pushed her hips down hard,

holding his cock inside her, wanting all of his cum.

Susie was on fire again, her body full of his cock, her juices pouring

from her onto Ian's cock and balls, her pussy full of cum. She clung to

her Dad, her body and mind overcome by the power of the pleasure rushing

through her, by feelings and sensations she'd never felt before.

They rolled onto their side, Ian's cock still inside Susie as they got

their breath back, neither of them speaking. Susie shut her eyes, relaxing

in the wonderful, satisfying sensations still filling her body. Ian gazed

down at her in awe, loving her, wanting her.

After a while, Susie dozed off again, so Ian eased away from her and went

to the bathroom. He ran a deep, hot bath, and had only just climbed in and

laid back to relax when the bathroom door swung open. Without saying a

word, Susie climbed in, settling down between his legs before lying back

against him, her head resting on his strong chest. He reached around her,

cupping her breasts gently.

They spoke quietly, about the previous night, about that morning, about

each other, their new relationship. They spoke honestly, openly, knowing

it was wrong, but so very right for them. After that, they planned their

day, excited by being together. They washed each other carefully, washing

away their cum and juices, washing each other slowly and sensually.

Afterwards, they dried each other and got dressed. Ian pulled on his usual

jeans and shirt, while Susie slipped into a short denim skirt and a tight

vest top that clung deliciously to her body.

They ate breakfast quickly, wanting to be out of the hotel and on their

own. They spent the morning and early afternoon sight seeing, and enjoying

each others company. They walked hand in hand, oblivious to the few odd

looks they got, laughing at the same things. They ate a leisurely lunch by

the harbour before heading towards the Nou Camp stadium.

Although Susie generally hated football, even she got carried away with

the excitement of the game, with the atmosphere in the stadium. When they

weren't leaping up with the rest of the crowd, they sat close together,

Ian's cock always reacting to the heat of her thigh against his.

When they left the football, they were more aware of each other than at

any time since they had left the hotel that morning. Sitting in the taxi,

Ian wanted nothing more than to drag his daughter into his arms, but

somehow he resisted. He paid off the taxi driver quickly, before taking

Susie's arm and leading the way into the hotel.

"Let's go for a walk first," Susie said, stopping just outside the hotel,

a teasing smile on her face.

She wanted Ian as much as he wanted her, but something told her to wait,

to do this. Reluctantly, her let her lead him away from the hotel. Minutes

later they found themselves walking down Las Ramblas again.

They bought drinks and ice creams, and wandered down the street, taking

their time, stopping to watch the mime artists and human statues that

seemed to be everywhere. They walked through the market, enjoying the

atmosphere. They stopped to look in shops and stalls, buying a few odds

and ends. They walked across to the marina, and sat and watched the world

go by for a while, happy to be together.

Before they knew it, a couple of hours had passed. They decided to eat,

before the restaurants started to get busy. They found a fish restaurant

overlooking the marina, and picked a table in a quiet corner. They enjoyed

being together as much as the wonderful food, enjoying the attention that

Susie's looks inevitably got them from the young waiters.

As they sat, waiting for their dessert, Ian felt Susie's foot running

slowly up his leg. He froze as it got higher, almost jumping as her toes

ran along the inside of his thigh before pressing against the growing

bulge in his jeans. He stifled a groan, his eyes locked onto Susie's as

she rubbed him harder. He dragged his eyes away from hers, and stared at

her rock hard nipples threatening to burst out of her top.

He would have dragged Susie out of the restaurant there and then if the

waiter hadn't brought their desserts. As it was, Susie's foot was still in

his lap as the waiter served them. Ian ate his CrÃ¨me Brule quickly as

Susie watched him. She waited until he had just a small amount left before

picking up the chocolate Eclair she had ordered.

He almost choked on the last spoonful of his dessert as Susie held her

Eclair between her finger and thumb and, very slowly, very sensually,

licked it from bottom to top, her tongue flicking over her lips when she

had finished. Ian's cock grew in his jeans as she did it again, her eyes

on his. He groaned as he watched her.

"You don't want coffee, do you?" he asked, his voice little more than a

croak.

