

THE NAUGHTY FAMILY CH. 01

Ahabscribe

A father's lust for his daughter gets his wife's blessing!

Incest/Taboo

4.77

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Okay, I think most of my regular readers will like this naughty family romp. What started as just a 'father lusting after his sexy daughter' story just freaking took off and before it is over, Mom will be joining in as well as big brother. This is projected to be a four part story (three parts ready to go and the fourth nearing completion), which I hope to unveil week by week over the next month or so. Its fun, its naughty...let me know what you think!

As always, this is a work of fiction and all characters in it exist solely within the confines of my imagination. Enjoy!

Part 1 - Naughty Daddy's Naughty Daughter

It was past midnight, Saturday over and Sunday beginning when I was heading up the stairs to go to bed when I'd heard noise coming from my son's room. I paused at the head of the staircase, my hand still on the railing as I considered the sound of something being bumped into or maybe dropped. I had just made my rounds, checking that the doors were all locked and the downstairs lights were out and I knew that since Scotty was four hundred miles away, finishing up graduate school and my wife was sound asleep in our bedroom, I had a pretty good idea who was messing around in his room.

Softly, I walked down the hallway and stood silently in front of the door and when my daughter tried to quietly slip out only to turn and bump into me, I managed to scare her, a shrill yip escaping her lips before she clamped a hand over her mouth to stifle herself.

My daughter, Jill, stamped a bare foot on the floor and said in a squeaky whisper, "Daddy! You scared me to death." Her dark brown eyes were wide and she managed to open them wider as she prepared to go into her "big puppy dog eyes" mode, on the off chance she was in trouble.

"Jilly, you know you're not supposed to be in your brother's room. We always taught you both to respect each other's privacy."

I could see my daughter's intelligent face working out the solution to avoid being in trouble and the sly smile creeping across her face as she went with her best weapons. My nineteen year old daughter stood up straight, allowing her large and very firm breasts to thrust out against the silky cloth of her pajamas, almost brushing my chest, knowing full well that she was offering up a very distracting view of her cleavage from between the considerably unbuttoned portion of her pajama top.

"I wasn't doing anything wrong, Daddy -- just borrowing a couple of Scotty's movies." She brought up a handful of disks quickly and then dropped her hand back down to her thigh, almost putting her hand behind her back, moving that leg forward as if to distract me -- her long and shapely leg turning outward enough to show her toned inner thigh in her pajama shorts. "Diana and I were bored and thought we'd watch some movies."

Diana was one of her best friends from all the way back to grade school and home for a week on Spring Break. Friends since they were both little, the girls had been having sleepovers at each other's home for as long as I could remember...a tradition they'd kept up even after graduation whenever the opportunity arose.

"Uh huh," I responded. "And what movies might those be?"

Jill looked down, already figuring out that she was busted, but she tried to delay by slowly brushing her long, blonde hair back, her actions exposing a bit more of her bountiful cleavage and making her firm breasts bounce enticingly. But, realizing she had no way out, she let out a long suffering sigh and handed them to me.

One was entitled "HARD COCK & YOUNG PUSSY," the cover on the DVD showing a young, dark haired woman with legs spread sitting atop a large penis and facing away from her male friend. Surrounding the pornographic image were inset shots of several young women taking cum shots to their faces, large cocks hovering over their open mouths. The other had the oxymoronic title of "MATURE DYKES WHO LOVE COCK!" illustrated by a redheaded woman having her pussy licked by a older ash-blonde haired woman who was lying on her side, left leg lifted high while a young, heavily muscled man buried his cock inside her shaved pussy.

"Really, Jilly...porn?" I managed to say with a steady, even voice, trying to pretend my own cock wasn't twitching to life under my old, flannel robe. "You and Diane are raiding your brother's porn stash?"

My daughter looked at me a little coyly and shrugged her shoulders, making the exposed portion of her breasts bounce slightly which in turn made my cock twitch more than slightly. "What can I tell you, Daddy? Diana and I are just sorta bored and we're both a bit horny and well..." She grinned at me evilly and again shrugged her shoulders, again making those pert breasts of hers bounce.

I let out a long suffering sigh and handed the DVDs back to her and said, "Make sure your mother doesn't find them and put them back where you found them, Jilly."

Jill giggled and then impulsively rising up on her toes, kissed me on the cheek, her young, lush body rubbing up against me, making my cock stand up and take notice. "Thanks, Daddy!" she giggled and I wondered if she could feel the rising tent under my robe.

She scooted around me and bounced enticingly back towards her room as I turned and watched, not for the first time taking in the sexy vixen that was my daughter. Jill or Jilly as I had called her since she was little, stood five feet, seven inches tall. She was tall and curvy with a lovely, impish face framed by long blonde hair that hung down halfway down her back. She had big, firm breasts - - 38D according to the various lacy bras I often found in the wash. She had long, toned legs, muscles firmed up by years on the soccer team. She was beautiful and sexy and I had been having impure thoughts about her since she'd hit puberty.

Once she closed her door behind her, pausing just long enough to give me a sexy wink that would cause most men to cum in their pants, I headed towards the master bedroom where my wife Sandra was sleeping. The image of my lovely daughter and her friend watching hard core porn halted me in my steps. Diana was a black haired version of my daughter with larger, more pillow-like breasts and I recalled many delightful moments at my daughter's soccer games watching her run up and down the field, Diana's sports bra doing little to mask the stunning vision of her breasts bouncing up and down.

I turned around and went back downstairs, making my way to the small bar in my den and having a couple of fingers of the good single malt scotch as I contemplated my perverted thoughts. I sometimes wondered how much my daughter knew of my attraction to her -- that as she had blossomed into a shapely and sexy young woman, I was nearly helpless in trying to take my eyes off of her.

Certainly, she knew she had her father wrapped around her little finger. She always had, after all, she was my sweet Jilly, my little girl whose happiness was paramount to my own. By her late teens, she knew she could get what she wanted from me by acting flirtatiously coy, wearing her skimpy outfits -- short shorts, halter tops, bandana tops, and when all else failed, brushing up against me as she nibbled on her thumb. By then, I was usually a sweaty, cock-throbbing mess, unable to refuse all but her most outrageous requests.

Fortunately for me, I was married to the most understanding woman in the world. Sandra, a raven-haired beauty, much more zaftig than her daughter with brilliant green eyes made even sexier by the cat's eye glasses she'd been wearing since we met in college. She was the sensible parent that slapped down Jilly's more extreme requests and while recognizing my lusty attitudes towards our daughter, she had never objected knowing that she would be the chief beneficiary of my incestuous thoughts.

Sandra and I had married right out of college with our son Scotty already growing inside my wife's womb. Jilly had come along four years later and we could have been spokespersons for the modern happy nuclear family. By the time Scotty was finishing high school and Jilly hit puberty, we were still happy, but our marriage -- especially our love life was a little stale. I had some health issues at the time and had difficulty sometimes even getting it up. Then Jilly went from sweet little girl to sexy Lolita seemingly overnight and one afternoon after watching her waltz nonchalantly through the house in a bikini that should have been illegal for anyone her age to wear, I found myself sporting harder wood than I'd had in several years.

I went caveman on Sandra and had practically dragged her upstairs where I fucked her harder than I had since we were still in our twenties. Afterwards, while Sandra tried to catch her breath, her legs spread wide, her thick labia spread wide below her neatly trimmed black bush, she had asked me in an appreciative voice, "What the hell got into you, John?"

I was sitting up in bed, gazing down at my wife, enjoying the sexy view of her meaty breasts rolling as she gasped for breath. I started to make something up, but I had never been good at lying to her and while I tried to think of something, the image of my daughter, coltish legs and newly budding breasts, scarcely concealed by a tiny, pink and white polka-dotted bikini came into my mind and for the second time in an hour I had an erection any teenage boy would have been proud of.

I didn't answer my wife's question, but instead climbed back between her solid thighs and fucked her again. It was a wild and animalistic fuck -- both of us biting and clawing at each other, Sandra eventually winding up on top, riding me as the sweat poured off her body and her pendulous breasts flying about as a carnal lust swept us away that at age thirty-nine, we hadn't felt in a long time. It ended with me on top again, thrusting my cock deep into my wife's pussy like a man gone insane.

We'd slept and then I'd awoken to Sandra giving me head, her tongue cleaning my cock of her pussy cream and sperm, her head bobbing slowly up and down between my legs. I still hadn't answered her question, but she had been studying on it and suddenly she lifted her head and glared at me. Her hand wrapped around my limp penis, my wife said with utter certainty, "Jill got

you turned on, didn't she? You saw her in that slutty little bikini I told her not to wear and she made your cock hard as a rock...your own daughter, John."

I wasn't sure what to say, but my lust and my cock betrayed me as the very recollection of my daughter made my penis begin to swell. Sandra looked at me with a stern, disapproving look for a moment, then a grin broke out on her face. "John, you fucking pervert. Jill's put new life in your dick, hasn't she?" My wife began stroking my growing cock as she continued talking. "Those growing titties of hers and those long legs get you excited and I bet you damn near cum just thinking about what's between those pretty legs, don't you...Daddy?"

