**My Daughter the Nudist**

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Becoming a dad was the greatest moment of my life. My wife and I married young, and Samantha (Sam) was our only child. We embraced the adventure of parenthood fully, and I think we did a great job in raising a happy, healthy young woman.

There were a lot of challenges along the way – not least of which when Sam was 11, and my wife passed away following a short illness. Her death was so sudden, and both Sam and I were devastated. But we drew strength from one another and between us we made it through.

I was only in my mid-thirties and suddenly a single father to an adolescent girl, going through all the trials and tribulations of puberty. I had to learn a lot along the way, to lose some of my natural inhibitions towards discussing openly with my daughter the changes she was experiencing both physically and emotionally; to talk about breasts and periods and sex and sexuality, despite how uncomfortable it made me at first to even consider those things in relation to my own child. I came to understand and know her more intimately than any father in a two-parent family, and ultimately I know she appreciated this and became comfortable with the idea that I was "mum" as well as dad; that she could be open with me about her emotions, her fears, her joys, and her curiosities. One by one, barriers between us were eroded.

Parenting Sam took up so much of my time that dating was never a priority. I had as much of a social life as I was able to, and did meet women. I had a few relationships and a few more casual things, but Sam never gained a step-mum; it was always just me and her. Privately I resigned myself to the fact that I would probably not be that active on the dating scene until Sam was old enough to leave home and go to university.

That would have been when she was 18. Sam at 18 was much as she had been for the past few years; quiet, studious, intelligent and caring. She wasn't wild or a party girl – she'd done well in school and had ambitions to become a nurse. She had a loyal circle of friends but she often chose to stay in rather than go out on the town – reading, watching films or television shows (she was a big fan of a lot of the popular US cable shows which made it over here, and we used to sit together and watch Breaking Bad, Game of Thrones and others of that type), and especially surfing the internet. She'd always been big on online friendships – I had made sure that she knew how to be careful in that regard but I didn't feel I had much to worry about, she was always sensible and never seemed interested in meeting her internet friends face-to-face – she was happy to just converse through the computer, with people in the US, Australia and Europe.

When she got her A-level results, they were excellent – I'd never been so proud. She had won her place at university but decided to defer for a year – not, like many young people, so she could go travelling, but so she could build up her experience working with others by doing voluntary work and even taking a small part time job at a care home. She was serious about nursing as a career and knew that she would do better and cope better with this demanding occupation if she had a good foundation of experience to build on.

So, while all her friends trouped off to university, Sam stayed at home, living with me as she had always done. But with school behind her, the Sam I found myself living with was more adult than previously – mature and confident, helping out around the house and behaving a little more independently.

She was still daddy's girl though, sweet and loving, and very devoted to doing right by her dad. She always told me where she was going and asked permission for everything.

There were some changes to her behaviour, though, although at the time I didn't think anything in particular of them. In hindsight I should have put them all together but I don't think I could ever have guessed what was actually going on!

I noticed she was keeping her bedroom door shut a lot more. Sam had previously been 50/50 with her door – she only closed it when she wanted privacy, the rest of the time she was happy to sit at her desk or on her bed with the door wide open, even when chatting to her online friends. But now I noticed more often than not, the door was closed – and when on rare occasions I asked to come in, there would always be a short pause before I was allowed to enter.

I noticed too that whenever I came home from work or some other trip out, Sam was often not downstairs. In the past, I had become used to coming home and finding her watching TV in the living room, but much more often now, she would descend the stairs to greet me as I came home instead. Even if the TV was on, she would always seem to have just come from her bedroom when I got home.

The final clue I should have observed came when I realised she had stopped wearing a nightdress or pyjamas to bed. I brought her a cup of tea in bed one Sunday morning only to discover her shoulders were bare. She held the bedcovers to her chest so as to not embarrass me by revealing more of herself, but I definitely became aware that she was not wearing much, if anything, beneath them. She seemed a little embarrassed but I didn't question her about it – it was certainly a little surprising, but I reasoned she was an adult now, and if she had chosen to sleep in her bare skin rather than pyjamas in the privacy of her own bed, I had no reason to object. Plus, it would cut down a little on our laundry loads! So, I simply put it from my mind, as with the other changes in her behaviour. After all, there was nothing that gave me cause for worry – Sam remained as lovely and happy and well-adjusted as ever, so I never felt like there was anything harmful going on with her.

However, if I had thought about it more, I perhaps wouldn't have got such a shock a few weeks later when she explained everything.

This was maybe 3 months away from Sam's 19th birthday. We'd had a usual evening, a nice meal and a catch up on some television, before I had gone up to my study to catch up on some work.

I'd been working maybe half an hour when Sam came in to talk to me. I had my door open and was focussed on my work when she appeared, so I didn't look up at first. But when I heard her say "daddy, I want to talk to you about something", nervousness in her voice, I answered "of course, sweetheart" and looked over.

