

Happy Birthday,  
Daddy

**A**s his thirty six birthday party dragged on Everett's discontent grew. It was a discontent fueled by simple jealousy. His jealousy was first set in motion by the abundant attention his still lovely wife was receiving, and most certainly encouraging, by the sexy bikini she was clad in.

Outrageously flirting with several of the older male guests at the birthday party, his birthday party, a party she insisted on throwing for him, made it a no brainer, Everett would be overcome with jealousy—she as she intended.

He was not sure what her end game was as he sat in a patio chair—sulking-- in a far corner of the pool area, but he sure planned on finding out before the end of the night. He was not quite drunk enough . . . yet anyways . . . to make a scene, but then again the night was still young.

"I should not be surprised really," he muttered to himself before taking a large swig of his beer. His wife was an incurable flirt and showoff and after being married to her for fifteen years he knew, or should have known, she was not about to change.

God knows she still had the looks and the attitude to be the life of any party. At the age of fifty two his wife was the quintessential MILF.

Her good looks started with curly locks of lush golden blonde hair that tumbled down to her shoulders. It reminded many of the hair

style Farrah Fawcett made so glamorous in that ultra-famous 1976 red swimsuit poster of hers. Although Carie's hair was a bit shorter and lighter in color than Farrah's it still had an especially attractive mix of curls and tumbles that was the envy of many a woman half her age.

When one could actually find themselves tearing their eyes off her gorgeous locks they found Carie, yes spelled with one R—she thought it unique—possessed a pair of vibrant brown eyes, sugar sweet lips, butter soft and infinitely kissable, along with a complexion of flawless pale skin, perfect and glowing, with just the lightest of tans to give it some color.

Her personality was both fun and flirty, while still managing to be elegant and lady like. It was a balancing act which few women could pull off, but Carie, after decades of practice, had it down to an art.

Finally, there was her pride and joy—her body. Her measurements, a fantastic 36D-24-34, were carried nicely on her small, five foot six, one hundred twenty five pound, frame. She had the money, Everett was quite wealthy, and the time, she did not work, again Everett was rich, to concentrate on staying in shape.

She ate right, did yoga four times a week, hit the gym another four times a week, and just recently rejuvenated an already fantastic figure with a breast lift giving her body a breast profile that was more youthful and uplifted. Then in a burst of recklessness just this past spring Carie went and had her clit pierced. It was now adorned with

a small silver ring that fit her wild personality in the bedroom to a tee.

His wife was talking to a man, and appeared to be flirting something awful, as they stood at the edge of the pool. His name was Will or Bill or something common that Everett couldn't quite remember. He was probably one of his daughter's friend's fathers, but no matter Everett was doing a slow burn watching the way the man was making her laugh while casually reaching out and touching her arm.

Yeah, it may have been just a light brush a hand against her bare arm, but still it was enough for him. He started to raise up out of his chair ready to make a scene.

Then his daughter, the adorable eighteen year ebony beauty from his first failed marriage came skipping up to him. She had a "boy" in tow, yeah he was probably all of eighteen like her, and handsome and well built. Enough to make the already jealous feelings he was experiencing over his wife kick up another notch.

Sitting back down, Everett mumbled to himself, "Jesus, first her, and now you."

Rochelle stood there beaming at him. "What did you say Daddy?"

"Nothing, I mean, are you having a good time?" Really did she expect him to be happy because she was bringing a boy over to meet him?

This was the third different, he had noticed, she had been hanging out with since the party started.

Rochelle had always been his little girl, his beautiful dark princess, and quite frankly it pissed him off that she was so openly seeking the attention of males other than himself. Despite knowing the day was coming, she couldn't stay his little girl forever, still, seeing it unfold before his very eyes, on his birthday of all days, was a bit much to handle.

His first marriage to Tamika, the first African American homecoming queen at the predominately white high school he attended, had been a miserable failure—to put it mildly. They had gotten married too young and were simply not ready to settle down yet.

Or more accurately, she was not ready to settle down yet as for almost the entire marriage she ran around on him. After having Rochelle things were good for a bit, a year maybe, but the good times did not last. Soon they were divorced and Everett was left to care for a three year old baby girl thanks to Tamika having run off to Europe with some rising young pop singer abandoning both him and their infant daughter.

His response was a bit desperate, but in the end it worked out. Having just started as a junior associate at a major Wall Street trading firm with precious little time to care for a baby daughter, Everett went out and got married to Carie a mere six months after his divorce.

Despite some rocky times here and there--overall he had hit the jackpot with her. In an ironic twist of fate, Carie was exactly sixteen years his senior which just happened to make her the exact age of mother.

This was the same mother who abandoned him to her parents when she ran off and joined a new age hippie movement. Raised by his grandparents, Everett had done alright by himself despite the abandonment issues that dwelled deep within his psyche.

Everett lost sight of his wife as his daughter began to speak because-- as usual-- his beautiful young daughter demanded all of his attention. "This is Toby. He is a friend of mine from the gym. He wants to take me out next Friday night to a concert. Can I go, huh? Please, Daddy."

"I don't know. Go ask your mother."

"She said ask you." Rochelle was starting to frown—just like she always did whenever she did not immediately get her way—and this time, instead of melting his heart like usual, it was only irritating him.

"Well, I will talk to her and we will discuss it tomorrow."

"Fine. Let's go, Toby. My dad is being grumpy."

Resisting the urge to make an ugly retort that could only make things worse Everett said nothing. Directing his attention back to where his wife had been before he got distracted, Everett saw she was no longer there.

"Hey where did you mother go?" he called after his daughter.

"I just seen her heading inside with Mr. Knolls."

Standing up, Everett craned his neck as he turned around toward the house. Sure enough there was his wife leading Mr. Knolls—by the fucking hand—into the kitchen of their house.

Everett, his jealous imagination working overtime, jumped to his feet assuming the worse. He quickly crossed the pool area dodging several of his guests while brushing off their birthday wishes. Yeah, like a thirty sixth birthday was something to celebrate. For Christ sakes he was closer to forty now than thirty and for some reason that fact was really bothering him—among other things.

As soon as he entered the house through the patio door he spotted his wife in the kitchen. Mr. Knolls was nowhere in sight. His anger began to fade quickly as he stood and stared at his wife. She was bent over with the refrigerator door open rummaging around in one of the lower drawers. With her back to him her beautiful ass was on full display. Tight and lean it was a thing of near perfection. As he stood there gawking at it so prominently on display in her thong bikini bottom his anger quickly turned to raw desire.

His wife had been withholding sex from him for nearly the past month saying sweetly, "Just wait till your birthday hon. Really, the waiting will make things so much better."

"Mom, Daddy is staring at your ass." Rochelle sang out as she entered the house.

Sneaky little bitch! She had entered the house without him noticing and now the both of them were staring at him with bemused smiles.

"Rochelle, Jesus I need to put a bell on you or something. I didn't hear you come in."

"Here that hon, your daddy wants to put a bell on you. He must think you are a pussy cat or something."

Everett noticed how his wife emphasized the word "pussy" and how Rochelle was smirking at him which was a sure sign she was about to say something clever.

The sharp witted Rochelle, never one lacking in the comeback department, quickly retorted, "No bells, Daddy. I like to sneak around so I can see things maybe I shouldn't. It's fun. But you can still think of my pussy if you want . . . Opps I mean think of me as a pussy . . . cat that is."

Everett turned about four shades of red. The truth was he had been thinking of his daughter all afternoon with less than pure thoughts. But considering the skimpy little white bikini she was running around in that looked absolutely stunning on her, maybe Everett could be excused somewhat for his less than pure thoughts about his lovely young daughter.

Wanting to change the subject and fast, Everett snapped, "Well unless you wanna see me yelling at your mother I suggest you leave . . . now."

"Fine," Rochelle huffed knowing by the sharp tone of his voice he was serious.

Heading back out to the pool she lingered on the patio just long enough to hear her father's raised voice. Very curious about why he was mad at her, but not wanting to be caught eavesdropping, Rochelle reluctantly headed back outside.

Sometime later she would just have to catch her mother alone and ask why he was so upset with her. Of course, Carie would tell her as despite being only her "stepmother" they had a very close relationship.

Carie, without fail, treated her as her very own daughter and Rochelle, after a period of adjustment to her new mother, likewise treated Carie as if she was her real mother.

"Now before you go spouting off too much honey, Mr. Knolls is just around the corner in the bathroom. I brought him in the house for that and nothing else." She crossed the kitchen before stopping in front of him.

His eyes inadvertently went to her chest before finding her face again.

"I didn't think that you were doing anything wrong," he answered defensively.

"Sure, then why are you upset?"

"It's just," he dropped his voice, "I seen him flirting with you out by the pool and then you lead him in here by the hand. I--" Everett cut himself off abruptly. Mr. Knolls had just rounded the corner and entered the kitchen approaching him with an extended hand.

"Oh hi, its Everett right? Will Knolls . . . I am Katie's father."

"Hi, how you doing?" Everett mumbled anxious to get back to his conversation with his wife. Mr. Knolls, sensing as much, headed toward the patio door after extending a quick birthday greeting to him.

Alone once again Everett turned back to his wife. "Anyways, I just was upset by the way he was making you laugh so easily and then you leading in here by the hand."

"I was just being friendly, hon, you know me . . . ever the warm and friendly hostess."

"Yeah, yeah," he mumbled embarrassed by his overreaction.

"OK, so look, maybe I am being a bit extra friendly to some of the older male guests but I have a reason."

When she said nothing more only giving him a coy smile he was forced to ask.

"OK, why?"

"Just to make you jealous. A bit of jealousy is good for a marriage I think. It lets someone know you still care . . . besides you fuck me really good when you are jealous honey. Fuck me like you got something to prove."

"Yeah, well, you know me so well."

"Yes I do. Enough anyways to know it's just not me you are jealous over. In fact, I think our darling little daughter may be making you at least twice as jealous as I am . . . I mean what with all those boys that keep talking to her . . . plus that one handsome young stud she brought to meet you."

"Yeah, guilty as charged. It bothers me. Does that make me a bad father?"

"No, not bad. Typical maybe. Anyways I have a feeling you are not enjoying your birthday party so much."

"I do have a bit of a headache so maybe we could think about wrapping it up soon."

"Fine, it's your party. Why don't you go upstairs, take some aspirin, and lay down and then later," she paused, patting him on the cheek before a sly smile came over her face, "Mommy will be up to tuck you in to bed nice and tight baby boy."

His cock, reacting akin to Palov's dog, began to get instantly hard as soon as his wife mentioned the word "Mommy".

Everett and his wife, just within the last year or so, in an attempt to spice up their sex life, started to play naughty role playing games in the bedroom. Everett's favorite game, by far, was when Carie pretended to be his "Mommy." She fit the role perfectly considering she was exactly the same age as his real mother. Her mention of "Mommy tucking him in," was a sure sign he would be seeing some action tonight.

Twenty minutes later, Everett had slipped off into a quiet sleep as he stretched out on their bed while Carie went about the business of politely wrapping up the party and sending the guests home.

After finally getting everyone home, and changed out of her bikini into jeans and a dressy white tank top, she was cleaning up in the kitchen when Rochelle walked in. "So why was Daddy mad at you?"

"He was not really mad honey, just a bit jealous I think."

"Over the way you were flirting with everyone?" Rochelle asked. Pulling up a stool to the kitchen counter, she plopped down on it hoping her mom would tell her something interesting.

"Hey, I was not flirting with . . . everyone. I mean, I left the boys alone, and they were a lot, probably because they were so busy chasing you."

"Shit Mom, all the boys I was talking to thought you were hotter than hell."

"I think you might be saying that just to make me feel better. Anyways I didn't flirt with them because I don't like to lose and surely I would lose in the attention getting department against such a beautiful and charming young lady as yourself honey."

"Aww, Mother you are laying it on thick. I am charming maybe, but beautiful . . . hardly."

Carie crossed the kitchen to her daughter. Pulling up a stool next to Rochelle, she sat down.

"So what is NOT beautiful about you baby. Surely not your hair as it's gorgeous." Carie reached out and ran her fingers through her daughter's long, dark, frizzy hair.

It dropped well past her shoulders, just down to her breasts, and was really quite gorgeous.

"Hmm, surely not that dazzling smile of yours with those perfectly even white teeth. All that money your daddy spent for you as a teenager on braces so you could have perfect teeth certainly paid off and you know it. Your smile never fails to melt our hearts baby."

