

Movie Night 4 (Mf, incest, exhibitionist, young)

Summary - Chad tries to behave. Samantha is frustrated.

Previous Chapter Summary - Samantha and her father have been enjoying 'special bonding' moments during their weekly movie nights. Last night was extra special.

Note - This is a work of fiction. You must be 18 or over to read this story. In real life, incestuous relationships, particularly when an under-aged person is involved with a parent or adult, often causes deep psychological damage. This story is provided for entertainment purposes only. The author does not condone any sexual activity with persons under 18 in real life.

\*\*\* It is OK to have fantasies, but turning a fantasy into reality can destroy lives. Don't be a dick with other people's lives!

Samantha woke the next morning feeling happy and refreshed after a long, deep, sleep. She stretched her teenage body and yawned on her comfortable bed, slowly clearing the cobwebs from her head. She suddenly flinched and reached for her crotch. 'Why is my pussy sore?' Then, the memories of the previous evening flooded her mind and she grinned wickedly. "Daddy and I fucked last night..." she said softly, instantly remembering everything.

Samantha loved her father even more now, if that was possible. She loved his tall strong body, his handsome face, twinkling eyes, his loving touch, and most of all, his gorgeous cock and big, heavy balls! He was so much different than her. She was soft and round and he was firm and hard; especially 'down there.' She loved playing with his cock and thought it was so cool to stroke it and feel it get hard and leaking, knowing she was the one making him so aroused. Her handsome daddy had taught her all about sex and even let her watch a dirty movie with him. 'Best movie night ever!' she thought. With her recent experiences, she felt very grown up and very sensual.

She slipped her hands under the blanket and discovered her naked body. She noticed her teddy in a crumpled heap at the base of her bed. Her panties were nowhere to be seen. She touched her budding breasts, remember her daddy sucking on them. She slid her hands down and gently rubbed her tired pussy. She discovered she was still wet inside. She brought a finger to her mouth and tasted herself. 'I can still taste daddy's cum,' she realized, remembering the unique aroma, texture and taste of his ejaculate. She put two fingers deep inside of her pussy and tasted herself again. "Mmmmm," she sighed and closed her eyes, feeling very content.

Last night, she learned what it felt like to have her pussy licked and stuffed full of long, thick cock. And she learned that girls like to lick pussy as well as men. She wondered if boys liked to

suck cock as much as she did. She suddenly realized they could put it in each other's butts, too! She imaged some of the boys in her class doing that. She giggled out loud.

Samantha was beginning to feel very horny again. She reveled in the feelings coursing through her body. She slowly writhed on the bed, stretching, rolling, curling her toes and enjoying her nakedness and the erotic feeling of the crisp, clean sheets rubbing on her bare thighs, soft ass and tender breasts. She cupped her firm, 'amazing' tits (as her daddy called them) and began rubbing herself all over. She remembered her daddy's promise to fuck her ass the next 'Movie Night.' Well, he actually said 'We'll see,' she remembered, but considered it close enough to a promise. She knew she could whine and beg, say pretty-please, and maybe get his cock really, really hard before she asked him, and he would do it. She snaked a hand around her hip and reached downwards towards her ass-crack. Samantha pressed a dainty finger against her asshole and pushed. It didn't go in as easily as into her wet pussy. She pulled her finger to her face, sniffed it, then licked it real good to get it wet, and pressed it inside her puckered hole, just like her daddy had done.

"Mmmmm," she moaned. She decided that she *loved* her asshole played with. She wiggled her finger around a bit and then tried to fuck her ass with it. She didn't know how her daddy's big cock was going to fit back there! So very horny, she started to play with her pussy, clit and asshole, intending to give herself a nice, morning orgasm.

Suddenly, she stopped, realizing she could be having sexy fun with her father instead. She glanced at the clock next to her bed. Her dad would be awake by now and her mom would still be sleeping. 'Perfect!' she grinned. They should have enough time. Samantha whipped off her covers and jumped out of bed; her perfect, naked body ready for another sexy fun-filled day of playing sex her dad.