I was in for quite a surprising sight!

Sam was stood in the doorway to my study, completely naked.

Now, I'd seen my daughter without her clothes on before – what parent hasn't? But I hadn't seen her in the altogether for many, many years – not since the time when her mother was still alive. Since then, and the advent of her adolescence, I had seen Sam occasionally in her underwear, and more often than that in a one-piece or two-piece swimsuit – all perfectly normal and above-board.

But now? Now Sam was standing in front of me with absolutely nothing on, making no move to cover herself with her hands or arms, which remained at her sides.

To see my daughter's body was that of a beautiful young woman was a lot to deal with. Sam's long blonde hair was loose and swept behind her, reaching the middle of her back. Her figure was slim but shapely, her breasts full and firm. They were crowned with large nipples – darker pink and standing to attention. Her belly was soft with a slight swell, and the stud she wears in her navel glinted gold and sparkling in the light. Between her legs, her pubic hair – darker and much more brown than the hair on her head – had been trimmed to a narrow strip, no more than a centimetre wide. She sported tan-lines – white skin over her breasts and at her waist and crotch, in the shape of an invisible bikini, surrounded by slightly darker tone.

Her face was flushed, seemingly embarrassed, but she stood trying to hide any awkwardness or discomfort, as if it were the most normal thing in the world for her to stand naked in front of her father, wanting a chat.

In case I haven't been clear enough already, it definitely wasn't normal for our house!

"Sam!" I exclaimed. "You're naked! What on earth?!"

"Sorry dad," she replied, a little hesitantly. "I wasn't sure the best way to do this..."

"What do you mean?" I said. "What's going on? Are you going to put some clothes on?"

She was quiet for a moment. "No," she said after a pause. "I'm not. You see, I... I want to be a nudist."

"A what?"

"A nudist. It's someone who believes that the naked state is natural and chooses not to wear clothes whenever possible."

I shook my head, confused. "No, I mean, what do you want to be a nudist for? Where has this come from? What do you mean when you say you want to be a nudist? What are you asking me?"

At some length, and a little breathlessly, Sam excitedly explained what all this was about.

She had begun talking with some friends from overseas who she learned practised a nudist lifestyle. In the privacy of their own home, these friends didn't wear clothes but instead went about completely naked all the time. She used words like "comfortable" and "natural" to talk about being naked, and described to me how, for nudists, being naked is their "preferred state" – so unless they have a reason to be wearing clothes, they will most likely choose not to wear them.

Sam told me she had begun to experiment with the "lifestyle" for herself. That had been, I realised, the reason she had often been upstairs when I had returned home from work – she'd been naked, and had rushed off to her bedroom to put her clothes on when she heard my car pulling up. Similarly, the closed bedroom door had been because she had been eschewing clothing while in her room and hadn't wanted me to know about it.

Apparently now, though, she had decided it was time I knew! She wanted to stop wearing clothes at home and was hoping I would permit that.

"I really love this, dad," she explained. "I feel so comfortable and happy. I feel this is the real me. I couldn't imagine keeping it a secret from you once I knew it was what I wanted."

I'll admit, that got to me, and I started to think about this from a fresh perspective. My initial reaction had been to be appalled. I couldn't have my 18 year old daughter walking around the house completely naked! It wasn't right, it wasn't modest. She wasn't a little girl any more, she was a grown woman, with a grown woman's body – it just didn't seem appropriate to me for her to have it all on show around her own father. So I had planned to lay down the law and explain, with parental authority, that there was no way she was going to live in her birthday suit while she was under my roof.

I raised some of these objections though, and she had some counter-arguments ready. Modesty wasn't related to clothing, she argued, instead it was all in how you behaved. Nudism wasn't sexual – indeed, nudity generally could have no sexual connotations whatsoever. Rather, nudism was an innocent celebration of nature and the natural body, and she had come to feel that some parts of her body should be thought of as needing to be hidden, while others were not. As for the appropriateness of her being naked around her own father – who could she be safer nude around, if not the man who had changed her nappies, bathed her as a kid, seen her without her clothes countless times, who knew her intimately?

So, gradually, Sam started to encourage me towards giving her my permission. I started to find that many of my own objections just didn't stand up to logic. She was right, why should a father be ashamed or upset at seeing his daughter without her clothes on? "Whole families can be nudists, dad," she told me, "everyone lives naked together."

It was obviously something that was making her happy, something that was important to her – I couldn't stand in the way of that. And really, Sam no longer wearing clothes at home would mean no harm to anyone.

Deep down, too – although I didn't admit it at the time – there was a frisson of excitement that her proposal contained. She had stood there for 20 minutes now, fully starkers, animatedly enthusing on the virtues of nudism. Whether just a father's pride or perhaps something more, I had to acknowledge that she had grown up to be a beautiful woman, and that she looked fantastic without her clothes on. Did I really want to tell her to cover up, when the alternative was so aesthetically pleasing?