"Thank you, but don't stop there, go on. What else?" Rochelle said with a giggle.

"Well, let me see, you have pretty eyes baby girl, dark and mysterious. And then they are those cute little dimpled cheeks of yours. Hmm, sweet as pumpkin pie they are."

"And," Rochelle whispered warming to this game.

"What else, let me see, hmm, your complexion is nothing short of flawless."

And it was as Rochelle had a medium skin tone that resembled a delicious light chocolate—not too dark, not too light, but just a perfect blend she inherited from her mixed parents.

"Then there is that near perfect youthful body of yours as it too is flawless." Carie took her daughter's hands in hers prompting her to stand up.

Rochelle stood up glowing in the limelight of her mom's praise. "Just look at that body of yours! Hmm, shown off so nicely in your sexy new bikini that your Mom bought you. It's no wonder the boys were all flocking around you."

Rochelle was small, five-three, but with a comely figure featuring a pair of mouthwatering 34C tits, flat abs, and muscular thighs. Rochelle accompanied her mother to the gym at least twice a week, and like her, watched over her diet making sure to eat right. The results showed.

"OK enough," Rochelle said sitting back down. "Seriously, what was Dad upset about?"

"Seriously?"

"Yes, tell me. He was grumpy all afternoon. Why?"

"If I tell you, you gotta promise it will just be between us, honey."

"Yes, of course. I know how to keep secrets."

"Fine. There was more to it than just being jealous coz of my usual flirting. I noticed he was grumpy all during the party also and it started about the time you made your appearance in that fantastic little bikini."

"But . . . but you guys said it was alright for me to wear one," Rochelle whined. She had been bugging her parents for months to buy her a new swimsuit, a sexy swimsuit, a bikini to be specific, but for months they had resisted. Actually, Carie was OK with the idea, but Everett was against it. Finally, after she turned eighteen just two weeks ago, Carie went shopping with her daughter and bought her the new bikini she wanted . . . without telling Everett.

"Actually, hon, it was just me. I didn't really consult your dad."

"Oh, so he was upset seeing me in a bikini? He didn't know I was going to wear one?"

"No he didn't know. I was going to tell him but I simply forgot to mention it to him and truthfully I actually I think he probably enjoyed seeing you run around in your sexy bikini, but I think it was all the attention you got from those boys that pissed him off a bit. Your father is not used to sharing you honey. You have to

understand that. And then when I told him I was the one that gave you permission to wear a bikini I had to tell him I bought it for you nearly a month ago. I think that upset him too."

"Oh." It was all Rochelle could think to say. This new information caught her totally off guard.

"Maybe you should go talk to him, maybe be extra sweet to him. After all its still his birthday."

"OK, I will go talk to him," she told her mom as she started to get up.

"Hey, before you go, I need to tell you something else."

"What?" Rochelle asked before letting out a heavy sigh.

"Just be patient dear." Carie took her head and stared at her seriously. "I need to remind you how I not only did I buy you the bikini you wanted, using my own money, but I also bought you those two new sexy bras you were dying to have . . . and your favorite perfume, the real expensive one and let's not forget how I gave you my VISA and let you buy those jeans and blouse you wanted, and finally, how it was me that gave you permission to invite a bunch of your friends to your dad's party . . . including boys."

"Yeah, I know Mom and I thanked you."

"You also made a promise to me. You promised to not be so stubborn and do whatever your mom told you for the rest of the summer. Do you remember that promise hon?"

"OK, OK, I am doing what you told me. I said I'm going upstairs to talk to him right now."

"And you will continue to do whatever I tell you right?"

"Yes, Mother," Rochelle quickly replied. Her mother was the sweetest woman in the world, until she didn't get her way and then it was — watch out.

"And when you talk to him remember you need to be extra sweet honey, with sugar on top . . . especially tonight when we both need to get back in his good graces. I will be up later to see how things are going."

Heading upstairs, Rochelle decided it might be best to change out of her bikini since it was a source of obvious irritation to him. Entering her room she started to mull over ideas in her head of just how she might be extra sweet to her daddy . . . extra sweet with sugar on top.

A few minutes later, after changing into a raggedy pair of gym shorts and an unattractive flannel nightshirt, Rochelle was knocking on his door.

"Come in!" he yelled. Everett was stretched out on the bed working on his second jack and coke from the small mini bar stuck in one corner of their spacious bedroom.

"Hi Daddy," Rochelle said cheerily as she came bounding into the room determined to do exactly as she promised her mother.

"Hi Daddy" would be about as far as she would get. Everett immediately, fueled by the three beers he had at the party, plus his second jack and coke, went on the attack. "Where is your goddamn bikini, honey? You know the one that had all the boys chasing after you."

"Da-" She started to response, but he cut her off without a moment's hesitation.

"You know there was a time, not so long ago, whenever you bought anything new you made it a point to show me first. I guess that time has passed considering you have had your new swimsuit for a month and decided to show it off first to fucking everyone at my birthday party."

She wanted to defend herself in some way, but was so caught off guard by his verbal tirade that she was too stunned to speak. Instead, she moved closer to the bed meaning to maybe grab his hand and apologize.

"Yeah, come closer . . . closer still," he told her while waving his hand for her to come to the edge of the bed.

She said nothing as he leaned toward her and took a big whiff. "Just as I thought. The new perfume you bought is not for me either. I can barely smell it on you now, but earlier . . . yeah when you dragged that boy over to meet me you fairly reeked of it and just like with your damn bikini there was a time you would have made it a point for me to be the first to smell a new perfume on you . . . even if it meant giving me a big hug and kiss just so I could be close enough to smell you."

"Dad, really aren't you--"

Then her phone beeped. She was holding it in her hand. While it was a big mistake even bringing it into the bedroom in the first place, she compounded her mistake by stopping what she was going to say to look at her phone.

Now he really went off. "Typical, you damn kids can't go anywhere without dragging your phones with you. So fucking afraid you going to miss a life or death message. Go on . . . go back to your room so you can message back your friends and then stare at your phone in rapturous wonder waiting for the next message to come in."

When she hesitated he now yelled. "Go on, get out. If you can't talk to me without carrying that fucking thing around in your hand I don't want talk to you at all."

Carie rushed upstairs after hearing Everett yell, alerted that things were not going well. Just as she reached the bedroom, Rochelle came hurrying out of the bedroom with tears in her eyes.

She glanced in the room to find Everett over at the bar making himself another drink. Deciding it would be better to get the story from her, rather than her half-drunk husband, she hurried down the hall to Rochelle's bedroom.

She found Rochelle sitting on the edge of her bed sulking. Sitting down next to her Carie asked softly, "What happened sweetie?"

"He is really pissed."

"Why?"

"I don't know really. He would not let me even speak."

"Hmm, I think I know one reason maybe," Carie said poking at the sleeve of her daughter's ratty flannel nightshirt.

"Because of this. I put this on because it's . . . you know--"

"Doesn't matter why honey. The damn thing is ugly," Carie interjected, "unlike your pretty little bikini you had on earlier."

"Yeah, I changed before I talked to him. I mean I thought you said he was upset about me wearing a bikini so . . ." Rochelle looked at her mother more confused than ever.

"Look like me explain something to you again my dear. Maybe you didn't understand it the first time I told you. Your dad was not upset about the bikini. In fact, he loved how it looked on you."

"How do you know?"

"I asked him and he told me. But what he didn't love was all the attention it was getting you, and even more so, how you seemed to save it especially for his party . . . but not for him."

"Oh, yeah, he sort of mentioned that. He said I didn't show him first . . . like I used to whenever I bought anything new," Rochelle said quietly beginning to maybe understand why he was so upset.

"So now when he finally sees you alone, and you wanna pay him some attention, instead of wearing something nice, something pretty, you come in this ratty old nightshirt."

"So what should I have worn, Mom? Should I have left my bikini on?"

"Well, that would have been better than what you have on now, but still it would not be a surprise. It's his birthday and I am sure he would like you to surprise him by wearing something new he has never seen before . . . you know something nice maybe. Let me see . . . do you have anything new you could show off to him that is pretty and nice."

"No, not really. The newest things I bought was those jeans and blouse when you gave me your VISA, but I wore them . . . just for him . . . when he took me to lunch the other day."

"Is that all you have new?" Carie asked with a knowing smile on her face.

"Yeah, I think so . . . well, except for those two new bras and the panties you bought me, but, I mean I can't show them off to him."

A perfectly delicious and most evil idea was starting to form in Carie's mind. She wondered though if she could get her daughter to play along. Deciding to see what might happen, Carie went ahead and acted upon her idea.

"Hmm, and why not."

"Oh like he is going to be really impressed." Rochelle jumped to her feet, moving over to her dresser, she yanked open the bottom drawer. Pulling out her two new bras, they still had the tags on them, she brought them back over to her mother. Dropping them on the bed she said, "What am I going to say? 'Look Daddy your little girl bought two new sexy bras, aren't you impressed?'"

"First of all, young lady that is not the way you would show them off to him by just dropping them on the bed in front of him. You need to be a bit mysterious hon . . . men like mystery. Now this is what you need to do . . ."

Carie spent the next few minutes outlining a bold plan for the both of them—together-- to get back into his good graces and give him a happy birthday after all. It took a bit of convincing on Carie's part to get her daughter to agree but in the end, after gravely reminding her of her solemn promise to do whatever her mother told her all summer, Rochelle, not wanting to incur the wrath of her mother also, meekly agreed.

Everett set the empty glass down. It was his third Jack and coke and he was now feeling little pain. Plopping back down on the bed he closed his eyes and was just starting to relax when he heard a light tapping on the door.

He opened his eyes in time to see his wife pop her head inside the room. "Sweetie, can we come in."

"I would rather be alone, he snapped. "Haven't you two caused enough grief for me today already?" Everett's anger at his daughter had the dual effect of bringing back his anger toward his wife for her flirtatious ways during the party.

Ignoring his request to be alone, Carie pushed open the door and entered the room with Rochelle in tow. "Yes, we have darling, especially your pretty young daughter . . . and me, of course, and that is why we want to spent the rest of the evening making it up to you. Isn't that right, honey?"

"Yes, please Daddy, it's still your birthday and me and mommy still have some birthday presents for you."

Everett was about to snap at them again telling them he didn't need any presents when he paused. They were up to something. He could tell because both of them were looking especially gorgeous having obviously taken the time to put on makeup and do their hair up nicely. Rochelle wearing makeup was especially a dead giveaway as she only wore it on special occasions.

Then there was the elegant matching white satin robes they were both wearing. It was a Christmas present from him to the both of them last year and other than that Christmas Eve when they had both tried their robes on, it was the first time he seen them wear their robes together.

His anger never stood a chance as he gazed at his wife and daughter both looking so gorgeous in their matching robes.

"Fine, fine, you can stay but I am still you know . . .angry with the both of you," he responded trying his best to still sound upset.

"Well let's just see if we can change that. C'mon sweetheart," Carie grabbed Rochelle's hand leading her over to the mini bar, "if this is going to be a proper party the both of us need to catch up to your daddy in the drinking department."

"Really, honey, she is only eighteen and doesn't drink."

"Relax, she drinks with me sometimes."

"Really, when?"

"A little at night sometimes when you are gone on your business trips. Trust me your daughter is lots of fun when she gets drunk."

"I am Daddy," Rochelle added giving him a sly smile.

"Fine," he said his curiosity rising as his wife was acting awful strange.

Stretched out on the bed, he watched with growing amusement as both of them did back to back shots of Jack. After downing the second shot, Carie pulled out a larger tumbler from under the bar and filled it halfway with coke before adding a generous amount of whiskey.

"This is for the both of us, baby," Everett heard his wife whisper to his daughter before taking her hand and leading her over to the bed. He noticed how Rochelle was swaying slightly as her mother led her over to the bed.

"Now are you ready to unwrap your birthday presents little boy that both your mommy and your daughter got you."

Rochelle looked at first her mother, and then her father, in confusion. She was about to ask what her mother was talking about when Carie, noticing the confused look on her daughter's face, made a bold decision.

"Let me explain sweetheart." She sat Rochelle down on the bed then settled down next to her shooting her husband a look that said "silence".

Everett ignored the look and started to speak, "Honey, I don't think she needs to hear--"

Carie glared at her husband. If he wasn't going to play along with her naughty plan it would totally collapse. She would make one attempt to get him to go along and if not . . . well it would be his loss.

Making her voice as harsh as possible, Carie snapped at him, "Look, little boy, don't ever interrupt me when I am talking. Do you understand?"