She licked the Eclair again, and then sucked the end of it between her

lips. He watched as she fed an inch or so of the Eclair into her mouth,

and then pulled it out, before sucking it back in deeper. She repeated

this, sucking and licking the cake until it was gone, before sucking the

chocolate carefully off the tips of her fingers.

"No, I don't think so," she said at last, her voice husky and her eyes

bright.

Ian called for the bill and paid quickly, both of them eager to get away.

They walked back up Las Ramblas, quickly at first, but then more slowly as

they got drawn to the changing sights around them as it got dark.

"Let's go this way," Susie suggested.

It was only a few minutes later that Ian realised that they were walking

in the direction the guidebook had warned them not to go in.

"Susie lets head back," Ian suggested, as the first few sex shops came

into sight.

"Don't be silly," she told him, squeezing his hand, her eyes wide and

bright at the sights around her.

They walked past brightly lit sex shops and boutiques, strip clubs and

bars. Susie took in everything she saw, the toys and clothes in the shop

windows, the girls in the posters. Ian tried to guide them back towards

Las Ramblas, but Susie wanted to see more.

She slowed down as they passed what seemed to be a club, but which was

clearly much more judging by the two girls sat on high stools outside

being openly suggestive to anyone who passed. She was even more hesitant

as she saw the girls on the side of the street, some of them barely

dressed, showing their naked breasts where their blouses hung loosely

open.

Susie couldn't believe how excited she felt. She had felt her pussy

getting wetter and wetter back in the restaurant, but now she could feel

the wetness on her thighs. Ian was excited as well, excited by what he

saw, by Susie being with him, by the effect all of this was having on her.

A girl approached them, making it clear what she would be willing to do to

Ian, to both of them. Another girl approached, openly offering Ian a

blowjob while "she" â€“ Susie â€“ watched. The girl licked her lips, pouting.

Ian felt his cock grow in his jeans as Susie pulled him along.

Before he knew it, Susie had dragged him into a dark side street, almost

an alleyway. She dropped to her knees in front of him, deftly undoing his

zip.

"No," he protested, trying to drag her to her feet.

"Yes," she demanded, pulling his cock out into the open.

He groaned, unable to resist, as Susie sucked his cock into her mouth. He

was enormous, his cock quickly reaching the back of her mouth as he fucked

her, holding her head, his fingers entwined in her hair. Ian couldn't help

himself as he fucked his daughter's mouth, as she knelt in front of him in

the dark alleyway.

Susie grasped his cock, her hand wrapped around the base of his thick

shaft. Her tongue rasped over his bulbous cock head as he pumped into her

mouth. Her pussy was on fire, from the taste of his cock, from the

teasing, from what they'd seen, what they'd done, from her need for him.

She cupped his balls, squeezing her thighs together, sending hot arrows of

pleasure through her pussy and into her body. Wanting more, she let go of

his cock and pushed her hand up her skirt and into her soaking knickers.

She rubbed her clit frantically as her Dad's cock went ever deeper into

her mouth. She pushed two and then three fingers into her aching pussy,

fucking herself as she sucked on his delicious cock, wanting all of it in

her mouth, in her throat.

Ian fucked his daughter's mouth, driving his cock into her as she fucked

her own pussy with her fingers. They both cried out, oblivious to where

they were, to everything but their own need. With a roar, Ian came, his

cum bursting into Susie's mouth. He held her head tight, his eyes closed,

as his cum poured into her. Susie was swallowing frantically, drinking

down his cum, her fingers hard in her pussy as she came, as her body

clamped itself around her hand.

Ian's hips rocked forward as she sucked his cum from him. They both felt

spent, exhausted. Susie eased her fingers slowly from her pussy as Ian's

cock slipped from her mouth. She slumped forward, her head resting against

her Dad, his cock hot against her cheek.

Slowly, Ian opened his eyes, remembering where they were. He pulled her to

her feet, and kissed her softly, tasting his cum on her lips and tongue

and in her mouth. She pushed her gingers between his lips as watched as he

sucked her juices from her.

"Fuck me," Susie whispered, her mouth only inches from his, "Take me back

and fuck me."

Ian's cock stiffened slightly between them as he listened to the words

tumbling out of her once innocent mouth, words she said with such

intensity, such need.