The sunlight streamed thru the pink curtains onto her pink bed. She sighed when she noticed her stuffed animal collections; it was not that long ago she would play with them for hours. Sadly, she was too old for them now – almost anyway! She walked over to her dresser and bent over to open a lower drawer. The sunshine danced on her smooth, pale ass and bald pussy-lips. She rummaged around looking for a very specific shirt. It was one of her favorites, though it had been getting very tight on her lately. It was just long enough to cover her butt and she would often wear it as pajamas. It was a pale pink color, slightly faded, with the faint remnants of once sparkling, glittered letters. "Daddy's Girl!" she read aloud. She smiled. It was the perfect choice to wear this morning. It was tight enough to show off her 'amazing tits,' and it would let her daddy know exactly how she felt about him. Samantha wondered if they made a 'Daddy's Little Plaything' shirt. 'Oh well, I can look for one next time we go shopping!' She put on her tight shirt and looked down to admire her protruding breasts. She could still remember looking down at this very same shirt when she didn't have any breasts at all. She squeezed both of her thick nipples and watched them get hard.

Opening another drawer, she looked down sadly at all of her plain, cotton panties. She felt she was too grown-up to wear them anymore. She decided she would ask her mother to take her shopping for some new, more adult, underpants, She was determined to sneak in a few sexy ones her father would like too. Feeling naughty, she shut the drawer empty handed. ‘Why dirty another pair of panties before my shower?’ she naughtily rationalized, thinking her daddy would want to see her pussy anyway, maybe even lick it again! Wearing only her thin shirt and the perfect body the creator gave her, she walked out of her bedroom to find her daddy.

Chad was having a cup of coffee in the breakfast nook, still contemplating the night before. He was experiencing profound remorse for his un-fatherly actions. He stared out the double-doors overlooking the wooden deck and back yard, deep in thought. ‘I have to stop this,’ he said to himself. ‘I can lose my marriage, my daughter, and probably go to jail.’ He wondered what his wife would say if she found out what had happened between him and their daughter.

‘But it felt so good! Almost worth it!’ he thought. At least, whatever happens now, he would always have the memory of their one perfect night together.

Last week’s humping incident he could explain away and disregard, at least to himself; it was a onetime accident he rationalized. However last night... he had let her seduce him, ‘or did he seduce her?’ He had let his own daughter see his hard penis, touch it and even lick it and suck it. Carried away, and filled with love and lust, he was completely exhilarated by the thrill of it all. He had watched porn with Samantha, eaten her out, and had accidentally fucked her virgin pussy as they played naked together on the couch.

He reached into his robe pocket and brought out his daughter’s soiled panties; his prized trophy from last night. They were still wet, heavy and fragrant. He stared at them and fingered the damp crotch. He brought them to his nose for the umpteenth time that morning and breathed deeply. They smelled so clean, so sweet, and so fucking sexy. ‘Oh my god, what am I going to do?’ His thoughts tormented him. His penis thickened in his underwear. His phone on the table displayed an image of his daughter, her face splattered with his cum.

“Good morning, Daddy!” Samantha said cheerfully, startling her father and making him jump as she skipped into the room. She saw her daddy had been holding something next to his nose, but had quickly put it into his pocket when she had called out to him. She recognized the color and size and knew what it was. ‘He was sniffing my panties,’ she thought. ‘He must really, really like my pussy juice!’

“Uh, good morning, Sam,” Chad said, blushing, and quickly locking his phone.

“What were you smelling just then, daddy?” Samantha asked, teasing him with a wicked smile.

“Uh nothing, just wiping my nose,” he lied. Chad looked at his sexy daughter. Her fat, hard nipples and blossoming breasts were poking through her long tight shirt. ‘Daddy’s Girl’ he read,

and immediately knew why she had picked out that particular shirt. Guilt flooded him, but her bare, long legs looked so good to him. They were the same beautiful legs what were wrapped around his face last night. He was going to hell. No doubt about it. Jail, at least.

“Daddy,” Samantha said, slowing lifting up her shirt, then whispering, “If you want to smell my ‘hot, fucking pussy juice,’ all you have to do is ask me!” She pulled her shirt up higher until her hairless, slick pussy was on display for him. She thrust her hips in a small circle, innocently performing an impromptu slutty dance for him.

“Sam!” Chad scolded her, shocked she had used his own filthy words for her sweet, aromatic essence. He needed to watch his words more carefully!

“Don’t worry, daddy,” Samantha said. “Mommy will still be asleep for a while yet. I thought we could have some more fun this morning..., you know..., sexy kind of fun?” She dropped her shirt back down and walked closer to her daddy.

He could smell her scent already. Even her slight body odor from last night’s sweaty escapades was pleasant to him. He sniffed deeply of pussy, perfume, and sweat, but then pulled away from her slightly.

She leaned in anyway and whispered softly into his hear. “It felt so good when we fucked last night, daddy. I want to do it some more. Can we do it again before mom wakes up?” She gave him her best pretty-please face.

