# Terry's Exhibition

Hello. My name is Terry. I am a girl, well a young woman perhaps. I am 18 years old, almost 19, and live in the UK. I am petite with dark brown hair that shines and looks almost black, sparkling green eyes, and a smallish figure. My boyfriend has said that my body is terrific, so I'll take his word for it. I have B cup sized breasts that turn upward with small nipples. But my boyfriend likes to lick and suck them. Ummmm, that's another story.

Until a short time ago I was living with my parents and that is where my strange life change began. My father was and is much older than the parents of my friends, but he has kept himself fit and acts much younger. At age 62 he is very agile and good looking.

I learned at a much younger age that I am an exhibitionist. I really didn't understand the ramifications of it until this year. I was attending an all-girl school and I was very athletic. In the locker rooms I would openly walk around nude while the other girls were wrapping themselves in towels, particularly covering their breasts and their bums. It turned me on to know the girls were looking at my body even though I resembled most of them in the nude. I would bend over to retrieve my stockings or undies, giving them a view of my sex and arse.

I didn't want to make love with any of the girls I just wanted the sexy feeling knowing they were watching me. It naturally followed that I became somewhat lax in my dress around the house. One evening I thought I was alone since Mom had gone to a movie and Dad was to be late. I took a shower and, thinking I was alone, I walked from the bathroom to the lounge with nothing on. I was hoping someone would be looking through the windows and see me. There, sitting in his favorite chair, was my darling father.

I froze. I stood motionless in the doorway not knowing if I should just greet him and turn around or immediately turn and run. It was at that moment that I saw something in my father and felt something in me that changed us. Dad looked at me, up and down, as if he was truly appreciating my looks. I began to tingle inside the same as I did in the locker room. I took a chance. "Dad? Do you think I'm pretty?"

He looked at my breasts then my face. "Terry, you are beautiful. Truly beautiful."

For the life of me I don't know why but I walked to him and sat in his lap. His hands felt wonderful on my bare skin even though he was only touching my arm and my back. I nestled against his chest and below his chin smelling his man scent and enjoying his labored breathing. "Don't you think you should get dressed, honey?"

I raised myself so I could look at his face. "Don't you like my body, Dad?"

"Oh, Terry. What is not to like. You have a beautiful body, one that I have loved since the day you were born and I diapered you. I only feel that perhaps you being naked and in my lap is not the most proper thing."

I immediately knew why. I could feel his manhood growing beneath my arse and it was pressing upward between my legs. There was wetness in my cunny and I couldn't stop it. "Is that proper?" I asked giggling and pressing my arse down on his erection.

He kissed me on the forehead and held me very close. "Terry. If you want to have sex with me we can. We can right now. But, I don't think it is what you want. And, if we have sex then I am in trouble. Not just with your mother but with the authorities as well. It is called incest and it is illegal. Do you understand?" He didn't yell. He didn't scold me and push me away. It may have been that that saved us both.

"Yes, Daddy, I do." I hugged him and took myself from his lap. I walked slowly from the room hoping he was looking at my backside and enjoying himself. I closed the door to my bedroom behind me and fell to my bed. I couldn't wait to rub my clitoris and touch myself all over. My hands and fingers were busy bringing me sexual bliss and taking me to an orgasm. "Yes, Daddy, I do. Do me now Daddy! Now!"

I became bolder with my father, leaving the bathroom door open when I knew he was home and often going from bath to bedroom naked. I knew he was watching me and it made me want sex even more. It was my boyfriend Evan who took my virginity and sated the fire within me. I love to be naked with him and around him and often naked in front of his friends even though he scolds me for taunting them. I go home on occasions but it is different. Dad doesn't watch me like he did but Mother does. It was her idea that I should go on my own and not stay in their home. She was pleasant about it but the competition for Dad's affection was too much.

I'll never know what my Dad looks like naked but I have dreamed of his size and shape and how he would look in the nude. I have dreamed many times of his hands on me and I have had crashing orgasms with that thought in mind. Thank you Daddy.