They quickly tidied themselves up, and walked back onto the street.

Ignoring the glares from the girls on the corner, they quickly made their

way back to the hotel. They rushed across the hotel lobby, thankful that

there was a lift waiting. They dashed into it, pressing the buttons

quickly before anyone else could join them. As soon as the lift doors

shut, they were in each others arms, their mouths locked together, their

tongues thrusting.

As they kissed, Susie could feel the hardness of her Dad's cock against

her, making her even wetter.

"Fuck me," she hissed, as their lips parted, "Fuck my hot cunt with your

big cock."

Ian groaned as she spoke.

"Fuck me, " she repeated, seeing what effect her words were having on him,

"Fuck my cunt, fuck it now."

Ian grabbed her, holding her tight, his cock inflamed by her words. He

pushed his hand up the front of her skirt, feeling her heat, her wetness,

through her flimsy knickers. He started to undo his jeans, not thinking of

where they were.

"Wait," Susie warned, suddenly scared of what she'd started.

She pulled away from him, but he grabbed her top. The thin strap gave way

in his hand as her top ripped. The material fell away. They both stared at

her naked breast, at her hard nipple, at the taut flesh. Ian moaned,

reaching for her even as the lift stopped on the floor below theirs.

Susie grabbed her top to cover herself as the doors slid open. A couple

stepped into the lift, looking at them, at their odd behaviour, as they

tried to control their breathing, as Susie held her clothes together, both

of them aware only of their desperate need for each other.

The few seconds it took for the lift to reach their floor seemed like

hours. They stumbled out, not caring about the eyes on them from the lift

as they practically ran down the corridor to their room. Susie watched

impatiently as Ian fumbled with the key. They fell into the room as soon

as the door opened. Ian kicked it shut behind them as they kissed and

touched and tore at each others clothes as they stumbled past the

bathroom.

Ian dragged Susie's top off her, as she pulled at his shirt, buttons

flying in all directions. They both fumbled with his jeans, getting in

each others way in their haste. By the time they reached the bedroom, he

was naked, his cock jutting out almost obscenely from his body, rock hard

and dripping with pre cum, his balls full and heavy. Susie fell backwards

onto the bed, her breasts bouncing delightfully.

Ian looked down at her, at her breasts, rising and falling quickly as she

breathed. He looked at her flat belly, the tiny cross glistening at her

navel, at her pretty face, framed by her red hair, at her slender, tanned

legs, at her pussy, wet with desire.

He reached forward, his cock swaying in front of him, and roughly dragged

her skirt up around her waist. He gasped as her knickers came into view,

the flimsy red material marked with a huge wet patch where her juices had

been flooding from her. Her thighs were damp, the material of her knickers

pressed tight into her pussy. He reached down, and pulled her knickers

upwards, watching as the material dug harder into her pouting pussy,

listening to Susie's loud moans.

She held her own breasts, pinching her nipples as he pulled her knickers

again, her red, swollen lips squeezing out each side of the material. She

cried out as the material rubbed against her over sensitive clit. Ian ran

his finger down the front of her knickers, tracing a line down her slit,

feeling her heat, her wetness, making her cry out again.

"Fuck me, Daddy, fuck me," she muttered, almost chanting as she repeated

herself over and over again.

He groaned as he slipped his fingers into her knickers and yanked them

away from her body. She moaned as they tore away from her body, as he

threw them to the floor and dragged her to the edge of the bed where he

was stood. He pushed her legs back and leant forward to drive his thick,

hard cock into her.

He drove his cock as deep into her body as he could, not stopping until he

was buried deep inside her, his balls against her ass, his hair pressed

hard to hers. Her pussy seemed to grab his cock, pulling him deeper into

her as it throbbed around him. He pulled his cock out, and then plunged it

back into her, fucking her hard as she cried out. He grabbed her hips and

pulled her to him, almost lifting her off the bed as he fucked her hot

pussy frantically.

