

Love Her Like a Daughter,
Ch. 1 by Kinkybelle

Introduction: A father gets reacquainted with his estranged teen daughter

The first thing I noticed was my daughter's rack.

I know it ain't right, but I'd always been a boob-man, and, even though she was more than a few months shy of seventeen, this girl was some kind of stacked. She yanked her old, beat up suitcase out from the luggage compartment under the bus and looked around. I pulled my eyes away from those sweet melons, tried to put on a friendly smile, and waved to get her attention.

I don't think she quite recognized her own dad. Least ways, she didn't smile back when she spotted me.

Lizzy and me hadn't seen each other for almost ten years, ever since her momma left me and took her away over across to Arkansas. Can't say as I blame her for leaving me--I weren't much of a husband to speak of. And there was that one time I hit her when I didn't mean to. I tended to have myself a few too many drinks back in those days.

"Hey, sweet pea," I said, trying to make it sound like I was glad to see her. "How about a hug for your old man?" I wrapped my arms around her, but she more or less just stood there and didn't hug back. She wasn't even pretending to be happy to see me. Least I got to feel those big, soft puppies pressing all up on my chest.

It weren't like I had anything against the kid, but I was comfortable with my life the way it was, and wasn't especially keen on the idea of being responsible for a teenager. The fucked up part was that her momma had to do sixty days in the county lockup out there for check fraud, so it was either ship her off to me for a month or have her stay with some messed up foster family--where she'd more than probably get molested or some shit. Not that I could blame anyone if they did. I was already having my share of bad ideas, and I was her own daddy, for cryin' out loud.

I threw Lizzy's suitcase in the back of the pick-up, and she didn't say a word to me the whole ride home. I tried a few times to make small talk, but she wasn't having none of it. She watched out the side window most all of the way, so I wasn't able to get a good look at her face. I mean, I noticed she was overall real pretty at the bus station, but I was nervous enough about meeting her that I didn't catch much in the way of the details.

She did have brown hair, like her momma, and it hung down real straight, like maybe she used one of those hair irons on it or whatnot. Her butt seemed a bit flat, but maybe it was just the way them tight jeans pulled everything in all around those long, skinny legs of hers. Tall, too. A couple more inches and she'd be almost eye-to-eye to me. And that rack...I didn't even want to think about those bodacious babies.

It was hard to ignore the disgusted look on her face when we pulled up in front of my place. I admit that hurt my pride more than a mite. Sure it was a trailer, but it was on my own chunk of land, and I'd fixed it up tolerably well over the years. Hell, it was sure as shit nicer than the dump her momma probably had her in.

My blood cooled a bit once we got inside and I could tell she was surprised to see that it wasn't half as bad as she expected. I reminded myself to go easy on the kid. I had to figure this was screwing up her life as much as it was mine.

"I only got the one bedroom for me," I told her. "The sofa there pulls out into a bed, so that'll be for you." She nodded, still looking around and taking stock of the place. "I got that new when I found out you was coming. I also went ahead an' got that set of drawers there for your clothes and such."

"That's cool," she said without anything much like excitement in her voice. "Thanks." First words I had from her since when she was six.

"Yeah, it's just some cheap shit from the Walmart, but I guess it'll do alright."

"Can I put on the TV?"

"Oh, yeah, sure, just use the big remote there on the side table."

She plopped on the sofa, tuned in MTV and stared at the screen. I was able to get a good look at her then. She had on a lot of eye makeup, too much for her age I reckoned, but it looked good on her anyways. Might have been to cover up for the dark circles and puffiness all around. Looks like the kid had been doing her share of crying of late.

Her nose was small with that cute curve along the bridge that I remembered from when she was little. Her skin was smooth and clear over cheeks that were round but not chubby. Her top lip was a bit thin, but the bottom one was nice and plump. Just below, she had a little dimple at the end of her chin. She got that from me, the rest come from her momma.

"You hungry?" I asked, not knowing what else to say.

"Nah." She looked over and gave me almost a half a smile. "I'm fine."

"Okay, then." I never felt so uncomfortable in my own place. "Well, I got some yard work to tend to, so the bathroom's right around through there, and there's drinks and stuff in the 'fridge if you want. Make yerself at home...holler if you need anything."

She nodded and went back to watching her program.

I got outside and just stood there for a time wondering what I'd got myself in for. All I could

do was shake my head and look about for something that needed tending to.

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Things didn't warm up any too well between us as the next few days went by. We passed words now and again, but it wasn't like we talked to each other as such. I even sat and watched a couple TV shows with her. Not exactly quality family time, but it felt like something to me. If I had to guess, I reckoned her momma filled her head with a lot of hateful ideas about me over the years. That, along with me not making any kind of real effort to keep in touch, or being able to do much in the way of child support, made it so as I couldn't hold it against Lizzy for not wanting to be more sociable toward me.

My real problem wasn't that. Having this hot little teenager running around my place was driving me to the living edge. I kept telling myself that this was my daughter--my own baby girl--but my dick didn't seem to be getting the message.

When she was in her pajamas at night, with no bra on, I could sometimes see those amazing titties of hers swaying around under there. And now that I'd seen her ass in a couple different outfits, I was able to tell that even though it was small, it was definitely firm and tight. And the things the sight of her tummy in one of them half-shirt deals girls wear these days made me want to do--well, it just wasn't decent what I wanted to do.

To make matters worse, I wasn't able to get any time alone with the TV. The only set I had was out in the front room where she was staying, and it was the only place I could watch my porn. Before she came to stay, I'd gathered up all my DVDs and stashed them in a shoe box under my bed, but I still needed some relief.

Every time I tried to jack off, I couldn't help thinking about Lizzy. I know how sick that is, but no matter how hard I tried to fantasize about Darla, or some other chick, my daughter somehow kept getting into my head.

I woke up one day and was just lying there thinking about nothing in particular. Then I heard the shower start up. I pictured Lizzy just on the other side of my bedroom wall getting all naked. My hand was on my stiff wood before I knew it. I pictured her soaping up those huge cans and rubbing herself all over. I blew my load in about eight seconds. I was a regular jerk off rodeo star that morning.

It's not like I would ever actually do anything for real. She's my flesh and blood for Christ's sake. But I figure there's no harm in doing stuff with her in my own head.

I heard the water stop and imagined she was drying herself off. I grabbed hold of my dick again. It was still hard, and slick with jizz. Yep...no harm at all...

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I picked Darla up and we went out to The Embers Lounge over on route 71. It was Saturday night and I was ready to blow off some steam. There was a band playing, and these boys knew how to show a crowd a good time.

Darla was looking extra fine with her blond hair teased out nice and big, and this slinky new dress. The neck line dropped clear down between her knockers almost to her belly button. Like I said, I'm a boob man, and Darla had a blue ribbon set to outclass all others. I'm not too proud to admit she was hardly ever the prettiest gal at the party, but she had enough curves to more than make up for it. And she was in a great mood that night!

We had us a couple of drinks, did some dancing, had a few more, and danced some more. Darla was having a grand old time, laughing and spinning in her new dress so as it flew up near high enough for everyone to get a peek at her panties. She was always a fun gal, but it was obvious she was extra horny that night. I couldn't hardly wait for what she had in store for me later.

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Darla leaned on me as I eased her out of the cab of my truck and toward the door to my place. I didn't quite recollect how we got there, but there we was. By the time we reached the steps I was carrying her more than she was walking. Damn, I'd never seen her get this drunk before.

It took me three tries to get the door open and keep Darla from falling to the ground at the same time. I dragged her inside, she giggled and slurred something, but the room was spinning and the both of us tumbled over. Luckily, she landed on the easy chair with me on top. She was singing "weeeee!" and giggling again. Her eyes were closed and I laughed at it all even though it wasn't all that funny.

I stood and tried to pull her out of the chair and get her to the bedroom, but she was all dead weight by that point and I couldn't budge her. That's when I noticed Lizzy sitting up on the pull-out bed. Shit, I'd all but totally forgotten she was staying with me.

"Sorry, sweet pea," I whispered. "I didn't mean to wake you up." I felt like a real heel. "We'll be outta your way 'n two shakes." I pulled on Darla's arms, trying to heave her up off the chair with no luck. She was out cold. "I'm in a bit of a pickle here, as maybe you can see," I hiccupped. "Mebbe you wouldn't mind lendin' me a li'l help?"

It was good that it was dark 'cause I don't think the look on my daughter's face would have made me feel any better about the situation. Lizzy got out of bed and took one of Darla's arms.

"On three," she said as if she had experience with this sort of thing. "One, two, three--"

Together we hauled Darla upright, and each tucked a shoulder under either arm. Supporting my dead drunk date between us, we stumbled our way down the narrow hallway to my

bedroom. We had to turn so we could lay her down on her back, but the room did that annoying spinning thing again, and I went over too soon, dragging them other two down with me.

We all landed with a loud thump on the bed, and I couldn't stop myself from laughing out loud again at how absurd the whole world was. When I looked over toward Lizzy my laughs faded. Her eyes were focused on something and she had a strange expression. The light of an almost full moon was shining directly through my window, so it was easy for me to see what she was looking at.

When we all fell on the bed, one of Darla's boobs, the one closest to me, had come out of her dress. It was just flopped out there plain as day. And Lizzy was fixed on it like a hound on a squirrel.

I felt a peculiar tingle run up my spine and I found I was holding my breath, not wanting to break the spell of whatever was happening. Lizzy come out of her little trance and she looked across at me. I didn't know what to do except look back at her.

I half expected her to slap me and run out of the room, but she didn't. She looked like she was about to say something, then her eyes flicked back to Darla's naked titty.

"She's very...pretty," Lizzy lied with a nervous whisper.

I don't know what made me do it, probably the booze, but I leaned in and kissed Darla's nipple. Lizzy's eyes went wide, and she pulled back some.

"She's very soft, too," I said, not knowing if this would give her the creeps or keep her interested. Lizzy swallowed hard, and even though she looked unsure, she stayed right where she was.

I closed my eyes, kissed Darla's nipple again, then sucked it up into my mouth. After a few seconds of sucking, I opened my eyes and saw that Lizzy was still watching. Something about this seemed like it must be wrong. Here I was sucking a passed out woman's titty right in front of my daughter. But it weren't like I was doing nothing to her. And I wasn't holding her back from leaving if she had a mind to. My polluted mind could find no harm in letting the girl see a little bit of what a man and a woman get up to when they're in the bedroom together.

I reached over and pushed the rest of Darla's dress aside. Her other big boob fell free. I kept sucking at the one while squeezing and feeling the other. My cock was good and hard in my pants, even after all the whiskey I drunk.

Lizzy kept watching what I was doing. It might have been a trick of the light, but I was darned sure I could see her nipples starting to poke up under her pajamas. My girl was really getting turned on seeing me messing around like I was.

"You can give it a feel if you want," I offered.

Lizzy looked up at Darla's face.

"Don't pay no worry to her," I said. "She'd let you if she was awake. It's okay."

I took my hand away, and went back to sucking and licking the titty on my side. Lizzy took pause, but after a few seconds she touched Darla's other nipple with just one of her fingers. She gave it a soft pinch, then cupped her whole hand over Darla's boob. Lizzy gave it a few squeezes. A slight smile came to her lips, but she quickly tried to hide it.

My daughter took her hand away, a guilty look crossing her face.

"Go ahead and give it a kiss, if you want," I said to encourage her, not wanting this strange set of circumstances to end. "She's real fond of gettin' her nips sucked on."

She just shook her head.

I kissed my way across Darla's chest to her other titty. I licked and sucked that nipple as Lizzy looked on from only about a foot away. God damn this was hot.

I leaned back and tried to focus on Lizzy's face.

"Her name's Darla," I said. "She and me've been going around with each other for a while now. We have a lot of fun together."

"That's cool," she said. Her voice was kinda raspy, and still a little nervous sounding. She reached over and gave Darla's bare titty another squeeze.

I moved my hand down and pulled up on Darla's dress some, showing off more of her thighs. Lizzy noticed, but didn't show any reaction.

"We come back here tonight to have us a bit of fun, but I forgot about you being here and all." I tugged the dress up some more until we could both see Darla's red panties.

"Oh...sorry." She sat up to go. "You probably want to be alone then."

"Hold on now," I said quickly before she could get any farther. "I didn't mean anything by that. That is to say, I didn't mean it to sound like I'm trying to get rid of you or nothing. It's just that a fella has needs, you know?"

"What are you going to do?"

"Only what comes natural for a man." I slid my hand along Darla's thigh up toward her panties. "I don't mind you staying, if you want, but I only need to be sure you know what

might be happening here between me and her." I ran my fingers up under the edge of those red panties and felt the soft, curly hair underneath. "Do you?"

"I think so," Lizzy breathed. "I guess I could maybe stay, just for a little...if it's alright..."

"I don't see no harm in it." The room seemed to spin again, but this time it wasn't from the booze.

I stood up and worked Darla's panties down. She was lying on her back across the middle of my bed, with her knees at the edge and her lower legs hanging over so that her high heels just touched the floor. Lizzy was sitting up next to her watching as I struggled to shimmy Darla's panties out from under her butt. I soon enough got them free and drew them all the way down her legs, past her feet, and put them aside.

Lizzy was eyeing Darla's full patch of dark pubic hair. It was neatly trimmed around the edges, but she liked to keep it bushy and thick.

I pushed my lady friend's knees apart, revealing the long, lovely slit of her pussy. It was then that I realized I'd been so knotted up in thinking about my daughter, I hadn't stopped to wonder if I should be feeling accountable about taking advantage of Darla while she was out cold. Me and the whiskey decided we could wait till morning to worry on that.

I knelt down and moved my face right up close between her legs and breathed deep.

"Nothing better than the smell of a warm, wet pussy," I said. "Come see for yourself."

Lizzy hesitated, but she couldn't resist leaning over and taking a sniff. As she did, I was able to see for sure that my daughter's nipples were most assuredly hard under her PJs.

"You like that?"

"It's very strong," she answered. "But it's nice, I guess."

"I bet yours smells even better," I said before I could stop myself. Damn, I didn't want her thinking I had any ideas like that about her. "I mean, I bet your boyfriends like it pretty well."

"I don't have any boyfriends." Lizzy looked up at Darla's sleeping face once more. "At least none that I've ever done anything with."

"That's alright. Plenty of time ahead for you to be messin' with the boys. No reason to be in any kind of a hurry."

Before this became any more of a serious discussion, I pushed Darla's lips apart and gave her open slit a good, long lick. "If there's one thing I love, it's eating pussy." I ran my tongue up and down, then I poked it into her hole a few times. I moved up and sucked on her clitty. Even

with her being passed out, the little bugger got stiff as I flicked it with my tongue.

As tasty and good as it was, it just wasn't the same. Half the fun is in making them squirm, and moan, and grab your head while you get them to scream. I opened my eyes and saw Lizzy watching the whole thing with a kind of shocked fascination.

"They taste even better than they smell," I said and winked.

She actually smiled at that. It felt like a real accomplishment. I returned to licking Darla's lovely pussy. As I did, Lizzy began fondling my passed out date's titties again. She wasn't as shy about it this go around. She squeezed and jiggled them. Pinched at the nipples, and even gave them a few little tugs. It was almost too much to take.

I stood, still somewhat unsteady, and unbuttoned my shirt.

"I'm going to take my pants off," I warned. "If it's all right by you..."

My daughter looked over at me, swallowed hard, and nodded. I pulled down my jeans and my skivvies together at the same time. My boner popped free and stood straight out. My sweet, sixteen-year-old girl stared at my naked cock. I couldn't believe I was actually doing this, but I still couldn't quite exactly sort out what was so wrong about it. Lizzy was obviously curious, so what harm was there in letting her have an innocent peek into the world of grown-ups?

"Have you ever seen a fella's penis before?"

"Not in real life," she said quietly, never taking her eyes off my erection. "It's bigger than I thought it would be."

"Well, I ain't no John Holmes, but I'm proud of what God give me."

"I...I don't see how it could, you know, fit..."

"Watch and learn, sweet pea."

I positioned myself between Darla's legs. I licked my fingers and wet the tip of my cock. With a little difficulty, I poked around until I found her hole. I never realized how tricky it would be without the lady helping things along.

I pushed my hips forward and felt my hard cock glide into Darla's silky smooth pussy.

"There it is," I sighed.

"It's in?"

"Oh, yeah, it's in." I pulled back, then thrust in all the way. "Take a gander if you want."

I began working myself in and out, nice and slow. Lizzy watched for a moment, then shifted so she could get a closer look.

"Wow," she muttered. "It's really going all the way in there."

"You like that?" I couldn't help myself. "Looks good, don't it?"

"I don't know," she said seeming kind of shy about it. "I guess."

"Ain't nothing can feel better'n having a wet pussy wrapped tight around your manhood." I'd have never talked like that in front of Lizzy if it wasn't for the drink. Something in my brain told me I ought not be speaking them dirty words to her, but hell, the girl was setting there looking at my dong banging in and out of my lady's snatch without so much as batting an eye. It finally felt like we was making some kind of connection with one another.

"Does it hurt?" Lizzy asked. "I mean for the girl, does it hurt when you put in her?"

"Naw, it feels real nice for her, too, providing the fella knows what he's doin' down there." I pulled my prick all the way out and let Lizzy get a look at it all covered in Darla's pussy juice. I reckon she liked the look of it, all shiny in the moonlight. "Of course, if you're a virgin it'll hurt some the very first time, but it's like pullin' off a Band-Aid. At some point you just gotta get it over with and let 'er rip."

Lizzy just nodded at that, and I slipped my dick back into Darla's honey hole. I found myself smiling. We was having our first real father-daughter talk together.

I rubbed good ol' Darla's naked thighs as I pumped her. She let out a little moan in her sleep, but didn't wake up. Even though she wasn't moving around, it still felt damn good inside there.

Lizzy reached up and recommenced to playing with my lady's bare titties again. She sure did like those things. Strange, I thought, since she had a nice pair of her own that she could feel up whenever she liked. My daughter shimmied up a ways and finally gave one of them big nipples a little kiss. This was followed by a lick. Next thing I know, my baby girl was sucking on Darla's teat like a hungry little pup.

"You look all kinds of sexy doin' like that," I said, trying not to sound like too much of a pervert.

"They're so soft," she said in a hushed voice, like she didn't want to wake up Darla.

"Yours look pretty soft, too."

"Yeah, but it's different for some reason."

She sucked a nipple back up between her lips. I couldn't help but fuck a bit faster on seeing that.

"I suppose it's like when I stroke my own peter. It feels good as it goes, but when it's someone else cranking my piece, it's near about ten times better."

After that we both stopped talking for a spell. Lizzy suckled and squeezed on Darla's hooters, while I continued working her cooch. I was trying to pace myself, but I could sense I weren't going to hold out much longer. My attention kept drifting to Lizzy's body. Every time she moved, I was hoping she'd take up her shirt, or maybe pull down her bottoms. I wasn't fixing on touching her or nothing, but it'd be nice to get a peek at those goodies she was packing.

"I'm about ready to go off," I warned her. I let loose and began pounding into Darla's motionless body, not holding anything back. Lizzy looked over and watched me run the final stretch. "Oh, oh, oh yeah!"

I pulled my prick out just in time. A big spurt of cum flew out of my piss hole and landed all the way up on Darla's new dress, which was now bunched up around her middle. Lizzy shrieked and backed away, shocked by the sight of me shooting off.

I grabbed my cock and gave it a few good jerks. That wild rush went all up through me, and I yanked out another three or four squirts of jizz that landed all in Darla's hairy bush. Damn, that felt good. Lizzy was giggling now, with her hand clapped over her mouth.

"What's so funny, girl?" I said, laughing along with her for no reason I understood.

"Something came out!"

"Sure enough, darlin'. When a fella gets to the finish, that's when he lets go a load of sperm. The boys are gonna want to shoot it up inside you, but don't you let 'em. That's how a girl gets herself pregnant, y'know."

"I know that, Daddy, I'm not totally dumb." She'd called me Daddy for the first time. "I just didn't know it happened like that. Look how far it went!" She touched the spot on Darla's dress where my spunk had landed.

I couldn't help imagining her licking up my cum off of Darla's puss. I tried to put the thought aside, but it stuck with me.

Lizzy was looking at my dick. It was shrinking fast, drooping lower and lower by the second.

"Are you all done?" she asked. I thought I could hear some disappointment in there.

"'Fraid so, sweet pea." I was suddenly feeling tired all over, and my eyelids were drooping to

match my dick. "Could you help me get her up on the bed proper?"

We struggled to turn Darla's body so she was lying on the bed the right way. Last thing I remember was trying to sort out the tangle of blankets and whatnot, then after that it's all a blank.

When I woke up the next morning, me and Darla was both naked under the sheets. Her new black dress was on a hanger, looking like it had been cleaned. As I was wondering about that, my hand found its way down to my lady's bush. I expected it to be all crusty with my jizz from last night, but it seemed like it had been cleaned up also.

I fiddled with my balls some, and wondered what else that horny young'un had got up to after I passed out last night.

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In the sober light of day I had this nagging feeling I'd done something I needed to feel guilty about. Lizzy was still asleep in the front room when me and Darla left. We stopped at the Waffle House and got us some eggs and coffee, then I rode her home. Neither of us both said anything much beyond small talk. I suspected her head was feeling about as busted as mine was. She give me a hug and a kiss when I dropped her off at her place, and told me she had a fun night. I don't reckon she had any idea what really went on.

Lizzy was awake by the time I got back to the homestead. We exchanged 'good mornings,' but after that I couldn't think of anything else to say. I swallowed a bunch of aspirin and went to lie down for a spell. I almost wondered if that all really happened last night, or if it was only in my drunken head.

Things between us were back to being uncomfortable like when she first got there. But, over the next couple days, we started talking here and there. I got her to laugh a couple times, and she called me Daddy once or twice more. That sounded real good to me.

The one thing that didn't get spoke about was what happened that night. Even so, both of us were thinking about it every time we was together--like it was this slippery thing just below the surface wanting to jump up out of hiding, but didn't dare. It was Lizzy who was the first to finally make some mention of it.

"Can I ask you about something?" she said when a commercial come on one night while we was watching one of those teenager reality shows she liked.

"Sure enough, sweet pea."

"It's kind of embarrassing, but it's something I'm scared about."

"There's nothing you need to be embarrassed for between you and me."

"It's sort of about something you said the other night...you know...that night."

"I don't rightly remember everything I said, but I do know it was a good night."

She was blushing at the cheeks, and looked unsure about going ahead with what she was thinking of saying. "Well, you said something about, um, stroking your own peter."

"Yeah." I started doing some blushing of my own. "I might recall sayin' something along those lines."

"Okay, so, I know boys do that a lot and all. I hear them joking about it at school all the time. But what about girls?"

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, it's pretty much normal for a boy to touch his thing because they're such perverts, but is it weird if a girl does it, you know, to herself?"

She bit her lip a little after giving me her question, and looked at me with those big chocolate-brown eyes of hers. The perfect picture of adorable.

"Oh, heck no," I said with my best fatherly smile. "It's as normal for a girl as much as for a boy. Like I always say, if the good Lord didn't want us to play with ourselves he'd of made our arms shorter."

She got a chuckle out of that. "So, you don't think it's gross?"

"Just the opposite, if truth be told." I noticed that my pecker was getting roused up by this line of talk. "There's nothing that gets me going better'n seeing a fine lady giving her own self a bit of pleasure like that. It's a beautiful thing to behold."

"You've seen Darla do it? Right in front of you?"

"Sure, plenty of times. She ain't shy, that one."

Lizzy seemed to be turning something over in her mind and was quiet for a time.

"Do you do it a lot? By yourself, I mean."

"I don't know if I'd say a lot." I was wishing I had a few drinks in me about then, it'd made this a whole lot easier. "A few times a week, maybe. Possibly more if I ain't going with a lady at the time." I couldn't hold off no more, and I had to adjust myself now that my dick was hard as all get out. There was no hiding it, and she had herself a good look at the bulge it was putting up in my blue jeans. "How 'bout yourself? You ever?"

She looked like she didn't want to answer that. "Sometimes," she said softly and turned her head away. "Actually, more than sometimes. I think there's something wrong with me." She looked back at me with watery eyes. "I do it all the time," Lizzy confessed in a rush. "I touch myself every night, and most days, too, and I know I'm a freak, but I can't stop. I try, but I keep doing it, and doing it."

"Now, now, there. Simmer down, sweet pea," I said quick, hoping to keep her from breaking out in full on tears. I reached over and patted her on the shoulder. "You ain't no freak, so go ahead an' stop thinkin' that way. Heck, when I was your age, I pulled my pud least three of four times a day. Sometimes more."

"Really?"

"Sure enough. It's only natural for teenagers to mess around with themselves like that. They even say these days that it's healthy for you to do it." I couldn't say if any such thing was true, but I thought hearing that might help.

Lizzy's eyes went back down to the long lump in my pants. I wished I knew what was going through her mind right then.

"Momma won't ever talk about this kind of thing with me. Any time I bring up something about sex she tells me I'm too young to be thinking about such filthy things, and tells me to stay away from boys because all they want is to get in my pants. Then she sends me to my room to read my bible."

"Yeah, she always was peculiar that way. She changed her tune right quick though once you got her in the sack. That woman could wear a man out."

"I know," she agreed with conviction. "Her bedroom's right next to mine, and I can hear her through the wall with her boyfriends."

"That don't seem hardly right."

"I don't know," she shrugged, "I don't mind it, really. Actually, it kind of gets me turned on."

"No kiddin'?"

"Yeah," Lizzy giggled. "Sometimes I even touch with myself while I listen to them having sex. Well, every time, actually. See how totally messed up I am?"

"Oh, I wouldn't be so quick to judge," I chuckled, "I suspect I'd do the same thing myself if I was you."

I noticed them nipples of hers popping up through her shirt again. I had a powerful urge to

reach over and give those healthy titties a nice squeeze. The way she was sitting, it was almost like she was inviting me to do exactly that. I noticed an awkward silence was stretching out between us, and came to my senses.

"Okay, then...if you're feeling better about things," she nodded and smiled, "then I'm gonna to excuse myself and go take care of this bad boy." I patted the bulge of my cock.

She looked pleasantly surprised. "You're really going to...? Right now?"

"Don't see why not." I stood up from the sofa, half hoping Lizzy'd ask me to stay and do what I was fixing to do right there. "All this sex talk got me thinking bad thoughts."

"Same here." She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, and looked up at me with a naughty twinkle in her eye. "I guess I'll just take care of myself, too, then."

Such a little tease. "Fair enough. Just don't scream so loud as to wake up the neighbors, now, y'hear?" I headed toward the bedroom, giving her a chance to call me back if she had a mind to.

"I won't," she laughed. "And don't you leave a big mess for me to clean up again."

"I'll see what I can do. Night, darling'."

"Goodnight, Daddy."

I let my cock out as soon as I closed the door to my room. I grabbed a hold and started working it. I pressed my forehead against the door, knowing that if I pulled it open I might catch a sight of my daughter with her hand down the front of her pajamas. Maybe she'd have her shirt pulled up so she could play with those tempting tatas.

My baby girl was out there fingering her pussy, full knowing I was in here jacking my cock. She had to know I'd be thinking about her and what she was doing. I reached for the doorknob, but held myself back. I could say what happened the other night was all on account of me being drunk, and that made it what it was. But if I went out there now, it would just plain be no-excuse wrong.

As soon as I thought about if she had got herself naked out there to play with her pussy, I busted my nut on the spot, shooting it all on the door and down onto the carpet. It was fast, but damned good.

I stripped out of my clothes and got into bed. My dick was still hard enough to cut diamonds. I stroked myself off again, slower this time, all the while listening for any sounds that might be coming from the front room.

The next morning, as I headed out for work, Lizzy sat up on the pull-out bed with a big,

shit-eating grin on her face.

"You have fun last night?"

"I reckon I did. You?"

"Yep. Three times, actually." She held up three fingers and wiggled them suggestively. This girl was sure enough going to be my one-way ticket to hell.

"Hoo-ee! That's my girl," I said on my way out the door.

"Daddy, wait! Are you going to see Darla again this weekend?"

"Friday night, most likely."

"You going to bring her back here...like before?"

"I suppose I might could. If it wouldn't be a bother."

"I wouldn't mind seeing her again."

Something about the way she said it made it crystal clear what Lizzy was sniffing after. And to think, I was actually upset when I first found out I had to watch after her for a time.

"Alright, I'll see what I can do."

"Thanks, Daddy. Have a good day at work."

I knew that as soon as I drove away she'd be diddling that virgin muffin of hers again. This was getting crazy. I had to set my head on straight before I lost control and stepped over the line. I tried to fix my mind on the fact that Lizzy wasn't just some hot and horny piece of ass--she was my own daughter. I had to act like a father and keep to what's right.

But, of course, doing right hasn't hardly ever been my strong suit.

* * * * *

Come Friday, I cashed my paycheck and took Darla out for a fancy dinner. She had on a pair of tight navy blue slacks and a loose white blouse. It was one of her more conservative get-ups, but anyone who cared to look would get a fair idea of what this gal had to offer.

She was all worked up over something some other woman at her work did that day, so she spent most of the time bitching about that. I just listened, peeking at the promise of her cleavage when chance allowed, and kept ordering her more drinks. I was counting on the booze getting her in a more frisky state of mind, but the cocktails there at Applebee's were

made so weak that it barely put a dent in a lady like Darla.

While she rattled on, I couldn't keep my thoughts from wandering. As might be expected, those thoughts were about Lizzy. I know it might seem foolish for a man to get caught up in something so immature, but I couldn't help how much fun I was having trading suggestive comments with my daughter over the past days. And, to be honest, a few of her comments was downright graphic.

I was addicted to the flirty way she'd make fun about me playing with my dick, or how she'd bait me with some remark about her own twiddling habits. It was obvious she was getting as much of a charge about talking naughty around me as I was hearing it. I swear, that girl could twist just about any innocent comment into something filthy. I didn't care that what we was doing was childish, we was both having fun with it, so what the hell.

I stopped on the ride back to my place and picked up a bottle of Jack and some of that vanilla flavored vodka Darla liked, along with some beers. She was feeling happy, so at least the thirty bucks I spent on strawberry margaritas wasn't a total waste. She rubbed my package and was kissing on my neck as I drove. I ran my hand up and down the inside of her thigh, getting right up close to her coochie, then backing off. All that touching and teasing was having the desired effect on her.

Darla was a little wobbly as we got out of the truck and headed up for the door, but she had a ways to go before she got to where she was last weekend.

It sort of hit me right then how much I really wanted something to happen again with Lizzy. But before, well...that just kind of happened all on its own. Tonight was more what a prosecutor would call pre-meditated. First-degree shenanigans all the way.

But it weren't like I was hurting anyone really. Darla was none the worse for it, and who knows, she might have even got some good feelings out of it but just don't remember because of being passed out and all. It's not like I did nothing to her that we haven't already done a hundred times. It just so happened that my daughter was looking on. Nothing worth getting myself worked up over.

"You know what I just remembered," I said before we went up the steps. "I got my daughter Lizzy stayin' here with me."

"She's here now?"

"Yeah, remember how I told you about her momma goin' to jail and all."