I groaned and nodded as I gasped, "Yes, fuck it. Yes. I'm sorry, honey. It just happened. I didn't even plan it. I saw her...I saw Jilly and well..."

My wife laughed and said, "I don't care, John." She gave my now erect cock another long and loving lick. Still keeping a tight grip on my cock, she began crawling on top of me, her free hand taking hold of my chin as she hovered over me, lowering her head until our lips were almost brushing and we could see our reflections in each other's eyes. In a voice choked with lust, my wife again repeated, "I don't care, John. You've fucked me like you haven't since we were kids and I love it. Peek at our daughter all you want so long as this big, hard cock winds up in me at night!"

And that's what had happened. The last six years had been the best sexually of our twenty-three years of marriage. If our daughter was at home, more likely than not, Sandra and I were having hot sex -- not always inspired by Jilly, my wife having her own charms, but more than enough times that Sandra had swallowed her dislike of many of our daughter's more provocative outfits, knowing that even if I got only a quick glimpse of Jill scantily dressed, I was likely to reward my wife with at least one hard, impassioned fuck.

In the utter stillness of the early morning hour, I heard a door above me open and close, then the toilet flush and then a little giggle as my daughter or her friend made their way back from the bathroom. I finished the last of my scotch and made my way back upstairs. As I started down the hall, I paused in the just used bathroom and flicked out the light switch that had been left on...a penny saved is a penny earned. In the now darkened hall, a minute strip of light shone from my daughter's not quite closed bedroom door.

I stood in the middle of the hallway and just listened. Girlish whispers and faint music came through the sliver of open door. Quietly in my socked feet, I found myself drawn towards that light...almost dragged to it, my semi-erect cock leading the way. As silent as a ghost, I eased up to the door and peered inside.

I felt my cock go to full erection with even a spurt of pre-cum as I spied my daughter and her friend Diana sitting up against the old oak headboard of Jilly's bed. Jilly had lost her pajama top and her large, firm breasts, still easily resisting the forces of gravity were perfectly visible, full and round, capped by dark and reddish puffy aureoles with thick nipples that eerily resembled her mother's. Diana was wearing a modest baby-doll negligee, white and opaque, but spread wide, almost off her shoulders, revealing her huge tits that were slung lower on her chest, two inch long nipples the size of dimes jutting out of aureoles more pinkish than Jilly's red ones.

I stifled a moan as I watched them both rubbing their crotches -- Jilly rubbing her pussy through her pajama bottoms while Diana worked fingers over a large wet spot in the white panties that matched her negligee. Both were avidly watching a television somewhere beyond my view. The

sounds of wet fucking and women's moans mixed with gasps and comments from my daughter and her friend.

"Fuck it, look at the size of that cock!" moaned Jilly. "He's so big, he can barely get it inside her cunt!" My daughter's hand was rubbing her crotch roughly.

"What about that hot bitch's tongue," gasped Diana. "Look how long it is and what it's doing to the redhead's pussy. Look how she makes her cum -- she's practically spraying pussy juice. Look how wet that bitch's face is. Fuck, I'd love to lick all that pussy juice off her face!"

Jilly giggled and stuck her tongue out at her friend. "Yeah, I thought that slitlicker reminded me of someone. Me, I wanna big old cock fucking me is what I want right now."

Diana floored me by suddenly getting into my daughter's face, her mouth swallowed Jilly's tongue and the two kissed for a moment. When the kiss broke, Diana kissed her way down towards Jill's swollen nipples, saying, "I want cock too. I want a big dick fucking me while I lick your little pussy."

Jill purred as Diana's tongue danced around her thick, blood engorged nub and began to wiggle out of her pajama shorts. "Mmmmm, maybe I should go wake up Daddy and have him dick you while you eat me, sweetie!"

My daughter's friend giggled as she slithered down on the bed further, helping Jilly drag her pajama bottoms off and flinging them away, almost hitting the barely open door I was peeking through. "You'd like that, wouldn't you, Jill. See your daddy's big dick pumping me, warming up on my pussy before he fucked you with it!" She slid a hand through my daughter's suddenly naked pussy, clean shaven and her long pussy lips blossoming, revealing her sweet pink and very wet cunt meat.

Jilly gasped as Diana slipped a finger inside her. "Fuck, girlfriend. You are a kinky bitch!"

Diana leaned in and flicked her tongue over my daughter's wet pussy. "I'm kinky? Fuck, I've seen how your father looks at you. I've seen the big tent in his pants after you play the cock teaser with Daddy. He wants to fuck your brains out and you, you slut, you're getting wetter the more I talk about your Daddy putting his cock inside your sweet pussy!"

My daughter's legs flew upwards as her face screwed up in ecstatic delight while Diana began to lick Jilly's cunt with a passion. She wormed two fingers into Jilly's pussy hole, twisting and turning them as her tongue fluttered over her dripping wet flesh. "Oh yeah, you'd like to fuck your Daddy, wouldn't you, bitch?" teased Diana. "Bet he's got a hard cock...thick and long and it's always hard for his sweet Jilly!"

Jilly's body jerked and convulsed, her fingers furiously pinching her nipples as her life long best friend lapped at her pussy. "Yessssss," my daughter hissed. "I want to fuck Daddy. I want him to make me scream like he makes Mom scream!"

My head was spinning and I had to reach out to the wall to keep from toppling over. I suddenly realized my robe was undone and my cock was jutting out between the fly of my pajamas and I was nearly ready to cum as my hand stroked it feverishly. I took one last look at my daughter and her friend, the image of her squirming body writhing under the assault of Diana's writhing tongue and now three fingers stirring inside her tight pussy to be forever burned into my memory. Frantically, she reached out and grabbed a stuffed teddy bear I'd won her at a county fair years ago and pressed it against her mouth to muffle her cries of pleasure.

I staggered away, the need to cum insistent and I made my way to the bedroom where my wife was buried under the covers, snoring steadily. I switched on a low wattage lamp on my side of the bed and climbed into bed, walking on my knees to the center, tugging on the heavy quilt and sliding it off my wife's sleeping form.

She mewled unhappily in her slumber, reaching for the covers, but I held them fast as I reached out and stroked her shoulder. "Sandra...baby, lets make love," I said softly, gently shaking her shoulder.

"Mnnnnnggggg...I'm sleeping, John," she moaned, still mostly asleep, her hand flailing at the air as if to push me away.

I bent down and kissed my way up her arm, over her shoulder and into the hollow of her neck which I knew she liked to have kissed and nuzzled. My cock, dripping cum, poked her in the back, the head smearing semen lightly over her fair skin as I hissed into her ear, "Wake up, darling. I need you." She again moaned in protestation as I ran a hand up under her nightgown and caressed her breast, urging her nipple to harden.

When I teased the shell of her ear with my tongue, she shivered at my wet, tickling appendage and with a wordless wail, spun around in bed, snapping, "Dammit, John. I was sound asleep..." When my erection slapped her in the face, she stopped talking and let her eyes get focused in the dim light of the bedside lamp. I shrugged off my robe as she assessed the situation and wiped the sleep from her eyes before reaching out and wrapping her fingers around my cock. "Someone's horny," she said, resignation heavy in her voice, but also with a tinge of amusement and mischief.

Sandra slowly stroked my cock and said, "Hmmmmmm," as sperm slowly leaked out the tip of my penis. "Somebody's ready to pop!" She narrowed her gaze and said in a mock scolding voice, "What did Jilly do to you to get you in this state?" Her breath was warm on my cock -- her lips so close and yet so far away.

I groaned and thrust forward a little, aching to get my cock into her mouth. "She, Diana, Scotty's porn, Omigod!" I stammered.

My words didn't produce comprehension on my wife's face, but she did have an understanding of my situation and smiled and said, "You naughty daddy," before opening her lips wide and engulfing my cock. Her eyes stayed fixed on my face, communicating her amusement and love as she quickly set about trying to relieve my aching cock, her tongue dancing merrily over my cock, touching and probing with longtime knowledge of my sensitive spots as she slowly slid her lips down my shaft, taking me deep in her throat, my pubic hairs tickling her nose before she reversed direction and sucking steadily, dragged her lips the opposite way, her tongue washing over my shaft as she moved.

It only took a minute in my heightened state of arousal before I moaned, "I'm cumming, Sandra!" My wonderful wife, mumbled a reply in the positive, her hand cupping my testicles as she tightened her lips around my cock, holding the head of my cock in her mouth and sucking me harder while her tongue rubbed itself roughly around the crown until with a loud moan I began to shoot hot semen into her mouth.

Sandra made some nearly obscene gurgling sounds that spurred me on as she drank my sperm, sucking me as she gently caressed my balls, milking me for my seed that she drank like it was fine wine. I came hard and for a moment I thought my heart might give out as it felt like I would never stop shooting semen, the world graying around me and centering all existence around my wife's fantastic mouth.

Then I was flat on my back, sweat covering my body as Sandra curled up beside me and got the entire story of the late night's naughtiness from me. When I had told her everything, she leaned up and kissed me with semen smeared lips and then took my semi-erect cock in her hand, not stroking it, but holding it like it was a fragile and precious item.