Everett at first was stunned at the severity of his wife's tone. She reserved this tone only for when she was feeling extra frisky and they were in the midst of playing their "Mommy and her little boy" sex games. Could she actually want to Rochelle to see this or was this just a prelude for later when they were alone.

Before he could formulate a response Rochelle started to giggle. She was amused at the sharp tone of voice her mother was using on her father and at the way she called him "little boy".

Carie now wheeled on her daughter deciding to go all in on her risqué gambit. "I don't know what you are giggling about little girl.

Your daddy knows better than to cross his mommy . . . especially when she is trying to make his birthday extra special."

Rochelle, amused to no end, promptly looked down mumbling a quiet "Sorry Mommy".

Curious to find out how far his wife was planning on taking things, Everett decided to also play along. "I am sorry too, Mommy."

"Very good. You both need to understand just who is in charge tonight and obey me without question." Carie turned back to Rochelle, and taking her hands gently, she started to speak. "Now Rochelle, sweetheart, listen closely. Your daddy has abandonment issues. First, his mother left him at a young age, and then your mother also abandoned him and you both. Didn't you ever wonder why your daddy married someone like me so much older and who just happens to be the exact age of his real mother?"

"I don't know, I just thought he married you because you were so pretty and so nice."

"Oh sweetie, flattery. How nice . . . you have earned yourself a nice big drink. Here take a swallow." Carie reached over to the nightstand handing Rochelle the tumbler full of Jack and Coke.

Rochelle obeyed taking a generous swallow of the potent mixed drink before handing it back to her mother who took her own large swallow.

"So anyways sweetie," Carie paused, running her fingers through her daughter's long curly hair, "you have to understand maybe that is why your daddy was so upset seeing you flirting with those boys in your sexy little bikini this afternoon. He thinks maybe you are going to up and run off and abandon him."

Rochelle looked at her mother and begin to protest. "I would never--"

"Don't tell me sweetie, tell him."

Rochelle turned to her daddy, who was leaning back against the headboard sipping his drink while watching as his wife spill his secrets not sure if he was so happy about it. "Daddy, you are my hero and that is forever I will never abandon you."

"Thank you sweetie," Everett answered quietly although deep down in his heart he knew she would leave . . . eventually.

"I think your daddy needs more than words to convince him, Rochelle. I think this might be a good time for you to allow him to unwrap the birthday present you got him."

Carie stood up taking both of their hands and leading them over to the comfortable padded chaise nestled in a corner next to the mini bar.

"Now you sit here, honey and prepare yourself because I am pretty sure you are really, really going to like what your daughter got you." Everett moved to the edge of the chaise as Carie directed Rochelle to move around so she was standing directly in front of him.

Looking over Rochelle's shoulder as she stood behind her, Carie told her husband, "Go ahead and unwrap your present darling."

"But where is it. I mean she doesn't have anything."

"What I got you is hiding under my robe, Daddy," Rochelle quietly told him.

When Everett didn't respond as he tried to process the implications of what his daughter just told him, Rochelle smiled at sweetly before whispering, "Don't worry daddy, I will unwrap your present for you." Turning her head around she looked at her mom and said, "Is that OK Mommy?"

"Of course, sweetie. Go ahead and unwrap your daddy's present for him."

Everett's heart began to race as Rochelle tugged at the knot holding her robe shut. This was real happening!

As the satin robe slipped off her shoulders and down, revealing a simply gorgeous white lace strapless bra, Everett felt his cock twitch inside his jeans. The white bra stood out in shimmering beauty against his daughter's dark glowing skin.

To go along with the bra Rochelle was also wearing an adorably cute pair of blue panties with horizontal white stripes. The older panties, unlike the bra, were a left over from an earlier time—a more innocent time as things were turning out, but still looked endearing on her.

Carie leaned forward whispering in her daughter's ear. Rochelle turned back to look at her mother who nodded her head. Turning back to her father Rochelle, making her voice as sweet and innocent as possible, whispered, "Do you like my new bra, Daddy? You are the first to see how it looks on me."

Tilting her head to one side seductively she whispered again. "Please Daddy tell me this makes up for me not showing my new bikini off to you first."

"It does baby. You know, I think I like your new bra even better than your sexy bikini honey. I mean, you look so utterly beautiful in it that I feel I must look away before my eyes get burned by your awesome beauty."

It was the truth— all except the looking away part. As for that, Everett simply couldn't help himself. He was staring directly at his daughter's chest; directly at those youthful tits of hers so proudly showed off in her new bra. Maybe because he was more than a little drunk, but he did little to disguise the fact he was staring at his daughter's tits.

Rochelle noticed the way her daddy's gaze was so intently focused on her chest, and liked the feeling of sexiness it gave her. Although she was generally shy about showing off, except on special occasions like today at her daddy's birthday party, tonight the combination of wanting to get back in his good graces and the whiskey was weaving a magical forbidden spell over her heart.

Carie also noticed how intently her husband was staring at their daughter's tits and decided to stir the pot a bit. "You know honey, your mother can just tell by the way your daddy is staring at your new bra that he really likes it."

"Good. So can I ahh . . . maybe put my robe back on now, Mom?" Reality was beginning to settle inside young Rochelle's heart and it was scary causing her innate shyness to assert itself.

"Why sweetie?"

Turning to her mom, Rochelle answered coyly, "Just coz I am shy."

Carie flickered her eyes at her husband. This was a nonverbal cue to him stating she wanted him to intercede here. They had been married long enough where Everett easily picked up on the majority of his wife's unspoken cues.

Feigning anger he snapped at Rochelle, "Yeah, right, shy my ass. You weren't so shy little girl running around my party earlier out by the pool in your skimpy little bikini, but now, alone in your Mommy and Daddy's bedroom, two people you should trust above all others, all of a sudden you're little Ms. Shy!"

"Well earlier I was with my friends. I mean all my girlfriends were wearing bikinis so . . . I mean, I guess I felt more comfortable."

Now it was Carie's turn to snap at her daughter. Somehow without any prior discussion, Carie and Everett decided to play the bad cop/good cop routine on their daughter-- with a twist. The twist was simple as there was no "good cop" in this routine, only "bad cop" and "really bad cop" which was a fact the innocent young Rochelle was about to find out.

"Oh I see!" Carie yelled stepping back as she leaned over and picked up Rochelle's robe from the floor. "You can only show off around your friends huh, but not for your mom and dad. Go ahead put your damn robe back on."

Carie angrily shoved the satin robe back in her daughter's hands as she stood glaring at her.

"Mom, why are you so mad?" Rochelle responded in confusion as she started to slip the robe back on around her shoulders.

"Oh I don't know honey. Maybe it's because we spent all that time at the mall shopping for new bras for you and now instead of being proud to show your nicest one off to me and your daddy you want to play the shy, sweet, innocent girl and cover up."

Rochelle paused. "I am shy and innocent. You guys know that. I mean you never let me do anything."

"Yes I suppose we are overprotective of you sweetie," Carie said softening her voice, "but that is only because we love you so much."

"I know you do, but it's just that . . ." Rochelle paused again after getting the robe wrapped back around her body and tied up again.

"Go on baby tell us . . . it's just that what?" Carie said placing her hands on Rochelle's shoulders.

"It's just that no one has ever seen me in my underwear before . . . I mean not since I got older anyway, and it just seems a little naughty is all . . . to, you know, show off like that."

"That's understandable sweetheart . . . Isn't it hon?" Carie said glancing at her husband as her hands slipped down and off of Rochelle's shoulders.

Everett just nodded his head in agreement as he stared at his wife's hands sliding up and down his daughter's bare arms both hoping--and fearing—they might wander elsewhere . . . like to her chest.

"You are shy, of course, and that is part of what makes you so very attractive, but don't you trust us sweetie, me and your daddy?" Carie's hands were slowly slipping over toward the front of her daughter's robe.

"Yes, of course," Rochelle said looking down. Her mother was starting to undo her robe again.

"And since we are such a close family baby, the three of us." Carie was tugging at the robe's knot as Rochelle's hands came fluttering up in an attempt to stop them.

Carie again gave her husband a nonverbal cue flickering her eyes at him and then down to Rochelle's hands.

Everett reached out and snatched his daughter's hands into his holding them tight. "Like your mother was saying pumpkin, we are a close family so nothing really naughty can ever happen between us as long as it's done with tenderness and love."

"I guess," Rochelle said feeling the knot come undone and her robe beginning to slip down and off her shoulders.

"Besides, baby girl, it would be a shame to keep such a pretty bra covered up, especially since you did buy it, maybe subconsciously huh, with your daddy in mind."

"I . . . I was hoping he would like it maybe," Rochelle said as she fell back to following the original plan outlined by her mother earlier when they were alone in her bedroom.

Carie finished removing the robe and this time tossed it across the bed and out of reach. "Now let's talk about just how sweet and innocent you are little girl. I am thinking maybe not so much the way you were flirting with that idiot boy. What was his name honey?"

"Colby, I think" Everett fairly spat the name out of his mouth.

"Yeah, Colby, I bet he is just hoping he can take you to that concert and afterwards maybe take advantage of you."

"Mom, he wouldn't . . . he's a nice boy and its Toby by the way."

"Toby, Colby, quite frankly I don't give a fuck . . . sweetheart," Everett fairly shouted at his daughter, "to me his name is Jack Shit and he is not taking you to any concert."

"Hmm, what I think your father is trying to say baby is . . . it's the nice ones you gotta watch out for sometimes."

Carie's hands floated back up to Rochelle's shoulders kneading them softly as Everett leaned back and watched.

Turning back to her father, confused by his sudden outburst, Rochelle tried to defend herself. "I . . . I would not let him take advantage of me. I told you I am innocent and shy. Yeah, I like to flirt sometimes . . . but still that doesn't make me not innocent."

"Just how innocent are you my dearest daughter?" Carie asked teasingly from behind her.

Picking up on the gambit Everett added, "Yes, I am wondering about that myself. Even though me and your mother don't let you date maybe you sneak out with boys behind our backs."

"No, no, never," Rochelle cried. It was the truth.

Carie smiled. This was going perfectly and definitely heading in the right direction. Now, if only she could keep the momentum going

just maybe she would finally be able to give her husband his ultimate dream — and the most perfect birthday present of all time.

"So you have never been kissed? Never had a boy punch his eager tongue in your mouth and swirl it around?" Carie asked.

"Never had a boy's nervous hands try to feel you up?" Everett interjected before Rochelle could even answer her mother's question.

"Or a girl's," Carie added with a knowing snicker.

Rochelle shook her head as she shifted back and forth on her feet nervously between her parents. This part of the plan her mother had definitely not outlined back in her bedroom.

"So it means those beautiful little tits of yours are pure and untouched . . . like freshly fallen snow in a remote backcountry." Carie declared sweetly before adding, "Now don't lie to us."

"Yes, Mommy they have never been touched . . . I swear." Rochelle's mind was whirling from both the alcohol and the way things seemed to be going so far off script.

The way her mother had outlined things earlier in her bedroom was how she should make a somewhat dramatic demonstration of showing off her new bra to her daddy, letting him be the first to see

it as a sort of make-up gesture for the whole incident on keeping her new bikini a secret until his party.

Then she was to follow up with a bit of innocent flirting and/or teasing like she always did whenever she had something new and pretty to show off to him.

Her mother assured Rochelle her father would be thrilled at her courage to let him see her in her new bra, and then she would be forgiven completely.

But now this! Yeah, this was growing much more serious by the minute, and by both their tone and attitude with her, and the deep probing questions, she could only wonder where it was ultimately heading.

The better question was: did she even possess the courage to put an end to it? A maybe even better question might have been: did she even want to put an end to it because, truthfully, Rochelle was finding a quiet thrill in the ongoing drama being played out.

Finally, adding to the drama, she was a bit more intoxicated than she had ever been making it easier to play along. Or maybe it was easier because deep down inside, after getting past her thick "shy girl" armor, Rochelle was abundantly curious about all matters sexual.

As she stood there between them, she felt their questioning stares. Did they believe her? Was they upset because they thought she had been sneaking around behind their back with boys.

Deciding she needed to again defend her honor she turned to her mother first. "Mom, how could I . . . how could anything happen. I mean you guys were both so overprotective of me that I never had a change to go out and be naughty." Turning back to her father she added, "Daddy, you believe me right? That I am still a good girl."

Everett only smiled and said nothing, content to let his wife continue to lead things.