In the end, although a little reluctant, I agreed. There were some ground rules – stay away from the front windows if the blinds were open, don't answer the door without covering up first, and don't walk around naked in front of visitors – but for the rest of the time, when it was just the two of us in the relative privacy of our own home, if she didn't feel like wearing clothes, she didn't have to.

"Thank you, daddy!" she beamed, hugging me tightly. "Thank you so much! You're the best, dad, I knew you'd understand!" I returned the hug, despite her nakedness – her skin was soft, warm and smooth beneath my hands. I had thought it might feel uncomfortable to hold her nude, but it was actually rather pleasant.

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Over the next few days, Sam took to her new nudist lifestyle like a duck to water. I rarely saw her with clothes on – only at times when she was going out or coming home from somewhere, or when we had company, did she bother to dress. And as soon as she was through the door or the visitors had gone, she would disrobe again. She did everything naked, from her household chores (including the times she would cook our meals) to sitting down to dinner and even our television watching sessions. She behaved exactly as she had before all this, completely natural, happy and at home – the only difference was her nudity.

And me? Well, once I got over the unfamiliar sight of my daughter roaming the house in her birthday suit, I found that a different set of feelings quickly replaced it.

I first noticed this on the second full day of Sam being a nudist. I sat in the kitchen in my robe and nightclothes, eating my breakfast, when Sam came down to fix her own food. As was already the norm, she was completely nude, and as she busied herself preparing her breakfast, I found myself watching her intently. She was completely lacking in shyness and seemed completely un-self-conscious about her lack of clothing. She was revealing her whole body to me, her beautiful, young, shapely body, and I observed every motion, every inch of bare skin. I took in her perky breasts, her cute little bare butt, the strip of hair on her mound, even the brief glimpses of the smooth lips in the gap between her legs. I was so absorbed that I didn't realise I must have been obviously staring, but if I was she didn't seem to mind, certainly not enough to show any embarrassment or discomfort at my gaze.

As I sat and watched, I felt a pleasant stirring at my crotch. Before I knew it, my cock began to stiffen, and in no time at all I was sporting quite a hard on. Shocked at myself and my body's reaction, I tore my gaze away, shifting in my seat to conceal my arousal from Sam. Seeing my own daughter naked had given me an erection? What kind of sick pervert did that make me? I had never viewed Sam and felt any sort of arousal before, even when she wore things which revealed a lot of her body, such skimpy shorts or a bikini bathing suit. She was my daughter, and it would have gone against what I had thought would be a normal biological and psychological response to experience sexual attraction when looking at her. But here she was, skipping around the kitchen naked, and I'd gone stiff as a board!

I didn't feel happy or comfortable about having that reaction, and I hoped it was nothing more than a one-off – my brain perhaps momentarily forgetting that I was looking at my own child and giving me the standard response I would have expected were it any other beautiful, naked almost-19-year-old woman in my house!

But later that same day, and on many occasions on the days which followed, I again found myself unable to take my eyes off of Sam while she was naked. I drank in every sight of her, relishing the chance to see her unclad, happy and full of life. Each time, I again found myself physically aroused by seeing her naked, and each time I found myself deeply troubled by that reaction.

At first I tried to ignore it, telling myself that as I got used to having a nudist daughter, I would find things returned to "normal" – but time and again I found no such outcome, as I instead I found myself distracted into lustful observations of her body and a never-ending succession of uncomfortable erections whenever she was nude in my presence.

In the end I succumbed and did what, I told myself, was just my way of restoring control and order over my body – I headed off to the bathroom, locked the door, then took my hard cock in my hand and began to jerk off. I took myself in a strong grip and my arousal was very great, so it didn't take long before I came, hard, release and pleasure intensified, thick spunk squirting from my cock into the tissue I held there to receive it.

I flushed the tissue, cleaned myself up and returned to rejoin Sam. I felt guilt that I had masturbated specifically because I had seen my daughter naked, but I tried to soothe that guilt by telling myself that it was a one-off, that it wouldn't happen again – that it wouldn't need to happen again, that my base horniness would not return just because I could see my daughter's naked breasts and butt and everything else.

