

TROUBLE WITH STEPDAUGHTER

2. Lucy

(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.

Lucy sat there in the easy chair opposite me, saying nothing.

She did not look at me. Very much the opposite, it was as though she was trying to make the point she didn't want to look at me.

She looked sullen.

Nothing's changed, I thought. This is the way things had been for over a year.

Her mother and I had been very happy together for 5 years but had then parted, she to her insurance man and me to live on my own. We had remained the best of friends.

Lucy was very like her mother. She was now 16 with a beautiful face and longish bushy fair hair which hung down to her neck in waves and curls.

Her complexion was like peaches and cream.

Her mouth was sensual and she tended to pout a lot. She had perfect teeth.

She had big round eyes which were bluey/grey and they sparkled when she was happy and half closed in a frown when she was not.

She was not tall being about 5'6" but had a marvellous figure.

Her developing breasts were already large but her waist was tiny. Her hips were wide and she had quite a large rounded bum and legs which were to die for. When she walked, it was a sort of graceful sway from side to side.

When her mother entered a room, it was an entrance and people stopped what they were doing or saying and looked towards her. Lucy was already starting to have the same effect.

When I had first met Lucy, she was 10.

She was a gawky sort of kid who looked a bit plump although she did have nice legs.

She had always had a lovely face but had been wearing a train track brace over her teeth which took away some of her attractiveness.

Despite this, we had got on well together. It was not that I was special. Lucy was like her mother and needed a man in her life.

After her mother and I moved in together, I really did work very hard on the daughter thing. I was attentive, took her places and bought her presents.

I complemented her on her looks and her dress sense.

If we were sitting watching TV, I would cuddle her.

Lucy responded to the way I treated her and was very loving towards me. Her smile was a delight when she was happy. Her whole face lit up.

As she grew up, her body developed wonderfully. It really was like the ugly duckling except that it was no shock. We had her mother to look at so knew how Lucy would end up.

She was chased unmercifully by boys. I really felt sorry for them because she played terribly hard to get.

If she found one she quite liked, she was always cautious and would invariably ask for my advice about them. I rather liked that.

My relationship with Lucy's mother was very happy. We both got on very well, had a wonderful sex life and hardly ever rowed. If we did, it was forgotten about within minutes.

The end came very suddenly when she suddenly announced that she was moving in with her insurance man. There was no regret or sorrow in her eyes. It was as though it were just one of those things which you did. Admittedly, she had done it twice before I met her. She just needed to move on once in a while.

I was obviously very upset but knew that it was no good trying to dissuade her. If I did, I would lose a friend as well as a wife.

And so she moved out taking Lucy with her, of course. Lucy had been 15 at the time and she took the split worse than I did. What was unfair was the fact she seemed to blame me.

My relationship with Lucy went from good to terrible in the space of the few weeks it took for her mother to sort things out with her new boyfriend and then move out. We had some terrible rows and said some really nasty things to each other. The trouble was that we were both very upset by what was happening.

Looking back later I realised that, as the adult, I had been to blame. I would normally have snuffed out any row between us and we would have both ended up laughing together. I had not been myself at the time and was not thinking straight.

The damage had been done and nothing I said afterwards seemed to make any difference.

Lucy and her mother would visit me often after they had moved out but, whereas I still got on very well with her mother, Lucy herself ignored me and with that face of hers, so full of expression, made it perfectly clear that she disapproved of me, or so I thought.

On this occasion, Lucy's mother had asked whether Lucy might stay with me for a few hours whilst she went over to the other side of London to visit her dentist.

I worked from home and so it was no problem. I guessed that Lucy would probably watch some TV.

Lucy's mother had left and there we both were sitting opposite each other.

It was probably the first time this had happened since the separation, her mother having always been present before.

I decided that I must at least try once more to mend fences between us.

The silence was getting silly and I tried a few pleasantries such as complementing her on her looks and the little mini skirt she was wearing.

It made no difference. Lucy just stared into space and said nothing.

I got up and went to the kitchen, fetching us both a drink. When I returned, I handed a glass to Lucy and she took it. There was no word of thanks.

If anything, Lucy's face was worse now than when her mother had been there. Her eyes were half closed and there was a frown on her face.

If looks could kill, I thought.

"Your face will stay like that" I said light-heartedly.