Her hushed voice reminded Chad of her soft moans of pleasure last night. He shuddered as his daughter kissed his neck and then stepped back to gauge his reaction to her naughty suggestion.

“Sam, I don’t...” he started, but was quickly cut off. Sam knew what he was going to say.

“Shhh! I know..., but it’s OK, daddy.” She climbed into his lap, straddled him, and kissed him softly on the lips. He froze. She wrapped her arms around him and kissed him again, more determined this time. She wasn’t going to stop until he kissed her again like he did last night. She kissed his lips, his cheeks, his nose and his neck. She looked at him, pouting, because he didn’t kiss her back, and stared mournfully into his eyes.

Chad made a stupid mistake and met her glance. He stared deeply into her gorgeous, sparking, innocent, blue eyes. She was so pretty..., so sexy..., so fresh..., and so young, ready, willing and able. He was trembling. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed his lips again, then again with more persistence. He closed his eyes and kissed her back, very softly. Then, feeling her arms tightening around him and her body pressing against him with renewed passion, as if she knew her victory was near, he surrendered. He kissed her again, this time more like a lover than a father. She mewed and began to get passionate, kissing him hard and wrapping her legs around his waist. She kissed him with her opened mouth and he obediently opened his mouth

against her. She slipped her tongue into him, searching, prodding, and yearning for more. He did the same.

This wasn't right, he knew. He somehow had to stop it! He disengaged himself from her and gently tried to push her away. He had to be strong! All he needed was his wife walking in and catch the two of them making out like horny school-kids. His cock was hard. He knew she was warm and wet. He hesitated once again.

Not to be denied, and knowing she was still very close to winning, Samantha reached down and groped for her father's cock. Chad felt her fingers slip into his robe before he realized it. Small fingers banged against his hard cock and gripped his shaft through his shorts. She squeezed him and softly massaged his rock-hard manhood. His cock slipped through the front of his boxers and Samantha seized her prize! Too horny and smitten beyond salvation for his young lover, he relaxed, slumping over in defeat. He opened his legs a little while glancing at the doorway nervously. 'She should still be asleep,' his mind raced. 'And, even if Julie came in, she couldn't see what was happening under the table. It would look like an innocent, tender, father/daughter snuggle!' He could explain it to his wife, he was sure. Besides, he needed to feel his daughter's small hands holding his hard flesh once again. He had dreamed of it all night long.

Samantha slipped her hand down his shaft and into the slit in the front of his boxers. She pushed them out of the way and then gently pulled out his balls and the rest of his hard cock. She sighed with happiness and stroked it softly. She felt her dad's hardness, knowing it was her that made him this way. "I love playing with your cock, daddy," she cooed, "And, I love you so much." She kissed him repeatedly while she stroked him.

"I love you too, Sam, but...", he said, "But we can't..., we can't do this, honey..., if your mother finds out..." He left the threat hanging in the air.

"Shhh! Daddy, don't spoil it!" Samantha admonished. She wasn't worried. She would find a way. There was no way she could go back to how it was before.

"We will have to talk about this sometime, Sammie," he said, wondering why he let her control him so, but he knew the answer, she was holding it in her hand.

"I know, just not now, OK, daddy?" she asked. She snuggled up against him, sliding her free hand into his robe and letting his body heat warm her.

"OK, Sam," he sighed, resigned.

They cuddled for a while with Samantha gently stroking him and Chad doing his best to behave. He held her close and only rubbed her shoulders, though he longed to massage other parts of her soft body. His cock was hard. His daughter stroked him repeatedly and felt his pre-cum oozing from his prick. She smeared it around on his cock-head, wishing there was more, to make it nice and slippery. She brought a wet finger to her lips and sucked it clean as her father watched.

“Can I do you a ‘blowjob’ daddy?” Samantha asked, licking her lips and wanting to taste him some more. “Before mommy wakes up?” she added, “If we hurry, we might still have time to fuck too!” She climbed off his lap, preparing to take his cock into her mouth.

Her words excited him but he heard alarm bells going off in his mind. He glanced at the doorway again.

“I think we better stop now, Sam,” Chad said, quickly standing up while he had the opportunity. His slick, hard, cock bobbed obscenely between them, poking thru his boxers and opened robe. He turned away from his little sex-kitten before she could latch on to his shaft and tucked in his erect cock back into his underwear and tied his robe. He had to control Samantha somehow. His wife could have walked in on them while his teenage daughter was on her knees, sucking his cock. He had almost let her. This was too dangerous. He was risking everything.