But, of course, it did return. Again and again I found myself looking at Sam, or longing to look at Sam. While I didn't always experience the physical arousal, the actual erection, I always felt that stirring within myself, that desire. I knew her as my daughter, I never stopped thinking of her as such, but I divided her up in my mind. Her breasts, her nipples. Her bottom, small and shapely. Her shape and form, the movement of her body, her torso, her limbs. Her neatly-trimmed pubic hair and the all-too-brief glimpses of her cunt as she moved. I focussed on these things, on her beautiful physical form, and each time I would find myself off to the bathroom, or the bedroom, to masturbate. I would cum thinking of her, trying to focus on the one part that had triggered my arousal, trying in my mind's eye to recreate what I had just seen. I would achieve release but a truth began to dawn on me, an uncomfortable one, but one that was necessary. Jerking off while picturing her body, like some horny teenage boy with a crush on his classmate, was a way to deal with these feelings, but it wasn't enough. It wasn't enough to simply imagine her, even though I had literally just seen all I needed to see – I needed to observe her as I pleasured myself, needed to see her directly with my own eyes, the way I would with a lover – or a woman in a pornographic picture or video.

The solution wasn't obvious at first, but was easy enough once I thought of it.

I'm a technically-minded man, with plenty of spare cash, so it was easy enough for me to purchase some really quite sophisticated spy cameras on the internet. I didn't skimp on the quality – each one I bought was as small as possible, while still delivering full colour HD quality images.

I took a day off work while Sam was out volunteering, and set the cameras up. I concealed them well, mainly around the living room and kitchen. I didn't fit any in the bathroom or in Sam's bedroom – I told myself that would be an invasion of her privacy, whereas what I was doing now was simply recording something she had given me permission to see anyway; namely, my daughter walking around the house completely naked.

The cameras installed, at a variety of angles and positions chosen to best capture what I wanted to see of Sam, I moved to my study and set up the accompanying software on my PC. The cameras were motion activated – they would start recording when someone walked into the room, and stop when that person left. They would feed in to a programme on my computer which would record the video to my hard drive, I could then play it back at leisure; either watching one camera feed, or seeing many at the same time in a grid on the screen, like a security guard watching CCTV. I could even watch live if I wanted.

A test run by myself showed everything was working perfectly. All I had to do then was wait.

As was by now normal, Sam went straight up to her room when she got home and disrobed. She spent the whole evening naked, with me or on her own, and when she went off to bed I went into my study, shut the door behind me and had a look at the footage from the cameras. It was perfect, great crisp and clear video of Sam fully nude and totally relaxed at home, clearly with no idea that she was being recorded. I didn't watch it all – there was already several hours' worth – instead I just found the first good clip where all of Sam's body was on show. I pulled out my already hardening cock and stroked myself leisurely as I watched my daughter naked on camera, focussing on her perfect breasts and any glimpse of her pussy, until I came, hard and quickly. I cleaned up, closed the software down and went off to my own bed.

I felt happy that I had found a solution to my problem of becoming aroused by Sam's nudity at home, but also some guilt over the lengths I had gone to and my continued sexualisation of her behaviour. I told myself that it was natural, that I was a red-blooded heterosexual man and, daughter or not, Sam was a beautiful young woman who was continually walking around my house with no clothes on – who wouldn't experience some arousal upon seeing that? And better to do it this way, to record her without her ever knowing, than to risk her realising from the way I was acting that she was having that effect on me. This was perfectly safe, I told myself – nobody was coming to any harm, it was just my private way of coping with having a nudist daughter. I even told myself that I wouldn't need to keep recording and watching the videos – after a time, Sam's body would hold no more novelty for me, and I would be able to forget all about these lustful feelings towards her and move on.

Of course, that wasn't the case. Now, with the means to observe Sam nude in private whenever I liked and satisfy my urges by masturbating to video of her naked body, my obsession only grew.

Previously, I'd considered myself to have a normal man's appetite for porn, usually watched for free online. But now, I no longer sought out those websites when I was feeling horny – instead I would go off to my study, open up the camera programme and watch Sam naked in the house while I jerked off.

With the images I had of her as a foundation, I was free to fantasise – in my fantasies she wasn't my daughter, but a friend's daughter, or a free-spirited room-mate, and I was able to seduce her into various acts through my willing acceptance of her nudist lifestyle. I still felt guilty over these thoughts, but I was becoming increasingly lost in a web of voyeurism, justifying my thoughts back to myself in such a way that made what I was doing seem perfectly okay.

It was getting to the point where I was going at least once a day to look at the video of Sam. While at first I was happy to look at any moments of her in the recordings, gradually I became more focussed on times when I had not been around, when Sam had been alone and believed herself to be unobserved. This was more exciting to me; I was getting a window into the person my daughter was outside of my presence – although it must be said that her behaviour remained largely the same whether I was there or not. She was still a stranger to clothing and an avid watcher of television and a reader of books.

However, there came eventually one occasion where my recordings captured a more intimate and private side of Sam.

I was watching through some footage late at night which had been shot while I had been at work and Sam had been in the house by herself all day. I had a nice shot of her sitting on the sofa in the living room, nude of course, watching the TV.

However, as I watched, Sam shifted position on the seat, lifting her legs up and putting her feet up on the couch. Slowly, languidly, she spread her legs apart and as I watched, dizzy with anticipation, she began to masturbate.