"So, not just getting the sneaky looks in now and then, huh, you pervert?" she said in a teasing voice. "My husband is turning into a peeping tom and caught our daughter having a nasty lesbian fuck, huh?"

Sandra didn't seem all that shocked and I wheezed, "You mean you knew that Jilly and Diana were....?"

"Pussy lickers?" Sandra responded. "While you just like watching our sexy daughter, I actually keep an eye on what's she's doing." She paused and said, "I caught them making out a long time ago when you first installed the hot tub on the deck." She let go of my twitching cock for a moment and patted me on my stomach. "Don't despair though, as you might have guessed from her naughty talk, our daughter likes boys too, so maybe you have a chance yet."

Her teasing words made my cock jerk as it began to revive. Still, I had to defend myself. "Sandra, you know I would never...I look and I fantasize, but I would never betray you." I paused for a moment. "I would never fuck our daughter, Sandra." I said with as much force as I could muster and not sound stupid.

Sandra rose up on her elbow to look down at me, smiling mysteriously. "I know you're an honorable man, John, but this crush on your daughter has just been getting bigger as the years go by and now that you know she has fantasies about you too, I know the temptation is going to be greater."

I started to protest, but Sandra put fingers against my lips and said, "Now honey, you know I'm right about this and if your yearning to make your dreams about Jilly come true are growing stronger, I know her desires are growing too."

I felt my heart do some odd things as my cock grew harder while I said, "How do you know this?"

Sandra rolled her eyes. "It's pretty obvious, idiot. She watches you like you watch her -- always pushing the limit on what she's wearing to see how much she turns you on and when she and I are alone, lately her questions about you and us make the Kinsey report look like Weekly Reader." She grinned and said in a voice that a dead on approximation of Jilly's, "Do you and Daddy have sex a lot, Mom? Is Daddy good in the sack, Mom? What is he doing to you that makes you scream so loud some nights, Mom? Is Daddy's cock big, Mom? How big, Mom? What's his favorite position, Mom?"

My wife laughed as I lay there all agog, my mouth hanging open in shock. "She thinks she's being so sophisticated and adult, just two grown women talking about sex and I can smell her arousal the whole time, squirming in her chair like she's a little girl who needs to go to the bathroom while not wanting to miss her favorite Brady Bunch episode."

Sandra rested her head on my chest, looking up at me lovingly while her hand returned to stroke my returned erection. "If you don't make the first move soon, John, I guarantee Jilly will." She gave me a little smirk. "And when have you ever been able to refuse your daughter anything anyway?"

I opened my mouth to protest and then closed it. "You are my wife, Sandra. I will not cheat on you with our daughter."

Sandra grinned and said, "It's not cheating if I give you my blessing." She rose up again and leaned down to kiss me. "I love you, John and I know you'd do everything in your power to remain faithful, but...that's Jilly we're talking about and I know her and you. If you two can't help yourselves, then do it with my blessing. I have just two conditions."

As I tried to comprehend my wife's words giving me permission to have an affair with my daughter, it took me several seconds to process her last words. I took a deep breath, trying to clear my head to fully understand what she was telling me. "Two conditions?" I asked.

Sandra nodded and said, "Two, John. First, this cock," and she gave it a light squeeze for emphasis, "Is in our bed at the end of every single night. You have my blessing to fuck our daughter, but in the end, you are still my husband and I love you and I'm not giving you up."

I nodded, smiling up at my wife and raising up to kiss her after saying, "Yes, my wife."

"Second," Sandra's voice grew cold and deadly. "If you hurt our baby girl, I'll cut your cock off and feed it to you!" I shivered as I heard the absolute truth in her words. Sandra's heritage including some very passionate Sicilians complete with legends and stories of vengeance and vendettas in the old country that made me remember not for the first time to not piss my wife off.

"Yes, my wife," I repeated. A long silence followed as she continued to masturbate me and we stared into each other's eyes. In her face I saw love and amusement and speculations of wondrous things to come. Finally, I said, "She really asks about our sex life?"

Sandra nodded and resumed her imitation of Jilly's voice. "Does Daddy like blowjobs, Mom? Does Daddy go down on you, Mom? What's his favorite position, Mom? What position do you like Daddy to fuck you in, Mom?" My wife's eyes sparkled with sudden mischief and she sat up and turned over, now on her hands and knees. She glanced down at me, wiggling her butt as she continued in Jilly's voice. "Do you think Daddy wants to fuck me, Mom? Like you think he might just fuck me doggy style right now, Mom?"

I was up and kneeling behind her before I even knew I was going to do it. My hand spread my wife's voluptuous ass cheeks, revealing her wet and swollen labia, juices glittering on her trimmed bush. In our daughter's voice, Sandra cried out, "Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck your baby girl hard!"

She gave a loud squeal, not unlike the squeals Jilly had been making under the assault of Diana's tongue, when I roughly rammed my cock into her pussy, my hands sliding around her waist and under and up to her breasts, getting great handfuls of titflesh and using my grip for leverage as I began to fuck my wife hard.

Sandra's pussy was as hot as I had ever known, a swampy, fiery morass of lusty flesh, dripping with burning juices -- her cunt walls parting easily as I hammered my cock home, fucking her hard as she continued to cry out in a strained form of Jilly's voice, "Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck me, Daddy! Give me that big Daddy cock -- give it to me hard!"

Like we had the first time we'd fucked inspired by my lust for our daughter, Sandra and I fucked with abandon -- unleashing all our passions as I thrust my cock into her again and again, her meaty hips coming to meet my cock, our bodies slapping wetly and loudly together as my cock sank deep into my wife's womb with my daughter's voice coming from my wife's mouth, demanding that I,

"Fuck me, Daddy! Make me cum on your cock, Daddy. Give me all that good Daddy sperm and make me scream, Daddy!"

It was a loud, sweaty, nasty fuck and Sandra and I gloried in it until finally we both came together, she screaming loudly, "CUM, CUM, CUMMMING, DADDY! OH YES, FUCK ME GOOD DADDY, CUM IN ME DADDY, GIVE ME YOUR SPUNK. FUCK ME, DADDY!" This last coming in a shrill, heartfelt scream from my wife before she collapsed back onto the bed, her pussy wrapped tightly around my dick, pulling me down on top of her as her quivering, massaging cock milked the last of my seed from me.

As we both panted for breath and fought vainly against the sleep encroaching on us, Sandra giggled and said, "Guess this gives our daughter something to think about just like her little show gave you. It serves the little horny minx right."

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I woke up late, surprised when I glanced at the alarm clock on the bedside table and saw that it was already ten in the morning. I sat up, swinging my legs over the side and stretched, feeling that good muscular ache that comes after a good night's sex. Then I noticed the folded sheet of paper propped up next to the alarm clock. I picked it up and after rubbing my eyes, managed to focus on my wife's tight, neat script.

Darling John,

Wow! That was some sweet fucking you gave me last night! I had hoped to wake you up with some more naughty fun, but the hospital called -- Debbie has the flu and they need me to work. Be home around 7:00 -- try not to misbehave with Jilly too much, you dirty pervert!

Love,

Sandra

Sandra was a nursing supervisor for the ICU at a local hospital and often had to fill in for Debbie who had a bit of a drinking problem that resulted in bouts of "flu." I sighed, disappointed that we'd lost a chance for what my wife referred to as "naughty fun." Then I shivered as I realized I was alone in the house with my flirty daughter. I wondered if Diana was still here as well. My cock twitched as I recalled Jilly and her best friend engaged in lesbian sex last night -- Diana's tongue exploring my daughter's pussy as she confessed to wanting to fuck her daddy...to fuck me.

I found some pajama pants and a T-shirt and left the bedroom. Passing by Jilly's room, I felt a little disappointed to find the door open and the bed made, the girls nowhere in sight. I headed downstairs, a little heartened to hear noises coming from the kitchen and the smell of...waffles?

I came through the swinging doors of the kitchen to find Jilly alone, standing at the counter next to an electronic waffle maker -- a bowl of batter on one side and two stacks of waffles on the other. The food, as good as it smelled, couldn't compete for my attention as I let my eyes roam appreciatively over Jilly's fine body.

My daughter was wearing a pair of raggedy blue jean shorts, holes gaping on the curve of her rounded butt, giving me peeks of her pale and flawless skin. The jean shorts were cut extremely short, the lower halves of her ass cheeks peeking out and drawing attention to her exposed and shapely legs. She was wearing a too tight T-shirt that was also cut off, exposing her flat belly and

revealing how low those blue jean shorts rode on her. She had her hair pulled back into a long ponytail.

She looked over her shoulder at me and gave me a smile that had my cock swelling. "Daddy! Good morning! I thought I was going to have to come upstairs and wake you." She gave me a quick wink as if to hint at how she might have waken me up and my cock continued to thicken as she said, "Breakfast is ready." She put the last of the waffles on a plate and then brought them over to the kitchen table. "Is my daddy hungry?" she purred seductively as she gestured for me to sit down.