Carie reached out with her hand and gently used it to turn her daughter's face around toward her. Speaking slowly, choosing her words carefully, Carie made what she hoped would be a decisive move.

"Honey, did you ever consider we had a good reason to be so overprotective of our little girl?" After running her fingers through her dark hair, Carie reached around and took her daughter's hands turning her fully toward her.

In a soft sweet whisper, Carie went for broke. "Maybe me and your daddy were just saving you, saving that beautiful virgin body of yours, all for ourselves."

Carie took a step forward pressing her body up against her daughter. Rochelle, still reeling from the implications of what her mother just whispered to her, now felt her father's looming presence behind her as he stood. His hands were on her sides, stroking her bare skin softly, sending shivers up and down her spine as he whispered in her ear. "Honey we both love you so much. You need to remember that."

Her mother's hands, gliding up and down her bare arms, felt warm and soft sending chills throughout her body while her father's hands, busy slipping around to caress her bare tummy, causing her to shudder in quiet anticipation.

Looking over Rochelle's shoulder Carie spoke to her husband softly. "Honey, since you are up now, why don't you go freshen your drink up at the bar."

Although she had spoken to him softly, Everett was well versed in knowing just what his wife wanted by recognizing the smallest edge in her voice. Hearing that edge, however slight, told Everett one thing -- if he disobeyed her now things would be wrapped up rather quickly and just when things were starting to get real interesting. He obeyed without a moment's hesitation.

Everett made his way slowly across the bedroom toward the mini bar keeping one eye on his wife and daughter not wanting to miss any of the upcoming drama.

Carie turned her attention back to her daughter taking her hands gently into her own. "Honey, I want to tell you something. You have been left alone to show off long enough, so go ahead sweetie, and undo your mommy's robe . . . nice and slow just like I took off yours."

Rochelle hesitated. She was not sure what to do. Somehow she sensed taking her mother's robe off at this juncture might set her upon a forbidden path of which there might be no escape. She was both afraid to obey her mother while being equally nervous about not doing what she was told.

Caire, sensing her daughter's indecision, reached over to the nightstand and grabbed the still nearly full tumbler of Jack and Coke.

"Now take a big drink and then if you decide to . . . disobey me . . . you will be free to run off to your room."

Taking the glass out of her mother's hand, Rochelle asked, "But then you will be mad at me."

"No, not mad, just extremely disappointed is all, but it's your decision but just . . ." Carie reached out using one hand to guide the glass to her daughter's lips, "at least, enjoy one last drink . . . with me . . . with us in honor of your daddy's birthday."

Carie pointed over to her father who raised his glass with a warm smile. "Just like your mother said hon . . . one last drink in honor of my birthday."

Rochelle sighed as she tilted the glass back to her lips. It was the least she could do, have one final drink, before fleeing to her bedroom. That was her plan but then . . .

After taking a couple small sips she tried to hand the glass back to her mother. Carie took the glass and raised it up to Rochelle's lips whispering sweetly, "Just a little more . . . for me huh."

Rochelle took a larger swallow this time before once again trying to hand the glass back to her mother. Again to no avail.

Again, Carie pushed the tumbler up to her lips whispering, "OK hon, you are doing good now but just one more big gulp to show your daddy you really know how to celebrate his birthday."

Wanting to impress her mother, and him, Rochelle gulped down the majority of the whiskey and coke making her dizzy.

Clapping her hands together Carie exclaimed, "Very nice baby!"

Everett, leaning against the bar staring intently at the proceedings, joined in, also clapping his hands. "Yes, bravo, baby, bravo."

"I . . . I need to sit," Rochelle said after feeling the tumbler slip out of her hand and hit the carpet with a dull thud. Her whole world was starting to spin.

Carie guided her over to their bed and helped her sit down before straightening back up. Now while she was still reeling from the whiskey and coke Carie struck. Taking a step nearer so she was standing close to her as she sat on the edge of the bed, Carie guided her daughter's hands to the front of her robe. Whispering softly, she told her, "Now since you didn't flee to your room I can only assume you must be ready to be a good girl and obey your mommy."

Rochelle looked up. Part of her still wanted to flee, but a bigger part, emboldened by the alcohol, wanted to stay and pursue this exciting new adventure with her mommy and daddy.

Making an impulsive decision, Rochelle told her mom, "I am."

"Then go ahead sweetie and take mommy's robe off nice and slow. Please baby." The pleading in her mom's voice quelled the last of any doubts Rochelle might have had.

Everett settled down on the lone bar stool, sipping a fresh drink, to watch.

Opening the robe, nice and slow, Rochelle continued on the course her mother had set for all three of them. Under her robe, Carie was wearing a bra with a colorful array of alternating red, light pink, and grey diamond shapes. The material was light and see through allowing Rochelle a nice view of her mom's big round tits topped off by a pair of delicious looking nipples.

Matching her bra perfectly was a pair of pink panties adorned with small yellow and orange flowers scattered all over. To complete her look, Carie had donned a pair of white thigh high stockings with a pair of pretty pink ribbons attached on the outer thigh of each stocking at the upper part of her thighs.

Her outfit was titillating and just like Rochelle's brand new. She had been saving it for a special occasion. Glancing over at her husband she could tell by the hungry look on his face he liked it.

Making her voice soft and sweet, she touched Rochelle's face lightly. Making her voice low enough so Everett couldn't hear, she whispered, "Do you like your mommy's new outfit sweetie."

"Yes. I mean wow, the bra, I like it especially. I mean . . . it makes your breasts . . . ahh look really nice and kinda big."

"Well, it's a push up bra sweetie, and just between me and you." She paused glancing over at Everett. He was leaning closer trying to hear. "I wanted to surprise your daddy as my breasts are kind of bigger. I mean I went and had a breast lift . . . in secret."

Carie smiled at her daughter as she took a step closer. "You think he will like them?"

"Yes," Rochelle replied feeling a flutter of butterflies in her stomach as her mom drew nearer. She seemed to be having a hard time taking her eyes off her mom's chest.

The butterflies really started hopping around as Carie reached out and gently touched Rochelle's face. "Do you like them honey . . . your mother's new and improved boobies? Tell the truth."

"Yes, they look really nice, Mom. I think I said that already." Rochelle looked away, embarrassed while speculating if her mom asked her because she caught her staring at her tits.

Carie sensed the time was right to move in for the kill. Using a gentle hand on her daughter's cheek to direct her attention back toward her, Carie took another step closer to where her daughter was perched on the edge of the bed. "Do you wanna touch them honey. Maybe you are curious huh?"

"Mom, I'm . . . I'm not like that! I like boys . . . mostly."

"Oh don't be so dramatic sweetheart. I wasn't suggesting you were a lesbian. I just thought you might be a little curious is all. You know

a lot of young teen age girls are just curious about other women, especially older women, but that doesn't make them gay."

"You mean curious when it comes to the sexy stuff?" Rochelle asked.

"Yes. I know I was when I was your age. Fortunately, I had an older roommate at college who helped me explore my curiosity . . . just like I wanna help you explore yours."

Carie reached out and took Rochelle's hands guiding them to her bare tummy. Pushing them upwards she whispered, "C'mon honey, let mommy help you explore."

Rochelle was about to say OK when suddenly she remembered her daddy was in the room. She turned to him. He was staring at the two of them . . . much like a cat stares at a mouse before pouncing.

"But what about Daddy?" she whispered as she tried to pull her hands away.

Carie gripped her daughter's hands tighter and started to push them firmly upwards. "Forget about him. Concentrate on Mommy . . . OK? Trust me, he will be just fine over there watching us. It will be like a birthday present for him and something special for us. Go on . . . please baby . . . be brave for mommy."

Rochelle gave in. Gave in to her mother's soft pleas allowing her hands to be guided northward until they bumped up against her mom's tits.

"Go on sweetie, feel them. I know you want to. I can see it in your eyes."

Like sticking a toe in the water to test how warm it is, Rochelle, using both hands, gave each of her mom's tits a gentle squeeze causing Carie to whisper, "Hmm that's it baby, nice and gentle. Go on squeeze them some more . . . please."

Liking the way they felt; liking the way her mother was pleading with her, Rochelle started to fondle her mom's tits more aggressively.

Everett downed the last of his whiskey and coke before sitting the glass down hard on the bar counter. He sure and the hell didn't know how things had gotten this far, but he was not complaining. Watching his beautiful young daughter run her hands all over his wife's pretty new bra, squeezing and fondling her boobs through it, was giving him the beginnings of what was sure to be a massive boner.

Carie sat down on the edge of the bed next to her daughter thrilled that she never stopped fondling her tits even as she was sitting down. Finally, Rochelle paused giving her mother a pensive look before dropping her voice low, "Mom are you sure this is OK . . . what I am doing?"

"Hmm, let's ask your father," Carie said deciding to push the envelope even further. "Honey, can you come join us. Your daughter wants to ask you something."

Everett crossed the room in a hurry. He was very curious now wondering just what it was Rochelle had whispered to her mother right before she called him over.

He sat down on the bed next to his daughter his heart racing. "So you wanted to ask me something?"

"Hmm, kind of . . . I mean it was Mom's idea."

"To ask or to do what you have been doing?"

"Both actually. So is it OK . . . isn't it wrong or naughty me touching her like that?"

Everett glanced at Carie. She had a mischievous smile on her face that indicated he should answer the question in such a way as to encourage his daughter to do . . . more.

"Well, honey it's definitely not wrong as long as you are doing it with love and it sure looks like your mother loves you touching her

breasts. What about you . . . do you like touching them? You said they are nice."

Rochelle hesitated slightly before answering. "Yes, I do like touching them. It's kind of fun, but still its naughty and you guys said I should never be naughty."

Carie interjected now ready to take control of the situation once more. "Honey, we said never be naughty with other people . . . like your friends. We are your parents so it's OK to be naughty with us sometimes."

"I guess," Rochelle replied softly finding it hard to argue with their logic.

"Besides," Carie said cheerily running her fingers through Rochelle's hair, "it's your daddy's birthday, remember. And it's OK to be naughty on birthdays"

"It is?" Rochelle asked turning to Everett.

"Sure honey. So now that I am sitting here so close maybe you can play with your mommy's boobies some more. I was really was too far away to see much the first time."

Rochelle felt her mother taking her hands firmly into hers and start to guide them to her chest once more. Flanked on either side by her very naughty and very demanding parents, Rochelle knew resistance would be futile so she gave in. Completely.

As her hands came into contact with her mom's big tits once more her daddy leaned toward her whispering, "Play with them nice now sweetie . . . for me."

OK, Daddy," Rochelle answered quietly as she began to firmly knead her mom's tits this time not holding back at all. Carie leaned back on the bed removing her hands confident her daughter would no longer need her hands to guide things along.

She was right. Rochelle fondled her mom's tits through the bra liking the way they bounced and jiggled under her firm touch. Carie looked over at Everett and then down. He was squirming on the bed. He obviously was hard down there and would need to be included in the fun and games . . . at some point.

Carie reached up removing her daughter's hands from her boobs whispering, "Honey, while I think your daddy is really enjoying watching his daughter play with his Mommy's boobs we need to include him in our fun and games. After all it is his birthday."

"Yes, I agree," Rochelle said turning back to her daddy and giving him a shy smile.

"Very good then. I think we should start by some young lady giving her daddy some nice birthday kisses."

Rochelle turned to her father and gave him a timid kiss or two on the cheek before Carie used her hand on the back of her daughter's head to steer her lips toward his.

"It would be real nice birthday present for your daddy if you would let him be the first man to give you a real kiss, hon."

Carie didn't bother to wait for an answer. Using a steady hand on her cheek, Carie guided her daughter's lips to his. Father and daughter came together, lips smacking lightly together once, and then twice, before Everett took the plunge and carefully slipped his tongue into her mouth swirling it around quickly.

The innocent Rochelle was taken by surprise by his bold action. Pulling back she cried out, "Daddy is kissing me weird, Mommy. He is using his tongue." Rochelle knew what he was doing but decided impulsively to play at being naïve since her mother and father seemed to enjoy her being sweet and innocent so much.

"Oh no baby, that is a French kiss. Don't get scared. You will get used to it and I bet end up liking it."

Their lips came together again and this time when he snaked his tongue into her mouth Rochelle eagerly accepted it.

"Good girl," Carie whispered in her ear stroking her long dark hair. "Now kiss your daddy back like that."