She stroked herself lazily, half-interestedly at first – slow motions of her hand between her legs. The footage was angled perfectly and was so crisp I could see every detail. As her pleasure increased, so did her motions, her hand becoming more rhythmic as she stimulated her clitoris and even slipped a finger in and out of her moistened fold. With her free hand she first idly tickled her belly, then moved to caress one of her bare breasts, her fingers teasing her own nipple. Her eyes were half closed and her mouth parted in enjoyment as she brought herself closer and closer to orgasm – when, after a few moments, she came, she bucked and arched her back, pushing her sex against her eager hand. There was no sound to the video, but I could tell from her face and body she was moaning with delight.

I was stunned. Sam embracing nudism had given me cause to start thinking of her as grown woman and not my little girl, and of course I had been making her the sole subject of my own deep, dark fantasies for weeks now. But until now I had never witnessed her displaying her own sexuality. Although she was naked around me all of the time, it was (at least it seemed to me) a strangely sexless nudity, on her part. She had been at pains to stress for me that her preference for being without clothes wasn't a sexual kink, that just because she was uncovering her genitals didn't mean she was feeling sexual pleasure from it. So, I had come to consider that while her being naked was turning me on, it wasn't doing the same for her – she was simply the same person as always, just with nothing on.

But here, when she had been alone and in private, I was seeing a different side to Sam. I was seeing her embracing her own sexuality and getting pleasure from her own nakedness, just as it gave me pleasure. I had long ago resigned myself to the assumption that Sam had discovered masturbation and sex – while I'd seen no evidence of either, at the same time I knew it was normal behaviour for a teenage girl to experiment and play with herself and I had never given her any talks or words which I thought might discourage that by painting it as "sinful" or "dirty". I'd simply left her to learn for herself how to touch herself and feel good with it. As for sex – well, she had been out with a few different boys over the past few years and again, I had been fairly liberal in my parenting and just assumed she would be getting up to something, with some of them, without wanting to think too closely about it (she was my little girl, after all).

But now, for the first time, seeing my daughter perform an act of pure sexual pleasure, full of life and enjoyment at her own touch, I was again confronted with my own complex feelings. On the one hand, I felt guilt – she was my own daughter, and I had filmed her masturbating without her knowledge or permission. Imagine how humiliated and embarrassed she would feel to know her father had such footage! Imagine how disgusted she would be to learn I had masturbated myself watching it!

But, on the other hand, I felt overcome with desire. She was beautiful, young, free, in the prime of her sexuality. She was a grown woman, not a child, and I lusted after her as I would any grown woman that age who I had come to observe so intimately. Her constant nakedness around the house, whatever her intention in adopting nudism, had become for me an invitation to make her the object of my fantasies and my voyeurism.

I had crossed so many lines already, but I told myself that there were no more lines I would cross. Sam would never learn of my feelings about her, and I would never lay a hand on her in anything other than platonic, fatherly affection.

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Of course, in the end, some things couldn't stay hidden.

It was maybe a week or so before Sam's 19th birthday when she found one of the cameras.

The cameras had been so small, and so well-hidden, that I had thought they would never be found. I had almost come to forget they were there. In recent weeks I had been somewhat less obsessed over my footage of Sam. I had still watched it from time to time, of course – but more often I just played back the clip I had of her masturbating if I wanted to get off while looking at her. So in a sense, life had begun to return to normal – well as normal as it gets when you're a single father whose daughter is a dedicated and passionate nudist!

But one day Sam was, I think, exploring one of the bookshelves in the living room and she found where I had hidden one of the cameras. She confronted me about it, angrily, as soon as I got home (funnily enough, she still wasn't wearing any clothes – which meant I got to add "angry and naked" to the states I had seen Sam in).

She demanded to know if it was a camera she had found, and I was helpless to do anything other than admit the truth – I told her it was.

"Did you put it there?" she asked hotly.

I just nodded.

"You were filming me?!" she exclaimed. "Why, daddy?"

I was dumbstruck. I couldn't begin to explain.

Sam gestured to herself, to her naked body. "Was it because of this? Was it because I'm a nudist?"

I said nothing, but she clearly figured it out.

"Oh, dad," she cried, "how could you? What were you doing it for? Were you putting it on the internet?"

That roused me. I shook my head vigorously. "No, baby!" I declared. "Absolutely not! It was..." I trailed off, quietly; "it was all for me."

She looked at me then, saying nothing, her eyes wide and her expression hurt.

"Oh dad," she said again, "you should have just asked..."

With that, she walked out, went up to her room and dressed, then went out. I didn't see her again that night.

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"You should have just asked..."

That phrase, the last thing Sam said to me that night, kept replaying in my head. What did she mean by that? It was such an odd response.