Actually I was. There's nothing like a great night of sex for the appetite. The next few minutes were busy with adding butter and syrup to what turned out to be pretty good homemade waffles. Jilly had added blueberries and pecans to her batter and the results were delicious. Even better was watching my daughter eating them as she somehow made slipping a fork full of waffles between her lips a sensual experience and her little moans and sighs of satisfaction would have hardened the cock of a man three days dead and buried.

"Those were good, Jilly," I said, amazed at how fast I had cleaned my plate.

Jilly smiled at me as she stirred her finger around in the remains of the syrup on her plate and said, "Finger licking good, Daddy?" before she slowly sucked her finger clean, moving her finger back and forth through her pursed lips, her eyes gleaming with naughtiness.

I licked my lips and replied, "Absolutely," in a voice that sounded hoarser than I would have liked. A long minute of silence followed before it occurred to me that we were alone. "So, where is Diana?" I asked.

Jilly sighed and said, "Had to leave early. Her mom was driving her back to school today."

"Well, I'm glad you two had a chance to visit. I suppose you had a good time last night?" I felt my cock throb as I recalled again how good a time Jilly and her best friend had had last night. I decided to be a bit flirty myself and said, "With your brother's porn?"

Jilly smiled and repeated her naughty finger licking with another syrupy sticky finger before she said, "Oh yeah, we had fun." She grinned and added, "And from the sound of things, you and Mom were having some serious fun too!"

I felt my skin redden as I replied, "You guys heard us?"

Jilly rolled her eyes and with a smirk, said, "Daddy, the people living on the next block heard you guys. You've always been noisy fuckers, but really!" She laughed at what I am sure was a stunned expression and winked at me after adding, "But it sounds like Mom was really enjoying herself. I'm surprised she was able to get up and go to work this morning."

I tried to find my disapproving father voice as I said, "Jilly, mind your manners," but it came out a bit squeaky and my daughter just laughed at me.

As she began to clean up the table, carrying the dirty dishes to the sink, swinging her butt like she knew I was watching, I tried to change the subject slightly. "So did you put your brother's porn movies back where you got them? You know how he gets when people get into his stuff." The truth was that Scotty got wigged out big time. He had a mild neurological disorder -- a very minimal form of Asberger's Syndrome. He is very bright, but very ordered and he absolutely hated anyone touching or moving his stuff and even after nine months away at school, he would notice.

Jilly did a sort of flouncing motion with her body that conveyed her annoyance with my question and looking back over her shoulder at me as she washed up the dishes, said, "Daddy, yes I put his stupid porno back in its hidey-hole...God!"

"You know, if you want to watch that stuff, you should maybe go and get your own. Maybe get something more to your taste."

My daughter turned and looked at me oddly, my cock throbbing at the sight of her soap suds covered hands. "More to my taste, Daddy?" she asked.

I shrugged and said, "Well, I noticed his stuff runs to the really hard core, nasty looking stuff. They make porn films that are more in tune with...um, feminine tastes. More romantic, softer -- not so in your face."

Jilly had an expression of amusement that made me almost feel embarrassed as if I said something really stupid. "Softer, more romantic?" she said in a mocking voice. "Well, Daddy, maybe I like all that nasty, hard core fucking type of video." She grinned as she said, "Did you even think about that? Maybe your little girl likes to see big ol' nasty cocks and pussies full of cum!" She licked her lips and looked at me as I squirmed in my seat, turned on yet embarrassed under her amused stare.

Finally, I mumbled, "Well, if that's what you like...fine, but still, maybe to keep everyone happy, you should get your own."

My daughter rolled her eyes again, "Yeah, sure! I'm sure Mom will be fine when she sees I've ordered porn on line using your credit card!"

I laughed at the thought. That tolerant, Sandra wasn't. "Well, there's always the adult bookstores in the city, there must be a dozen on Washington Avenue alone."

Jilly laughed and rolled her eyes again. "Oh yeah, little ol' me going down there by myself to pick up some porn movies amongst all those perverts. No one would see my pretty ass again!"

"Well, I'd be happy to take you, Jilly," I said before I even realized the words were out of my mouth. I covered up my surprise at myself even as I enjoyed seeing the rare shocked expression on my daughter's face.

She stared at me for a long minute, trying to process what I'd said. Finally she said in a subdued voice, "You'd really take me to an adult bookstore, Daddy?"

I nodded and replied, "Sure, I'd be happy too if you wanted."

Jilly's eyes widened in surprise and there was a sense of urgency in her voice as she almost hissed, "When?"

I felt my heart beating faster as I heard myself say, "We could go today, Jilly. It's a pretty day for a drive into the city. I'll take you to lunch and we can make a day of it."

Again, my words seemed to shock her, something I'd not done twice in one day in years. Speaking just above a whisper, my daughter said, "Really?"

Feeling brave all of a sudden, I stood up, well aware that my Jilly could see the tent in my pants. I replied, "Really, hon. Go get dressed and we'll leave at noon."

A huge, disbelieving smile broke out on my daughter's face and she giggled, "Omigod!" and bolted for the kitchen door. I was wearing a silly grin myself as I heard her tromping up the stairs. Enjoying for the moment that I actually seemed to have the upper hand even though I wondered what I was getting into, I followed her up the stairs and retreating to the bedroom, took a quick shower and then dressed in a pair of good khaki slacks and a polo shirt.

I made a quick call to the hospital and got connected to my wife. "Hi, honey," she said in a bit of a rushed tone. "What's up?"

I hesitated and then said, "I just thought I'd let you know, Jilly and I are going into the city for the day. I thought I'd take her out to lunch, maybe do a little shopping."

There was a slight pause at the other end and then I could hear my wife's sly smile in her voice as she said, "Really? This a daddy-daughter outing or a date?"

I laughed and said, "I guess we'll just have to wait and see."

Sandra made a real interesting noise, like a cat purring contentedly as it was being stroked. She started to reply, but I heard a sudden flurry of electronic beeps go off in the background and she said, "Damn, I got to go, John. You guys have fun...well, maybe not too much fun. Can't wait to hear about your day. See you tonight!" The line went dead and I took a deep breath and headed for the stairs. As I passed Jilly's room, I could hear her moving about and I shouted, "Honey, I'll be outside. It's such a pretty day, I thought we might take the 'Vette."

There was a pause and then Jilly called out, "Yay! See you in a minute, Daddy!"

I headed on down and out to the garage, pulling the tarp off my inheritance. My father had not been a rich man, but he had left me the only thing he'd considered nearly priceless -- his '63 Corvette, Lime Green with white strips and finish. It was my baby -- usually reserved for outings with Sandra, but today it just seemed right for my day with my daughter.

I pulled the top down and fired it up, feeling the power from the engine vibrating through my body and I eased it out of the garage and up the driveway to sit in front of the house. I no sooner climbed back out than Jilly emerged from the house and I had to lean back against my car as she took my breath away.

Jilly was wearing a white, flowery summer dress with a shell top that left her shoulders completely bare. It clung to her body like a second skin, ending scant inches from her crotch, swirling teasingly about her thighs, promising possible glimpses of heavenly sights. The swells of her upper breasts rode equally entrancingly on the neckline, offering the possibilities of more glories to be seen. Her blonde hair hung down her back, making her look younger than she was in contrast to the lush shape of her mature body. I knew from years of being married that she was wearing makeup, but much like her mother, Jilly had perfected the art of not looking made up.

"How do I look, Daddy?" she asked, twirling about, making the hem of her dress rise up, showing off bare ass cheeks and the flash of g-string panties.

"You take my breath away, Jilly," I said huskily. "You are a beautiful woman."

The drive into the city was a bit tough for me. With the top down, Jilly's long blonde hair swirled about wildly, giving her a very sensuous look improved by the fluttering of the hem of her dress,

the wind pushing it up her thighs, offering splendid peeks at her panty covered mound -- the white silk molding itself to her mound, clinging more wetly with each passing glimpse.

The roar of the wind kept us from having too much conversation, but a lot can be said with one's eyes and my daughter seemed to proudly preen under my admiring glances at her, finally reaching out to hold my hand when I wasn't shifting gears, pointedly glancing down at the ever prominent bulge in my crotch as my not so little girl's sexuality kept my cock hard and throbbing.

Once we were in the city, angling towards the downtown region, we were able to talk. "Jilly, what would you like to do first? Go shop for some dirty movies or have lunch?" I asked.

Brushing hair back from her face, brushing the long strands away from the exposed portions of her breasts, Jilly turned to me and said breathlessly, "Let's go to one of the adult bookstores, Daddy and see what kind of naughty things we can get."

I nodded and tried to calm my wildly beating heart as we turned onto Washington Avenue and began passing the adult businesses. Decades ago, it had been mostly a warehouse district, but now it was home to most of the city's more risqué businesses. There were several strip clubs or Gentleman's clubs as they preferred to be called. Adult bookstores selling magazines, toys and videos came in all sorts of sizes, but I pointed us towards one of the larger ones that Sandra and I had visited a few times over the years, "The All-American Adult Bookstore," which sported dozens of American Flags and a under the huge sign on the roof, under the business name were the words, "Celebrating our 1st Amendment!"

I pulled into the large parking lot -- maybe a dozen other cars already there and turned the engine off. I looked over to Jilly who was sitting there with a funny look on her face, her breasts heaving heavily as she was breathing pretty hard. "You ready to go in, darling or are you having second thoughts?"

