

TROUBLE WITH STEPDAUGHTER

1. Sam

(Keywords: M/g pedo consensual)

WARNING: The following story contains graphic descriptions of sexual activity between a man and a young girl. If you are under the age of 18 or are offended by material of this nature, please read no further.

Also note that the relationship between a stepfather and stepdaughter may be considered by some to be incestuous. I do not share that view as the participants are not of the same bloodline and so inbreeding problems are not a factor.

DISCLAIMER: This story is complete fiction and the subject of my imagination. If the detail reveals a lack of research on my part, this is because there was none. Any similarity to any other story or to real life is pure coincidence.

Enough of all that. Here's the story.

I opened the bedroom door and looked in.

Sam was lying in bed.

She was on her back and her arms were down under the duvet somewhere which covered her completely.

She was wide awake and moved her gaze only slightly to look at me.

She raised her eyebrows, questioningly.

"Would you like me to give you a hand?" I asked her.

"What do you mean?" Sam replied.

I walked into the room and stood at the side of her bed. I then knelt on the carpet beside her.

Sam turned her head gradually as I walked in so that she was able to watch my every move. Her head remained on the pillow.

"The noise you are making, rubbing yourself, can probably be heard by the neighbours" I said. "I thought you might like me to help you do it for you more quietly" .

Sam's big blue eyes widened in shock.

"No!!" she replied, almost shouting.

She continued to look straight at me.

I didn't say anything for a few moments and I could see her mind ticking over, trying to work out what was going on.

"Lie on your tummy and I will give you a massage" I said.
"That will relax you".

It wasn't so much a request. It was more of an instruction and Sam did not question it.

She turned over onto her tummy and lay with her head on the pillow facing away from me. Her arms were bent at the elbow and resting on the pillow either side.

I leant forward, rested my right hand on the bed next to her pillow and slipped my left hand under the duvet onto Sam's back in her waist area.

She was wearing pyjamas.

I then started to very lightly massage her lower back under her pyjama top only using my fingers and thumb and making little sweeping motions either side of her spine.

Sam moaned slightly soon after I started.

I leant over to her left ear and whispered "Is that nice, my love?"

"Mmmm" she replied.

I now started moving my hand up her back very slowly while I continued the massage. As I did, I gently pushed up the back of her pyjama top.

Sam was still completely covered by the duvet.

She continued to moan quietly.

When I had pushed the pyjamas halfway up her back, I couldn't go any further because the front was caught under her body. Sam then lifted herself briefly so that I could ease the pyjamas up on her front also.

My massaging fingers were now up nearly to the top of her back and I whispered in Sam's ear "Let's slip your top off so that I can massage your shoulders"

I did not wait for an answer and eased the top of the pyjamas over Sam's head. She cooperated by lifting herself slightly and moving her arms forward, one after the other so that I could ease them down and off her arms.

Sam now flopped back onto the pillow in the same position she had been in before.

The duvet still covered her.

My left hand and my massaging fingers now returned to my little sweeping motions and I soon ran up to her shoulders.

At this point, I stood up and pulled back the duvet to about halfway down her back. I then rested both my hands on her shoulders.

I started to massage between the top of her arms and neck, beginning very lightly but then gradually increasing the intensity of my probing thumbs.

"Oh! That's so good" Sam said.

I continued for a little while but then stopped and knelt down on the carpet again.

I leant over Sam's left ear and whispered "Am I making you feel all tingly?"

"Mmmmm" Sam replied.

With that, I nibbled Sam's left ear lobe and blew in her ear.

Sam gasped and her body tensed. She hunched her shoulders a little bit and lifted her body slightly.

As she did, I saw her breasts rise up out of the bed.

It was only a little way and I did not see her nipples but I saw enough to know how wonderfully she had developed.

I then put my left hand at the top of Sam's back and started my little sweeping motions again massaging down her spine.

Sam was very relaxed now and her breathing was calm.

When I reached the top of the pulled back duvet, my hand slipped under it and continued down.