“Awww,” cried Samantha, sticking out her bottom lip and pouting.

“Let’s have some breakfast, Sammie, what do you want this morning, eggs or pancakes?” Chad said, walking towards the kitchen.

“Can I have your daddy-popsicle for breakfast, please?” She teased him, batting her eyelashes and licking her lips, recalling how she sucked his cock as if it were a long, sweet, frozen treat.

“Sam...” he warned.

“Ok, then, how about just a plain, old ‘cock-sicle?’” She was pleased with herself; she had just thought of that joke. “I love cock-sicles daddy, they are so long, thick and juicy! Mmmmm!” she giggled, hoping to get her daddy to join in. They always had loved sharing stupid little jokes together.

There was no stopping her, Chad realized. But he did like teasing and joking with her. Chad decided to play along, not able to resist. “And, how many times do you have to lick a cock-sicle, to get to the creamy center inside?” he asked his horny daughter.

“I don’t know, let’s find out!” Samantha giggled. She started towards her dad, determined to drop to her knees in the middle of the kitchen, but Chad shook his head slowly, and turned away.

‘Damn, I almost had him!’ she said to herself. She would try again. And then again, until she had her way.

“Fine, eggs and toast it is, then,” he said.

“Awww!” Samantha said for the second time that morning. Besides her daddy’s cock, she had wanted pancakes!

Samantha sat down and stared at her father's back as he worked near the stove. She was determined to make him have sex with her again. But how? She was sure if she could keep teasing him and get him really, really excited, he couldn't refuse her! But, what could she do about her mom? Maybe if her mom was out of the house, or asleep again, her dad would relax. He worried too much about her mom finding out, she decided. 'Everything will be fine,' she thought, if she could just figure out what to do. She pondered and pondered, and then pondered on it some more while she waited for her breakfast.

Julie Williams woke up groggily, licking her dry lips. "Too much wine last night," she groaned. She was disgusted with herself. 'Another Saturday morning feeling like shit warmed over.' She slowly got out of bed and stumbled to the toilet. After her morning pee, she drank cold water from the bathroom sink's faucet and splashed her face to help her wake up. Then, she went looking for her family.

Julie found Chad and Samantha having breakfast together.

"Good morning, honey," Chad greeted her.

"Morning, mummy!" Samantha sang happily.

"Can I make you some eggs, Julie," Chad asked.

"No." Julie grunted, pouring herself a large cup of coffee. "Coffee."

The family sat in silence, besides the occasional long 'slurp' of hot coffee, and the 'clink' of silverware on plates.

"Well," Chad said. "I'm going to mow the lawn. Can I help with the dishes, Julie?" They had a rule, whoever cooks doesn't have to clean. But, knowing how his wife felt this morning, and feeling a bit guilty, he offered to help.

"No, I'll do them later," she grunted. "Thanks," she added, remembering her manners. "And, how was Movie Night?" she asked, attempting to be engaged, "Sorry I missed it."

"It was great!" Samantha replied, intending to go on about it some more.

Chad stopped her, worried she would say too much. "It was OK," Chad said, "We missed you, of course." He walked out the room, after silently warning Samantha not to say anything else about 'Movie Night.' After a moment or two, Samantha quietly left too, sensing her mother was not in the mood for talking.

'Chad is a great guy, he deserves better than me,' Julie thought, slurping her coffee loudly. She tried to remember the last time they made love, but couldn't. 'A week? A month? Two? Maybe

tonight? Some hard cock might do me some good,' she realized, 'and maybe get these crazy thoughts out of my head!'

Julie had been tormented the last many months by what she knew were destructive and compulsive desires. It was the reason she drank so much, the cause of her unhappiness, and the reason why she was seeing a psychologist. Alone with her thoughts, she didn't look up when Samantha and Chad had left.

Chad walked to his room to change into his work clothes, fingering his daughter's panties on the way. Stopping by the laundry room, he glimpsed the overflowing pile of clothes. He took a long, loving sniff of Sam's soiled panties and regretfully tossed them in the basket.

"Daddy?"

He heard his daughter's timid voice behind him.

"Yes dear?" he said softly, turning around.

"When can we play together again?" she asked him bashfully. "I don't want to wait until next 'movie night.'"

"Oh, honey," he said sadly. He pulled her close and held her tight, feeling her young breasts pressing into him. He knew he was in danger, but had to risk it. "We shouldn't..., we can't..., it's not right what we did sweetheart.... it never should have happened..., we can't let it happen again."

