**Moving In**
by Art Martin

*He was grinning ear to ear. Lindsey was moving in!*

"Hi, Daddy."

The voice on the phone was very familiar to me. "Hi, baby. How're things going with you?" I asked my daughter.

"Not so good, Daddy."

Mentally preparing myself to be hit up for some cash I asked, "What's the matter?"

"Well, I lost my job. I've been looking, but so far nothing that interests me. I've been working in a fast food joint so I can buy some groceries, but I can't pay my rent this month or last month and... I've gotten an eviction notice."

"So you need for me to pay your rent?"

"No, I can't do that, Daddy. I know you would, but I just don't see any point in staying in St. Joe. There aren't any jobs here. What I'd like to do, Daddy, is... move in with you... for a while... until I can get back on my feet?"

"Move in?" That I wasn't expecting.

"I can help around your house, cleaning, cooking, doing the laundry, you name it, while I look for a job in Hallsville." I was quite capable of doing my own cooking, my own laundry and my own cleaning, as I had been doing it myself since I left home some twenty odd years before."I'll treat you nice, Daddy," she said with sugary voice mastered years ago. That might not sound like much, but it was sure fire way for her to get her way... being nice to me. At the very words, code words, my cock stiffened.

"I'd want you to treat me very nice, Lindsey."

"I will, Daddy. I will. I promise."

"In that case, the answer is yes. Come on when you're ready."

"Thank you, Daddy."

"You're welcome, baby. See you soon."

I was grinning ear to ear as I hung up. Lindsey was moving in with me!

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Lindsey had never lived with me, visited, but never lived with me. And the visits weren't as often as you might expect. St. Joe was a three hour drive one-way from Hallsville, not impossible by any means, but inconvenient enough.

I'd grown up in St. Joe. That's where I met her mother in high school. We were never a couple per se, just a couple of kids who screwed once too often. By the time I had knocked up Jena, we were hardly on speaking terms... Fact is, I never liked her very much and she never liked me very much. We fucked a few times, at parties where I wasn't the only guy she fucked. So it came as a bit of surprise to be on a list of guys who were suddenly fingered as candidates for paternity. Lucky me, there was a match, and I won... lucky me. Of course I didn't marry her, but as I grew older, I began fulfilling my financial obligations to my bastard daughter.

Jena never called except to try and extract some more money out me. Our relationship, if there ever was one, remained contentious. Her threat was always that she wouldn't let me see Lindsey if I didn't do such and such. I wasn't interested in doing such and such, so I didn't see much of Lindsey. That's not to say I didn't see Lindsey, I did, but just not that often. Still, when I did see my daughter, it was good. What's not to like about little girls, except that they're just as unfathomable as big girls?

Time passed, I married and divorced twice, swearing off women for good after the last disaster. But there was one woman. or rather girl, that I kept my heart open to, my Lindsey. She was flirty little thing, using her charms to extract whatever she wanted out of me, skills which she practiced on her mother's endless stream of boyfriends, boyfriends who did not always have her best interests at heart. I didn't know until much later that one of Jena's boyfriends fucked Lindsey when she was twelve. I didn't know anything about that until much later. Nor did I know that after that, nearly everyone of Jena's boyfriends fucked her. And not just them, but nearly every boy from school fucked her. And I know from personal experience that it wasn't just the guys' fault.

The first I became aware of Lindsey's promiscuity, was when her worthless mother called, saying things about our daughter that no mother should. Seems Jena came home early from work and found Lindsey with two boys. Lindsey was fourteen then. To me it sounded like Lindsey was doing the same things her mother did at that age, or in fact what I did. Kids screw; what's new?

"You need to talk to her," Jena demanded.

"You're putting her on the pill, aren't you?"

"She's been on the pill, Frank, for years. If you took any interest in her at all, you'd know that."

"First I've heard, Jena. You never told me."

"You didn't ask."

"Why would I ask?"

"Yes, why would you!" Blah, blah, blah, blah...

So a few weeks later, I did have a talk with Lindsey. I told her, "I don't know why your mother is so upset about it. It's perfectly natural for boys and girls to have sex. It's built into our genes. But I can see your mother's point... two guys... that's a little advanced for your age. You don't want to get a reputation..." Little did I know then that she already HAD a reputation, a well earned reputation.

"I know you're on the pill and that should prevent you from getting with child, but sleeping around with a lot of different guys is risky business. The pill won't protect you from a sexually transmitted disease, and some of those diseases are incurable and can kill you. So, if you're going to have sex with a guy, be sure and use a condom." She listened (yeah, right) and that was that.