Susie came almost straightaway, loving his cock, thick and hard inside

her, loving the strength, the power of him as he fucked her. As she came,

Ian watched her head rocking from side to side, watched her holding her

breasts, tugging and pinching her nipples. He listened to her harsh

breathing, to her cries of pleasure. He breathed in the faint smell of her

perfume, and the heavier smell of her need, her passion. He felt her pussy

throbbing around him, her juices hot on his cock and balls.

Susie groaned as she came. It seemed to go on forever, her body hotter,

more alive, than ever before. She wanted her Dad to fuck her harder and

harder, not caring if it hurt. So she told him to, told him to fuck her,

told him to fuck her hot cunt. She barely recognised her own voice as she

cried out to him, as she shouted to him, telling him what she wanted, what

she needed.

He fucked her hard, his hands underneath her ass now, holding her to him,

her pussy offered up to his driving cock. Her breasts bounced deliciously

on her chest as she lay in front of him, her arms thrown back over her

head, her body laid out before him.

She came again and again, her body on fire as he fucked her, as he threw

back his head, as he came, as his balls tightened and his cum erupted

inside her. Susie was almost sobbing with pleasure as she felt him tense,

felt his release, felt his hot cum inside her. She reached for him,

clinging to him as he clung to her, his cock, her pussy, throbbing

together as they came, as intense pleasure tore through them as if they

were one.

Slowly, they relaxed and Ian's cock slipped from his daughters aching

pussy. They wriggled up the bed together. Susie slipped her skirt off, and

they lay naked in each others arms. They talked a little, but mostly they

just enjoyed each others company, biding their time, knowing there was

more to come.

Later, they made love again. Susie was lying on her front, while Ian was

on his side, running his hand slowly up and down her back, following the

contours of her body. His hands ran up and over the soft curves of her

ass, his stroking gradually ceasing as she parted her legs so that he

could slip his fingers between her cheeks and down to her waiting pussy.

His cock grew hard against her, lying hot against her thigh, as his

fingers played lightly over her clit and pussy.

He moved over to kneel behind her as she drew herself up onto her knees.

He looked down at her ass for a moment as she wiggled it deliciously at

him, her pussy wet and open to him between her soft thighs. He shuffled

closer to her, his cock rigid in front of him. Susie arched her back and

pushed her pussy towards him as his cock nudged against her. He held her

hips, his thumbs rubbing across the firm flesh of her cheeks as he slipped

his cock inside her.

Susie let out a deep, satisfied sigh as he entered her, as his thick cock

filled her pussy once again. He fucked her slowly, gently, listening to

the sound of her soft moans as his cock moved inside her.

Susie rested her head on the pillow, her moans muffled as she felt her

Dad's cock slipping easily in and out of her body. He felt so big, so hard

inside her. She loved the feel of him, the power of his cock. She wanted

him to fuck her harder, but her pussy felt a little raw from the hard fuck

he'd given her earlier. Even the thought of that sent waves of pleasure

through her, let alone what his cock was doing to her now. She reached

underneath her body and rubbed her tender clit softly, swirling her finger

tip around the rubbery nub of flesh in little circles.

Ian could feel the pressure of Susie rubbing herself as his cock glided in

and out of her hot, wanton pussy. He felt her body changing under him as

her climax built inside her. He traced his finger tip lightly over her

tight little hole as it winked at him. He rubbed harder, before quickly

licking his finger to give it a little lubrication and pressing it even

harder against her.

Susie froze, and then moaned, and then pushed back against his finger as

it slipped into her ass. She couldn't believe the sensations she was

feeling as her Dad's finger moved in her ass. She rubbed her clit harder,

as he fucked her ass in time to his cock fucking her pussy. She came

quickly, pain and pleasure pouring through her as Ian fucked her harder

and deeper.

He heard her cry out through the mist of pleasure coursing through him, as

a sharp pain shot through her. He pulled his cock out of her aching pussy,

resting it against her firm cheeks.

"Don't stop," she cried in alarm, not caring how sore her pussy might

feel.

Ian hesitated, his cock rubbing against her ass as he moved slightly.

Susie froze again, suddenly very aware of his cock, of where it was, of

what she wanted.

"Yes," she moaned, "Do it ... do it there ... fuck me there."

For a few seconds, Ian didn't know, didn't realise, what it was she

wanted. But then he did â€“ and his cock seemed to grow as Susie moved to

point her ass at his cock. He leant forward against her, wanting only

this.