Sam's relaxed breathing continued. She was completely still.

And then my massaging fingers reached the point of no return as they touched the top of her pyjamas.

I stopped my massaging at this point but left my hand resting there.

The silence which followed was deafening. I held my breath and I am sure that Sam did too. There wasn't a sound.

I had known when I began that, if things went beyond this stage, they were likely to go all the way.

I knew that Sam would realise the same as she lay there.

I was giving her time to call it off if that's what she wanted. We would then both dress and Sam would thank me for giving her a wonderful massage. She would probably tell her mother about it. No worries.

The silence continued and I almost willed Sam to say something, such was the tension in me. But nothing.

My fingers now moved again, under the elastic of Sam's pyjamas and onto her fabulous bum.

"Oh Daddy!" she half cried, half sighed.

Some will call it incestuous but I don't agree and things were much more complicated than that.

Sam was my stepdaughter. She was 14 and we had known each other for 6 years since I first met her mother.

She was always a very striking girl with a lovely face and long fair hair. She had deep blue eyes.

She was taller than average with wonderful legs and a gorgeous rounded bum.

Over the previous 3 years, she had developed super breasts which, although not fully grown, were already a handfull. Her hips were sublime.

As my stepdaughter, we had hit it off from the moment I came into her mother's life when she was 8.

People were amazed when they discovered that I was not Sam's father because we got on so well.

My feelings for Sam had always been honourable. Initially, when she was a child, there had been some physical contact but no more than any other father/daughter relationship including towelling her down after a shower or cuddling her on the sofa when we watched TV.

When she reached about 11 and started to develop little breasts, I was more careful and stopped using the bathroom when she was in it and was more careful when we were sitting in front of the TV.

Sam was puzzled and even a bit upset by this. It was almost as though she was worrying that I was ignoring her and didn't love her as much.

She would test me constantly by trying to get me into a rough and tumble when I would hold and cuddle her.

It was a constant struggle to get a balance between doing what was right and providing Sam with the security she needed.

Some people might say that all father's have these difficulties but it is much worse in a stepfather/stepdaughter relationship.

As Sam got older, things did not get any better. She was still questioning my love for her. It was the way she did it that changed. At 12 and 13, she had developed into a beautiful young lady and she knew it. She would really play up to the boys and they all adored her.

As far as we 2 were concerned, we were still the best of friends but that balance between what I felt was right as regards physical contact between us and what she needed from me was never in tune.

As the hormones in her body started to rear their head, Sam's testing of my love for her became more aggressive and we had some terrible rows.

She was always the one who instigated them and, however passive I was in response, Sam was determined that the row would have a middle and an ending.

At one point, I said to my wife that I was reaching the end of my tether and she must do something. She then had a long heart to heart with Sam and things were much better after that. They were better because Sam then totally ignored me for going behind her back to her mother.

When Sam reached 14, we went away for a holiday in the sun and during that 2 weeks my relationship with her improved again.

I do not know what it was. Partly the sunshine I expect and partly the fact that my wife and I shared a one bedroomed apartment with Sam who slept in the living room on a sofa bed. We were therefore living on top of each other for 2 weeks. It was either going to be good or disastrous. Thankfully it was great and both Sam and I found that we were getting on well again. We would spend hours talking to each other.

We would both wear our swimwear most of the time and Sam would often end up on my lap with an arm around me as we talked.

After the holiday when we had returned to the grind of normal living, me back to work and Sam to school, things quickly went downhill again for us.

There is something very difficult to understand about what is acceptable in human behaviour when, on the one hand, there is nothing wrong with a young girl sitting on her father's lap while he wears a flimsy pair of swimming shorts and she a skimpy bikini and, on the other hand, everything wrong with that same young girl sitting on her father's lap while he wears his boxer shorts and she a skimpy bra and panties.

In essence, this was the problem when we returned home after the holiday.

Sam had found the closeness while we had been away had been what she needed to redress the balance of the previous 2 years when I had been so reserved about my physical contact with her. She felt more secure.