I didn't learn much more about her sexual life until she was sixteen and the center of a communicable disease search. Luckily antibiotics cleared that up, but the size of the investigation was staggering. A fucks B and B fucks C; C fucks D and E and they infect two more in a geometric progression. There aren't enough letters in the alphabet! What was truly mind boggling was the fact that Jena, Lindsey's mother, was infected too by one of her boyfriends who was infected by you know who. The fireworks when that came out! But that was all hush-hush stuff. Jena wasn't about to lose her meal ticket just because he fucked her slut daughter. Once it was established that he could bed Lindsey without consequence, he did... openly; two whores for the price of one. What a deal!

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By the time I was aware of that sordid detail of her home life, Lindsey was seventeen, nearly eighteen and about to graduate from high school. She came to visit me for a week during spring break. She wanted a new car and thought she knew how to get one. All she had to do was...

She curled up next to me on the sofa and began her campaign. She told me everything, or at least an abbreviated version that made everything clear, the school parties, the gangbangs, her mother's boyfriends. Was I surprised by all this? Not really. I knew her mother well enough and her mother was her role model. For me to expect anything different would have been naive on my part.

"Why are you telling me all this?" I asked. "You want me to call the police?"

"No, no, no. I just wanted you to know and I... I like sex, Daddy. I always have, but none of those guys loved me. You love me, don't you, Daddy?"

"Of course I love you, Lindsey."

"Good! Then you'll let me sleep with you tonight? This sofa isn't very comfortable, you know." She was offering me sex, my slut daughter was offering me, her father, sex. As jaded as I was, this floored me!

"Would you like to see me naked, Daddy?"

My mouth went dry and before I could form a cogent thought, Lindsey slowly unzipped her top.

This so wrong on so many levels, but I didn't even attempt to stop her. She was, as I suspected, braless. Her big knockers practically exploded from the tight fitting top. Holy smokes! What a gorgeous pair! With the top completely unzipped she slowly and deliberately pulled it off her shoulders and discarded it on the floor. For a minute or so she posed for me.

"Now that I have my shirt off, Daddy, you have to take yours off too. No, better yet, let me do it." Immediately she began unbuttoning my shirt. When it was hanging open, she ran her fingers across and through my chest hair.

"Do you want to touch me, Daddy?" I was brain dead by that point and took her jigging tits in hand. While I felt her up, she worked my shirt completely off and began unbuckling my belt. Next thing I know, my erection was in plain view for all to see, except of course there was only Lindsey there to see it. Her cool hand wrapped around the hot shaft of my raging hard-on and lightly slid up and down.

"You have a very nice cock, Daddy," she cooed.

As you might have guessed, I fucked her on the sofa. But it wasn't a swift lust crazed fuck, but more deliberate. She let go of my dick and slid off the sofa to remove my boots and my socks. Then she worked my jeans off my hips and down my legs, taking my drawers with them. In less than two minutes, she had stripped me naked, leaving me with only my gold chain about my neck.

She stood and undid her cut off shorts, slowly working them down her legs until she was just in her panties. "I want you to take my panties off, Daddy," she said with a coy smile. I slid off the sofa and knelt before her. Running my hands up her legs, I stopped at the waist band of her panties and relieved her of them. Then I kissed her, or rather I kissed her deep navel, my hands wrapped around her lovely bare buttocks. My lips moved with my hands, kissing all over her tummy and kissing her upper thighs, while inhaling musky aroma of her arousal. I kissed all over her cleanly shaven pubis and as I nuzzled into her low, she spread her legs, giving my lips and my tongue the access I needed. Like a starving man I ate her out as she stood, her fingers running across my scalp and keeping me there.

I don't know how long I sucked and licked her cunt, but when she pulled away, my entire face was covered in pussy juice, my daughter's pussy juice. She stepped back, took my hand and said, "It's your turn, Daddy." She helped me to my feet and then knelt before me, fondling my cock and balls for quite some time before she made first contact with her lips. Let me tell you, that girl was an expert at fellatio, but then again, she'd had a lot of practice.

She took her time slowly engulfing my cock with her warm wet mouth. Slowly she slid back off of it, just keeping the head in her mouth. Then with the lightest touch of her lips while massaging my balls, she slowly sucked it to the root until I felt my cock slide slowly into her throat. Holy fuck! She swallowed and slowly withdrew completely, a sting of saliva connecting her lips to the tip of my cock.

She looked up at me looking down at her, smiled, opened her lips and slid them over my cock once again, taking me deep. She swallowed, her throat contracting around my cock and then pulled back, not all the way, leaving myglansin her mouth where her tongue swirled around it madly. Damn! It was the best blowjob of my life! I loved it naturally, but it was also obvious that she loved it too. What more could a man possibly ask for?