He pushed down, his cock head pushing at her tight hole. At first, nothing

happened, but then with a "pop" he was inside her, the wetness of her

pussy juice guiding the way. Ian stopped so that they could both get used

to the sensation â€“ her to his cock invading her, him to the velvety

tightness of her. He eased into her deeper, taking his time. She gasped.

"Don't stop."

He pushed harder, pressing against her until his cock was buried inside

her, his balls resting against her pussy. He held still, waiting for her.

She wriggled her bum, pushing back.

"That feels soooooo good," she whispered, "Now fuck me."

Ian pulled out, and then pushed back in, driving his cock into her. His

balls banged against her, slapping against her wet pussy, adding a new

dimension to their pleasure. Susie reached down and rubbed her own clit

again. It seemed that in no time they both went over the edge, crying out

as powerful orgasms racked their bodies.

He pumped his thick cum into her, holding his cock inside her. Her juices

rushed from her as she came. Reaching down further, she grabbed her Dad's

balls and rubbed them against her pussy, making them as wet as she was.

Ian collapsed on top of her, exhausted. He rolled to one side, taking her

with him, his cock still buried inside her ass. She twisted her head

around so that they could kiss â€“ a totally fulfilled kiss. Slowly, she

pulled away from him, his now soft cock slipping out of her. Susie rolled

over and he pulled her tight to him. They lay in each others arms, kissing

occasionally, happy to be together.

Later, Ian led Susie into the shower. They held each other, the water

cascading over them as they washed each other, gently, lovingly. When they

came out of the shower, Ian wrapped Susie in a huge white towel, and then

led her back into the bedroom, a towel around his waist. He laid behind

her, gently rubbing her dry as they drifted into a deep, fulfilled sleep.

It was early morning when Ian stirred. It was still dark, but very warm.

Susie wasn't next to him. He got up, and went to the bathroom, spotting

Susie out on the balcony as he passed. When he was finished, he went out

to join her, still naked. Ian curled his arms around her from behind, and

slipped his hands inside her gown to cup her breasts. She sighed, and

wiggled her bum back against him, turning her head for a kiss.

They stood together for a while, watching the traffic far below, watching

the sky light up as the sun started to rise. There were no other tall

buildings around them, so they were both comfortable when Ian undid

Susie's gown, and slipped it down her arms. She pushed her bum back

against her Dad's hardening cock again, as he pressed back, pulling her

close to him. He moved a hand down her body from her breast to cup her

pussy, his finger slipping easily into his daughter's hot wetness.

Her bum pushed back to him again, and she arched her back, presenting her

pussy to him. His cock slid easily between her thighs and into her body.

Susie moaned softly as Ian stretched and filled her, his cock buried

inside her, her bum hard against his body. He slid out of her until only

the tip of his cock was inside her pussy, and then he was back inside her,

fucking her with long, slow strokes.

Ian caressed her breasts, rubbing her erect nipples with his fingertips.

He held her tighter, squeezing her breasts as he pulled her to him when

his strokes became faster, harder. She slipped her hand between her legs,

and cupped her mound, feeling his cock, slick with her juices, sliding

between her fingers. Her moans â€“ and his groans â€“ got louder and more

intense, matching the intensity of their bodies as they fucked, their

hands, their hips, their bodies moving rhythmically as one.

Their cries echoed out into the morning air as they came, his cum pouring

into Susie's body to mix with her own juices, before running onto her

thighs as Ian continued pumping into her, prolonging their pleasure, their

ecstasy.

She turned around and clung to him, their lips meshed together, their

tongues slipping over each other. He held her firm ass, caressing her,

holding her to him, wanting more as she reached for his cock and led him

back to bed.

They were fully awake now. Susie spread herself out on the bed, stretching

to show off her gorgeous, naked body to her Dad. He knelt beside her,

running his hands all over her silky soft skin. She pulled his cock to

her, sucking it into her mouth. Her tongue ran over his cock head as she

tasted his cum and her juices on him.