When we returned home, our holiday mode finished and it was back to the way we were before going away.

Sam returned to testing me as she had before. I would suddenly find her on my lap while sitting on the sofa with an arm thrust around my neck. Often, she did so with only her pyjamas or a skimpy little dress on.

I would always welcome her but was not comfortable and looked for ways of easing her sideways onto the sofa or getting up and leaving the room.

Sam then became even more demanding in the ways she tested me. She would sit on my lap and deliberately grind her bum into my prick. My prick became excited and Sam would then give me knowing smiles.

Things were getting out of hand.

I knew that, if I spoke to her mother again, it would be the end as regards my relationship with Sam. I therefore took her on one side while her mother was out one day and explained to her how difficult things were for me. I told her I loved her dearly and wanted to hold and cuddle her and make her feel loved but that it wasn't right for me to go too far because she was my stepdaughter.

Sam listened to me intently. She beamed when I told her I loved her and looked ecstatic when I said that I wanted to hold and cuddle her. I don't think she heard the bit about what was right for a stepfather.

If anything, her testing ways increased after that. She was always looking for an opportunity to get her body close to mine and get me sexually excited.

The final straw eventually came when I woke one morning to find Sam next to me in bed with her arms inside my pyjama top massaging my tummy.

I was so shocked that I shouted at her and she jumped out of the bed and ran off to her bedroom crying.

She was there for hours and, when she did eventually come out, she refused to talk to me.

I tried to apologise for frightening her but it was no good. She just ignored me.

As the weeks went by, nothing changed and nothing improved. Sam continued to ignore me.

She would listen if I asked her to do something and invariably would do as I asked but she would not look into my eyes and would not talk to me. She always sat as far away from me as she could.

I was lost and did not know what to do. I was losing this girl and it was starting to affect my relationship with her mother as well.

I tried to analyse the situation.

I had had a wonderful relationship with Sam until she was 11 but after that, when she reached 12, things started to quickly go downhill. Whose fault was that?

On Sam's side, she had reached the start of puberty, a difficult time for her and one which can make a child moody. However, while puberty may have made the situation worse, it was not the cause of the problem.

There was nothing else which could point the finger at Sam so the fault must lie with me, I thought.

The essence seemed to be that Sam felt I did not love her as much as I had done up to when she reached 11. As the child of a disastrous and sometimes violent marriage, she was constantly in need of love and reassurance.

After Sam reached 12, I had adapted my behaviour towards her in a way which I felt right, given her developing body. The trouble was that Sam read my changed behaviour as a sign that I didn't care for her as much as I did.

The problem was therefor clear and the answer was becoming clearer.

If I was to have any chance of restoring my relationship with Sam, which was my main priority, I had to give her the love and cuddles she had so much yearned for over the previous 2 years. I had to show her how much I loved her and that I would never let her down again.

I realised that this would involve physical contact. I did not know how much.

I realised that my strategy could be disastrous and I might lose my wife or worse.

I didn't care. I had no alternative.

My massaging fingers slipped over her bum, lightly rubbing first one cheek and then the other.

Sam started to moan.

I leant over her and whispered in her ear "Your bum feels so good, my love. Am I making you feel good too?"

"Mmmmmm" replied Sam.

I went on. "Tell me what feelings you get when I do this."

Sam hesitated and then said "It makes me feel so relaxed and excited all at the same time."

My gentle massage of her bum inside her pyjamas continued.

At this point, Sam turned her head on the pillow so that she was facing me for the first time. She looked me straight in the eye and smiled.

I smiled back and thought to myself that this was the first time she had looked at me this way in weeks.

"I gave you the chance to pull out of this" I said to her.

"It's still not too late. A little rub on your bum can be forgotten".

Sam shook her head. "It is too late" she said. "This has been going to happen for a long time. I was determined it would happen. I knew it would."

I paused and thought about what she had said.

She was right. If a girl wants to get a man into bed with her, she will always win even if the man is her father.

I focussed on Sam's eyes again.

"I love you so much, my darling" I murmured.