She could sense when I was close, and Lord knows, she had me close in no time. Just as I about to go past the point of no return, she stopped sucking me and instead concentrated on kissing my balls. Then with the crisis past, she took my dick into her talented mouth once again. I was too delirious with pleasure to remember how many times she took me to the very edge like that, but it was more than a couple of times. Eventually she went too far and my root shuddered through that first clenching sweetness that shot up from my prostate and then my cum, her father's incestuous cum, exploded into her sucking mouth. With my eyes clinched shut, I grunted out my pleasure with each pulse until the climax eased. Still she sucked, torturing my now hypersensitive head and causing my body to jerk with each exquisite jolt, milking my prick of its vital life-making seed.

I was just coming to my senses when finally, she let my limp organ slip from her lips. She stood, her eyes blazing with mirth and she laughed.Not a hearty, I-showed-you-kind-of-laugh, but more of a girlish giggle, a girl amused at how naughty she was. Her laugh was infectious and though still stunned, I laughed with her.

"That was fun!" she declared. "We'll have to do that again." My thoughts exactly.

Then her expression changed to one of perplexed rectitude. "Daddy, is oral sex between us incest?"

"Yes, it is. It's incest, Lindsey."

"It is? Well, that's okay. I love you and you love me. Besides it's fun. Don't you think it's fun?"

I didn't answer and she went on, "Gawd, I hope my friends don't find out about this. I mean... blowing my daddy? What would everyone think?"

Indeed... Then it struck me, I had just been had. Of course her friends would find out, she'd tell them. She wouldn't be eighteen for another month. And to keep her from blabbing and putting me at risk for some jail time, I would have to do what?

"Lindsey, is there something you want?"

She pressed into me, rubbing her bare breasts into my chest. "No," she lied with the most innocent look, "I just want to have fun with you and I want you to have fun with me." I didn't believe her, but I was agreeable to having fun with her for a whole week.

I needed a beer in the worst way and trudged off to fetch two cold brews. Of course at seventeen, she wasn't old enough to drink, but then again she wasn't old enough to have sex with me either, so what the hell. We sat on the sofa sipping our beers, enjoying being nude with each other. Damn, she had a great looking body! Pretty face, lush dark hair, a firm pair of large tits, slim waist, curvy legs and an unbelievable ass. No wonder her mother's boyfriends had been screwing her. Who could resist her come on? And what did I think about all those older men fucking my teenage daughter these past five years? I suppose I should have been angry or wished things had been different, but I couldn't change any of it, so why fret over it? Besides I was now doing the same thing all those guys had done, all except fucking her. Would I fuck her? At that moment I unrealistically harbored thoughts of keeping it to nudity and oral sex. I had never been much of a dad to her, but I was her dad, and dads just don't...

"Daddy, do you want to fuck me? I want you to fuck me, but do you want to fuck me? You can. It'll be fun doing it with you. I've done it with a lot of guys, but none of them loved me, not like you love me. You do love me, don't you? I want someone to love me, not just have sex with me, but someone to make love to me. Will you make love to me, Daddy? If you do, we can do it all week while I'm here."

Somewhere in the middle of her come on she had started playing with my dick. Maybe I should have said, "No," but I didn't. Whatever weak resolve I previously had to restrict things to oral sex, evaporated as my cock rose in her hand. I hadn't said anything as my slut daughter offered herself to me, instead I put aside my beer and her beer, laid her out on the sofa and fucked her.

Other than the wonderful feeling of my cock slowly sliding deep into her youthful cunt, the first thing I noticed was how tight she was, a fact I attributed at first to the diameter of my cock. My strokes were slow and deliberate, loving as it were. Lindsey's heels dug into my buttocks and spurred me on, but I resisted. I wanted to savor this first incestuous fornication with my sexy daughter. Buried to the root, I would grind my pubis into her clit, then withdraw to do it all over again. I mixed my strokes up, some long and deep, others shorter, straight in, straight out, corkscrewing in, corkscrewing out.

I suppose on some subconscious level, I wanted to show her that I was just as good or better than the dozens of men who had fucked her before me. Perhaps I just wanted to make love to her, or perhaps I just wanted to enjoy it. Whatever my motivation at that moment, it paid off big time as her cunt began squeezing and releasing my cock.

"Fuck me, Daddy. Fuck me." she softly urged. "Your cock feels so good, Daddy, so good." Then her cunt began a ripping motion, the contractual waves of her pussy drawing me into her. It was the most incredible thing I'd ever felt. Gradually my thrusts became quicker until my apartment filled with a thud, thud, thud as I fucked her hard. Her incoherent cries rose to a fevered pitch as her body began to shudder and her pussy went wild. Suddenly her legs went slack, fell off to the side, and her body went limp. I stopped thrusting and just kept my hard sex spike in her, luxuriating in the feel of her spasmodic pussy.

When her pussy calmed down, I gripped her around the back and pulled her upright as I sat up, then swung around to sit on the sofa with Lindsey still impaled on my dick. She was still quite out of it, so I took the opportunity to wallow my face in her tits and suck on her meaty nipples. As I sucked and gnawed and licked her nipples, I felt her cunt give a series of contractions. Suddenly she tore her tit away from me. "Gawd, Daddy, that was so good! I could do that with you all night!"

