

Out of Your Systems

The Talkman

(Jen)

I thought it was a good idea at the time. How wrong I was.

I had noticed... something off... between my husband Shane and our daughter Kaylee a few months ago. At first, I couldn't put my finger on it. All I knew was that whenever Kaylee would be in the room, the mood shifted. A tension was added. I was aware of it for a while before I could put my finger on exactly what it was. It took a while for me to confront this issue and admit that this tension was something... sexual.

Kaylee was the source of it, I was sure of that. My husband was never anything but a perfect gentlemen and a good father. If you asked any of his friends, his family, or his coworkers at the design firm he worked at, they would tell you he's a good, stand-up guy, and a great dad.

And it wasn't like Kaylee was a hellion or anything like that. She has always been a really friendly, sweet girl. She never really acted out, she went to church with us every Sunday and she always did what she was told. Our daughter was

always one of the top students in school, had tons of friends, and the boyfriends she would bring home were always nice and sweet. She was seemingly the perfect daughter, which is what made what was happening so strange.

Kaylee was one of the oldest in her class, nearly six months past 18 as graduation approached. Kaylee had always been a pretty girl, but she had filled out and matured to become the young woman she now was. I'm sure, with her looks, she was one of the most popular girls in school. She was a gorgeous girl, with a hypnotizing bright smile, a brilliant tan and smooth brunette hair down her back. It was lucky that she had a good head on her shoulders, cause her body no-doubt attracted the wrong type of boys. It was hard not to notice that my daughter had a body built for sin. Even in her most modest of clothing, Kaylee's body stood out. As her mother, it was hard not to keep an eye out and see the way men would look at her. They would stare at my daughter's round, jutting, heart-shaped ass. They would drool while staring at her chest. Even I couldn't help but notice them. She must have gotten them from her father's side of the family, cause I swear, by the time she was sixteen, her breasts were four times the size of mine. I didn't know much about bigger bra cup sizes till I had to go

shopping with her, so she could get a bra she wasn't bursting out of. And they just kept growing! She had such a slim frame, so they looked absolutely huge on her. Even now, while she wore a EE-cup bra, she was even bursting from that. As her mother, I had seen them in the flesh a few times and they looked even bigger bare than they did clothed. As a woman, I had to feel a slight bit of jealousy. But as a protective mother, I realized I had to do my best to keep her covered up. If I had my way she would be in bulky sweaters and heavy unflattering jeans down to her ankles, but obviously, she would never want to go along with that. For a girl her age, style is everything.

My daughter's once wholesome appearance and demeanor had evolved in the last year or so. She was still sweet and nice and friendly, but her clothes had become a bit tighter, highlighting her body, and her demeanor had become more flirtatious. I couldn't help but notice all the little things she did. Playing with her hair. Chewing on her lip. Shaking her butt. Pushing out her chest.

But she was still, relatively, the same girl. She was friendly, always willing to help, getting straight A's and volunteering at the church. But it was easy to tell, just by looking at her,

that her body was bursting with hormones. Bursting with need. Her eyes always seemed glassy with lust. Her skin was glowing. Her nipples were always hard. Despite the fact, to my knowledge, that Kaylee was not promiscuous, it was clear she was dying for it.

It was hard to get used to the fact that my daughter was an adult now. It was hard to treat her that way. Even though she was 18 now, she was still our baby. Our little girl. But the fact of the matter was, she was a woman now. And our authority over her was lessening every day. She was a woman with a woman's brain and a woman's body. We had done our best when she showed any signs of acting out, either when she wanted to buy clothing that was a bit much, or too little to be more accurate. Or that time she floated the idea of getting a small tattoo on her inner wrist. Me and her father had to put our foot down on stuff like that a bit more now than we ever had to before. But overall, she was a good daughter and always listened, never acting out in any noticeable way.

But her incredible good looks were undeniable. Even though she was sweet, the thoughts she could inspire were far from it. When caught in her wake, she could make any

man stammer and stutter. Her beauty was enough to attract men to her, and her personality was so effervescent that it kept men near her. When me, Shane and Kaylee were in public, we would almost have to be bodyguards, shooing her suitors away, keeping her out of trouble. It was almost a relief when we didn't go out. But unfortunately, that often meant the only man caught on the receiving end of her pheromones was her father.

Like I said, he was never untoward to our daughter in any way. But even he was not invincible to her charms. I would often walk into a room with them, and sense something in the air between them. I don't think Shane knew what was going on. But I could sense it. She would have his rapt attention, telling him about whatever trivial crap what was going on in her social circle or on some show on TV. But her personality was so infectious that she could talk about anything and you just couldn't turn away. Her dynamic with him was far different than hers was with me, her mother. With me, she would be more straightforward, still charming and bubbly. With him, she would laugh at his terrible jokes, twirl her hair, chew on her lip, and touch his arm or leg. It took me awhile to realize it, but I concluded my daughter was kinda flirting with him. Her own father! I

mean, she was flirty with all men, and it was probably harmless, sure, but it was still strange.

It wasn't like Shane was reciprocating or anything like that. But, when Kaylee turned on the charm a different side of him came out. A side I hadn't seen since we started dating. He would laugh at her dumb stories, he would joke with her. And he reached that point where he began to treat her like an adult, saying things to her he never would have said to her a couple years ago. Nothing bad, but talking to her like he would to a friend, without those parental barriers. We used to never curse around Kaylee, and even though that barrier lessened as she got older, it was still something we tried not to do if we could avoid it. But now, he didn't really hesitate when a story he was telling had cursing in it or something a bit more adult than normal. It was the little things like that that bothered me.

There were little things Kaylee would do as well. As soon as I would leave, suddenly Kaylee would want to go somewhere with Shane, like shopping, or to the beach, or to investigate new restaurants that we had never been to before. Parents can always tell which parent their kid favors. And when she was young, I always knew I was Kaylee's

favorite. However now, at this point, it was clear she and her father were far closer than I was with her. I don't know if this was natural or by design, but it was noticeable. At times when I was around them I would feel like the third wheel. It was like when you would go out with a dating couple and you couldn't help but feel left out. They shared a rapport that I didn't have with either of them.

Shane and I were still very happy together, but as you age, the sizzle dissipates a bit. But he was always a good husband, a good provider, and a good father. He was also quite handsome as well. He still looked like the guy I met in college. He still had his looks, his playful eyes, his square jaw and his boyish face. And plus, unlike some of my friends' husbands, his hair was still as full as ever. He worked and kept himself fit and firm. I did my best, but I couldn't keep completely up with him, I still looked good. Okay, I had about ten-extra pounds, but I kept myself as fit as I could and Shane was always happy to see me naked. Sure, I didn't have the melons on my chest that my daughter had, but my B-cups still looked pretty good, and didn't sag too much. My butt was still pretty nice, I think. And my brunette hair still looked damn good, I would say. I think I still had it going on, so I was never the type of wife

to be afraid my husband would cheat on me. I held up my end of the bargain sex-wise, I still looked good, and I knew Shane was not the type to ever even think about stepping out on me.

We had a good life, a nice big home and we both made good money. Him as the head of an architectural firm, and I worked as an accountant at a logistics company. Kaylee was already set for college, riding a full scholarship to a big-time school relatively close by. So life was good, but the only thing needling me was this weird tension between Kaylee and Shane. I don't know why it bothered me so much. I knew most of it was coming from Kaylee's end, but I didn't know why she was doing it or where it was coming from. She was such a flirt that it might not bother her to preen even in front of her own father. But... there was something deeper to it, where I had to wonder if there was something more to the story. I knew it was common for some girls to idolize their fathers, to be a Daddy's girl, but part of me had to consider the fact that there might be something deeper going on here. I didn't like this at all. It really bothered me. It was unhealthy and unnatural. And every time I saw them talking, with that tension in the air, I had to grit my teeth. It reached a point where something had to be done. The

tension was at a critical level, and something had to give. A solution had to be found.

"So, anyway, I get to class, and Brenda is there, talking to Bobby!" Kaylee said incredulously.

"Oh, that bitch!" Shane replied sarcastically. Kaylee laughed.

"I know, right? So, anyway, Brenda is there, talking with Bobby. I mean, like... hello? Are you serious? Cause everyone knows Bobby is, like, practically already dating Cara. I mean, how pushy can you be?" Kaylee asked.

"Ah, the ups and downs of high school politics." Shane said, faux wistfully.

"I know you think it's dumb, Dad, but this is, like, a big deal. Bobby and Cara have known each other for, like, ever.

Them being, like, together is like... preordained. And here comes Brenda, butting in..." Kaylee began.

"Wait, I thought you were friends with Brenda?" Shane asked.

"Oh, I am. She's totally one of my besties. But, like, even I can't believe she's trying to do this. It's a total bitch move, no doubt. But it's ballsy, I'll give her that." Kaylee said, bouncing slightly on her heels.

"Hey guys." I said, walking into the kitchen, dropping off my briefcase as I returned home from work.

"Hey, babe." Shane said, stepping towards me and giving me a peck on the cheek. I glanced at him again. Seeing his tanned face, his five o'clock shadow, that manly, square jaw... mmm, it made me feel lucky to have this man as my husband.

"Hey Mom." Kaylee said, a smile crossing her smooth lips. I stepped around them to the fridge, taking out the jug of orange juice. "What are you guys talking about?"

"Oh, nothing. Just talking about school stuff. Stuff Dad loves hearing about." Kaylee teased, tilting her head to look at her father with a mocking smile.

"Brenda is really crossing some lines here." Shane said. I rolled my eyes at him as I began to put some groceries away.

"I haven't even gotten to the juiciest part..." she began, licking her lips.

"Yeah?" Shane replied.

"So there was this big party this weekend, and apparently, Brenda and Bobby totally kissed, and Cara, was like across the room." Kaylee said.

"Oh my god!" Shane said, in mock horror.

"Yeah! Cara was pissed! Bobby was apparently, like, apologizing, saying Brenda kissed him and he didn't want it, but she was still, like, furious. There was a big screaming match between Cara and Brenda in the backyard, and they almost, like, got in a fight." Kaylee said, excited to share this juicy gossip.

"Was anyone hurt?" Shane asked.

"No, no. Cara's not that type of girl and Brenda is too laid back to do anything like that. So, Cara eventually believed Bobby was telling the truth, but she was still mad at Bobby, so she made him leave and drive her home." Kaylee said.

"Is that it?" Shane asked.

"No, but it should have been. Bobby's, like, a total gentleman, so he dropped her off and just went home. But, apparently, Sophie Fisher, who lives next to Bobby, she said that Brenda came over to his house that night. She watched

the whole thing. At first, Bobby didn't want to talk to her, like at all."

"And?" Shane asked.

"They ended up hooking up. Brenda hooked up with Bobby fucking Crenshaw." Kaylee said excitedly, as if dropping a huge bombshell.

"Language!" I warned.

"Really?" Shane said with genuine surprise as Kaylee gave me an apologetic shrug.

"Yeah. It's nuts! Sophie said she heard them doing it in his room, and she took a few pictures. It's, like, crazy! Everyone is talking about it! This is, like huge! Bobby and Cara were the prom king and queen! And Brenda just strolls in-between them and does that." Kaylee said with a huge smile.

"And she's your friend?" Shane asked.

"Yeah." she answered.

"Well, I don't know if I want you hanging around her anymore. She sounds like a bit of a bad girl." Shane replied.

"Yeah... she does." Kaylee said with a giggle, and almost a bit of awe in her voice. A silence fell in the room as I kept putting things away. "Oh, I went shopping earlier." she began.

"Don't go too crazy, Kaylee. You do have all those college expenditures coming up." I warned.

"Yeah, but I'm rocking that sweet scholarship money." Kaylee replied. "Girl got paid." she added, shimmying her body proudly.

"Well, even so, you've still got to be responsible." I added. Kaylee rolled her eyes warmly and smiled at me.

"I know, Mom." Kaylee said responsibly.

"I know you do hon. But I've got to mom you sometimes." I replied with a warm smile. She was a bright girl, and despite the weirdness between her and her father sometimes, I was nothing but proud of having her as a daughter.

"So anyway, I went shopping, got some new outfits for the end of the school year." she said, talking to Shane. "I was hoping I could try them on for you. Get your opinion."

"Oh, yeah, okay hon." Shane said nodding. My eyes narrowed a bit.

"I can take a look too, hon." I interjected. She looked at me.

"Oh, okay. Sure Mom." she replied, nonplussed. Suddenly, she got excited.

"Oh, yeah. DUH!" she began, bouncing up and down excitedly and looking at her father again. "Guess what?" she

said, leaning over and grabbing her Dad's firm arm with both of hers.

"What?" Shane said.

"I was talking to Maria today. Her family has a beach-house upstate. Her parents are taking her to Spain as a graduation gift, so they won't be using the beach-house this summer. So, she offered to let us use it." she said.

"Really?" Shane replied positively.

"Oh, I'm not so sure." I began.

"Mom, c'mon." Kaylee whined.

"Kaylee, we already have plans." I began. "We're going to the Grand Canyon."

"But, that doesn't mean we can't go this beach house too. First, there's no charge. It's just getting up there and back.

Second, Maria is loaded, so their beach house is, like, huge! This is a place you don't turn down. And plus, it's right on the ocean. It's gorgeous." Kaylee replied.

"Kaylee, I don't have that much vacation time. I can't do this beach house and the Grand Canyon." I said.

"Well, then, maybe just I can go. Or me and Dad." she replied.

"Kaylee, I don't know..." I began.

"Mom, there is nothing I want to do more this summer than to lay on a private beach in a tiny bikini and get a sweet tan before going to college." Kaylee pleaded. I rolled my eyes. She turned to her father.

"Dad, please talk to Mom." she said, flashing her doe eyes at her dad, putting her hand on Shane's arm again. Unconsciously, she leaned forward, exposing her fault-line of cleavage to Shane. I'm not sure if Shane noticed. But he didn't exactly reply immediately. "Please, Dad." she said,

huskily, leaning close. "I really think we should go to the beach house this summer. Don't you want to go too?" she said, taking a step closer to him.

"I don't know, princess." he replied, looking down at his daughter sadly. "Your mom is right. That's a lot of vacation time for her to take."

"But not for you. Maybe just you and I could go. Have some fun up there, or just lay on the beach together. Relax. Relieve some stress." she said, her voice soft and low, biting her lip as she was holding his gaze with hers. Her breasts jutted outward, her nipples hard, just inches from her father's manly chest. It was as if she was trying to talk him out of going to the Grand Canyon by making sure he got a good look at the grand canyon between her boobs.

"Yeah, what do you think, Shane?" I interjected loudly, interrupting their moment. Both of them jumped at my voice and looked at me.

"Well, uh..." Shane stammered. "I'll, uh, talk to your mother about it." he replied civilly, glancing at both me and his daughter. Kaylee smiled wide.

"Okay, Dad. Thanks." she said brightly. "I'm gonna go watch TV in my room. Call me if you need me." Kaylee said before bopping out of the room.

Me and Shane were left alone. He looked at me as I stared at him with a raised eyebrow.

"What?" he asked. I gritted my teeth and looked out of the room, making sure Kaylee was out of earshot.

"What's going on here?" I asked.

"What are you talking about?" he replied.

"Shane, don't tell me you haven't noticed it." I began.

"Noticed what?" he asked. I rolled my eyes.

"Shane, there is something going on here... between you and Kaylee." I began. His eyebrows scrunched up.

"What are you talking about?" he asked, his tone a bit offended.

"I can't believe you don't what I'm talking about, Shane. But, to make it clear... I don't know what it is exactly, but these last few months, there has been something between you two. This weird... sort of tension." I said.

"Tension?" he asked.

"Every time I come in the room with you two, it feels like I'm interrupting something. Interrupting a moment." I said.

"What are you saying, Jen?" he asked. I sighed slightly, knowing he wasn't this thick-headed.

"There's something in the air between you two. I'm not accusing you of anything, Shane, or saying you're encouraging this in any way. But it almost feels like she's kind of... flirting." I said.

"Flirting?" he said, incredulous. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"It's definitely... something, Shane." I said. "Like I said, I'm not accusing you of anything inappropriate, but she is using her charms on you. And whether you realize it or not, you are kind of allowing her to get away with it. I don't think she's trying to be... manipulative... or anything like that. But she's testing her skills on you, and I think it's kind of inappropriate of her."

"Jen, I don't think..." he began.

"Shane, listen. Don't tell me you haven't noticed how close she is getting with you. Touching your arm. Twirling her hair. Biting her lip. Bouncing and giggling. Begging her Daddy for his opinion." I replied, laying it out plainly.

"Okay, Jen..." he began, a little upset. "She has been a little, um... hands-on, but I think you're blowing things out of proportion a bit. I mean... she's my little princess. She wouldn't..."

"Honey, I'm a girl. I see these things. I see when other girls are doing this type of thing." I began. "You're a guy, Shane. It's hard for any guy to say no to a girl when she bats her eyes at you. You're not the first guy to fall victim to it. You're not doing anything wrong, but I think it's kinda... icky that your daughter is using it on you."

"Icky?" he asked.

"I feel like there should be a barrier there. I think it's trouble if she thinks its okay to do this type of thing." I replied.

"Why do you think she is doing it?" he asked, his tone genuine and slightly sheepish, as if he was dumb for not seeing this before.

"She's probably just having fun. It's probably harmless. But, I think, as awkward as it might be, you need to talk your daughter about this." I said. He sighed, clearly not wanting any part of this. "Shane, I know it's weird, but you do need to talk about it with her. I mean, she's doing it, but you are letting yourself fall victim. There is some small part of you that is allowing yourself to fall prey to it. Whatever this weird tension is between you two, you guys just need to confront it and just... get it out of your systems. Talk it out, explain to her what she's doing is wrong, and dangerous. Just... this awkward tension between you two has gotten beyond uncomfortable for me and it needs to stop before it goes over any lines."

"What lines?" he asked. I held his stare for a few moments. Suddenly, it hit him. He shook his head. "Jen, she's our daughter! I just, I..." he stammered defensively.

"Hon, I know. I know you and I know her. Kaylee has a good head on her shoulders. She's a bright girl, but we're her parents, and when she is making poor choices it is our job to let her know. I know she would never do anything like... that... obviously, and you would never allow that. But we

need to nip this in the bud anyway." I said. He rubbed his head with his hand.

"I know it's awkward." I said, touching his shoulder. "But it has to be done."

"I know." he said.

"Listen, I know you are dreading this, so I'll give you time. I've been planning to make a shopping trip up north. So what I'll do then, I'll make that this weekend. I'll leave tomorrow after work. I'll stay up there this weekend, give you time to work up the nerve to talk to her about it." I said with a warm laugh, but my tone turned more firm. "But when I get back on Sunday, I don't want to have to deal with this weird, uncomfortable tension anymore."