"But..., but, you promised to put it in my butt next time, like in the movie..., remember?" she said concerned. Then she gushed, the words spilling out. "And, I want to do blow-jobs for you again, and have you lick my pussy, and I want us to fuck some more! Everyday!"

She wiggled out of his embrace and pushed him away. Standing in front of her father defiantly, she lifted her shirt, exposing her glistening, shining pussy. She then pulled her shirt off, knowing how much her daddy loved her 'amazing' titties. She dropped her shirt and pushed out her breasts, offering them to him. "Don't you want to suck my titties again daddy?" she said, then added, "Please, I really want you to!"

Alarmed at being alone in the small room with his now naked daughter, Chad somehow found the courage to say, "Sammie, this is why we can't! If your mother ever finds out, we are finished! Our family is finished!" Chad glanced nervously behind his daughter, expecting Julie to come around the corner any second. "I love you baby, but..., we can't..., we just can't!" His eyes got wet and his throat tightened.

Chad spoke from his heart, knowing he was denying them both what they most desired, but, he had to be strong for the entire family's sake. Perhaps the two of them could eventually forget what had already taken place between them.



However, all Samantha heard was, ‘We have to be more careful and not let mom find out.’

Samantha pouted, sticking out her lower lip and said, “OK, daddy.” She was more determined than ever to make her father play with her again. She turned her back to her dad and bent over to pick up her shirt. She knew he would be staring at her bare ass and pussy. She gave her butt a wiggle and walked towards her bedroom.

Julie finished her second cup of coffee and nibbled on some toast. After finishing the dishes she considered lying back down to nurse her hangover, but hearing the lawn mower starting, she decided against it. She would feel guilty if Chad was working while she was not. It was time to tackle the laundry she had neglected for too long. She walked into the laundry room and began to sort the overflowing pile of clothes. She paused. There, on top of the dirty clothes, lay a pair of Samantha’s cotton panties. ‘How did those get in here?’ she wondered. Normally, she is the one to pick up the clothes from Sam’s room. She picked up the underwear and immediately felt their weight and their wetness.

Glancing quickly behind her, to make sure no one was watching, she slowly brought the panties to her nose and sniffed them. Then, she held them tight to her nose and inhaled deeply through her nostrils. “Ahhhh,” she sighed. The panties were aromatic and wet with her daughter’s sexual juices. It confirmed to her that her daughter was finally sexually aware of her young body.

“My sweet, sexy Samantha,” she hissed, inhaling the intoxicating scent again. These were the best pair of Samantha’s soiled panties yet! She sniffed them again.

This was Julie’s dark, perverted secret; she sexually yearned for her own daughter and the guilt tormented her.

She was not sure how it all started. Maybe it was caused by watching her own youth slowly slipping away and wishing she was a teenager again; remembering those happier times when she would play naked under the covers with her best friend. Or, maybe her feelings were solidified in college, where she and her roommate became intimate and she learned to love the tender embrace of another woman. Or, maybe it was watching Samantha develop into a beautiful, sexy young girl. She yearned to teach Samantha all about sex and womanly tenderness. To show her how to enjoy sex with both men and woman; to be free to choose her own way in life, without the guilt Julie herself had experienced growing up.

Julie again inhaled her daughter’s essence and then excitedly opened the underwear to view the large wet spot on the crotch. She stuck out her tongue, hoping to get a taste of Samantha’s pussy. She did, she could taste her daughter’s juice! It was sweet and musky, even mingled with the taste of cotton. She felt her own pussy getting wet. Realizing how perverted she was acting, she started to toss the pair of panties back into the basket, but being reluctant to give up such a prize,

she tucked them into her pajama pocket instead. Feeling nervous and excited, she mechanically sorted the rest of the clothes. At the bottom of the pile was another pair of Samantha panties. 'Why was Samantha putting her panties in here now?' she wondered. Without hesitation, she grabbed them from the bottom of the basket, held them to her nose, and sniffed them automatically.

'What?' She paused, detecting the hint of a familiar but peculiar odor. These panties were different! She sniffed again and recognized the scent. It was sperm! She knew the stale, ammonia-like smell very well. Spreading out the small garment, she saw the crusty, semi-dried cum stains on the back of her daughter's underwear. "Chad..." she said aloud.

'The poor guy,' she thought, 'He must be jacking off into her panties! I can't blame him though,' she thought. No she couldn't. She did the same thing herself; jilling-off her pussy while sniffing her daughter's fragrant panties, imagining she was licking her daughter's tight twat and making her squeal in ecstasy.