I would have understood if she had just been angry, hurt, or felt betrayed. I had done something bad – I had secretly filmed my nudist daughter naked, and used the footage to masturbate to. I had absolutely broken her trust, for my own selfish gratification. A daughter should be safe at home with her father, yes even safe enough to walk around naked – Sam had felt that safe, but I hadn't lived up to that. As soon as I realised she had discovered what I had been up to, I had braced myself for the sort of reaction that would confirm all that. Her anger, her tears, her disgust – I deserved all that, I told myself.

But instead, there was just that disappointed, quiet phrase; "you should have just asked." I couldn't figure it out.

Sam stayed out that night. She sent me a short text telling me she'd be staying at a friend's house – when I tried to call after that, her phone was turned off. I thought about pouring out an apology by text but I have never been good at things like that, so I decided to leave it and hope that I would get the chance when I saw her next.

That evening, I was in my study when Sam finally came home. I was just in the process of deleting all the camera programme and recorded footage from my hard drive – it wouldn't mean much, I thought, the damage was already done – but I was so ashamed of myself that I couldn't bear to think of them still being on my computer. I knew I'd never watch them again, not without feeling like the world's worst person, so I thought the best thing I could do would be to just delete everything and bin the cameras.

I'd just finished when I heard the front door go, and Sam ran up the stairs. I caught a glimpse of her as she passed the open study door, a blur in blue jeans and a white top, and then I heard her go into her bedroom.

A couple of minutes passed, as I debated whether to go and speak to her, or whether that would just make things worse. I decided the former, but before I even had chance to get up from my chair, Sam appeared in the doorway.

"Hi dad," she said.

She was naked again. I didn't know quite how to take that. Was it a sign that things were going to be alright between us after all – that she still felt safe enough to practise her nudist lifestyle in my company? Or was it more that she was determined to show me that she was determined to not let her anger or feelings of betrayal towards me sway her commitment to nudism? It was quite confusing, made worse by the million words swimming in my head as I tried to find the right words to say to her.

"Sam," I began. "Are you okay?" She nodded. "Look, baby, I'm sorry, I-"

She put her finger to her lips. "Shush, dad. I need to say some stuff. I think you need to listen to me."

I shut up.

"I know you're sorry," she continued. "You should be sorry. What you did – when I found out, I felt so hurt. That you would do something like that, film me like that, secretly – I never could have imagined you would do that. I might be naked all the time, dad, but that doesn't give you or anyone else the right to violate my privacy. This is my home and it's a private space and that's why I feel safe living here and being naked all the time – you were taking that away from me."

She paused then, as if looking for the right words.

"I know you're sorry, daddy," she said again, "but, the thing is, I think I have to be sorry, too."

I looked at her, confused. What could she possibly have to be sorry about?

"I'm sorry," she said, "because I should have realised how this might affect you. I've been going completely naked around the house for the past couple of months, and I have been giving you sights that every other man I know would kill to see. You may be my dad, but you're also a guy. I should have realised it might put you under a certain amount of... pressure, to be under the same roof as a young female nudist, whether or not we are related. I might not think what you did was nice, but I think I do understand – you were just trying to deal with the temptation that was under your nose all day every day, and you were trying to deal with it in a way that wouldn't harm me, because I'd never know about it.

"The truth is..." she started, then stopped, again trying to find the right words. I just sat, enthralled, as she spoke.

"When I first started doing – this," she gestured to her naked body, "nudism thing, it truly was just like I said it was. I genuinely love nudism, dad. I – I kinda hate clothes. I'd go everywhere naked if I could. I feel so much better like this. This is who I really am, the natural, naked me. And I am so so grateful to you that you put aside any worry or prejudice you might have and let me be myself at home. And when I first started doing it that is all it was, just me being free and comfortable in my own home.

"But," she said, taking a few steps towards me, "then I noticed the way you were looking at me. I felt your eyes on my body. You did it when you thought I wasn't looking, but I knew it. I felt you staring at my breasts. At my butt. At my... pussy. I knew you were looking at me and liking what you saw. I knew you liked seeing me naked, I knew you thought I looked sooo good without my clothes on.

"I knew you were looking," she repeated, walking closer, until she was stood next to me, "and I liked it. I thought about it a lot, daddy, and it felt good. It felt good to know that you were enjoying the show and... to be honest... well, it turned me on."

She squatted down.

"What are you saying honey?" I asked her.

"Well," she replied, "they say every little girl's first crush is her daddy."

And with that she reached her hand into my waistband. I was wearing sweatpants, no underwear, and she instantly took my cock in her warm little hand.

I was stunned, for a second. My cock stiffened at her touch, and she smiled to feel it. But I wasn't prepared for this.

"What... what are you doing?" I asked.

"What we both want," she replied with a smile. "What I want. And what I am pretty sure you want, too." She took her hand out of my pants. "Now, stand up."