Shane shook his head and nodded.

"I'll take care of it." he said. I smiled and stepped into his arms. I kissed him firmly on the lips. "These are the moments we have to be parents. It sucks, I know, but we

have to do it. You have to remember, you're her father. It's time to step up to the plate."

He nodded and kissed me back.

Like I said earlier, I thought this was a good idea at the time. I really did.

I had no idea how wrong I was.

(48 hours later)

I did plan to spend the whole weekend up north shopping. I made it up there on Friday evening, leaving my husband to have his awkward conversation with our daughter. I had a perfect plan. Shane was a good father, and Kaylee was a bright girl. I had no doubt they would hash all this stuff out, no matter how awkward it was. Plus, I had lots of shopping planned, so it would be a productive weekend all around.

What I didn't account for was Mother Nature. A huge heat wave hit half the state, causing brownouts all over the place. Massive power outages hit the area and this of course encapsulated most of the stores I wanted to go to, forcing them to close down. My hotel was out of power too, so once I finished with the shopping I could get done, and with no other refuge, I decided to head home a day early. Shane and Kaylee had had 24 hours of alone time. Hopefully, they had hashed things out by this point.

I tried to call home but I got no response. I didn't know if the house was affected in any way by the heat wave, so I didn't know what I was driving home to.

I had no idea.

I headed straight back there, only making one quick stop at a gas station to pick up a cold drink to counter the oppressive heat. The heat was overwhelming as I stepped out of the car, causing me to feel slightly dizzy for a moment, but I regained my bearings and took care of the purchase quickly. It was in the sweltering late afternoon

heat that I pulled up the driveway. I tried to use the garage door opener, but there was no response when I pushed the button, letting me know our house was hit by the massive power outages as well. Gritting my teeth, I stepped out of my car and headed towards the front door. Unlocking the front door, I stepped inside.

I looked around, looking for anyone. But I saw nothing. The heat of the inside of the house hit me immediately. The lack of air circulation made the inside of the house stuffy and heavy with heat. I was about to call out, but some unseen force stopped me. As I set my purse down, I heard a noise from upstairs. It sounded like a voice, but I couldn't hear it clearly enough to figure anything else out.

I began to walk up the stairs, not knowing the thing I was walking towards was my destiny.

The voice I was hearing was definitely Kaylee's, and at first I thought it was a whine of some sort. It wasn't until my feet hit the second floor that I realized it wasn't a whine.

It was a moan.

A chill ran through me as I heard a repeated, squishing noise, as well as the sound of rhythmic, meaty slaps. I gulped as my heart sank. My feet kept me moving forward, despite the fact that, deep down, I think I knew what I was about to see. The sounds got louder as I got closer to my bedroom and it was with dread that I realized the door was wide open. Stepping up to the door, I breathed deeply and looked inside. I had to do it. I had to. I had to know for sure. I had to see it with my own eyes.

I wish I hadn't. Every single day since, I wish I hadn't.

It all hit me at once. The sights. The sounds. The smells.

On the bed was Shane, my husband, and Kaylee, our daughter. They were both naked, and Kaylee was riding her father's thick, pulsing ten-inch cock for all it was worth. Both of them were dripping with sweat, soaking the bed and each other. The sight of my husband's big, smooth throbbing shaft driving in and out of our daughter's stretched-to-the-max pussy arrested my vision. The smell of their sweat, their exertions, the smell of pussy hit my

nose and made my knees shake. And the sound of their voices hit my ears, and what they were saying nearly made me faint.

"Fuck me Daddy! FUCK ME!" Kaylee said, furiously riding her father's big cock. "Fuck! I've wanted this fucking cock for so long! I'm so fucking horny! Do it, Daddy! Drive it into me. HARD! Give it all to me!"

"I will, baby, I will! You'll get every fucking inch whenever you want it!" Shane grunted out.

"Oh, Daddy, IT'S SO BIG!" Kaylee screamed, her ass bouncing in her father's lap as he lied on our marital bed. "GOD, I love it! Squeeze them, Daddy! SQUEEZE THEM! Squeeze your daughter's huge fucking tits!"

I hadn't realized it, but my husband's big, manly hands were filled with my daughter's EE cups, squeezing them roughly... lustfully. They looked absolutely massive, even in his large hands. Huge and perfect.

"I love them, Kaylee. I love my daughter's huge fucking tits!" my husband screamed, gripping her chest greedily.

"They're so much better than Mom's aren't they?" Kaylee asked.

"She has, ugh fuck... your mom has such little itty bitty boobies." my husband said. "These are huge fucking tits! Massive fucking jugs! Enormous fucking boobs! These are a real woman's breasts."

"I'm more of a woman where it counts than Mom is, aren't I?" Kaylee asked. "You've always thought so!"

"Fuck yeah, you are. God, you're so tight. You're better than her in every way." Shane groaned out. Kaylee began to ride him harder. My husband's hands slid down from her tits till he was cupping both cheeks of her round, sweaty ass. He gripped both of the round cheeks and played with them as he forced her to drive into him harder.

"UGH, FUCK! Daddy, I love it! I love your body! I love your cock!" Kaylee moaned out. "Tell me you love me! More than Mom! Tell it to me so I can cum again!"

Shane didn't hesitate.

"I love you, Kaylee! I love you more than your mother, my wife! I love you more in every way! I would choose you every fucking time! God, I love your tight cunt!" my husband grunted.

"Mmmm, that's right! I know you love your daughter's CUNT more than you love Mom altogether! You love every part of me more than the best part of her! Feel my asshole, Daddy. Run your fingers across it! There you go, Daddy, there you go!" Kaylee groaned out. I watched as my husband peeled his daughter's ass-cheeks apart, exposing her clean, tight asshole to my shocked gaze. I watched my husband run his fingers down her sweaty ass-crack, playing with her asshole with his big fingers. "Feel it Daddy, feel it! Finger it just a little bit, cause you will be fucking it very soon! FUCK, that's it! I can feel it! Ahhh, it's so good! Finger my pretty asshole! Wait till you see it, Daddy. My asshole is

gorgeous! It's prettier than Mom's fucking ugly face! HA HA!"

I was absolutely crushed, listening to my husband and daughter spit venom at me. This was madness, it couldn't be real, but it was right in front of me. And as insane as this seemed, I couldn't help but notice that my daughter's body was simply... perfect. I had seen her naked, but obviously I had never seen it in action like I was now. Her massive, fleshy breasts looked even bigger and perkier than ever. Her ass was round and firm and perfect. Even her fucking asshole was as clean and smooth and as tight and as weirdly gorgeous as she bragged about. She had taken half my genetics, used them to their peak potential, and used them to steal my husband from me. Stolen the man that made her with me. I had literally engineered the destruction of my marriage.

As I thought this over, the two lovers picked up the pace. Shane's hands went to his daughter's hips and assisted her as she rode his cock as hard as she could.

"Oh, FUCK! DADDY! UGHHH! Give it to me! Give me everything! Give me your cum! Give me it all! I want it! I want every drop of my Daddy's cum deep inside my tight cunt! Fill me with it again! I love feeling my own daddy cumming inside me! I want it all! Fill me to the brim! I know your balls have been so swollen for so long! Give me all your thick cum! Fire it all deep inside your daughter's tight, stretchy cunt! You know that's where it belongs!" Kaylee squealed.

"FUCK! I know it's wrong. I know it's fucked up, but God, I can't believe how fucking hot it is to cum inside my own fucking daughter! God I want to do it! I want to give you all my cum, Kaylee! I want you to have it. I want you to take my cum inside of you again! It feels so fucking good!" Shane grunted.

I fell to my knees as I watched this. I had to shut my eyes, trying to protect my mind from the poison I was witnessing. Not only was I watching my husband having sex with our daughter, but this wasn't their first bout of insane sex. This was the middle of what seemed to be a long, drawn out encounter. A marathon of filthy sex. All I heard was the sound of wet flesh slapping together as my daughter rode

her father's dick, and the images I imagined were almost worse than the truth. My eyes finally opened when I heard Kaylee scream out.

"I'M CUMMING! DADDY, I'M CUMMING! I'M CUMMING ON YOUR FAT COCK AGAIN!" Kaylee screamed.

"FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! AHHH! AHHHHH! AHHHHHH! FUCK, I'M CUMMING!" Shane screamed. At the same moment, Kaylee buried his cock as deep as it would go in her young cunt and ground into it, flexing her ass as an orgasm hit her. My husband drove into her as his climax hit him. His balls flexed, and cum spewed forth from his thick shaft.

"Oh, Daddy! I feel it! I feel that cum deep inside my cunt! Daddy, I love it! Thank you! I love that cum! Give me everything Daddy! Give it all to me!" Kaylee squealed.

I closed my eyes as my daughter and my husband rode out their orgasms together, grunting and moaning as they did so. After a few minutes, they both calmed, and the only noise I heard was a light sucking noise.

"Oh my God, I can feel your load inside me. You always cum so much, Daddy. I love it." Kaylee purred. "Mmmmm, there you go, Daddy. Suck my nipples, Daddy. Suck your daughter's nipples and recharge your batteries. We have a long night ahead of us."

I think at this moment, my soul left my body. This felt like a nightmare. A bad dream. I wanted to wake up. I wanted to escape. But I needed to know how it all got to this point.

(Earlier that day)

(Shane)

I hung up the phone and glanced at my daughter.

"I guess power's out all over the place. They said it could be two hours or two days. Sorry, princess." I told her.

"Two days!?" Kaylee said incredulously. "It better be two hours! I can't deal with two days of this! I'm sorry Dad, but if we don't have the AC back in a few hours, some clothes are coming off." she warned with a laugh, pulling at the hem of her top.

I laughed at what was obviously a joke, but my conversation with Jen gave this comment new meaning. I couldn't help but think that, with what my daughter was wearing, she didn't have much clothing to lose.

We were both sweaty, as the house was now stuffy from the lack of air conditioning. Power went out this morning, right after I woke up. The windows were open, but the heat both inside of the house and outside was overwhelming. I wore a loose T-shirt and shorts, and my daughter was wearing a tight, thin, pink cotton tank top and those black, stretchy bike shorts that molded to her amazing, perky teenage butt.

No, no, NO! I had to stop thinking about her that way! Before my conversation with Jen, I never really thought about Kaylee in any other way but as her father. But now, I

couldn't stop thinking about her as a sexual creature. I had been up half the night dreading the conversation I had to have. Wondering if my daughter had been flirting with me.

I had to confront the fact that my daughter was a woman. A gorgeous young woman with a very mature body. A thin, fit frame with excessively large breasts and a firm, round butt. I had to stop thinking about her like that, but I just couldn't stop. It was so, so wrong. I knew that. But it didn't disgust me the way it probably should have. Part of me was flattered that such a gorgeous, sexy young woman might be fixated on me. Part of me hoped my wife was right. Part of me hoped Kaylee wanted me. When my daughter warned that if the power stayed off, her clothes might start coming off, part of me hoped to be in the room when she peeled off her sweat soaked clothes.

It was wrong for so many reasons. Obviously, this was my daughter, and even thinking about her that way was beyond messed up. And there was the fact that, you know, I was married. Happily married to Kaylee's mother. I was never the type who thought about trading up for a younger, better woman. That's not how I thought. I was happy with Jen. She was still a great looking woman. She had aged gracefully.

Now, it was true that her appetite had lessened a bit over the years, and sure, her body was not the body of a pornstar, but I was happy with my married life. I didn't expect her to still fuck like a minx the way she did in her younger years. That was too much to ask of any middle-aged woman. I was really happy with where my life and marriage was at this point. Nothing could get in the way of that, and I had never once considered stepping out on her, until my wife had brought up this whole situation with Kaylee. That was when I realized that, all this time, I was blissfully unaware that the younger, hotter, better version of my wife lived under the same roof as me. And now, I was becoming increasingly aware of that fact, and increasingly aware of the delightful way sweat would drip down my daughter's cavernous cleavage. I wondered if she would let me lick those beads of sweat off her smooth... no, NO!

"So, Dad..." Kaylee began, stepping closer and looking up at me. "What are we gonna do?"

I had never noticed these things before, but now, with her big, pretty eyes looking up at me, her voice low and heavy, I could feel the tension that Jen had noticed. I looked down

at her, her smooth and plump lips curled in a smile. I wondered how they would feel around my... no, STOP IT!

I knew this was the moment I had been dreading. I had to have this talk with her, and we literally had nothing else to do at the moment. There was no point avoiding the inevitable.

I had to push this tension out, now, before something went terribly wrong.

"Um, sit down, Kaylee." I said, gesturing my hand at the couch.

"Uh, okay, Dad." she said curiously. She spun on her heel gracefully and padded over to the couch, plopping onto it. I moved over and joined her on it, sitting next to her.

"So, your mother wanted me to talk to you." I began, looking at her. Her eyes scrunched in confusion.

"You guys aren't getting divorced, are you?" she asked. I laughed.

"No, no, no... it's nothing like that." I began. "It's just..." I paused, nervous to proceed. "Your mother is becoming concerned about something that's been happening lately."

"What?" she asked.

"She thinks you've been a bit overly... affectionate... lately." I began.

"What do you mean?" she asked. I sighed deeply and continued.

"She thinks you've been kind of... flirty... with, uh... me." I said with a gulp. I watched her expression, waiting for her reaction. Then, she laughed.

"What?" she asked incredulously, slapping my thigh with her hand.

"She thinks you've been a bit overly affectionate with me."
I said fully.

"That's ridiculous." Kaylee said, "I mean, that's like, gross, right? You're my dad."

"I know, sweetie, I know. But, uh, looking back... there are times when you have been a bit touchy-feely. And I don't know if you do it on purpose, you have some mannerisms that come across as if you're flirting. And some of the things you say as well... like I said, it might be second nature, and you don't know you're doing it, but your mom has noticed it, and it's making her uncomfortable." I told her.

"But, you didn't notice anything?" she asked inquisitively.

"Not really." I began, and her expression dropped ever so slightly. "But your mom thought I was. She said I was encouraging this behavior in you. But I didn't even notice anything wrong."

"I, uh, I think Mom might be reading too much into things." Kaylee began knowingly. "I mean, yeah, I might be a bit flirty, but it's nothing like that."

"I know hon, and I know this is really awkward for us both. But your mother wanted us to talk this out, because it's making her uncomfortable. And if it's something you do to the wrong person, it might get you into trouble. So, I guess it might for the best that you be a little more aware of what you're doing, especially, I guess, around here. I mean, you're a young woman and flirting happens, but you need to know when to turn it on and off." I told her.

Kaylee nodded and smiled warmly.

"Got it, Daddio." she said, giving me a thumbs up.

"So that's why your mom went away this weekend. She wanted to give us space so we could talk this out. Put it all out on the table, so we could get whatever this is out of our systems." I told her. "But, I think we've kinda hashed this out, at this point..." I added, relieved.

"Yeah, I think so." Kaylee said. "I mean, haha..." she began, rearranging herself so her legs were under her and she was kneeling on the couch on them. "What did she think? That I was harboring some deep, dark, filthy crush on my dad?" she asked, holding her arms up, questioningly. This movement caused her bra-less breasts to jiggle. (Yes, I had noticed her lack of a bra. It was a hot and sweaty day, I was giving her a break.)

"I think so. I, uh, I know it's wrong, but yeah, she thought something weird was up." I replied. She reached up, wiping her forehead with the back of her hand. God, she looked sexy doing that.

"That's crazy. I mean, I'm shocked her mind went there." Kaylee began. "But I have to ask... was there some eensy, teensy, tiny part of you that wondered if she was right about me?"

"Oh, uh, no, of course not, sweetie." I assured, giving her a crooked, nervous smile.

"Yeah, I figured." Kaylee replied. "I mean, what did she think was going on? Like I was seriously flirting with my own father? Like, I'm seriously showing off my cleavage just for you? I mean, I like showing off my big boobs. Sue me!"

"Yeah, it's kinda funny." I replied, still a little nervous at this. She moved closer, enjoying this line of conversation.

"Like, did she seriously think I was, like, whispering sweet nothings in your ear? That whenever we were together, I would say something like..." she paused, before leaning in close to me, moving her lips to my ear and whispering huskily, "I want to wrap my smooth lips around your thick daddy-dick, suck on it as hard as I fucking can, and swallow every fucking drop of cum from your big, fat balls!"

My eyes widened as she whispered this. I gulped and looked at her as she pulled back, grinning like the cat that ate the canary.

"What did you just say?" I stammered out. Then, she laughed.

"Daddy, I'm just kidding! Jeez, you're just like Mom, with your mind in the gutter." she said, shaking her head.

"I've, uh... never heard you talk like that." I gulped out.

"Well, Daddy, there is a lot you don't know about me. Maybe we should hang out a bit more... you might hear me talk like that more often." she teased with a coy smile, chewing on her bottom lip.

"Uh..." I stammered, not sure what to say. Kaylee giggled.

"Daddy, I'm just messing with you." Kaylee said, standing up, her breasts bouncing as she did so.

"Uh, yeah, uh, well that's... good." I said, standing up. "You definitely have a twisted sense of humor, honey, but as your father, I don't really want to hear you talk like that."

"Really, Daddy? You don't like hearing your perfect little princess talking a little bit... dirty?" Kaylee questioned coyly.

"Nnn- no. Of course not. Why?" I asked.

"Well, because me talking like that gave you a tremendous erection." Kaylee said with a confident smile.

I looked down, and saw the imprint of my meaty cock bulging against my shorts. I brought my hands down to cover myself.

"Kaylee, uh, I, uh, I don't know why I have an, uh, you know... it must be the heat." I stammered. Kaylee seemed undeterred, nodding sarcastically.

"Right, right, the heat. Listen, Daddy, I know the truth. Mom knows the truth. And clearly, your dick knows the truth. Your daughter got older, got hotter, learned how to show off her body a little bit, and now there's something between us. A tension, like Mom said. I think Daddy's got a crush. Look at yourself. You're sweating and stuttering.

Your dick is slobbering all over itself at the sight of me." Kaylee said, standing up, approaching me predatorily. "You might know better, but your Daddy-dick LOVES your daughter's hot body!"

"Kaylee, I think you have the wrong idea." I said defensively, stepping back.

"Do I?" Kaylee asked. "Admit it, Dad. You want me."

"No!" I replied.

"You've got it bad for your own daughter. How sick... how filthy! I didn't realize how dirty you really were, Daddy. But don't worry... I like it." Kaylee said confidently, wearing a wicked grin. Holy shit! Jen was right! Kaylee was flirting with me!

"Kaylee, this is wrong. If this is some kind of joke, it's going way too far!" I croaked out.

"So, if I said that your daughter wants her daddy's cock to take her in any hole he wants, as hard as he wants, for as long as he wants, that wouldn't affect you?" my daughter asked.