"Aw, baby, you know I don't like doing it at my place when my boys are home. And Dale has his girlfriend there with him, so Lord knows what they're getting up to. How about we go all out and get us a room over at the Red Roof."

"Sure, darlin', we could do that." I gave her a kiss, having no intention of blowing that kind of cash on a ritzy hotel room. "Though, long as we're here, why don't you come in and meet her?"

"But, baby, you got me so horny. After the week I had, all I want right now is a hard cock and a hard fuck." She grabbed my package and gave my neck a little love bite.

"And I'm fixin' to give you exactly that, doll. I'll run in and put the beer in the 'fridge, then we're on our way. At least come in and say howdy. Poor girl's been cooped up in there all day by her lonesome."

"Fine, but make it quick, mama needs her some lovin'."

We got inside and I made the introductions. Lizzy was dressed nice, and it looked like she'd done herself up, almost as if she was going on a date. I don't think she was expecting Darla to show up in this state (walking and talking, that is), so she seemed a bit nervous.

I went to the kitchen and stowed away the beer.

"I'm going to take a leak," I told them. "You two gals get to know each other, and I'll be right out."

I took a whiz, and stalled for a while. I came out, keeping quiet as I did. I could hear them gabbing away up in the front room. As I headed back toward the kitchen, I could see that Darla had set down on the easy chair. Perfect.

I got down some shot glasses and opened up the vodka.

"Ready?" Darla asked when I came in, about to get up from the chair.

"I thought we could use one for the road." I put the shots down on the coffee table, then handed her one. Not being known to pass up a drink, she accepted it without an argument.

While Darla tossed hers back, I lifted one for myself, and handed one to Lizzy.

"Don't give her that!" Darla scolded me.

I swallowed my shot. "Why not?"

"She's only sixteen, for crying out loud."

"You sayin' you never had yourself a drink when you was sixteen?"

"Just because I was stupid doesn't make it okay for her."

"All right, then," I shrugged and quickly figured how to turn this to my advantage. "Sorry, Lizzy, hand that over to Darla."

"I'm not doing another shot," Darla insisted, even as she took the glass from Lizzy.

"Well, I'm not drinkin' it," I said. "I bought this shit for you. You know I'm a whiskey man."

Darla shook her head, and tossed it back. Meanwhile, I gave Lizzy a wink. She knew just what I was getting up to.

"It was nice meeting you, Lizzy," Darla said with a cough as the booze burned its way down her throat.

"Oh, don't go yet," Lizzy begged. "Can't you stay just a little longer?"

"Me and your daddy got some plans, don't we?" Darla looked up to me, her eyes telling me to get us out of there.

"Sorry, sweet pea, I know you ain't had no company all day, but we gotta git." I could see the way her sad pout was making Darla feel sorry for her. "I'm gonna grab a few things to take along, then we'll hit the road."

I hurried off to the bedroom before Darla could say anything about it. I hid out there for a good five minutes. I threw some dirty clothes in an old gym bag and went back out. Just like I counted on, they was talking and laughing and getting on pretty well.

Back in the kitchen, I mixed up a rum and Coke for Darla that was more rum than Coke, and grabbed a beer for myself. I went out and handed it to her and she took it without a word, not wanting to interrupt the story Lizzy was telling. I sat down on the sofa with Lizzy and cracked open my beer.

One drink led to the next as Lizzy kept Darla on the hook with her stories. Some of them were sad, but she had some funny ones, too. She asked Darla for her opinion about this, or for advice about that. This would get Darla to talking, and in no time she'd forgotten all about us leaving.

When Darla staggered off to visit the bathroom, I grabbed the vodka and Jack, and poured us a couple more shots. I was feeling pretty good myself by that point, just on this side of drunk.

"This seems weird," Lizzy whispered when I got back to the front room. "Maybe it's not a good idea."

"You wanted me to bring her around, right? Like before?"

"Kind of...well, yeah, I guess. But before, when it just kind of happened...I don't know, this seems different. I'm starting to feel funny about tricking her like this."

"Okay, I hear ya." I tried not to let my disappointment show so as not to hurt her feelings. "We'll just have this one last drink, and head on back to my bedroom and leave you be. That sound okay to you?"

When she didn't answer right away, I thought she was maybe going to change her mind.

"Sorry, Daddy. I don't mean to ruin everything, but..."

"Nothing of the kind, sweet pea," I said and gave her a pat on the shoulder. "I had a real nice time settin' and listening to you talk. Plus, it ain't like I'm not goin' to still have me some fun."

"Just as long as you make a lot of noise so I can hear." She gave me a sly wink, and seemed cheered up some.

"You are a rascal." I tapped her chin with my fist like I was giving her a playful sock in the jaw, but all I could think about was her laid out on her bed playing with herself listening to me and Darla going at it.

I shook the thought out of my head, and wondered what was taking Darla so long.

I went to the bathroom and knocked on the door, but there was no answer. I opened up and found Darla passed out on the toilet, her pants down around her ankles. Not the most attractive pose, to be sure, but it set my pecker to stirring all the same.

"Lizzy!" I hollered. "Come give me a hand, will ya?"

We pulled Darla's pants off the rest of the way, then Lizzy got her feet, and I got her under the arms, and we hauled her to my room. As we laid her on the bed, she moaned.

"Fuck me hard..." she mumbled in her unconscious stupor.

"Okay, well..." Lizzy seemed to be having a hard time pulling her eyes away from Darla's naked bush. "I guess I'll leave you alone." She went to the door and gave me a knowing smile. "Have fun."

I hated to see her go, and I was going to ask for her to stay, but I didn't want to be like I was pressuring her or nothing. The door clicked shut, and I was by myself...more or less.

I unbuttoned Darla's blouse and worked it off of her, which weren't no easy task. I got off her bra next. I stood back and looked over her naked body. I felt my rod getting good and hard. I stripped off my own clothes, and tried to figure what I wanted to do first.

I jiggled her boobies about some, and rubbed the head of my dick on one of her nipples. It felt good and all, but something was missing. The thrill just wasn't there. I shut off the light and climbed over top of Darla and lay down next to her.

That big ol' moon was hanging outside my window, a wide sliver of it dark along the one side. It put a nice glow on Darla's naked skin, highlighting all the soft curves. She looked real nice like that. Sort of like the same way she did last Saturday when Lizzy was here watching. I rested my head back and looked up at the ceiling.

Lizzy was probably out in the front room with her pants down, or maybe all the way naked. I suspect my horny girl was messing with herself by now, rubbing that sweet virgin pussy of hers. I gave my dick a couple easy tugs at the thought, and let the idea of going out there sneak into my mind.

There came a tapping at the door, and it opened partway.

"It's awful quiet in here," Lizzy said in a small voice.

"Yeah, I'm still working on gettin' Darla here in the mood."

I meant it as a joke, but I couldn't tell if she took it that way. All I could see was her quiet shadow, and I was scared she was going to leave me again.

"Is it okay if I come in?"

"If you want."

She stepped in and closed the door. Lizzy looked over Darla's naked body, and maybe mine, too. I couldn't tell what she might have been thinking. I rubbed my hand over Darla's belly and up to her chest.

"Had a change of heart?"

"I don't know. Maybe, I guess," she shrugged. "I couldn't stop thinking about what you might be doing in here. I know what I said before, but I was wondering if it would be okay if you'd maybe let me watch again a little."

"It wouldn't be lying to say I got a real kick outta what went on last time around, but I was drunk as a skunk then. I know we've been joshin' each other about playing with ourselves and such, but I ain't so sure I'm doing right by you, seeing as how I'm supposed to be your father and all."

"You're not doing anything bad, Daddy." She took a step closer. "I mean, I thought a lot about it the next day, too, and was afraid I done something bad. But the more I thought about it, the more excited it got me to remember everything I saw. It made me want to touch myself, and

it felt real good. So, even if it isn't what's right, I still liked it."

I squeezed and rubbed one of Darla's big titties while I acted like I was thinking over what Lizzy said. I knew that I wanted her to stay here with me more than anything, but I needed to hear that she really wanted it for her own self.

"Well, okay, then," I told her. "But just so as we're clear, whatever you want to do is up to you. You understand? I'm not the boss of you when it comes to this, and I won't think poorly of you no matter what you do, one way or th'other. That sound fair?"

"Thanks, Daddy."

"Now that that's settled, how's about you get over here and feel up on one of these fine titties with me."

With a big smile she came over and knelt down on the floor next to my bed. She reached over and put her hand on Darla's naked boob. We looked across at each other, both knowing this weren't no drunken accident this time. We was deliberately misbehaving.

I began licking and sucking the nipple on my side, and Lizzy followed my lead and did the same with the other one. We was both suckling away like two little piggies. One of my daughter's hands drifted down and was rubbing around on Darla's belly. I pressed my stiff cock against my lady's bare hip and hoped Lizzy would explore lower. But each time I thought she was going to go for it, her hand moved up away from the danger zone.

"Are you going to have sex with her again? Like before?" Lizzy asked, all casual like.

"I suppose I could. Is that what you'd like to see?"

She nodded with an eager light in her eyes.

"Ask and ye shall receive, sweet pea." I kissed her on the forehead and got about doing as she wanted.

I spread apart Darla's legs and got in between there. I parted open her pussy lips and spit on them.

"My mouth's a mite dry after all that titty suckin'. Think you could make a contribution?"

Lizzy giggled and shook her head at first, but then she leaned over and spat on Darla's puss while I held it open. Boy-doggie, that was hot to see. I rubbed the head of my cock in between my sleeping date's pink lips and spread the slippery saliva around. Once I was all slicked up, I pushed my dick into her hole. It slipped in nice and easy, and there I was with my cock balls-deep inside a warm pussy with my daughter right there watching the whole thing. That funny feeling tickled across my back again.

I started fucking her good and slow. After about a minute or so I peeked over at Lizzy to see if she was liking the show. I could see her arm moving in that certain way, but she stopped as soon as she caught me looking. The edge of the bed blocked me from seeing exactly where her hand was, but I had a right good idea.

"Are you doin' what I think you're doin'?" I asked, trying to be friendly about it.

"Daddy, don't look," she told me in a cute whine. "It's embarrassing."

"Alright, then. I'll just be over here fuckin' while you do what you gotta do down there."

I had me good long look at my daughter's big round tits. They was pushing up firm against her tight t-shirt, and the tempting nubs of her nipples were plain to see. And that little hussy knew just exactly what I was eyeballing, too. I think she liked it, me looking at her the way I done, but I wasn't so far gone that I knew it could only be wishful thinking on my part.

Darla moaned in her sleep. She was probably dreaming about getting fucked and didn't even know it was really happening. I kept on putting it to her, making sure I didn't get myself too excited and go off right away. With Lizzy watching like she was, that wasn't no easy task. I held still now and again so as I could give Darla's boobs a good going over with my mouth and give my pecker a short time-out to settle down.

"How's it coming along down there?" I asked, just trying to make conversation.

"Good," she said, adding a self-conscious giggle to go along with it.

"I think it's real sexy, you touching yourself the way you're doing."

"Yeah? It's feels weird since I never did it like this around no one before. I think I really like it this way. It feels extra good."

"I'm glad we's able to feel good at the same time together, sweet pea. I like that real well."

"Me, too."

And, just like that, I was about to blow my load. I pulled all the way out and waited for it to pass. I decided to give Lizzy a better view of the particulars. I got to the side of Darla, and rolled her hips toward my daughter. She watched what I was up to without saying a word. Once I had her turned, I lifted her leg up. It was heavier than I expected without her helping hold it up, but I managed anyhow.

I sidled up and put my dick in her pussy from behind. I wasn't able to get it in all the way, maybe about as far as half, but that was enough. I recommenced to fucking her. Lizzy was able to see my rod plowing into Darla's love biscuit clear as can be. She must of liked what she

saw, because she set up on her knees so I could see where her hand was.

Like I knew, it was down the front of her thin baby-blue sweat pants, but seeing her little hand moving around under there in slow circles just about blew my mind.

"You able to see everything okay?" I felt my shoulder starting to burn, but I kept on holding that big ol' leg up in the air.

"Yes." Her eyes shifted from the where the action was up to my face. "I like seeing you fuck, Daddy." My little girl had the sweetest voice I ever heard. "Your penis looks nice going in an out like it does. And I like your balls, too."

"Thanks, darlin', I'm somewhat partial to 'em myself."

"Can you take it all the way out?" She was looking down there again. "I want to watch you stick it in again."

I obliged her by pulling my cock clear of Darla's fuck hole. I let her get a good look at my unit in all its glory, then poked it up toward where it just came out from. I was off target and missed the mark. I poked around a bit more with no luck. I was using both hands to hold up Darla's leg and if I let go with one, it would have fallen closed straight away.

"Any chance you could direct me back into town?"

It took her a second to suss out at what I was asking, but when she did she got a look of being scared and excited at the same time.

She reached over and took my pecker between her thumb and finger, real gingerly, and pointed me at Darla's wet opening. I pushed in slow, and her fingers stayed on my shaft as it slipped inside. I gave it a couple of easy pumps. Lizzy didn't take her hand away, and was feeling my rod as I fucked my lady.

Lizzy didn't look up at me at all while she was doing this. Her hand moved, and even though I couldn't see it, I could tell she was touching Darla's pussy lips and clitty. I kept doing what I was doing, and wondered if I should try and cum right now so I could shoot it on my daughter's hand. I decided I'd best hold back for now.

Her touch came back to where my pecker was going into Darla and stayed around there for a time. All this while her other hand never stopped working around inside her own sweat pants. Her hand moved down some, and before I knew it her fingertips were tickling my ball sack. She gave another one her little giggles and took her hand away.

"That felt nice," she said in a smiling whisper.

I wanted to go on like that some more, but my arms gave out and I had to let Darla's leg

down. I rolled onto my back, and had me a short rest. Lizzy was looking me and Darla over, touching herself nice and easy.

"Why don't you scoot up here on the bed with us?"

Lizzy got up and lay alongside Darla straight away. It was a tight fit with the three of us like that on the bed, but it suited me just fine. My daughter sucked on Darla's nipple some. I watched her doing that and squeezed the end of my pecker. Lizzy must have noticed, cause she looked down about as soon as my hand moved. I squeezed it some more and saw how her hand was moving down between her legs. It looked real good to me.

"You like lookin' at my johnson?"

She nodded. "It's so long when it's hard. Seeing it makes me horny."

"Seeing you touching on yourself down there is making me horny something fierce."

"Yeah? It still feels funny doing it like this with someone else around."

"Would it make it any better if'n I let you watch me jack myself off?"

"Really?" I think she got a little more excited than she wanted to show. "Um, okay, I guess that would be alright."

I wrapped my hand around my shaft and moved it up and down. My prick was still wet from Darla's pussy. Lizzy propped herself up on one elbow and crooked up one of her legs so she could get at her snatch more easier. I wanted her to pull those dang sweat pants down, but I didn't want to say so and make her any more embarrassed about fingering herself with me looking on. We still had plenty of time down the road to see just how far she might want to take all this.

"That must feel really nice," Lizzy said.

"It sure does."

"The end of it looks like a big mushroom."

"You like mushrooms?"

She giggled. "Yeah. I like 'em a lot."

I relaxed and kept jacking myself. Lizzy watched me, real interested in everything I was doing. Her hand sometimes slowed down inside her pants, and came to a rest. Then, after a few seconds, she'd start up again. I know it wasn't all together proper what was happening, but it sure felt comfortable between us.

Before long I felt it getting close. I jerked a little faster, and soon enough I was shooting a nice big load of jizz out of my dick for Lizzy to see. I beat off until nothing else was coming out, then let off.

"You got it all over yourself," Lizzy laughed.

"Yep, that's just one of the indignities a man must suffer when he cranks his own rod."

"I still think it's so cool how it shoots out all over the place."

"I'm glad you enjoy that." I propped myself up on an elbow. "Now what about you? You goin' to finish what you got goin' on down there, or just keep on messin' with it all night?"

"I don't know. Do you want me to?"

"I think it would be something fun for the both of us, don't you?"

"Okay," she gave me a naughty smile, "but don't look."

I didn't let my disappointment show, and put my hand over my eyes. I could hear them little squishy noises from between her legs, and her quiet breaths. My dick was holding strong, not drooping a whit.

"I was kidding," she said after a short time. "You can look."

I moved my hand away and waited for my eyes to adjust. She was on her back. Her one hand was still down inside her pants, but she wasn't moving only her fingers anymore. Now she was getting her whole arm into the action. Her other hand was worked up under her shirt and she was playing with her own tits.

"Are you looking?"

"Oh, yeah, I see you, baby girl. You look real sexy."

Her shirt had rode up some, and I could see her smooth, soft belly. Her pale skin looked all fresh and untouched. My head was filled with bad thoughts of all the ways I'd like to spoil that virgin belly of hers.

Lizzy's whole body was moving. Her legs would pull up so her knees was in the air and her heels just about touched her butt, then she'd straighten them out flat. Her hips bucked and turned to the point I was afraid she might go over the edge of the bed. The hand up under her shirt went from one tit to the other and back over and over again. Her arm was working so much, her sweat pants was starting to shimmy down a bit. Not enough to where I could see anything much, but the promise of a peek kept my attention focused. And her head turned

from side to side, covering her pretty face with loose hair.

I've seen a lot of ladies pleasure themselves over the years, but nothing topped this.

"Are you looking, Daddy?"

Her voice was sounding strained, and excited, and a little desperate all at the same time.

"I sure am, sweetheart. Daddy's gonna watch you make yourself cum."

"Yeah?"

"You gonna make your pussy cum for me?"

"Yes."

"You like me looking while you touch your little pussy?"

"Mmm...yes, Daddy. I'm going to cum...say some more."

"You got my cock extra hard seeing you fingering on your cunny."

"I'm going to cum..."

"That's it, baby doll, rub that hot little cunny for me."

"I'm cumming, Daddy. I'm cuuuuuuumming! Ahhhhhh!"

Her whole body whiplashed right then, curling up, then throwing itself out straight, only to do the whole thing again in a quick second. I suddenly realized that all this commotion might actually be enough to wake up Darla. I'd almost forgot about her, even though she was still lying naked right there between my daughter and me.

Lizzy let out a few small, girly grunts as the last of her spasm worked itself out. She grabbed a pillow and hid her face with it, like she was embarrassed. I didn't care about that right at the moment though, I was too jacked up after seeing that to even think straight. I grabbed my iron-hard pecker and went at it again.

My daughter's hand was still in her pants, just resting there on her puss, but I could smell her sex in the air. It was like nothing I'd ever known. I beat my meat hard and fast. I made sure I did it in a way that was real loud so she could hear it even under that pillow.

It wasn't even a minute before I was pumping out another load of spunk. This one I spilled all over Darla's tummy, while staring at Lizzy's and imagining it was her I was cumming on. As I was milking the last drops out, she peeked from under the pillow and giggled at the sight of

me pulling on my pecker.

"Yeah, real funny, huh? Lookit what you made me do, girl. Another mess that'll need cleaning up."

"I don't mind," she said, acting all shy again.

I lay back, feeling good, not wanting this night to end, but being too relaxed at that point to do much about it. I caught myself dozing off. I might have even been out for a few seconds, 'cause when I come awake with a start, I saw Lizzy licking on Darla's nipples again. She noticed me looking.

"Would it be all right if I touched her...down there?"

"I think she'd like that real fine, baby girl."

Lizzy reached down there, played with Darla's bush some, then slipped her fingers down into her business. Lizzy let out a happy sigh that made me feel warm all over.

My eyes opened and I guess I must've drifted off again. This time my girl was down between Darla's legs. Lizzy's face was right up close to Darla's pussy and I could hear kissing noises. I reached over and patted my daughter on her head, or at least I think I did. Maybe I dreamed it.

In the morning I woke up with the blanket over top of me. When I checked, the cum was cleaned up off my chest and belly. Same for Darla. I gave her a little shake and her eyes slowly came open halfway.

"What d'ya say?" I asked and started sucking one of her boobies, while feeling up the other. I rubbed my morning wood against her leg.

Darla just groaned at first and put her hand on my head. Normally she wasn't one for wake-up sex, but she opened her legs and let me know she wanted me to mount her.

"Why am I so horny?" she wondered sleepily as I climbed on top of her. "I must've had some good sex dreams last night, or something."

"Or something," I said and poked my johnson into her before she could ask what I meant by that. I laid into her good and hard. It weren't long before she was screaming up a storm. I made more noise than I usually do myself, hoping that maybe Lizzy was awake to hear.

After Darla came for about the fourth time, I pulled out and shot a pathetic little squirt of jizz across her ass. I guess the tanks were still pretty drained after last night. The two of us cuddled up and fell back to sleep, with me feeling a little guilty for thinking about Lizzy the whole time I was fucking on Darla.

I knew it was all going in such a way that temptation would have me doing some very bad things very soon, but, God help me, I didn't know if I had the strength to resist dancing to that little devil's sweet music.

Love Her Like a Daughter,
Ch. 2 by Kinkybelle

Introduction: Daddy and daughter grow closer when they share porn and masturbation

It was almost noon when I drove Darla home.

"I forgot your daughter was sleeping on the couch," she worried. "Do you think she heard us this morning?"

"Nah, that kid sleeps like a rock," I said, knowing that weren't the truth of it. "Besides, even if'n she did, it ain't like she don't know what sex is about at her age."

"Maybe so, but it would make me feel funny around her if I knew she heard me kicking up such a fuss with her daddy right in the next room."

"Nothin' to be shy about, that girl knows the score when it comes to all that." I figured it was as good a time as any to test the waters and maybe lay some groundwork. "She told me how she thinks you're real pretty."

"Oh, she did not!" Darla waved it away and acted like it weren't nothing, but I could tell she liked hearing it all the same.

"She did indeed. And, it might sound strange me sayin', but I also think she's got a thing for your bazooms."

"Why would you ever think a thing like that, you dirty old dog?" She aimed a swat at me.

"I ain't lyin'. I seen her lookin' every chance she got."

"At my tits?"

"Sure as shit. I don't know how things like that go with you ladies, but she looked like she was real curious about what you've got goin' on there."

"You don't think she's one of those lesbians, do you?" Darla put her hands over her tits like she was trying to protect them.

"You know how it is with young folks nowadays. Most of the girls go with other girls and don't think nothing of it."

"It certainly wasn't like that when I was her age. I guess I missed out on all that fun by a few years," she said as a joke, but behind every joke there's a little bit of truth. She gave her tits a couple soft squeezes, lost in her thoughts, then quickly set her hands in her lap.

"The kid's got it rough. I think she has a lot of questions, but she's afraid to talk to her momma, and she more than like don't want to talk to a man about that kind of stuff."

"What stuff?"

"I don't know. Girl stuff and whatnot." I put my hand on her leg and gave it a friendly rub. "Maybe she'd like to talk to you."

"Me?"

"Sure, you two got on pretty well last night."

"It's all a little hazy now, but she does seem like a sweet girl."

"How about you come over one night next week and visit with her. I'll go for a ride and let you two talk your girl talk, and maybe it'll do the kid some good."

"Well, I don't know how much use I'll be having raised only boys all my life, but I suppose I could sit with her if she needs someone to listen."

"Just be sure to wear something low-cut."

"Don't be such a horny ol' pig." She swatted me again. "You almost make it sound like you want something to happen between the two of us. I bet you'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Now that you brung it up, the two of you rolling around together would be one helluva a sight to see."

"Hush your mouth. What would a young girl like her want with an over-the-hill woman pushing forty anyhow?"

"Don't sell yourself short, hot stuff. You might have a few miles on ya, but you learned a lot along the way. I expect there's plenty of things you could teach that young'un."

"Like how to spot a dirty old man?" She gave me an accusing look.

"Yep. And then how to get 'im into bed and fuck 'im silly."

She swatted me yet again for that, and I reached over right quick and started tickling her until she was squirming and screaming. If we wasn't pulling up in front of her house just then, I might have drove over into the woods and taken another go at her right there in the truck. But her son Dale was out front and he seen us coming, so I went ahead and left her off in the driveway.

"Call me about what night you want me to come by," she said as she got out, then blew me a kiss.

I waved bye, and headed home with a stiff one in my pants for the whole ride. I was pretty sure I had the idea planted in her head, now I just had to see if anything sprouted.

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I stepped into the trailer and heard the shower going. Just as my pecker was starting to simmer down, it jumped right back to full boil. I sat down and turned on the TV to distract myself, but it didn't do no good.

The thought of walking right on in there and finally getting a look at Lizzy naked took hold of me and didn't want to let go. She wouldn't mind, would she? Maybe it was even what she wanted. I stood up...

Then sat myself back down. I couldn't do like that. I was her daddy for crying out loud. I couldn't force anything on her that way. I know what we'd done those couple of times wasn't exactly what you'd call right and proper, but she was the one made the choice. If I barged in on her while she was in the shower, rubbing on her own naked, soapy body all over, that would be a whole other can of worms. I couldn't do it. I wanted to, but I had to control my sinful urges, and not be sniffing after her like that.

The shower shut off, and I flipped through the channels without caring much what was on. After about five minutes the door opened and I couldn't help but look over.

Lizzy stepped out of the steamy little bathroom in nothing but a towel wrapped around her. Her hair was all wet, and her skin was fresh and moist. The towel was tucked tight up around that big rack of hers, pushing them tits up so there was a nice parcel of cleavage showing. The bottom edge of the towel barely came down below her cooter, and I suspect if she turned around I might get a peep at her butt cheeks peeking out from under.

"Oh!" Lizzy jumped when she saw me there on the chair. "I didn't hear you come in." She broke out in a smile and came into the front room like a silky vixen. She knew exactly what seeing her like that was doing to me.

I felt my insides get all shaky as I watched her pull a skimpy pair of under panties out of a drawer, along with a big powdery-blue bra.

"I heard you guys this morning in the bedroom." She waggled her eyebrows at me.

"Sorry, about that, I thought you was asleep."

"Don't be sorry, it sounded real nice to me. Guess what I was doing the whole time while I was listening."

"I might have an idea."

I couldn't help feeling like all this flirty talk was leading to something. I was two hairs of good sense away from yanking that towel off and making my girl a woman right there on the floor of the front room.

The difference between the mellow feel of a few good drinks in a dark room late at night and being clear-eyed sober in the clean light of day is all the difference in the world. The excuses weren't so close at hand, and the rationalizations didn't hold up so well. I had to face the fact that wouldn't be feeling so ashamed of myself if something weren't shady about what I was doing.

"If that idea has anything to do with me petting my bad little kitty-cat, you'd be right."

"Sweet pea," I said, my voice sounding high and tense, "me and you gotta talk."

"About what, Daddy?"

"Um, about...what say you go finish getting dressed first?"

"Is something wrong?" Her forehead got creased up with worry.

"No, not exactly, it's just that...I been having second thoughts about what's been going on."

"With Darla, you mean?"

"Yeah...that, but more so with you an' me in general."

"Did I do something wrong?" She looked like she was fixing to bust out crying any second, which was the last thing I wanted. She went down on her knees right in front of me where I was sitting and put her hands up on my legs. "Tell me what I did and I promise I won't do it again. I promise."

"Now, now, hold your horses, girl. You didn't do nothing wrong. But, to tell the truth, I can't help thinking I'm the one doing wrong around here."

"But you're not."

"Well, you're still just a kid, so maybe it's hard for you to see, but a good daddy wouldn't be doin' the sorts of things I been doin' for his daughter to see."

"I think you're a good daddy. You treat me nicer than anyone ever has, and you've been looking after me real well. And..." She looked down, not able to face me. "And I really do like it...seeing the things you do."

"I like it, too, sweet pea," I said feeling my heart breaking, "but that don't mean we should ought to be gettin' up to such wicked things."

"You think I'm wicked?" She looked up at me with watery eyes. "Momma tells me that's what I am when she gets mad at me."

"No, that's not what I meant at all. I think you're a beautiful and sexy young woman. Maybe better than I ever seen. I'm just afraid that what I let go on here might be corrupting you, and putting bad ideas in your head."

"I don't think it's bad at all, and--"

"I know you don't, but..." my voice had got too loud, so I took a slow breath and kept my words soft. "But you gotta understand that I'm gettin' bad ideas in my own head, and I'm afraid of what it might bring me to do. I don't want anything to happen that might not be good for you."

"Alright, then," she said in a sad whisper. "If that's how you think it should be."

"You understand, don't you?"

She nodded, but she didn't understand. Hell, I don't think I understood myself.

"I'm going to go get dressed." Lizzy gathered up her under things from the floor where she dropped them. I looked away so as not to be tempted to take back everything I just said at the sight of those frilly delicacies. While I was doing that, I didn't notice her leaning in close. She give me a quick kiss on the cheek.

I turned to tell her to quit all that lovey-dovey stuff, but she hit me with another one, right on the lips. It was fast, and over before I even realized it was happening, but it threw me off enough that I didn't end up scolding her for it. She scampered off toward the bathroom, and sure enough I could see the twin curves of her pale butt cheeks sneaking out from under that towel as she went. Them bad thoughts were there in my mind straight away.

I cursed myself for not being able to go two dang minutes without lusting after my own daughter. I went outside in a hurry and looked around for something that needed tending to.

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The rest of that day passed with an uncomfortable quiet settling in on us. There was a polite word or two, but I could see she was nursing hurt feelings. Knowing it was because of me got me to feeling like a regular lump of shit.

I went to bed early, but couldn't fall asleep. When I tried to get rid of some of the stress by beating off, and the only thing I could think about was Lizzy in that towel. And maybe the towel falling off while she was fetching her panties. I imagined her trying to cover up all her naked parts and not really being able to hide what all she had. That's about as far as I got before I blew my load. I was a weak man. A very weak man.

Next day, I come home and changed out of my work clothes. When I set down in my chair, Lizzy was right there with a cold beer for me.

"You look like something's on your mind," I said.

"I have to tell you something." She bit her lip, looking all guilty. She reached under one of the sofa cushions and pulled something out and handed it over to me.

"What's this?" I took the two DVD cases she gave over to me, and realized they were from my porno movie stash. I was confused, embarrassed, a little angry, and...maybe a bit turned on.

"I'm sorry, Daddy. I found the box in your room after I first got here and I stole those out of it without permission."

"Why'd you do that for?" It was a dumbass question, but I had to hear myself say it before I figured that out.

"I don't know. The pictures on the covers looked good to me and I never saw a movie like those before." She could tell I was trying to interrupt her but she kept on talking. "I played them when you were away at work, and after you went to bed I watched them sometimes with the sound turned down."

The smart thing to do would have been to tell her to stay out of my room, and let it end there.

"You watched 'em a lot then, did ya?"

"Yeah, I guess. There's not much to do around here when I'm all alone."

"And you liked what you seen?"

"Mm hm." She made like she was guilty for what she done, but I had a hunch it was an act. "I especially liked the scene with one guy and two girls all doing it together. Every time that came on I couldn't help touching myself. Oh...I shouldn't be talking like that with you any more, should I?"

"Well...I don't suppose there's no harm in just talkin'."

"I know what I did was bad, but whenever I thought about you watching these movies, I imagined that you probably would touch yourself, and that made me want to do the same."

"I guess that's how it goes with this sort of thing, ain't it?"

"Is that what you'd do? Watch these when you were alone and play with it?"

"Yeah, you got that figured about right."