Dumbfounded, I did so. Sam shifted position, onto her knees, and before I knew it she had grasped the waistband of my sweatpants and in one quick move had yanked them down. I was bare from the waist down, and my cock stood to attention just inches from her smiling, happy face. I was pretty certain I knew what was about to happen – but was it what I wanted? There was a line here. Well, there were many lines here – at least one had already been crossed when Sam had grabbed my penis. But did I really want to cross another one? If I did, where would it end?

Sam looked appreciatively at my exposed body. She wrapped her hand again around my shaft, then brought her mouth close to me. I felt the hotness of her breath on me, and then she ran her tongue around the head of my cock. It pulsed with pleasure and I breathed deeply.

But this was wrong, wasn't it? She was my daughter!

"Sam..." I managed. "Sam!" She looked up. "Stop this," I said. She let go of my cock, and stood up, looking confused.

"Baby..." I began, "we shouldn't do this."

"Why not?" she asked. "It's what you have been longing to do. I know that now. And I've realised, it's what I want, too. I know it isn't... normal. But so much between us isn't, especially not recently. I've been parading around naked in front of you for months, and you've been secretly recording me – and I know you must have seen more than me eating cereal in my birthday suit; I masturbate, like, everywhere when I'm home alone – and jerking off to it. That's already gone beyond normal!

"But what I've realised, daddy, is that there's something between us. Something that's come out of this. Something good, and exciting, and something I want to explore. And I know you want it. You wouldn't be standing there with me naked and you rock hard if you didn't.

"I just want you to know, it's okay to want it. Because I want it too."

And with that she got back on her knees and wrapped her lips around my cock.

I stiffened further in the warm wetness of her mouth. She teased my shaft with her tongue, lightly pressing her teeth on me as she swallowed me further.

"Keg oor hyurg ogg," she said as she looked up at me. I had to laugh – she had obviously not realised how difficult it would be to talk clearly with her mouth... otherwise engaged.

"Sorry?" I grinned.

She pulled her lips away from my cock with a wet plop.

"Take your shirt off," she repeated. "Please."

I obliged. I might be over 40, but I take care of myself. I'm in the gym a lot and I run, too. I never got the paunch that a lot of guys my age get. I got kinda hairy, more so than in my younger days – I joke that it was to make up for the hair going on my head (I've been shaving my head the past few years, it's the only way to do it when you start to go bald) – but otherwise I think I look, well, if not young, then pretty hard to judge my age. Sam certainly seemed to like what she was seeing – and in a way, it made it seem less weird, what was happening. True, I was getting a blowjob off my own daughter – but if someone who didn't know us had seen us at that point, both nude together, they would have seen a couple - the guy older, certainly, but not old enough to be her father; and, even if I say so myself, they might not have found it so hard to believe that she might be attracted to him.

Sam, satisfied that my nakedness showed I was going to go along with this, resumed sucking me, working my cock by moving her head back and forth. At first, she had her hand wrapped around the shaft of my cock at the base, but after a few moments she released my hand and, choking only slightly, took my full length in her mouth and into the back of her throat. I raised both eyebrows – my little girl had done this before! Of course, as I may have said earlier, I had always assumed that she had now reached an age where she had some sort of experience when it came to guys and sex – but it is one thing to figure your daughter is "probably" fooling around with boys "sometimes" and another to be the recipient of irrefutable proof that not only has she given blowjobs before, but she's given enough to know how to give them well!

Sam continued to work me. She would deep throat me, then give herself a break, slipping my cock from her mouth to work it with her hand, while licking the head with her warm little tongue. It felt incredible, she was so eager and delighted and I could already feel the knot of tension building in me which would erupt into orgasm.

Sam, I think, sensed it too, as after a few more moments, she again removed her mouth from my dick. "So..." she said. "Do you want to carry on like this? Or do you want to fuck me?"

Fuck my daughter. Fuck my daughter? It should go against every instinct I had as a father. But at that moment it was all I wanted.

I wasn't going to force her to do anything, though. She was right, I wanted this, and now I knew it was what I wanted. But I needed to know it was what she wanted, too.

"What do you want to do?" I asked.

She didn't reply straight away. Instead she stood, and sidestepped to the desk. She turned, facing away from me, and leaned on the desk, bending over, her legs parted. She was presenting herself, inviting me to her – I could see the dark pinkness of her labia between her open legs, ready to receive me.

"Fuck me, daddy," she whispered.

I ran my hand lightly over her bare ass. Her skin was so soft, so warm, so wonderful to touch. I realised then and there, I was no deviant, no monster, to be doing this. I was blessed – my beautiful daughter was offering herself to me willingly, letting me know that her daddy would always be the man she loved more than any other; in every way. It was time to stop being led, being ashamed, being awkward and full of guilt. It was time to be the man she wanted, the man she could always rely on, strong and wise, firm and loving.