"What?" I stammered, shaking my head. What the fuck was going on here?

"If I said, that the heat is so sweltering that we should just take off our clothes now and see what happens, that wouldn't affect you?" Kaylee asked, still approaching me, cocking her head slightly.

"No, Kaylee, stop." I begged. My back hit a wall, and she kept approaching.

"And... if I said, I think Mom is a pathetic, ugly, jealous loser and if you haven't thought about trading up to a hotter woman, you're lying... that wouldn't bother you?" she asked, moving close to me.

"Don't say these things, Kaylee." I pled.

"But why shouldn't I when they're true? When you love it so much? You love hearing me trashing Mom, cause you know deep down she deserves it. God, look at it! It looks like it's about to explode! It must be uncomfortable, Dad. Feel free to, you know, take it out if you have to. I won't mind" Kaylee said with a bright smile.

"Kaylee, please... what are you doing? You don't know what you're saying. What's going on?" I asked, panicked, not knowing what had brought on this total change in my normally sweet daughter. But, of course, she just ignored me.

"And..." she began, stepping close enough so I could feel her large breasts pressing into my chest ever so slightly. "If I took your hands..." she said, grabbing my wrists and pulling them around her, slapping my hands onto her spandex covered ass. "And forced you to squeeze..." she said, her voice a harsh whisper as she squeezed her fingers around mine, forcing me to squeeze my daughter's ass. "Your own daughter's Grade-A, top-shelf ass... you wouldn't lose control?"

I sighed as I felt the firm, warm flesh between my fingers. I couldn't find any words. I was breathing deep as she pressed herself into my crotch, forcing my stiff cock against her firm belly. She was pressing against me as I was forced to squeeze her hot ass, even though her hands were no longer making me do the squeezing. She looked up at me as I breathed deeply, my hands still admiring her perfect rear.

"It's okay Daddy." she whispered. "I know my ass is incredible. You deserve to play with it at least once, don't you?"

My head tilted slightly, pressing against her. I felt like I was floating, and the only thing harnessing me to reality were my squeezing hands glued to her ass.

"You love this, don't you, Daddy?" she gasped. "You love my teasing... my body... the way I bash Mom. You love it all. You are so, so desperate to trade Mom in for a younger, firmer, hotter model. No more pale, saggy skin. No more wrinkles. No more ugly face. No more bitching out at you. No more once-a-week lovemaking. No! You're trading up.

You'll have a young hottie with smooth, tan skin, a firm, tight body, perfect fucking hair, long fucking legs, a perfect round ass. You'll have a hot young teenage slut with giant fucking tits who'll fuck you three times a day. Every man's dream, right?"

"Jesus." I gasped.

"Admit it, Daddy." she said softly, looking up at me, her fingers playing with my belt buckle. "I know you're not attracted to Mom anymore. I know it. How could you be? I mean, she's barely even trying anymore. Do you see the way she dresses? Have you seen her hair? Mom is a woman who has given up on the idea of ever trying to seem attractive to the opposite sex. She thinks she has you locked down for good, and you would have no reason to ever step out on her. But we know that's not true. We know that's wrong... right?"

"I... uh..." I stammered. She simply smiled.

"Daddy, it's time to let me care for you. Time for me to take over. It's time for your daughter to become your slut! Your

whore on the side. Your mistress. The skank that every daddy needs, so he can do all the gross, sick stuff Mom would never let you do. Things that daughters are especially good at. I know more about sex than Mom ever did. Think of what a body like mine could do to you." she purred, undoing my belt slowly... confidently.

"Kaylee." I gasped. What was happening here? Jen was right. Kaylee wanted me. Kaylee wanted to fuck me. And the worst thing was, my cock had never been harder. What was wrong with me? Why didn't this bother me? My own flesh and blood was hitting on me. She wanted my body, my cock, and my cum. She wanted me to betray my wife and fuck her. This was so wrong, but my daughter was so sexy, and her tits were so big! Not that that should matter, but they were fucking enormous and juicy. Kaylee saw my plight and smiled, and as she did, her hand slipped into my pants, her fingers curling around the thick root of my cock.

"It's okay, Daddy." Kaylee whispered, squeezing my rock-hard cock firmly, her touch like hot fire against my meat, causing me to feel harder than I had ever had in my life. "You don't need to lie anymore. I can tell you want me. You've wanted this for a while now. I know you want this..."

you want me. You want my body. It's okay. I know it's wrong, but, well... look at me. Haha! No one would blame you for wanting me. My body is that fucking amazing. And besides, your daughter is horny as fuck and needs a cock in her, like, right now! It's too hot out to do anything else. We have no TV. No internet. No power. No swimming pool. No anything. The only other thing we can do to pass the time is have sex. So what are we waiting for? Daddy, Mom left us alone so we could do this. To get this tension between us out of our systems. To finally just have sex and get it over with! And I intend to do that. Let's take off our clothes and just fucking do it! Let's fuck! You won't regret it, Daddy. I'm, like, really, really good at it."

"Kaylee..." I began, not knowing what to say. She pulled back from me slightly, but my hands still rested on her jutting ass.

"I have a confession... all those times I told you I was volunteering at the church, I really wasn't. I was sneaking off with my boyfriends, worshipping at the altar of the biggest, hardest, fattest cocks I could get my hands on. So trust me Daddy, I know how to please a guy. And, my friends have told me how older men like their sex... rough

and filthy. There's no good reason not to do this, so don't fight it anymore! It'll be so perfect. You'll have a young slut on the side, and I'll get the perfect older boyfriend who will give me everything I ever need. We've both wanted this for a long time. We don't need to wait anymore. It's time for us to get it on... finally! Get all that tasty tension out of our systems! Please, Daddy! Please!" she begged girlishly.

"Kaylee, I, uh, I..." I panted, unsure of what to do. I looked down at Kaylee. Her pretty face. Her big eyes. Her smooth, plump lips. Her perfect, sexy chestnut hair. Her giant breasts, and the deep fault-line of cleavage. My mind was over-stimulated. Kaylee's pheromones were driving me nuts.

"What's wrong, Daddy?" she asked. "Don't you think I'm sexy? C'mon, there's nothing wrong with a dad telling his daughter that he thinks she's sexy."

"Okay, uh yes, fine! You're sexy! Very sexy, okay!" I relented, unable to think straight.

"Sexier than Mom?" she asked, looking up at me hopefully.
"Sexier than she ever was?"

"Fuck, Kaylee. Fine! Yes! Okay? You're sexier than your mother!" I admitted. "But please don't do this!"

"Don't do what, Daddy? It's okay to admit that your daughter's body makes your cock throb. There's nothing wrong with that." Kaylee purred.

"Okay, Kaylee... you're really hot! You... you do turn me on, clearly, but we can't... this is so wrong!" I affirmed, trying desperately to push her away while acknowledging the obvious.

"Are you sure, Daddy? Cause when I said you could have me in every hole, I meant it." my daughter whispered lustily.

"Well, uh... wait." I stammered before my attention was grabbed. "Even, uh..." I questioned before I could stop myself.

"Yeah." Kaylee confirmed, nodding proudly. "Even that." The memory of her ass in my palms, and the idea of those round cheeks pried apart, my cock in between them, buried in her warm, tight ass... no. NO! Shut it down!

Her confidence made me shiver. Her words made me throb. I kept trying to tell myself no, that this was massively fucked up, but my mind kept coming to only one solution.

"Kaylee..." I gasped.

"Daddy... I'm hot, you're hot, and Mom's... not. Let's do what comes naturally for people like us. Daddy... c'mon! Do you know how lucky you are? You have your own hot daughter willing and so ready to take off her clothes and show you the goods. Do you know how many men out there would do anything to have an 18-year-old slut like me? Do you know how many hunky daddies like you are out there that would kill to have their hot daughters offer them this? You will get to see your daughter's huge boobs! You'll get to squeeze them! You will get to see your daughter's bare, trimmed cunt! Her smooth, round, juicy ass! You'll get to fuck my body as hard and as rough as you want. I want you

to fucking use me! You'll get to use your daughter's tight pussy for your pleasure! My cute, wet mouth, my nasty, awesome cunt, my tight asshole, Daddy... they are all yours. My body is yours. You just need to take it!" Kaylee insisted firmly.

I tried to think, to try to talk myself out of this. But she had my number, and my cock was throbbing. I tried... I tried... I tried. I looked at her, lust taking over, rational thought leaving my brain.

Kaylee knew she had me.

She smiled and her eyes flashed with lust. Before I knew it, she jumped forward and mashed her smooth lips roughly against mine. My daughter began kissing me, our lips smacking together as I couldn't help but return the gesture. Her tongue leapt into my mouth as our kiss got deeper, tongues mashing together. Kaylee was an aggressive kisser, her tongue going wild, her smooth lips pressed against mine. This went on for a few minutes, me and my daughter swapping spit, until Kaylee pulled away, spit connecting our

mouths, a smug smile on her face as she grabbed me by my shirt.

Kaylee pulled me forward and shoved me onto the couch. Regaining my bearings, I looked up just in time to see Kaylee reach down and pull up on her tank top. I watched, transfixed as more and more of Kaylee's firm, flat belly was exposed to me. Her smooth, tan, sweat covered skin was the sexiest thing I had ever seen.

She saw how rapturously I was staring at her perfect stomach, and she took advantage. She stepped forward, and my hands slid up to rest on her hips. My fingers pressed into her firm flesh slightly before she grabbed my scalp in with one hand and pulled me closer, holding up her top with her other hand. Before I knew it, my face pressed against her sweaty belly. Knowing what she wanted, my tongue instinctively leapt from my mouth and slid into her cute belly button.

"Ahh, fuck!" she sighed. My tongue poked at her belly button, licking her sweat as I stabbed my tongue lightly against her. I let my tongue slide against her belly,

worshipping it, gathering her sweat on my tongue as I replaced it with my saliva. My daughter held me against her, letting me admire her flat belly with my tongue. I felt goose bumps rise on her skin as my tongue made her shiver. Finally, she pushed me back, the sensation too much to take.

Her hand slid from my head to the bottom of her top as she resumed lifting her shirt up. I watched as the undersides of her breasts appeared, and she paused there, teasing me. She played with her top, sliding it along the firm flesh, letting me see the way it pressed into her firm, perky breasts, without letting me see anything more. Her top had to be millimeters away from revealing her nipples. I needed to see more, and she held me on edge, torturing me for a few moments.

"I really shouldn't be showing my daddy my big breasts... but I really want to." Kaylee said, chewing on her lip, teasing me, only a small flicker of a knowing smile shining through.

"Kaylee..." I sighed, not knowing how to deal with anymore torment.

"I mean, what would everyone think? If people found out that I showed my own dad my soft, round, massive breasts... everyone would all call me a huge slut!" she whined, suddenly acting all innocent, stamping the ground with her foot, causing a ripple to traverse along the undersides of my daughter's smooth breasts. "And besides, you're my DAD... my big, strong, hunky daddy. Not a boy... a real fucking man!" she sighed. "I mean, you have that smile... that hair... that butt... that body. You are, like, totally perfect older boyfriend material, but you're a good daddy."

"Uh, thanks." I replied, not sure where she was going with this. My cock was throbbing after I made out with my daughter and as she teased showing me her breasts. I was certainly not feeling like a good father. I didn't even know how I had come this far. She had me completely wrapped around her finger.

"But you're still a man, and if a hunky older man like yourself has a sexy young daughter bopping around the house, who is just all tits and ass, just gagging for a good dicking... no one would blame you for wanting a piece. If a

daughter like me showed her hot daddy the goods... even he would lose control. You'd be an animal! A beast! Nothing could stop you from groping your daughter dearest. Nothing could stop you from squeezing... and feeling. Nothing could stop from sticking your huge daddy-dick between them and fucking them! Nothing could stop you from slapping them... pinching them... pulling your dick out from in-between and cumming all over them. Coating your own daughter's huge tits with your thick cum like a fucking fire hose!" she moaned out.

I was frozen, my dick throbbing at her filthy language. She sensed my struggle and smiled slightly, breaking this façade of innocence for a split second.

"So, I really shouldn't show you my amazing, mammoth rack." Kaylee purred, biting her plump lower lip, continuing on with this little innocent charade. "I know they are perfect and incredible and so much bigger and better than Mom's. But you're my daddy, a good, perfect daddy, and if I showed you them, you would want to do bad things to me. And I would SO let you, Dad. You have no idea what I would let you do to me... you have no idea how long I've wanted this. How I've dreamed about all the things I would do to

you. But we can't! It would be wrong! If I show you my body... my breasts... you'd become a bad daddy, a cursing, rutting, nasty, beautiful, perfect stallion of a man. And me... I'd just be a little slut. And that would be so wrong." she finished, looking staring into my eyes, eyes glassy with lust, nipples throbbing under her top, begging to be exposed to the heated air, eager to be displayed in front of me.

"Kaylee..." I said, rubbing my forehead. "Are you trying to talk me out of this now?"

"Unless..." she began, acting as if she didn't hear me. "...you tell me it's okay. That I wouldn't disappoint my GORGEOUS daddy by letting him know his little princess is a total SLUT." she said, emphasizing that last word, her tone turning more predatory as she moved in closer. "Daddy, I want you to tell me that it's okay to be a slut... that you want me to be a slut... that you like that I'm a slut. I want you to tell me that you love the fact your daughter is a skank. That you take pride in the fact that your daughter is a complete whore. That you love the fact that I've spread my legs for more boys than you can possibly imagine. That I shake my butt at any boy that looks cute. You love the fact that I am even willing to show my naked body to you, my

own father. You love it! Tell me its okay that I want to show you my huge tits... my shaved little whorish cunt... my perfect, round ass. Tell me, and I swear to God, I will fuck your brains out so good you will pass out. Tell me how proud you are of your daughter's hot body. Tell me, and I will be the little slut my Daddy needs, and I will let you do whatever you want to me."

She was inches away from me, still holding her top in place. We held each others' lusty gaze.

"Can I be your little slut, Daddy?" she asked, in the most teasingly girlish voice possible, wanting to have me completely wrapped around her finger before sealing the deal.

She did... she so did.

I think my mind completely snapped at that moment. Logic and reason escaped me. The only thing that mattered in my addled brain was seeing those enormous, perky boobs.

"Show them to me." I panted, barely recognizing my voice in this lustful desperation. "I want my little princess to be my little slut. I love your hot body. I love that you're filthy. I love that you're not as prudish as your mom. I love how sexy my hot daughter is. I love that my daughter is a nasty fucking slut! A filthy whore who wants to fuck her own father! Now please... show them to me!" I begged, giving her what she wanted. A smile so filled with lust and satisfaction flicked across her plump lips. Then... with a quick, smooth jerk, she yanked her top up to her shoulders.

Finally, my daughter's massive breasts plopped out of her top, jiggling to a stop in front of me.

They were enormous. They were round, and firm, and rode together perfectly. They were so juicy and fleshy and ripe like fruit. They were so big on her small frame, jutting out smoothly from her chest, like a work of art. They were so large and full they pressed against each other, creating a natural chasm of succulent cleavage. Her nipples were as hard as diamonds, jutting out from her round areolas, aching to be sucked and nibbled on.

She tossed her top away and let me take in this wondrous sight for a few moments. I admired the way they rippled and moved with each slight movement she made. They were perfectly tanned... and smooth... and just perfect. These were porn star breasts, nestled on the body of my 18-year-old daughter. She looked so filthy standing in front of me, with those huge tits, that confident smile and all that smooth, sexy exposed skin.

She put her hands on her hips and let me stare longer. Her fingers rested on the only remaining bit of clothing she had on, those stretchy booty shorts. She let her father gaze in awe at her perfection. How had I not noticed how jaw-droppingly sexy my daughter was? My eyes were wide, my mouth was open, and my cock was as hard as concrete. My daughter was looking down at me, eyes glassy with lust, breathing deep, licking her lips, her skin glowing, her nipples throbbing, aching for a mouth. Our bodies were communicating, pheromones passing between us, leading us towards an inevitable, unavoidable physical collision.

Finally, our lust was too much to take, and my daughter was too impatient to wait any longer. She bounded forward, jumping into my lap, her firm ass slamming into my thighs as she took the opportunity to shove her tits in my face.

"Daddy, take them in. Rub your face on them. Suck my big, soft tits and forgot all about Mom." she moaned out, wrapping her arms around me and forcing me to drown in their softness. I was now face deep within my 18-year-old daughter's, mammoth, sweaty breasts. I scrubbed my face against the perfect, smooth flesh, feeling her hard nipples scratching against my face. I let my tongue escape my mouth, licking whatever parts of her huge tits that I could.

"Oh, fuck, Daddy! It feels so good!" Kaylee moaned, grinding her crotch against me. As I drowned in her deep cleavage, I slid my hands down and took her butt in my hands, gripping the perky flesh eagerly, holding her against me as I ground against her. My fingers slid into her spandex covered ass-crack, pressing against her, teasing her with my big hand.

"Uhhnnnnn, touch me, Daddy. Touch me!" she moaned out. As she smothered me with her awesome rack, I slid my hands up and under her tight shorts, sliding my hands against my daughter's bare ass. I gripped her ass cheeks firmly, admiring the juicy flesh with my hands.

"Fuck!" I groaned, as my daughter ground against my bulging cock. I let my fingers tease her ass-crack again, causing her to squeal and shiver in pleasure. She pressed herself against me roughly, grinding hard against my cock and forcing her breasts into my face roughly as I slid my fingers between her butt-cheeks. Suddenly, she pulled herself back, pulling away from me, sliding back so her butt was resting on my knees. In this position, my hands were forced to slide to her hips, resting there as she looked down at me, panting with lust. She looked down at my sweat-covered face, the combined sweat from the heat, the exertion, and the perspiration that dripped off from her massive, sweaty breasts.

"Look at my boobs, Daddy." she told me. "Study them. Memorize every fucking inch of them, cause you're about to get very well-acquainted with your 18-year-old daughter's massive rack."

I complied with her wishes and stared at my daughter's huge bare breasts. They were simply magnificent. My daughter was very fit, so those over-sized melons really jumped out from her slim frame. They couldn't have been more perfect if they had been sculpted by an artist. They were amazingly full and perfectly rounded, riding together on her chest, creating a magnificent canyon of cleavage, while at the same time bursting outward, letting any lucky bystander behind her get a primo view of the sides of her massive boobs. There was no angle that you could look at my daughter without noticing her giant breasts.

The flesh looked so perfectly smooth that you wanted to just touch them, as if on reflex. And they looked so incredibly soft that anyone's hands would ache when in her presence, desperate to squeeze those gigantic jugs. They were perfectly ripe, teenage breasts. And capping each one was a hard, pinkish nipple, tightened with the lust coursing through her. Each nipple made your mouth water, desperate to take them in your mouth and worship them with your lips and tongue.