My daughter turned to me and grinned. "My daddy's taking me to a dirty bookstore...hell yeah, I'm ready!" I got out and went around to open her door. My vixen of a daughter, turned and lifted her legs out of the car, spreading them as she did so and exposing her crotch to me -- every bit of her labia visible as the now soaking wet silk material of her panties clung tightly to her pussy. Jilly made sure I got a real good glimpse before she took my offered hand and climbed out of the car.

She stepped up into me, her lithe, shapely body pressing into mine as she said, "I am so excited about this, Daddy. I'm about to wet my panties!" She gave me a kiss on the corner of my mouth, her dark brown eyes dancing with excitement.

I tried to give tit for tat as I said in what I hoped was a rye voice, "Well, judging from what I could see, you already have!"

I was gratified to see the surprise in her face at my comment, but she recovered well, slipping her arm through mine and saying, "Shall we?"

Arm in arm, we strolled through the doors of the bookstore, immediately attracting the attention of everyone in the establishment when the sensors bonged, announcing our arrival. I saw a mixture of expressions of both lust and envy among the store's visitors and workers -- lust over the nubile beauty on my arm and envy that she was obviously with me.

Jilly was wide-eyed with wonder as she took in the sheer massiveness and quantity of adult material all about us. The shelves holding the DVDs were arranged in a strange labyrinth that took some

time to navigate and I was charmed and amused as my daughter gave little gasps or giggles as she saw sections of dirty movies she had never imagined.

We wandered through the DVD section for several minutes and then passed on into the magazine aisles, both of us very much aware of the discreet and not so discreet glances we kept getting from other customers. A rough looking man with tattoos running down both arms and on his neck in jeans and shit-kicker boots licked his lips as he undressed my daughter with his eyes. The woman he was with, maybe my age or a little younger and wearing tight jeans and a halter top that was maybe two sizes too small for her breasts was doing the same.

A young man perusing a rotating book rack of old Greenleaf porno novels, stopped and studied us, smiling gently and nodding to me as we passed him by. An older man, his balding head covered by an old fishing cap, stared at Jilly unashamedly, licking his lips as his eyes crawled up and down her sexy body.

From the magazine section, we wandered through the "toy" section with Jilly stopping now and again to pick up something and examine it carefully. A package of metal balls, like huge marbles triggered a puzzled look from my daughter and she said softly, "Daddy?"

I chuckled and could barely believe I was having this conversation as I replied, "Ben-Wa Balls, darling. You um, put them in your pussy and leave them there as you walk around all day. Supposedly it will make you have little orgasms all day long."

Jilly's eyes grew wide and she said, "Wow!" as she sat them back down and continued to explore.

She took a package off a rack that said simply, "Anal Plug," and again arched her eyebrows. I shrugged my shoulders and said, "Can get them in plain or vibrating varieties," making my daughter laugh like a school girl with the giggles. I noticed her nipples, hard since she'd emerged from the house had actually seemed to swell.

My daughter oohed and ahed as we examined the huge wall display of dildos and vibrators. I pointed to a slender, smooth surfaced vibrator, the color and shape of a carrot. "Your mother's favorite," I said. "She's gone through three of those in the last fifteen years." I enjoyed watching Jilly's mouth drop open in surprise again. It actually felt good throwing her off balance.

It felt nasty and exciting to watch my daughter pick up various dildos and vibrators, seeing her handle the fake cocks was surprisingly arousing. She was all agog at so many shapes and sizes, some unbelievable long and others incredibly thick. One was labeled "Holmes," and when she again asked for clarification by murmuring, "Daddy?" I smiled and told her I'd explain when we returned to the movie section. I struggled with the urge to simply cum in my pants as she stroked the long and massive rubber dong, her eyes wide with wonder.

Eventually, we again made our way back to the DVD section, Jilly now studying movie titles with an intensity I wished she had when studying for tests. As she examined a series of amateur lesbian videos, I looked about and noticed that a quartet of young women had entered the establishment from a door that said "Restricted." They had split apart and were slowly winding their way around the store, pausing here and there to converse with the customers.

While we were in the "Classics" aisle of the DVD section and I was showing Jilly the cover of a DVD entitled, "The Best of John Holmes," one of the young women, a statuesque bleach blonde with a head of tightly curled hair approached us -- wearing a wife-beater T-shirt and cut off jean shorts. The shirt did little to hide her large breasts, the tops and sides flowing out of the thin T-shirt.

Smiling at me, she asked, "Would you and your friend care for a dance?" Her eyes were a light yet striking blue.

Jilly looked back and forth from the young woman to me, her eyes wide with surprise as I said, "No thanks, but I appreciate you asking."

The woman glanced at us both and smiled again. "Well, maybe later." I nodded and she moved on, setting her sights on a middle aged guy with glasses examining movies on the MILF aisle.

As we watched her move away, her very full butt cheeks swaying sexily above full, long legs that ended in three inch heels, Jilly reached out and squeezed my arm and said in a near whisper, "What was that about, Daddy?"

"Well, sweetheart, you can pay that young lady or one of the other girls working here," I nodded towards a young black woman with her hair straightened and colored a bright red, dressed in a yellow baby-doll negligee and then towards a chubby brunette wearing a very tiny halter top and silk running shorts, "To give you a lap dance in a private room over there." I nodded towards the door with the "Restricted" sign.

"Really!" my daughter exclaimed. "Just a lap dance?"

I laughed and said, "Well, I think it differs from girl to girl and depends on what you're willing to pay."

Jilly eyed the blonde who'd propositioned us and said, "Omigod! Have you and Mom ever done that?"

I wagged a finger at her and said, "I'm not sure you should be asking after the naughty side of our sex life, sweetie." I paused, teasing her for a moment before adding, "I might have had a birthday lap dance or two, but it wasn't here."

An evil grin broke out on Jilly's face as she leaned in and whispered in my ear, "Oh, Daddy...that is so fucking hot!" We continued to explore the movie section, both suddenly and keenly aware of the working girls circulating around us. Jilly's gaze was drawn again and again to the tall curly headed blonde.

Suddenly, Jilly reached out and snagged a movie off the shelf titled "Taboo II." Reading the back cover, my daughter said with a teasing voice, "Ohhh, Daddy...a movie about incest!" She held it up, pictures of Honey Wilder and Kay Parker in the throes of orgasm recalling memories. "Have you ever heard of this one before, Daddy?"

I nodded slowly as she quickly asked, "What kind of incest, Daddy? Do you remember?"

I cleared my throat, suddenly finding it a bit hard to speak. "All sorts, Jilly. Um, lots of mother and son and some brother and sister and um..." Jilly grinned with anticipation as I said a little more softly, "And a daddy and daughter." I thought I had blushed as deeply as possible but as my skin began to burn, I realized that my daughter might have the capacity to go much further in embarrassing me.

"Omigod, Daddy -- that sounds pretty raunchy. I'm going to get it!" Jilly gushed, waving it in the air. Very quickly, my daughter moved about and found more videos -- some sounding raunchier than those of her brother's. "SLITLICKERS AND CUMEATERS" a compilation tape of professional and

amateur sex scenes and "BIG COCKS & TINY TWATS," and last but not least, "DAUGHTERS THAT LOVE DICKS!"

Jilly was showing me her last selection, aiming to get another rise out of me and I'm sure I'd have been speechless or maybe I'd have thrown her down on the ground right then and there and fucked her, but at that moment, the curly headed blonde again loomed up and said, "Hi, just thought I'd check again, see if you had changed your mind." She batted her blue eyes at me and then nodded at the small collection of DVDs Jilly had collected and said, "You do know that if you buy two or more full priced DVDs, you get special bonuses on our dances."

Before I could answer, Jilly took a step closer to the young woman and said, "Really? Did you hear that, Daddy? What kind of specials?"

Hearing Jilly call me Daddy got me a very speculative look from the curly headed blonde and she closed the distance between herself and my daughter, her hand going up and around Jilly's body to start rubbing her bare shoulder. "Well, whatever dance time you agree to, two DVDs gets you an extra ten minutes and each one after that gets you an extra free ten minutes." She eyed the DVDs that Jilly was clutching to her breasts and said, "Right now, you'd get an extra forty minutes with me." She reached out with her free hand and offered it to me. "I'm Sindy, by the way -- with a 'S' instead of a 'C.'"

Jilly giggled and looked at me and said excitedly. "Can we, Daddy, can we?" She waved the DVDs at me and said, "Forty free minutes, Daddy!"

Ten minutes later, we were standing in a small, but clean room that smelled of disinfectant and sex. There were two straight-back wooden chairs sitting side by side and another off to one side. There was an old fashioned free standing coat rack with several empty hangers and a table with lotion, tissues and a few sex toys, including a long and slender carrot colored one identical to the one I had pointed out to Jilly earlier. On another table was a cheap CD player. Up in a corner of the ceiling was a mounted video camera.