I grasped her by the waist.

"Not like that, baby," I said softly. I span her around, so she was facing me. She offered no resistance – she would let me do whatever I wanted. I picked her up, bodily, by the waist. She weighed more than she had when she was little but I was still strong enough to carry her. Half lifting, half pushing, I sat her on the big, wide wooden desk. I grasped one of her knees in each hand, and pulled her legs apart, stepping in between them. She wrapped her arms around me, kissing me on the neck – little, fluttering, breathless kisses. I caressed her in return, cupping her left breast in my hand, feeling the supple, warm flesh, before rolling her stiffening nipple between my thumb and forefinger. She gasped, pulling her face from my neck to look into my eyes with a smile. I moved my face to her breasts, sucking first one nipple and then the other, running over the bumpy skin of her areola with my tongue, and giving the nipple a light, teasing nibble. She giggled and moaned.

I stood straight again, grabbed her thighs, pulled her closer to me. I put my hand between us, reaching down between her legs. Her vulva was shaved smooth – her only pubic hair was the "landing strip" she sported on her mound. Her pussy was slick with wetness, warm and aching for touch, for penetration. She moaned eagerly as I touched her, as my fingers slid between her lips to the moist velvet beneath. My thumb found her clit – she squeaked in delight. She drew back then, opening her legs wider, parting the lips of her labia with her own hand. She was showing me her readiness, but I didn't need showing – I knew already what she wanted and how much she wanted it.

A thought occurred to me, then, and I paused. "You're not –" I began.

"A virgin?" she completed. She blushed a little, blinking her long eyelashes. "No daddy. Sorry to disappoint you."

"Naughty girl," I smiled. I entered her then – she gasped as she took my cock, smoothly, her wetness easing me into her with little resistance. She felt incredible, and for a moment I just held her, one arm at the small of her back, the other supporting her at her shoulders, just enjoying the moment. Her hands rested lightly on my chest, she looked up at me, her mouth half open, eyes wide.

"Oh, daddy," she breathed.

She wrapped her legs around me, pulling me deeper in, as deep as I could go. I thrust against her – slowly, gently at first, then harder, more rhythmic. She pushed back, angling herself so she could feel my motion stimulate her where she needed it. She moaned, her breath coming faster, her skin damp with sweat as we coupled, groaning, grunting, thrusting, becoming one. My chest and forehead beaded with perspiration, I pushed her back, down, fucking her harder. She threw back her head, breathing harshly. "Daddy... I'm coming!" she gasped, then her orgasm was upon her, she moaned and cried out, "yes! Yes! Yes!" Oh, yes!" as she succumbed to the pleasure of the moment, bucking and pressing into me to prolong it.

I could hold back no longer; the knot within me burst, and my own orgasm came flooding forth. My cock pulsed as I pumped my semen into her – more, and more, and more, with every thrust, incredible pleasure and incredible release pushing through me until, at last, we sagged, both spent.

Silence, then. I held her close, in my arms, her bare skin pressed against mine – she listened to me breathe, as I listened to her. Gradually, our composure returned.

She spoke first, looking up at me through moist eyes, strands of her hair stuck with sweat to her forehead.

"I..." she began. "I'm... I'm never going to wish this hadn't happened."

I stroked her head.

"Me neither, baby."

"I love you daddy."

"I love you too, Sam."

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And so, that's how it happened. How my daughter triggered an obsession in me that nearly destroyed what we had between us, but which ultimately gave us something even more powerful.

Now, things remain much the same. Sam still lives with me, and she is still a dedicated and devoted nudist. I attempted to embrace nudism myself, once or twice, in the name of making Sam happy , but Sam told me she prefers me with my clothes on – and that it's more exciting for her to be naked solo. To be honest that suits me fine – I'm still not too comfortable with the feeling of wandering about in naught but what God gave me, and if my baby wants to parade around in the nude for her dressed daddy, I'm not going to complain at that.

The cameras went in the trash, as I promised they would. After that night, I knew I wouldn't need anything like that again.

So at home it's just Sam and me, no secrets, nothing hidden. And we fuck.

Not all the time, not like boyfriend and girlfriend, or like lovers. Many are the nights we happily go to bed alone. But when the mood takes us, when there's that something between us, that spark that tells us both it's what we want, we come together and we fuck, and we neither of us regret it.

Sam is sticking to her plan, she will be off to university next year. She'll be moving out then, at least during term time, and I don't know if things will be different between us then. She says it won't, that she'll always be the person she is now, always the nudist, always loving her daddy in her special way. But I know she'll grow up, meet a boy maybe, and then who knows? But I'm not sad about the prospect, because it will never take away what we've had, what we'll always have – that bond between daddy and daughter.