"Mmm, I love the way you look at me." Kaylee purred, her voice thick with lust. She leaned back lightly, her breasts heaving with need, her skin glowing with want, her nipples pulsing in pleasure. She could feel my eyes consuming her hot body, and she loved it. "Keep looking at them. Imagine them bouncing. Imagine them rippling." she said, flicking her left breast with her fingers, sending a slight ripple through it. "Imagine them pouring through your fingers... imagine them covered in your thick cum." she purred, sliding her hands down to grip my wrists. "Tell me how much you love them, Daddy. Tell me how much you love your daughter's enormous breasts. How much more you love your daughter's big boobs than everything about Mom. Tell me how proud you are that your little princess has such big, beautiful, juicy tits. Tell me how much you like it when I show them off. Tell me that you think my breasts are the hottest... the sexiest... the most beautiful things you have ever seen, and I swear, I will let you do whatever you want to them."

"Kaylee..." I croaked out. "They're amazing. You have the most perfect breasts I have ever seen. They are so fucking big... so round, so beautiful. They are... perfect, better than your mother's breasts, better than your mother all-

together. Please..." I begged, my focus solely on those tits, not considering any logic or reason. "Let me touch them."

Her eyes flashed in pleasure and joy, knowing she had me beat. In a flash, she pulled my hands up her body, sliding them onto her jutting rack. Finally, I had my hands on my daughter's giant breasts and I wasn't gonna waste this opportunity.

"Holy fuck!" I called out, my fingers digging into the succulent flesh. "Oh my God!" I sighed. They felt so good! They were immaculate. They were just so soft, and squishy, and just fucking perfect. I squeezed them firmly, digging into them with my large fingers, immersing my hands in their amazing softness.

"Oh my God, Daddy. Squeeze them, Dad. Squeeze 'em! God, you have no idea how long I've wanted you to do this to me." Kaylee sighed, running a hand through her hair as she let her father grope her large, protruding breasts. Her perky flesh poured through my fingers and her rubbery nipples danced in my palms. I slid my hands down under them, cupping the jiggling flesh in my palms, supporting

their excessive mass. I pointed one of her hard, throbbing nipples at my face, getting it poised for what was to come. I looked up into her eyes, licked my lips, and dove forward, taking my daughter's hard nipple into my mouth for the first time.

"AAAHHHHH! FUCK! YES!" Kaylee moaned out savagely. She slid her hand to the back of my head, her nails scraping my scalp as she pulled me into her chest, trying to force more nipple into my mouth. My mouth attacked her smooth flesh, my teeth scraping against her skin lightly and lavished her nipple with my tongue. My lips formed a tight seal around the hard nipple as I began to suck on it.

"Suck my tits, Daddy! Suck them! Oh my God, yes!" she squealed, rubbing her fingers along the back of my scalp lovingly. As I inhaled her hard nipple, she spoke up. "Oh my God, Daddy, you have no idea. This is gonna be so perfect! Now that we are hooking up, now that you're my boyfriend, and I'm your super-hot, super-young girlfriend, your mistress, things are gonna be SO much better! Now that my stud of a daddy is on my side and not Mom's, things are gonna be very different around here. That's it, Daddy,

just keep sucking. Just focus on my breasts and let me take care of everything else."

"Anyway, Daddy, now that we're about to become lovers, you need to know how things are gonna work around here from now on." Kaylee began, the only response I could give was the light sucking coming from my busy mouth. "Now that your big, fat, daddy-dick belongs to me now, you're gonna let me get away with, pretty much, whatever the fuck I want. No matter what, Daddy! From now on, if it comes down to me versus Mom, you will take my side on everything. And I mean everything. You will override Mom, overrule her, do whatever, I don't care. But you will take my side, Daddy. Your goal from now on is to keep your little princess happy, to spoil me rotten, and give me everything I ever wanted. And Daddy, I want it all!" she said, laughing as she leaned back, pulling her wet nipple from my mouth. Before I could react, she pivoted her torso, forcing her other nipple into my mouth as she continued her monologue.

"Daddy, you're gonna hook me up with everything now! You're gonna buy me all sorts of slutty outfits. Tiny underwear. All sorts of things designed solely to highlight

my hot body. Really skimpy, really low-cut... the sort of stuff daddies like you seem to love! The kinds of things that make naughty daddies drool. And I want other stuff too. Jewelry, a new car... and Daddy, I really, really want to get some tattoos. Like, a whole lot of them. All along my arm, my lower back, and... other places." she teased. "Mom would never let me do any of this. But you, Daddy... you will. You're on my side now, not hers. You will do what I say and help me get everything I ever wanted. You will spoil me rotten, and in exchange, you get to fuck this body as hard as you want, as often as you want, in any hole you want. That sounds fair, right?"

I looked up at her, my mouth full of nipple. I realized at that moment that both me and my wife had underestimated Kaylee. We honestly had no idea what kind of girl she really was. Before today, I thought of her as a sweet, bright, church-going, angelic 18-year-old girl. But the truth was, she had a dark side. She was no angel. She was a slut. A slut who wanted to revel in the nastiness of that lifestyle and who had no ambition other than satisfying her own needs. I should be horrified by this, but here I was sucking her mammoth breast, enabling her, giving her exactly what she wanted. She was so hot... so sexy, and her breasts were just

so big. I knew, at this point, I was powerless to resist. I was powerless to stop myself from giving my slut daughter exactly what she wanted.

I would do as my daughter commanded.

I pulled her hardened nipple from my mouth and looked up at her, our eyes communicating the heat between us. The unnatural, physical lust me and my daughter shared for each other. The pressure became too much to take.

My lips savagely met hers as our open mouths collided, forming a tight seal against each other as we began to make out again deeply. Her tongue was forceful, sliding against mine as it entered my mouth, making me take it, making my submission to her deeper.

As me and my daughter swapped spit, she pressed herself against me, grinding herself against my bulging crotch. I slid one of my hands between us to squeeze at her big boobs some more, and as I did one of hers slid down, easing into my shorts. I jumped when I felt my daughter's slender fingers curl around the root of my cock.

"Oh my God!" Kaylee called out, her warm fingers squeezing my aching shaft. "I have never felt a cock this hard! You must really like me." she sighed, smiling hotly before leaning down to press her soft lips against mine again.

Our lips smacked against each other as her slim hand began to slowly stroke my pulsing shaft. My cock began leaking pre-cum, coating her hand, lubricating it to ease her stroking. After a few minutes of this she pulled away again.

"Okay, I have GOT to see this fucking thing." she said, pulling back, taking her weight off my lap as she slid down to kneel between my legs on the floor. Her hands reached up to undo my shorts and begin to pull them down. I sat up to allow her pull them off, and I watched her face light up as my throbbing erection spring out from within, her eyes following it as it bounced. "WOW! Just... holy fuck! That's big!" Kaylee said, her hand returning to its place, her delicate fingers returning to my dick, stroking my shaft slowly, appreciatively.

The lust she was feeling was painted on her face. She gazed wide-eyed at my weapon, her hand gripping it firmly. She chewed on her lower lip cutely before letting her tongue moisten it. A soft breath escaped her mouth.

"Jesus..." she said softly, her hand going smoothly up and down my dick.

"Oh my God." I said, my head falling back against the couch, the pleasure incredible. A wicked smile crossed her lips.

"I bet it doesn't get this hard for Mommy, does it?" Kaylee teased, the movement of her stroking hand causing her tits to shake. Her other hand slid down to cup my sack, squeezing it lightly.

"Aaaaahhh." I moaned out, and she took that as an affirmative. But she could see the conflict on my face, me still not wanting to disparage her mother. So she went on the attack.

"Daddy, don't forget... Mom wanted this. She wanted this to happen. Even she knows that when there is this uncontrollable attraction between two people, even when it's her own husband and daughter, even Mom knows the best thing to do is just to let us fuck and get it over with. And you wanted this too. I could tell. Daughters always know these things. I just knew my hot and sexy father wanted nothing more than to have his hot daughter... with her big tits...and her hot ass... to be on her knees, like this... stroking your fat cock, and doing a whole lot more." she said, licking her lips.

"Uh... Kaylee..." I panted, letting my head fall back. What the hell was I doing, I thought. But Kaylee didn't acknowledge any hesitance on my part. She continued on the attack.

"Mmmm. So much cum in there, and all for me." she said, her energetic fingers massaging my swollen scrotum, playing with my balls lightly. "It's so big!" she gasped softly, looking up at me, her hand still working it's magic. She moved her face closer, examining the underside of her father's large cock. It's manly scent hit her nose with a jolt. "Oh my God, I just have to suck this cock. Dad, you have,

like, no idea. Does Mom suck on it anymore?" she asked excitedly, moving her body in closer to me. To it.

"Oh, uh... no, not for a while." I stammered as she stroked me in just the right way. I knew I should stop this, but... my daughter knew how to stroke a cock. I was almost on edge already.

"Good... cause this cock belongs to me now. Not Mom." Kaylee asserted with a wicked smile as she gripped it firmly between her fingers, holding it possessively, conveying to me that it was her gripping my cock, not my wife.

"Fuck..." I said softly, the thought sending a filthy thrill through me, not able to stop my cock from throbbing, and not able to find the words to dispute her.

"Well, let me show you all the things I learned in my free time." she said coyly but excitedly. "Let me show you what us girls really learn about behind closed doors. Let me show you what teenage girls do to boys these days."

With that, she took a deep breath and leaned over with her mouth open, her focus shifting from my eyes to the throbbing piece of meat in front of her. She stared down the length of my cock for a few seconds, worshipping it with her eyes. Her smooth lips parted as her mouth opened, her warm breath caressing the head of my dick. As her lips got closer, just millimeters from making contact, she pulled back.

"Oh my God, it's just really big!" Kaylee said with a giggle, her seductress veneer dropped for a second, looking more like a nervous 18-year-old than she had through throughout this seduction. "I've never sucked on one as big as this." she said, with a sugary sweet intonation, highlighting her youth to me once more. This was my daughter! My 18 year old daughter. This jolt of innocence sent a shot of panic through me again.

"Kaylee... no, we can't do this." I said, beginning to move to stand up.

"No, no, wait!" Kaylee said, maintaining her grip on my cock with one hand and using the other to grab onto my thigh, digging in with her nails slightly, urging me to stay seated.

"Kaylee, we really shouldn't do this. This is so wrong!" I urged, willing her to stop this madness, cause I didn't know if I could. This had gone too far already. I mean, my daughter had stroked my cock, and we made out and I... oh God, I had squeezed and sucked on her magnificent, massive tits. I had smothered my face in them. This had to stop. I couldn't let this go any further. I was her father. I had to be firm. I had to be strong.

"Kaylee..." I said firmly, sounding more like her father than I had during all of this. "We can't do this. You know we can't." I said with some force. She looked up at me, trying to still be the seductress, but I saw my words hit her with a shock. I saw the intelligent, mature side of her coming back to the surface. She saw the resolve in my eyes and the logic of my words and pulled away somewhat.

"You're right, Dad." Kaylee said, sitting back on her heels. "This is so, so wrong." she confirmed, her tone seemingly accepting of this truth.

"It is." I said. "And it needs to stop. Now, let go of my dick, please."

Her fingers were still curled around the base of my shaft. She smiled at me slightly, paused for a moment, squeezing my shaft ever so lightly before releasing her grip. I looked down at her cute face, but my eyes trailed down to her amazing, huge breasts. I had to look away.

"Kaylee..." I began, trying to rub out these illicit sights and put on my most parental tone. "It's clear there is an obvious... attraction... between us. A physical one. But we can't indulge it. I'm your father, you're my daughter. Sex..." I began, the word itself tasting like fire saying it in my daughter's presence. "Sex can't happen."

"I know." she smiled sadly, but it seemed I had rescued us. We had gone to the edge of the cliff, but we hadn't gone

over, thank goodness. I had put a stop this and had finally gotten through to her.

"But how?" Kaylee asked. "How can we go on with this between us? I mean... we both want it. We both really want it, and we both can't hide it. Even Mom can see it. I mean... look at yourself." she said, staring at my still rock hard dick jutting out from my crotch. I tried to cover myself, but there wasn't any pillow or anything, and my shorts were still caught up at my feet. I tried to use my hands, but with the state my cock was in that was hard to do. She saw my struggle and smiled. "I mean, look right there, you can't contain it. You're trying to say no, but your dick is saying yes. You can't stop yourself from letting me get it so big and hard. And Dad... you have no idea how wet I am. How can we stop this when it feels so right? I mean, we are such a good match. You have that big, fat thing between your legs, and my pussy is, like, super-tight but super stretchy. So it's, like, perfect for a cock like yours."

"Kaylee, I know it would be good, but... we can't, and you know that." I asserted, appealing to her better nature, feeling as if I had almost turned the tide and had finally wrested control from her. I had made a dent in her plans,

but it seemed she was looking at this from a purely logical point of view. Trying to figure out how we could just look past this desire between us. She continued.

"But how can we hide this? Dad, like I said, we both want this. You want your own daughter to suck you off, and quite frankly, I still really, really want to suck it. I have wanted to for a long time, and honestly, I am drooling just looking at it. You are hot for your daughter's body, as hot as I am for yours. If we just get up and walk away, there is still gonna be all this hot, sticky tension between us. Nothing will change. I will still be the little slut strutting her stuff in front of you. I will be shaking my ass, and my big boobs will be bouncing, and it will be just for you. The tension will be unbearable, but the only difference will be that you now know that I am willing to spread my legs for you in an instant. And the knowledge that you have a hot, little teenage slut with huge tits and a perfect ass who's willing to do bad things to you... that thought will keep your cock throbbing." Kaylee asserted. "And knowing that your eyes are gonna be on me and, like, me alone... and not Mom... my pussy is gonna be fucking soaked whenever we're together. I say we just fucking do it. Let's give Mom what she asked for and just get it on. Let's just do it, just fuck me

wherever you want, hard as you want, get it all out of our systems, then just move on. You can't say you don't want this!"

"Kaylee, as fucked up as it is, I do. But it is so wrong. I'm your father. You're my daughter. I'm married to your mother. Neither of us should be thinking this way." I replied. I shouldn't be thinking this way. I wasn't a teenager anymore. Most teenagers would gladly solve all their issues with hot sex, but I shouldn't. I'm a parent. A father. Even my daughter, as mature and intelligent a young woman as she was, even she wanted to solve this uncomfortable tension between us by simply indulging it with sex of the filthy and sweaty variety. Even she wasn't capable of looking past that, as if it were the only solution.

"Who cares? I'm hot. You're hot. That's all that matters." she replied stubbornly. "There is no way we can keep going without getting it on at least once. When would be a better time than now? There is literally no chance of getting caught!" speaking desperately, sounding less like a bright young woman and more of a horny teenager this close to the sex she was so desperate to have.

"Kaylee, we'll figure something out. But doing it, and giving in will be beyond wrong. I know you want it, and part of me does too, but... we'll both regret it, and you know that." I began. "Please." I begged. She looked up at me, her thoughts a mystery to me. She could see I had made up my mind and I was not going to let this go any farther. I was not going to budge.

"You're right, Daddy. You're right. This is so wrong. We shouldn't do this. Everything you say is totally true." she said, giving me that cute smile of hers I knew so well. And for a second, I thought I had won. I thought this was over. This madness had ended.

But then that smile turned wicked. Her lips curled into a sneer so filthy I couldn't stop the jolt from running through my erection.

"But... Daddy... if you think that me and you are not gonna have sex today, then you're just kidding yourself. We have both waited too long to stop now, Daddy. We need this! Trust me, once this happens, you won't ever want to stop.

I'm really that good. So... I'll just make the decision for you." Kaylee said, her hand sliding up my thigh, letting her fingers curl around my shaft again, my attempts to pull away from her were futile as she moved closer to me again. "And besides, I would be a rude little slut to leave this fat cock unsucked. I'm gonna suck it, then I'm gonna fuck it, and there is nothing you can do to stop me."

In that moment, I realized she had been simply toying with me. I realized she never intended to walk away. She wanted to have sex with me, and she was toying with me simply to assert her control. She had me by the balls, literally, and she knew it. That wicked smile told me she had me exactly where she wanted me.

Kaylee moved too fast for me to do anything. Before I could react, she made her move. Where before, she had approached my sizable cock with hesitance, this time, she showed no fear. She just went for it. She smoothly lowered her face towards my crotch, her lips opening wide, and before I could do anything, the throbbing tip of my cock entered my daughter's hot, wet mouth.

"Oh my God!" I groaned out as I felt my cock drag across my own daughter's hot, wet tongue. She forced herself down, taking more and more of my cock into her mouth, getting about halfway down my thick meat before slowing down. I felt her plump lips form a seal around my shaft as she came to a stop, my cock part of the way down her tight throat. "Shit! Oh fuck, Kaylee."

It felt so fucking good. Her hot, silky tongue, massaging my cock from within her mouth. Her plump lips, wrapped around my granite shaft. Her tight throat enveloping the tip of my dick. She began to pull back, letting some of my cock escape the warm confines of her mouth, as she lifted herself to the tip, leaving only that inside. She worshipped the head of my cock with her tongue, working every bit of it, coating it with spit. She began to work up a rhythm, bobbing up and down the top half of my shaft, taking my cock further and further. I reached down and rested my hand on the back of her head. If I wanted to, I could have curled my fingers in her silky hair and pulled her off of me. Because despite the tight seal she formed with her mouth around my cock, my strength was more than enough to overcome that.

But I didn't.

"Fuck, that feels good, baby." I grunted out, pulling her down deeper, burying another good inch down her tight throat. Any resistance I felt was gone. Her mouth felt insanely good. I don't know if it was just due to her superior cocksucking skills, or the sizzling knowledge that this was my own daughter giving me such pleasure, but it didn't matter. All that mattered was how good it felt to have this amazingly sexy young woman sucking my dick as if her life depended on it.

Kaylee was relentless. She was energetically forcing herself deeper onto my thick meat, not needing any help from me. Her gooey spit dripped down towards the root of my cock as she attacked my meat with ferocity, her mouth filled to the brim with her father's dick. It was clearly a struggle for her. Her face was flushed and her eyes were watery, but I could tell there was nothing she would rather be doing. She carved up enough space in her throat to take even more dick, taking over seven inches into her mouth. She worked up a good cocksucking rhythm, working over most of my cock smoothly on every stroke. Once she was able to maintain this, she used one of her hands to softly massage

my swollen, now saliva coated balls. As she did this, she looked up at me.

Seeing my sweet, lovely young daughter staring up at me from my crotch, her lips stretched around my large dick, saliva coating her chin, her eyes heavy with lust, looking like nothing more than a wicked, scheming little whore... as sexy as she looked, I had to look away.