Ian quickly responded to her attentions, his semi erect cock growing and

hardening as Susie sucked and licked him. He knelt across her, and fucked

her mouth gently. As he moved down her body, she wrapped her firm breasts

around his cock, forming a deep valley for him. He moved again, this time

between her legs. Their cum and juices were still wet and shiny on her

thighs, and around her pussy, as he entered her again, her hot wetness

enveloping him, sucking him into her.

He pushed himself deep inside her, and then held still as she massaged him

with her pussy, his balls resting against her ass. Ian reached for her

breasts and nipples again, teasing and caressing them. Susie's head was

thrown back, her eyes shut as she put her hands on top of his, as they

massaged her breasts together. Ian slipped his hands out from under hers,

and touched her lightly all over her body. She pushed her hips up to him

as he started to slide his cock in and out of her body.

They fucked gently, his long cock reaching deep inside her, their climaxes

building slowly, sensually. Ian leant forward and kissed Susie as she

came, their lips locked together as their tongues slipped and slid over

each other. Ian held his cock deep inside as he came, his warm, thick cum

filling her completely.

They slept again, his cock staying inside her for a while. When they

eventually woke up, there was just enough time for a quick shower before

breakfast. They were both quiet during breakfast, knowing that their time

alone together would soon end.

They had arranged to book out of the hotel in mid-afternoon, so they spent

the morning wandering around the city, enjoying the atmosphere, the warm

spring sunshine, and just being together. Later on, Ian suggested they

found somewhere for lunch. Susie stopped walking and turned to face him.

"I think we should go back to the hotel now," she told him quietly,

squeezing his hand, before draping her arms around his neck and kissing

him, softly, sensually, openly.

Back at the hotel, Ian led Susie straight to their room. They stood by the

bed, very close together, very aware of each other's body. Susie stepped

into his arms, her body pressing against him, her warmth radiating through

the thin material of her dress.

They kissed, gently at first, and then more urgently. She ran her warm,

wet tongue along his lips, slipping past them to toy with his tongue. She

sucked on his tongue as he slipped it between her lips. He ran his arms

down her back, reaching for her ass, cupping her small, firm buttocks,

gasping when he found them naked, pulling her to him. She pressed herself

to Ian, feeling his hard cock. Their kisses became more urgent, more

erotic.

Pulling away from him slightly, she started to undo his shirt â€“ slowly, a

button at a time, all the while her eyes looking into his. She pushed the

shirt off his shoulders, dropping it to the ground. Her hands ran over his

chest, teasing his nipples, scratching him lightly with her nails. Still

looking into his eyes she slid her hand down his chest, over his stomach

and into the top of his trousers. He gasped as she squeezed his cock,

before pulling her hand away.

Still looking at him, she dropped to her knees to pop his button, and ease

his zip down. Sliding her hands into his waistband, she pulled his

trousers and underwear over his hips, and down his thighs. His cock sprung

up, standing out proud. She kissed the tip, but otherwise avoided contact

with him, teasing him. He kicked his shoes off, so that she could remove

his clothes. He stood naked as Susie came back up to kiss him, all the

time being careful to leave his cock alone.

He turned her around, and unzipped her dress â€“ slowly, kissing her

shoulders as he ran the zip all the way down to the top of her ass. He

slipped the silky material off her shoulders, and watched the dress fall

down her slender body into a pool on the floor. She was naked apart from

her stiletto sandals, her body glimmering in the subdued lighting.

Ian took her back into his arms, kissing the side of her neck, her ears,

and reaching around to cup her breasts in his hands, gently rubbing her

sensitive nipples. A moan escaped from her wet lips as she pushed back

against him, his cock nestling into the crack of her bum.

Ian turned Susie around, and eased her back onto the bed. She stretched

out, delighting in showing off her body to her Dad. He lay down beside

her, their bodies barely touching as he kissed her, their tongues once

again playing together. He kissed her eyes, her nose, her chin. Moving

down slowly he ran his tongue along her jaw bone, kissing as he went,

sucking on her ear lobe. He kissed down her neck, sucking gently at her

throat, moving down slowly towards her breasts, running his tongue across

her silky smooth flesh.