Taking the lead, Rochelle tentatively slipped her tongue into her daddy's mouth liking the way it felt. After Everett jabbed his tongue back in her mouth several times they parted but not before they shared one final breathless kiss.

Finally, it was Carie's turn to be jealous. Turning Rochelle toward her she said in an urgent whisper, "Kiss your mommy like that baby. I am feeling a bit neglected."

Rochelle had no time to even consider an answer as Carie aggressively smashed her mouth against her daughter's. They engaged in a series of hot kisses, tongues snaking in and out of each other's mouths, before Everett interceded and turned Rochelle back his way. It was his turn again.

Rochelle's head was left spinning from the three way kissing fest that seemed to go on forever before both Carie and Everett pulled back from their daughter and smiled at her.

"So honey are you ready?" her mother asked sweetly.

"Ready for what?" Rochelle replied in a small voice. She was both scared and excited all at once. This was going faster and further than she could have ever imagined.

"To be felt up for the first time. I think you should let your father have the honor being its birthday. Would that be OK with you sweetie?"

When Rochelle didn't answer right away Carie turned on the charm. "Oh please baby, say yes, for the both of us. Please, pretty please. I promise he will be real gentle with his baby girl . . . right honey?"

"That's right, hon. I promise I will be very gentle with my baby girl."

Rochelle turned to her daddy. She could tell by the hungry way he was staring at her chest he wanted to touch her there. "I'm OK with it . . . if he wants to but do we have to take off my bra. I wanna leave it on . . . I guess I am still a bit insecure about showing off my boobies."

"Being that is such a pretty sexy bra you are wearing I think that would be OK with both of us. So here lean back against Mommy and relax baby girl." Carie whispered soothingly in Rochelle's ear as she reached across her and grabbed her husband's hands.

Sighing, Rochelle closed her eyes and leaned back against her mother ready to be felt up for the first time . . . by her daddy. It seemed like

such a wicked fantasy; a wicked fantasy that she could not escape; a wicked fantasy she was not trying very hard to escape.

Carie carefully guided Everett's hands up and onto Rochelle's tits. He fondled them tenderly remembering his promise to her to be gentle.

Carie wrapped her arms around her daughter's mid-section nice and tight as she leaned over and whispered to Everett, "Do they feel nice little boy?"

"Jesus, yes, they are." Everett croaked his voice hoarse with forbidden desire as he begin to knead his daughter's tits purposefully through her pretty strapless bra.

"Hmm, I bet they are nice and firm," she replied before lowering her mouth to Rochelle's ear. "Is it OK if Mommy feels them too honey?"

"It's OK, Mommy," Rochelle replied as she begin to squirm at the mere thought of being felt up by both her parents at the same time.

Carie slipped her hands up cupping her daughter's tits gently while Everett tenderly squeezed them through her bra.

"Oh God, what are you guys doing to me," Rochelle moaned as she felt her nipples stiffen.

"Hmm, just having some fun baby girl . . . now relax," Carie whispered as she lowered her mouth to Rochelle's neck and began to shower it with kisses. Everett joined in bringing his mouth to his daughter's.

They kissed again—this time with wanton lust-- as Carie found the weak spot on her daughter's neck. Attacking it with reckless abandon Rochelle was soon turned to mush in her parents' loving embrace.

The two sets of hands all over her tits, fondling them ever so gently, her daddy's tongue stabbing in her mouth, her mother's tongue lapping ever so lightly as her neck alternating between rough kisses and tender nibbles, had Rochelle whining with pleasure.

Finally, Carie pulled back. She pushed her husband's hands off his daughter's tits as they both turned to her with two pairs of expectant eyes—they both knew by now who was in complete charge of whatever might happen next.

"It's time," Carie announced.

"For what?" Rochelle asked.

"For the great unveiling of your young virgin tits and my new and improved tits. Your daddy is dying to see them both."

"I am," Everett replied.

"Good then go get the vanity bench and bring it over here, next to the bed, so you can have a ringside seat. Hurry up now."

Carie was an expert in the art of teasing and she was about to create her ultimate masterpiece. After getting the vanity bench in place a few feet away from the bed Carie, using her sternest voice, barked, "Now sit down and tuck them dirty little hands of yours under your butt little boy and don't let me dare see you move them."

Deciding to see just how hot she could get her husband before he exploded, Carie pushed on with her wicked plan, but then something totally unexpected happened.

"Mommy why does he have to sit on his hands?"

"So he doesn't do anything naughty while he watches us sweetie."

"But little boys don't always mind. Ahh, maybe we should do something more than have him just sit on his hands. I mean you are going to be paying lots of attention to me and what if, while you are distracted, he does something naughty?"

"You know I never thought of that. He can be a bad boy sometimes. What do you think we should do to make sure his hands stay in place?"

"OK, I have an idea but don't get mad Mommy if I tell you."

"Tell me. Come on I promise Mommy will keep her temper."

"Well I was snooping in your room once, a while ago, and found something."

"What?" Carie said trying to keep her growing excitement in check although she had a fairly good idea of just what little Ms. Snooper found.

"In the bottom drawer of your nightstand under some of your old nightgowns I found a couple pairs of handcuffs and some . . . other weird stuff."

"Oh you did huh and you are thinking maybe we should handcuff your daddy to ensure he behaves like his mommy told him to."

"Yes," Rochelle replied looking over at her daddy with a sly grin on her face.

Daughter like mother, Everett thought with a sigh. Carie was especially fond of playing bondage games.

"I think that is a good idea so why don't you be a little angel and go grab the handcuffs out of the drawer. They are still there where you found them."

When she was halfway over to the nightstand drawer Carie called out after her daughter, "Oh and honey, why don't you bring that weird stuff you discovered while you're at it."

A minute later, Everett was sitting on the vanity bench with his hands securely cuffed behind his back, thanks to his young daughter, and watched as his wife settled down in the middle of their king sized bed facing their daughter. The "weird stuff" Rochelle had been referring to was spread out on the bed between them.

The weird stuff, which was actually Carie's collection of sex toys, consisted of a decent sized flesh colored strap on dildo, a purple double dong, a vibrating wand with a white handle and large purple head, a small vibrating butt plug, and finally a dark sash that could serve either as a blindfold or an additional restraint.

"What is all this stuff?" Rochelle asked sweetly doing her best to act totally naïve once again. While having no real experience with any of the toys, Rochelle did have a basic understanding of what this stuff actually was and how it was used, but decided for her parents sake she would pretend she had no clue.

Everett's cock was already throbbing in anticipation of what he was getting ready to witness. Knowing his wife, he knew it was going to be hot.

"All this stuff baby, is just your mother's toys."

"Really, can we play with them, Mommy?" Rochelle asked innocently.

"Tell you what. Don't give me a hard time in taking off your bra so we can show off those lovely tits of yours to your daddy and I will let you explore the wonders of Mommy's toys with her."

"I would like to, but I am just really shy, Mommy. No one has ever seen my bare breasts before."

"Oh I know baby, and really, it would be an honor, a real honor, if your Mommy and Daddy were the first to see them don't you think?"

"I guess," Rochelle said doubtfully playing her role of the innocent to the best of her ability and loving it.

"Hey, I have an idea. You know no one has ever seen your Mommy's boobies either."

"Wait, that's not true. I mean Daddy has seen them a bunch of times."

"Not since I had them done just recently baby he hasn't. I have been saving them as a . . . birthday present. So why don't we show them off together and you won't feel so alone. You let me take off your bra and I will let you take off mine at the same time." Stroking her face tenderly, Carie added, "Now how does that sound baby girl?"

"OK," Rochelle replied softly after glancing over at her daddy. He had moved to the very edge of the vanity bench doubtlessly to get a better view.

They raised up on their knees facing each other and after exchanging a series of hot kisses, Carie guided Rochelle's hands to the front closure of her colorful bra while her hands slipped around to her daughter's back.

Their bras came undone at the same time before each of them slowly slipped them off of each other. They both turned with shrewd smiles to Everett as Carie whispered instructions to her.

"Do you like your daughter's young virgin titties, Daddy?" Rochelle softly asked him.

"Oh God yes, baby, they are beautiful." Indeed, Rochelle's medium sized 34 C boobs were the work of a creator in a good mood that day.

"What about mine, honey. Do you like your Mommy's new and improved boobies?"

"Yes, Mommy," Everett immediately answered deciding he should send the doctor who performed this masterful uplift on his wife a thank you note. Her boobs, which had just started to show signs of sagging, were now perfectly uplifted and quite delicious looking.

"I like them too Mommy. Can I play with them again? It will be funner I think without your bra in the way this time."

"Hmm, I think you are right hon. Go ahead but I get to play with yours too."

Everett struggled against the handcuffs to no end. Watching his wife and daughter fondle each other's boobs was making his cock painfully hard. And then things got even hotter.

Carie leaned in close to her daughter and after they exchanged kisses, she whispered something in Rochelle's ear they made her giggle out loud.

Everett heard his daughter whisper, "OK, Mommy," and then they pressed their boobs together and started rubbing them around in soft semi-circles.

Carie, having the bigger rounder boobs seemed to be dominating Rochelle's slender perky breasts with their dark nipples as she was slowly using her bigger tits to push her daughter onto her back while Rochelle giggled with childlike glee.

Rochelle ended up prone on the bed with her mom smashing her boobies down against her chest. Moving up, Carie used her tits to massage her daughter's face for several glorious moments as she closed her eyes and enjoyed her mom's tit massage.

Opening her eyes, Rochelle found her mommy's boobies mere inches from her quivering lips. Closing her eyes once more, she opened her mouth wide preparing to do what was expected of her.

Everett had thought watching his wife and daughter rub their tits together, he loved the contrast between Carie bigger white tits and his daughter's smaller ebony ones, was just about the hottest thing he had ever witnessed, but now watching his young daughter sucking vigorously on her mommy's boobies was easily surpassing the titty rubbing.

Carie moaned loudly as Rochelle's tongue circled her nipple before she took it into her mouth deeply. Carie let Rochelle's eager young mouth nibble on her tits for some time before she dropped down with her own hungry mouth and attacked her daughter's lovely dark twin mounds.

Rochelle arched her back allowing her mother to feast upon her virgin tits. Her moans were growing increasingly desperate as Carie's slipped a hand down toward her panties.

Carie raised up and whispered, "Can Mommy play with that sweet little pussy of yours honey?"

Rochelle looked up at her mother with wide eyed innocence nodding her head yes as she slowly spread her legs. Carie slipped one hand inside her daughter's panties as Rochelle gasped from the budding excitement

"Oh . . . My . . . God!" Carie exclaimed as one finger carefully dipped inside Rochelle. Turning to Everett with cunning smile she whispered loudly, "Jesus, she has a tight little cunt and Christ she is so wet."

Carie wriggled her finger inside of Rochelle just a bit before bringing her thumb up using it to stroke her daughter's clit. Rochelle let out a low moan as her mommy continued to caress her clit.

"Oh look at you squirm you the poor thing. Am I making you all hot?"

Mmm, yes, Mommy."

"Good. Now Mommy has a surprise for you." Picking up the nearby dark sash, she smiled at her. "And in order for it to be really nice surprise you can't see it. So I have to put this on you."

Rochelle complied; it was much too late for protesting. Allowing her mom to fit the dark sash carefully around her head, cutting off her vision completely, Rochelle could only wonder what her surprise might be. She suspected her mother might be getting ready to use one of her toys on her—or so she hoped.

Carie gave her husband a wink before she picked up the vibrating wand and plugged it in the outlet nearest to the bed. Looking directly at him she announced, "Now little boy you really are going to be squirming as you watch your Mommy play with your daughter."

After carefully getting herself into the right position, Carie flicked the wand on to its lowest setting. It hummed to life as she lowered her mouth to Rochelle's ear.

"Spread your legs wide baby so I can give you your present."

Rochelle, her heart pounding in anticipation, spread her legs just as she heard a low humming noise start up. The approaching hum of the vibrating wand only served to increase her growing excitement.

Showering Rochelle's lips with the lightest of kisses, Carie gently brushed the large pulsating head against her daughter's nipples.

Rochelle let out a started moan just as Carie slipped her tongue into her mouth.

The women kissed, tongues battling in a wicked embrace, as the wand, after attacking Rochelle's nipples and making them fully erect, slid down and in between her legs. Carie watched with amusement as Rochelle's whole body jerked when the wand, guided expertly by her experienced hand, found its mark right away.

Rotating the wand in a circular motion, Carie increased the speed another notch while lowering her mouth to her daughter's tits.