She smiled at that. "When I watch, I like to take off all my clothes and get totally naked. You do that?"

"Sometimes."

"I get up close to the TV and spread my legs out real wide, so it's almost like I'm right there with them."

"That's how you do, is it?" I could feel the room getting hot all of a sudden.

"And then I rub myself nice and slow. That way I can make it last."

Her eyes looked down to the spot just below my belt buckle. She wasn't even trying to be sneaky about it. And there was no use in trying to hide the bulge I had there. There might be no harm in talking, but it was fast approaching something more, and I just couldn't give in to that temptation.

"Well, I tell you what." I stood and put some distance between me and her. "I don't like that you was snoopin' around in my room, but you can go ahead and hang on to these if'n you want." I put the porno videos down on the coffee table.

"Thanks, Daddy," she said real sweetly, looking up at me with those big pretty eyes. "I'll be good from now on, I promise."

"That's fine..." I didn't know what else to say, or what to do. I felt like she was waiting for me to do something--almost wanting me to do something--but I had to stick to my guns. I wanted to do something. Something bad. But I had to do the right thing...for her sake. "Well...I have to head down to the garage and pick up that part."

"What part."

"The part I need for the truck." I grabbed my keys, mindful of my pecker making a big lump in my pants. "I'll be back by and by."

I headed out quick and drove off not knowing where I was going. There was no truck part, and it wouldn't surprise me if she knew it.

It might be all in my head, but that girl seemed to be turning out to be a genuine expert cock teaser.

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I managed to keep myself out of trouble for the rest of that evening, and went to bed early. Even so, there was no getting to sleep. I couldn't help but wonder what she was getting up to out there all by herself. Every little sound had me guessing what it could be, and I was just about driving myself crazy.

My dick was stiff the whole time. I'd give it a rub now and again, but for some reason I held off from finishing myself.

I heard what I thought were soft footsteps. Probably Lizzy going in to the bathroom. But then there was a little knock on my door. It opened up a crack.

"Daddy, you awake?" Lizzy whispered in.

"I'm awake. You all right?"

"Yeah." There was a pause. "Would it be okay if I got a different one out of your box?"

Good Lord, this girl was testing me to the living limits.

"Help yourself," I said and pulled the blanket up over myself.

She came in and I turned on the small lamp next to my bed. She had on a t-shirt, but her legs were bare. I watched her duck down and rummage around under my bed so she could get at my stash of porno movies. She slid the box over into the light and squatted down to go through it. I could see her white cotton panties, dotted all over with tiny strawberries, stretched tight across her buns.

"Is Hooter Hunters any good?"

"I reckon it's alright," I said, feeling funny about giving my daughter reviews of my jack off material. "A couple of good ol' boys go out in the woods hunting and meet up with some gals with, you know, big chests and all."

"Hmm. I'll try that, and also Cock Sucking Divas, if that's okay."

"Fine by me." It was all I could do to keep my hand off my dick after hearing her say 'cock

sucking' just as pretty as you please.

She stood up with a playful little smile on her lips, then looked around my small room.

"You don't have a TV in here?"

"Nope."

"So...you haven't been able to watch any of these for yourself since I got here, have you?"

"No, but it ain't no matter."

"Now I feel bad. I've been hogging the TV all for myself."

"Don't fret about that none. I'll survive."

She went to the door and turned back. "Do you want to come out and watch with me?"

"That's a tempting offer, sweet pea, but I best not."

Lizzy stuck out her lip in a cute pout. "Okay. I'll try to be quiet."

She pulled the door closed as she left, but she didn't close it all the way tight. The scheming rascal. I turned the light off and listened. I could hear the DVD machine open and close. Light flashed along the thin crack at the edge of my door. I could hear voices from the video, but it was turned low enough that I couldn't make out any words.

God help me, I meant to close the door all the way when I got up out of bed, but once there I couldn't help but take one little peek.

It was dark out there except for the light from the TV screen, which was sideways to where I was. I could see down the narrow hallway, past the bathroom and kitchen on the left, to part of the front room. Lizzy's bed was folded out, and I could see only the bottom part of it.

But on that bottom part, I could see one of Lizzy's legs. It was her right leg, from the knee down, and from the way it was setting I figured she was doing just like she told me she did. Her legs must've been spread open nice and wide. From the sound of it, the Hooter Hunters were just heading out into the woods.

Now, I consider myself to be made of strong stuff, but there is only so much a man can take. I wanted to be out there with her. She wanted me to be out there with her. It weren't like I was going to molest her or nothing. We all have natural urges, and there shouldn't be anything wrong with facing up to that and not feeling guilty or being ashamed. Besides, I probably made her feel bad for saying no to her like I did. I didn't want my girl to get any of that low self-esteem they was always talking about being bad for kids these days.

I pulled on a pair of boxer shorts, but it looked ridiculous with my cock pitching up like it was. I tried to tuck it down, but it kept springing up. I hunted around and found a pair of clean briefs at the back of a drawer and yanked those on. That made me look silly for a whole different set of reasons, but it would have to do.

With a deep breath, and plenty of second thoughts, I went on out into the hallway. I bailed out along the way and scooted into the bathroom. I cussed myself for knowing better, and decided to get myself back into my room and close the door good and tight. I waited a spell, then flushed the toilet and made like I was washing my hands. As I was doing that I stepped on something. I looked down and it was them strawberry panties Lizzy'd been wearing. She was out there with no drawers on at all.

I knew it was a lost cause the second I picked them things up. By the time I took a sniff, even the little angel on my shoulder was telling me to go for it. And so I did.

I meandered out to the front room, acting like it weren't no big thing. Lizzy was on her pull-out bed, covered in a thin white sheet, acting like it weren't no big thing.

"Change your mind, Daddy?"

"Not able to get to sleep for some reason."

I could see her bare shoulders over the top of the sheet, and figured she had to be naked under there. The outline of her body was pretty obvious, so I could easily see that her legs was indeed spread out.

"They followed some tracks and found this lady's campsite," she caught me up on the story. "And now they're hiding in the bushes watching her skinny dip in the lake."

"Them boys is gonna get poison ivy on their peckers if they ain't careful."

That got a nervous laugh out of her. "She's got really big boobs. You like that, don't you, Daddy?"

"It is a weakness of mine, I admit." I sat down in the easy chair.

We watched the movie without saying anything for a bit. The lady spied the two fellas peeking at her and hollered at them. She made them come out from the bushes and when she got a look at their fuck-poles she changed her tune. The boys started feeling up on her while she grabbed a hold of their dicks.

Out of the corner of my eye I noticed some movement. Lizzy's hand was at work down between her legs under the sheet. She must've noticed me glancing that way.

"Are you going to rub it?" Lizzy asked, just as bold as can be.

"Naw, I ought to behave myself."

"I'm rubbing mine right now," she told me as if I didn't know. "It feels so good." The guys on TV had shucked out of their clothes and the lady was kneeling down sucking them in turns. "Your penis looks better'n those, Daddy."

"You think so?"

"I like yours a lot more." She looked over at me, wetting her lips all sweet and innocent like. "Even if you're not going to rub it, you could still take it out, couldn't you?"

"Well...I guess it's nothing you haven't seen already." I pulled my prick out of my under shorts and sat back with it sticking up against my belly.

"Yeah, that's better," she said with an indecent grin.

We watched the rest of the scene play out. The one fellas did the lady doggie-style while the other got his rod sucked. Then they got her on her back and switched places.

Lizzy made comments here and there, looking over at my hard-on poking up out of my briefs each time she did. She got quiet when they was building up to the money-shots, and her hand began moving faster under the sheet. She made a little noise when the one fellas shot his load on the lady's belly and the other came on her face, but Lizzy held back from getting herself off all the way. I supposed she wanted to make it last.

They went trekking back off into the woods, leaving the naked lady behind.

"Do you think my boobs are big enough, Daddy?"

Help me Jesus.

"I'd say you have a right healthy set for a girl your age."

"Do you think they'll get any bigger?"

"Might do." I was getting to feeling hot all over again.

After a pause, she quietly asked, "Do you want to see them?"

"Ah," I swallowed hard, "I guess I wouldn't mind havin' a little look-see if you're of a mind."

"I want to show you, but don't laugh if you think they're too small."

"No chance of that," I told her for certain.

Without taking either of her hands out from under the sheet, she tugged it down inch by torturous inch over those lovely mounds until her nipples popped into view, then the sheet slid the rest of the way down off her chest, completely revealing my beautiful daughter's naked tits.

They were two big scoops of the purest, smoothest vanilla ice cream as I'd ever seen. Each one looked like it would be about a double handful for me. It was hard to get the color of her nipples with only the light of the TV to go by, but they were large and fleshy and had a nice puffiness to them. The nubs were rounded bumps standing up proud at the middles, but I had a notion they would raise up even more if they were to be sucked on some. I've seen a lot of boobs in my time, but I was never more turned on by any than I was by my little girl's.

"Are they okay?" Lizzy's voice snapped me out of my trance.

"Okay? Hell, sweet pea, those are the best damn set of tits I ever seen on any woman in my whole life."

"You're just saying that," she shot back with a giggle that made those sweet puppies jiggle just a hint.

"If I'm lyin' I'm dyin'. You got yourself a regular coupla works of art there, honey."

She looked down at them, and gave them a little shake. I nearly wept at the sight of that.

"You're the only one who ever saw them...besides me, of course."

"Then I guess that makes me about the luckiest man on Earth right about now."

"I'm glad you like 'em, Daddy."

Her eyes found their way back to my hard cock again, and I couldn't help but take hold of it. I looked at my girl's naked titties, that she was showing off just for me, and started stroking myself. This made her smile real big, and it was plain to see how proud she was of herself for getting me to give in like I done.

"I love 'em, baby girl."

"Wanna see what I can do?"

I just nodded, and slowed my stroke so as not to go off right away.

One of her hands came up and grabbed her right titty. She pushed it up, reached down with her tongue at the same time, and gave her nipple a good, full lick. I lost my self-control on

seeing that and started jerking faster.

"That's a helluva trick..."

"Want me to do it again?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to shoot soon?"

"I believe I am."

"Because of me doing this?" She lifted her titty and licked a slow circle around her nipple.

"So beautiful..." I was jacking away like a fiend while looking straight at my own daughter playing with her big titties. I had no excuses this time. I was a bona fide sick fuck, but it was all too good to stop.

"Go on, Daddy, I want to see you cum." It was the first time I'd heard her say the word 'cum' and it put me past the point of no return. She went for her own nipple again, but this time she really strained and was able to suck on it for a few seconds. That did it.

"Here I go, baby girl! Unnnngggh!" I thrust my hips up off the chair and fired off a jet of spunk that went clear up to my chest. I kept pumping my cock fast as can be, and several more gobs of jizz gushed out and covered my belly.

"Woo hoo!" Lizzy cheered as I settled back down feeling lightheaded and happy all over. "That was a good one, Daddy! I love it."

"That was a good one, all right."

"Don't move," she said, "stay just like that."

My daughter stared at my cum-soaked front and my spent cock with a hungry intensity. Her hand was at work under the sheet again, and she was going at it pretty fierce. I could hear the wet little snicks and smacks coming from her pussy as she rubbed herself like mad. This was too much to be real.

"It was because of me you did that, isn't it, Daddy?"

"It sure was, darlin'."

"Seeing my tits made you want to jerk off."

"I had to, baby girl. You're the sexiest thing I ever seen."

"You think my tits are sexy?"

"Yes, indeed."

"I'm going to cum, Daddy...I'm making myself cum right now..."

"That's my girl. Go on and work that pussy."

"I'm cumming. Daddy, I'm cumming...my pussy...ah, ah, ahhhhhh!"

Her whole body jumped and shook. Lizzy's titties bounced every which way. Her legs went straight out under the sheet, then pulled back up, again and again, like a frog getting the electric chair. She cried out, not holding anything back like the way she did when she'd cum with Darla between us. It was a show I'll never forget.

She finally went still and laughed. She pulled the sheet all the way up over her head.

"What? You gettin' all shy on me now?"

"I don't know. It's embarrassing."

"What's embarrassing about it?"

"Everything. Showing my boobs, saying all that stuff, masturbating in front of my own dad."

"Yeah, well, look what you got me doin'. A grown man jacking off his pecker like a horny schoolboy for his daughter to see. I got just as much cause to be embarrassed as you."

She pulled the cover down and smiled at me. "Are you getting any of those bad ideas of yours?"

"Sure am."

"Good." She sniffed her fingers and giggled. Such a tease.

"Can I go clean myself up now?"

"No. You have to stay like that." And a nasty tease, at that.

The horny hunters had found a cabin and were spying in the window. Inside were two big-titted gals doing lesbian sex with each other. One girl was sucking on the other one's pussy and doing a lot of moaning.

"That looks like it would feel good," Lizzy said.

"Which? The giving or the getting?"

"Both, I guess. It's not like I'm a lesbo, or anything, but I wouldn't mind giving, just to try it and see what it's like."

"Eating a pussy is a dee-lightful treat, sure enough."

"Not that I'm likely to find out."

"Don't be so sure, sweet pea. You never know what opportunities is waitin' just around the corner."

The good ol' boys had found their way into the cabin and was each going at one of the gals. I noticed Lizzy had worked the sheet down so her tits were showing again. Her fingers made lazy circles around her nipples, and every once in a while she gave them a little tweak. I couldn't hardly take my eyes off of her.

"Thanks, Daddy," she said all sweet and cute.

"What for?"

"For coming out to watch the movie with me like this and all. I like it that we can be this way around each other."

"As long as you like it, darlin', I guess it's all right by me, too."

We watched the sex on the TV some more. She sat up on the bed Indian style, keeping the sheet covering everything from the waist down. One of the hunters was passed out for some reason, so the two gals were teaming up on the other fella. He was getting his tool licked by the both of them.

"I bet you'd like that, wouldn't you, Daddy?"

"Like what?"

"Two girls sucking on your dick at the same time." It was adorable the way she said 'dick' a little quieter.

"I can't say I'd turn down a chance for it."

She licked her lips suggestively and turned back to the movie. Lizzy was acting a bit fidgety. After a minute, she stretched forward, laying herself out on the bed flat on her tummy and pushing her legs out straight behind her. This little maneuver of hers had her lying right next to me stark naked, the sheet now under her, leaving nothing to hide beneath. I couldn't see

her tits no more, but I could see that fine young ass of hers. It near about brought tears to my eyes it was so perfect.

My rod had been only about at half mast, but that view put it back at full strength. I was back to stroking it while my eyes feasted on my daughter's rounded flesh. She kicked her feet up in the air playfully, the way girls do, and I wanted to lick my tongue all along that inviting crease between her cheeks. I bet she'd like it, too.

"Mmm, that looks good, don't it?" Lizzy asked. I looked to see what was happening on the screen, and the hunter had been doing one of the gals doggie and just pulled out. He blew his load all over her ass.

"You like that?"

"I don't know, I guess." She turned and saw me playing with myself. "Are you going to make yourself cum again?"

"Most probably."

"Will you do something for me? Will you squirt it on me this time?"

"I'm not sure..."

"You don't have to touch me, or nothing. Maybe just make it go on my butt like in the movie. I want to see what that feels like. Please, Daddy?"

I looked at her naked ass, and she gave it a little wiggle. That broke me.

"I don't suppose there's no harm in it."

"Yay! Thank you, thank you, thank you!" She kicked her feet and clapped. "Okay, stand up over here, and take your underpants all the way off."

I did as she told me and stood at the edge of her bed. She turned on her tummy so her feet were toward me and her head was pointing away. Lizzy scooted up on her knees, keeping them close together, and leaving her shoulders down on the mattress. Her delicious ass rose before me, coming up just about even with my hard-on.

"Is that good?"

"Perfect," I sighed. I was going to hell for this, but it would be worth it.

I started whacking away, my eyes fixed on Lizzy's butter-smooth behind. I couldn't believe something so beautiful even existed, much less that it was right there in front of me. Them bad thoughts were filling my head again, but there was something else. Something like a

feeling deep in my chest.

"Oh, Daddy," Lizzy moaned. She reached back and rubbed her hands over her hips and around to her pert cheeks. "Are you going to cum on me?"

"Yes I am, darlin'."

"On my ass?"

"Yes, baby, right on your pretty little ass."

"Daddy?"

"Yeah, sweet pea?"

"Do you love me?"

"What?" I stopped cold.

She looked back at me over her bare shoulder.

Her hands pressed her fleshy cheeks and spread them apart.

"Do you love me, Daddy?"

I looked down at the pinkness of my daughter's exposed asshole, and the shadowy hint of her womanhood further down. My mind collided with my heart, and I felt a powerful surge.

"I do." I started beating my cock like never before. "I love you, baby. I love you so much, Lizzy." My balls clenched up and I could feel myself about to go off. "I'll love you forever!"

A big spurt of cum erupted from my cock and landed directly on her pristine pucker.

"Yes, Daddy, cum on me!"

I kept yanking and more jizz splattered up along her open ass crack.

"Don't stop! More! More!"

I gave it all I had, and forced out some more that flew in drops all over her hands and butt.

With one last grunt I stumbled back and fell into the easy chair. Everything felt all disconnected and not quite real. I heard Lizzy giggling. She was flat on her belly again, one hand under her playing around with her coochie, while the other smeared my dick cream all over her ass.

"It's so warm and slippery," she squealed as she humped her hand. I wanted to turn up a light so I could see all that was going on down there, but I was too drained to make myself move.

"I love you, Daddy...ah, ah, ah..." Her finger ran in between her cheeks and rubbed around right where her asshole was. Cummy bubbles frothed up from her crack. "I love you...love you...ah, ah, oh shit! Shit, shit, shit...ahhhh!" She finished with a flurry of screams and thrashing like I'd never seen from her before, then she collapsed dead away on the bed.

If I'd have been twenty years younger, I'd have been jacking off again at that.

After a couple minutes of nothing but the sound of some whore moaning like a wounded cat on the TV, Lizzy's hand felt around until she found the remote, then shut it off.

The room was dark.

I heard her moving, but couldn't tell what she was doing. Just when I got to thinking maybe I should get back to my room, I felt something.

Lizzy climbed on into my lap.

Still naked, she curled up on me like a soft little kitten, resting her head on my shoulder. I wrapped my arms around my girl, and held her.

"I do love you, Daddy," she whispered and kissed me on the cheek.

"I really do love you, too, Lizzy."

I realized right then that those were the truest words I ever spoke in my whole wretched life.

* * * * *

The following day at work I was nothing but useless. I couldn't think straight, and twice I fucked up welds that I had to go and do all over again. I told the boss I needed to hunt up some iron, and headed out into the scrapyard to clear my head.

I had sat with Lizzy for a good while the night before, and after she'd fallen asleep I put her in her bed. I thought about cleaning her up, like she done me, but I figured that would just lead to me making a whole 'nother mess.

I'd told her I loved her, and I meant what I said, only thing is I honestly don't understand what that means. From what I'm always hearing, love is some magical feeling that solves all your problems, but it only ever seems to have added to mine.

I felt guilty. Not just about the sex stuff, but about all of it. The kid never got a fair shake. I

wasn't happy about it when I knocked her momma up, and I sure as shit didn't want to get married. She was a cute little bugger when she was born, I'll admit, but I mostly saw it that she was the one responsible for making my life a pile of crap because I couldn't run around no more and do the things a young man ought to be doing.

No more going out to bars nights, or making time with the ladies. No more dirt bikes on the weekend, or fishing with the boys all day. I had to work two jobs to keep her butt in diapers, and feed her, and give us all a place to live. I never wished anything bad on her, but I blamed that kid for fucking up my life and never got much attached to little Elizabeth because of it.

When her momma finally up and left, I can't say as I was all that put out. Looking back, I guess I just about did everything I could to drive her away. That woman was a right cantankerous bitch, but I can't say as she deserved how I treated her. And now, after all these years, I have to own up to how poorly I been treating my daughter.

I was supposed to send child support every month, but I never quite got around to that. I would send Lizzy a Christmas card, or a birthday card, when I thought of it, with a ten- or twenty-spot tucked inside, but I don't suppose her momma passed them along to her. I honestly never gave my girl much of a thought. And that just makes me feel like the lowest piece of shit there is.

I sure as hell wasn't happy about having to look after her when that lady from child services got a hold of me. She had a real sweet voice, and I thought maybe I'd score some points toward getting in her pants if I agreed to help Lizzy out. Course, that didn't pan out, and I ended up stuck with the kid and nothing to show for it.

But everything turned out different than I ever expected. It seemed like she hated me when she first showed up. And that suited me just fine. We'd do our time together, and then get back to how it was. But somehow we made some kind of unusual connection. I could trace it back to when Darla's boob came popping out of her dress that one night. Even though it was most definitely on the perverted side of things, Lizzy and me shared something very special that night, and I guess that got her feelings turned around when it came to me.

All along I known what we was doing was flat out wrong. I ain't that big an idiot. But I figured it was nothing more than some harmless fun that didn't count for nothing since Lizzy'd be gone back home soon enough. That little vixen of mine was obviously as horny as the day is long, so it wasn't exactly like it was me making her do something she didn't want. She even said I treated her better'n anyone she knew.

But this love thing had me flummoxed. Did I love her like a daughter, or like a man loves a woman? I didn't rightly know what either one was like exactly, so I couldn't say which I was feeling. I wanted to take care of her and keep her safe, but I also wanted to fuck the living daylights out of her. Now, I've wanted to fuck the living daylights out of just about every woman I ever met, but with Lizzy I actually wanted her to like it.

That's not to say I didn't know that you got to satisfy the woman, especially if you want her to give up the snatch again down the road, but that means I only got them off for my own benefit. I wanted to make Lizzy feel good--and I mean real good. I didn't so much care even if I got my own rocks off, but I had this strong desire to make my little girl cum like she never cum before. I needed to see that look in her eye that said I was the first one to give her something no one else in the world ever did.

Maybe that's not love--what the fuck do I know? But it felt like something that meant something, that's for sure. It felt like something I wanted more of. So I supposed the only way to do that was to give the girl what she was so horny for. I had to trust that since doing the things we was doing together is what brought up the feelings in the first place, that was the place to go for more of the same.

All I knew is that I couldn't wait to get home and give my girl a nice, big hug.

* * * * *

"Hi, Daddy!" Lizzy was at the front door right as I pulled up. I got out of the truck and she came down and jumped on me before I was halfway to the steps. I laughed and gave her that big hug I'd been thinking about all afternoon. It felt real good.

"Hey, sweet pea. You been behavin' yerself?"

"Actually, I have!" She ran up the steps ahead of me and into the trailer. "I didn't watch any dirty movies, or touch myself, all day long. I'm saving it up."

I stepped inside, not knowing exactly how to answer that, and smelled something that made my stomach sit up and take notice.

"What's that?"

"Oh, I cooked us dinner. It's only tuna noodle casserole. Do you like that?"

"If you made it, I like it!"

It was funny how happy that seemed to make her. Lizzy was all giddy and excited like I'd never seen her in the couple weeks she'd been here. It made me feel a little bit the same way, like I was a kid again.

By the time I got out of the shower, she had places set on my tiny two-seat dinner table (which I hadn't seen for a few years due to it being buried under a mess of junk). I sat down and she served up heap of casserole, and poured me a store-brand cola.

She told me about how she collected up loose change around the place until she had about eight dollars' worth, then walked down to the store and bought all the fixings. She asked

about how my day was at work, and we talked back and forth as easy as can be, almost like we was an old married couple.

After we was finished, she took up my plate and gave me a kiss on the cheek. That funny warm feeling ran down the back of my neck when she done that. She served up a couple scoops of ice cream for dessert, with a big helping of chocolate sauce. She apologized for there not being any whipped cream or cherries, but there wasn't enough money.

I ate my ice cream and told her how this was the best home-cooked meal I'd had that I could remember. I could see that made her feel real proud of herself. Once I was done, I asked if she wanted to go for a stroll since it was a nice night out, and she thought that was a grand idea.

We walked down the road a piece, then turned onto the dirt track that led down to the old pond. Once we was on the track, Lizzy put her hand in mine, and we went like that down to the water.

The pond was dried up some around the edges, but it was still pretty enough there at the end of the day. A couple ducks paddled away to the far side, and me and Lizzy tried skimming rocks for a spell. There was a couple old bucket seats pulled out from a Mustang set off to the side, and we settled down on them and watched the sun go down behind the trees.

"Thanks, Lizzy," I said. "For all this tonight."

"You're welcome, Daddy," she smiled and wrinkled her nose up at me. "But the night ain't over yet." She gave me a suggestive wink.

I had to chuckle and shake my head. "You are something else, I'll tell you what..."

"I can't help it. I guess I got all those hormones you always hear about us teenagers having."

"Got yourself a double helping, if you ask me."

"You think that's bad?"

"I'm not complainin' none."

"I was worried that I might have gone too far last night. I was being a total slut, and I was afraid I might have got you upset."

"I ain't upset at all, darlin', and you ain't no slut," I told her all soft and reassuring. "I can't hardly blame you for doing what makes you feel good, now can I?"

"It felt great." She looked out over the pond and hugged herself. "I never been naked like that in front of someone before."

"I have to say, you do a real nice job at bein' naked, girl."

"Even when I did that nasty thing with my behind?"

"Especially then--and you know it, you little tease." I was getting stiff just thinking about Lizzy on her knees spreading her ass for me like she did.

She giggled and jumped up off the old car seat and skipped over to the edge of the water where she picked up a stick and threw it into the pond. Holding her arms out to either side, she began to spin. She was like a little girl that was so happy she didn't know what to do with herself.

After enough turns to get her dizzy, she stopped and took a few staggering steps toward me. Laughing, she squeezed her breasts over her shirt, and stuck her tongue out at me. She spun quickly, almost falling, presented me with her small butt, packed all firm and tight into her blue jeans, and wiggled it enticingly.

"What's gotten into you all of a sudden?"

"Nothing." Lizzy pulled her shirt up and flashed me her titties real quick. "Yet."

"You better watch yerself, girlie, nobody likes a tease."

"Nobody likes it when I do this?" Her body swayed seductively to a musical beat only she could hear. "That hard thing in your pants seems to be saying different."

"That thing don't know no better." I watched my girl dancing sexy for me, knowing that if any of my neighbors caught a sight of this I'd be sunk.

Lizzy piled her long hair up on her head and gave me her best 'come fuck me' eyes. Damn, she had that look down cold. She let her hair fall down over her face, and ran her hands all over her body, drawing her shirt up and showing off her bare middle. I wanted to yank my cock out right there on the spot and jack it, but I didn't dare.

Her hand slipped to her crotch and she gave herself a hard squeeze.

"I'm so horny right now." She danced closer. "What about you, Daddy? Are you horny, too?" She pulled her shirt up slow and gave me another peek of just one of her big, braless titties.

"I'd have to be dead not to be." I noticed a shakiness to my voice.

The sun had gone down behind the trees, but there was still some light left. Everything was dead calm. Even the mosquitoes were quiet. My daughter got right up close, her silliness replaced with a serious intensity.

She straddled my hips while I sat there in that bucket seat, then squatted down onto my lap. Lizzy pressed herself against my hardness.

Looking into my eyes, she whispered, "Do I get you horny, Daddy?"

"Yes." I was lost in her black magic. "You make me real horny, girl."

She smiled when she heard me say that and began grinding herself against me.

"The way you look at me makes me horny," she said, putting her hands on my shoulders. "The way you smell makes me horny." She leaned in to my neck and inhaled deeply. Then, with her lips nearly touching my ear, "Your hard cock makes me horny."

She pulled my head to her, pinning my face against her breasts. She began bucking her hips faster, rubbing her crotch against my hard-on. I got taken up in the moment, and grabbed a hold of her butt and pulled my daughter even tighter against me.

"I can feel it," she panted. "Can you feel it, Daddy?"

I answered by biting down on one of her nipples through her shirt.

"I'm going to cum," Lizzy whimpered and pushed her other tit up to my mouth so I could give that one a soft bite also. "I'm cumming, Daddy."

She was humping away like the dickens, and soon as she began making her little orgasm noises, I was gone.

"That's it, baby," I grunted, "make that pussy cum." I pushed up hard and blew my load in my pants just as she buried her face against my chest to muffle her cries of pleasure.

Her body relaxed, and her motions slowed, but like a motor that kept going after you turned off the key, her hips kept shuddering and chugging away on me. The darkness eased up on us as we sat there not talking for a long while.

"Daddy...can you kiss me?"

I gave her a smooch on the tip of her cute little nose.

"Like the way you kiss Darla."

I took pause at that. Something about that seemed more wrong than what we just done. But the way that sweet girl looked at me made it impossible not to give her anything she wanted. I leaned forward, and she closed her eyes.

Our lips came together. I couldn't tell if the tremble I felt was from me or her. She wrapped

her arms around my neck and pushed up tighter against me. The tip of her tongue sneaked out and caressed my bottom lip then retreated shyly. I opened my mouth some, and she followed my lead. Her tongue came out for another try, and this time I met it with my own. That strange tingle shot down my spine when our tongues touched. It wasn't one of those wild, passionate kisses that's all crazy and desperate. It was a slow, intimate exploration that was so much more than a kiss. This was love, as true as it could be.

We made out for what felt like ten minutes, but turned out to be more like thirty. By the time Lizzy finally let up it was well on into dark. Which was good since no one would be able to see the wet spot covering the front of my pants.

"When we get home, I want to watch you jerk off again, Daddy."

"You really like that, don't you?"

"I love it. I want to get all naked," she kissed me, "and look at my daddy's cock," kissed me again, "and touch my pussy," kiss, "and masturbate myself," kiss, "and cum while you watch me."

"God damn, what are we waiting for? Let's get our asses back home!" I slapped her butt and we hurried back to the trailer holding hands the whole way.

* * * * *

As soon as we got back I went to the bathroom, got out of my clothes, and cleaned up the sticky mess. I couldn't help but smile thinking that I hadn't cum in my pants since I was a teenager. I wrapped a towel around my waist and went out to the front room.

Lizzy had the bed pulled out, and she was lying on it, already stark naked. She was about the sexiest little thing I'd ever seen in my whole life. Lizzy was on her back, her legs were together, but I had a good view of her curly brown pubic hair for the first time. It was also the first time I was able to get a full long look at her tits in good light. My mouth watered and my cock stood up under the towel.

"Should we put on a movie?" I asked, feeling like an awkward boy on his first date.

"If you want," she said as she twisted her body this way and that. "But all I care about seeing is your big cock." Her hands moved along her body and she felt up her own boobs. "I want to watch you touch it, and stroke it, and make it cum."

"And what'll you be up to while I'm doin' all that?"

"I'll be spreading my legs," her hands slipped down over the girlish curves of her body. "I'll be rubbing my wet pussy--you make me so wet, Daddy--and I'll be touching my clit, watching you jerk off, and waiting for you to squirt right onto my tits. And when I feel it on my nipples, I'll

cum, too." She dragged her fingers up her thighs, lightly clawing at her flesh in barely contained lust.

"I like the way you talk."

She rolled over toward me and tugged my towel down. My erection stood out straight and ready, every vein filled to the limit, every nerve pulsating with expectation. Lizzy's eyes opened wide, her lips parted to take in a quick breath, and a warm rosy flush blossomed high on her chest. Everything about this girl was the very definition of the word sex.

