**I Stay Nude Before My Dad**

By Myotherside

My Dad does not get freaked and neither do I.

There is nothing sexual in this. It is pure Dad-

Daughter relationship. I would like to tell the

readers that the following narration does not contain

anything relating to SEX. It is just an act of love

(true love and not lust) between my dad and me.

If anyone is interested in just incest or sex please

don't read further this narration is not for persons

with a sick mind.

But if you leave without reading you will surely miss

something really noble.

I think there is no harm in reading further.

It was a sunny afternoon and I was returning from my

college when that accident happened. I was hit by a

speeding youngster in his bike. I was thrown out on the

pavement. I sustained injuries and had fractured both

my arms.

After a week at the hospital I was discharged and I

went to my home with hard casts of plaster-of-paris in

both the arms. Since my mom had died a few years ago

the responsibility of nursing me back to health fell on

my dad who was in his late 40's.

My dad appointed a nurse to look after me and

everything went on well till the nurse was unavailable.

Soon after the first week the nurse didn't come to her

duty. Later we learnt that she had got a job with more

salary in the US (damn the globalisation) and all our

efforts to find another nurse failed.

So my dad took a leave for the day and stayed at the

house to look after me till we could get a nurse. I

felt acute pain in my hands that day so my dad called

the doctor and he came and checked me and told my hands

were getting well.

Before leaving the house he complained of the smelly

nature in my room. My dad told him that I haven't taken

bath since the Nurse left. He told my dad to arrange

for a bath for me. He told my dad to be careful and not

let the castings get wet while bathing.

But since we couldn't find a nurse the bath was

postponed but fate didn't think so. I had a very good

nights sleep that night thanks to the drugs. When I

woke the next morning I found my room too smelly. Then

only I realized I had peed in my bed itself (later it

was learnt due to the high medication I had not been

able to control myself during my sleep).

The situation: I smelled awful and I had to take a bath.

The deadlock: No nurse to do the ritual.

My dad dialled many hospitals to find a nurse but to no

avail (almost all the hospitals had ran out of nurses-

isn't that funny?).

As a last resort he asked me whether he could call any

of his colleague's wife to come and give me a bath.

Almost everyone said something or the other and

rejected our obligation.

Then by around 12'o clock in the morning my dad came to

my room with some polythene sheets in his hands. Tied

them around my casts and told me to wait in the bathroom.

I was wearing a loose fitting T-shirt like hospital

gown top with strings attached. With the help of a

nurse I could wear those things without lifting my

hands (just strings to be tied around).And a nice polka

dotted pyjama trousers.

I could not stop guessing myself what would happen

next. My father was to give me (a girl in her late

teens) a bath. My heart started to palpitate at a

furious rate. After some minutes (minutes looked like

hours to me) my dad came in.

He threw a glance at me. People say glances can tell

what even a hundred words can't tell. And that glance

told to get ready for my bath.

He seated me on a stool set in the bathroom and gently

started to remove the strings of my T-top.

And within seconds those things were off of my body.

And then I stood up and my father pulled my trousers

down and threw it in to the washing pile. I was

standing before my dad with just my bra (the ones

without straps) and panties (that too the ones I peed

on).Just imagine placing yourself in this situation.

Isn't it quite frightening? But I felt it to be a fun

and fear mixed feeling (instead of butterflies

fluttering in my stomach I felt dinosaurs running around!).

The situation was far from over. Actually, it had only begun.

My father knelt before me, placed his hands on my hip

and pulled down my panties (yah, that same peed ones)

to my knee levels and quickly threw it to the washing

pile. Well the situation has now degraded more now not

even a 2 piece dressing just a single piece dressing in

front of my dad.

Though all sorts of human created dressings were

removed (apart from the castings in my hands) my thick

forest of pubic hairs was concealing my cunt perfectly.

Then he asked me to shit if I would like to. Yes, my

dad asked me to shit.

I sat on the lavatory and shat (Oxford dictionary

explains shitting as follows: Have a bowel movement)

and got up. My dad without even looking at the crap

that I had created flushed it down the gutter. He then

took out a piece of tissue paper and with great hatred

cleaned my anus.

Then I went and stood below the shower my dad opened

the shower and let the water flow for some time (my

casting stayed well protected under those polythene

sheets).Then he took the shampoo bottle gave it a

thorough shake and applied them on my waist long hair

and gave them a good wash. This was the moment I

started to like this bath.

He was behind me giving my hair a clean wash then he

parted my hair into equal halves and let them fall on

my breasts. Then suddenly I was robbed of the last

piece of my clothing. Yes my father removed my bras

too. The act of parting my hair was to cover my breasts.

Then he took the soap and applied it on my face first

and asked me not to open my eyes because the soap might

enter my eyes and cause irritation. So my eyes were

closed (this was the reason why the soap was applied on

my face first and not at last as usual).Perfect setup

that would not humiliate my dad or me.

With my eyes closed my dad moved to the other parts of

my body my back, my stomach, my thighs, my legs, my

buttocks carefully excluding my breasts and groin

areas. The soap applying stopped for some time and then

my hair was lifted and was put back to cover my back.

I could not express how I actually felt at this moment.

So I leave it to your imagination. My dads hand applied

soap on my breasts. Those well grown guavas were being

touched by a male for the first time. In the excitement

I could feel my nipples standing hard. I tried hard not

to open my eyes. The touch was not nice and romantic it

was in a quick manner. I could understand this was due

to a father touching his daughter and nothing else was wrong.