For \$100.00, we had bought thirty minutes of Sindy's time to be used for lap dancing for either or both of us, plus the additional time our DVD purchases had given us. Sindy locked the door and gestured for us to take seats. The lighting was focused on the center of the room, not too bright, but not so dim as to make it hard to see.

"Make yourselves as comfortable as you like," Sindy told us in a sultry voice. We both sat down primly on the chairs. As she began pushing buttons on the CD player, Sindy asked us, "So who gets a lap dance first?"

Jilly and I looked at each other and my daughter pointed to me and said, "I wanna see you dance for Daddy!"

Sindy giggled and said, "You all are kinky -- doing the daddy-daughter roleplay."

Jilly did a little shimmy, making her breasts jiggle enticingly and then very suggestively said in a quiet voice, "What would you say if I told you we were the real thing...that he really is my daddy?"

The curly headed woman shivered and said back, "I'd say I'm getting wet just hearing you say that!" She started the music, some slow bluesy-jazz number, lots of sexy saxophone and other horns with whispery drums, and began to dance slowly, very relaxed and practiced as she began to move. She turned her back to me and wiggled that very rounded ass in my face and then deftly began to

worm herself out of the shorts, revealing two full and ripe ass cheeks. She was a big girl, nearly as tall as my five foot, eleven inches with long legs and a big, luscious ass. A blue G-string emerged from between her cheeks as she slowly backed into me, nudging my legs apart and slowly, teasingly coming closer and closer to sitting in my lap.

Finally, I felt her soft ass cheeks brush along my lap, making contact with the hard bulge jutting upwards in my trousers. "Mmmmmmm, Daddy!" Sindy purred, looking over her shoulder at me and winking. "You got some candy in your pocket for Sindy or are you just happy to see me?"

I heard Jilly giggling beside me and glanced to see her staring avariciously at me, her breasts heaving upwards as she grew excited, licking her lips hungrily. Then Sindy drew my attention back to her and hissed softly, "Are you ready for them, Daddy? You look at them all the time. You wanna a good peek?" Still facing away, Sindy slowly pulled the wife-beater T-shirt upwards and over her head, flinging it away to land on one of the hooks of the coat rack.

"Mmmmmmm, Daddy, they feel so good!" Sindy moaned, her arms moving as if she were playing with her breasts and then she spun quickly, her hands cupping her huge, unfettered tits -- huge, gourd-like udders that hung low, sagging a bit with weight, but very exciting with two very wide nipples -- the width of quarters and jutting out a quarter inch peeking out from between her fingers. Then Sindy was in my lap, her breasts pressed into my face as she ground herself against my erection! "Daddy, you're so big and hard," she moaned, pressing herself into me.

"The camera doesn't work, so it's okay to touch them, Daddy," the young dancer whispered in my ear. "Go ahead...I know you want to." With a groan, I filled my hands with her meaty tits, feeling the flesh slip and slide along my fingers while she worked her pelvis back and forth along my lap, both friction and the warmth of her pussy, heating up the khaki cloth covering my cock.

Then her hands were on either side of my head and she rose up, straddling the chair as she stood and drew my head down so my mouth was on her fleshy breasts, a solid nipple catching on my lips for a moment. You can suck on them...bite 'em if you want...Daddy!" A thick and swollen nipple brushed by my lips again and I took it in my mouth, teething it lightly while I let my hands slide down Sindy's waist and then cup her fleshy ass cheeks. As the song played on, we shifted back and forth between the young woman sitting on my lap, her crotch caressing the hard-on in my pants and her rising up, body still swaying to the music as I kissed and licked her breasts.

Suddenly the song ended and she stepped back, breathing a little heavily, a sexual flush spreading on her upper chest and face. We both glanced at my daughter as the next song began. Jilly was on the edge of her chair, one hand pressing down against her crotch, the other fondling a breast through the silky material of her dress. "Daughter's turn," Sindy called out in a sing-song voice as she moved towards my daughter.

Sindy moved in close in front of my daughter, shaking her breasts in her face as she smiled down at her, her knees slowly pushing Jilly's legs apart, making her skirt slide back to reveal her panty crotch was a sodden mess and that my daughter was so wet that her inner thighs glistened with her juices. Sindy did a quick squat, placing her face between my daughter's thighs and took a deep breath before saying, "I think someone's turned on, Daddy!" and then glancing over at me with an evil grin.

Jilly let out with a moan as Sindy began blowing on her wet crotch and then slowly leaned in as she began to rise up, dragging her breasts over my little girl's thighs and crotch, Jilly's wetness leaving streaks of juice on the lap dancer's breasts, rubbing them along Jilly's stomach and then her breasts before straddling the chair and letting my daughter rub her face between Sindy's immense tits.

Jilly was trying to roll her hips to meet up with Sindy's crotch as she ground it against my daughter's body and I admired their lewd and flexible motions. As she had done with me, Sindy leaned in and whispered something to Jilly and then I watched my daughter running her tongue over the dancer's massive breasts and then her lips latched around a thick nipple and began to suck, making the curly haired blonde moan with pleasure. "Love your tongue!" she gasped.

She allowed Jilly to love up her tits for a minute, but then as the song began to wind down, she again lowered herself into a squat, brushing her lips against my daughter's, their tongues flickering out and touching momentarily before going lower. Sindy kissed the exposed portions of Jilly's breasts, actually tugging on the top of the dress to expose more of Jilly's tits until the upper portion of her puffy aureoles were exposed, her tongue rolling over them. She stopped when her face was again between my daughter's thighs, this time making my aroused daughter moan by actually rubbing her face against her soaked panties.

Sindy rose up and danced in front of us, her tits rolling and bouncing as the third song -- a faster rock song ramped up. She licked her lips, running them around to gather up the wet juices she had picked up from Jilly's panties. "She tastes good, Daddy," she said huskily. "Fuck, you two are getting me hot too!" she added as she ran a hand over her own barely covered pussy and sure enough, the blue material had a darkened circle that spread as we watched her dance and play with herself.

"I'm so wet, you kinky fuckers," she moaned. "See?" Sindy hooked her fingers into the gusset of her panties and yanked them to one side, revealing a glistening trimmed nub of dark bush and thick, swollen labia already spreading like a ripe flower to reveal pink, very moist flesh.

The curly haired blonde began to dance around us, moving in to rub her breasts against our faces and then dragging them across our necks -- at one point placing my head between her huge tits, warming my ears in the most delightful way. When she returned to dance in front of us, Sindy would again pull her panties over and finger herself, making my daughter and I groan when she would show us her wet fingers which she would then put into her mouth and slowly suck clean.

Jilly was wide-eyed at the spectacle before her and as stunned as I was that I was enjoying a lap dance in the company of my daughter, I was also enjoying seeing my flirty and naughty daughter out of her comfort zone for a change. She was now straddling her chair, her butt on the edge of the seat, dress yanked up so she could rub her pussy through her panties, her fingers now slick with her own juices.

Sindy danced around us again, pressing her breasts against my back as she kissed the back of my neck and holding her fingers under my nose so I could inhale the scent of her wet cunt. Then she ran her hands down my chest, stretching her arms as she mashed her tits against my back to almost run fingers over the bulge in my pants. She then did the same to Jilly, rubbing her titties all over her from behind before running her hands over my daughter's partly clad breasts and then down to rub her thighs, hands bracketing her clearly visible mound that her silky panties molded themselves to.

As the the song ended, the smell of sex was thick in the room and we were all breathing heavily. Sindy strutted lewdly across the room still in her high heels and picked up a vibrator from the table and then carried it back with her as she dragged the third chair and placed it a few feet in front of us, facing our way.

The next song began and she swayed seductively in front of us, running the vibrator on a light setting and rubbing it back and forth on the growing wet spot on her panties. Her breath started to catch and I think she had a small orgasm as her eyes closed for a long moment and her entire body

seemed to quake as sexual pleasure coursed through her. Finally, she opened her eyes and said, "I'm going to get more comfortable -- please feel free to do the same!"

Sindy hooked her fingers into her G-string and quickly pulled them down and stepped out of them, twirling the small amount of cloth on her finger for a moment before hooking it on the back of the chair. Our lap dancer was now naked save for her high heels. She moved to straddle the chair, her knees spread wide on each side as she sat down on the edge of her seat, making her pussy gape wide, revealing her juicy wet flesh. She ran one hand along her inner thigh while bringing the vibrator along the opposite one until it hovered less than an inch from a swollen and slick pussy lip.

"Really, feel free to get more comfortable." Sindy said earnestly. Looking right at my swollen crotch, she smiled, licked her lips and said, "That big thing looks uncomfortable. I bet it would be happier if it was free!"

My hands fluttered near the zipper of my khakis, and if it had been Sandra sitting next to me, I'm sure I would have already had my pants around my knees, but it wasn't my wife sitting next to me, it was my daughter, my Jilly and for all my lusting after my daughter and all the erections she had inspired in me, she had never actually seen my cock all hard and angry.

I turned and looked at Jilly and she looked to be in desperate straights. I could see fear and lust in her eyes, her body obviously greatly aroused -- her nipples all but bursting through her dress, droplets of her juices dripping from her panty clad pussy onto the edge of the chair, the silky crotch now transparent from her wetness. "Daddy?" she moaned.