Lucy pouted at me but the frown remained.

"You look so beautiful when you pout like that" I went on.

Lucy knew that I found her pout very sexy.

The pout disappeared and her frown turned into something worse. More like a scowl.

I shook my head several times. "Oh dear, oh dear" I said.

"I don't seem to be able to work the magic like I used to".

"No!! You can't" Lucy said suddenly.

"What is it that's changed about me, Lucy?" I asked her.

Lucy didn't answer.

"Cmon" I said "Fair's fair. Tell me. How have I changed?"

Again, no answer.

I paused.

"Do you remember how we were when I first met your mother?" I said. "You would get so excited when she brought you over to this house to visit".

"You would sit on my lap and we would cuddle each other. You were such a loving little thing and we got on so well together."

Lucy looked at me at this point.

"You used to touch me" she said suddenly.

From the way she said it, there was no doubting what she meant.

I was shocked into a stunned silence momentarily.

"Where did I touch you, my love?" I asked her.

"On my legs and up around my bum" she replied.

I paused for thought.

I can honestly say that I never assaulted Lucy. Yes, we cuddled and there was sometimes a bit of horseplay with tickling under the ribs. Maybe it had led to an odd accidental touch against bare skin occasionally but never on purpose or any differently from any other parent.

As Lucy had developed, I had greatly admired her looks but I did not need her body as I had the real grown up thing in her mother.

I had loved her but as the daughter of my wife and not in any other way.

Lucy knew this and so the reason for her saying such a nasty thing was because she knew I would be hurt by it.

I was hurt but not by what she had said, rather why she felt the need to say it. I could not work out why.

My pause for thought had become quite a long time and, out of the corner of my eye, I could see Lucy trying desperately not to look at me but looking nonetheless.

No doubt she is looking for a reaction from me, I thought.

I decided that I would give her one and maybe then it would bring her out into the open more and give me some hint as to what her problem was. However, I decided that I would give her a reaction that she was not expecting.

"Did you like it when I touched you there?" I asked her.

"NO!!" Lucy almost screamed.

"Why do you still remember it then" I went on. "You never complained at the time and you always came back for more".

I laughed at this point. I hated myself for doing it and wished I had been next to her so that I could have given her a hug.

"I didn't like it" Lucy half shouted.

"So, why do you remember it?" I repeated. "Young people tend to block out their nasty memories and remember those things they liked in their childhood. I reckon you liked it"

I then chuckled again.

"I did not. I did not" Lucy half shouted again.

There was silence after that but I had a grin on my face which disagreed with her.

"I did not like it" Lucy said again but in a more normal voice.

I continued grinning at her. It was provocative and should have driven Lucy into an even bigger rage. It didn't and I was curious as to why.

Thou doth protest too much, I thought to myself and then it dawned on me.

How stupid I had been.

Suddenly, everything was clear and I knew what I must do.

I moved off the sofa and crossed over to Lucy on my knees, stopping just in front of her.

Lucy looked at me enquiringly.

"I think your memory is playing tricks on you, my darling. I think you enjoyed it."

"I didn't! I didn't!!!!" She shouted.

I ignored her and went on "We should put it to the test. I will touch your legs again and you can tell me whether you like it".

With that I rested the palms of my hands on both her legs, just above her knees.

"No!!! Daddy, stop!!" Lucy cried.

My hands now started moving up Lucy's legs and reached the hem of her miniskirt.

"No!! Daddy, you mustn't!!" Lucy cried again.

My hands kept on going, up and under her skirt to her panties, pushing up her skirt as I went.

"No!!, you mustn't!" Lucy cried again.

My fingers now slipped over her knickers to the elastic at the top and, with one swift very experienced motion, I pulled them down to her ankles and off.

"No! Daddy", Lucy cried.

I then grabbed Lucy's feet lifted them up in the air, pushing them apart as I did and sunk my mouth onto her cunt.

"Oh yes!!!!, Daddy" Lucy sighed as I quickly brought her to an orgasm.

Afterwards, I pulled her down to the carpeted floor and held her tightly giving her little kisses round her face and running my fingers through her hair.

Lucy lay relaxed in my arms looking up into my eyes.

I looked back at her longingly. "I'm sorry it took me so long to twig, my love" I whispered and I gently kissed her on the lips.

Note:

This is the second 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**