"I don't think I'd last that long."

"You're still hard."

"I won't be unless you move a little."

"Like this?"

"Yeah, like that." Slowly she humped her hips and in doing so fucked herself on my prick.

"Hmmmm, I just love fucking," she declared as she put a little more effort into it. "We should have done this before now."

"Daddies don't go around raping their daughters," I replied.

"Fiddlesticks! I would have loved it, especially doing it with you. Do you like doing it with me?"

"You're a fantastic fuck, Lindsey. Of course I like doing it with you."

"Can we do it again?"

"We'll be doing it all week, sweetheart."

"Oh, goodie! I'd like that."

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We fucked and sucked all that glorious week. My poor nuts ached constantly and I nearly rubbed my dick raw fucking her. When it came time to take her home, she drove herself, in her new car. Like I said, I knew that there'd be a price to pay and a new car seemed a reasonable enough "graduation" gift to keep her coming back.

Two months later, I attended her graduation and expected to take her out to dinner and then back to my hotel for some quality time. But dinner and quality time didn't happen. Almost as soon as the ceremonies were over, she disappeared. I tried her cell phone, but it went directly to voicemail. Then from behind I heard a voice I was all too familiar with, her mother.

She was cordial for change. I suspected that it was because she knew my child support payments were at an end. 'Be nice and maybe you can get some cash out of him,' she thought. I don't know if she really thought that, but it wouldn't surprise me if she did. Whatever, I wasn't going to fall for it. If she wanted to take me home and have a fuck for old time's sake, that we could do. Money from me... no way!

"Are you waiting for Lindsey?" she asked after we exchanged pleasantries.

"Yes, I wanted to congratulate her."

"What for? Being a whore?"

"No, I, uh, just wanted to take her dinner."

"Bill beat you to it," she informed.

"Bill? Who's Bill?"

"He was the man I was going to marry, but now my slut of a daughter has run off and is shacking up with him. God, I ought to claw the ungrateful bitch's eyes out! If you had been a decent father to her, maybe this would've never happened!"

"Me? You're blaming me? You're the one who provided your boyfriends access to her."

"I did not!"

"So who is she off screwing now?' I shot back. "Your fiancé?"

Things went downhill from there. Jena made quite a spectacle of herself that afternoon outside the auditorium. Me? I checked out of my hotel and returned to my bachelor digs in Hallsville and got drunk. In my drunken stupor I realized that Jena had for once gotten something right, Lindsey was ungrateful. I should have just fucked her all week and then said ,"No," to the new car. I'd been pussy fleeced and that pissed me off!

What a headache the next day! I hadn't tied one on like that in ten years or more. I was still pissed off, especially when I realized that the only lasting things I'd gotten for my thirty grand was some great memories, the steamy photos, and the sex videos I made during her spring break stay, videos that I sold later that week to an incest porno website. At least I got some of my money back, that and the spite factor eased the pain.

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I got a Father's Day card from her, but other than that I didn't hear from her for six months when she finally called crying about not being able to pay the rent. So she wanted to move in with me? I should have told her that I'd have think about, but when she said, "I'll treat you nice, Daddy." Truth be told, I wanted her; wanted her squirming under me again as I ravished her.

All through that glorious week of unrestrained incestuous lust, she'd say, "I want to be nice to you, Daddy," meaning she wanted to suck my cock or otherwise pleasure me, or she'd say, "I want you to be nice to me, Daddy," meaning cunnilingus or a marathon fucking, or maybe simply sometittieplay. So I was grinning ear to ear as I hung up. Lindsey was moving in with me! She was going to be nice to me!

I knew she hadn't really been evicted; Bill had kicked her ass out for some reason. Why? I could care less why. She was out in the street and nowhere to go, not with her mother gunning for her. I glanced at the clock; it was three o'clock in the afternoon. Ole Billy Boy must have walked in on her balling some other guy while he was supposed to be at work. No matter, I figured she'd be here by 6 PM.

I was close. Quarter past six, Lindsey knocked on the door with her clothes stuffed into a black garbage bag. I pulled her inside and locked the door. In seconds, without even saying hello, I had two hands of gorgeous tit.

"Daddy! I've hardly gotten through the door!" she protested rather insincerely.

"I want your ass naked. Now! Strip!"

Bewildered by my greeting, Lindsey began undressing. She was a little too slow, and I helped her out.

"Daddy! You're tearing my blouse!"

"Naked! Now!"

That got her moving a little faster and soon she was before me in all her eighteen year old glory. She was legal now and her ass belonged to me. "Now get your ass in the kitchen and fix me my supper!" Pop! A hard slap to her bare ass sent her scurrying to the kitchen.

I was well aware that this would not last, but while it did... this was going to be fun.