"No more talking, Daddy," she said with a husky drawl. "I want to cum with you."

My daughter rolled onto her back and looked at me with those hungry eyes while she fondled her tits and rubbed her thighs together provocatively. I had the urge just to grip it and rip it, but I forced myself to ease back. I stood there next to the bed, looking down at my naked girl, and ran my fingertips lightly up along the length of my shaft. She let out a little moan.

I tickled the underside, right up under the head where it feels real good. She opened her legs some and one of her hands went down in between there. I squeezed the head of my prick. It turned a faint shade of purple, and a foamy dribble of cum bubbles oozed out of my tiny slit. She licked her lips when she saw that.

Using my index finger, I smeared the slick liquid over the tip of my cock, then moved my hand down to my balls. Lizzy's legs opened wider and I could see that she was working her finger up and down between her pussy lips. I played with my nuts, then wrapped my thumb and forefinger up high around my scrotum, and cinched down some. This pulled the skin tight around my balls, and I held them so she could see them real good. With another little moan, her fingers moved quicker.

"Mmm, yeah...jerk off with me, Daddy..."

I wrapped a couple fingers around my shaft and slid the skin of my dick over my stiffness. It was a struggle to say the least, but I kept it light and slow. I looked down at my naked daughter and couldn't believe how lucky I was right then. She was beautiful, and sexy, and horny as hell. She looked at my cock with adoring desire while she fingered herself.

"Can you see it? I want you to see my pussy, Daddy. Watch me masturbate my pussy."

Lizzy was humping her hips up off the bed, and twisting toward me every now and again. When she turned like that, she'd spread her lips apart with her fingers and give me a good peek at the wet pinkness she wanted me to see so bad.

"That's it, girl, show me that hot pussy of yours." I took my cock in a full grip and started pumping it with purpose. "Make that sweet little cunny cum for Daddy."

That really set her to thrashing and wiggling. Her hand would fiddle with her clitty for a bit, then slip down so she could tease her hole some, then she'd give it a couple little spanks, and go back to rubbing up her clit again. Meanwhile, the other hand was jumping from one titty to the other and back again. Moans, and groans, and grunts of all sorts were coming from her the whole time.

I felt myself getting close, and slowed down. It was torture, but I wanted this to go on as long as I could stand it. From the way she was going at herself like a wildfire, then throttling back, Lizzy was doing the same. We went on that way for a good long stretch; her watching me stroke my pecker, and me watching her do all manner of things to her pussy. I could see a growing wet spot on the bed sheets under her.

She moved around so I had more of a view of her swollen snatch. It was like an angel smiling at me from between her legs. I had a powerful urge to jump right up on her and shove my cock into that virgin hole of hers. And I was pretty sure she'd let me do it without putting up any kind of fight. But as much as I wanted it, I also didn't want it. The anticipation was more exciting right now than what the reality probably might be. Knowing it was within reach, but not allowing myself to pluck that forbidden fruit made just jacking off like this with her better than any sex I'd ever had by a long shot.

"Cum on me, Daddy," she moaned. "Squirt it all over my tits. I want your cum on me."

"You want me to jerk off on you, baby?"

"Yes," Lizzy begged. "I like it when you cum. I like the way it feels on me." Her hand moved in brutish fits and starts, mashing the delicate flesh of her pussy in harsh circular motions.

"Please cum on me, Daddy. I can't hold it back any longer."

My girl, crazy with carnal need, shifted closer to the edge of the bed. I beat my dick faster and leaned over her. Her half-lidded eyes focused on the tip of my cock hovering over her ample chest. As I finally gave in and let the sensation run the way it wanted, I could see that she was holding her breath, waiting for that first gush.

"Here it comes, little girl. Daddy's gonna cum on your big, beautiful tits! Ahhh!"

Lizzy's eyes opened wide and a thin rope of jizz flew straight out, landing right across her boobs, laying out in a line from one nipple right on to the other.

She commenced to screaming soon as my seed hit her skin. Her hips came up off the bed, and she shimmied her whole hand over her clit as fast as she could.

I jerked out a couple more respectable spurts that fell on the tit closest to me, then all that came after that was nothing more than a few drops that flew all over as I kept whacking away at myself, trying to make the feeling go on as long as I could.

Her body clenched, forcing her knees up and her toes to curl. Then she kicked her legs out straight and stretched her whole body out as long as it could get, her back arching and her head thrown back. Lizzy squeezed every ounce of pleasure she could out of her twat, then went limp.

"Oh my God..." she panted, "that's the best feeling in the world..."

I couldn't have agreed with her more.

After staring at my naked daughter lying there all soft and satisfied for a long while, I shuffled to the kitchen and got some paper towels. I turned off most of the lights on my way back to her bedside. She took the paper towels when I offered them, but she just put them aside, not bothering to wipe my cum off of her tits and chest. That gave me a nice chill all over for some reason.

"Come lay down with me for a little...please."

She could get anything she wanted when she looked at me with those precious eyes like that. I climbed over her and laid down on my back. She snuggled her naked body right up to me, putting one of her legs over top of mine.

"We're quite a pair, ain't we?" I said, trying not to feel guilty about it all.

"I've never been this happy my whole life." She nuzzled up against my shoulder.

"I'm glad you came."

"I'm glad you came, too--all over me."

"That's not what I--" She started giggling at me.

"I know what you meant," she kissed me on the cheek. "I almost feel like I don't want to go home."

"Well, now, your momma--"

"I don't want to talk about it now." She hid her face against my chest. "Is that okay?"

"Sure, sweet pea, sure." I put my hand up on her head to reassure her that everything was going to be all right.

She was quiet for a time, just lying there against me, letting me stroke her soft hair.

"Are you going to bring Darla around this weekend?"

"If you want."

She seemed to mull that over. "I do, but I can't help feeling bad about taking advantage of her. I know it's not right and all, but I really like touching her." She turned her head and gave my nipple a soft kiss.

"I know what you mean." I swallowed hard and went ahead with it. "I've been kind of thinkin' up a plan about that, if you want to hear it."

"What do you mean?" she leaned back and looked up at me in the dim light.

"Well, I was trying to figure a way the three of us could be together without us having to knock Darla out first. If that's something you might want."

"Would it be like in your dirty movies?"

"Something like that, I suppose. It couldn't be a full, all-out orgy like in a porno. I would do stuff with Darla, and you could do stuff with her. And she would do things back to each of us. But you and me wouldn't do anything with each other, you see."

"Yeah," she said after taking it all in.

"We don't want Darla thinkin' we're strange like that, you know."

"But you really think she'd do that with us even though you're my daddy?"

"I can't promise nothing, but there's a chance if you want to try my plan."

"What is it?"

"Well, first, here's why I think we could maybe pull it off. She told me a couple a times that she has a fantasy about being with another woman. Also, she never came right out and said it, but she mentioned some things in a kind of way that led me to think that she messed around with her brothers when she was about your age, maybe a mite older." I noticed that my hand was moving along Lizzy's back, my fingers tickling up along the curve of her spine and back down again. "If that's the case, then I reckoned she might not be so particular about you and me being related."

"There's a big difference between a brother and your daddy." She settled up close to me again, her bare cum-covered titties pressing against my side.

"I thought of that myself, which is why I figured there had to be a plan. I was thinkin' that if you and her got together first, in a way so she don't know that I know, then maybe that would break the ice."

"You think she would really want to be with me like that?"

"She might not admit to it sober, but I don't imagine she'd be able to resist it if you made a move on her."

"Me? I'd have to make the first move?"

"We gotta take some chances if you want this to happen."

"Well...okay. But what should I do?"

"I'll tell Darla that you need someone to talk to about woman stuff and have her come over. I'll skedaddle and let you two alone. You'll need to get a couple drinks in her to get her relaxed, then talk about some girl problems and ask for advice."

"Girl problems?"

"Yeah, like sex things, you know?" It was getting hard to concentrate with Lizzy's fingers tickling small circles over my chest and belly. "Maybe tell her something like how you was at a party and some girl started kissing on you and feeling you up, but you got scared and left. But later, you couldn't stop thinking about being with other girls, and you're confused, or something like that."

"Then I jump her?" She ran her hand down my body like a tiger's claw.

"Slow down, wild cat," I laughed. "It'll probably be better if you ease into it and all, but you'll have to play it by ear. Maybe mix in some real stuff. Like you could tell her how you heard her moaning and such the other morning and it made you horny."

"And if she goes for it?"

"Then...I guess you two have your fun," just the idea of it made my pecker get full out hard again, "and we figure out our next move from there."

"And if she doesn't?"

"In that case," I hugged her tighter to me, "we'll just have to get by with what we got."

She didn't say anything to that right away. I could almost hear her thinking it over.

"Alright," this time she gave my nipple a playful bite, "I'll try it."

"Only if you're sure about it."

Lizzy looked me in the eye. "I'm sure."

"I'll see if I can get her over here tomorrow night." I patted Lizzy's shapely hip and forced myself to untangle from her. "Right now, I got to get me some sleep. You're wearing me out, girl."

"Aww, not yet," she whined. "Sleep out here with me."

"That sounds nice, and I'd like to, but I don't trust myself well enough for that."

"I trust you, Daddy."

"Come on, now. You know what I'm like around naked women when they're unconscious. You don't want to go and lose your virginity in your sleep, now do you?"

"Nah," she giggled, "I definitely want to be awake for that." The way she looked at me when she said that gave me the idea that she was trying to tell me something important. I had a whiff of what it might be, but I didn't want to think on it too much.

I fought the urge to lay back down with her, and stood up instead. She stretched her body out across the bed. Her tits were shiny with my dried cum. Lizzy watched me walk around the bed and pull on my briefs. The whole time she was running her fingers through her pussy hair. Torture.

"G'night, sweet pea," I said as I leaned over to kiss her on the cheek. She turned and kissed me on the lips, giving me a little reminder of her tongue.

"If you get horny later," she said, "and want to jerk off, you can wake me up and do on me again, if you want." She gave me another quick kiss on the lips. "I won't mind at all."

Pure torture.

"I'll keep that in mind." I gave her naked body one more long look then went to my room.

There was no doubt what that girl wanted. And I couldn't deny that I wanted it, too. But I somehow knew it would be better not to rush this. I usually used every trick in my book to get into a lady's panties just as fast as I could. Doing that with Lizzy didn't feel like the right way to go about it somehow.

I got into my own bed, aching with knowing she was probably out there fingering herself again.

Pure, sweet torture.

Love Her Like a Daughter,
Ch. 3 by Kinkybelle

Introduction: Daddy and daughter continue down the slippery slope together

I was nervous as a pregnant nun in church.

I got up off my stool again and paced the bar. I racked up some balls at the pool table and took a couple shots, but I weren't able to concentrate. I couldn't help thinking about what might be going on back at the trailer.

I'd left Lizzy and Darla there on their own about an hour before, and I wanted to give them plenty of time to get friendly. I thought about riding home and playing like I caught them in the act, but I figured I'd more as likely mess everything up. I had to just stay put, and not think about it.

I wondered if Lizzy had her face buried between Darla's legs right at that moment. Or maybe they was rubbing their twats together, or taking turns sucking each other's titties. I went back to my stool, and slugged down the rest of my beer. I had to put it out of my mind or I'd make myself crazy.

Most likely they was doing the 69 position. Both eating out the other's puss at the same time. Maybe sticking their fingers up inside one another and whatnot. Damn, I had to quit before I gave myself a permanent boner.

I headed outside for a smoke--my first one since I quit six months before. The suspense was killing me and I needed something to calm my nerves. Wanda was out there puffing away and I bummed a cigarette off her. She looked me over and gave a laugh that sounded more like a cough.

"What's got you all wound up tonight?"

"Ah, nothin'. Just one of those days, I suppose." I could tell she wasn't buying what I was selling. She just nodded. Her big head of hair-sprayed curls didn't move at all. I couldn't help noticing that the way the light was hitting her just then was such that if you could look past the wrinkles and all them layers of makeup, you could imagine she was a pretty little thing back in her day.

"Buy me a beer," Wanda said, blowing out a long cloud of smoke, "and I'll suck you off."

It wasn't the first time she'd made me that same offer, but it was the first time I took her up on it.

* * * * *

I stumbled up the steps and through the front door of the trailer. Darla's car wasn't out front, and the place was dark. Once inside, I saw that the TV was on and there was one of them decoration candles burning. The place was ripe with the smell of hot pussy to an extent where even my whiskey-soaked brain was able to suss out how things had went between Lizzy and Darla.

There was a noise, and I turned to look down the narrow hallway. Lizzy stepped out of the kitchen and came toward me. She had on absolutely nothing but a pair of white knee socks pulled up as far as they could go. The faint light from the front room was barely enough to show the voluptuous curves and nubile lines of her all but naked body.

I don't know what come over me, but some kind of feeling filled me up like nothing I ever felt before. She was the most beautiful thing I ever had in my life. To me, she was perfect in every way you could imagine. She put me on top of the world, and at the same time I knew I didn't deserve something so pure, and alive, and loving. She was the only thing good that had come from me in all my years on this Earth, and I'd been too stupid to know it. I had this precious gift, and I'd let it walk away.

And for what? So as I could get drunk every weekend and fuck a string of women who cared more that I had a paying job than about me. It all just kind of hit me at once.

I feel to my knees, trying to hold back from crying in front of my girl. She walked right up to where I was and looked down on me. I kissed her naked belly. Lizzy stepped closer and I wrapped my arms around her thighs and hugged her to me. I kissed the warm flesh of her belly again and again, then pressed my cheek against her womanly softness. I didn't deserve this. A wretch like me had no right to the love she had for me.

The tart scent of her dried sweat was the last thing I remember from that night.

* * * * *

I was in my bed, still dressed, the next morning. Lizzy was curled up next to me in a t-shirt and those high, white socks. Her hand rested over top of the zipper on my jeans.

I had to piss like a racehorse, and it was a wonder I hadn't already wet the bed. As bad as I had to go, I didn't want to disturb Lizzy. My head was pounding like a trip hammer on crank, and everything that happened after I came in old Wanda's mouth and watched her spit my load onto the floor of my truck was a mixed up blur.

Lizzy stirred. She took her hand away from my crotch and stretched. When she did, I could see she had no panties on. She cuddled up on me again.

"Daddy...you stink," she said sleepily.

"Sorry, darlin'."

"I like the way you stink. It's how a real man should smell." She buried her face in the crook of my shoulder and let out a low moan that was more like a purr.

I held out as long as I could, but I was about to bust.

"Well, I'm gonna smell a lot worse if I don't hit the head in the next ten seconds."

She rolled away and let me up. I staggered to the bathroom and commenced what had to be a record-setting piss. Just as I was squeezing out the last of it, I noticed Lizzy leaning in the doorway with a sheepish grin on her face.

"Enjoying the show?" I shook away the last few drops and flushed.

She bit her lower lip, and twirled a strand of hair around one of her fingers.

"You taking a shower?" she asked.

"S'pose so."

"Can I watch?"

"Suit yerself."

I turned on the water and stripped down. When I stepped into the shower and closed the glass door, Lizzy came in, put the lid of the toilet down, and sat. I felt like a dang catfish in an aquarium, but, even so, something about it was a touch flattering.

"How come I never seen you working out?"

"Probably 'cause I don't."

"Then how'd you get such a yummy bod?"

"Good genes an' hard work on the job, I s'pose." I'd always been on the lean side, but I knew all my bad habits was going to catch up with me one of these days. I soaped up my cock and couldn't help but watched the way she followed my every move.

"You want to know about last night?" Lizzy asked as I rinsed.

"Don't make me beg, girl."

"Well...something happened..." She crossed her bare legs and hid her face like she was being shy about it.

"Go on," I prodded, "don't keep all the good stuff to yerself."

"Okay, don't rush me!" While she was deciding where to start, I could see her nipples getting hard under her nightshirt. I couldn't figure what was sexier; the tease of seeing that, or getting to see her titties naked.

"I ain't rushin' ya. But I only got ten minutes before I have to leave for work."

"Alright, so, after you left we talked about stupid stuff at first, like school and TV shows we liked, and clothes we liked, and whatever. Then she asked about if I had a boyfriend, and I told her no, but that there was a teacher I had a crush on."

"What'd she think of that?"

"She said it was pretty normal, and then I told her it was a lady teacher. She was surprised, but that's when I think she started getting a little excited."

"That's my Darla."

"She made herself a second drink, and I talked about how confused I was about liking boys, but also getting turned on by girls. She said it was the same for her, but she was always too scared to try anything with another girl."

"Sounds like she opened right up with you." I ducked my head under the spray to rinse away the shampoo. My pecker had worked its way up to being good and hard, and Lizzy was staring at it the whole time she was talking.

"After I made her another drink, I admitted that I heard you guys having sex that morning, and how it got me hot. She acted all embarrassed, but I could tell it turned her on." She was getting all fidgety setting there on the toilet. She was obviously getting more than a little turned on herself. "Don't shut off the water," she said quick as I was reaching for the handle.

I stepped out of the shower and started toweling off. My hard dick bobbed in the air only about a foot away from her face. Lizzy would only have to lean forward a little and she could have it in her mouth if she wanted.

I watched her eyeball my swollen cockhead and thought for a second that she might do just that, but then she stood up quick and pulled her shirt up off over her head.

"My turn," she said with a cute smile, and brushed up against me as she passed by to get to the shower. I kept at drying myself off as I turned and watched her get wet under the hot spray. That horny ache was with me stronger than ever.

"So you two ended up just talkin'?"

"There was more. I said how pretty I thought she was, and how I was jealous of her boobs." Lizzy covered her slick body with suds. "Then I really poured it on. I asked her what it was like to have someone suck on your nipples. After she tried to explain it, I asked about what it was like to get your pussy licked. She couldn't really explain that too good either. That's when she made a joke about how it would be easier to show me than to tell me. And so I told her to go ahead and show me."

"You are a ballsy thing, ain't ya?" I smeared shaving cream on while I continued to watch my daughter in the mirror.

"I couldn't believe I said that!" she giggled. "Actually, she was pretty loose from the drinks by then, so it made it easier. Anyway, she thought I was joking about it, but I just stood up and took down my pants."

"You serious?"

"Yup! You should of seen the look on her face. When I slipped off my panties, she swallowed the rest of her drink in one big gulp. We laid down on the sofa, and she did it." Lizzy shut the shower off, and squeezed the water out of her long hair.

"No shit? She really licked your pussy?"

"Yes, indeedy." She stepped out and started drying off as I finished shaving. "It felt so good. After that, we both got all naked, and she let me try licking hers. Now I know why you like to do that so much, Daddy."

"You're a chip off the ol' block, sweet pea."

She came up behind me and wrapped her arms around me in a hug. Her soft, moist body pressed against my naked skin. I could feel the points of her hard nipples on my back, and the tickle of her furry puss on my thigh. It was all I could do to keep myself from putting her down on the floor and laying into her right then and there.

"We touched all over, and took turns sucking each other's tits, and we fingered ourselves and each other until we both came like three or four times." Her hand slipped down and she combed her fingers through my pubic hair all casual like, as if it weren't nothing. Meanwhile, I wasn't sure my heart was going to hold out much longer at the pace it was going.

"Sounds like you had yerselves quite a time," I said.

"It was incredible." She patted my belly and stepped away. Lizzy found a dry towel and wrapped it around her head like a turban the way women do. I brushed my teeth quick and headed for my room. She followed right along, not bothering to cover up at all. I could easily get used to that.

"Man, I wish I could of been a fly on the wall."

"Yeah," she agreed and flopped onto my bed, "I bet you would've liked seeing me licking your girlfriend's pussy, and sucking her nipples, and sliding my fingers inside her."

"You know that you're going to kill me talking like this, don't ya?" I struggled to get my pants on over my boner, which set Lizzy to laughing at me.

"I was hoping you'd come home while we were going at it." She leaned back on my bed and opened her legs. Her fingers brushed along the length of her pink slit, tickling the edges of her tender lips. "But Darla seemed to get nervous all of a sudden. She said she had to get up early for work and couldn't stay any longer. She said not to tell you about what happened and that it should be a secret between us. Then she got dressed real quick, and took off."

I buttoned up my shirt, watching my daughter lightly playing with herself as I did.

"Guess it went pretty well according to plan."

"Yup," she said dreamily. "You missed a button."

"Thanks." I tried to pay more attention to what I was doing. "Damn, I wish I didn't have to go to work and leave you here on your own."

"Me, too." She slipped a finger into her wet little hole. "I'll just have to keep myself occupied somehow until you get back home." She pulled her finger out and gave it a suggestive sniff. "You better get going, Daddy, or you're going to be late."

All I could do was shake my head and force myself toward the door. I heard her bare feet pattering quick on the floor behind me. I turned and she jumped up against me, and squeezed me in a tight hug. This came along with a big, long kiss with plenty of tongue.

"I gotta go, darlin'. We'll talk more about this later tonight." I pulled away from her, knowing I was less than two seconds from calling in and quitting that shit job forever just so I could spend the day with my naked daughter. I opened the front door to leave.

"Wait!" Lizzy called. I turned and saw her reach between her legs, she swirled two fingers around down there, then stepped over to where I was standing in the open doorway. She took up my wrist and swiped those same two fingers across the back of my hand, leaving a wet streak of warm pussy juice. "To remind you of what'll be waiting here when you get home." She sniffed the back of my hand to make sure I got the point.

And, boy, did I.

* * * * *

I stumbled through another day on the job with my head in the clouds. My pecker was hard more than not, so I spent most of the time in coveralls even though it was hotter'n two rats fucking in a wool sock on the Fourth of July. It seemed that every time I got my mind on something else, I'd catch a whiff from the back of my hand and I was right back to thinking about little Lizzy's horny snatch all over again.

When I got home I found Lizzy asleep on my bed in nothing but a pair of my boxer shorts. I just stood there for a time, staring at her smooth, young body and wishing I owned a camera. She woke up and stretched. It was almost like she could sense I was there.

"Mmm...I've been thinking about you all day," she said real drowsy.

"That so?"

"Mmm hmm." She brushed her fingers over her bare nipples as she looked me over. "You should get out of those smelly work clothes."

I began undressing. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you was angling for a cheap thrill, little girl."

"You should know better." Lizzy paid close attention when I got to pulling off my under shorts. "There it is," she sighed. "Mmm...make it hard for me, Daddy."

It was already more than halfway there, so I only had to give it a few pulls to get it standing out to its full potential.

"Now how's about a peek at the pretty little kitty I've been dreamin' about all day."

She smiled and slipped easily out of the oversized boxers. With her hand modestly covering her cooter, she spread her legs. "You were really thinking about my pussy at work today?"

"It's about all that was on my mind, sweet pea."

Lizzy slowly moved her hand, revealing her moist womanhood. She ran her hands along the insides of her soft thighs, and let me get a good long look at the most wholesome cunt I ever set eyes on.

"Come lay down with me." She moved over to make room.

I laid down on my back, and my naked daughter got close as she could.

"You hear from Darla at all?" I asked while her fingers drifted through the hair on my chest and belly.

"No. She's probably still freaked out."

"Yeah." I tugged at the loose skin of my sweaty scrotum, peeling it away from sticking to my leg. "How 'bout you? As far as being freaked out, I mean."

"No, I'm cool." Lizzy looked down to see what I was getting up to with my junk. "It doesn't even seem real, but everything felt so good. The only thing is, I think I was so nervous that I wasn't able to really relax and get the full effect. You know?"

"I know how that goes." I wrapped my hand around my cock and gave it a couple of squeezes. A little bit of spooge leaked out the end.

"You think you'll be able to get her back here for us to try it again?"

"I'll call her up and see if we're on for our usual Friday night date."

Lizzy rubbed her stiff nipples against my arm. "And we'll do it like the way we planned?"

"No reason not to, far as I can see."

She moved up some and gave me one of those long soft kisses she's so good at.

"Daddy?"

"Yeah, darlin'?"

She looked down at my hard pecker again.

"Can I touch it?"

"Hmm...I don't know if that'd be a good idea..."

"Please, Daddy."

"Well...if you really want...I guess it couldn't do no harm."

"I never touched a penis before." Her hand drifted down over my chest and past my belly. "I mean, I touched yours some that other night when I helped you get it in Darla, but that doesn't really count."

"Just be careful at first," I cautioned my eager little girl. "At least until you know your way around down there."

She nodded, her eyes bright with thankful appreciation, and gave me a quick kiss on the lips. Her nervous fingers lightly touched my hard pecker. I couldn't hold it back from jumping at the sensation, and she let out a little scream and snatched her hand back like it was a snake

trying to give her a bite.

Lizzy giggled, and caressed her fingertips along the length of my shaft. This time when it jumped she didn't get scared. She circled her fingers around the head, squeezing softly a few times. The pad of her index finger settled over the slit of my pee-hole and stroked up along it a few times.

I was captivated by the expression of innocent entrancement on her face. She was full of wonder at this new thing she was experiencing for the very first time. When the wet, pink tip of her little tongue poked out at the corner of her mouth, it sent a flood of tingles down my back.

Lizzy gently held my shaft between her thumb and forefinger and lifted it so it was pointing straight up. She gazed at it from a few different angles before laying it back down. My cock was pulsing in time with my rapidly beating heart. I wanted her to grab ahold and go to town on it, but I kept quiet and let her go at her own speed.

"It feels so weird," she said distractedly. "I mean, it's a good weird. I like it, but it's not what I thought it would feel like."

She ringed her finger and thumb around my cock just under the ridge of the head, then carefully slid her soft grasp up and down.

"It's like there's a hard muscle in there." She gripped a little firmer and tried again. "And it's kinda bumpy underneath the skin."

"Ribbed for her pleasure," I joked, realizing as I said it that she'd probably have no idea what I was referring to. She giggled anyway. Lizzy uncurled her fingers and tickled them along the length again. With one of her fingernails, she began delicately tracing the couple of thick veins that were standing out. No one'd ever paid this much attention to my dick before.

"Daddy, is it okay if I touch your balls?"

"I'd like that, sweet pea. Just go easy on 'em."

Her hand made its way down lower. I opened my legs some so she could better get at whatever she wanted. It was good and warm that day, so my nuts were hanging pretty loose. Her feathery touch grazed the sensitive skin of my scrotum, brushing through my thin scattering of pubic hair I had there.

My daughter brought her fingers up underneath, lifting my balls a bit and giving them a gentle heft. I didn't know how much longer I could stand it. I was all but ready to bust my wad if so much as a stiff breeze blew by.

She let my balls down, then singled one out for closer inspection. Lizzy cradled my left nut in

her fingertips and moved it around this way and that.

"That is so freaky," she mumbled. She switched to the right one and gave it a try as well. "Am I squishing them too much?"

"No, sweetie, you're doin' just fine."

She jiggled my balls around a bit more, and played with my sac. After a while, she went back to my rod. This time she wrapped her whole hand around the shaft and gave it a couple of tight squeezes. She looked up at me and smiled a wicked little smile. She gave my cock a few awkward tugs.

"This is how your jerk off, right?"

"Right you are."

"Can I try it? I want to see if I can make you cum."

I knew I was too far down that slippery slope to turn back, but even so it gave me pause. It was one thing to let her see me doing it for my own self, but it was another thing entirely to let my baby girl give me a handjob.

Lizzy started stroking me nice and easy while she waited for my answer.

"Maybe we should slow down," I fumbled. "I might be letting this all go too far now."

"Daddy, don't be such a goof," she chastised. "We're all naked together, and we've both already seen each other playing with ourselves. What's the big deal if it's my hand instead of yours."

She stroked me a little faster.

"I don't know...I'm afraid I shouldn't be letting you do this..."

"But it feels so good, Daddy. Doesn't it?"

She squeezed me tighter as she stroked and all I could do was moan by way of answering.

"I love your cock, Daddy. I love the way it feels. Does my hand feel good on it?"

"Yes..."

"I want to make you feel good. I want to make you cum. Do you want me to make your penis cum for you, Daddy?"

"I do, baby. God help me, but I do!"

Lizzy adjusted her grip and started going at it with long, full strokes.

"Like this, Daddy?"

"Yes, baby...just like that..."

Her technique was simple, but her rhythm was steady. I could hear her breathing getting louder as she worked me.

"You want it faster?"

"Yes, Lizzy, jerk it faster."

She really started going to town on me then. My balls were jumping to beat the band, and it felt incredible.

"Cum for me, Daddy. I want to see your cock squirt!"

"Don't let up, baby, I'm just about there."

"Cum, Daddy!"

I felt it coming on. Each violent yank brought me closer. My girl was pulling my dick with everything she had.

"Yes, yes...oh, yes!"

I shoved my hips up off the flimsy sofa-bed and gritted my teeth. My balls scrunched up hard, and I launched a fat load of thick jizz up into the air. It came down with a wet slap high up on my belly, and was quickly followed by several more gobs of the white stuff.

"I did it!" Lizzy hollered out. "I did it! Look at all the cum I made shoot out!"

The fireworks were still exploding in my brain, so I didn't have the sense to say anything in that moment.

"Oh, Daddy, isn't it so cool? I really made you cum, didn't I?"

"No doubt about it, sweet pea," I groaned happily.

"And look! I got some on my hand." I opened my eyes and saw her showing off a good sized blob of spunk that landed on the back of her hand. She lifted it up and had herself a sniff. Her eyes closed like she'd just got a whiff of her favorite perfume.

"You like it, don't you?"

"I know it's nasty, but I don't care. It smells so good to me. Like nothing else I ever smelled before. And knowing where it came from makes it even better." She took another long sniff. She gave me a steady look, weighing something in her mind. "Can I...I mean, would it be okay for me to, you know...to taste it?"

"You might probably not like it too well."

"The ladies in the movies seem to like it," she argued.

"But they's gettin' paid to act that way."

Unable to wait for me to give her permission, she stuck her tongue out and licked it up just like that. She made a sour face at first, then broke out in a big smile.

"Mmm...I like it."

"You sure 'bout that?"

"I thought it would be kinda sweeter for some reason." She leaned down and gave me a long kiss. "But mostly I like it 'cause it tastes like you, Daddy."

"You are the sexiest, nastiest, most precious daughter a man could hope for."

She swirled one of her fingers through the pool of jizz on my belly, then licked that finger clean. Lizzy leaned in close and whispered.

"Thanks for letting me be nasty with you."

Her tongue ran along the outside edge of my ear, and she stole my heart away all over again.

* * * * *

My naked daughter was next me when I woke up. Her back was to me and her pretty little rump was pushed up tight against my morning wood. Life was better than I imagined it could be for a sorry excuse like me.

After she jacked me off last night, Lizzy wanted to show off for me. She spread her legs and let me see it all. Then she spread her pussy and let me see even more. There weren't any much shyness or embarrassment for her no more. In no time at all living here with me she'd turned out a righteously brazen little slut. And a most adorable one at that.

Once she'd gotten her rocks off lying on her back, she turned over and had me look at her

while she did herself on her hands and knees. She kept opening herself up and giving me a shameless view of her pink little soaking wet virgin hole. Her fingers also kept teasing around her perfect puckered asshole. It was a dream I wouldn't of dreamed in a million years could come true.