"Kiss me" she responded.

I slowly withdrew my hand from her pyjamas after which Sam turned over onto her back. I was then given a brief glimpse of her fantastic breasts as I lowered my face onto hers and kissed her on the lips.

My right hand rested on the pillow and I ran my fingers through her hair.

My left hand was on the bed next to her waist.

Sam lowered her arms to her side and I found her left hand and held it.

The kiss was gentle but probing.

Occasionally, we would stop and I would nibble either her top or bottom lip between my own. I would sometimes lick her lips lightly before starting another kiss.

Sam had her eyes closed but mine were open wide exploring every little corner of her beautiful face.

After what seemed an age, I stopped and lifted my head. I looked down at her breasts and marvelled at them.

They were each the size of a large peach and stuck out from her chest without any trace of sag.

Her little nipples were a picture.

Sam slowly opened her eyes and looked at me. She smiled and raised her right hand to my face and touched it.

I released Sam's hand and lifted my hand up towards Sam's right breast, very lightly massaging around it. I barely touched her.

Sam immediately closed her eyes again and sighed deeply.

While maintaining my light massage of her breast, I returned to Sam's lips and this time our kiss was immediately closer.

Sam soon raised up her right arm and wrapped it around my head, pulling me deeper into the kiss.

I was a bit uncomfortable and so lifted my hand from her breast and rested it on the pillow furthest away from her.

This gave me a hand on either side of her head and I could ease myself up and partly over Sam's body.

I was only wearing pyjama trousers and so, as the kiss continued, my chest was rubbing against Sam's nipples.

It was driving her wild and deeper and deeper into our kiss.

We were both moaning now.

The growing passion between us led to me lifting my left leg first onto the side of the bed and then raising my whole body up to lie beside her.

The kiss continued.

Sam now had both her arms around my neck.
My right arm was still on the pillow next to Sam's head but I pushed my hand under the pillow to her right shoulder and turned her so that she ended up on top of me.
Sam's arms remained around my neck.
The kiss continued.
Sam's breasts were now squashed into my chest.
My left hand ran down to her pyjamas and under the elastic to her bum.
I gently rubbed her cheeks.
Sam began to writhe now. Her hips were gyrating first one way and then the other.
There was no way we could maintain contact between our lips and they parted leaving us both gasping for air.
Gradually, our breathing returned to normal.
I withdrew my hand from Sam's bum and slowly eased her over onto her back again.
Sam released my head and I pushed myself over onto my back also, lying next to her.
I had my right arm around her shoulder.
Sam's head rested on my shoulder and her right arm was folded over my chest.
She bent her head upwards, looked into my face and smiled.
"I feel so safe lying here with you like this" she said.
This is what it's all been about, I thought. Sam's need to feel safe and the fact that she needed to cuddle me like this to achieve it. To cuddle me as she had when she was younger.
I found her right hand and squeezed it.
After a while, Sam said "Let's get undressed. I want to feel you even closer to me".
I hesitated. Should I do this? Hadn't I already achieved what I had set out to do in making Sam feel more secure again? Then I remembered what I had previously decided. I was going to do whatever Sam wanted and forget about what I felt was right.
If I stopped now, we might still return to the same tensions as before.
I smiled back at Sam and then sat up and pushed down my pyjamas and off.
I looked down at Sam and raised my eyebrows quizzically.
"Take them off for me" she said and smiled again.
I looked down at her and slipped my left thumb under the elastic of her pyjamas. I then very slowly pushed them down.
Sam lifted her bum as I did.

As the top of the pyjamas moved down to the top of her legs, I hesitated so that I could take in the beauty of her figure, her hips and her juicy little cunt topped by tufts of fair pubic hair.

I sighed deeply and Sam smiled again.

I now pushed her pyjamas down to her feet and Sam kicked them off.

I lay back on the bed and Sam then immediately clambered up on top of me.

She carefully positioned herself so that her cunt was directly over my prick and rested her head on my shoulder.