However there was no escaping looking upon my daughter's wickedness. My eyes caught a reflection across the room from us, a mirror, and once I saw it, I couldn't look away. I saw myself, flushed with a thin sheen of sweat, lying back on the couch. And in front of me, between my legs, I saw my daughter from behind. I saw the full length of her sexy bare back. I saw the back of her head as she bobbed in my lap, my hand still resting in her chestnut locks as she attacked her own father's throbbing cock. From behind, I could see the sides of her huge breasts even from behind, the smooth flesh jiggling as she sucked me. But my eyes were drawn to her awesome, spandex covered ass.

My mind flashed to a few months prior. One of our neighbors had thrown a cookout, and me and Kaylee and Jen had all attended. I was helping out inside the kitchen when I overheard some conversation coming from outside. It was two guys talking away from the crowd.

"Hey, did you check out Shane's daughter?" One of the guys asked.

"Which one is that? You mean the geeky girl with the buck teeth, or the one with the ass and shakes it like she's gagging for it." The other one replied.

"Dude, oh my God. That girl got all the good genes. Jesus Christ, that girl's body is hot fire. Those fucking tits. And that ass... Jesus, it's taking every fiber in my being not to get on my knees and worship that fucking ass." The first guy said.

"That kind of ass can destroy a man."

I stifled the urge to beat these two's brains in. I made my way outside and followed those two dipshits eyes towards Kaylee and Jen, and didn't leave their side again. I knew right then the wolves were circling.

But their words and descriptions were all I could think about at the moment. Being able to appreciate it from all angles, from both looking down at her and from her reflection in the mirror, gave me a primo view of her magnificent rear end.

To put it bluntly, her ass was fucking incredible. A work of art. The envy of any girl her own age, or any woman, really. Models, porn stars, all would give anything for a behind like hers. It was full and round, each cheek full and perfectly shaped. They jutted out from her thin, lithe frame like ripe fruit, just perky and full, such perfection just begging to be touched and squeezed. Even the crevice between those perfect cheeks was somehow sexy, those two jiggy cheeks pressed together in just the right way, hiding the delights in-between.

Knowing what I know now, her choice of those tight, black stretchy shorts was very deliberate. Even though she couldn't have possibly known sex would happen today, I had no doubt that she had worn it to showcase her ass to me. She wanted to flounce around me all day, all hot and sweaty and horny, her ass bouncing and her boobs jiggling, no doubt wanting to inspire illicit thoughts in her own father. Illicit, dirty thoughts, thoughts no father should have of his daughter. And that's what she wanted. She wanted to work me up, drive me crazy, trying to get me to do bad things to her. And bad things I was doing.

"Fuck." I grunted out, resting my palm on her head as she vigorously sucked me off. She had gotten a good nine inches down her tight throat. My cock was now coated with her saliva. "Fuck, I love it, Kaylee. You suck cock so fucking well." I groaned.

After a few minutes of working over my thick shaft, she lifted her mouth from me, my soaked cock connected to her mouth by bands of drool. Her lips curled into an almost drunken smile as she moved her face in.

"Oh my God." she moaned out, her voice slightly hoarse from the cock that had invaded her throat. Kaylee held my cock up and leaned in to kiss the underside of my shaft, near my sack. "It's so big, Daddy." She purred, planting soft, spongy kisses along the underside of my cock, working her way upward. "I love it." she gasped out, kissing the sensitive underside of the tip, planting, wet, gooey kisses over and over. "I love it (kiss), I love it (kiss), I love it (kiss)... God, this is a real fucking cock. Not a fucking teenage boy dick. Just a fat fucking man cock! A real cock! Perfect for a little teenage slut like me." she marveled, pointing the tip of it at her mouth and planting a long, smooth kiss on the head.

"Shit!" I moaned out, seeing my daughter's lips pressed against the head of my cock and seeing her mischievous eyes flashing illicit, lustful thoughts. She pulled her lips back and moved lower, inches away from my heavy balls.

"God, just look at them." she whispered, her eyes glued to my balls. She move in and gave each testicle a soft kiss. "Jesus, Daddy, even your balls are fucking sexy." she said, giving me a coy smile. She moved her face in, closed her eyes, and rubbed her face against my smooth, spit covered scrotum. After a few moments of this, she pulled back,

sighing. "You're such a man." she purred, her warm breath caressing my nuts. "All my friends will be sooooo jealous that my Daddy has such huge balls... Can I suck them, Daddy? Please... I'll be gentle." she asked, looking up at me, biting her bottom lip in that irresistible way she does. I gave her a slight nod, and that wicked smile returned to her lips. She dove forward, attaching her open mouth to one of my swollen nuts.

"Ohhhh... shit, Kaylee!" I grunted out. Her plump lips formed a tight seal around my left testicle, taking it in her mouth, her tongue gently playing with it, coating it and massaging it. The pleasure I was feeling was so visceral my eyes began rolling into the back of my head. I patted her head appreciatively. She slid her mouth across my sack, taking the other ball into her mouth, giving it the same treatment she gave the other. She licked and sucked it gently, feeling my cum swollen balls against her tongue. She looked up at me, her eyes flashing with lust as she saw me now unresisting to her advances. She extended her tongue licking up from my scrotum up the length of my cock along the underside, her tongue massaging the tip before closing her lips around the head gently. She sucked

the tip firmly for a few moments, but I needed more. A lot more.

As she nibbled the tip, I slid my hand under her chin, urging her to stand. Her eyes twinkled at me as she complied, releasing my cock with a pop and bouncing onto her feet with an excited smile.

"You ready, Daddy?" she chirped. "You ready to fuck your little princess?" she teased, her fingers playing with the hem of her tight shorts.

"Yeah." I groaned, stroking my shaft with my hand, my eyes locked onto her massive tits again, admiring the way they jiggled.

"Tell me... tell me what you want." she said hotly, her voice heavy with need.

"I want to fuck you... I want to fuck my little princess." I said, her hazel eyes flashing with this admission. "I want to fuck my little slut of a daughter. I want to put every inch of my

big cock inside you. I want to make my little princess scream in pleasure." I admitted. She began to pant with lust.

"Oh my God!" she moaned. She ripped her tight shorts down to the floor. And just like that, my daughter was completely exposed to me. My eyes immediately locked onto her pussy, nearly bare save for a thin strip of trimmed black hair, a sexy landing strip that sent a violent shudder of lust through me. I stopped stroking for fear of losing control. Her pussy was as sexy as the rest of her, two small, plump lips, moisture coating her entire crotch. She was as ready to go as I was. I took one look at the mirror behind her, admiring her naked ass, now seeing her sexy ass-crack bare and exposed. Just seeing my daughter, my little princess, completely naked in front of me, so exposed... so sexy... so much naked flesh, for a second I lost control.

Before she could react, I stood up, slid my hands to her sides, spun her around and pushed her onto her back on the couch. Breathing deeply, chest heaving with lust, she spread her legs, rubbing her naked cunt as she looked up at me. It was a lewd picture, looking at my family couch in my living room, only instead of an innocent familial moment, I was seeing my naked daughter laid out on the cushions, her

lithe body stretching along its length, waiting for me to join her, to get on top of her and give her what we both wanted.

"Take me, Daddy." she moaned out, "I'm yours."

With no hesitance left, I stepped forward and joined her on the couch, kneeling between her legs and leaning over her. She slid down and grasped my thick weapon, stroking it a few times before placing it against the outside of her waiting cunt. My bare cock was now pressed against my daughter's naked cunt, and at this point, the thought didn't bother me. Nothing was stopping me.

I was going to fuck my daughter.

I was on top of her and she was under me. I was naked, as was she. Her legs were spread lewdly, tempting her father into the forbidden world of incest.

"Do it, Daddy." Kaylee begged, her legs spread around my hips, our sweat mingling. "Fuck me! Fuck your little slut!"

Driven by my pure instinct, by primal need, I began to insert my cock into the sexiest creature I had ever laid my eyes on, that being my daughter. Her tight little cunt resisted for a few moments, but I was unrelenting. And finally, her plump little lips began to yield, spreading around the tip of my cock, smothering it with pleasure.

"AAAHHH! Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Kaylee squealed out. "Holy shit, that's fucking big! Oh my God!"

I continued pushing, driving into her, her silky cunt spreading even more, until the entirety of the head of my cock slid into her.

"Oh my God!" I grunted. She was so god damn tight!

"Fuck, hold on, hold on, hold on!" she panted, pushing her little hands against my chest. I paused, holding just the tip of my cock in her silky pussy. Kaylee reached back behind her, her hands slapping the table next to the couch, until she found what she was looking for. Her phone.

"What are you doing?" I asked with a strained voice, struggling to resist the urge to drive my full length inside her.

"Look at that." she said softly, guiding my eyes down. We looked together at our conjoined crotches, her small little cunt spread wide around my invading shaft, holding just the tip, leaving the rest of my large cock poised at the ready, ready to shove ten thick inches inside and experience the heavenly pleasure she was offering. As I stared, the light from her phone's camera flashed. I looked down at her, confused, but she smiled mischievously.

"I want to remember this moment forever." Kaylee confessed. "And just wait till I show my friends how fucking huge you are. They will be super jealous." I looked down at her, unsure if she was serious, but her squeezing cunt erased any objections. She slid her hands around me, cupping my ass, and pulled me in.

"C'mon Daddy, give it to me!" she begged. "Fuck me!"

I gritted my teeth and began to push my way into my daughter's cunt, her tight pussy yielding to my thick slab of meat, her plump lips spreading around me.

"Oh my God." she sighed as I entered her. She gripped my ass, her nails digging in, pulling me deeper. I was about halfway in, her tight cunt soaked with her juices, lubing my cock. Her inner walls were clinging to my dick, smothering it, massaging it. It felt so fucking good. "EEEEeeeeeeiiiiiiyyyyyaaaaa! YES!" she screamed out as I pushed deeper.

"Holy shit!" I grunted out, in shock. I had never felt anything like this. I had no idea a pussy could feel this fucking good.

My daughter's pussy was like magic.

I pushed deeper, getting three quarters of my cock inside of her. Her cunt kept squeezing at me, smothering her father's dick with pleasure, resisting the massive piece of meat trying to enter her while simultaneously pulling me in deeper.

"Oh my God, Daddy. OH MY GOD!" she squealed, her cunt convulsing in pleasure. Her pussy was loving this. I was shocked that a girl her age, with her thin, lithe body and extra-tight pussy, could take so much dick. But she could. Her pussy was stretched to the max around me, clinging to my cock, but she was taking it, taking it deep and eager for more. I kept pushing, bottoming out at about nine inches in her tight little cunt. I let out a sigh.

"Holy shit!" I gasped out, impressed that my daughter could take so much of my cock. I looked down at her, expecting to see her face to be a mask of pleasure, but what I saw was a look of determination. She gripped my ass and pulled me in roughly, forcing that last inch inside of her, my balls slapping against her ass. "UUUGGGGHHH!" I grunted.

"AAAHHHHH! FUCK!" she screamed out, her voice scratchy as she felt such primal pleasure. We both stayed pressed together, holding position, our bare, sweaty chests sliding against each other, her nipples scratching my chest. Her hands slid up my back, rubbing my tensed back as I

rode out the pleasure of my daughter's cunt wrapped around every inch of my naked cock.

I let my body relax, letting my forehead rest against Kaylee's shoulder as I slid my cock around inside of her, swiveling it ever so slightly, holding all ten inches inside of her.

"Oh fuck, just keep doing that." Kaylee sighed softly in my ear, her limbs wrapped around me, clutching me like a spider. She slid her hands to my head and pulled my face to her. Her open mouth leapt to mine, her eager tongue sliding into my mouth, mashing against my own savagely. Our open mouths were sealed tightly together as me and my daughter made out deeply, our cheeks hollowed as we went at it. As my tongue and hers did battle, the slippery muscles sliding against each other, I began to pump my dick in and out of her, slowly, rising first, pulling out my juice-covered organ to nearly the tip before driving it back into her. Kaylee pulled her lips from mine. Now we were panting into each other's mouth.

"Fuck me, Daddy." she gasped. "Fuck me!" I began to pick up the pace, working up a good rhythm, my slick cock sliding into her. "Uhh... ahh... guh... yeah." she panted, reacting to each thrust. She grabbed my head again and moved it down. "Suck my big tits, Daddy. Suck them, baby. It's all I've ever wanted you to do."

I slid my head down as I ran my hands up her sides. I filled my hands with her enormous breasts, letting them overflow my hands, kneading them firmly, not able to get enough of them. They were just so perfect. I moved my face down and attached my mouth to her throbbing right nipple, surrounding it, sucking on the hardened nub, sliding my tongue against it. I flicked my tongue against the rubbery cap as my mouth feasted on her nipple and the surrounding breast flesh, taking as much as I could into my eager mouth. As I did, I just kept squeezing and squeezing, feeling a softness I had never experienced before. Only a truly huge, natural pair of tits like the immaculate pair my daughter sported could be this good.

I was fully immersed in the lusty delights of my daughter's hot body. My mouth on her nipples, my hands and face against her soft tits. And my cock, almost numb from the

nearly overwhelming pleasure of her tight, gripping cunt as I built to a pace of true fucking. I had never felt this level of pleasure before. This was on a whole new plane of physical bliss, bringing out things in my own body that I didn't know I had. My cock was throbbing, though my endurance was holding up. Her sweet cunt was keeping me on edge but I was holding out from going over. Just barely.

"Oh my God, Daddy, you're amazing." she sighed. "I knew you would be." she whispered in my ear, kissing my ear. I couldn't reply, my mouth being full of her nipple at the time, so I just fucked her a little deeper. "AHHH! YES! Daddy, I love it! You're so good!"

For a few minutes, I just drove into her, our sighs and grunts and the slapping of our skin the only noises we made. But Kaylee couldn't contain herself.

"Uhhhhh, fuck! Look at you, Daddy. Look how hot you were for me. We were alone for only, like, 24 hours before you were balls deep inside me. Mommy must not be getting the job done, huh?" she asked, her tone changing into one far more nasty as she held her lips near my ear. "Tell me

Dad... does Mom fuck you good? No, you know what, don't tell me. I don't even want to think about Mom having sex. It's just... ugh, gross. I don't think Mom gets you off anymore. Fuck, I mean... how could she? You guys have been together so long... oh shit... so long that the sizzle has to be gone. If she ever even had any sizzle... oh yes. She's kind of a train wreck now. I bet Mom's never really gotten you off. Never turned you on the way I do. Mommy got so dull and ugly, so my big, strong daddy looked elsewhere. Ughhh, God it's so good! YES! Daddy's eyes began to wander, landing on his own daughter... so wrong... so filthy... so hot. Daddies like you need something to get you off when mommies can't do it anymore... so you had me. You're gorgeous, darling daughter with the huge tits and the perfect ass. You had me to make your cock hard. You had my ass to make your balls swell. Fuck! You had my tits to fantasize about, to make that cock explode with all that thick, yummy cum."

"Ugh, fuck!" I grunted, driving into her harder. My daughter had such a filthy mouth! I loved it! Every nasty word she said sent a shiver through my dick. Her pussy had completely adapted to my driving cock, molding around it, lubing it and smoothly taking every inch of it on each

stroke. Her nails were still digging into my back, and the backs of her legs were against mine, pulling me in as I fucked her.

"UGGGHHHHHH! Oh my God!" she squealed out, her pussy quivering around me. "Just like that, Daddy. Just like that. You're gonna make me cum. Oh fuck! I'm gonna cum, Daddy. I'm gonna cum! You're gonna make your little princess cum, Daddy! Yes! Yes! YES! YES! YES! FUCK! Oh my God! Yes! FUCK! UUUUUUGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH! AAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH! I'M CUMMMMMMIIINNNGGGG! YYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSS!"

As my daughter yelled out her orgasm into my ear, I kept driving into her, giving her my full length as she came, her tight cunt locking around my pole, almost driving me over the edge as well. As she reached her crescendo, her nails dug into back roughly, no doubt leaving their mark. Her firm, lithe legs pulled me in tight, holding me snugly inside of her, forcing our bodies close. Her flat belly mashed into mine, her large breasts pushed into my chest and her mouth bit into my shoulder. The pleasure made her lose

control, her young body barely able to handle such a violent release of gratification. I held myself completely inside her, holding still, my ass clenched as I kept myself in place, where my cock belonged, deep inside my daughter's cunt. Finally her body relaxed and I pulled back slightly and looked down at Kaylee, her limbs sliding to the couch, her face a mask of blissed out pleasure, her hair spread out on the couch under her head. Her chest was panting, her hard nipples stabbing upward from her smooth breast flesh. She was clearly dazed, almost looking drunk with pleasure. She looked up at me, her head rolling side-to-side in her daze.

"Oh my God, ha ha..." she giggled, bringing the back of her hand to her mouth, hiding her mouth as she looked up at me, almost in awe. "Daddy... that was amazing." she said, following that with another girlish giggle. "I... I... I... haha... I can't even talk that was so good. Hehe." she tittered, as if all the endorphins running through her system prevented her from talking without giggling. "Oh my god, I'm sorry, I don't usually get this giggly after I cum." she apologized. She steeled herself, regaining her composure, and looked up at me predatorily. She put one of her hands on my chest, pushing me up lightly, communicating with me wordlessly. I sat up and pulled my soaked but still throbbing prick from

her silky cunt as she sat up in front of me, her eyes staying on mine, a lustful smirk on her lips. Now sitting on her sexy butt, she used both hands to push me down into a seated position. I kept my eyes on her as I did so, watching her boobs jiggle as she straddled me, feeling a shiver run through me as her hand slid down and began stroking me again.

"Daddy, that was incredible." she panted, voice heavy with lust. "I've never cum that hard, like, ever!" she admitted, her nimble fingers working their magic. "And I'm gonna return the favor." She paused, slapping the tip of my cock against her naked cunt. "Normally, I'm on top. And now that I am, I'm gonna give you the best fuck you've ever had. My tight little 18-year-old cunt is gonna fuck... and squeeze... and grind that fat fucking cock of yours, squeeze it so hard till you just have to explode. I'm gonna shove my huge tits in your face while I ride your cock so fucking hard your thighs will turn black and blue. And I'm gonna be a good little slut and let you explode deep inside me. Bury yourself completely inside me, and fire off all that thick, nasty cum ten inches deep inside your slutty daughter's filthy, unprotected cunt! This is what I give to you, Daddy. Don't you want it?"

My face flashed a look of concern at the implications of her words. But she didn't give me a chance to respond. Before I could say anything, she began to sit on my cock again, taking it inside her, smoothly lowering herself till her ass rested on my balls.