That girl got my worn out old pecker stiff as a schoolboy's like there weren't nothing to it. She begged me to jerk off on her tits, so I did the best I could. I only managed to crank out a couple little spits of cum, but I squeezed them out right onto her big, puffy nipple, then rubbed it around with the tip of my cock. She liked that a whole lot, and then went right back to fingering herself all over again.

I about broke down when I seen her grab that big titty of hers and pull it up so she could lick my mess off her own nip just as she was making her pussy cum. Lord, almighty.

I wanted to just lay there and keep pushing my dick against her smooth, warm skin, but I forced myself up out of bed and off to work. As I was pulling away in the truck, I looked up to see her standing in the open doorway stark naked waving goodbye just as bold as anything. That lovely sight stuck with me all day.

'Round about lunchtime I gave Darla a call. She didn't sound herself. I asked her out for Saturday night. She didn't outright say no, but she had a list of reasons why she probably shouldn't go out. I worked on her a bit, telling her how much I wanted to see her, and that I missed her, and all that mush gals like to hear. She finally agreed, but she seemed real uptight about it.

Of course I knew it was all because she was feeling funny about what'd gone on between her and Lizzy. What I didn't know was whether it was because she was feeling guilty, or embarrassed, or maybe even disgusted with herself. Whatever it was, all I could think about the rest of the day was ways to get around whatever she was feeling and get her to do it again with Lizzy, and to let me come along for the ride.

The next couple nights were like stepping through the gates of heaven when I got home. Lizzy'd get me fed, then I'd wash up, and that's about when the fun began. The girl just couldn't get enough. We'd start off watching TV, or just setting and talking, but it wouldn't be long before she was rubbing up on me.

She liked to do a lot of kissing at first, which was okay by me. Pretty soon clothes would be coming off, and there was all sorts of touching and squeezing going on. I would feel up that spectacular rack of hers, and she'd give me a handjob. She mostly worked it so as I'd squirt my load onto her somewheres.

At one time or another I got my hands on her thighs, her butt, her belly, and most everywhere else. The one place I didn't touch was that sweet honey pot between her legs. By the way she acted, I could tell she was dying for me to, but I wanted to hold back some and let the anticipation build up for both of us. This was more foreplay than I'd had my whole life

combined. But I was loving every second of it.

I lost count of how many times I watched my daughter make herself cum in all manner of different ways. It was like I had my own personal porn star putting on a show for me every night in my living room.

Once we was played out, we'd get into my bed naked and fall asleep together. No matter how hot it was, she would lay right up against me, and fall asleep holding my spent dick in her soft little hand.

I was more revved up than usual on my way home that Friday. I decided it was the night for me to step things up a little. I'd been thinking all day about sliding my hand down between my sweet girl's legs and finally touching her hot little coochie. I was hard as soon as I turned into the driveway.

Lizzy wasn't there to jump on me when I come through the door like she usually did.

"Hey, baby, I'm home," I called out, noticing there was nothing cooking. I suddenly got worried that something bad might have happened to her, but then she came out of the bathroom and my heart dropped back into place.

"Hi, Daddy," she said, her voice sounding small and maybe a bit scared. When she got closer I could tell she'd been crying.

"What's the matter, sweet pea?"

"Nothing," she lied.

"Come on now, you ain't foolin' me. There's something upsetting you. Just go ahead and tell me and I'll help set things right." I stepped toward her to give her a hug, but she shied away. My mind went wild trying to think of what I maybe done to put her in such a state.

"I...I read..." she started getting choked up and pointed to the newspaper that was open on the table.

I went and gave it a look. There was a small article about a fella that was sentenced to twelve years in the pen for messing around with his two daughters. Seems he started with them when they were real young, so they grew up not knowing any different. When one of their high school teachers got suspicious, the whole situation got found out about.

"I didn't know you could get into trouble like that," Lizzy said. She sounded like she was about to start crying again. "I don't want you to go to jail, Daddy."

"Now, now..." I went to her and got her into a hug this time. "Nothing like that is gonna happen to us."

She sobbed into my shoulder. "But it could. Who knows how, but it could, then it would be in the papers, and everyone would know, and you'd..." She couldn't finish that thought and instead hugged me tighter and cried a little harder.

"Shhh, now come on, cryin' ain't gonna help us any." It probably wasn't the right thing to say. Hell, how was I supposed to know what to do?

"We have to stop, Daddy," she said between sniffles. "I don't want you to be in trouble 'cause of me."

I was torn in half when I heard that. On the one hand, these past couple weeks had been the bright spot in my life. I was happier than I ever been. On the other, I knew she was right. I let it go too far, and we shouldn't have been doing like were.

"Well...I love you, sweet pea, you know that. I'll go along with what you want, as long as you're sure it's really what you want."

"It's not what I want at all, Daddy. I want us to be able to make each other feel good. I want to be able to touch you, and for you to touch me, and for us to keep being nasty in front of each other." She stepped out of my arms and wiped the tears away. "But I'd die if you was to go to jail because of me."

"Alright, Lizzy." I felt about as low as I had in a long while. All good things must come to an end, I suppose. "If that's the way it's gotta be, then I guess that's how it's gotta be."

"You probably hate me now..."

"Hush up that noise, little girl," I scolded her gently. "It was good while it lasted. And it gave you and me a chance to get closer'n I coulda hoped for." I gave her a kiss on the forehead. "But no matter what, you're still my daughter, and I'll love you no matter what, ya hear?"

She nodded and gave herself in to a small, sad smile.

"What say we go out for dinner tonight, just you and me?"

"Okay, Daddy. I'd like that." She wrapped her arms around me and gave me a big squeeze, then ran off to the bathroom to get herself put together to go out.

I know it was probably all for the best, but I sure wish I'd have had got the chance to slip my fingers over that soft, virgin pussy of hers.

There was no use thinking that way no more. All as it would do is get me worked up to nothing. It was time for me to start thinking about Lizzy like a proper daddy should.

She came out of the bathroom with her hair put up, and her face looking fresh and clean. Her t-shirt was tight across her tits. A peek of her belly was showing between the bottom of her shirt and the top of her shorts. Her smooth legs were bare all the way down to her painted little toes. The sweet smell of her filled me up as she passed by on her way to the front room.

I realized then that I wouldn't never be able to think of her the way a proper daddy should.

* * * * *

We had ourselves a nice dinner out. I thought it might be awkward after what happened, but we talked and laughed and had a good ol' time. It was just as normal and comfortable as could be.

When we got back home, I tucked her in on the pull-out bed in the front room and gave her a goodnight kiss on the cheek. I went to my own room and went straight to sleep without touching myself, knowing it would only lead to me thinking bad thoughts about my daughter.

Darla called Saturday to check if I still was wanting to see her that night. I suspect she was hoping I'd let her off the hook, but I figured it would be good for me to get out of the house for a night. Being around Lizzy, I couldn't seem to go two minutes without having to stop myself from checking her out with perverse intent, or from resisting the urge to reach out and touch her in a way that just plain ain't appropriate for family.

There weren't a lot of conversating between me and Darla that night. It wasn't like she was upset or angry, but more like edgy about if I maybe knew what she done with Lizzy, and might call her out for it. If she only knew what I'd been up to with that girl.

And that's what pretty much kept me mostly quiet. I couldn't exactly say it was a guilty conscious that held me back from being in a better mood. To be honest, I must admit I was probably feeling more sorry for myself than anything else. I know that must sound selfish, but I didn't know how else to feel after losing a big piece of the best thing that I ever had.

We had a quiet dinner in a noisy restaurant. Both of us put away a few more drinks than we usually do--which is saying something. Darla wasn't having her usual fruity cocktails neither; she was hitting the hard stuff, right along with me.

I guess the soft sound of my truck's radio and the lack of talking sort of put Darla in a trance. She was lost in her own head, and only snapped out of it when we got to my place.

"Oh, wait...not here," she said with a hint of panic in her voice. She looked around like she was worried about someone seeing her there.

"What's the matter with here?" I asked, knowing full well what, but for some reason annoyed with the way she was acting about it. If she felt like a criminal for what she done with Lizzy, what the hell did that make me?

"Lizzy's here, though, isn't she? I feel funny about...you know...with her in the next room and all."

I blew out a big sigh and rubbed my face. This wasn't at all the night I'd been looking forward to all week, and it was only getting worse.

"Well, I don't want to have to drive all the way over to your place now that we're here." I turned off the engine to stress my point. "The lights're out, so she's already asleep. We'll just slip in quiet and go to bed."

Darla chewed her lip and watched the dark windows for a few moments. Finally, she got out of the truck, closed the door as soft as she could, then tottered to the front door. I just sat there and watched her for a few seconds. A couple fat drops of rain landed on the windshield. Looked like we were in for a soak.

We snuck in and crept to my bedroom. Lizzy was in her bed, but I knew she wasn't likely asleep. Darla changed out of her short skirt and blouse, and got into one of my clean shirts, leaving her big, white cotton panties on. She got under the covers with me, but turned so her back was to me and said goodnight.

I couldn't get to sleep. I listened to the rain pelting the roof of the trailer sounding like an angry spray of bullets. I kept thinking about all the plans Lizzy and me had made for this night. We'd had a lot of fun lying there in that very bed after messing around just scheming up different ways to get Darla to go along with having a three way with us. We talked about what positions we wanted to try, and Lizzy kept saying how she couldn't wait to lick Darla's snatch again--especially with me there to watch.

Next thing I knew my pecker was hard as nails, and soon as I realized it I got pissed off. Only problem is, I didn't have anyone to be pissed off with. All this weren't really anyone's fault, but I had to take it out on someone, and Darla was the closest one at hand.

I reached around and took a grip of one of her tits. She didn't move, and so I gave the other one a hard squeeze. She still didn't react, but I could hear her breathing change so I knew she was awake.

That got me even more irritated. I began pulling down those big panties of hers.

"We shouldn't..." she whispered weakly.

I got her drawers down to about her knees, licked my palm, slicked up the end of my dick, and shoved it in her from behind. I expected it to be tough going, but Darla was wet as I'd ever known her to be. I bet she was lying there the whole time thinking all sorts of nasty thoughts about my daughter, just like I was.

I didn't care, I needed to fuck something. I slammed my hard cock into her soaking cunt. I pulled back and rammed it home again. She grunted, and whimpered a pleading word. No. But she didn't resist when I grabbed her hip and pulled her into my next thrust.

After that, I started pounding her fast and hard. She tried to stifle it, but she couldn't keep from crying out with each harsh stab of my cock. It felt good to let loose and stop thinking in my head and give over to my body for a time. I needed to punish something, and I reckon Darla felt like she needed a punishing herself.

There was thunder and lightning passing close by, but I wasn't paying that no mind. My hard belly slapped against her soft ass with quick, fleshy smacks. I felt a growl tight in my throat that broke free as an angry bark. Darla pressed her face into the pillow and let out a muffled moan each time my cock drove home. She didn't want Lizzy to hear, but I did.

I got me a fistful of Darla's hair and drew her head back away from the pillow. She tried to keep quiet but that only got me to pump with more force. When she couldn't take it no more, she let it out in a strangled yelp. One yelp gave way to another, and after half a dozen sharp thrusts they were coming so close together they blended into one long moan of tortured ecstasy.

My own grunts added to the noise and matched the beat of my ruthless fucking. I knew Lizzy was hearing us going at it, and I wanted her to know what she was missing out on. I know it wasn't fair of me, but I wasn't in no mood to care that I was hurting anyone's feelings. I only wanted to get it all out of me, whatever it was.

"Fuck!" I yelled when I could feel I was only a few plunging slams away from blowing my load. "Fuck, fuck, fuuuuuck!" I pushed as far into Darla's slut hole as I could and shot my wad deep into her guts. I rammed her three or four more times, shooting more and more of my gunk inside her with each spasm.

As soon as I was empty, I pulled out and rolled away from her. I didn't know if she came or not, and I really wasn't much concerned one way or the other. She stayed lying with her back to me and didn't say a word. The thunder rumbled far off and the rain slacked off to an easy patter.

After our breathing quieted down, and our hearts slowed back to regular, I felt her moving in the dark. She shimmied her panties off the rest of the way, then pulled my shirt she was wearing off over her head. She used it to wipe between her legs, then tossed it on the floor. It wasn't any much different than the way old Wanda spat out my seed onto the floor of my truck that night.

I didn't feel good about what I just done, but I did feel a small measure of relief. I knew I had my share of shit to answer for, but I could leave all that for tomorrow.

After about fifteen or twenty minutes I heard Darla's breathing fall into the steady, relaxed

rhythm of sleep. I was dog tired, but each time I started to doze off, something brought me back awake with a jolt. Maybe it was those silent flashes of lightning outside the window. Maybe the booze.

My eyes popped open and I had that startling sensation I was falling off the bed. But I was still lying there square on my back in the middle of the mattress with Darla beside me. I closed my eyes, but then I got a strange feeling. I thought I heard the floor give a squeak, but I wasn't all together sure.

I held my breath and listened harder. There was the faint sound of movement. The quiet shush of cloth. But it was hard to be certain with the pulsing of my heart in my ears and the tapping of the rain on the roof.

I waited.

What I heard next confirmed it. It was the low, but distinct, sound of gentle sucking. I swallowed hard, and silently let out the breath I was holding. I didn't know whether to be excited, or annoyed, or what. After all the consternation Lizzy'd put me through, here she was, sneaking into my bedroom and laying her mouth on my girlfriend without so much as a please howdy.

Darla let out a peaceful sigh. She was most like still half asleep and not fully aware of what exactly was going on. I stayed as still as I could so as not to give away that I was awake. The only thing I couldn't keep still was my pecker, which was getting harder by the second and quickly rising up.

Lizzy's suckling noises got more obvious, and that's when I heard Darla let out a surprised gasp. I had my eyes shut, but could tell Darla took a quick look over her shoulder to check if I was awake. I guess I must have been convincing enough to fool her.

"Lizzy, honey," Darla whispered sleepily, "you have to stop...ahhh..."

Lizzy didn't let up any.

"We can't...your daddy...please, darling, don't..."

The room was near about pitch dark, but I was able to barely make out that Lizzy was pulling off her skimpy night shirt. She leaned forward, bringing her boobs right up to Darla's face.

"...no..." Darla protested, but then I heard the sound of more suckling. Darla had one of my little girl's nipples in her mouth--right then--right there next to me. I wanted so bad to join in, but I knew it was too soon. I didn't want to put the kibosh on what was happening.

Of all the different plans me and Lizzy come up with, this wasn't one of them. But it seemed like it was doing the trick. I felt Darla parting her legs some. It was my guess that Lizzy already

had her hand down there. I had to wonder if I was asleep and it was only a dream. I supposed that I may as well enjoy it just the same no matter what.

From what I could tell, the titty sucking and pussy fingering went on for another minute or so, then there was some commotion. They were both trying to keep as quiet as they could, and Darla was obviously doing her best not to move in a way that might risk waking me up. I strained my ears for some clue of what was happening.

It took me a few seconds to puzzle it out, but I reckoned Lizzy had worked her mouth down to Darla's cooter, and was proceeding to get that taste she'd been hankering for. Darla was squirming now, her body struggling to resist, but her lust keeping her from putting up too strong of a fight. I was wishing that full moon was back outside my window so I could see what I was hearing, but then I figured the secrecy of the dark might be doing more to help my overall cause.

I finally got to the point that I couldn't hold back no more. I carefully rolled so I was facing Darla and reached my hand out and laid it on her thigh. She let out another gasp and I could feel her stiffen up quick as a blink. I kissed her on the back of her shoulder, real tender and loving like, then I eased her thighs apart a little more so Lizzy could get at her better.

Darla's body stayed tight, the muscles of her leg didn't want to give way. I pressed my lips against her bare shoulder again like an apology, and lifted her leg to lay it across my body. After a brief moment of resistance, she gave in. Her thigh relaxed and she let me open her up with the surrender of forgiveness.

Lizzy shifted so she could get her face buried right in there good. Once she got her tongue into Darla's sweet spot, my little girl let out a satisfied moan of her own. It was like a wordless message to let Darla know this was all okay, and to just enjoy it.

I reached around and fondled Darla's breasts, this time I was soft and easy about it. Her nipples were stiff, and still moist from Lizzy mouth having just been on them. Darla's hand came up and settled on top of my own as I played with her boobs. It was her way to tell me she was completely giving in to this strange and wonderful experience.

I didn't dare say anything, knowing that words could most likely break the spell. Darla was going along with it for now, but it could all turn around in a split second. I felt like I was walking a tightrope over a mine field and needed to calculate my every move to avoid disaster.

Using only the slightest pressure, I encouraged Darla to turn my way so she'd be all the way on her back. As she rolled toward me, Lizzy eased her way up into the bed with us, never taking her mouth away from her delicious prize. Once she was settled, I brought my lips to Darla's and we kissed like the two of us never kissed before. There was a hungry passion between us fueled by the sharing of what we both knew was outright wrong, but between us didn't have the willpower to put a stop to it.

Lizzy was slurping away down below, no longer making any attempt to be quiet. Darla's hands found their way down and held Lizzy's head right where it was. I left Darla's lips and moved down to her chest. As soon as I corralled one of her big nipples into my mouth, she let out a groan of indecent delight. I was mostly sure this was the first time this horny ol' gal had two mouths working on her at the same time. And she sure was loving it.

It took a fair piece of a long while--since this was only her second time eating pussy, I don't suppose Lizzy was especially skilled at it yet--but after a long, slow build-up, we had Darla ready to cum. My mouth was going dry. I didn't let up. I squeezed Darla's big tits together and went from one nipple to the other and back again fast as a jackrabbit. I sucked hard, drawing her soft flesh over the hard edge of my teeth. Her whole body was alive with movement as she bucked and coiled in response to the overwhelming pleasure we was giving her.

Darla finally gave up being quiet about it, too. She was sounding out with something between a scream and animal grunt. The noises coming from Lizzy were a mix of lust and a battle for air. I'd of given my eye teeth to get one good sight of my daughter down there with her face full of pussy.

Darla's cries got louder and came faster and faster. She was right there, almost at the peak. I mashed them titties together, opened wide, and sucked both her nipples into my mouth at the same time. I timed it just right and next thing I knew Darla was thrashing around and having herself an orgasm like I'd never been able to give her just on my own.

Her heel kicked into my thigh and give me a charley-horse to beat all. I didn't raise a fuss about it though, and went on licking and sucking the stiff tips of Darla's teats. Once her body finally went slack, I could hear both gals breathing hard--each for a different reason. I let off of Darla's chest, and nobody moved.

No one spoke. It was the three of us, naked in the dark, together on the bed, with a space of time to listen to our own thoughts. I had to wonder if Darla was about to come to her senses and hightail it out of there, never to speak to me again. Would Lizzy realize she'd let herself give in to a wicked temptation now that she'd tasted what she wanted and retreat feeling ashamed and embarrassed? Was there maybe even a chance that I would be overcome with the strength of moral character to do what's right and put an end to what was likely to be the most incredible sexual experience of my sad existence?

Before I got too carried away fretting about it all, I felt the bed shifting some. Then there was the sound of tiny wet smooches. Lizzy was kissing her way up Darla's body. I leaned back some to make sure she had room, and tried to track her progress just from what I could hear. When Darla let out a breathy moan, I knew Lizzy was working up over her nipples.

A few seconds after, it sounded pretty clear that they was kissing each other on the lips. Lizzy was lying up on top of Darla. Both naked, and I imagined how all of one's lady parts would be rubbing up against the other's. What I wouldn't have given right then for even the faintest

helping of light.

I wanted to reach out and run my hands all over Lizzy's ass, but was afraid to risk it. I didn't want to do anything that might put Darla off. I almost jumped when I felt a hand on my arm. It took a second to sort out that it was Darla's.

She slid her hand down, and intertwined her fingers with mine, holding my hand tight while she made out with my daughter right next to me. Then, she let go and reached over to my prick. She gave it a nice squeeze when she found it to be about as hard as it was likely to get in this lifetime.

I just laid there and enjoyed the feeling of Darla gripping onto my dick while I listened to the two of them kissing and squirming with each other. Every now and then she'd give it a couple pulls, then get distracted with Lizzy again.

This went on for a time, and then they rolled toward me. I made way, and Darla ended up on top of Lizzy in the middle of the bed. I reached over to feel Darla's ass only to discover Lizzy's hands there already. The two of us massaged that lovely butt, occasionally venturing down a thigh, or into the spaces in between.

Darla began working her way down. It was Lizzy's turn to get her coochie licked. As soon as I heard them start to moaning, I realized I couldn't hold out no more.

I got down off the bottom of the bed and got up behind Darla. I patted her hip and she got herself right up into position without me having to say a word. I slipped my pecker straight on in to her sopping wet pussy with one quick push.

Normally, I would have just started banging away, but with her mouth on Lizzy's puss, I didn't want to bump and jolt her every which way, so I went real easy. I held onto those soft hips of hers, pulled my cock back, then carefully pressed it in again as far as it would go. Damn, her snatch never felt so good as it did right then.

About that time is when a small miracle was granted to this unworthy sinner. The clouds outside my window broke open and let through the smallest shine of starlight. It weren't much, but it was enough to get a hint of what was going on in front of me. I could see Lizzy looking up at me, her face slack with blissful abandon, her heavy-lidded eyes fixed on me like she wanted to make sure I was watching it all. And, boy, was I!

Lizzy squeezed her boobs, and tugged at her nipples, as the noises of her mounting gratification became more intense. Darla's head was turning this way and that between my daughter's legs, and I could hear the wet sucking sounds getting louder and faster. I kept my steady pace, fucking away and loving every second of this unreal moment.

The way my eyes was locked with Lizzy's made so I could almost make out in my mind that it was her pussy I was fucking instead of Darla's. I knew I shouldn't have been thinking along

those lines, but I let myself hold on to that and enjoy it without letting it make me feel guilty. The physical distance between us prevented the illusion from being complete, but in a way my cock was connected to Darla's pussy, and Darla's mouth was connected to Lizzy pussy, and so it was like there was a live circuit from me to my little girl, making us as connected as anything.

"Oh," Lizzy breathed. "Oh, oh...oooooh, God, oh-oh-oooooh!" Her young naked body twisted this way then that. Her feet came up off the bed. Her head titled back, pressing hard into the pillow. I witnessed my little girl orgasm in a way I hadn't yet seen. There was a certain kind of pleasure you can give yourself, but when you get it from another person, that's a whole other beast. And she was feeling that right there in front of my very eyes.

Darla knew to back off from sucking her clit at that moment, but kept nuzzling around between Lizzy's wide open thighs. I felt Darla's fingertips tickling my balls, then moving to her own clit. She was ready to cum herself, but I didn't want it to be like that.

I drew my cock back all the way until it dropped out of her. Needing only a slight nudge from me, she knew I wanted her on her back. She rolled over and opened her legs to me. I climbed up on top of her and my cock found its way directly into her honey hole without the help of my hands or hers. I buried it deep and she let out a grateful sigh.

Lizzy looked like she was still out of her wits after the cum she just had, so I started putting it to Darla slow and soft. My eyes strained to make out the details of the two lovely naked women in my bed, but I had to fill in most of it with my imagination. The faint light was only enough to catch a rounded line here, or a smooth peak there. Even with only that, it was the sexiest sight I could hope for.

After almost a minute Lizzy finally stirred to action. She propped herself up on one arm and watched me gently working myself in and out of Darla. I don't suspect she could make out any much more than I was able, but her hand was circling around through her own pubic hair and down over her swollen lips.

Lizzy leaned in and kissed one of Darla's nipples. Darla grabbed up her titty and arched her back to bring the tip of her big breast up to Lizzy's mouth. Lizzy gave it a couple more light kisses, then set about sucking it good and proper. This got Darla to bucking herself back against my cock, urging me to lay into her a mite harder.

I took this chance to get down there myself and wrap my lips around Darla's unattended nipple. I could feel Lizzy's hair brushing against my cheek as the two of us each suckled a tit. I had to crook my back to be able to fuck and suck at the same time, but I didn't care how uncomfortable it was, I knew that we was taking Darla to Cloud Nine in style.

It was Darla's turn to make some noise, and she weren't holding anything back. I picked it up and was pounding into her as best as I could. Her legs wrapped around my waist.

"Don't stop," she panted. "Suck my tits...keep sucking...fuck me...suck me..."

Lizzy was keeping up her end of the bargain from what I could tell. Her head was moving and bumping up against the side of mine as she worked over Darla's tit with her mouth. I was barely able to keep my attention on her other nipple as I humped her cooch as hard as I was able.

"Right there...fuck...oh, fuck...yes! Yes, that's it...fuuuuuuck!"

Darla pushed both our heads against her chest while she clamped her pussy tight around my cock and came for all she was worth. As soon as the first wave passed, she began fucking herself against my cock again right away, and within seconds she was going off again. It was the first time I known her do a multiple orgasm--which is what I figured it had to be.

I wanted to feel proud about it, but I had to admit it was most like as much on account of Lizzy as anything to do with my old cock. Still, I was feeling about as good about myself as I ever did in the sack, and I didn't want it to end. It was taking every ounce of self-restraint to keep my hands off of my darling little girl. She was so close I could smell the distinctive scent of her sweat, and the sharp tang of her womanly arousal.

Even while I held myself back, I found that I was hoping she wouldn't be able to restrain herself and she'd put her hands on me. I knew we shouldn't go too far with each other in front of Darla, but if I was given any excuse at all, all bets would be off as far as I was concerned. Lizzy apparently had enough self-control to keep herself from doing anything that might shock Darla into realizing just how wrong this all was.

Lizzy took her mouth away from Darla's tit and looked up at me. Even in the dimness I could see that hungry glint in her eye. She wasn't even close to getting all the satisfaction she wanted. I knew how much she liked it when I squirted my warm cum all over her, and I could almost hear her begging me for it, but she knew this wasn't the time for that.

Instead, she got up on all fours and dangled her full, firm titties down over Darla's face. Darla immediately took a nipple between her lips and began sucking and nibbling at it. Meanwhile, Lizzy reached down between her own legs and started fingering her yet-to-be-fucked cunt. It surely was a scene to behold.

I wanted to enjoy it all as long as I could, but there was no two ways about it--I'd been on the hairy edge of blowing my entire load from the get go, and there weren't no way I was going to hold out any longer.

Without another thought, I went about banging into Darla's hot pussy with mindful intent. It was my turn to cum, dammit!

I fucked her hard, and I fucked her fast. Lizzy's head was turned toward me, and she watched me heaving away like a man possessed. She shifted so Darla could work on her other titty,

never looking away from the spot where my dick was ramming in and out of that fleshy paradise betwixt Darla's outstretched legs.

Lizzy's body was flexing and gyrating with increasing excitement as she masturbated herself without any sign of reservation. My girl was so horny that nearly all her inhibitions had been stripped away, and all she cared about was getting as much pleasure as she could from this obscene union of three desperate souls.

I slammed my cock into Darla's willing body with relentless exhilaration. I felt my whole being expand. I encompassed the two other naked bodies in my presence. I became one with them; sharing every sensation; harmonizing with every emotion; losing all sense of myself and knowing only that we were one creature striving after one purpose.

I screamed out with a triumphant roar that rose of from deep within me. I gripped on to enough presence of mind to pluck my cock out of Darla's pulsating cunt, grab my shaft, and give it one last, powerful yank. I felt my balls spasm, my ass clench, and my whole body stiffen.

My cum shot from my cock with violent force. It jetted across the space between Lizzy and me, and hit her square on the shoulder. She leaned her head over toward me, and my next spurt landed directly on her pure, smooth cheek. I kept jacking myself like a fiend and spilled the rest of my spunk all over Darla's soft belly.

Within seconds Lizzy was grunting and groaning and cumming like there was no tomorrow. I don't think Darla had any idea that I'd just cum on my own daughter's face, and so she just went on suckling at Lizzy hanging teats like she was on a sacred mission.

Just as Lizzy began winding down from her orgasm, Darla went ahead and started in on rubbing her own pussy. She strummed her whole hand back and forth over her clit faster than I'd ever seen a woman go at herself. Within seconds that ol' gal was kicking and rearing with another orgasm of her own that was more intense than any other so far.

Everybody was panting heavy, and we all held still for a time. I had no idea what was going to happen next. Was they regaining their strength for another round, or were they about to realize this had been a shameful mistake?

Lizzy turned her head so the jizz on her cheek wouldn't drip down onto Darla. If I knew her, she was thinking about how to get a taste of it without letting on that she was eating her daddy's seed. She ended up settling down beside Darla, wiping her cheek clean on the bed spread as she did, making it so it wasn't obvious.

The two of them started in to kissing again, and rubbing hands all over one another. I laid down along Darla on the other side from where Lizzy was, and joined in on the touching and feeling. While my daughter made out with my lady friend, I could see that they was diddling each other's pussy at the same time. I fiddled with one of Darla's nipples for a bit, then ran my

hand down her body to her rump.

I squeezed her cheek, and she responded by turning up on her side. I slid my touch along the crack of her ass. It was moist with the warm slickness of a light sweat. I could feel the movements of Lizzy's hand working those wet pussy lips only inches from where my hand was. I worked my way down and shimmied my fingers in between Darla's butt cheeks. I expected the usual resistance, but didn't find any.

I probed a little further and reached my goal. The tip of my finger nestled up against Darla's backside pucker. I gave it a second, knowing she was likely to shake me away. She never let me mess around with her behind, always saying such things were too dirty for a respectable woman to allow. When she gave no signal for me to stop, I took it to mean she no longer considered herself a respectable woman.

My finger circled around her rosebud, and I could feel it flexing up real tight, then relaxing a little before tensing up again. I kissed the back of her neck and moved up so my semi-hard cock pressed up against the back of her thigh. All the while I kept on massaging that dirty little bottom hole of hers.

The faint light in the room dimmed away, leaving us in almost total darkness once again. I heard Lizzy panting, then moaning her way through another orgasm thanks to Darla's busy fingers. I used this distraction to press my luck, and I wormed my middle finger right on into her tight asshole. I didn't think I was going to make it at first, but then she unclenched herself and I eased on in. What a lovely sensation it was.

Lizzy renewed her efforts between Darla's legs now that she'd recovered from her climax. The sloppy wet noises were like music to my ears. Darla moved her hips back and forth, pushing my finger deeper up her ass. My cock managed to regain its strength and was back at full attention.

"Suck my tits for me, darlin'," Darla whispered to Lizzy. Without a moment's pause, my girl was back on one of them fat nipples. Meanwhile, Darla reached around behind her, ran her hand up and down my arm--the one that was working a finger in and out of her butt--then went for my cock.

Darla stroked me with her whole fist. I diddled her backside, while Lizzy fingered her in the front. She started picking up the action, rocking this way and that between me and Lizzy.

"I'm gonna cum again," she whimpered. "Oh, sweet Jesus, this feels too good. That's it, baby, make me cum...aaaaaah! Yesssss!"

The ring of muscle around my knuckle tightened like a clamp as soon as she came. It was a glorious gift I hoped I'd be able to share with her from now on. I gently backed my finger out.

As soon as Darla's body spasms gave way, she sat up, curled over and took my dick in her

mouth. She commenced to sucking like the world depended on it. I just laid back and let the good feelings wash over me. The only thing that could of made it better was if Lizzy were to wrap her sweet lips around my balls--but I knew she weren't going to do that, especially not in front of anyone else.