Everett groaned audibly. He was so fucking hard it was almost painful. He watched as his wife sucked on his daughter boobs—savagely it appeared—as she worked the wand all over Rochelle's tight little cunt.

"Oh God Mommy . . . that feels so good!" Rochelle was panting like a dog and near to coming, Everett suspected, but if he knew his wife—at all—he deduced Carie would not let her come so quickly.

He was right. Carie leaned back after pulling her mouth away and watched her daughter squirming all over the bed. She turned up the wand even higher, as she pushed it firmly up against her clit for only a few seconds, but still it was enough to send convulsions throughout poor Rochelle's entire body.

Knowing she was so very near, Carie yanked the vibrator away leaving Rochelle hanging on the edge.

"Mommy I was . . . I was almost there," she whined.

"I know you were baby." Carie said as she removed the sash from around her daughter's eyes.

"So why did you stop?" Rochelle said sitting up. Her voice with tinged with disappointment.

Everett, noting the angst in her daughter's voice in having her prize snatched away at the very last moment, was amused. Teasing was something his wife was highly adept at and loved, just loved, doing . . . as his daughter just found out.

"Well, if you must know." Carie paused looking over at Everett. "I was thinking of your daddy, baby girl. I mean look at him . . . all alone over there watching us play. He looks a bit lonely, huh."

"Yes. He does look lonely, Mommy. Should we do something about it?"

"I think so, but only because it's his birthday, and no one should be lonely on their birthday. I guess we should go over there and give him some company."

Carie hopped off the bed and extended her hand to Rochelle, who took her hand and allowed herself to be led over to her father. They both sat down crowding next to him on the vanity bench which was just long enough to accommodate the three of them with the girls on either side of him.

Having both of them so close clad only in their panties turned up the heat on Everett even more. His cock was painfully hard by this point and he could only pray his wife was done with teasing him, but considering the way Rochelle just giggled after her mother leaned behind him and whispered something in her ear—probably not.

Everett was right as Carie was far from being through teasing her husband. The teasing now switched to a verbal playful banter. "Did you like watching Mommy make me almost come Daddy?" Rochelle asked her father sweetly.

He said nothing at first but after Carie leaned forward and gave him a "look" he quickly answered, "Yes, I did baby."

"And you liked watching us suck on each other's boobies too I bet?"

Everett swallowed hard and nodded his head. Oh yeah, the teasing was not yet over.

Carie noticing how her daughter's eyes kept flickering to the noticeable bulge inside her husband's jeans and decided to see just how far he could push things between them.

"Honey, I think you are noticing . . . ahh, that rather large bulge inside your poor daddy's jeans huh?"

Rochelle turned to her mother and nodded her head yes.

"Are you curious about it? I suppose you have never seen a man's penis before?"

Rochelle shook her head no.

"Well here, give me your hand. Maybe it's time Mommy taught you a thing or two about a man's body."

Carie reached across Everett and took her daughter's hand. As she gave her husband a sly smile, slowly she guided Rochelle's nervous hand to his crotch. Pushing it up against the large bulge in his jeans, she smiled when Rochelle let out a noticeable gasp as her hand came in contact with his hardness.

"Here . . . let's move your hand around a bit hon. Do some exploring. I bet your daddy would like that."

Rochelle allowed her mother to guide her hand up and down Everett's hardness liking the way it felt, but more importantly liking the way it made him squirm and struggle against the handcuffs. It gave her a feeling of immense power.

Turning to her Mommy Rochelle said quietly, "Mommy can I ask you something?"

"Sure baby?"

"I don't want Daddy to hear. I'm embarrassed."

"Well just whisper it my ear sweetie."

Everett watched with equal parts excitement and dread sure that whatever his daughter was whispering in her mother's ear would result in more teasing for him.

Pulling back as she rubbed one finger daintily along the side of her cheek, Carie told her daughter, "Oh sweetie that is nothing to be embarrassed about. You are just curious as any sweet . . . innocent . . . young . . . girl might be about such things."

Carie made extra sure to emphasize the words sweet, innocent, and young when she spoke, knowing it would only increase her husband's excitement.

For the past year they had been kicking around the idea of having a threesome, with the third member of the party being a very young girl, eighteen or nineteen at the most. Per her husband's deepest desires the girl should also be both sweet and innocent, preferably a virgin and wholly naïve about sex. In addition, Everett expressed a desire for the young lady to be of a nonwhite ethnicity, preferably African American. In other words, Everett wanted someone totally the opposite of his wife-- probably for the sake of variety.

"Well, go ahead and ask him sweetheart," Carie encouraged Rochelle.

Rochelle only smiled shyly and said quietly, "You ask him Mommy."

"OK." Turning to Everett she said, "Honey, your daughter wants to see your cock. She has never seen one before and is more than a little curious I think. Would it be OK if we got it out for her?"

Everett barely could find the words. This was such an impossible dream but finally he managed to croak out a barely audible, "Yes."

Carie ordered Everett to stand up and turn so he was facing them as they sat on the bench. Rochelle, being terribly anxious to see a man's cock for the first time, squirmed as he moved in front of her.

After removing his belt, Carie hooked a pair of fingers around the waistband of his jeans and gave them a nice solid yank. They ended up on the floor around his ankles as Rochelle stood gazing at the large tent pole inside of her father's navy blue boxers.

Carie got up and moved around so she was standing behind him, before she slowly pulled his boxers down. Released, Everett's big hard cock sprung forward causing Rochelle to first gasp, and then giggle with girlish delight.

"So what do you think honey?" Carie whispered as she peaked around her husband.

"It's so big Mommy?" Rochelle exclaimed.

"Hmm, I think he is just a shade over six and half inches . . . a decent size alright."

"Can I . . . can I touch it."

"Sure baby. Here, let Mommy help you."

Darting quickly around Everett, Carie sat down on the vanity bench next to her daughter. Taking her hand she guided it slowly to his hard twitching cock.

"Nice huh," Carie purred as she pushed her daughter's hand against her husband's hardness. "Go on . . . run your fingers . . . lightly, very lightly, along the underside of his cock and see what happens."

Rochelle did as her mother instructed and gently brushed her fingers slowly along the entire underside of her daddy's cock. She watched it twitch and grow even harder as her mother stood up and crossed the room.

Halfway across the room Carie turned toward them and said, "Go on baby girl, just keep playing with your daddy's cock while I get something. I will be just a quick minute."

Brushing her fingers along the underside of his cock once more, this time a bit more deliberately, Rochelle looked up at her daddy and whispered sweetly, "Do you like that Daddy. Am I being a good girl?"

Everett let out a low moan before whispering back, "Oh God yes baby. You are being so good."

Returning from the bathroom, with a tube of flavored lube in her hand, Carie paused to admire her handiwork. I have created a fantastic forbidden masterpiece, she thought to herself as she stood there watching Rochelle carefully run her fingers up and down the length of her daddy's hardness while he stood helpless with his hands cuffed behind his back.

By now the ever curious Rochelle was experimenting by running her fingers at different speeds along his underside before discovering he seemed to be most sensitive just under the bulbous head of his cock.

Using just her index finger she brushed it up and down, slowly, and then faster, under the head of his cock making it twitch like crazy.

"I think you found his most sensitive spot, baby. Hmm, I always knew you were a quick learner. Here put some of this on your hands and I will show you a neat little trick."

After sitting down next to her, Carie squirted a generous amount of the strawberry flavored lube on Rochelle hands. "Now wrap your hand around that big cock of his, hon. Grip it tightly but not too tight," Carie instructed her daughter.

Doing as her mother asked, Rochelle wrapped her hand around the lower part of her daddy's shaft. "Now what Mommy?"

"Begin moving your hand up and down hon."

Again Rochelle did exactly as her mother told her and begin to work her hand up and down his hard rod.

She watched in amazement as her daddy's knees began to wobble as her mother sat whispering to her, "Go on baby, move your hand

faster . . . Hmm that's it . . . faster now . . . go on baby. You are doing so good."

Carie slipped off the vanity bench and onto her knees so she could be at eye level with the action. "Now reach under and cup his balls hanging there sweetie and jiggle them softly in your hands. Here it will be easier if you get down on your knees next to me hon."

Rochelle too slipped off the bench and positioned herself on her knees in front of her daddy. Carie took her daughter's hand and pushed it over to his testicles. "Now cup them like I said . . . but keep stroking that big cock of his."

Carie leaned forward whispering further instructions in her daughter's ear as she let go of Rochelle's hand.

"Does that feel good Daddy?" Rochelle whispered to him. "You like your baby girl playing with your cock."

Everett had lost the power of speech. Mumbling incoherently, he tipped his head back and closed his eyes.

"Let's have some real fun baby girl. Here try this."

Along with the lube Carie had sneaked a large pink feather along with a black duster out of the bathroom. She now pushed the feather in her daughter's hand while she wielded the duster.

Together they attacked Everett's aching cock. Rochelle used the feather concentrating on tickling the underside of his cock. Her father's moans as he struggled mightily against the handcuffs only made her giggle as did his further whining.

Rochelle looked on with girlish delight pausing in her own teasing as her mother used the feather duster fiendishly all along here daddy's long hard shaft before dropping it down to lightly tickle his balls.

"Oh Jesus, you guys are killing me," Everett whimpered as he tried to step back from the delicious way they were both torturing him. This resulted in a firm rebuke from his mommy in the form of a hard slap on his ass.

"Hold still your silly little boy and take it. Your daughter is having fun you know . . . and so is your mommy and if you dare try and step back again I will really give you something to whimper about."

Everett willed himself to stay in place as the sweet torture continued. They switched toys after a minute as Rochelle hummed pleasantly while dancing the duster up and down his hardness. Apparently, she was really enjoying teasing her daddy.

"God, Mommy his cock is really beginning to twitch," she exclaimed before reaching up and brushing her free hand against it. "Jesus and it's so hard!"

'Yes, well baby, I think your poor daddy has had about enough of our playful teasing," Carie said as she took the feather duster out of her daughter's hand and stood up.

"What are we going to do now Mommy?" Rochelle asked eagerly while staring at her daddy's hard cock. A deep, desperate desire was growing in the pit of her stomach; one that she prayed her mother had a cure for as she continued to gaze at his manhood.

Carie twirled her fingers in Rochelle hair as she smiled at her. Seeing the way she gazed at her daddy's cock with unbridled hunger allowed Carie the confidence to once more see if she could push things to another level.

"After all this teasing he has endured from his mommy and his baby girl don't you think we should do something . . . especially you little girl . . . to make him happy."

Rochelle, staring at her daddy, whispered. "You know I would do anything to make Daddy happy."

"Really, well how about this . . ."

Carie leaned over and whispered in Rochelle's ear. What she heard, at first, caused Rochelle to break out in giggles, before pulling away and staring at her mother with an astonished look on her face.

"Really, Mommy you want me to put it in my mouth! Well, I guess I can try, but I really won't know what to do."

"Just listen to me and I will guide you honey. Now here, move that pretty little mouth of yours a bit closer."

Carie bent down on her knees between them after grabbing the lube. "Let me apply a bit of Mommy's lube to your daddy's cock so it tastes good for you honey. You like strawberry right?"

"Mommy, you know I love strawberries."

"Yes, of course I do. Hmm, maybe that is why I bought this flavored lube in the first place . . . just for this special occasion. Anyways, here, let's work together. I will apply the lube and you be a good girl and rub it in all around real nice."

Rochelle nodded her head as she watched her mom slather his cock in the strawberry lube. It was now her turn. Using both hands, she worked the flavored lube all up and down his hardness.

"Now are ready baby?" Carie said her voice breaking with excitement.

Rochelle nodded her head yes as she moved her mouth to within mere inches of her daddy's cock while her mother stroked her hair. Leaning forward, Carie said just loud enough for Everett to hear, "Now use your tongue to tease him a bit. Pretend your daddy's cock is a big popsicle that you just wanna lick and lick again and again."

"OK, Mommy."

Rochelle leaned forward delicately flicking her tongue out and around the head of his cock. "Hmm, it does tastes good."

"See I told you sweetie, now tease him some more with some nice little licks with that wicked tongue of yours hon, before you take him in your mouth."

Rochelle twirled her tongue around the head of his cock before letting it slip underneath as she remembered how sensitive he was down there.

"Flutter your tongue back and forth a bit . . . real fast then slow baby."