He looked down at her breasts, taking in her firm mounds, her hard,

puckered nipples. He ran his hand over one breast, pausing briefly at her

nipple, before continuing over her belly, towards her pussy. Susie moaned

softly as his hand went lower. As his hand ran softly over her pubic hair,

her legs opened slowly. He kissed her, feeling rather than hearing her

gasp as his hand reached her pussy, as his finger rubbed at her clit,

before running down her wet slit and into her body.

Ian moved down to her breast, drawing her erect nipple into his mouth,

sucking on it, nipping it with his teeth. He sucked on her harder, drawing

more of her breast into his mouth, sucking on her hard in time to the

fucking movements of his finger. She cried out as his actions sped up, as

her orgasm built inside her, as her body peaked. She reached down and

grabbed his hand, pushing his fingers deeper inside her, holding them

there.

He felt her pussy contract around him, her juices wet and warm. As she

pushed her hips upwards, he drew her breast further into his mouth, and

she came. Her mouth hung open as she cried out, her juices poured from her

pussy, as pleasure and release ran through her. He kissed her nipple

softly, teasing her just a little, helping her down from her high. She

pulled his fingers from her, and sucked on them, tasting her juices.

He held her tight, kissing her, loving her.

"Thank you," was all she said.

He kissed her again as they lay on their sides, facing each other. Later,

he kissed his way down her body again, pausing, teasing as he reached her

pussy. She drew her knees, opening her legs, her body, to him.

"Please." She moaned.

Her pussy looked gorgeous. He could see her from top to bottom, her wet

slit pouting to expose her small pussy lips. They were engorged from her

excitement, much darker than the rest of her. He bent down and flicked his

tongue over her clit, teasing it as it poked out from its tight little

hood. He sucked on it, before running his tongue lower, over her pussy and

then lower still. She pulled her knees higher, as he ran his tongue down

her crack.

Ian moved back to her clit, and then to her pussy, licking her, sucking on

her lips in turn, and then together. He pushed his tongue into her body,

fucking her with it. She held her own breasts, pinching her nipples. He

could he feel her orgasm coming. He sucked on her pussy, knowing what she

liked, before tongue fucking her again. She reached down with one hand,

holding his head to her, her pussy grinding against his mouth. He ran a

finger towards her bum, rubbing her.

She cried out "Oh fuck," as she came, her pussy juices gushing into his

mouth.

"Fuck me," she shouted, desperate to prolong her pleasure.

He quickly climbed back on the bed, and drove his cock into her. He

pressed deep into her, holding his cock there while Susie squeezed her

pussy around me. She came again immediately, pulling him tight to her, her

nails digging into his flesh, her breasts crushed against him. Her pussy

throbbed and pulsed around him, her body arching upwards.

She sank back onto the bed, gasping, her breasts flushed red, her body

damp with excitement. He kissed her, her arms around his neck, his cock

sliding slowly in and out of her soft, sexy body. They kissed as she got

her breath back, as her thumping heart returned too normal.

Then they rolled over, Susie rising up to sit on him, his cock still

buried inside her, to take control. He reached for her breasts, caressing

them, teasing her dark nipples. She reached behind her for his balls,

squeezing them, rolling them softly in her hand. She started to move,

sliding her pussy up and down his cock, her movements getting faster, more

intense.

He thrust up to meet her movements, matching her speed, her rhythm. She

leant forward, her hands now above his head, presenting her breasts to

him. He sucked on first one nipple, and then other, hard passionate sucks

that drew her sensual breasts into his mouth. He thrust his cock deeper

into her, meeting her hips driving down onto his length.

They both cried out as they came, a final, satisfying explosion coursing

through their bodies. Susie collapsed on top of him, kissing him. They

rolled onto their sides, his cock still deep inside her, clinging to each

other.

They left the hotel quietly, reluctantly. Later, they sat on the plane

home picking at the food they had been given. It was Ian who said what

they were both thinking.

"Susie ... we can't ... not at home ...", his voice drifted off, not sure

what else there was to say.

She was silent for a few minutes, knowing that he was right. She reached

for his hand and squeezed it gently.

"I know," she told him.

It was a few minutes before she spoke again, before she looked up at him,

a deliciously naughty twinkle in her eye.

"I bet Paris is lovely in the summer," she told him.