Darla was going at my pole like a wild woman, and I went ahead and fucked her mouth right back. I usually just let her work it her way, but she seemed to like me sticking it in her throat like that. She gagged a couple times, but didn't let up for a second.

It didn't take much more that a minute before I was letting go with another shot of jizz. I'm sure it wasn't up to the amount of my first blast, but it was at least a couple of decent squirts. On the rare times that Darla let me cum in her mouth, she'd always end up spitting it back out. Tonight was different.

That horny old gal swallowed my load right down and kept on sucking until she got all she could get out of me. Once she'd drained my tool, she fell back with a satisfied sigh.

The lightning and thunder had long passed, but the rain started up again, tapping out a calming cadence above us. I shifted into a comfortable position up along the length of Darla's naked body. I could feel the heat coming off her skin. I heard the rustling of Lizzy getting resituated on Darla's other side, then sliding one leg up over top of her.

I don't think three folks have ever been quite so content in the whole history of the world.

Love Her Like a Daughter,
Ch. 4 by Kinkybelle

Introduction: Daddy and daughter find themselves at the forbidden sexual threshold

Darla woke me up early the morning after our sordid threesome in the dark, and was keen on getting the hell out of Dodge. I noticed Lizzy was asleep in her own bed out in the front room as we snuck out of the house. The good feelings from the night before still lingered with me, but something just wasn't setting right.

There weren't much in the way of conversation on the ride over to Darla's place. There was no doubt in my mind that she'd had one of the best damned nights of her life, but I could tell there was something nagging at her. I don't know if she was feeling embarrassed, ashamed, or just plain guilty, but whatever it was brought down my own mood something awful.

It got me to thinking that if she was feeling such, and me being Lizzy's own daddy, that I should probably be feeling bad about what I done, too. More so, as a matter of fact. Now, I wasn't full aware that I had my share of misgivings about all this a time or two along the way, but everything fit together so right last night it couldn't be wrong. Could it?

I tried to open my mouth a couple of times, but held my tongue. Maybe it was because I was a coward about it. Maybe it was 'cause I didn't want to risk hearing the truth of it. I noticed that all this stewing about it was getting me irritated with Darla even though she'd not said a word. I decided it would be best to get her home, then hurry back to my baby girl. She'd make me feel all right, sure as supper.

Darla slipped out of the truck before I'd even shifted into park. She stopped before closing the door and turned.

"Tell Lizzy I'm sorry I didn't say goodbye this morning." She looked toward her front door, like she was worried someone might be there to accuse of something distasteful. "Tell her it was nice." The look that came to her face let me know that she realized how poor those words were compared with what had gone on between the three of us.

"I'll pass it along," I drawled. She could hear in my tone that I was disappointed with her.

"No, don't..." She turned away, not wanting me to see that she was holding back some tears. "I don't know, I just..."

Darla looked at me, putting on a brave smile, not willing to believe I could ever understand whatever it was she was wrestling with.

"Don't fret none about it." I matched her smile with one of my own--just as false.

"I did have a nice time--more than nice, really...only--"

"No need to explain, Darla." I didn't want to hear it at least as much as she didn't want to say it. "I'll call ya."

She stood there for a couple uncomfortable heartbeats, then nodded and closed the door.

I watched her pick her way between the puddles along the gravel walk in her high heels and tight skirt. Funny how what looks so inviting on a warm evening full of promise can come off as so unappealing in the cold light of morning.

Lizzy opened her eyes when I came through the door. She greeted me with a sleepy, but utterly genuine smile. My baby girl was as happy as could ever be.

Without a word, I climbed into bed with her, not even bothering to get out of my clothes, and hugged her to me. She hugged me right back, good and tight, and we laid like that together and drifted on back to sleep.

* * * * *

A couple few days later I was out setting the truck up on jacks so I could change out the brakes. Things were back to going along regular between me and Lizzy. I'd get home from work; she'd have dinner ready for me; we'd eat and maybe watch some TV or go for a walk; then we'd play around some together.

It wasn't much more than the kind of heavy petting most teenagers do, but it was plenty enough exciting for me. I was tempted to raise the bar, but I didn't want to do anything to upset the good thing we had going.

Lizzy didn't say anything about what went on with Darla that night, so I kept quiet about it myself. I hadn't called Darla yet like I said, and I didn't know if I would. I figured that when she got her head right about what she'd done, she could just as well call me.

Right as I set in on cracking the first lug nut on the front right tire, Lizzy came out of the house wearing a flimsy little sun dress. Her boobs were practically spilling out the top and sides, and she damn well knew it. She ambled on over to me on those long, tanned legs of hers, moving like a cat on the prowl.

"Hey, Daddy," she said all sweet and innocent-like.

"What're you doin' prancing around out here all but naked like that?"

"No one's looking except you." This teasing remark came with a quick wiggle of her hips.

"Keep that up and you're more 'n sure to give Old Man Tillard across the way a heart attack."

"I can't help it, Daddy, I'm horny."

"Hells bells, girl, when ain't you horny?"

"I'm extra horny. I was watching you through the window," she scratched her fingers up along the sides of her exposed thighs, "and seeing you out here working and looking all manly made me wet."

Her hands reached the hem of her dress and she kept drawing them higher. Her fingers dragged the thin fabric up and as soon as her cooter peeked out she dropped it down with a flirty giggle.

"How'm I supposed to get this done with you tormenting me like that?"

"I'm not stopping you from playing with your big tool..." She shot me a sly smile and bit her thumb just as sexy as could be.

"Lord, you have the devil in you but good." I went to work on the next lug nut, but I somehow knew this job wasn't going to get done today.

"Daddy, can I ask you a favor?"

"Ask away, sweet pea."

"I know you probably won't want to, but..." she crossed her arms, and I noticed that her nipples were standing out proud under her dress, "...I was wondering if you could maybe lick my pussy for me."

The wrench slipped off the nut and went tumbling to the pavement with a loud clang. Lizzy busted out with a nervous laugh, and had the good sense to blush bright red.

"Well, I didn't see that one comin'."

"I'm sorry, but I can't help it. It felt so good when Darla did it, and I know it would be ten times better if it was you doing it. Please, Daddy. I can't stop thinking about you kissing and licking me down there."

I knew I was already beat, but I had to at least put up some kind of fight.

"I don't know, darlin'. We're misbehavin' with each other something fierce already as it stands. If I start doin' with you like that, we could wind up heading for more trouble than we know."

She put on the cutest pout I ever seen. "Just once? Then I promise I'll never ask again."

"You ain't gonna stop pesterin' me till you get what you're after, are ya?"

"Nope."

"All right then...git on inside and take off that dress. I'll be there in a minute."

"Seriously?" she squealed. "Thank you, Daddy! Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

Each thank you was punctuated with a big kiss on my cheek. She turned, flipped the back of her dress up and flashed me a quick peek at her bare hind end, then skipped off into the trailer happy as a lark. Had I died right then and there, the undertaker would've had an intolerable job of it trying to get the smile off my face.

Then, for no reason I could fathom, a kind of stabbing sadness struck me. I was grateful for how good it was to have Lizzy in my life, but I was suddenly aware that it was going to have to come to an end one day soon. Her momma had only three more weeks in lock-up, then my girl would be headed back home where she belonged.

She'd be too far away to make it practical for me to be able to go visit her much, even if it was

allowed. Maybe I'd be able to talk to her on the phone, or send letters back and forth. That is if Lizzy's feelings about me didn't change once she got back to her normal life.

I put my tools back away and tried to set my mind on something more positive. Like the fact that right now my little girl was inside, naked as a jay-bird and waiting for me to make her feel good. I don't know if her feelings for me were any kind of real love, but for the time being I guess I was willing to grab on to whatever a bum like me was offered.

I got inside, washed up in the kitchen sink, and went back to my room. There I found my daughter stretched out on my bed. She was naked from top to toe. I took a moment to soak in the sight of her, knowing it was a memory I would treasure for all the remaining days God gave me.

Her arms and legs were brown from the summer sun, but most of the rest of her was pale. Them tan lines made her look even more naked somehow. Her long hair was spread out on the pillow around her head. Lizzy's knees were up, but I was easily able to see the dark patch between her legs. Both breasts rose like supple peaks, topped with those puffy nubs that made your mouth water just to see them.

Lizzy's face was that of a lustful cherub. Flushed cheeks, eager lips, and hungry eyes advertised her excitement. She held her arms out, beckoning to me. I stripped out of my clothes and went to her.

Once on the bed, her mouth was quickly on mine. We kissed, and our hands roamed freely over each other's naked flesh. I was hard; she was wet. All sadness and worry left my head, and the only thing that mattered was making my little girl feel the pleasure she craved.

"Suck my pussy, Daddy," Lizzy begged me without taking her mouth far from my lips. "I want it so bad..." She kissed her way down my chin and around to the side of my neck.

"If you're sure, sweet pea, but just this once."

"That's all I want, Daddy, I promise."

I knew as well as she did that once we crossed a line like that there'd be no going back. We both wanted it, and so I guess we was both content to lie to ourselves to get there.

"All right, then," I moved down so I could get my face where it needed to be. "Hold onto your hat, little girl."

She giggled with breathless anticipation, and scooted her butt up some to make space for me. And then there I was. Face to face with the closest thing to paradise I was ever likely to see in this life or the next.

My girl's pussy was already blushed with passion. Her small, pinkish inner labia barely peeked

out from between the swell of her outer lips. The natural tangle of downy pubic hair did little to hide her womanly treasures. In fact, it heightened the attraction--like it was a wispy veil, begging you to explore past it to discover the even more precious secrets hidden beneath.

I'd seen Lizzy's sweet biscuit plenty over the past weeks, but never as up close as I was then. I breathed deep and inhaled her fresh, girlish scent. I couldn't help but be in awe. It felt almost like I was seeing a naked pussy for the very first time.

Now, it should be said that I've had an eyeful of my share of pussies over the years, but it weren't until that moment that I realized not a single one of them could compare to my daughter's heavenly snatch there before me in all its glory. It took me a second to figure out why exactly that was.

The closest I could come to putting it in words is that all them others had been used (most was well-used, when it comes right down to it). They'd all been through a heckuva lot before I got my turn at them, and I guess all that goes on down there, between the cocks and the babies and whatever else, can really take a toll on a lady's clam basket. This ain't to say I was ever disappointed with any pussy I'd got before, but I guess I didn't have any idea what I might be missing till I got a clean look at Lizzy's perfectly unspoiled cunny.

I had the strange feeling that was something like when you come across a stretch of open field covered in fresh snow. It's all beautiful and peaceful and smooth. You hate to walk across it and be the one to mess it all up. But, once you set off, there's a kind of pleasure in being the first one to leave your mark in some kind of way.

Now, I knew well and good that Darla had been down there before me, but I would be the first man to ever put his mouth on my baby's honey pot. I wanted to make her feel good. I wanted it to be better than anything Darla was able to do for her. I wanted her to forget what came before, and for the rest of her days to remember it like this was the first time she'd ever know what it meant to experience real pleasure.

I leaned in and touched the tip of my tongue to her shy lips. Lizzy jerked like she wasn't expecting it, and giggled. I licked up and down the center of her slit, barely tickling her delicate flesh. I felt the tenseness melt from her legs. I had a sense of her whole body relaxing and knew that she was trusting herself over to me completely in that moment.

Slow and gentle, I gave her little kisses high up on the insides of her thighs, then all over her soft mound. Her breathing changed. I could hear it coming in quick puffs, then stopping all together each time my lips settled on her most sensitive skin. I forced myself to stay in control--I didn't want to lose my head and get all caught up in the moment. I wanted to remember every second of this.

"It's really happening," Lizzy sighed. "I've been dreaming about this for weeks, Daddy." Her hands slid from her breasts, down along her body, and reached to my head. Her fingers combed through my hair. "I like the way you look between my legs."

It ain't polite to talk with your mouth full, so I kept quiet.

I opened up and put my lips around her lips as much as I could. I sucked her in some, while at the same time I brought my mouth closed and pulled back. Then I went right back and done the same thing over again a few more times. Lizzy's fists closed tight in my hair, and she let off with a long, throaty squeal.

"Darla didn't do it like that." Her legs spread wider for me. "Don't stop, Daddy...keep going just like that...you suck my pussy so good..."

I followed her orders and gave her a few more big sucks like that. Then I started working in some more tongue along with it.

"Oh, God," she marveled, "that feels even better. Oh fuck, Daddy, thank you..."

The poor girl was on the verge of talking gibberish and I'd only just started. I took it down a notch, and teased her a bit with my tongue. I licked little circles around the rim of her creamy opening. Her juices were overflowing already. I'd seen her work herself to a mighty slick state before, but I never seen her running as heavy as this.

I slurped that warm nectar right on up, then went back for more. There was so much to appreciate about what was happening right under my nose that it was pert near impossible to take it all in. The potent smell getting stronger by the second. The building heat. The uniquely personal flavor. The mounting sounds of sensual gratification. But, most of all, the reality of it all.

There I was, actually giving my very own daughter oral pleasure. She loved and trusted me so much that she was more than willing to open her legs up to me, and let me put my mouth all over her most private place of all. Not only was she letting me do it, but she wanted it like nobody's business. And there I was, sucking my girl's cunny.

"Does my pussy taste good, Daddy?" She was looking down at me, her face all serious with passionate intensity. "Do you like sucking my clitty, and putting your tongue up inside me?"

I figured them was what you'd call rhetorical questions, so I went on sucking and licking her snatch without giving any hint of letting up.

"I love it," she cried out. "I love seeing your face between my legs." Lizzy pushed her crotch into my face to make her point. "I love feeling your mouth on my pussy. I love fucking my daddy's face!"

She was working herself up into quite a fit. Her body was twisting and jerking like she was hooked up to a live wire. Her hands raced up and down her body; one second squishing her tits mercilessly, the next second mashing my head tighter against her cooter. I decided it was

about time to bring it on home.

I repositioned myself, lifting my hips some so my dick wouldn't rub against the bed so much and make me cum before I wanted to. I put my hands on the insides of Lizzy's baby-smooth thighs and pushed them as wide apart as they would comfortably go. She didn't resist at all, trusting that I'd make her feel good with whatever I did.

With a deep breath, I set in on her stiff clitty, working it hard and quick. I sucked, and pulled, then released, and sucked it all up again over and over just as fast I was able. This really got her toes curling. That's when I added some tongue along with each suckle.

"Oh, Daddy, that feels so fucking good on my pussy!" She was looking down at me with an expression of blissful intensity. "You're gonna make me cum!"

I sure as hell was! My hand inched along the inside of Lizzy's thigh, and at just the right moment I slipped the tip of my thumb into her hole. She near about lost it right then, but I eased off on her button the least little bit to keep her from going over just yet.

My thumb weren't barely in but to the first knuckle, but she sure as heck felt it. I wiggled it around some, then more or less hooked her hole with it, pulling it towards the side a bit. It was only a little pressure there, but it opened her cunny up and practically drove her into convulsions.

I picked right back up at her clit, and got to sucking even more than before. The wet noises were loud, but they was more than drowned out by Lizzy's steady stream of screaming moans.

"Ohh! Ohh! Daddy! Ohh! Suck me! OH! OH, fuck! OH, FUCK! OOOOOHHH!"

There it was!

Lizzy clapped her legs together as much as she could, pushed her ass up off the bed, arched her back, and grabbed tight onto my hair. At the same time, she was hollering like a banshee as her body shuddered all over. I let loose of her clit, but left my thumb where it was so she'd have something to clamp those pussy muscles around. I watched with prideful lust as her orgasm worked its way all through her, and she slowly settled down.

"How'd you like them apples?" I joked.

"I didn't know it was even possible to feel that good all at once." She laughed and reached down to touch her own pussy, as if checking to make sure it was still there. "That was a hundred times better than when Darla did me."

She spread her lips open, and I took the invitation to kiss her glossy pinkness.

"Thank you, Daddy," she whispered.

"Aww, sweet pea, I'm havin' just as much fun as you is. No need to go thankin' me for it all the time."

"I'm sorry," she said while sliding her feet up to rest on my shoulders. "But I don't know what else to say. You've done more for me in the last few weeks than anyone's ever done my whole life. I mean, I know momma loves me, but this is the first time I actually felt loved." Lizzy lifted her hips, bringing her pussy up to my mouth. "Maybe that doesn't make any sense, but all I know is that I'm very, very thankful." She began grinding herself against my lips. "Make me cum again, Daddy. Suck my pussy, and make me cum one more time."

I knew it wouldn't take much to get her off again, being as how she was primed and ready to go. I went slow and gentle, and used my other thumb this time just to change it up a little. She kept her small feet perched up there on my shoulders and it gave me a real nice angle on all her lady business. It couldn't of been more than a minute before she was twitching and wailing and cumming in my mouth all over again.

While she caught her breath, I laid there between her thighs and just looked at her. As long as I lived, I knew I'd never see anything as wonderfully perfect as my daughter's pussy. After a while, she began to stir.

"I want to make you cum now," Lizzy said.

She got me to roll over, then went down and got a hold of my pecker. It was stiff this whole time, and it was nice to finally have her give it some attention. She stroked me with one hand, while jiggling my balls with the other. I could feel her tits squashed up against my leg. The smell of her pussy was still strong in the air.

"I love your cock so much, Daddy. It gets so hard. And it feels just right in my hand."

I watched her jerk me and was as turned on by the look of fascinated devotion on her face as I was by the fact of her working my rod up and down. It was too good to be true. I wanted the two of us to go on like this forever.

"You like that?" Lizzy teased. "You like when I play with your hard cock?"

"I surely do, baby girl."

"Are you gonna squirt for me?" She pumped me faster. "I want you to cum for me."

"It's coming, baby..." The sound of her dirty talk, and the taste of her pussy still on my tongue, had me about ready to explode all on their own. But the feeling of her hands yanking and squeezing my junk was more than any man could hope for. "Almost there..."

"I want it in my mouth," she said with a frantic edge to her voice. "Can I make it squirt into my mouth, Daddy? Can I, please?"

"Better hurry..." I managed to get out just as the thought of cumming in my little girl's mouth sent me past the point of no return. "Ahhh!"

She lunged forward and pointed the end of my pecker right at her face and opened wide. The first spurt fired off before she was quite ready and splattered up across her nose, but the next pulse sent a wad of jizz straight onto her tongue. She kept jacking as hard as she could and pulled out another good two or three shots that went right where she wanted. The last of it dribbled out onto her chin.

She closed her lips, then her eyes. Lizzy took a moment, just holding my load of fresh spunk in her mouth, then swallowed.

"Mmmm," she moaned.

She wrapped her thumb and index finger around the base of my dick, then slid them all the way up, pressing tight the whole way. When her fingers got right up under the head of my cock, a blob of cum oozed up out at the end. This she licked up and swallowed without any hesitation. I've had women who would let me cum in their mouth now and again, but I never had one who actually liked it. Lizzy seemed to want my stuff for real. I didn't want to get all sentimental about it, but it made me feel real special in a way I never felt with anyone before.

I couldn't help but smile as she scooped the mess off the adorable curve of her nose and gobbled that up, too. We was like two perverted peas in a pod.

She climbed up on top of me until we was face to face. She licked my lips.

"Mmm...so that's what I taste like," she giggled and covered my mouth with hers. Her tongue was thick with the flavor of my sperm, but it somehow didn't bother me none. The thought of kissing a woman right after she'd got a mouthful of my spooge would normally have turned me off quick as a cat, but with Lizzy it just plain seemed okay. Better than okay, to tell the truth.

"Thank you, Daddy," she purred into my ear.

"You're welcome, baby girl."

* * * * *

"Comin' out for a beer?" Big Jimmy asked as he tossed his tools into the box.

"Nah, not tonight," I answered without even considering it.

"Still stuck with that kid of yours?"

"Only for a couple more weeks."

"Have fun playin' babysitter." Big Jimmy clapped me on the shoulder and left the shop, chuckling at my misfortune. The stupid lughead had no idea that there was no place on this green Earth I'd rather be than with that kid of mine.

Driving home I couldn't wait to see Lizzy, but something was nagging at me. Only a couple more weeks. I didn't want to think about it, but one way or another this was going to come to an end. I knew there was no point dwelling on it. What I had to do was not worry about all that, and enjoy each day I had with her as it came.

I thought about how good it felt to be naked under the covers with her last night. And how cute she giggled and squirmed when I tickled her. Even now I got that funny feeling in my stomach just remembering the way her hand kept finding its way to my dick while we laid there together. She'd hold my limp fuck-meat, and trace her finger over the tip of it. She'd rub my balls, and play with my curly hair down there.

The way she touched me made me feel real good. But not just in that sexy sort of way. It felt good because it was her. And, I guess, because she was doing it to make herself feel good. With most of the women I'd been with I always got the feeling like they was more putting up with me and my cock than anything else. Like it was some sort of obligation in a way, and not something they'd be doing if they had a better choice.

But Lizzy wanted me. She liked me for what I was, and when we was fooling around, there's no other place she'd rather be. I never knew until I had it how much that counted for.

I pulled into the driveway, threw the truck into park, and couldn't wait to see what my sweet baby had in store for us tonight.

As soon as I stepped through the door I could tell something weren't right. Lizzy was balled up on the couch, facing with her back toward the room, hiding her face in the cushions.

"Everything all right?" I asked, closing the door softly behind me, already knowing everything was far from all right..

Lizzy turned to look at me. Her eyes were puffy and sad, her cheeks were red, and it was sure that she'd been crying up a storm.

"The social worker lady called today," she sniffled, then busted out in tears.

I'm ashamed to admit that for a second I thought that maybe they somehow found out what I was doing with my daughter, and I was bound for a long haul in the big house. But then I came to my senses and put aside any care for myself and just wanted to make my little girl

feel better.

I went and sat down next to her on the sofa, and she was up on my lap just like that, with her arms wrapped around my neck and her face buried against my chest. I hugged her, and patted her back, not knowing how else to comfort her.

"What is, sweet pea?" I kissed the top of her head. "Whatever it is, we'll get it sorted out you and me, together. Okay?"

"Momma got let out early," she managed between sobs. "Two days ago. I have to go home on the bus leaving tomorrow morning." Her little body shook with a sorrowful wailing like I never wanted to hear again.

"Now, now, c'mon...it ain't the end of the world." I stupidly couldn't think of nothing better to tell her.

I suppose the news hit me pretty hard, too. Just when I'd more or less made my peace with the idea that I was going to lose her soon, life had to go and pull the rug out from under me like it always seemed to do. I'd decided I wasn't going to fret about Lizzy going away until it came time to cross that bridge. Well, there I was...standing at the foot of that bridge all of a sudden.

"I don't want to go, Daddy. I want to stay here with you."

"I know, darlin'." My voice was catching in my throat. I wanted to be strong for my girl, but it weren't going to be easy. "I wish it could be like that, too. But it ain't up to us."

"It's not fair," she wept.

"Yeah...life has a way being like that much of the time." My eyes were getting watery. "But I expect your momma's been missing you somethin' fierce. You wanna see her again, doncha?"

"I don't know." She was starting to calm down some. "In a way, I do miss her, but I'm going to miss you more."

"Maybe it seems like that now, sweet pea, but once you get home, and you're back in your own room, and see all your friends, you won't miss me so much as you think."

"I will," she insisted, and I thought for a second she was going to start crying again all over. "I love you, Daddy." She kissed me on the lips. "I love you so much."

Her mouth was all over mine. Her soft lips pressed desperately to my lips. Her breasts tight against me. Her legs straddling my hips. Her kisses becoming more insistent, more intense.

My brain was a muddle with a hundred different thoughts and worries, but my body knew

what it wanted with a hard certainty.

Lizzy pulled away and looked me square in the eyes.

"Then this is our last night together," she said with a waver in her voice.

"Looks to be."

"There's something I want."

"I'll give you anything that's mine to give, baby girl. You know that."

"I wasn't sure I wanted it before, but now I know for definite."

She kissed me once more, long and soft.

"Daddy...I want you to...to make me a woman." She hugged me so her mouth was right by my ear, and she whispered, "I want to make love with you."

My heart went into overdrive, and I couldn't hardly believe I was really hearing her say it. Of course the thought of that had been in my head a thousand times over the past weeks, but I never dared to let myself get too comfortable with the idea of it. I mean, playing around was one thing, what harm could there be in that? But to do what she was asking me to do, well, that was a whole other mess of worms.

"I don't know, sweet pea," I struggled to get the words out, "that might not be such a good--"

"I want you inside me, Daddy."

Those words melted into me and set every one of my nerves to tingling.

"I want to spread my legs for you, and I want you on top of me. I want to feel your hard cock in my pussy." She licked my ear along the outside edge from bottom to top. I never heard her sounding so sultry before. "I want you to fuck me, Daddy. And I want to fuck you back."

"I want all those things too, baby, but--"

"I want you so bad." She was grinding her crotch against the bulge in my jeans. "I want your cock, Daddy. I want your cock inside my tight, horny cunt."

"Lord, help me..." I prayed, but I knew I was already lost.

"I don't want to go home a virgin. Please, Daddy. Please, fuck me."

Lizzy looked into my eyes, searching for an answer. I knew it was wrong. I knew what answer I

should have given my daughter--my own flesh and blood. But, even so, there was no denying the stifled need we both had to cross that last forbidden threshold.

I took her head in my hands and pulled her to me. She surrendered without any hesitation, knowing that I was going to give her everything she wanted.

I kissed her, more tender and loving than any woman I'd ever kissed before, as I laid her down right there on the sofa. Without taking my mouth away from hers, I undid my shirt, and shucked off my pants and under shorts. The whole time she just lay there, kissing me back and once in a while letting out an impatient moaning sound.

It wasn't long before I was buck naked. She didn't make any move to get undressed herself. I quickly figured out what she wanted.

I pulled her shirt up over her head, revealing a peach-colored bra that barely contained her oversized breasts. I pulled at the button holding her pants tight, and yanked them open, along with the zipper. She lifted her butt so I could peel those skin-tight jeans off her. I stood over her then, and looked down at my girl in just her bra and panties. She looked so pure and innocent in that moment. Could I really be the one to take all that away?

Lizzy looked up at me with those big, brown doe eyes. Her cheeks were no longer wet with tears, but instead blushed with excited anticipation. The fear and desire in her expression stoked the primal fires deep inside me. Her gaze moved down my body and fixed on my pulsing hard cock. The way the tip of her tongue licked along her top lip finished the deal for me.

With shaking hands, I slipped the straps off of her shoulders and pulled the lacey cups away from her breasts. Her chest heaved with mounting expectation, making her already bountiful blessings all the more alluring. I pulled her bra around so the clasp came to the front and unhooked it as quick as I could.

Next, I went for her panties. Again, she picked her hind end up just enough for me to pull her underwear down the length of her legs. And don't think I didn't notice how damp they were as I was doing it.

And there she was. Naked, wet, and willing.

Lizzy pulled her hair back away from her face, and looked straight at me.

"I love you, Daddy."

She then spread her legs, exposing her juice-soaked virgin pussy to me.

I settled myself down on top of her. I could feel her shivering beneath me.

"I love you, baby girl."

"This is really it?" she asked, maybe more to herself than to me.

"If it's what you want," I answered, and added a soft kiss. "Only if you're sure."

Lizzy bit her lower lip, and reached up to hold my face in her hands. The tip of my hard cock brushed against her downy patch of pussy hair.

"I'm sure, Daddy. I want you to be my first so no matter what I'll always remember."

"It might hurt you some," I warned her.

"I know," she lightly bit my lower lip, "That's what I want." Her thighs rubbed anxiously up and down the outsides of my legs. "Hurt me, Daddy."

If Lizzy hadn't said it with about the most seductive tone I'd ever heard out of a woman, I wouldn't have quite known how to take that. As it was, I could tell she was about half-a-heartbeat away from being completely taken over by her animal urges.

I reached down between us and took hold of my pecker. That girl of mine had gotten me plenty stiff over the past weeks, but right then my cock was harder than Chinese algebra.

Leaning in, I touched the head of it to her lips. She let out a little gasp and grabbed my shoulders. I rubbed my tip up and down her slit. Her pussy was wetter than ever, and I was lubed up right quick.

I pressed forward a little more, circling my cock around until I found the spot. The end of my dick was nestled just there at her opening. This was really it. I was about to go down a path I could never come back from. Once that line was crossed, that was me for the rest of my days. I'd always be that guy. The daddy who fucked his own daughter. The man who put his cock into his innocent little girl.

A month ago I'd have sooner punched a man like that in the mouth than look at him. What kind of sick fuck violates his own child like that? Now I knew.

It was like this moment somehow snuck up on me all of a sudden out of nowhere. It had started off harmless enough, but little by little we got to where I was between my daughter's legs ready to pop her one and only cherry. What the hell was I thinking?

"Fuck me, Daddy..."

Lizzy gripped onto my hips and thrust herself down, impaling herself suddenly on my hovering cock. I felt a moment of sublime resistance.

"Oooowww..." she moaned and forced herself against me.

The resistance was suddenly gone and I slid deeper inside her.

"Ahhhh...yes..." Lizzy sighed. Only one small tear had escaped from beneath her tightly clenched eyelids, but she blinked away the pain and looked up at me with an adoring light dancing in her gaze. "All the way in," she pleaded.

I did my best to ignore the lump in my throat, and give my girl what she was asking for. There was no point in fussing over it any longer--the deed was done. I might as well do my best to make sure it's as good as I can make it for her.

Slowly I pushed my cock as far inside her as I could go. I eased down to where I was buried to the hilt in the warmest, wettest, softest pussy I'd ever had the privilege to be in. Not to mention the tightest. Lizzy's legs wrapped around behind mine, and it was like she was trying to pull me even deeper.

"Oh, Daddy, it's really happening. You're all the way inside me."

"No doubt about it, sweet pea," I mumbled, and began worrying that I'd go and cum too fast.

"Your cock is finally inside me." Her hands were all over my back and arms and ass, like she wanted to make sure it wasn't some kind of dream. "I'm not a virgin anymore."

The poor girl was practically hyperventilating, and her babbling wasn't far off from sounding a little delirious. But the big smile on her face made me feel better about it all. It was like she was drunk without having touched a drop of booze.

"Do you like it, Daddy? Does my pussy feel good around your cock?"

"Never felt anything better in my entire life," I told her honestly.

"Me too." She dug her nails into my butt cheeks. Somehow even those sharp points of pain felt good to me at that moment. "Teach me what it's like to fuck, Daddy."

I pulled out slow as can be, then pushed myself all the way back in. Her pussy clutched tight around my shaft the whole way.

"Yessss..." she breathed. "More..."

I gave her more, delivering another long, slow stroke with my cock. That was followed by another, and another. Lizzy was starting to get the feel of it below me, and she began turning her hips a little as I slid in and out of her.

"That's so good, Daddy." Her nails raked up my back and she hugged herself to me.

Our pace increased by small measures. All I usually cared about before was getting the lady off as quick as I could so I could hurry up and bust my own nut, but with Lizzy I wanted this part to last for as long as it possibly could. Which I feared wouldn't be long, judging by how incredible it felt to be inside her.

"I ain't hurtin' you none, am I?"

"No...this is perfect..."