Following her mom's instructions, she flickered her tongue first rapidly along the underside of his cock, before slowing down and

then gradually picking up speed again. Finally, as her daddy let out a serious of uncontrollable moans, Rochelle opened her mouth wide, closed her eyes, and begin to slowly suck his cock into her young mouth.

Everett let out a low groan while watching his innocent young daughter swallow his cock inch by inch.

"Oh, you are doing so good baby girl," Carie whispered as she reached under and cupped his testicles while she tangled her hand deep insider her daughter's hair in anticipation of what was to come next.

Rochelle after getting nearly half of his cock in her mouth, needed to catch her breath. Letting his cock slip out of her mouth, she turned to her mother hoping she would not be in trouble.

Instead of being in trouble, Carie received a warm smile from her mom as she whispered, "Ask him if he likes what you are doing baby."

Turning her face up to her daddy, she batted her eyes at him before whispering sweetly, "Do you like your little girl sucking on your big cock, Daddy? Am I doing a good job?"

"Oh God baby, you are . . . now please don't stop. Put it in your mouth again hon . . . more this time. Please baby girl"

"Go on, you heard your daddy, he wants you to take more of it so be a good girl and do what he says."

"But I can't take it all Mommy."

"Well, why not sweetie?"

Looking at his cock thoughtfully she whispered, "It's just too big."

"Oh honey, go ahead and try. For us . . . I think you can do it. Come on . . . don't be so easy to give up."

"OK, I'll try . . . just for you, Mommy and Daddy," Rochelle answered quietly before taking a deep breath and closing her eyes.

She once again licked at the head of his cock, swirling her tongue around it making him shiver before she opened her mouth wide. Determined to get it all in her mouth this time, Rochelle started to suck his cock into her mouth with a firm resolve.

Carie deemed with the proper amount of encouragement Rochelle would get the job done, started whispering to her. "Oh that is it baby . . . take it all, honey. You are doing real, real nice."

She had nearly half of his six and half inches in her mouth before pulling back slightly. Then, after looked up and batting her eyes innocently at him, she took a deep breath and with the help of her mother's firm hand still tangled in her hair providing just a bit of pressure, she begin the task of swallowing his cock whole.

"Oh baby, that is so good. You are doing sooo good." Carie exclaimed as she watched inch by inch her husband's cock disappear inside her daughter's mouth. "Now suck on it good. Pretend it's a big strawberry popsicle again. Just a bit more hon. Come on, you can do it."

Properly encouraged, Rochelle sucked her daddy's cock deeper into her mouth with wicked purpose. Moving her mouth back down, Rochelle let his cock slide out to where her lips were just resting on it before quickly taking it back into her willing mouth.

Gaining confidence, Rochelle's mouth went up and down, up and down, faster and then slower; flickering her tongue out she licked at the underside of his cock before swallowing as much as she could possibly take.

She could actually feel the tip of his cock tickling the back of her throat when her mom clapped her hands excitedly, "Oh God, look at our baby." Carie reached up, touching Everett lightly on the cheek. "She took it all, honey. Isn't she just the best little girl ever!"

Everett was too far gone to even respond, especially when Rochelle, now brimming with confidence after proving she could take all of her daddy's big cock in her sweet little mouth, begin to suck on his cock in earnest.

With her mouth flying up and down the shaft of his cock, Everett was overcome with intense need for release. Yes, he was near.

Shutting his eyes, his head lolled back as his knees begin to tremble. Carie recognized all the signs of an impending mighty eruption. Feeling positively wicked, Carie took charge of things completely.

Pulling gently on her daughter's hair, she whispered, "Quickly hon, take it out of your mouth. Lean back and close your eyes as I think your daddy has a big surprise for his baby girl."

Rochelle, of course, obeyed, and for her trouble she got just the surprise her mother told her she would. Carie, her hand already lubed up, quickly gripped her husband's cock tightly and began stroking it swiftly with a skilled hand.

"Go on little boy come for Mommy please . . . that's it baby . . ." Carie's hand glided up and down his hard shaft as she added the coup de grace cupping his balls in her other hand and jiggling them lightly . . . just the way he loved.

Everett closed his eyes and grunted as his cock exploded. Opening his eyes he looked down to see a generous portion of white sticky cum dripping off his daughter's cheeks, nose, and lips.

Rochelle had a look of utter surprise on her face while Carie held her hand over her mouth trying not to giggle. "Our daughter's first facial . . . courtesy of her Daddy . . . how sweet."

"Mommy, what . . ." Rochelle reached up gingerly touching the warm cum. "Oh my God, it's over my face--"

"Yes, sweetie. Go into the bathroom and I'll meet you in there in a minute. I just gotta release your daddy from his . . . awful bondage."

After helping Rochelle get cleaned up in the bathroom where they took an extra-long time—Carie wanting to give her husband some extra time to recover before round two-- they returned to the bedroom to find Everett relaxing under a sheet on the bed. He assumed maybe the night's wicked activities were done. He could not have been more wrong.

Leading her daughter over to the bed, Carie announced, "Well honey you did such a good job with Daddy with that wicked little mouth of yours do you think you can now take care of Mommy?"

Rochelle feeling playful, spotted the handcuffs laying on the bed. With a clever smile she picked them up, twirling them around in her

hand as she said, "I don't know, are you going to be handcuffed and helpless just like Daddy was when I take care of you?"

Everett had to suppress a laugh. If only she knew! Carie never played the part of the victim. She was always—always—the dominant one, he mused.

Watching her turn and place her hands behind her back his curiosity grew as she appeared to be willing to play the victim with her.

Letting out a small laugh, Carie said cheerily, "Sure hon, you want your mommy helpless, go ahead and slap the cuffs on her."

Raising up on his elbow, Everett looked keenly on at this strange turn of events. Now this could be interesting.

"Sure," Rochelle replied excited about the prospect of having her always dominant mother for once at her mercy. Taking the handcuffs, she moved around behind her mother, and was just reaching to attach the cuffs around one of her wrists when, quite suddenly, in one fluid motion, Carie whipped around and snatched the handcuffs out of her surprised daughter's hands.

Just as quick, she forcefully whipped Rochelle around, securing the handcuffs around her wrists in a mere matter of seconds. Everett watched the action feeling his cock twitch just enough from seeing

both of their boobies bounce around as the action unfolded to know he was far from being done for the night.

"Ha, tricked you little girl. You thought your Mommy would be that easy to capture. Not hardly."

"Mommy I . . . please release me. Come on . . . I--"

"Shh . . . I shall release you soon enough my pretty little daughter." Carie took her handcuffed daughter by the arm leading her over to the vanity bench. "Just as soon as you make me come by eating my pussy . . . something I am sure you daddy would not mind watching at all."

Everett straightened up in bed. Leaning back against the headboard he got comfortable as his wife beamed at him.

After reaching the bench, Carie turned Rochelle around and savagely kissed her before pushing her down into a sitting position on the bench. Barely having time to recover from her mother's wicked kiss, Rochelle found her mom shoving those nice 36 D tits in her face.

"Now worship your Mommy's tits little girl!" Carie urgently demanded as she snarled one hand deep in her daughter's hair.

Rochelle started slow. She was still a bit bewildered by the sudden and unexpected way her mother had turned the tables on her. Carie used her hand on the back of her daughter's head to guide her mouth all around her chest while she whispered a bit of loving encouragement to her captive daughter.

Showering her mother's large boobies with a series of light delicate kisses, Rochelle found her desire only seemed to have increased by having her hands secured behind her back leaving her so utterly helpless. Giving in to her lustful cravings, she attacked her mother's ripe nipples with a furor that rocked her back on her heels.

Everett felt his cock jerk to life as he watched his daughter, maybe being driven to heights of passion she never knew existed as she forced into the role of helpless victim, attack her mother's tits with such reckless fury.

Carie may have been the one free, but it was evident by the way she was begging-- yes begging!— for her daughter to keep sucking on her tits that she was the one imprisoned by her daughter's eager young mouth.

"Oh God yes, keep sucking on them sweetie . . . please . . . you are doing so good."

Rochelle discovered very quickly, she was a clever girl and a quick learner to boot, that her mother had a weakness— those very large and sensitive nipples. Working her tongue all over them, flickering

it this way and that way, she soon had her mommy begging for more. The more she begged the more powerful Rochelle felt.

Intermingling playful nibbles, tender kisses, and most especially, some deep forceful sucking, Rochelle soon reduced her mother to a state of near panic. She needed her young daughter between her legs and . . . now!

Reaching out, she grabbed Rochelle by the arm yanking her off the bench. "Get on your knees little girl now!" Carie barked at her daughter.

Carie gave her husband a little wave and a smile indicating he should come help. She did not have to ask twice as Everett eagerly jumped off the bed and joined his wife and daughter.

Squatting down next to her, Everett whispered to his daughter, "Daddy is here baby and is going to give you some advice on how to eat mommy's pussy, OK?"

"OK, Daddy," Rochelle said quietly.

Carie plopped down on the bench spreading her legs wide as she grabbed Rochelle by the hair and buried her face between her legs.

"Kiss Mommy's pussy, baby, all over, use your lips and tongue nice and slow," Everett whispered in her ear.

Rochelle closed her eyes as the sweet aroma of her mom's pussy surrounded her. Tentatively she slipped her tongue out of her mouth tasting the wetness. It was not bad. Not bad at all. Following her father's instructions she showered her mother's pussy with dozens of tender kisses as she pretended her mommy's pussy lips were a real pair of lips.

The inexperienced Rochelle was learning quickly what her Mommy liked. When she flickered her tongue out, tasting the moist folds of her cunt, and heard her mommy's response she knew she was doing good. Carrie hissed loudly, before letting out a long drawn out moan as her hand tightened on the back of her daughter's head.

"Oh baby that is good. Right there."

"Give it some nice little licks all over. Flicker your tongue in and out lightly, hon," Everett whispered to his daughter.

Again, Rochelle obeyed. She flicked her tongue out whipping it over, under, sideways, and then down before finally dis small and hard. With her eyes closed she had missed it.

Rochelle pulled back and opened her eyes. Looking down she saw the little silver ring standing out against her mom's shaved pussy.

"Our little girl has discovered Mommy's pierced clit," Everett told his wife.

"Good, now she can use that clever little tongue of hers to play with it while you, little boy, why don't you grab mommy's favorite toy and use it on her just the way she taught you."

Everett hurried over to the bed and grabbed the vibrating wand. When he returned Carie's head was lolled back, and she was moaning quietly while Rochelle worked her tongue all over her clit. Smiling, Everett flicked on the wand.

Rochelle attacked her mommy's clit with an eager tongue quickly discovering that was her weakness. She seemed to especially like it when she carefully took the clit ring into her mouth and pulled on it ever so slightly, before snaking her tongue out and jabbing at her swollen clit.

Leaning down, Everett pulled his daughter out from between her mommy's legs and whispered his plan to her.

Together, working in perfect unison, Everett and his daughter assailed Carie's wet pussy. First, Rochelle buried her face between her mom's legs again, kissing and licking as if her very life depended on it, before her daddy touched her shoulder. She then raised up; it was her daddy's turn.

He applied the humming wand to his wife's clit before inserting his index finger deep inside her pussy. Carie moaned loudly as she wriggled all around the vanity bench.

Everett had used the vibrating wand on his wife many times in the past—always with the most wonderful of results—but this time with their daughter watching it was so much more erotic.

Then just when she was nearing orgasm Everett stopped announcing, "Your turn sweetie."

Quickly lowering her face, Rochelle twisted her tongue out assaulting her mommy's wet pussy with a new series of licks and kisses before she gave her clit a tongue lashing that had Carie moaning louder than ever.

Just as she was about to tip over the edge Everett, watching carefully, pulled his daughter back. Turning up the vibrator to the next to highest setting, a loud humming filled the room.

Pushing the pulsating head directly against Carie's clit Everett went to work as Rochelle whispered her encouragement. "Come on Mommy, come for us. I wanna see."

Rotating the purring monster around in circles as his finger moved in and out of her pussy Carie was squirming all over the bench nearing a tremendously powerful orgasm.

"Mommy come for me and daddy. Pleaaaaaase," Rochelle cried just as an idea struck her. Leaning forward she brought her mouth up to her mom's tits and began sucking on the nearest one as Everett flicked the wand up to its highest setting.

It was all too much. Her daughter's sucking on her tits, coupled with her husband turning the wand to its max setting, sent Carie flying over the edge.

"Oh God . . . Don't stop babies . . . Mommy is coooommmmming . . ."  
She began to shake uncontrollably as her words ended in one long moan. The climax was maybe the most powerful she had ever experienced and left her literally panting.