Then the hands stopped rubbing my breasts and after a

brief moment I could feel them on my vagina. Both the

hands were busy creating foam in my pubic hairs. Around

this moment my father must sure have had a hard on but

I could not see it because-yes you guessed it right - I

was temporarily blind.

My orgasms were at their peak. But no way to subdue

them. At this moment the Phone rang and my dad went to

pick it up and came in after a few minutes. All the

soap had dried and were sticking tight to my skin. My

father opened the shower.

The water rubbed off all the foam it could and my

father scrubbed off the remaining ones which had dried.

Some of the dried soap were on my breasts, too. My dad

went behind me and got hold of my full grown guavas

(breasts) with both his hands and in the pretext of

scrubbing of the foam squeezed those things till I felt pain.

This time was not in a quick manner- it was seducing

and romantic. Though I was not asked to close my eyes I

closed them and enjoyed them. Then my father came to my

front. He was also drenched wet; I could see the bulge

in his trousers. I was there to receive that dick of

his but it was not to happen for ever.

Then he washed off my groin area and turned the shower

off. He went out, took a towel and came to dry me. He

dried my hair first and all the other areas in order.

This time too he gave importance to my breasts.

He pressed them well in the pretext of drying me. He

removed the protective sheets around my castings; they

were bone dry. The drying was also over. He tied the

towel around my torso and asked me to go to my room and

wait.

I stood in my room thinking of the incidents that have

happened within the last half an hour. My dad came in

opened my closet took a bra (another strapless one) and

a panty. He removed the towel and I was fully naked

once again. I lifted one of my legs and my dad slipped

the panties through my legs and then the bra went to

its proper position. So I was at least dressed for now.

And then he dressed me in my hospital tops and pyjamas.

The whole day went as if nothing had happened. My

father and I spoke as usual. I was expecting the same

to happen the next day but I was disappointed my father

told it would be enough to take a bath once every 3 days.

But both of us would love to take a bath the full day

but who would bell the cat? I belled the cat. I once

again peed and the bathing act repeated itself to our

delight.

Whenever I thought of going nude I would pee blaming on

the medication. My father also stopped the search for a nurse.

But after sometime the bathing started to change drastically.

My eyes were not closed with foam they were left to see

whatever they liked.

My dad used every opportunity to feel my breasts with

both his hands and I was able to get orgasms more

frequently and my dad got his erections frequently.

My dad would tie the towel around me and send me to my

room but I would loosen the towel and prefer standing

nude in my room blaming my hands not able to tie them.

Within a month my fractures had healed well and it was

time to remove those castings and go in for some

physiotherapy for my arms.

And my nude Bathing sessions stopped abruptly.

One day they were screening "Basic Instinct" on HBO. I

was watching the movie and was aroused very much by it.

My dad came home in the evening.

I felt sexy and romantic I went fully dressed to my dad

and asked him to give me a bath. He too did not

hesitate: he undressed me, gave me a bath, squeezed my

breasts, got an erection and things went as if nothing

happened.

So whenever I felt romantic or sexy I would ask my dad

to give me a bath. And whenever he felt sexy too I

would go for a bath even if it is for the 3rd time a day.

I felt romantic very frequently but my father felt

romantic only at times. But when he got horny the bath

was a different experience. At those instances I would

get an Oil massage and a hot water bath. The Oil

massage was to feel my body to its fullest. During such

massages my breasts would be squeezed in such a hard

way I felt the pain for the next 2 or 3 days. But no

pain, no gain goes the saying.

This has been happening for a year now.

During one such oil massage bath I could not control

myself and I planted a deep French-kiss on my father. I

quickly transferred all the contents of my mouth to

his. He too joined the act and repeated it and sucked

my breasts for some seconds and suddenly left the room

and went to his room and shut himself. I think I had

crossed the limit that day. From that day on I never

indulge in such activities.

Till now we haven't had any sexual intercourse. I could

not say why. I think we had banned ourselves (no one

would know if we had sex) from performing intercourse.

It had been an unwritten rule like respecting each

others' dignity (I think so).

I could not say what our relationship is. I would say

it is not incest which you might not accept.

Only god knows the answer to this puzzle.

Well this describes the difference between true

affection and lust or INCEST. In this case you can tell

whatever you like- LOVE, INCEST or anything that comes

to your mind. But I would say there is a thin red line

between TRUE LOVE and INCEST if you keep off that line

any relationship would be a true one. It depends upon

your mind set.

Ask for yourself:

 1) Haven't you been seen nude by Your Mother/Dad?

 2) Haven't you suckled from your Mother?

 3) You have seen your Mother nude (during birth)

 but you were too young to remember.

 4) Still today many tribes in the world remain nude.

 5) Many Sadhus (especially Jains) remain nude.

Then why do you tell it as INCEST if you do the same

things now?

All these dress, society, this and that are a result of

over commercialisation of our world. These things were

normal just 50, 60 odd years ago but now it is

considered a TABOO.

You fear even the thought of going nude on the road,

but you visit a nude sadhu a complete stranger along

with your family and get his blessings.

We Indians where gifted with these philosophical

thoughts and we were different from the rest of the

world. But now we do dumb things like running call-

centres and BPO's.

This body is just a bag of bones and flesh; what

matters is the soul inside.

Whatever you do to the body will not affect your soul.

Give it a Thought.

END