I couldn't argue with her on that count. I tried not to think about her leaving the next day, but I wasn't able to keep myself from wishing we had got to all this sooner. There was no sense in worrying about that. I just had to enjoy what we did have.

Our bodies moved together nice and gentle. Her cunny hole seemed to be getting wetter by the second. I had to force myself to stay in control with every stroke. Right at each moment where the end of my cock passed across the tight ring of her opening it was all I could do to stop myself from giving in to the urge to pump it into her hard and fast.

"I can't believe we're really doing it," she said at a point when I was buried deep in her. "I want to see it going in, Daddy, can I?"

I just smiled at her curiosity and for a second I almost felt like I was discovering sex again for the first time, too. I lifted up, and she raised herself to look down between us. I drew my cock out so she could see nearly its full length and then dipped it back in her. Lizzy watched with lustful fascination.

After seeing this a few times, she reached her hand down and spread her fingers over her pussy so she could feel my shaft gliding in and out of her.

"That is so cool," she marveled reverently. I had to agree.

My daughter looked up at me, licking her lips invitingly. I leaned my head down. Her mouth and tongue greeted me eagerly. I continued to move inside her as we kissed.

"Fuck me a little harder, Daddy."

Those words gave me goose bumps all over. She laid back and I began thrusting more firmly. I was still holding myself up over her, which left her big breasts free to bounce with the beat of our lovemaking. It was an amazing vision to behold.

"Harder," she groaned, and I took it up another notch.

The sound our bodies coming together got noticeably louder, and that seemed to spur her on even more. She held onto me, clamped her legs around my waist, and began humping me

back. With each breath, she let out a small cry, "Uh, uh, uh, uh..."

I could feel myself getting close to the point of no return, and tried to concentrate on something else. It weren't no easy task, seeing as all I wanted to do was stay totally in that moment. I could feel the cool prickle of sweat on my back, and noticed there was the beginnings of a glossy sheen on Lizzy's skin also. Damn, and here I thought it was impossible for her to look any sexier.

"You're going to make me cum," she said like it was some kind of unexpected surprise to her. "Oh God, you're going to make me cum with your cock."

"I just wanna make you feel good," I said without thinking.

"Oh, Daddy, it feels so good. Uh, uh, uh...so fucking good in my pussy!"

"That's it, baby," I was starting to really pound it into my daughter, "take it all."

"Yes! Fuck me, Daddy! I'm going to cum! I'm going to cum all over your cock!"

I was about three seconds away from losing it, but I couldn't stop until I gave my little girl her first orgasm from fucking.

"Right there! Uh, uh, uh! I'm cumming! Oh God, Uuuuuuuh!"

She clenched me even tighter and her face screwed up in a funny kind of way I hadn't seen her do before. Then, with one breathy scream, her whole body jolted once then went slack. She'd just cum like she'd never cum before in her life.

I felt my own orgasm firing off right then and pulled out barely in time. I spurted a load of jizz up onto her belly and into her pussy hair. It was a uniquely special sight to look down at my twitching pecker all covered in Lizzy's cunny juices. The slick wetness had a pinkish tint to it--a sure sign that my girl had been a virgin up until a few minutes ago.

"That was even better than I imagined," Lizzy said dreamily. "Put back in."

"I'd like to, sweet pea, but we gotta be careful." I leaned back and looked over her body. Everything about her seemed different somehow. There was a sultry maturity in the way she looked back at me that set my hairs on end. "Why don't you get cleaned up and we'll see about what happens next."

"Did I make a mess?" Her new attitude faltered a bit.

"Don't worry none about that." I patted her hip. "Go freshen up and I'll meet you in my bedroom. How's that sound?"

"Sounds like you want to teach me some more bad tricks," she smiled impishly.

"You know it, young lady." I gave her a playful spank. "Now, git!"

She slid out from under me and pranced quickly off to the bathroom. I watched her tight little butt the whole way and tried to come to grips with the fact that I done it. I really done it. I'd fucked my own daughter. I was that guy. That dirty, low down pervert who took advantage of his trusting baby girl. There was no turning back from it.

Lizzy leaned back around the corner with a big smile on her face.

"I want you to fuck me from behind next!" she said before giggling and disappearing down the hallway, reminding me that there was still a lot of little girl in her yet.

There was no point in me wallowing in any regrets. I was what I was, and there was nothing that sweet doll could want that I wouldn't give her. I went to the kitchen sink and rinsed off my dick. It was still just as stiff as could be. I took this as a good sign, seeing as how I had a feeling it was going to be a long night.

I went and laid down on my bed and waited. I heard Lizzy puttering around in the bathroom, half singing some song she knew from the radio. It felt to me like this is the way things should always be. It was a nice feeling, too.

After a while she finally came out and posed in the doorway, playing the tease. I looked her over like a hungry wolf. Her breasts must have been swelled up some--I never seen them looking that big before. And those excited nipples definitely needed some attention.

"You like my titties, don't you, Daddy?"

"I surely do, sweetheart."

She squeezed them, and pressed both together. My cock jumped against my belly at that. Lizzy reached down with her tongue and licked her erect tips one at a time.

"You want to suck your daughter's big titties?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She ran and jumped on me, mashing her boobs into my face, laughing all the while. I just grabbed onto those huge, fleshy globes and went at them like a starving baby. I sucked, and licked, and squeezed her titties like there was no tomorrow--which, if I'd taken the time to think about it, there wasn't.

"You do that so good," Lizzy gushed, running her fingers all through my hair. "Don't stop."

As I ran through every oral trick in my book, my daughter got herself up on top of me. Her wet slit settled right over top of my hard cock while I kept myself occupied with suckling her aroused nipples.

She humped and grinded against my meat and before I knew it I was back inside her again. Damned, if it didn't feel like the most natural thing in the world. I never wanted my dick to be anywhere else but buried deep inside my darling little girl.

"God, Daddy, it feels even harder than before," she groaned.

"You sure you're okay?" I asked, genuinely worried about her.

"I'll probably be sore tomorrow, but right now all I want is more of your cock."

I just laid back and let her dangle those sweet melons down into my mouth as she gyrated herself on my dick. She was moving slow and deliberate so she could feel every sensation. My hands slid down her sides and settled on her ass. I could feel her taut muscles moving underneath her softness with each turn of her hips.

"Does that feel good?" she asked, knowing full well what my answer was.

"Yeah, sweet pea, that feels all kinds of good."

"You like the way my pussy fits around your cock, Daddy?"

"Nothing better."

"You like fucking me, don't you?"

"I do..."

"You like fucking your own daughter's tight cunt, don't you?"

"Lord help me, but I do..."

Lizzy scooted her feet up to either side of my hips and worked it so she was squatting on my cock. She rode up and down my shaft with the effortless agility of youth.

"This is very bad what we're doing...ain't it?" she taunted knowingly with a wicked gleam in her eye.

"About as bad as can be," I told her. "I can't even count the sins we's racking up right now."

This seemed to excite her more than anything. She reached around and fondled my balls while she bounced her cootchie up and down on my rod faster and faster. I didn't know what

to focus on more--the feeling of her pussy wrapped tight around me, the way she was handling my nut sac, or the sight of her firm young titties flopping all over right in front of me.

Lizzy pushed down with her hips, driving me deep as I could go. She threw her head back and let out a guttural moan, before falling forward, laying her body upon mine.

"Your hands feel so good," she rasped. "I love the way you touch me, Daddy."

"And I love to touch you, baby girl."

"Grab me tighter," she pleaded and I complied, gripping her ass hard. "Yes!"

Her hair had fallen across her face in a tangled mess. Her veiled expression became increasingly more lost in the carnal delights she was experiencing.

"Oh God, your fingers..." Lizzy gasped. "Daddy, please...please touch me...back there..."

She continued to fuck me all the while, never letting up for a second.

"Where, baby? Where do you want me to touch you?"

"Back there...you know where..."

"Say it."

"I want your fingers...please, Daddy...touch me there...touch my ass... touch my asshole."

"Tell me again."

"My asshole, Daddy...finger my ass...please!"

The aching insistence in her voice was too much for me to draw it out any longer. I pulled her butt cheeks apart and worked my fingers into the cleft of her backside a little more with each of her humping thrusts. Soon my fingers were nestled into the warm recesses of her bottom, and only a hair away from the desired target.

I teased her for just a few more seconds, then slipped one of my middle fingers right across her puckered rosebud.

She let out a sudden noise that was halfway between a bark and a laugh. Either way, I knew she was happy with what I was doing to her. I circled the tip of my finger around her sweat-moistened rear opening. Her fucking motions slowed but didn't stop. Her breathless anticipation mounted as I teased her ass.

"How's that?" I asked, amused by her sudden quietness.

"Mmm...more..." she whispered. "I've been thinking about you touching me like this for weeks. It feels so dirty." She kissed me, her tongue poking into my mouth--like she was giving me a hint.

I went ahead and took that hint. I slipped my finger down and gathered some of the slick juices leaking from her pussy. My touch then zeroed in over her tight pucker. With its coating of natural lubricant, and only the slightest amount of pressure, my finger easily penetrated her tensed asshole.

She all but froze at that, like she wanted to be able to concentrate on that sensation alone and nothing else. I pushed my thick finger farther into her, and felt her little ring of muscle relax and tighten several times as I ventured deeper.

"Yesss..." she finally breathed. "You're actually doing it...your finger's all the way in my asshole. Oh, Daddy, that's so hot to me--you have no idea...uunnnhhh..."

She was lost in the combination of the sensations she was experiencing for the first time. Lizzy let out a throaty laugh, intoxicated with pleasure.

"Keep it in there," my daughter told me. "I want to cum with your finger in my ass."

With that she resumed sliding herself up and down my stiff cock. I kept my finger pressed inside her, but with the motion it was moving in and out some. Which, from the noises she was making, was just fine by her. I could even feel the knob of my cock through her inner walls sliding past my finger with each thrust. This little girl was blowing my mind.

"I'm going to cum, Daddy," she blurted out and quickened her pace. "Your fat cock is going to make my pussy cum. Your big, fat cock and your finger in my asshole...oh, God..."

Lizzy was humping my dick like a champ and it was all I could do to keep my finger up her butt hole like she wanted. Her tight ass clamped hard around my knuckle with each up stroke.

"Fuck my ass," she panted. "Fuck my cunt, fuck my ass, fuck my cunt!" She screamed louder each time she repeated it. "Fuck my cunt, Daddy! Fuck my cunt! Uuuunnnnggh! Yes! Yes! Oh, fuck, yes!"

Her ass clenched so strong when she came it forced my finger right out of her hole. She let out one last squeal and then collapsed onto my chest. We were both breathing heavy and covered in sweat. Her skin was hot on mine, and it felt like paradise.

After a time she pushed her hair away from her face and looked at me with them dreamy brown eyes that I used to think were so innocent.

"Daddy," she said with hushed seriousness.

"Yeah?" I replied, a bit worried about what was on her mind just then.

"You just fucked my cunt."

She broke out in a giggling fit, then covered my face with a dozen kisses.

"I'm gonna have to teach you some manners, girl." I couldn't help but laugh along with her.

"That ain't no way for a proper lady to talk."

"You don't like when I say 'cunt'?" That wicked glimmer was back. "Should I say 'pussy'?" She flexed those muscles in her vagina and squeezed my pecker. "Or 'snatch'? Or 'twat'?" Lizzy gave me a squeeze with each word. "Or should I just keep saying big, wet, hairy cunt."

She tightened up so much my dick shot right out of her sloppy hole.

"Alright, you win!" I conceded with a chuckle. "Cunt it is!"

"Yay!" She covered my face with more kisses. She sat up and drew her fingernails down my chest. "I want to do something...but you might think it's gross."

"What's that, sweet pea?"

"I want to taste your dick right now." She bit her bottom lip in that cute way she did. "I want to taste what it's like after we fucked. Is that too weird?"

"Not at all, darlin'," I assured her. "You can do whatever you want and I'll never think it's too weird."

She smiled and slithered down my body until her face was right at my hard-on.

"Did you cum when you were inside me?"

"No. It weren't easy, but I managed to hold off."

"Okay, good," she said, but I thought I noticed some disappointment in her voice. "You can cum in my mouth if you want." She licked my stiff dick all covered in her own pussy juice.

"I have half a mind to do just that."

Lizzy licked my shaft, then licked it again in a different spot, looking up at me between each taste to see that I was still watching her. She snaked her tongue down to my balls, then all the way back up to my tip. She wiggled the end of her tongue against my tiny slit, then took me into her mouth. My daughter sucked me in until I could feel myself brushing against the back of her throat. She handled it like an old pro.

"You look so beautiful with my cock in your mouth," I muttered and pushed a strand of hair away from her face. Her eyes flashed with prideful joy at the crude compliment.

She began blowing me with purpose after that. Her head bobbed, and her eyes fluttered closed. There was a chorus of little moans as she worked my cock like she was enjoying her favorite candy. She must've been paying close attention when she watched those porno movies, because she had a very effective technique.

With one hand she fiddled with my balls, while she used the other on my rod. Her lips stayed sealed around me as she sucked me up and down. While all that was going on, her curious tongue was squirming around inside her mouth and rubbing up against all my right places. The best, though, was this little twist of her head that she added at the top of every stroke. Perfect.

"You got it, baby, right like that," I spluttered nearly out of my head. "I fixin' to cum, girl, get ready...get ready for Daddy to cum in your mouth, baby! Aaaaahhhh!"

I felt my nuts clench and my legs go stiff, and I unloaded into my girl's mouth. My hips jumped, and I pumped out another gush. My balls tightened one more time, but I couldn't tell if anything came out with that one. All the while, Lizzy kept her lips locked around the end of my cock, sucking for all she was worth.

When I'd spent all I had to give, she took her mouth away and sat back on her haunches with a devilish grin. She didn't say a word. Then she opened her mouth.

I could see a big glob of my semen gathered there on her tongue. Once she was certain I'd seen it, she closed her mouth and swallowed, then swallowed again. Lizzy opened up and stuck out her tongue, demonstrating that all my cum was gone.

"Mmm-mm!" She rubbed her belly, and licked her lips. Such a little performer.

"I'm guessing you like how our fuckin' tastes?"

"Our fucking tastes fucking awesome." She reached down between her legs and twiddled with her pussy lips. "What should we do next? You want to fuck me from behind?"

"What we's gonna do next is take a breather and give my poor pecker a chance to recharge."

"Aww." She stuck her lip out in a pout. Lizzy reached out and jiggled my increasingly limp dick like she was trying to keep it awake. "It's so cute when it's like this."

"He just needs a minute or two, then we'll be back in business," I promised, not sure if I could deliver quite that fast.

My girl leaned over and licked the tip of my shriveled fuck-stick, picking up a smeared trace of jizz left there. She moved up higher and licked my sweaty belly without so much as batting an eye. It was obvious right then that there wasn't much she wasn't up for.

Lizzy licked and kissed her way up my chest, then nuzzled her nose in the crook of my armpit and breathed deep. I don't know that I completely understood what that did for her, but she sure did seem to like it.

"What time to you have to be at the bus depot?" I asked.

"I don't want to think about that."

"That may be, but--"

"My mouth is all tingly," she interrupted. "It's like I can feel all your little sperms wiggling around in there." She ran her tongue over her teeth. "Your cum kinda burns my throat a little, too...but in a way that I like."

"Never heard that before," I said.

"Does it feel good for you to cum in my mouth, Daddy?"

"It's a special treat, I can tell you that for sure."

"Mmm...I like it, too. I don't know why, but it's like we're sharing something extra special together. And the way it squirts, all warm and thick...mmm."

"You are something else, girl."

"God, I'm still so horny right now," Lizzy declared. "Is it okay if I play with myself while your dick is resting?"

"This is your night, sweetie, do what all you want."

"You're going to watch me, right?"

"As sure as eggs is eggs."

"Good. I cum so much better when you're looking at my pussy."

She stood right up on my bed and stepped one foot over me so that she was astride my chest. I looked up at her and was grateful that neither of us had bothered to turn off the light. I had a perfect view of that delicious young body of hers.

Lizzy swayed her hips and felt up her own tits. She couldn't resist putting on a show. Her

hands moved down over her soft tummy and circled around her thighs. When she couldn't resist herself any longer, she brought one hand up between her legs and fingered herself.

"Shit," she gasped, "I'm so fucking wet."

I couldn't keep the smile off my face as she played with her coochie while I watched, and listened to the soft, squelching noises it made. I laid there in a comfortable daze, staring up at my daughter pleasuring herself, and couldn't imagine being any more contented with life than I was right then.

"Are you watching me, Daddy?" she asked, knowing full well I was. "Are you watching me masturbate my pussy?"

"You look real sexy, baby."

"Do you like when I spread my pussy lips like this for you?"

"I wish I had a camera."

"Me, too," Lizzy said. "What would you do if you had naked pictures of me? Would you look at them and jerk off?"

"You know I would."

"You'd look at nasty pictures of your little girl's naked pussy and jack your big cock?" She was working herself faster and faster as she talked. "You'd rub your penis and shoot big loads of cum all over yourself, wouldn't you, Daddy?"

"I'd jack off to you every day, baby girl."

"Mmm...that makes me so hot."

Lizzy squatted down so she was more or less sitting on my chest. Her fragrant pussy was almost within reach of my mouth, and I could smell her tangy scent stronger than ever. Her fingers worked her clit, then slipped down so she could jam two of them in her sopping vagina. She gave herself a half a dozen quick pumps, then attacked her clit again.

"Do you want to lick it, Daddy?" She used two fingers to spread her lips open wide. "Do you want to taste my horny pussy?"

"Yes, sweetie."

"I want you to suck my little clitty." Lizzy rotated her hips invitingly, teasing me with her sex. "Will you do that for me? Will you suck my pussy and make me cum again?"

I grabbed her ass and pulled her to me. She squealed and dropped so her knees were at either side of my head with her dripping puss hovering over my face. I practically lunged at her, hungrily engulfing her swollen cunt with my mouth.

"Yes! Suck me, Daddy! Suck me hard!"

There was no need for her to insist, but I loved hearing my girl talking dirty. I sucked and pulled at her tender skin with my lips. My tongue was working double-quick in all different directions at once. She pushed down with her weight, shoving her pussy tighter against my face while rocking back and forth. Lizzy fucked my mouth like she knew exactly what she wanted.

"Suck my clit! Suck it!" she yelled out. "Make me cum! Make me cum on your face, Daddy!" Her butt clenched, and her legs wobbled, and she let out a deep grunt of release.

She quickly jerked her sensitive clitty out of my reach, leaving me lying there with my face all wet.

Lizzy stretched out on top of me and kissed my wet cheeks, then my lips, licking at the pungent juices she'd left behind.

"Mmm...that was so good," she said lazily. "You make me cum better than I ever have before in my whole life, Daddy."

"Glad to be of service," I joked. I'd always tried to make sure I pleased the ladies I was with, but I'd never been prouder of myself for it than right then. Sure, Lizzy might not have had much experience to compare it to, but it felt good just the same.

"Did you get enough of a rest yet? I want you inside me again."

"Damn, girl, you don't slow down at all, do you?"

"I don't want to waste a single second." She grazed her nipples across the hair of my chest. "Want me to suck on it some? Will that make it hard?"

"Worth a try, I s'pose."

She headed down and licked and teased my half a hard-on. Her tongue ran up along my shaft, tickled the tip, then ran back down to my balls. She gently sucked each of my nuts into her mouth one after the other, while she pulled my spongy pud with her hand. Slowly but surely she managed to breathe some life back into my well-used pecker.

"There!" she said admiring the results of her efforts. "Nice and hard. You wanna to fuck me doggie-ways?"

"I don't rightly know," I drawled. "Let me see how you shake that tail first."

My horny little girl didn't hesitate to play along. She turned around and got on all fours just as pretty as you please. Lizzy wiggled her butt side to side, then let out a playful bark. She looked back at me and made sad puppy-dog eyes accompanied by a begging whine. Leaning back toward me, her hind cheeks naturally parted and gave me an enticing view of all she was offering. Me and my stiff dick couldn't resist any longer.

I got up behind her and she started panting like a bitch in heat. She reached back and spread herself open even more. That soft, pink hole of hers called to me once again. I maneuvered my cock into position and watched it slide inside my girl's pussy just like it was custom made for me. Lizzy let out a long, low animal groan as I pushed myself into her all the way to the hilt.

"It feels better this way than I imagined..." she murmured through an enraptured smile.

With my hands firmly holding her womanly hips, I began working my cock in and out of her pussy--which felt tighter in this position, if that was even possible. She easily matched my easy rhythm, and we both moved together like we'd been lovers for always.

I looked down at my girl and admired the strong, youthful lines of her back; the curve of her muscle along the length of her spine leading down to the fullness of her generous bottom. My eyes were drawn along the cleft between her smooth cheeks to her exposed rosebud peeking right back up at me. It had to be about the cutest asshole I'd ever seen. I licked my thumb and pressed it to that inviting spot and watched Lizzy's body writhe with the added pleasure of my obscene touch.

By the way she was wiggling her behind, I could tell she wanted me to put my finger in her backside again, but I didn't want to distract her from concentrating on the joys of her first doggie-style fuck. I grabbed onto her hips again with both hands, and picked up my pace some.

"Ooo, yeah..." She braced herself and took each of my thrusts with increasing enthusiasm. "That's so good...you can go even harder, if you want..."

I followed her cue and gave it to her exactly how she needed it. Our naked flesh met with a sharp slapping sound each time I drove myself all the way in. The view from my position spurred me on even more. The way her back arched; her long hair spread over her bare shoulders; how her ass rippled with the shock of every pounding jolt.

"Oh, God...we're really fucking now, aren't we? Harder, Daddy! Fuck me harder!"

We was both working up another good lather by that point. My heart was thumping like mad, and I was breathing heavy, but I gave it all I had. I slammed my cock into her pussy as hard and as fast as I was able.

"Keep going," she groaned. "Uh, uh, uh, yeah! Fuck me hard!"

I admit that I was beginning to feel lightheaded with the effort, but lucky for me Lizzy started crying out and pounding her fist against the mattress clearly in the grips of another wild orgasm. I gave her a few more slams to get her all the way through her climax, then pulled out quick and spurted a pitiful little spray of drops onto her ass. My cock jumped a few more times, but I was shooting blanks.

Lizzy fell forward onto the bed, spreading her arms wide to either side. "So good," she sighed. I gave her a swift spank on the butt and fell down alongside her. It was a couple of minutes before we got our strength back enough to talk. "Thanks, Daddy."

"I told you to cut that stuff out," I grumbled.

"No, not just for what we've been doing." She rested her head on my chest. "I mean thanks for everything."

"Aww, c'mon now," I really didn't know what to say. "You're my only daughter, and I'd do anything for you. Don't ever forget that."

"I won't, Daddy." Her hand cupped my played-out balls, and all was right with the world.

Love Her Like a Daughter,
Ch. 5 by Kinkybelle

Introduction: Daddy and daughter must say goodbye

I don't know how long I dozed for, but when I woke up it was dark and Lizzy had my limp prick in her mouth. I just laid still and enjoyed the sensation of her warm mouth and soft tongue. She didn't even care that I wasn't hard, she just had to have it.

"Not wasting a single second, eh?" I murmured.

"I think I'm addicted to your penis, Daddy. I love how it looks, and the way it feels. Your cock tastes so good. Especially after it's been inside me." She sucked it back between her lips and twirled it around. I closed my eyes and smiled.

The next time I woke up--at least I think I woke up, maybe I was dreaming--I felt the bed moving. Lizzy was kneeling next to me, staring at my naked cock and fingering herself with unhurried intensity. Her tits looked so beautiful in the dim light filtering in through the window. God, how I loved that girl of mine.

I opened my eyes and the pale hint of dawn lit the bedroom. My baby girl was still naked, curled up next to me asleep. My mind wandered, thinking back on the past couple of weeks. I remembered the thrill of seeing those tits of hers for the first time as she stepped off the bus. I thought about how I would steal peeks at her bare legs and sweet ass as she traipsed around the trailer in them little shorts she liked to wear.

Memories of each small step we took to get to where we were now played through my head. The time she helped me carry Darla to bed--that magical night when it all started. I'll never know what possessed me to suck Darla's titty like that in front of my daughter--probably the whiskey--but it was the beginning of something I never could of thought would come to be. As wrong as it might be in the end, I wouldn't take back a single thing.

It was about then that I realized my cock was at full mast. Maybe it was nothing more than me being piss-hard, but I didn't want to let it go to waste. I rolled over on top of Lizzy and settled myself in between her legs.

I treated myself to a mouthful of one of her nipples. They were usually all crinkled up and excited by the time I saw them, but with her asleep they was all smooth and relaxed. They looked bigger and wider than I ever thought they could be. It was a lovely sight.

It didn't take long before she stirred. Without opening her eyes, she spread her legs wider and let me know she was ready and more than willing. My dick eased into her without the need of any guidance at all. We just seemed to fit together like it was the most normal thing in the world.

Once I was as far in as I could go, I worked my hips around, grinding myself into her real soft and gentle. Lizzy let out a sleepy moan. Damn, she looked more beautiful to me that ever.

I kept working my hard cock around in her pussy. It wasn't long before her hips were answering my motions. She opened her eyes and gave me a big grin.

"Good morning, Daddy."

"Mornin', sweet pea."

"I wish I could wake up like this every day."

"You an' me both."

She wrapped her arms and legs around me and pulled me tight to her. She nuzzled my neck, and it tickled like crazy. I never wanted this moment to end.

I made love to my little girl that morning. We wasn't fucking, or humping, or getting off. It was making love, pure and simple. There was no rush, no fretting about if I was doing this right or doing that wrong, no concern about the past or the future. It was just her and me, in that

moment, joined together.

Her body was so soft and warm under me. It was complete acceptance. Not an ounce of judgment or regret came between us. I knew right then that this was as close as I'd ever be to something that was truly perfect.

After several minutes, I could feel Lizzy's movements become more insistent. She was getting close. And so was I.

My response matched her firm pressure, pushing into her with short, deliberate thrusts, and not the wild pounding we shared the night before. Her breath was hot in my ear as she clung to me.

"I love you, Daddy," she whispered just as her body began to spasm. "I love you so much."

Her words sent a tingle up my back and before I knew it I was cumming too. She held me so tight I don't know that I could have pulled out if I wanted to. I'm almost ashamed to admit that I was selfish enough in that moment that I didn't want to pull out. I wanted to cum with my daughter, feeling a pleasure I might never get a chance to feel again, and nothing else mattered.

I told myself that my tanks were likely still empty, and that I didn't just shoot a load of sperm deep inside my own daughter's pussy, but it weren't an easy sell. Odds were nothing would come of it, and there wasn't likely any harm in it.

That sensation had washed over me like nothing I ever experienced before. I was never one to buy into all that mushy romantic nonsense, but I got a sideways inkling of what it was all about at that instant. We was connected as one. So much so that I could feel my eyes getting all watery. My heart ached with how much I was going to miss her.

I know it sounds like sentimental foolishness, but there it was.

Lizzy didn't let go for a good while. I stayed inside her for as long as I could. After a time my cock got too soft and slowly slithered out of the snug embrace of her wet hole. We both knew then that it was time to get moving.

I showered while she started packing. She showered while I loaded her things in the back of the truck. I cooked us up some eggs and bacon, but neither one of us was much hungry. Little was said other than a word here or there. We both knew that talking would lead us to somewhere neither of us wanted to go.

On the way to the bus station she sat close next to me. I had my arm around her and held her tight all the way. The radio was playing low, and still we didn't speak.

We pulled up to the station and her bus was already there waiting. Both of us sat still, not

wanting to believe this was it. I could practically feel her forcing herself not to cry. My own throat felt thick, and it was all I could do to make a show of being strong for my girl.

"When will I see you again? You can come visit, can't you?" she asked in a raspy hush.

"It won't be easy, but we'll see what we can do." The words were like bitter ash on my tongue, knowing as I did that it weren't too likely I'd be able to make that happen.

I got out and pulled her suitcase from the back. Lizzy stayed in the truck until I came around and opened her door. She just sat there looking all sad like she didn't want to move. It was all I could do to not slam the door closed and take her directly back home with me. But I knew that wouldn't lead to anything but trouble for us both.

"C'mon, darlin', we gotta get your ticket squared away and whatnot."

She took a deep breath and slid down out of the cab. I carried her case as we walked to the depot. She stuck real close to me, not saying a word.

Her ticket was waiting for her at the window, and I put her suitcase with the others to be loaded onto the bus. We had about ten minutes before she had to go. I bought her a couple sodas and some snacks from the vending machines to take with her on the ride.

When I sat down next to her on the bench she put her arms around my neck and pressed her cheek against my chest. All I could do was pat her on the back and stroke her hair. I wanted to hold her, and kiss her, and do everything I could to make her feel better and let her know how much I cared about her, but none of those things would've been proper for a father and daughter out in public like we was.

Too soon, the driver called 'all aboard' and folks shuffled onto the bus. Lizzy held me tighter. It was like she maybe thought if she could just hold on strong enough I wouldn't be able to make her go. I wasn't able to help letting my mind run wild with thoughts of how I could make things different. I even thought about just packing up the truck and running away with her somewheres. But I had enough sense to know that would only get us by for so long before it caught up with us one way or another. This was the way it had to be.

"Alright, sweet pea, you gotta get on now."

"One more minute," she sniffled into my shirt.

I kissed her on top of the head. "C'mon, now, let's not get all sad and weepy. We had a great time together, didn't we?"

"Yeah."

"And I wouldn't trade it for anything in the world. But now you have to get home to your

momma and school. Your whole life is waiting for you back there."

"I don't care about any of that." She looked up at me with swollen, watery eyes. "All I want is to stay here and be with you."

"I know, and if it could be like that it's what I'd want, too." I gently pulled her arms from around my neck and held both her hands in mine. "But life don't always give you just what you want, and we all gotta learn how to live with that and be grateful for the things it does bring us. Like how it brought you to me."

She nodded solemnly. I knew she wasn't understanding what I was trying to tell her right then, but maybe someday it'd make sense to her and she'd understand all this. Maybe someday I'd understand it all myself.

The driver yelled out last call to board. I stood and pulled Lizzy up with me.

"Give me a hug, then you have to get goin'."

She gave me a tight squeeze. I hugged her back, then realized she wasn't going to let go. I pried her off me, and it broke my heart to have to push her toward that big, ol' ugly bus.

"Write me a letter when you get home, or maybe call if you can."

"I will." She wasn't outright bawling, but her cheeks were wet with tears. I struggled to keep from crying along with her. I had to be strong for her.

"I love you, Lizzy," I called after her with a croak in my voice.

She didn't turn back, or say nothing--just stepped up onto the bus. My stomach twisted up in a knot. I couldn't blame her for hating me at that moment, but it still hurt like hell.

Lizzy stopped on the steps with her back to me and didn't move. The driver was settled up in his seat and looking like he was ready to pull out. Everyone was waiting on her to get on the bus so they could get going.

She turned and jumped down, then ran straight at me.

"I love you, too, Daddy!"

My daughter leapt into my arms and hit me with a kiss full on the lips. I should have not let her do that, but next thing I knew I was kissing her back. We kissed long, and we kissed hard, like the two lovers that we were right there in front of God and everyone.