"Oooooohhhh... fuck!" I grunted out loudly. I gulped down some breaths as I looked forward at my daughter, and she looked back at me. For a few moments, it was simply silence, our gaze holding, communicating the truth to each other, communicating the pleasure we were both feeling. Her eyes twinkled at mine as she chewed her lip softly. She looked so gorgeous, so angelic, but the way this contrasted with her voluptuous body and with what we were about to do sent a surge of violent lust through me. At that moment, I wanted nothing more than to make my daughter scream and moan in pleasure. I wanted to make her cum, and I wanted to cum inside her. I wanted to cum inside my own daughter's tight, wet cunt. This is what she had driven me to. She could sense this change in me and let her cute expression transform into a lustful sneer. At this same moment, her pussy squeezed at my throbbing cock, causing my head to roll back against the couch.

Kaylee ground her cunt around my dick, flexing her ass as she drove her hips down into me. She wrapped her hands around my neck, gripping onto me as she began to bounce.

"Ugh... fuck, Kaylee!" I said through gritted teeth, trying to stifle the pleasure and not lose control too quickly. I rested my hands on her hips as she began to ride all ten inches of my turgid shaft. She switched off between bouncing her entire body and simply bouncing her ass, smoothly taking all of my meat in and out of her. "Fuck, that's fucking good!" I grunted out, my body tensed.

"God, I love hearing you curse... it's so fucking hot." she panted out, her amazing body bouncing on mine. "I always knew you were a bad Daddy! I knew you were filthy!" she said with a lustful pride. "I knew you were an animal. You always acted so normal, so fucking good... and perfect... and sexy... but you had to have some flaw. Fuck yes! Nobody's perfect. Some guys gamble, some drink, and you... you fantasize about being balls deep in your own daughter. Your slutty, big-boobed daughter who shakes her butt when she walks. It's so fucked up, Daddy. But don't worry... I like

it. I fucking love it! I fucking love that my own daddy ogles his little princess. Don't feel bad, you're not alone. Teenage sluts like me are the kryptonite for studly daddies like you. My friends always tell me they catch their daddies giving them 'the look' when their moms aren't looking. It's not their fault. They can't be blamed when little sluts like me have such hot bodies and wear so little clothing. They can't help it when even their own daughters flirt with them. Most stop there, but at least you have the balls to follow through with it and seal the deal. Mmmm, your cock feels so good inside me. Fuck! Tell me, Daddy. Tell me you're a bad daddy. Yes!"

She fucked me, her pace slow and firm as she waited for my reply. I didn't disappoint.

"I'm a bad daddy!" I told her.

"AHHH! Fuck!" she moaned, bouncing faster. "Say it again!"

"I'm a bad daddy! I'm a bad father!" I repeated, using my hands to drive her down onto me. It felt so fucking good. How did my little girl get so good at sex?

"YES! God dammit!" she called out, stopping her bouncing to really grind against me, swiveling her hips, swirling her cunt around me. "And do you know what bad daddies do?" she asked with a lustful sneer, her cunt squeezing around me. "Bad daddies rub their faces in their daughters' huge tits!" she said, sliding her arms around my head, pulling herself forward till she smothered my face with her enormous rack once more.

"Ha Ha! YES!" Kaylee squealed as she scrubbed her mammoth, sweaty breasts against my face. I fully immersed myself in them, pushing my face forward into her deep cleavage as she pressed her breasts firmly over every square inch of my face. The smooth masses of tanned, perky flesh slid across my face as she moved her torso back and forth, her nipples tracing a haphazard path as they scraped across my cheeks. The feeling of such incredible softness drew my hands upward till they cupped her massive breasts, squeezing them firmly as I took a nipple into my mouth. I bit down on it firmly, and her reaction was immediate.

"UUUUUUGGGGGGHHHHHHHH! FUCK!" she yelled, her moans almost guttural. She pressed my face roughly into her chest, arching her back, trying to force more of her massive breast into my mouth. As she did, she leaned back, pulling me down, her hips driving into mine as roughly as she could, her cunt attempting to draw my cock into release and squeeze every drop of cum out of me. But I held strong, sucking her soft breast roughly, the way I knew she wanted it. We held in this awkward position, my back straining. The pain was offset by the pleasure. Her cunt was squeezing my cock so fucking hard as she ground into me and I wasn't about to stop it. She was leaning so far back that her hair was brushing against the ground, but her dancer's training made her able to hold this position for longer than I thought possible. Most importantly, in this position, she was forcing her huge tits upward, my mouth still sucking her nipples as my palms squeezed my daughter's huge tits over and over again, worshipping them with my hands. I would have kept doing this forever, but finally she sat forward, forcing me back against the couch but keeping her nipple in my mouth as she looked down at me, fire in her eyes.

"Oh my God, Daddy! Fuck me! Fuck me hard right now! PLEASE!" she begged in a panic. She began to bounce at a quick pace, keeping her arms around me as she held my face against her chest. "Do it Daddy. Do it hard! Please!" I slid my hands from her breasts and down to her ass, putting a hand on each of the cheeks, squeezing them and forcing her down, assisting her as she rode me hard. This gave me leverage to fuck up at her, and this drove her crazy.

"AAAAHHHHH! YES! YES!" she squealed. "So good! Yes! You're unbelievable. I can't believe I'm actually having sex with my own dad, and I can't believe it's so FUCKING GOOD!" she said, digging her nails into my scalp. Then she pushed me back so she could look down at me fully while she fucked me.

"Do you love me, Daddy?" she asked, bouncing at a vigorous pace.

"Yes, baby. I love you." I replied, driving up into her.

"Even though I'm a little slut? Your slutty little princess?" she asked.

"YES! Don't worry baby, it only makes me love you more."
I affirmed, squeezing her bouncing ass.

"More than Mom?" she asked. "Oh, fuck!" she moaned. It sounded so wrong, but I had to give the answer she wanted, cause it was the truth.

"Yes. I love you more than your mother." I confirmed.

"YES! God yes!" she squealed. "You love your filthy, foul-mouthed, big-boobed slut of a daughter more than your loyal, loving wife?"

"Fuck yes!" I groaned, causing her to bounce harder.

"UHHHH YES! FUCK YES!" she screamed out, her pussy spasming around my prick, her juices coating my balls. "Daddy, this is so... fuck... God damn, yes... this is so fucking good! I am SO done with boys my own age. YES! I'm only fucking MEN from now on! Real men with big, fat, manly dicks. Like my Daddy! Boys my own age can fucking give

up, cause I'm only spreading my legs for older studs who know how to make little sluts like me squeal! YES!" she proclaimed, her ass slamming into my thighs.

"You're a little fucking whore, aren't you?" I asked, driving up into her.

"Yes, Daddy! I'm a little fucking whore, your fucking whore, and you love it!" she replied, smiling wide. I looked up at her, letting a trace of a wolfish smile cross my lips, causing her eyes to flash with lust. "Oh my God, you're gonna be the perfect older hunky Daddy boyfriend! We're gonna be fucking so much from now on! Mom won't get a single drop of your cum anymore! You won't want to give her any. You'll be too busy hosing me down. Painting my pretty face... my huge tits... filling every one of my holes... my mouth... my pussy... my ass... you won't have any left for Mom. I need it, I deserve it, not her."

She let my cock fill her to the balls and held it there, squeezing her tight cunt around me as she ground into me.

"FUCK!" I yelled out, the pleasure almost too much to take. I gripped her ass hard, trying desperately to cope with this level of sexual pleasure. "God dammit Kaylee, you're so fucking good!"

"Better than Mommy?" she asked in my ear, still swiveling her hips, grinding into me with determination.

"Yes!" I replied, my eyes scrunched shut with pleasure. "You are so much better than your mother."

"FUCK YES! Squeeze my boobs, Daddy! I love it when you squeeze them." she begged, which I happily obliged. I slid my hands up her slick, sweaty body to her jiggling tits, groping the smooth flesh roughly. "AHHHH YES!" she gasped. She pushed her big boobs outward into my greedy hands. "You love squeezing your daughter's big boobs more than you ever loved mom, right?"

"YES! Your tits are fucking amazing!" I told her, enraptured by her amazing rack, gripping them. "I love them more than I ever loved Jen."

"Fuck, I love it, Daddy! You should tell me that every day. You should complement my big boobs and hot ass every chance you get. Tell me how gorgeous I am and never give Mom any compliments. Make her feel old and ugly and make sure she knows that you think I'm hot. I want Mommy to know that her husband thinks their daughter is super sexy. Let Mom know that you think I'm a hot piece of ass." Kaylee urged, squeezing my cock with her tight cunt.

"AHHHHH, GOD!" I groaned out in pained pleasure. "Whatever you want, babe. Whatever the fuck you want." I was unable to form any resistance anymore. This felt too good to deny, and whatever allowed me to continue feeling this pleasure I would do, even if that meant carrying out an illicit, incestuous affair with my slutty 18-year-old daughter. She pulled herself close, her sweaty breasts pressing into my chest as she brought her lips to my ear, still rhythmically squeezing my cock with her amazing little cunt.

"Admit the truth, Daddy." she whispered, squeezing the life out of my prick. "Admit that Mommy... fuck, yes... your

wife... admit that you think she's ugly. Admit you're not hot for her at all anymore. Admit that you think I'm prettier... hotter... sexier. Admit you love every part of my hot body more than Mom. Admit you love my face... my hair... my lips... my tongue... my long legs... my hot ass... my big tits... my tight little cunt. Admit you love every bit of me more than any part of her. Admit you care more about your gorgeous daughter's hot body than your own wife. Tell me... please!"

Her cunt was pulling me in, sucking my dick in deeper as she spoke, as if sucking me down towards a new depth of depravity.

A descent I couldn't stop.

"Yes, Kaylee," I began, my hands sliding back to her butt, squeezing her amazing ass as she ground into me.

"AHHH!" she moaned.

"I love you more than your mother. I love your huge tits. I love when you show them off. I love the way your amazing ass bounces when you walk. I love seeing your body in a bikini. I love all of that more than I love your mother. I love every single inch of my daughter's juicy body more than I love her. I would rather squeeze your tits than hold her close... I would rather rim your ass than kiss her again... I would rather make you moan than make her happy." I snarled in her ear. Where before I was reluctant to trash-talk my wife, now I couldn't stop the words from coming.

"Oh my God!" she moaned, almost violently. And before I knew it, her lips jumped to mine, kissing me savagely. She leaned back, pulling me down until I was unable to stay on the couch, both of us falling to the floor. Our limbs tangled as we rolled around, our mouths roughly kissing as we wrestled for control. Eventually I ended up on my back as she sat on top of me, the sweat on our chests mixing as she made out, her tongue mashing into mine as she forced it in my mouth. Finally, she sat up straight, sliding her hands to my chest as she began to bounce again.

"Oh my God, Daddy. Fuck me! Fuck me HARD!" she begged, my hands slapping onto her big, bouncing boobs

again. "I need it so bad! I need you to fuck me! I want to cum on my daddy's big hard cock again!"

I began to drive up into her, making her squeal loudly.

"Uh... uh... fuck... Daddy, make me cum... and I'll give you whatever you want! I'll fuck you every day... shit yes... every fucking day. I'll give you my cunt, my mouth and my ass whenever you want them! I'll let you fuck all my slutty friends! Please! Just make me cum! Cum inside me! I need your cum, Daddy! I need it so bad! You have no idea how badly I want you to cum! So do it, Daddy! Cum in my pussy! Cum in your slut daughter's tight fucking cunt!" she demanded loudly.

"Yes, I want to!" I replied, driving up into her as hard as I could, my hands gripping her mammoth tits roughly.

"Tell me!" she gasped. "Tell me what you want!"

"I want to cum in my daughter's tight little cunt! I want to fill your pussy with my thick cum! I want to fill your hot,

teenage cunt with my sperm!" I began, feeling myself turn the corner, sensing she was on the edge as well. She needed one more push, as did I. "I want to make you cum on my hard cock! I want to cum inside my own daughter! I want to make you pregnant!!" I screamed out. I had no idea where that last demand came from, but the filth of the words hit us at the same time.

And in that moment of realization, the world exploded in wicked pleasure.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" she screamed as loud as she could.

"FFFFFFFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCCCC
KKKKKKKKKKKKKK!" I grunted, sounding more beast than man.

At the same moment that my balls finally exploded inside my daughter, her cunt locked around all ten inches of my cock as she met my orgasm with her own.

"GGGAAAAAWWWWDDDD!

YYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS!"

Kaylee screamed.

"SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!" I groaned.

Jet after jet of cum erupted from my cock deep into the warm confines of my daughter's silky cunt. Streams of thick, sticky cum painted the inside of my daughter's unprotected pussy, my balls exploding with a satisfaction I didn't know possible.

"I feel it! I feel it!" she gasped, her cunt flexing around me, her hips driving her ass down into me.

"God, it's so good!" I cried out, my eyes closed, the pleasure too great to bear. My cock kept firing rockets of heavy cum deep inside her, filling up her sweet, teenage cunt.

"Fill me, Daddy! Fill me! Knock me up! Knock your little slut up!" she begged. One last flexing wave of pleasure hit me, a final stream of cum firing from deep in my balls to

the inside of her welcoming womb. My back flexed, my body tensed and all air left my lungs. For a moment, I was floating, floating on a wave of pure, unadulterated pleasure. Something I had never experienced with Jen. But my daughter was able to give it to me. And for that, I would be forever grateful.

At last, my body relaxed, and I gasped in a breath of heated air. My eyes were closed as I panted, feeling my daughter collapse on top of me, gasping like me as she left that same plateau of pleasure.

I think we both passed out for a while, for how long, I don't know. It could have been hours, it could have been moments. But when I came to, my daughter was curled up next to me, her breasts against my side as she caressed my fit chest with her dainty hand. I looked over at her and she smiled at me confidently, almost smugly.

"I can't believe this finally happened." she said. "I can't believe me and you finally hooked up. Oh my God, me and my dad are lovers. This is so awesome!" she said excitedly. She squeezed at my sweaty chest lustfully. "Dad, you have

no idea how fucking hot you are. All my friends say so. They are all so jealous of me, and they're gonna fucking hate that I got to you first."

"Is that right?" I asked, my expression even.

"Uh, yeah, duh!" she stated, leaning up slightly, resting on her elbow. "Dad, do you have any idea how many girls you make wet? You have no idea how many 18-year-old sluts' thongs you've soaked. Isn't that exiting? Way more exciting than boring old Mom, right?" she asked, clearly wanting to take my temperature and see where I stood now that we had come down from our high. I looked up at her, a pregnant pause between us. Finally, I smiled.

"Way more exciting." I said, looking at her huge tits lustfully. She smiled in relief and I pulled her down, our lips meeting again, smacking together. She slid her body up onto mine as we made out again. She finally pulled back, her expression bright.

"Daddy, I meant what I said. Any of my friends, you can have them. Some of 'em, I want you to fuck just to get them

to shut up. I want them to know what I'm getting. I want to give them a taste, just to know what they can't have on a regular basis like me." She leaned down, resting her head on my chest. "There's Trish... she's really hot. She has amazing hair and a great ass. There's Jessa... she's that red-head, you remember her? She's got boobs almost as big as mine. And then there's Keisha. She's, you know... the black girl that came over here on my birthday. She has nice big tits and that fucking perfect, black girl ass."

"What about that one you mentioned a couple days ago? Brenda? She sounded like she knew how to get down." I said.

"Oh my God! Yes! That would be such a good idea! I SO want to see what she's capable of. So, Keisha, and Trish, and Jessa, and Brenda... Daddy, you can have all of them, and more. Plus me, of course. You're my boyfriend now, and with all these teenage sluts on your cock, you don't need to fuck Mommy again. Mmm, I can feel how much you like that." she said, feeling my cock stiffening against her belly. I smiled up at her.

"Tell me Daddy, tell me you won't fuck Mommy again. Promise me." she begged, pouting her lip.

"I won't fuck her again." I promised, not sure if it would be possible to keep it, but wanting to give her whatever she wanted.

"Daddy, me and my friends all felt so bad for you for so long." she began, pouting her lip. "You're a hunky slab of man and we all knew you deserved better than Mom. We all talked about it, hoping you would just remarry and find someone more deserving. Mom's nice, I guess, but she is SO boring! And she is not hot enough for you. Not even close! You're my daddy, and you deserve the best! We heard you guys getting it on once, and it was not impressive. I was so embarrassed! I mean, my own mother was just so pathetic in bed that she couldn't give you what you needed. All my friends made fun of her, and it was so bad I had to join in. We all thought we should be hearing the bed slamming against the fucking wall. I wanted to hear you scream and moan and curse but Mom kept you silent. She was that dull!"

"Yeah." I said softly, recalling my sex life with Jen. Dull was the right word. After what I just did with Kaylee, it had become clear my wife had zero talent in the bedroom. And my daughter... she was VERY talented.

"I kept thinking about it. My daddy deserves the best! He shouldn't be with a gross old lady anymore. He deserves a hot little piece of ass! I dreamed of the day I would catch you in bed with some slut. I wanted to see your big manly hands squeezing a pair of, just, huge fucking boobs! I wanted to see you slapping a perfect heart-shaped ass! I wanted to see my daddy's cock inside the hottest, tightest slut you could find! I wanted it, and you deserved it."

She kissed the side of my face energetically, lustfully.

"I was getting so bored with dull high school boys. I wanted a man! A man who knew what he was doing! A man who knew how to fuck! I needed a hot older man with a fat daddy-dick to stretch out my little cunt in just the right way. I wanted a real man to handle my hot body in the way it deserves. It took me way too fucking long to realize... I

needed my daddy. And my daddy... he needed his daughter. Now more than ever."

She kissed my lips again, her plump lips sliding against mine.

"As soon as I thought about it, I realized it was the only thing I ever wanted. I wanted my father so bad! All my friends had talked about you so much, how hot you were. And I could never admit I wanted you too. But I did! I SO did! I needed it, and it was what you needed too. I needed to fuck my daddy, and he needed to fuck me. I LOVED flirting with you, Daddy, showing my hot body to you, hinting that your little princess was secretly filthy, but you were a little slow on seeing the signs." she said with a laugh.

"Well, I'm sorry I didn't realize my daughter wanted my cock." I replied. She giggled, her head falling into my chest.

"Well, I did want your cock, and now I that have it I am never letting it go. We are gonna be fucking a lot! I hope you can keep up." she dared, raising her thin eyebrows as she gripped my cock.

"I think I can handle it." I replied with a smirk.

"Hahaha, yes, yes you can! You know what you're doing. You're a man, and I'm more of a woman than Mom in every way. I can't wait to show you off too. Before I release my friends on you, I'm gonna invite them all over just so they can listen to us getting it on. They can listen to my daddy in some serious action! They can hear what you're like when you're with a real woman. Me. And I will tell them all how you will be spoiling me rotten, how my daddy is the most awesome boyfriend in the world... God, it will be so hot! You're gonna get me a car, and clothes, sexy clothes, itty bitty underwear, expensive jewelry... my friends will be so jealous! I love it!" she sighed, resting her head on my chest. A silence fell in the room for a while before she began to stir once more.