I found my voice, almost overawed at the powerful sexuality emanating from my daughter. "Jilly...is this what you want? Are you ready for this?" I asked her, my voice thick with emotion.

Jilly swallowed a couple of times, trying to quell her body's shivers and then she whispered, "Daddy...yes. I want this. Let me see you!"

I nodded and stood up. Looking at my daughter, I unbuckled my belt and slowly pulled down my zipper. In one motion, I shoved my pants and underwear down, letting them fall down around my ankles as my cock sprung free, long and hard, the tip oozing precum around the swollen and purplish plum sized head.

My daughter brought a hand to her mouth as the other reached out, almost touching it before she withdrew her outstretched fingers. "Daddy!" she gasped. "You're so big! No wonder Mom screams like she does!" My cock jerked, rising a little higher in response to Jilly's praise.

"Omigod!" Our attention turned to Sindy -- one hand running the vibrator over her exposed and very wet cunt, the other twisting one of her own nipples. Her blue eyes were wide with excitement. "You weren't playing out a fantasy. You're really are father and daughter!" Her eyes shifted back and forth, full of sudden awareness as she seemed to pick out suddenly obvious resembling features -- the line of our noses, the shape of our chins -- the way Jilly's eyes looked so much like my own. "You two are a real daddy and daughter!" She moaned as another small orgasm washed over her.

I nodded and then turned back to my daughter, my hand now slowly stroking my cock. "Now you, Jilly. Let Daddy see his little girl."

With trembling hands, Jilly hooked her fingers into her panties and lifting her ass off the chair for a moment, slid them off, raising a knee to slip one shapely leg free and then the other, her labia

spreading, exposing her sopping wet cunt flesh. It was all I could do to not sink to my knees and bury my face in my daughter's young pussy!

"Let's all masturbate together!" moaned Sindy, now plunging her vibrator deep inside her cunt, stirring it around as she squirmed on her chair. Jilly nodded in agreement, one hand fluttering around her wet pussy while the other tugged down the top of her shell blouse, exposing her breasts completely, her thick nipples -- so much like her mother's, almost throbbing.

I sat down and we all shifted our gazes back and forth watching each other pleasure ourselves, me stroking my hard cock while Jilly and Sindy fingered their pussies and played with their breasts. I tried to think up exciting and naughty things to say, but could only mutter, "Pretty...so fucking pretty," as I looked first upon my daughter's hairless cunt, juices flooding over her busy fingers and then at the fatter lipped pussy of Sindy -- her little black tuft of a muff betraying her true hair color.

Minutes passed as another song ended only to be replaced by another. Jilly moaned and whimpered at one point, pressing her thighs together with most of her hand buried inside her pussy as she rode out an orgasm, her eyes wild and hungry as she held my gaze the entire time.

Between gasps of pleasure, Sindy tried to question us. "Have you fucked your little girl yet, Daddy?" When I shook my head in reply, she turned to Jilly and said, "Is your Daddy going to fuck you someday?"

Jilly trembled with pleasure and moaned in reply, "Oh I hope so. I've dreamed of Daddy for years. I hope he fucks me soon!"

Her answer sent Sindy back into paroxysms of pleasure as she spread her legs incredibly wide and curled her arm so she could plunge her entire hand into her pussy. The lap dancer got a frantic expression on her face as she approached another orgasm and suddenly exclaimed, "Why don't you masturbate each other?"

Jilly's eyes went wide as she looked to me in askance, her lower lip trembling as she whispered, "Daddy?"

I managed a weak grin, my heart beating so hard in my chest, I thought I was on the verge of a heart attack. I nodded and then we both scooted our chairs around to face each other, sliding them forward until my knees were between her spread legs.

"Omigod!" moaned Sindy, jumping from her chair to land on her knees next to us, her fingers still wedged in her pussy, mouth gaping open from both pleasure and excitement as she watched Jilly and me work up the nerve to touch each other.

Shaky hands extended towards each other, both of us hesitating as we shifted our gaze from each other's face down to where our crotches were less than two feet apart. Jilly, so brave since she was a little girl, moved first, her slender fingers suddenly wrapping around my cock, gently squeezing it, her fingers slick and warm with pussy juice allowing her to slide them easily up and down.

"Daddddd," she crooned, the strain of the moment evident in her voice. "You are so big and so hard." Her hand slid up and down my shaft. "I love the feel of your big dick!" She hunched her ass a little towards me, spreading her knees wider and said, "Touch me, Daddy! Touch my pussy!"

My fingers came to rest on her inner thigh, damp and slick with her wetness and so soft. As my eyes stayed locked on Jilly's face, I slid my fingers forward, knowing when I was touching her hot pussy

by the touch of fiery wet flesh and by her eyes, seeing the reaction there as her father touched her aroused cunt for the first time.

She was silky and wet and tight as I slid two fingers inside her, feeling her cunt walls tighten around my digits as I sank two knuckles deep into my daughter's sweet cunt. "Daddddyyyyyy!" Jilly sobbed as she began to shake, her hand tightening around my cock as she quivered -- caught in the midst of her first father induced orgasm. I leaned forward and my lips found hers and then our tongues were touching -- tasting each other, Jilly's sweet appendage curling around mine, dragging sweetly against my tongue, tasting so delicious and so...Jilly. Almost at the subconscious level, a part of me recognized that this was my child, my daughter and to be responding to her on a sexual level both intensified and sweetened the sensations that I was experiencing.

I thrust my fingers deeper, feeling her fleshy nooks and crannies, so much like her mother's and yet new and exciting, I curled my fingers slightly, fluttering fingertips against Jilly's sugar walls, making her moan into my mouth as her fingers squeezed my erect penis and stroked me faster.

I slowly finger fucked my daughter, reveling in the heat and wetness surrounding my fingers, feeling her creams gushing over them, trembling with excitement as I heard the wetness of her pussy. Jilly's breath whistled loudly through her nostrils, growing more frantic until she broke the kiss, her hips hunching against my hand as she cried out, "Cummmiinnggg again, oh DADDY!"

"Add another finger, Daddy," hissed Cindy as she bounced up and down on her fingers, her free hand on my thigh, squeezing it while she used it for leverage. "Finger fuck your little girl hard!" A quick glance at her revealed her in the grip of a carnal fever, her pale skin covered with sweat as her breasts bounced and rocked as she shook in the grip of her voyeuristic pleasure.

I was so focused on fingering Jilly, I had to almost halt to keep myself from cumming too quickly. I was a bit thankful that Sandra had made me cum twice late in the night and it took some of the edge off of someone my age. Jilly's hand felt so good and I recognized that mine wasn't the first cock she'd jacked off -- she moved with excited, but knowledgeable strokes, applying the perfect amount of pressure to bring me pleasure, but to not bring me off too quickly.

"M-more, Daddy," Jilly stammered, thrusting her hips forward to meet my fingers driving into her. I never could refuse my daughter and I didn't start now, adding a third finger as I withdrew and plunged into her again, pressing them deep while my thumb brushed over her swollen clitoris, her juices making it silky slick. With my other hand, I reached up and cupped her breast, making her moan anew, squeezing the handful of soft yet firm tit flesh, then palming her right tit, feeling her thick nipple scraping against the inside of my hand.

Jilly's free hand clapped over mine, squeezing my fingers into her breast flesh as she moaned, "Daddy," again and again.

"Make your daddy cum, sweetie," sobbed Cindy. "Make him explode with all that sweet Daddy juice, you slutty daughter!" Then she leaned in, her face shiny with sweat and tears from her own orgasm, turning first to Jilly and pursing her lips and blowing -- her warm breath flowing over my fingers and my daughter's quivering cunt and making her squeal with new pleasure. "Put another finger inside baby's pussy, Daddy!" Cindy moaned.

The lap dancer moved her head towards my cock, leaning in close as she again blew -- her breath flowing over the head of my cock. "Cum, Daddy, she cried. "Imagine that's your daughter's breath blowing on your cock, her sweet lips about to wrap around your big dong!"

I groaned as that image worked its way into my brain, envisioning Jilly's luscious lips wrapping around the head of my cock and that was it. "Fuck...Jilly...cumming!" I groaned as the first powerful streamer erupted abruptly from my penis, a massive shot of hot, white semen, bursting forth so hard it almost was painful, leaping high between us and arching to splatter on Jilly's thighs and breasts.

My daughter squealed with surprise and then as my second and third shot shot forth, splattering on her thighs and legs and on her hand, she looked at me with utter surprise as I added that fourth finger and wormed most of my hand inside her, curling my fingers upward to probe for her G-spot.

"DADDY!" Jilly shrieked as I found her sweet place and triggered an explosion of orgasmic pleasure, making her convulse on my hand while she squeezed and stroked me, the two of us locked together in incestuous bliss!

"Fuck me! So fucking hot," sobbed Cindy as she watched my daughter and I continue to stroke and finger each other, my seed pouring thickly over Jilly's hand while her creams coated my finger. The lap dancer abandoned self-restraint and leaned down and licked globs of my semen off my daughter's thigh, her head bouncing as Jilly quivered and shook with intense pleasure.