The driver tooted the horn, and Lizzy forced herself back from me. We looked each other in the eyes, and a miserable little smile came to her face. All I could do was try to smile back.

She climbed onto the bus, and disappeared from my view. What I could see was the driver scowling at me like he wanted to take my head off with a tire iron. None of the other faces in the windows of that bus were any too friendlier. Fuck 'em. What did they know about it, anyways?

The door to the bus closed with a loud slam, then the bus hissed and pulled away. I struggled to get one last look at Lizzy before she was gone, but I couldn't catch sight of her.

And then it was just me, standing there in the gravel parking lot, alone.

I watched the bus until it was well out of sight, then drove home with the radio off. I tried to think about anything other than my girl, but she was the only thing on my mind.

I stepped through the front door and tossed my keys onto the table. They landed with a loud jangle, forcing me to notice how quiet it was. I hadn't realized how much life Lizzy brought to the place until just then. I found myself staring at the spot she'd left behind on the sofa from yesterday.

The dark stain was only about the size of a half-dollar, but it marked the place where my baby girl gave up her virginity to me. I thought about cleaning it up, but I couldn't bring myself to do it right then.

I went to my room and sat on the bed. I just wanted to curl up, pull the covers over my head, and stay there for a week. Then I noticed a bit of something white poking out from under one of my pillows.

My heart jumped when I lifted the pillow and saw Lizzy's panties there. They were the ones with the little red strawberries that looked so cute on her. I know that I went through the whole place and made double sure she didn't forget to pack anything, and I definitely checked the bed. These weren't left here by accident. Lizzy put them here on purpose for me.

I couldn't resist the urge, and I picked them up and put them to my nose. I inhaled deeply and knew at once that these hadn't been through the wash since she'd worn them last. That's when I finally gave up and quit trying to hold back my tears.

I hate to admit it, since no man should ought to ever lose control of himself, but there was no helping it. I just sat there and wept like a baby for a good ten minutes. I don't know if I was feeling sorry for myself, or feeling guilty, or realizing how much I was going to be missing from my life now that she was gone. Whatever it was that had me sobbing like that, I was able to pull myself together when I reckoned with the fact that no matter what else I did in my wretched life, at least I did one good thing by bringing that darling baby angel into this world.

I might not have been much in the way of a good father, but that was one thing I could always be proud of.

* * * * *

After a couple weeks I got back together with Darla for a time. It was weird at first between us, but no mention of what had happened that night with Lizzy was made by either one of us. She was a good woman as far as that all goes, but it never did feel quite the same.

Darla eventually moved on to find herself another man. I guess I lost a lot of my appeal for her since I'd stopped drinking. She somehow took it as some kind of insult to her that I had it in my head that I wanted to live a cleaner life.

Lizzy did manage to call me once from the house of one of her friends a few days after she got home. It was so nice to hear her voice. Things didn't sound like they was going all too good for her, but we didn't get much time to talk, so I didn't get all the details. A couple weeks later I got a letter from her.

Apparently she met a fella soon as she got home, and right out of the gate she ended up pregnant from him. I couldn't help feeling somewhat responsible, thinking maybe she got used to all that sex stuff we was doing together and latched onto the first boy that smiled at her. She said in her letter that I best not try to send any mail to the house or her momma would get it and probably throw it away.

I got another letter a few months later. She was going through with having the baby. Lizzy also put in how much she missed me, and wrote some dirty stuff about what she did with herself when she thought about the time she spent with me. I must have read those parts over a hundred times and made myself cum each and every time I did.

There was a long spell when I didn't hear anything from her at all. Then a letter came with a picture of the baby. It was a boy, and she named it after me. Her momma was apparently dead set against that, but I was pleased as punch. He was as cute a little bugger as could be. Lizzy wrote that she thought he looked a lot like me, but I didn't much see it. There was no mention of the boy that was supposed to have knocked her up.

I got another letter or two after that. One came with a picture of my grandson on his first birthday, but then I guess life got too busy for Lizzy to keep up. I still have all her letters, and I take them out and read them over every so often. They really pick me up when I'm feeling down.

I don't know how else things could have turned out, but sometimes I can't help thinking that I should have gone and got her and took her home with me. I miss her just about every day, but there's no help for that. I just keep reminding myself how lucky I was to have the time that I did with her. Least ways, now I know what love really feels like.

Damn, that girl had a nice rack...

* * * * *

I sat on my porch sipping on a tall, cool glass of sweet tea and watching Old Man Tillard puttering around his yard rearranging them lawn ornaments for the fifth time in as many days. I was in nothing but a pair of cutoff jeans and work boots having been up on the roof in the sun all afternoon tacking up new gutters.

A beat-up Chevy Nova come along down the road, and not the badass model from the '70s, but a piece-of-shit hatchback version from the late '90s. The paint was all faded away in spots, and I could hear one of the valves ticking from where I sat. It's a right shame when a fella don't have enough pride to take care of his own vehicle.

When the piece-of-shit slowed down then turned in behind my pick-up truck and shut off with a sputtering wheeze, I figured this guy was going to pester me to use my phone to call for a tow truck, or maybe borrow my hose to fill up a leaky radiator, or some such nonsense. Oh, well, I weren't above helping out a stranger, even if he weren't man enough to keep up his car.

But, as it turns out, it weren't no man. The driver door swung open and a lady stepped out. Course, the first thing I noticed was that she was sporting a sweet rack the likes of which I hadn't seen in a long while. This got me to set up and take notice. She took a few steps toward me, coming out of the thin white cloud of oil smoke that coughed out of her tailpipe, and I about dropped my glass.

That lady was Lizzy.

I didn't know whether to shit or go bowling. I hadn't heard from my daughter in probably about a year, since just after little Levi's first birthday. My mind raced in a thousand different directions at once, and wasn't getting me anywhere that made any sense. I just stood there dumbly as my beautiful girl walked up toward the porch.

I still had barely enough sense left in me to notice the fact that she weren't no girl no more. She was a woman, sure as can be. I couldn't say exactly what the difference was, her body hadn't changed much, except for her hair being a mite shorter, but I guess it was something about the overall way she carried herself now. I suppose being a momma will do that.

"Hey, Lizzy," was all I could manage in my shocked state.

"Hey, Daddy."

Them two little words set my heart to beating with a joy I hadn't felt in what seemed like ages.

"You look good, sweet pea."

She gave a sad smile, like she thought I was just saying that to be nice and didn't believe it herself.

"You, too, Daddy." Her eyes wandered down over my sweaty chest and the lean hollow of my belly. "Nice tan."

"Been outside doin' a lot of work on the new place." I patted the porch railing that was between us.

"No more trailer?" She sounded disappointed about that.

"I had it drug around back. Couldn't bear to git rid of it...for some reason..."

Lizzy looked around, shuffling one of her clean, white sneakers over the dirt of the driveway. I could tell she was fixing to say something, but she wasn't sure how to say it.

"I was wondering..." she started, then took a deep breath and looked me in the eye. "I was wondering if you still had that pull-out sofa bed?"

* * * * *

I watched with prideful wonder as my growed-up little girl laid her sleeping son--my own grandson--down gently on the cushions of that old sofa. She smoothed the hair away from little Levi's forehead and she gazed down at him with the most purest look of love I ever been witness to. It made me feel all warm inside to be able to see that.

Lizzy looked around my new living room. It was small, and still smelled some of paint and sawdust, and didn't have much in the way of decoration, but she nodded like she approved.

"You did all this yourself?"

"Mostly," I answered, not able to take my attention off my daughter's body. I guess some old habits die hard. "Had help here and there, but I done the bulk of it alone. It was good for me to have a project to keep my mind occupied."

"It's perfect."

"It's a work in progress."

Little Levi stirred and fussed some, and the two of us snuck out to the kitchen. I cleared some of the clutter off the table and Lizzy had a seat. I couldn't help but notice how tired she looked.

"Want something to drink?" I asked, opening up the 'fridge.

"I wouldn't mind a beer."

"Sorry, all out. Besides, you still ain't old enough to drink."

"Oh, please," she chuckled, "I'm almost twenty. That's like thrity-two in mom-years."

"Sweet tea or orange juice is all I got."

"I'll have whatever you're having."

I poured us a couple a glasses of tea with ice and set down at the table with her. I watched her take a long drink, and couldn't help noticing the way her throat moved with each swallow. Funny how the most regular things can get you turned on for no particular reason.

"You wanna tell me about what's goin' on?" I asked, trying not to sound pushy about it.

"The short version is that momma kicked me out." She looked away out the window and bit at one of her thumbnails. "It's one thing to do that to me, but I don't get how she can put her own grandbaby out on the street like that."

"She can have a hard soul at times, that woman," I said, but could see my words weren't any much comfort. I got the sense that she was holding a lot back, which I knew was never good for a person's state of mind. "What's the long of it?"

Lizzy sighed and wiped at her eyes, forcing herself not to cry.

"About a month ago, Momma decided it would be a great idea to let the loser she was fucking shack up at the house. Not that she asked me, of course, or even thought about Levi. All she cared about was that this bum said he would pay all the bills, and made a hundred other promises that never quite got kept the way he said."

She took another sip of her tea and I could see a bit of a shake in her hand as she lifted the glass.

"So, a few nights ago, I woke up and Clyde--that's the loser's name--well, Clyde was there next to my bed. Right when I opened my eyes he snatched his hand back away from me. That disgusting creep had his little dick out, and was about to feel me up in my sleep." She shivered with revulsion. "I don't know, I think maybe he already got a feel or two before I woke up."

I reached over and put my hand atop of hers. She grasped it and held on. It felt good to touch my daughter again, even if only like this.

"I freaked out right away and started screaming and hollering. I chased him out of my room and he ran like he was going to shit himself from Hell to Wednesday." She shook her head, remembering. "Momma woke up and started in yelling. I told her what Clyde was doing, and

she called me a liar, and a whore. I been hearing that from her for years, so it didn't much bother me, but Levi got woke up, too, and it was the first time he was around to hear it."

She couldn't hold back the tears from spilling over and falling down over her cheeks.

"Before, I'd always let her go on the way she did, but I guess that was the end of it for me. I stood up to her and let her know my mind." She squeezed my hand a little tighter. "Oh, she didn't like that one little bit. No, Sir. Momma lost it like I never seen before. She was screaming and cussing me out and accusing me of trying to steal her man. Like I'd ever want that pot-bellied old shitbag."

"I'm sorry, baby," I offered, trying to keep my mind off of hunting up this Clyde fella and kicking his nuts up through the top of his skull. "You don't deserve to be treated like that."

She nodded, probably knowing all along what I said was true, but just needing to hear it said by someone else out loud.

"Everything was so crazy that night, but next thing I know I'm in the car with Levi crying in the backseat and nothing but forty-eight dollars in my pocket." Lizzy couldn't look at me then. "I'm sorry, Daddy, but I didn't know where else to go."

"I'm glad you come," I said truthfully. "I told you before that I'd do anything for you, darlin', and that still holds. You have no cause to ever have to say sorry for takin' me up on that."

"We only need a place to stay for a little while. Just until I can get together some money, and I can take care of us on my own."

"You don't even have to ask, sweet pea. You an' the boy can stay as long as needs be, y'hear?"

"Just until I can make some money, and then--"

"Slow down, Lizzy." I tipped her chin up and swiped away some of her fallen tears with my thumb. "As long as needs be."

She hopped up out of her chair and wrapped her arms around me and held onto me good and strong. The smell of her skin brought everything flooding back. All the love we shared, and all the hurt of her being gone. I knew I was probably only setting the stage for another mess of pain, but what else could I do?

"Thanks, Daddy," she whispered.

"Let's not start that all again." I pulled her away from me, as much as I wanted to go on like that. "You look three days' worth of tuckered out. How about you go lay down and have yerself a nap. Levi'll be wantin' his momma next to him when he wakes up in a strange place."

Lizzy nodded, leaned down and give me a kiss on the cheek, then turned and headed back into the living room. I watched her go, noticing how her shapely ass had filled out nicely over the past couple a years, and wondered if I had the fortitude to keep myself on the righteous path this go around.

* * * * *

Little Levi was real shy with me at first, hiding his face against his momma's chest when he first seen me. It took a bit of a while, but I made some funny faces at him, and gave him a couple friendly tickles, and he warmed up enough to where I could hold him for a short spell.

He was a big boy. Healthy and happy. He'd turned two years old a couple months back and had a good set of choppers, big brown eyes like his momma, and about the fattest, rosiest cheeks I ever seen on a kid. After he got used to me, he started talking up a storm. He only knew but a dozen words, but that didn't stop him from prattling on like a drunken politician as he stumbled around the house getting into just about everything he could.

Me and Lizzy spent much of that first night chasing around after the little bugger trying to baby-proof my place on the fly. By the time Levi conked out for the night, I was run ragged. I sat there on the easy chair and kept an eye on him while Lizzy had herself a shower. I couldn't stop myself from regretting not having this kind of time with my own daughter when she was Levi's age. Ah well, there was no fix for that kind of worry.

Lizzy came in to the living room, and my heart about skipped a beat. She was wearing nothing but one of my old Harley-Davidson t-shirts. It was the one I'd been wearing the day before and left in the bathroom atop the wash machine.

"Is it okay if I borrow this?" She asked as I tried not to stare at them long, sleek bare legs of hers. "We left so fast, I didn't get to pack any of our stuff."

"You're welcome to anything of mine while you're here, sweet pea," I got up out of the chair, "but let me at least git you a clean one."

"That's okay," she said quick, "I want this one." She kind of hugged herself then, and I thought I saw a hint of a blush come to her cheek.

"Well...suit yerself," I muttered, trying not to think the thoughts that were fighting to get loose from those dark places where I tucked them away over.

Lizzy was a mother now, not some confused girl desperate for affection. A little girl so starved for love that she would let her own daddy have his way with her just to hold on to that feeling any way she could. Neither was I the same man as back then.

I know I still had a long way to go toward getting my life right, especially after the way I took advantage of my daughter, but I was getting there. One small step at a time, but I was getting

there.

She got into the pull-out bed, and settled in next to her sleeping baby. She had to hold the edge of the t-shirt down to keep it from riding up when she did, but not everything stayed hid. I swallowed hard and shook the tempting image from my head. Lizzy kissed Levi on the head, and I could see how happy being close to him made her.

"You're a real good momma, Lizzy. Real good."

She smiled up at me. "A work in progress."

I gave her a kiss on the head, just like she'd done for her child, and shut off the light on my way out.

* * * * *

A couple days passed by in a wink. Me and Levi was getting on real well. Soon as I come home from work, the boy was stuck to me like glue. I liked that real well. Lizzy seemed to be mighty glad for it as well.

I took them out to the Walmart and bought them clothes, and toys, and whatever they needed, plus some stuff they didn't. It was lucky I had a little cash saved up. I figured I could just as well get that old driveway paved next year.

Lizzy was looking in the paper every day to find work. Her mood got better, like the stress was shedding off her day by day. With that weight lifted, she was able to believe there might be some hope for a better future for her and her son.

If nothing else, I was content for being able to at least give her a safe place to find the strength I knew she had inside her.

I was dog tired after another full day with the two of them young'uns. It was late, but I was still awake in my bed reading a book. Yeah, that's right, I said reading. Just because I was too stupid to finish high school, didn't mean I had to stay dumb. I'd been making an effort to improve my brain where I could, and I found out that I didn't hate reading books as much as I thought I did.

The one I had now was some old western about a fella got lost and was trying to find his way home. There was some Injuns giving him a hard time of it, but ain't that always the way in life?

There was a tap at my door and Lizzy poked her head in.

"Am I interrupting anything?"

"Not at all, sweet pea. What're you still doin' up?"

"Can't sleep." She stepped in and I got a gander at her in the new nightgown she got at the store the other day. It was a thin summer get-up that came down almost to her knees, with flowers here and there all over it. There wasn't a damn thing sexy about it, but with that body of hers, my girl could put on a grain sack and make it look like Victoria's Secret. "I saw that your light was on. Thought maybe we could talk until I got sleepy."

"Yeah, I got a way of puttin' most folks to sleep when they hear me talk."

She giggled at that, sounding just the way she did back before, and sat on the edge of my bed.

"This the same bed you had?"

"Yep."

I noticed a strange look in her eye, but let it pass without saying nothing.

"You haven't mentioned anything about Darla..."

"Oh, I don't know that there's much to tell." I'd more or less been avoiding the subject, and was surprised she brung it up. "She found herself a nice fella, moved into his place a couple towns over. I see her boy Dale around once in a while, but we don't pass words."

Lizzy asked about work, and about what all else I'd been getting up to. She told me stories about Levi--and she had a hundred of 'em. It weren't long before I'd forgotten all about my book, and she was laying on the bed next to me just as relaxed as could be.

There came a pause in the conversation, and I watched her eyes roam around my room. A mischievous smile crossed her lips.

"Still no TV in the bedroom?"

"Nope."

"So you have to watch your dirty movies in the living room?"

I hadn't expected her to go there, and I felt my cheeks get warm.

"To tell you the truth," I found myself saying before I could think to change the subject, "I don't look at them at all anymore."

"Awww." She put on a funny pout. "You must use something! I mean, come on, magazines, dirty books, what?"

"I don't think I should say."

"Tell me," she insisted playfully. After I didn't answer right away, she got my nipple in a pinch through my t-shirt and gave it a turn. "Tell me!"

"Oww, Jesus!" I hollered. "Alright, you little devil."

I reached into the drawer of my nightstand and handed her a stack of papers. She took one look and her jaw dropped open.

"These are the letters I sent you." She sorted through a few of the pages, then stopped and read some. She let out an embarrassed laugh and hid her face in the pillow. "Oh my God, I forgot that I wrote all this nasty stuff to you. I was so bad!"

"And that's puttin' it mildly." I rubbed my sore nipple and tried not to think about my dick getting stiff under the sheet.

"Daddy." Lizzy propped herself up on one elbow and looked me in the face. "Are you really telling me the only thing you've jerked off to in the past two years is my dirty little letters."

"Well, that, and thoughts about you."

"Oh? What kind of thoughts?"

"You know full well what kind."

"C'mon, don't be like that," she whined. "You can tell me."

"I thought about all the things we done together. About the way you looked when I'd watch you in the shower. Or how you'd put on them sexy little shows for me, and such."

"Did you think about how you licked my pussy? And the way I sucked your cock?"

I felt all nervous inside all of a sudden, and struggled to stay in control.

"Maybe it ain't such a good idea for us to be talkin' like this."

She was quiet for a couple seconds. "You sorry for what we done?" Her voice was real soft and kind of scared, like she didn't want to hear the answer to that question.

"No, darlin', it's not that at all," I explained quickly. "I admit that I was weak, and it shouldn't have happened, but it did, and it was...it was nothing to be sorry about."

"I'm not sorry for it, Daddy. Any of it." Her hand rested on my chest. She was surely able to feel my heart beating a mile a minute. "I thought a lot about all the things we did together,

too. I still think about you when I touch myself."

I resolved right then that I was going to stay strong. I wasn't going to give in to my sinful urges this time. I loved my daughter too much to let that happen again.

"Like I said, I ain't sorry for what happened, and I meant that true. But a lot has changed for me and you, and I don't think anything like it should oughta happen again. You understand, don't you?"

"Mmm...yeah, Daddy, I understand."

The way she said that in my ear, all whispery and breathy, made me think she didn't.

"All as I'm tryin' to say is..." I felt a light, pulsing movement of the mattress. I looked over and saw Lizzy's hand up under her night gown. "What're you doin'?"

"I'm masturbating, Daddy..."

"I can see that," I said all flustered, "but you just agreed about how we shouldn't--"

"You have no idea how good it feels to touch my pussy like this again with you right here next to me."

"But, a father and a daughter shouldn't--"

"You don't have to do anything," her free hand moved down to my belly. "Just go back to reading your book, and I'll just lay here and masturbate my soft, little pussy. I promise I'll be quiet."

She was wicked indeed. I couldn't think of what else to say. Not that my words were likely to do me any good. I should have stood up and left the room. That's what a man who had the guts to stick to his convictions would of done. I decided half a dozen times that was exactly what I was going to do, but somehow my body wasn't listening to my head.

Lizzy's nightie had shimmied up so as I could see her hand working fast circles between her legs. It was obvious she wasn't wearing no panties. Her other hand slipped off my belly and to her chest. She grabbed one of her own titties and squeezed it hard. I'll be damned if those puppies weren't at least a handful bigger than they was before.

"Are you watching me, Daddy? I'm masturbating...I'm touching my wet pussy."

"I see you, baby girl."

"Masturbate with me, Daddy. Jerk off with me."

"I shouldn't..."

"I want to see it." She grasped at her tits in a passionate frenzy, and the bed was really bouncing now. "At least let me see your cock. Please, Daddy, just let me see it."

She pulled the sheet down and revealed my hard-on poking up inside my boxers. I knew that I was stepping out onto that slippery slope all over again, but I found myself pulling my shorts down just enough for her to get a look.

"There he is," she gushed happily. She yanked forcefully at the neck of her night gown and let free both of them huge tits of hers. I about shot my wad just at seeing that. "There's that cock that I love so much."

Lizzy pinched and pulled at each of her aroused nipples in turn while she stared wide-eyed at my hard prick. I felt guilty as hell for contributing to this depraved display by my lust-crazed daughter, but at the same time it was the most exciting and beautiful thing I'd had the good fortune to be a part of in a long, long time.

"I'm going to cum, Daddy. Oh, God, yes I am. Watch me masturbate my cunt until I cum. Watch my pussy cum...uh, uh, uh, UH, AAAAAHHHHH!"

Lizzy's body jerked and jumped on the bed next to me, and it was maybe even more intense than all those times back when she was younger. Her expression, and all her body, suddenly went slack. A big, dopey smile lit up her face, and she started laughing and trying to catch her breath at the same time.

"Holy shit, that was good." Her hand continued to play softly between her legs. "So, so good. I can't remember the last time I came that hard."

"I can."

"Oh, Daddy," she chuckled and rolled over against me. Her naked tits pressed against the skin of my arm, her pussy-soaked hand came to rest instinctively on my painfully hard cock. "I'm sorry, I couldn't control myself."

"I guess in the grand scheme of things there ain't no real harm in it," I mumbled, realizing too late that I was falling back into my old trap.

"I've been so horny ever since I got here."

"Well, I s'pose we all git like that now and again..."

"Not like this," she gripped my shaft tighter. "I haven't had sex in almost three years."

"Since that no good fella what knocked you up?" I didn't mean it to sound like an accusation,

but that sort of how it come out. Lizzy snickered.

"Yeah, right," she said sarcastically.

After a couple few moments passed, Lizzy sat up some and looked at me with a serious expression, searching my face for a clue about something. The only thing she was likely to find was how mesmerized I was by those big melons of hers hanging there only a few inches from my watering mouth.

"Daddy? You know there was no fella, right?"

"Had to be, otherwise you wouldn't be a momma right now."

Her eyes went all tender, like she just caught on that I was terminally soft in the head, and she leaned in and kissed me real gently on the lips. My mind was too occupied with her sexual charms to suss out what she was getting at.

"Daddy...I only ever made love with one person in my whole life." She could see I was still confused. "Your big, beautiful cock was the first and only one that's ever been in my pussy. Just you, Daddy, no one else."

The penny dropped.

"Then...little Levi is...he's...?"

"He's our son." She said it slow, like she was explaining it to a brain-damaged catfish. "You're his daddy." Lizzy kissed my open mouth. "And his granddaddy."

"I'm sorry, baby...I...I didn't..." My mind reeled like it was on a rollercoaster in a whirlwind.

"Don't say you're sorry. Our baby is the best thing that ever happened to me." She kissed me again. "But his daddy is a close second." She pulled on my pecker a couple times for emphasis. "Very, very close."

While I fished around trying to figure out what all this meant, Lizzy eased herself up on top of me, straddling my hips. I wasn't ready for this, for anything, but with my life suddenly turned upside down, I was helpless right then.

She pulled her night gown up over her head and tossed it aside. I gawked at her naked body on full display by the light of my little reading lamp. Her hands went to the lower part of her belly.

"Don't look at my scar," she warned.

"Levi was born with one of those operations?" I stammered. "Not...the regular way?"

"A c-section." She shrugged and moved her hands away. I looked at the faint mark along where the top of her panties would set. "I guess the good news is, that means my pussy is just the way you left it."

Before I knew it she shifted herself and my cock was inside her. Glory halleluiaah, I was once again delivered to the promised land!

All thoughts of resisting her melted away like sugar in a rain storm. There was no getting away from the fact that I loved this girl like nothing else on God's green Earth. And, she loved me straight back just as much after all these years. I'd about given up on that, but here she was. She found her way back to me in her own time, and in her own way. She might think it was on account of her momma throwing her out that forced her to come here, but the fact is there was a lot of other places in the world she could of gone to and done all right for herself.

My daughter rode up and down on my stiff cock real slow and sensual. She was as tight as I remembered, and wet as I always imagined. She brushed her nipples over my lips, and I took one into my mouth without a moment of pause.

"Oh, fuck," she exclaimed with a gasp. "Thank you, Daddy."

She knew right then, without me having to say, that I accepted her with no conditions. I still didn't have the full measure of what it all meant, and how we would live our lives, but all that mattered in that moment was letting her know that she was safe, and accepted, and loved.

"I missed your cock so much," Lizzy whimpered and fucked me a little quicker. "It feels so good inside me...right where it belongs."

I couldn't answer with my mouth being full of tit. I don't think she cared none what I had to say at that moment anyhow.

"Fuck me, Daddy," she urged. "Fuck your little girl's pussy!"

She obviously wanted to cry out louder, but fear of waking the baby kept her from cutting loose at the top of her lungs. I grabbed a hold of her full, round ass and pounded myself up into her. She responded by banging me right back just as hard.

"You're in my cunt, Daddy. Your cock is finally back inside my horny, fucking cunt!"

I suddenly remembered one of the things she liked so much. I slipped my hand around and worked a finger into her asshole. She screamed through gritted teeth, and grabbed a fistful of bed sheet.

"You fuck me so good, Daddy. You fuck my cunt so good." With her head thrown back, she kept up the punishing pace on my cock. "That's it, finger my asshole while you fuck me! Finger

your bad little daughter's asshole and make me cum! Make my cunt cum with your cock, Daddy!"

Years of pent up perversion was pouring out of my sweet baby, and all I wanted to do is grant her every low-down, nasty, and sinful desire she ever had.

"There you go," I groaned, feeling myself approaching the edge. "Daddy's gonna make you cum, baby girl. Cum all over Daddy's cock like a good girl."

This all but sent her to the moon.

"I'm cumming...I'm cumming for you, Daddy...uuuunnnngggghhhh, yes, yes...shit, yes!"

I felt her body tense up and grip me tight in every way it could. Even so, she didn't slow down for a second. She was fucking my stick as wild as ever.

"There's one more, stay inside me...one more..."

"I can't hold back no longer, baby," I said, straining to keep control.

"That's okay," she panted, her eyes flashed with animal craving. "I want it."

I didn't know if I understood what she was saying.

"I want it inside me. Cum inside me, Daddy. Cum in my cunt, I want it in my cunt!"

That made it perfectly clear. I didn't have time to think it through before I was pushing myself up, lifting my girl off the bed, and emptying myself deep inside my daughter's belly. As I unleashed a flood of sperm-loaded semen into Lizzy, she grabbed onto her flailing tits with both hands and had herself another body rocking orgasm to beat all others.

She fell on top of me, a sweaty ragdoll of hot flesh and quivering muscles. I felt like the world could end at that second and I'd die the happiest man what ever lived.

Lizzy stirred sooner than I expected. She raised herself up and lifted her pussy off my softening pecker. It flopped wetly to the side, and she quickly reached down between her legs.

"I'm sorry," she said in a raspy hush. "I've been thinking about this for a long while, and I know it's totally crude, but I can't help it."

My daughter held her hand under her pussy and flexed her tummy. A big, thick wad of my jizz came sliding out of her honey hole and she caught it on her palm.

"Don't look," Lizzy pleaded, "I'm so weird, but I have to..."

Even though I was still watching, she went ahead and brought her hand up to her lips. She sniffed the wad of cum, then tipped it into her mouth, slurping in as much of it as she could manage.

"Mmmm..." she moaned as her eyes fluttered closed. I watched her throat as she swallowed, this time knowing precisely why it was such a turn on. "It's better than I remember," she laughed, giddy with her shamelessly lewd indulgence. She licked her palm clean, making sure she didn't miss a drop.

Without another word, she was down on my limp love muscle, sucking all the fuck juices off of it. She swabbed my balls clean with her tongue, and even briefly ventured down into the nether zone just below my sac. That was a nice treat!

When she was finally satisfied, she came up and snuggled against me.

"Do I need a mint?" She blew a puff of her funky sex breath into my face, then giggled. She sounded just like that 16-year-old girl I'd come to love that first summer she'd come to stay with me.

"You don't need a thing, sweet pea."

"I need your cock."

"It's yours."

"For always?"

"Forever and always, until death do us part."

I didn't mean to say that last part until I already said it.

"Are you just saying that for fun, or..."

There was a thousand good, sensible reasons for me to take back what I just said, but now that I had her back with me, I suddenly knew I didn't ever want to lose her again.

"I mean it, Lizzy." It was my turn to look my girl square in the eye to make sure she knew I was dead serious. "I want you to stay here with me, for good."

"And our baby?"

"And little Levi, too, of course. I want us to be together, you and me, and I want us to be a family."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure as the sun'll come up in the mornin'." I kissed her, not caring that her mouth was thick with my own spunk. "I'll never let you get away from me again. I let it happen twice in my life, and they was the two biggest mistakes I ever made. And I made a lot of big mistakes in my time."

"It's what I always hoped for, but..."

"Look, Lizzy, you know better'n anyone that I ain't got all the answers. But if the Lord put me on this Earth for just one purpose, I've come to believe it's to take care of you and to do everything in my power to make you happy. I intend to hold to that." I meant every word I was saying, and I think she knew it. "Life with me won't always be sunshine and roses, but I'll stick by you no matter what, and we'll figure out the answers together. You and me, together."

And there she went again. Her eyes got all welled up with tears, and I could see she was fit to bust out crying.

I kissed her on the tip of her cute little nose. "Well, what'd ya say?"

"I say you should turn out that light, and make love to your daughter one last time."

My heart felt like it had the legs kicked out from under it. "One last time?"

"When that sun comes up in the morning, won't be nobody here but your wife and your son." She smiled at the sudden look of relief that must of showed on my face. "And that freaky little wife of yours is gonna wanna fuck...a lot."

I reached over and shut the light off.

"Well, then, Daughter," I rolled her over so I was on top, "You better spread them legs, 'cause we got a heap of lost time to make up for before my wife gits here."

She took my dick and guided me into her warm wetness.

"aaaahhh...all the way in, Daddy, as deep as it can go. Mmm...just like that..."

I pressed in to the hilt, and we just laid like that for a long while.

"Thank you, Lizzy."

She didn't answer back, except with a single slow turn of her hips, which set off a quiet orgasm that seemed to take a hold of my baby girl and not let go for a good ten heartbeats.

It was just at that moment that I somehow knew everything was going to be better than all right for the three of us from then on out. And, for once in my life, I was right.

The End