My prick took note but did not get too excited. I was not looking to excite the situation any further and was content to just lie and hold Sam closely.

Sam then asked me to rub her bum again so I moved my hand to the base of her spine and ran my fingers down onto her cheeks.

"Mmmmmmm" Sam sighed.

We remained like that for ages just enjoying the closeness but then Sam became a bit fidgety.

Firstly, she pushed herself up on her arms which had been resting on the bed, either side of me. This meant that her breasts were clear of my chest. She then slowly lowered herself down again until her nipples just touched me and started to wriggle her shoulders first one way and then the other which rubbed them against my skin.

As she did this, her head went up into the air and her eyes closed.

She started to breath deeply.

My prick was more interested now and grew to three quarter size under her cunt.

I opened my legs slightly to allow it more space to move.

The growing passion in both of us meant that my massaging fingers on Sam's bum tightened and I moved my right hand down there to join the left.

I held a cheek in the palm of each hand and rubbed her with my thumbs while at the same time rocking her up and down which pulled her ever closer into my now raging prick.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!!" Cried Sam and immediately lowered herself down onto my chest and wrapped her arms around my neck.

"Oh yes, daddy" Sam cried "Yes!!!!!!".

Her cunt was rubbing against my now huge prick which was desperately trying to find a way in.

"Oh God, Daddy! Fuck me now!"

I could feel that I was close and quickly turned her over onto her back, propping myself up on my arms, one either side of her head.

As I turned her, Sam raised her legs up in the air and opened them wide.

I guided my rampant prick to her opening.

We were both so wet from our precum juices that I just slipped in.

I knew that Sam was not a virgin and so eased my prick in as far as I could and started fucking her.

Sam's arms went up above her head.

My speed then increased. My prick was really hurting and I had to get it relief.

Suddenly, I felt myself starting to cum and I cried out "Ohhhhhh Sam!!!!" and thrust in ever more deeply, right up to my hilt.

My balls were slapping against her bum.

And then Sam started to cum as well.

As she did, she let out a loud wail and gripped my arms so tightly it hurt.

She wrapped her legs around my waist holding me like a vice and I felt her cunt pulsing on my prick exciting me beyond belief and forcing me into more and more ever deeper thrusts.

Our wails and cries were such that the neighbours may well have heard us but the crescendo we had reached gradually subsided into little groans of satisfaction and then it was over.

I rolled her over yet again making sure I did not slip out. My prick had not started to soften and I held her tightly trying to keep myself as deeply embedded in her as I could for as long as possible.

We lay like that for ages, saying nothing and just enjoying the closeness.

My prick eventually softened and slipped out.

Sam sighed deeply.

I left one hand on her bum and moved the other up to hold her round her shoulders.

I could feel that Sam was absolutely relaxed. She was breathing very shallowly and otherwise did not move at all.

Her head was facing away from me.

After a while, I could sense from her breathing that she had gone to sleep.

I lay there thinking. Sam had built up so much tension in her body in recent months which had all been relieved at once and she was suddenly totally exhausted.

I very, very slowly eased her over onto her back and slipped out of bed.

I covered her up, reached for my pyjamas and left the room, quietly closing the door.

Sam woke about 3 hours later and come downstairs in her pyjamas.

I was dressed and sitting at the table in the kitchen, reading a newspaper.

She stood behind me before lowering herself and gently resting her chin on my shoulder.

She then turned towards my face and kissed me on the cheek very lovingly.

Neither of us said anything.

My relationship with Sam was back to the way it had been 3 years before and that's the way it stayed.

Neither of us ever sought or even thought about any further sexual contact. However, we would often touch and loved a close cuddle.

When we looked into each other's eyes, there was a deep love and trust.

Sam's whole attitude to everything seemed to change and she looked different.

Her relationship with her mother improved dramatically and she was inundated with boys seeking dates.

Happy days again.

Note:

This is the first of my stories about stepfather/stepdaughter relationships. There will be more.

I would welcome all positive comment for or against the story and can be contacted at

georgecollins_8@hotmail.com