I slid my hand up, off Jilly's firm breast, stroking her cheek before drawing her face forward for another kiss, murmuring, "I love you, Jilly," before I pressed my lips to hers, sending my tongue into her mouth to find her own, relishing its texture and taste when they came together.

As we kissed, I continued to finger her tight, teenaged cunt, savoring each tremor I provoked inside her, loving that I, her father was responsible for making her shake with incestuous pleasure.

I was shaking too as she slowly milked the last of my seed from my still stiff cock, slowly sliding up my shaft, squeezing subtly harder as she reached my swollen crown, her fingers forcing every available drop out of my cock, the last few spurts oozing down onto her fingers. Her touch was sweet and knowing and I had the sense that she too was enjoying making her father quake with pleasure from contact with her fingers.

As I slowly stirred my fingers inside her tightly gripping pussy, she broke the kiss and said in a halting, almost teary voice that was growing thick with emotion, "I -- I I-love you so-so much, D-Daddy!"

We kissed again and then I slowly removed my fingers from her pussy, making her squirm and yelp a little as I slipped free of her with a wet, plopping sound. I started to bring my hand back, but felt other hands take hold of my wrist and looking down was surprised to see Cindy's hands on my arm and then she was running her tongue over my pussy juice drenched hand, lapping up Jilly's creams. She took my ring finger into her mouth and sucked it like it was a small cock and while it was one of the most erotic things I could imagine -- seeing this near stranger sucking my daughter's pussy juice off my finger, the selfish daddy in me, chuckled and said, "Have to share, Cindy," as I pulled my hand free of her grasp.

She laughed, a sultry, devilish sound as she didn't flinch or complain, but quickly moved her head towards my crotch, running her tongue up the back of Jilly's hand, licking up my semen there. Jilly made a squealing noise and let my cock go as she said, "That's mine!"

I would have probably jerked with shock when the lap dancer's mouth immediately swallowed the head of my cock, her tongue swirling about hungrily as her lips closed firmly around my shaft, but virtually all my attention was on Jilly as we both held up hands drenched with each other's cum.

While Cindy sucked up the last remnants of my ejaculation, my daughter and I moved as one, bringing our hands to our mouths and together we tasted each other. My Jilly tasted sweet and powerful, unique with echoes of her mother's pussy rippling through as I sucked her juices that were thickly coated on my fingers while she tongued up streamers and globs of my semen, letting it string down from her hand to her waiting tongue and then snapping up the remnants. I smacked my lips, relishing the taste of my daughter and knowing I would want it on a regular basis for the rest of my life.

Then Cindy was rising up, first moving to Jilly, kissing her passionately before offering my daughter her own cunt cream covered hand, allowing her to run her tongue over her fingers while she turned to me and kissed me, aggressively thrusting her tongue into my mouth, sharing the taste of Jilly's pussy and my own seed with me.

Finally, she slumped back onto her knees, panting with excitement, her huge breasts heaving as she said with a bit of amazement in her voice, "I have never done anything like that before! This is the single most fucking exciting sex I've ever been a part of in my twenty-six years!" Her hand came up to her mouth as she stared at us. "I just watched a real daddy and daughter getting nasty with each other...how fucking cool is that?"

Oddly enough we both began to feel bashful, Jilly reaching out to take my hand as I looked at her lovingly and said in a hoarse voice, "It's been a long time coming."

Jilly squeezed my hand and added in a quiet voice, "And it's only just beginning. We're going to do some much more, aren't we, Daddy?"

I gave my daughter a look and she returned it with equal intensity, both of us knowing the answer before I opened my mouth and said, "We're going to do everything, Jilly -- Daddy's going to show you just how much he loves you."

The expression that spread across my daughter's face made my heart swell as I saw in her eyes and in her smile so much love that transcended the ordinary bond that most fathers and daughters share -- promising much more intimate and loving ties between us.

It took a bit, but finally, we got ourselves pulled back together, with Cindy finishing up Jilly's cleanup, licking globs and streamer of my semen off her breasts and thighs, finishing with some passionate kisses between the two women that had my cock stiffening up again.

My daughter and I emerged from the "Restricted Area" hand in hand, Jilly clutching her bag of naughty DVDs and we started for the door, but suddenly, Jilly came to a complete stop and tugged me back, heading for the "Toy" section. "What's wrong, honey?" I asked. Did we miss something?"

Jilly didn't respond at first, searching along the long wall of dildos and vibrators, picking a dildo up now and again, hefting it as if trying to assess it before finally emerging with a flesh colored rubber cock, molded to look frighteningly real. "This is the one! I need to buy this, Daddy!"

I laughed as she waved the long and thick dildo around. "Not a problem, but why this one?"

Jilly winked at me and said in a voice that other customers could hear. "Because this one is closest to your big dick, Daddy!" In a slightly lower tone, she added, "I've never had a cock inside me as big as your's, Daddy. I need to practice so you don't tear me apart!"

Only a parent can really understand this -- that no matter how old, your children never cease to amaze you. I was almost in a daze as I followed my daughter up to the register, feeling both proud and excited at my sexy little girl.

The feeling continued as we sat in a secluded booth at my wife's favorite Italian restaurant, holding hands and talking softly as we shared our stories of our long mutual lust for each other, both of us confessing how many times we had had orgasms revolving around sexual fantasies for each other. I was both jealous and greatly aroused as Jilly gave me a blow by blow description of losing her virginity to a boyfriend, her eyes closed during the whole experience and wishing, pretending it was me.

"Except, I know it would have been a hundred times better if it had been your big cock inside me, Daddy," Jilly said softly, holding my hand to her lips and kissing them, her tongue flicking out teasingly.

On the drive home, Jilly became quiet as the enormity of what we had done began to set in. She didn't seem to be regretting it and she didn't withdraw from me, indeed, it appeared to be the opposite. My daughter scooted as humanly possible to me as she could, considering the 'Vette had bucket seats, her hand resting high on my thigh, occasionally stroking the bulge there that refused to go away.

We both hungered for more -- to expand our loving relationship, but I sensed Jilly needed time to process what we had done and what still lie before us. I was proud when she brought up Sandra, saying, "What about Mom? I want you, Daddy, but I don't want to hurt her and I know you still love her."

I brought my hand down on her thigh, squeezing the smooth, toned flesh there, feeling her heat emanating from her aroused cunt. "You should talk to Mom about it, Jilly. I promise you, she won't be angry." I smiled as I slid my hand upwards, brushing against her bare pussy -- her panties tucked into her bag of DVDs and her new dildo. "I love your mother and as much as I want you, sweetheart, I would never had made the first move if your mother -- my wife, hadn't given me permission."

Jilly's mouth gaped open, stunned at my revelation. "Omigod, Daddy! For real? Mom knows...she's okay with it?"

I nodded and said, "Absolutely! You talk with her, Jilly."

She nodded and relapsed back into thoughtful contemplation. She said little the rest of the ride home, although her massaging hand had me painfully erect. When we pulled in, we saw that Sandra's car was in the driveway and Jilly had an odd expression on her face.

We got out and went hand in hand to the front door. Jilly went to open it and I reached out and stopped her. I pulled her to me and said, "Thank you for a wonderful day, Jilly. Thank you for being such a wonderfully naughty daughter!" I kissed her then, trying to make it the most passionate end of date kiss my little girl had ever experienced. Jilly melted into me, making little contented noises as our tongues twisted around each other and her nubile body pressed against mine.

In the dim light of the dusk, the porch light came on and Jilly jumped back from me as the front door opened and Sandra stood there, grinning, looking lovely and luscious in a casual housedress that was a bit tight on her voluptuous frame, the thin cotton material molded around her braless breasts. "Hi kids!" she said, grinning broadly at us. "You two have a fun day?"

Jilly's face was a jumble of emotions, running the gamut from love and happily embarrassed to shock and guilt. She managed to fix an awkward smile on her face and say in a strained voice, "Hi, Mom!" before pushing past her, her goodies clutched in their bag and hurrying up the stairs. Sandra turned and watched her go up, not turning back to me until we both heard Jilly's bedroom door slam.

My wife licked her lips and smiled at me. "I think my husband and my daughter had a breakthrough in their relationship. Wanna tell me all about it?"

I laughed and moved on my wife, grabbing her hand and dragged her into the living room, kicking the front door shut behind me. Sandra laughed and exclaimed, "John? What are you doing?"

I flung her down on the sofa and shoved down my pants before going to my knees, my erection bouncing as I hit the floor. I reached out and grabbed Sandra by her ankles and pulled her to me, lifting the hem of her dress up to confirm my suspicions that in addition to not having a bra on, she was without panties -- her trimmed bush looking ripe. I ran my hand along her pussy, spreading her labia and confirming she was already hot and moist.

With the expertise that comes from being lovers for decades, I dropped my wife onto my erection, her pussy lips parting as I impaled her on my cock. Sandra opened her mouth and a loud moan escaped her lips as I wormed my cock into her motherly womb. "John...baby...what..." she gasped.

I grinned at my wife and as I took her by the waist and began lifting her up and down on my cock, said, "I took Jilly shopping today. You're never gonna believe what me and our naughty daughter did then..."

To be continued...