"Mmmm, Daddy, you're such a man." she gasped, sliding her belly against my swollen prick. "All ready to go again already. Well, luckily, your little slut is always ready for more."

She pushed herself up onto her feet, standing over me.

"C'mon Daddy." she began. "We've got a whole weekend ahead of us, and you've got a nice big comfy bed." With that, she began to pad away, shaking her butt at me as she looked over her shoulder while she turned the corner and ascended the stairs. Finding energy I didn't know I had, I hopped up to my feet and followed my daughter, my hard dick leading the way.

(Later that day)

(Jen)

It was almost... grotesque. Monstrous. It didn't seem real, and if my eyes weren't seeing it, I wouldn't believe it.

I couldn't believe a girl's asshole could take that much dick.

But apparently, my daughter's asshole could. And watching it happen, watching the penetration from mere feet away, it seemed inhuman.

Kaylee was on her belly on my bed, sticking her ass up slightly. And my husband, her father, was above her. His hands were gripping the bed sheets, his naked body covered in sweat, his ass clenching rhythmically as he drove downward, driving his throbbing granite shaft into his own daughter's butthole. Gone was my sweet, loving husband, and in his place, an absolute animal. I barely recognized him. And I barely recognized his dick.

Obviously, I knew my husband's dick, but this was different. Even though it was clear they had worked up a good rhythm, and his cock was going smoothly into her eager butthole, he was still fucking a girl's ass, and that act wasn't easy. Her asshole was tight and gave resistance to the meaty invader entering inside her. When this happened, the skin and flesh of his thick meaty cock would bend slightly, until his cock overcame the resistance, re-entering her tight rear-end smoothly. But this act, the motion of this huge cock forcing it's way into her small, tight hole in such a grotesque manner, seeing his flesh and tissue warp and bend as it

pushed into her asshole, and not only that, witnessing my own daughter's tight little asshole spread wide around her father's massive cock, just all of this was... it was disturbing to watch.

And then there was watching my husband's heavy, swollen balls colliding against Kaylee's ass, hearing the rhythmic slapping of skin on skin... It was a bestial rhythm of sin in the most illicit of acts, of energetic father-daughter incest. Hearing his grunting moans, hearing my daughter's lusty sighs, hearing the filth their mouths spilled... it was the symphony of hell, being orchestrated from my marital bed.

"Fuck! FUCK! Fuck my ass, Daddy! Fuck my ASS!" Kaylee screamed.

"God fucking damn, Kaylee! Your ass is so fucking tight!" my husband grunted, his voice barely recognizable.

"Oh my God, Daddy, you sure do know how to fuck a girl's asshole." Kaylee complimented. "Does Mommy ever let you fuck her ass?"

"No... never." Shane said.

"Mom doesn't know what she's missing... FUCK! You're so fucking deep in my ass, Daddy. Holy fuck! You're a natural." Kaylee grunted. "Mom is so fucking stupid! And gross! A man like you NEEDS to be fucking a girl's tight ass every fucking day! Not fucking an old lady's disgusting butt, but a teenage slut's perfect asshole! YES! Fuck me! FUCK ME!"

Kaylee squealed in pleasure rhythmically each time her father fully drove his cock into her. She pushed back at him as he fucked her, pushing herself up to her hands and knees, allowing her massive, perky udders hanging below her, to rock and sway from the forceful fucking.

"Yes! YES!" she moaned, driving back roughly at her father, her ass slapping against his taught torso. "This is SO good! Your cock is so fucking deep in my tight little ass! Fuck it harder, Daddy! Fuck it harder! Fuck your little princess's tight fucking ass harder! AHHHHHH! YES! FUCK YES! HARDER! YES! YES! YES!"

My ears rang as my daughter shrieked in delight. As her mother, it was horrifying to hear, a ringing, final confirmation that my little girl was no little girl anymore. That my little angel was not so angelic. Far from it.

And my husband was no better. He had fallen from grace, just like Kaylee had. He was no longer the man I married, the man I knew and loved. He had become a cursing, rutting, lust-filled beast, possessed by something I didn't know. Something my daughter had brought out in him.

"Fuck, Kaylee!" Shane grunted out, using all his muscles to drive his cock into his daughter's butthole. "Your ass is so fucking tight! Holy fuck! It's the tightest hole I've ever fucked!"

"Yes, Daddy! I love it! I fucking love it! Fuck my ass forever!" Kaylee squealed. "Hahahaha! YES! I can't believe Mom let us do this! FUCK! I can't believe she left her horny, under-fucked husband alone with their horny, slutty daughter, and told them to talk about sex! What did she think would happen? SEX! That's what fucking happened! Lots of dirty,

nasty, sweaty fucking! Sizzling hot, incestuous daddy-daughter fucking, the hottest type of fucking! YES!"

Shane drove into her harder, gripping her hips roughly, driving into her at blinding speed, demolishing his daughter's asshole with his mighty weapon.

"AH! AH! AH!" she mewled, the sex too rapid to form words. Her head fell down to the bed, her father's forceful fucking too powerful for her lithe arms to keep her propped up. Shane was now over her, drilling himself into her raised ass, pistoning his thick shaft smoothly into his daughter's ready, yielding butthole at a furious pace. He slid one of his hands under her breasts, squeezing the massive mammary roughly between his fingers. "Uhhh... Daddy!" she moaned.

"Take it, baby! Take my fucking load! Take my fucking cum in your slutty ass! Yes! YES!

UUUUUGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH

FFFFFUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKK

YYYYEEEEESSSSSSSS!" Shane grunted out, driving into her roughly until his climax hit him.

"AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
YYYYYYYEEEESSSSSSSSSS DAAAADDDDDYYYYYY!
YYYYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS!" Kaylee
squealed.

Shane drove himself down, burying his thick ten-incher up to the balls in her tight ass before his orgasm hit him, grinding his hips into her as cum spewed from his swollen cock deep inside our daughter's ass. As he did this, Kaylee's body jerked beneath him as a violent orgasm hit her entire frame, leaving her shaking and quivering.

"GOD FUCKING DAMN!" Shane groaned, his voice showing the almost painful pleasure he was experiencing.

"UUUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
GGGGUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Kaylee groaned, her
body collapsing until she was on her belly once more, her
father's weight on top of her as he ground his cock inside
her, making sure he got every bit of his dick in her as he
rode this wave of sinful pleasure. Kaylee's body writhed as
she matched him beat for beat, riding out this orgasm as
well.

Finally, after riding out the experience as long as they could, they both collapsed to the bed, panting. Shane stayed on top of Kaylee as they recovered.

I was once again reminded of my own presence here. This whole thing had felt like an out-of-body experience, but I was in fact really here, watching this spectacle in my bedroom, watching my husband and our daughter have rough sex. It was awful, it was sickening. And I was still here, kneeling at the doorway, frozen, having done nothing to stop this. Having done nothing to prevent them from descending further into incest.

What now?

I couldn't bring myself to move, but any noise would have alerted them. My mind was addled, clouded by the madness I had just witnessed. Before I could decide, a voice broke the silence.

"Uhhhhh." Kaylee groaned. "Oh my God, Daddy."

My husband began to stir, pushing himself up, his semi-hard cock still in Kaylee's ass. He finally pulled back, pulling his cock from her tight rear end. The helmet emerged, and as if it was acting like a plug, some of his thick creamy cum followed, leaking out from my daughter's gaping asshole and sliding down her crotch before dripping onto the bed.

"Daddy, you filled me! You completely filled my ass up with your cum! Holy fuck!" she marveled softly, sliding her hand back to her rear, feeling the cum that had leaked out of her. She wearily got to her knees in front of him and snaked her fingers around the root of his softening shaft. She moved close to him, her large breasts pushing into his sweaty chest, ballooning outward. She moved her lips to his and gave him a soft, loving kiss.

"Daddy..." she began, giving him another peck on the lips before continuing. "You're my boyfriend now, and I'm your girlfriend, your darling, delightful daughter." She kissed him again. "And now that we've hooked up, now that we've had hot (kiss), sweaty (kiss), nasty (kiss), filthy sex, we will be doing it again (kiss)... and again (kiss)... and again. I'm your

girlfriend, so I get your cum now. All of it (kiss). I want it, I need it, and I deserve it. So you won't be giving any of it to Mom, got it?" she asked, pushing her lips to his again. He looked a little hesitant, at least until she took one of his hands with her free one and pulled it to her, till his hand was cupping one of her massive breasts. After a few squeezes, he looked very compliant. She gave him a wicked little grin.

"I'm your hot, teenage slut girlfriend. And it's your job as my hot older boyfriend to spoil your little slut rotten. You give me whatever I want, and I will give you whatever you want." she affirmed, kissing him long and deep, using her tongue. "Let me get away with anything I want, and your life will improve greatly." She pressed her forehead to his, keeping her eyes locked on his.

"Whatever you want." he whispered. She kissed him softly again.

"Well, now that we're agreed on that, my first command, hehehe... my first command is to rub Mom's face in it. She said she sensed tension between us before? Ha, for now on,

we're gonna be slapping her across the face with that yummy sexual tension! Flirting, sexy comments, innuendo, all of it! I will wear skimpy clothes, show so much skin, and Mom will notice your eyes on me. On my body. Every time I slut it up and show off my tits and my ass, I want you to tell me how beautiful I am, how hot I look. And I want Mom to hear it. I want her to know how much you LOVE my body. And we will be fooling around every chance we get. Right in front of her, even. I am not gonna wait for her to leave the house to have you. We will be fucking with her in the house, her in the other room, her asleep. God, that sounds so hot! I want her to even see us fucking and not even put it together, the fucking dumbass! We will rub our hot fucking in her ugly face and she won't be able to put the pieces together. Ha Ha! This will be SO much fun, Daddy! Don't you agree? Don't you want to cheat right in front of Mommy with me?" she said, giving him another soft kiss.

"Whatever you want." he repeated, squeezing her big boobs again, giving her a slight smile, seemingly dumbed down by her mammoth breasts.

"Awesome!" Kaylee exclaimed. "And now, to seal this new arrangement, we're gonna do something really special.

First, I'm gonna bend over and suck every bit of my ass-juice off your cock till your throbbing hard again. And then, I'm gonna ride your fat cock again until every drop of that pent-up cum has escaped your swollen balls. And we'll do it again... and again... and again, until Mommy gets home. And then, we'll do it again. Daddy, your life's about to get a whole lot better."

With that, she crawled backward a bit and bent over, pointing her father's cock at her mouth. With no hesitation, she moved forward, taking her father's half-hard cock between her lips. The sucking sounds of my daughter inhaling her father's ass-juice covered shaft shook me of my trance.

I suddenly realized that from the position she was in, bent over sucking her father's cock, it was possible that she could look over and see me kneeling in the doorway, frozen. I hadn't paid attention to her, so she could have already seen me. As her focus was now on her father, I finally moved, sliding to the side, beyond the doorway. I kneeled around the corner in the hallway, out of sight. As the sucking sounds grew more vigorous and my husband began to moan, I realized I needed to get out of here, right now.

My legs felt frozen and my knees were sore from kneeling for so long. In a daze, I quietly made my way downstairs and out the door. As the fresh air hit me and I slipped quickly into my car, escaping from my home and driving away aimlessly, it all hit me.

I began heavily sobbing, barely able to focus on driving. The tears obscured my vision and the emotion made my limbs shake.

I couldn't think straight. My entire world was falling apart! I left my home for the weekend, wanting to have my husband deal with this little, annoying, weird tension between my husband and my daughter. Then when I return, he decides to hell with marriage, to hell with his wife, and just goes and leaps into bed with our daughter. Our DAUGHTER! My husband fucked our daughter! What the fuck just happened? What hell had I just entered? What did I do to deserve this?

It didn't feel real. It felt like some horror story come to life. The world didn't feel real. I looked around at people in

other cars and bystanders and wondered how they could go on living like normal while sin like what I had just witnessed could occur? How could such bad things happen without people noticing? The things they did, the things they said...? I began sobbing even more. Had it all been a lie? How could my husband be swayed away from me unless some part of him wanted to? Unless he held some resentment for me that he never vocalized. He loved me, and I loved him. And I had built my whole life around that love, and our child, and now... what now? My life as I knew it had been completely torn to shreds. Collapsed. All that work for nothing.

My life as I knew it was over.

The sobbing became too much for me to continue on safely. I didn't even know where I was going anyway. I was just driving away. Away from home. Away from what I had seen. What I had witnessed.

I pulled into a gas station, the same one I had pulled over to earlier. I slid into a parking spot, and as I put the car in park, I almost collapsed onto the steering wheel.

I don't know how long I cried. All I knew was that the steering wheel was soon soaked. My mind was a whirlwind. Ragged thoughts of my husband, my daughter, the oppressive heat, the things they had said, that Kaylee had said, that Shane had said. Shane, my husband, my love, my soul mate, he'd cheated on me with our own daughter! I couldn't get over it. How could he be capable of something like that? He was such a sweet, kind-hearted man, not the beast I had seen. Did I even know him at all? Did I not know him the way Kaylee did?

God, why was it so hot in here?

I realized some of the moisture on the steering wheel was sweat. I looked into the mirror and noticed my face was soaked with sweat. The inside of my car was sticky with heat, but the outside was no better. I sat up and felt empty, my cheeks soaked with tears, my body soaked with sweat and my throat bone dry. I suddenly realized my vision was spinning.

Everything flashed through my mind in rapid succession, almost too quick to think. And the heat, the oppressive heat,

was cooking my brain. I needed to get out. I needed to escape.

I stepped out of the car, a new wave of heat hitting me. I took two steps, but the world was spinning around me. I tried to walk, but the almost fever-dream boiling inside me made that impossible. And behind my ears, it felt like static. An oppressive static, cancelling out any other sound. Before I knew it, my body was falling, hitting the concrete, and my eyes were closing.

Escape. Sweet escape.

I don't know how long I was out, but when I awoke, the air was cool, and it was a steady beeping hitting my ears. My heavy eyelids opened, and my body felt like it weighed a thousand pounds. I turned my head just in time to see someone move.

"She's awake!" someone called out. I blinked out, trying to clear my vision. And when it cleared, I was looking up at my husband's smiling face, bathed in light.

"Where am I?" I croaked out. He slid his hand into mine and squeezed it.

"In the hospital." Shane began. "They found you passed out at some gas station."

"What happened?" I asked.

"They said it was heat-stroke. Dehydration." Shane replied.

"You really have got to stay hydrated, Mom. It's important." Kaylee chirped. I looked down at the end of the bed, and near my feet stood my daughter, looking more like the daughter I recognized. Not like the slut I had seen before, when she...

It all hit me in an instant. All the memories, the sights and sounds... it hit me like a bomb, and I couldn't hide the look of trepidation when I glanced at them both, the guilty parties.

"What's wrong?" he said, seeing this shift in me, yet showing no signs of guilt, no evidence of what he had done. It wasn't like he was being suspicious. He was acting as if nothing had happened at all.

"Um, nothing. Nothing." I replied.

"Yeah, luckily, one of the people there called an ambulance. If not, you might have been laying on the pavement in this heat for a while. Could have been bad." Shane said.

"How long was I out?" I asked.

"Well, it's Saturday night now, so not too long. A few hours. They pumped you full of fluids while you were out, and they said you should be fine." Shane assured.

"Next time, pick a better place to get a tan." Kaylee joked, grabbing my foot, seemingly lovingly. I forced a half-smile at her.

"Kaylee..." I began, keeping my emotions in check. "Can I talk to your father for a few minutes?"

Kaylee look unperturbed and unsuspecting. She simply smiled that thousand-watt smile of hers.

"Okay." She assured. "I'll just wander around a bit. Maybe I'll meet a cute doctor who'll sweep me off my feet." she said, raising her eyebrows, causing her father to smile. She stepped out leaving me and her father alone. He turned around and looked down at me, smiling lovingly. He squeezed my hand again.

"So, what happened?" he asked, but I didn't intend to respond to that.

"How did your talk with Kaylee go?" I asked pointedly, my eyes on him, studying his response. But he was nonplussed.

"Oh, um, that..." he began, shrugging his shoulders. "It went fine. Didn't take long. It was awkward, sure, but we talked this morning, and I explained everything. We talked it out. She told me she was just a bit of a flirt and that she would try to tone it down." His response was smooth and easy. He didn't stumble or come across as if he was hiding something. He sounded natural.

"And that was it?" I asked pointedly, but he didn't seem afraid that I knew too much.

"Well, I didn't punish her, Jen. Our daughter's just a little boy-crazy. It could be worse." Shane said. I paused, examining him. He didn't come across in any way as if he was lying. If I didn't know any better, I would have no doubt he was telling the truth. If I hadn't seen what I had seen, I would have never have known. "So, what happened? Why were you at the gas station? I thought you'd be in the city all weekend?"

"Oh, uh, I was on my way back. There was a big power outage up there." I replied.

"Down here too, I'm afraid." Shane began. "So, you were on your way back, and you stopped off for gas when you passed out?"

"Uh... yeah." I replied. Wait a minute? I had stopped at that gas station on my way home. Maybe what had happened, what I had seen... could it not have happened? Could it have been some expression of my fevered mind?

Shane and Kaylee gave no sign of anything being up. Gave no sign that they had just had sex. Did it actually happen? I know that sounded crazy, but was it possible? It had all seemed so vivid, so real. Weighing out my entire knowledge of the two, the fact that they had sex seemed to be the outlier, the thing most out-of-character for them both. It didn't make sense that they had done what they did, but what I had seen was so specific.

It had happened, right? It had to have, it would be stupid to ignore the evidence my own eyes had witnessed. And if it was true, my life as I knew it was over. How could I go on living with either of them knowing what I knew? The smart

thing was to run away, far away from these two, these sinners, and escape their corruption. But then what? Where could I go? How could I explain what happened? I certainly couldn't just call the cops and tell them what I saw. I couldn't. The shame and the notoriety would be too much for me to take, and as bad as it was what they did, I couldn't do that to them. As strange as it sounded, I didn't have it in me to hurt them in the way they hurt me. And plus, I had no proof, other than my word. If I called the cops, that in and of itself would blow up my life as well. There was just chaos, no matter which way I cut it.

But what if it didn't happen? What if it was just a figment of my overheated brain? What if the heat had overwhelmed me? What if this was nothing more than some deep-seeded fear coming to the surface? Some bits of inadequacy on my end, some fear of losing my husband to another, someone better looking and younger than me? And in my mind, I had put my daughter in that place. She fit the bill. She was certainly hotter than me, and had better hair, and much bigger boobs, and an amazing butt. Her body was a brick shithouse. And my body, while not bad, had felt the effects of time for sure.