Sitting back up after she recovered, Carie smiled at her daughter and then checked between her husband's legs. Good, he was nearly hard again.

Carie released her daughter from the handcuffs. "Are you ready baby for Mommy and Daddy to give their little girl her first real orgasm? You did so good for us we owe you."

"I'm ready," Rochelle said as Carie reached out and begin pulling her daughter's panties off.

Sitting Rochelle down on the vanity bench between them, they exchanged kisses with her as Rochelle spread her legs allowing full access to her virgin cunt.

Everett reached down between her legs rubbing her pussy gently as Carie tenderly fondled Rochelle's boobs while they made out. She was soon squirming all over the vanity bench from her mom and dad's warm attentions.

Standing up, Carie helped Rochelle unto her hands and knees on the bench while Everett moved behind her. "Now close your eyes baby girl. Mommy has a big surprise for you. Don't open them until I say so and in the meantime your daddy is going to eat that sweet little virgin pussy of yours."

Carie nodded at Everett as Rochelle obediently closed her eyes. Moving over to the bed, Carie picked up the strap on dildo and slowly put it on as she watched her husband eat out their daughter.

Everett, seeing what his wife was doing out of the corner of his eye, knew what was coming next. He knew he needed to get his daughter's tight little pussy nice and warmed up for her mommy's sizable strap on dildo.

Sitting down on the bench behind her he took a minute to admire his daughter's dark well-toned thighs, her muscular calves, and most especially those beautiful hanging tits before he finally turned his attention to her pussy.

Using one finger, he first licked it, before inserting it slowly, carefully up and into his daughter's pinkness.

Carie watched as she strapped the dildo in place. "She has a tight little cunt huh, little boy."

"Oh yes, tight and very nice, Mommy," Everett replied in a voice coarse with forbidden excitement.

"Go ahead and keep playing with it as I get ready."

"OK."

Wriggling his finger around, he watched as Rochelle let out a little moan as he pushed his finger in deeper before he pulled it out.

"Eat her out, hon. I want the little virgin bitch to be nice and wet for me when I come over there."

Rochelle's heart raced hearing her mother refer to her as a "little virgin bitch". It did not offend her in the least, but instead only

sparked some deep forbidden lust in her heart as she knew whatever her mom had in store for her-- it was going to be nice and wicked.

Feeling her daddy's tongue dipping between her legs and lapping at her pussy tenderly made Rochelle sigh as she spread her legs a bit wider. Finding her clit, Everett circled his tongue around it several times before sucking on it as he brought his finger up again pushing it inside of her once more.

Carie, finished with the job of putting the strap on dildo in place, stood there admiring what she had wrought. Her husband's face stuck between her step daughter's thighs—eating her out—was a step mother's dream—that was if said step mother was a totally naughty, dominating, over sexed, wicked bitch-- like herself.

Walking slowly over to the bench, after picking up the small vibrating butt plug along with the lube, Carie circled around to the front of her daughter giving a signal to Everett to stop.

Pulling his face from out between her legs, Everett stood watching and waiting for what Carie had in mind for them next.

Stopping in front of her, Carie reached out touching Rochelle's face lightly as she whispered, "Go ahead and open your eyes baby and see what Mommy has for you."

Rochelle opened her eyes and blinked. Her mother had a cock! It was large and flesh colored. Suddenly it dawned on her just what her mother planned on doing.

"Do you like it hon. I hope so coz I going to fuck you with it"

Rochelle, trembling slightly, said nothing.

Carie moved around to the back of her daughter as Everett sat down on the vanity bench next to her.

"Here baby," Carie said gently, "why don't you rest your head in your daddy's lap and be a good girl and raise that beautiful black ass of yours up in the air for Mommy."

Rochelle obeyed as she sunk down resting her head in her daddy's lap as she raised her butt up in the air.

Carie, in no mood to rush, rubbed her hands all over Rochelle's ass fondling it tenderly before dipping one finger into her pussy. She was extremely wet, much to Carie's delight, but just to be safe she squeezed some lube out of the tube so it ran between Rochelle's legs before she slathered some on her fake cock.

Holding the toy with one hand, Carie guided it to her daughter's pussy as Everett stroked her hair. "You know Mommy is going to

make you feel real good honey . . . although it might hurt a little bit at first, but I am here for you baby."

"Yes, Daddy," Rochelle nervously whispered as she felt the dildo just resting at her opening.

Ever so slowly, Carie slipped the dildo up and inside of her daughter, inch by inch. Every inch caused Rochelle to gasp a little louder as Everett leaned down and kissed her cheek.

"Its OK baby, Mommy is going slow for you."

Reaching down Carie began to finger her daughter's clit as she ever so carefully pulled the dildo out before pushing it back in a bit faster this time causing Rochelle to gasp louder.

Everett held her tight showering kisses and exclamations of love on her face as Carie pushed the dildo in and out faster and harder now while keeping steady pressure on her clit with her thumb.

Everett reaching down cupped Rochelle boobies in his hands playing with them a bit she looked up at him with desperate longing on her young face.

"Oh God, Daddy . . . it feels . . . ahh." Rochelle couldn't finish as her head dropped when an intense wave of pleasure/pain washed over

her. Carie was working the dildo in at a slow steady rate warming her daughter up for the grande finale.

Carie pushed the dildo in one more time making Rochelle grunt with that weird combination of pleasure mixed with a bit of pain. Withdrawing the dildo she looked over at Everett and whispered, "Let's take her over to the bed honey where you can make love to her properly."

Everett, barely able to contain his excitement, scooped up his daughter in his arms, and carried her over to the bed.

Carie trailed alongside whispering, "Do you want Daddy to make love to you baby and take your virginity properly?"

Rochelle nodded her head yes.

Reaching the bed, Everett gently placed her down in the middle of the bed after Carie pulled back the covers. After covering her daughter with a sheet, she hustled around the bedroom preparing the atmosphere while Everett disappeared inside the bathroom to freshen up a bit.

Carie lit several large pillar candles on both the nightstands flanking the bed and then turned out all the lights, before joining her naked daughter under the sheets.

When Everett emerged from the bathroom a few minutes later he found his wife and daughter making out under the sheet like a pair of long lost lovers. He paused at the foot of the bed to admire the show.

Breaking off their kiss, Carie looked over at Everett. "Oh good, you're back. Here sit on the edge of the bed and watch. We have something to show you don't we sweetheart."

"Yes, Mommy," Rochelle answered quietly.

Everett sighed forced once again into the role of voyeur. He watched as his wife and daughter resumed making out with reckless abandon before Carie dropped down showering Rochelle's chest and mid-section with a series of wild kisses.

Reaching over Carie grabbed the purple double dong off the nightstand. "I think you are curious about this one little girl aren't you?"

Rochelle reached out and stroked one end of it curiously. "Yes, Mommy. It . . . it looks like a dildo but it has two heads?"

"That is the idea exactly baby. Here let me show you how it works. Here you take one end and . . ."

Everett gazed with untold desire at his wife and daughter. Both had one end of the purple monster buried in their snatch boxes. They were facing each other, legs spread wide, holding hands, bucking their hips forward in unison. Both of their moans were becoming increasingly intense as they worked the toy in and out.

Lifting her head up, Carie waved to Everett. "Come on over and play with your daughter. I want her on the edge before you take her."

After ripping off his boxers, Everett rolled across the bed, positioning himself next to his daughter. Taking his hand he carefully turned her face toward him.

"You like Mommy's toy baby?"

"Y-yes Daddy, it feels so good," she whispered between moans.

"Good, I'm glad you like it now give me a kiss."

As their mouths came together, tongues pushing against each other, he reached down with one hand and cupped one of her delicate dark mounds. Finding her nipple, he stroked it gently until it was stiff.

Carie pulled her end of the double dong out and got to her knees. Leaning forward she attacked Rochelle's boobs with her mouth as Everett's hand slipped down between his daughter's legs.

All the attention was now focused on Rochelle's lovely dark body that glowed with such beauty under the soft candle light. Carie got back to her knees and was eagerly working one end of the double dong in and out of Rochelle's pussy as her husband dropped his mouth down now taking turns sucking on her boobs.

Using her fingers to stroke her daughter's exposed clit above the dong, Carie was bringing her to the edge as evidenced by Rochelle's loud moans of pure ecstasy.

"Jesus honey, hurry your daughter needs that big cock of yours inside of her . . . I think she is ready." Carie pulled the dong out of Rochelle's pussy before lying down next to her after pushing her onto her back.

"You're ready for your daddy now hon?"

"Yes, please I want him so bad," Rochelle whispered as she watched her daddy position himself over her. Her attention was focused squarely on his hard cock as she wondered what the real thing would feel like as it invaded her.

Rochelle closed her eyes as her mom sprinkled her face with tender kisses. "I love you so much sweetie . . . so so much," Everett whispered as he climbed on top of her.

When his cock finally pierced her virginity Rochelle let out a loud moan before it was cut off by her mother covering her mouth with dozens of kisses.

Rocking into his daughter nice and gentle, Everett made sweet love to his baby girl. Slowly pushing into her, over and over again, he was careful not to lose control.

Carie, after a desperate minute or two, began to sense how difficult it was for her husband to keep up such a slow pace and decided a change was needed. Whispering to them she said, "Let's trade places. I want to see her on top riding her daddy's big cock."

As Rochelle climbed on top of her daddy Carie told her, "You might like this better with you being on top so you can control the pace and go as slow or as fast as you want baby."

Holding up his stiff penis with one hand, Carie used her other hand to guide her daughter into place.

Rochelle let out a soft grunt as her father entered her again. Their hands found each other as she began to bounce slowly up and down on her daddy.

Moving behind her daughter, Carie, after discreetly reaching over and grabbing the small vibrating butt plug and dropping it on the

bed next to them, slipped her hands around Rochelle's waist helping her bounce up and down.

Rochelle's head was back, her mouth open as she surrendered to her carnal urges. Rocking up and down faster now, allowing her daddy's hardness deeper inside of her, Rochelle was nearing her first orgasm when Carie reached down and picked up the butt plug.

Waiting until Rochelle raised up she quickly pushed the plug up and inside her daughter's anal cavity without warning as she flicked the speed on medium.

Rochelle let out a loud gasp as the plug pushed inside her butt. Her gasp was one of both surprise and pleasure as the plug's vibrations swept over her.

"Come for us baby," her mother whispered stroking her hair as Everett gripped his daughter's hands tighter and thrust his hips upward driving his cock deep inside her.

The butt plug was the final piece as her daddy thrust upwards hard once more pushing Rochelle over the edge. Her body began to shake as her head flopped back before she collapsed in a heap next to her daddy still trembling.

Still things were not quite concluded as with half lidded eyes Rochelle watched in awe as her father attacked her mother.

Everett desperate for release pushed his wife down onto her hands and knees before violently shoving his cock inside of her. Punching his cock deep inside his wife, over and over again, Everett fucked her with a wild animal like intensity.

Rochelle, not wanting to be left out, moved over bringing her face down next to her mothers. Stroking her mother's hair, she whispered, "Daddy is fucking you so hard huh."

"Oh God . . . baby . . . he . . . is," Carie managed to answer between pants.

Reaching down, Rochelle cupped her mother's dangling breasts fondling them softly as she looked at her daddy. Something came over . . . something dark and wicked as she begin to speak. "That's it daddy . . . fuck the bitch harder . . . make the whore come."

It was all too much for Everett. His daughter's nasty talk sent him over the edge as he plowed into his wife-- fucking her harder and faster than he had ever dreamed of before. He came in a shuddering climax that had him crumpling down onto the bed and into his not so sweet daughter's arms.

Holding him tight, Rochelle stroked his hair. "Was it good Daddy? Fucking mommy that hard and fast."

"Well was it little boy?" Carie chimed in as she stretched out next to them.

"It was fantastic," Everett whispered back, "and most unbelievable."

The night ended on a fitting note as the three of them, Rochelle stuck between them, snuggled under the covers. Just before Carie was about to slip off to sleep out of the quiet darkness came Rochelle's sweet voice, "Mommy, do you think Daddy can fuck me like that one day?"

"Oh I think it could be arranged," Carie replied as she smiled in the darkness.

"I want you there to watch and to help. Maybe you can even take turns fucking me."

"Of course, baby, of course."

Everett, already fast asleep, did not hear their quiet exchange, but it mattered little as he was already busy dreaming of just such an adventure.

**THE END**