My husband was an absolute catch, I knew that, and part of me knew he was appealing to other women. And if he wanted to, he could easily take another woman to bed, no problem. I had held onto him for years and maybe as the years passed, that deep-seeded worry had come to the surface.

If it had happened, my life was being thrown into chaos. But... if it didn't, my life could continue on as normal. Nothing would change. The only thing left would be the memories, the things that I had conjured. Those would never go away.

The fact that Shane and Kaylee had sex made absolutely zero sense based on what I knew of them. None. It almost made more sense that it didn't happen, that I had made it up. And it certainly sounded like a more attractive option. An easier life, an easier future. The only thing I had to do was write off what I had seen, ignore the illicit sex I had seen, and treat it as a hallucination. A fever-dream of the worst kind.

"What's wrong?" Shane asked, his eyes full of love and concern. If he was lying, he had a future in acting, cause it was uncanny. Either he was that good of an actor, or it had never happened.

I looked up at him, and smiled.

"Nothing." I told him. "Nothing."

He smiled, leaned down, and kissed me. And in his kiss, I felt the love.

At that moment, the door opened, and Kaylee re-entered.

"Any luck?" I asked, causing her to grin.

"Fraid not." Kaylee said. "Maybe, if you're here a few more days, I might catch someone's eye."

"Well, she'll probably be able to leave in the morning, so you're running out of time." Shane said.

"Dang." she replied, snapping her fingers.

My husband and my daughter stayed with me for a while, laughing and joking. Suddenly, we felt like a family again. What I thought I had seen earlier seemed like from another life. And it was then that I realized that when I had told my husband to get this tension between him and Kaylee out of their systems, I was wrong. This was about me getting it out of my system. All the fears I had, the inadequacies, this experience allowed me to get those out of my system. And now I had, I had expunged it all, and I could leave it all behind. I could forget it, move past it, and get back to my life as usual. It had all worked out.

Yeah, that sounded good.

(Epilogue)

Life had returned to normal, and I couldn't be happier.

Now, knowing what I know now, what I had read into Shane and Kaylee's relationship was based on my own issues, my fears. I had sown that idea that into their relationship, so I vowed, from now on, to ignore anything I saw that set off those alarm bells, and write them off as remnants of old inadequacies rising to the surface. And, from now on, I would snuff them out.

So, I ignored any signs of impropriety, no matter how strange they seemed. I wrote off any changes in my husband, and I forced myself to look past some of the more obvious changes in my daughter.

Kaylee definitely came into her own, no longer a meek girl, but an independent young woman. And her father encouraged it. When she dressed more... womanly, in more flattering outfits, he would be eager to compliment her, with his words and even a few joking wolf whistles. Kaylee would pose and strut her stuff, showing off her new outfits when on her way out to hang out with her friends. She would pose in front of her father, even once inspiring him to call out to me and her, wondering...

"When did our daughter become such a hot piece of ass?"

I wrote it off, not letting it raise any alarm bells.

These kinds of comments became common. She came downstairs once in a new top, a purple top that was very low cut and snug. Her boobs were literally pouring from it. She looked at us with a light smile and asked what we thought. There was a pause before Shane couldn't stop the words from coming out.

"Your boobs look huge in that!" he marveled with a laugh.

"I know, right!" she replied girlishly. "It looked so good on me I just had to buy it!"

"Yeah." Shane replied. "I don't know if I can call you my 'little' princess anymore."

That comment made her smile wickedly.

Kaylee's wardrobe kept evolving, and she had begun to push her luck, wearing clothes I had never seen on her. Clothes that I had no idea where she could have even gotten them. One evening, she came downstairs and both me and her father's attention was drawn right to her. And with good reason.

She looked absolutely filthy.

Even though I was being more lenient and open-minded in regards to her, I had to put my foot down on this one. I was still her mother, and any self-respecting mother wouldn't allow her daughter to leave the house dressed like this.

She wore these tight jeans which looked absolutely painted on. And it was one of those pairs that was pre-cut, so the jeans were shredded all over the place, her tan skin emerging from underneath. The holes were all up her legs, up to near her butt. On her feet, she wore these high-heels, which like the jeans really showcased her butt, pushing it out as she moved. On her upper half, she wore this really clingy black tank top, very thin, which molded to her

clearly bra-less breasts. As she walked, her boobs jiggled and bounced, and her nipples were apparent. It stretched around her boobs, showing off way too much cleavage and it also was so short it left her taut midriff bare. And emerging from her jeans where two straps from her thong, riding high on her hips, forming a very visible and prominent whale-tail when viewed from behind.

She looked like a whore.

So I put my foot down. I said no, she had to change. I would not let her out looking like that.

"You go change right now." I told her. "You look indecent!" She acknowledged my words, but seemed unaffected as she turned to face her father.

"What do you think, Daddy? Is this outfit really... indecent?" she asked softly, stepping towards her father. He was on the couch, his eyes locked on Kaylee. He wasn't moving, his mouth was slightly open, and his expression was hard to read. He looked... tense. "I don't think this is so bad." she

continued. "Girls dress like this all the time. How can it be indecent when it looks so good on me?"

She gave her father a little spin, showing him her rear, swiveling her butt slightly as she spun, her fingers toying with her thong straps. As she faced him again, she leaned forward, her hands on either side of his head, gripping the back of the couch. As she bent forward, her top practically yawed open, and she shook them lightly side-to-side.

Shane was clearly uncomfortable. He looked anxious, he couldn't talk, he wasn't blinking, and he must have twisted himself up slightly on the couch as his jeans looked uncomfortably tight all of a sudden.

"So, Daddy, tell me... do I look... filthy?" she asked, her voice a harsh whisper. Their eyes gazed into each others' as she awaited an answer. A long pause fell between them, a pause I would have seen before as wrought with sexual tension, but now, I wrote it off as standard. Nothing to worry about. "You don't mind this outfit, do you Daddy?"

"No." he finally croaked out.

"What?" I said with surprise. How could Shane take her side on this? She looked like a slut! How could he be okay with this?

"You don't have an issue with me wearing this?" she asked.

"No." he allowed, shocking the hell out of me. She pranced out of the room with a wicked smile. When she was gone, I turned to look at Shane. He saw the question in my eyes.

"What?" he said. "She has the body for that kind of outfit. She's a young woman who's earned the right to wear what she likes. We can't tell her what to wear anymore, Jen."

Before I could reply, Kaylee poked her head back in.

"Oh, Daddy, can you give me a ride?" she asked.

"Yes." he replied, getting to his feet fast, barely letting her finish as he moved quickly, leading her to his car.

This was the type of thing that would have sent the alarms blaring in my head. But now, I just had to ignore it. Shane was right. She was well within her rights to wear something that skimpy. I just had to adjust to that. There was nothing wrong with it. Nothing wrong...

Kaylee tested the limits of what she could wear all summer. Mini-skirts that redefined the word mini. Tops that seemed specifically made to show off her boobs. Skimpy underwear that always seemed to appear from under her clothes. And she seemed to suddenly become allergic to bras. I got used to seeing her boobs bouncing and jiggling all summer and her hard nipples dancing under her top.

But Shane allowed it, so I allowed it. No use making something out of nothing like I did before. That was nothing but trouble.

And one time she had gotten back from the gym as Shane was making lunch, wearing these tight little booty shorts. I was in the living room, watching TV as I listened in.

"How was the gym?" Shane asked.

"You tell me." she replied, turning around and facing the counter, bending over slightly, pointing her butt at her father. "How does my butt look?"

I was a bit caught off-guard by this, but Shane was transfixed for a few moments. I was about to speak up, but Kaylee beat me to it.

"I think I have my answer." she replied with a smirk. At the same moment she spoke, a loud noise suddenly burst from the TV. But I swear I heard Kaylee say "I recognize that look. That's the 'if you weren't my daughter, I'd do bad things to that ass' look, right?" she asked.

"Uh...haha." Shane stammered with a laugh, and Kaylee giggled.

I must have misheard.

As lenient as I was being, it eventually reached a breaking point. Things reached a point where I just had to speak up. Shane and I were in the back yard watering the plants when I came inside to get out of the heat for a few minutes. I made my way towards the fridge, but before I made it, Kaylee sauntered in and opened the fridge door, not even seeing me. She stood in front of the open fridge as I waited behind her, bouncing on her heels as she tried to decide what she wanted. I would have been a bit annoyed by this, but I was too distracted by her outfit.

She really loved those stretchy little booty shorts, but these were new, and they took the cake. They redefined little. They were simply indecent. Literally half off each of her butt-cheeks hung out from them, and as she bounced on her feet, her butt-cheeks jiggled, bouncing in just the way to let you know that these cheeks were firm and tight. The flesh on her butt was smooth and tan, and jutted out in such a way that the crease beneath each cheek looked immaculate. The shorts molded to each smooth cheek, letting the world appreciate their perfect shape, as well as appreciate the well-defined cleft in-between.

Peeking out from above these tight shorts was a g-string that was practically the size of dental floss. It probably served no actual purpose, as tiny as it was. It must have pulled up uncomfortably tight between her ass-cheeks, cause the straps of the g-string were all the way up near her hips.

The only thing she had on top was a thin, flimsy little white tank top, which got just over her boobs and not much else. It was low-cut enough to show off her tits, and cut short enough to show off her flat, toned belly. The thin spaghetti straps were straining to contain her massive rack, and the top seemed so flimsy that even the smallest jiggle of her boobs would cause it to just burst and be torn into shreds.

It was just too much.

"Kaylee..." I began. She turned back to look at me, annoyance painted across her face, as if she knew what I was about to say.

"Uh, what?" she snapped, clearly not in the greatest of mood with me at the moment.

"This..." I began, gesturing at her outfit with my hands. "You can't possibly think this outfit is appropriate?"

"What?" she asked in annoyed confusion. "I don't see any problem."

"Kaylee, you're hanging out all over." I replied with a laugh. "You're dressed like a hooker."

"I am not!" she cried out, slamming the door. "Mom, this is normal. All my friends wear way less than this, like, all the time."

"How is that possible? What could they possibly wear that's skimpier than this?" I asked. Just as I did, I heard the glass door slide open behind me.

"Daddy, Mom's complaining about my clothing again." she complained. Shane had been lenient as well, but even he would take my side on this. Even he would see the logic of my argument.

"Jen!" he called to me as he approached. "What are you doing?" I shook my head in shock.

"What?" I asked.

"Why do you keep bringing this up, Jen? We've had this discussion." Shane said firmly.

"Shane, you can't possibly think THIS is okay?" I replied.

"Mom, just cause I have bigger boobs and a better butt doesn't give you the right to bitch out at me at every opportunity." Kaylee said. I had never heard her talk to me this way, and I had to admit I was kinda crushed by her harsh words. I shook my head, unable to speak I looked at Shane, and again, he was looking at me, upset. I didn't see any defense coming from him, no disagreement to what she had said.

"This isn't about that, Kaylee. You just look..." I began, finding my voice.

"Amazing." Shane finished. "She looks amazing, Jen. Our daughter is gorgeous, and you should be proud of her that she looks this good. But instead, you just pick fights, and INVENT issues to cause problems."

"Shane, I..." I interjected.

"I'm putting my foot down on this." he began. "From now on, our daughter can wear whatever she wants. She's a grown woman now."

"Shane!" I replied, baffled at this.

"No, Jen. That's how it is. In my house, my daughter can feel free to wear what she wants and take pride in herself. She can wear a string bikini all day if she wants. This isn't a problem with me. Is it a problem with you?" Shane asked.

"I want her to be proud, but there's such a thing as too much pride." I said, but neither of them were listening. Shane

looked frustrated, and Kaylee's eyes were almost blazing as she looked at her father.

"Jen..." Shane began. "You have got to let this go. This hang-up you have about Kaylee. This has gone too far, and you have embarrassed yourself and me in the process. You need to stop trying to make her into the daughter you would like her to be and accept her as the amazing young woman she is. Stop trying to control our daughter and just accept her. Accept her choices. Accept her wardrobe. Accept that this is the way it's gonna be for now on. Accept that none of this is about her. We've been together for a long time, honey, and I can't believe after all this time, there isn't that trust. You don't have faith in me, and you don't have trust in Kaylee, and that sucks, Jen."

I didn't know what to say. Part of me was crushed. I expected him to take my side but he took hers. I guess that the worst thing she had done was dress a little skimpy. I can accept her annoyance that every time she shows some skin, I nag at her. I told myself that nothing weird was going on, but it was clear to Shane that I hadn't moved on. I hated when she dressed so skimpy in full view of her father. That was the root of this, to be honest. I didn't like the thought of

my husband putting his eyes on a body as luscious as Kaylee's. I kept thinking something was up, but judging by their annoyance and frustration, nothing was, and they were tired of having it brought up to them. Neither of them saw anything wrong. Maybe it was me that was the crazy one here. Maybe I was making a mountain out of a molehill.

"I'm...I'm sorry, guys." I relented. "I'm sorry, Kaylee."

Kaylee's eyes flashed for a split second, in an expression I couldn't quite place, but it quickly disappeared, and she smiled lightly, accepting my apology. Shane smiled, sensing the progress I was making.

Never again, I told myself. Never again would I complain about how she dressed. I was only pushing them away by doing it. It was clearly a sore spot with them both, something they didn't want to have to talk to me about anymore. I was getting them angry, and that anger made me feel small. Made me feel like dirt, a crazy person with unresolved issues. I would never put myself in that position

again. I would never lash out and let those last remnants of my old issues reappear. That would be the last time.

I would behave.

I must just have a dirty mind. That must be it. I was lucky I had gotten away with so much already. My mind kept conjuring up these dirty interpretations of normal, everyday stuff, and I had to actively stamp that stuff down.

Like for example, one time, Kaylee was making cupcakes for a bake sale at the church, and she was stirring the dough. Shane was helping to start dinner as she worked. I was in the living room, straightening up, when I could have sworn I heard Kaylee say...

"Daddy, I'm all dirty. Can you lick this batter off my tits?"

"Of course, baby." he replied.

I got to my feet as quickly as I could and made my way over to the kitchen. I walked in on them, about a foot apart, Shane with batter on his lips.

"What did you just say?" I asked Kaylee.

"I said, can you lick the batter off my whisk?" she said, shaking the whisk in her hand.

"Oh..." I said, feeling sheepish and stupid. Why do I keep thinking these things? Why? I turned and went back to what I was doing, writing off the line of moisture in her cleavage as perspiration.

Kaylee's social life became a lot more active. I can't tell you how many times I came home from work to find one of her friends just leaving, like her friend Trish, or Keisha, or that other one... uh, Jessa, the red-head with the big boobs. Even that one girl Brenda, who she had been trashing a while ago. Kaylee seemed to be eager to invite them over on the days I worked late.

Nothing odd with that, right?

And there were other things too, little things. Kaylee would be eager to go out with us or just with her father. Sometimes, she would move in close to Shane, hooking her arm in his cutely, pushing herself against his side gently. It was clear she was feeling a lot closer to her father.

That's normal, right?

And whenever we went out to eat, she would eagerly sit next to him. Throughout the meal, they would make little joking comments and share glances, like they were sharing some inside joke. I felt that constantly around the house lately, as if I had walked into something between them, and that extended when we went out as well. And she would scan the menu and say something like, "I need something really... big." And she would eat with her left hand, which was unusual, as if her other hand was busy with something else out of sight.

Nothing strange there.

There were more outward changes as well. One night, I came home to find my daughter's right arm covered in what appeared to be the beginnings of a full sleeve of tattoos. All sorts of designs, some stars and roses and thorns and stuff like that, and most of the rest of it was patterned, intricate lines and designs. I was taken aback, but Shane, he seemed to love it. He was admiring it, running his fingers up her slightly swollen, marked flesh.

I didn't say a thing.

I didn't raise a fuss as she filled in the rest of the tattoo throughout the summer, becoming an ornate sleeve of tats, permanently marking her previously pure perfect skin. I didn't ask where she got the money for this or any of her other new purchases.

That would be rude, right?

I didn't raise any objections when she started going to church less and less. I didn't fight back when Kaylee all but

decided she was going to spend a good chunk of her summer break at her friend's beach house, despite the fact that she knew I wouldn't be able to join her. But luckily, her father could make it up there with her.

I didn't let myself think anything was wrong when I saw all the pictures Kaylee posted online, her body exposed in tiny bikinis, her big boobs pouring out, with a smirk on her face, as if she had gotten everything she wanted in life, and her tattooed arm clearly marking that she was becoming a different type of girl. A girl with an edge.

I didn't let myself think about the fact that it was her father taking these worshipful body shots of Kaylee. I didn't raise any fuss as it became apparent my daughter had no shame wearing a thong bikini in front of her own father. I didn't raise any fuss when pictures of a party appeared, my husband and my daughter surrounded by a gaggle of her friends, all in bikinis, all of them very sexy, my hubby the only source of testosterone in the bunch.

We still did have our family vacation to the Grand Canyon, but it definitely had moments that made the old me flare

up. As we stood on a railing, overlooking this incredible view of this amazing chasm, Kaylee stood in front of her father as she leaned over the rail, pointing at different parts of the canyon. As I looked out at this amazing natural wonder, I could have sworn I saw Shane's eyes looking downward over Kaylee's shoulder, looking between her own natural wonders.

It must have just been the light playing tricks on me.

I didn't think twice when Kaylee would emerge from her room, pointedly asking her father for help with a 'job'. I didn't let myself think any doubts when Shane disappeared in her room for a while. I didn't raise a fuss when I caught glimpses of fleeting touches between the two, but I never got a full view of anything inappropriate. I never let myself think twice when Shane would announce he was taking the shower, only to hear the bathroom door open and close twice. I didn't let myself think about the fact that his showers suddenly started taking a lot longer.

I didn't even raise an objection when they sat on the couch together, her sitting on his lap under a blanket as we

watched a movie. I don't know why she sat there, since she was fidgeting and moving around the whole time, I was shocked she could pay attention to the movie at all. And when I asked what she thought, she seemed emphatic, telling me she loved it.

I didn't even object the one time I swore I heard her whisper into her father's ear, "I need your dick in my ass so bad!" I must have misheard, that must be it.

And at the end of the summer, I didn't let myself think twice about the fact that it looked like there was a little bump in her tummy. I mean, that was impossible, she was always so lithe and trim. It must have been a trick of the light. The fact that I had repeatedly caught Shane with his hands on her bare belly as she smiled proudly must have been purely coincidental.

And as we moved Kaylee into her new apartment near campus as she got set for school, I didn't think twice when Shane volunteered to come over as often as he could to help her get settled. He was a good father, going out of his way like that. Nothing strange about that.

I know it all might sound bad. A few months ago, I would have agreed. So, you must wonder, through all of this, why I didn't bother objecting to these things that would have bothered me before. Well, the answer's simple.

That was all totally out of my system now. And my life was so much better because of it.

Right?