Smiling while thinking about Chad stroking his cock to images of their hot daughter and knowing they shared a dirty little secret, she walked to Samantha's room to check for more laundry. 'Crap, my husband and I are both fucking perverts,' she realized. It made her giggle and strangely made her feel somewhat better, knowing she was not alone in her filthy, incestuous desires.

Julie paused just outside of Samantha's door. While she was reaching for the door knob, she had heard odd noises emanating from her daughter's room. Was it grunting? No. Well kind of. Maybe more like moaning. Yes. It was someone moaning. Moaning softly, grunting occasionally, and breathing heavily. She identified the noise. It was the sounds of sex! Excited, Julie quietly stood still, holding her breath while she listened, trying to discern exactly what she was happening inside her daughter's room.

"Ohhh, suck my titties!" Julie heard Samantha say. 'What? Was someone with her?' Julie heard the steady whir of the lawn mower. It wasn't Chad, thank god. Then she heard her daughter groan again. She put her ear next to the door to hear. She heard her daughter moan and then exclaim, "Oh, yes! Fuck me daddy!"

Samantha was masturbating! Masturbating, while thinking about having sex with Chad! She had to see this. Nothing was going to stop her! She had been waiting for this opportunity, waiting for her daughter to grow up and begin experimenting with her firm, young, body. To talk to her daughter about sex and develop a close bond, a bond only a mother and daughter could know, and perhaps more...

Julie stealthily turned the door knob like she had done so many times before. Experience had taught her how to check on her sleeping daughter without waking her. She pushed the door open silently and slowly released the doorknob. She peeked thru the crack and caught her breath.

Samantha was naked on the bed, her eyes were closed and her legs were spread! She had one hand thrusting the handle of her hairbrush into her hot teenage cunt and the other groping a perfect young breast!

Samantha was so horny! She had gotten herself worked up this morning and even played with her daddy's cock. Now, she was finally getting relief. In her fantasy, her daddy was fucking her again and telling her how much he loved her 'hot fucking pussy' and 'amazing titties.'

"Fuck me daddy, fuck my pussy! Harder daddy, fuck me harder! Make me cum!"

Julie slipped her hand into her panties and began to masturbate to the vision before her. Her pussy got wet, and she spread her slick essence up and down her hairy slit. This was what she had dreamed about; Samantha's hot, sexy body, naked and writhing in front of her! She longed to grope Samantha's breasts and suck on her tender, developing titties. She watched Samantha lick her fingers until they were sopping wet, and then stared in awe as she began to push them into her ass, arching her back and thrusting. "Fuck my butt now daddy, fuck it with your big penis!"

Julie couldn't believe it! She shuddered with sexual excitement and twirled her fingers around her engorged clit - faster and faster! Her pussy gushed with wetness. She felt flushed and lurid, spying on her only daughter. Her pussy twitched around her fingers.

"Fuck my butt, daddy! Shoot your spermies in my butt!" Samantha came, moaning and babbling incoherently." Fuck me daddy! FUCK MEEEE!" Her pussy juiced and spasmed. She moaned with a high pitched, sing-song, staccato burst of heavy breaths, "Ohhh-oh, ohhh-oh, ohhh-oh, ahhh, ahhh, yeeeeesssss! Mmmph! Mmmph! Mmmpphhh!!" Samantha fucked her ass with her small fingers and plunged the hairbrush handle repeatedly into her juicy gash. She came hard, her limbs twitching and her soft belly heaving. Her body tingled and rocked as she her mother watched, seemingly putting on a slutty show for her peeping mother.

Julie came too; the excitement of watching her daughter orgasm was too thrilling for her senses. She thrust her fingers into her wet pussy, smashing her clit and feeling her legs tremble. Her powerful orgasm enveloped her until she had to lean against the wall to keep from falling into Samantha's room. She bit her lip hard to stifle her sounds; the fast intake of her breaths, the involuntary squeaks from her nostrils that threatened to alarm her daughter, and to keep from moaning out loud throughout her orgasm. Julie kept a focused eye on her daughter's throes, watching her pump those slippery teenage fingers into her tight ass. Julie bit her lip again as another wave washed over her. Julie watched her daughter fuck her hairbrush feverishly in and out of her young cunt, until the orgasmic tingles finally faded away, making her weak with exertion.

“Whew!” Samantha said, flopping her arms and legs spread-eagle on the bed. She pulled the soaking wet brush from her tight twat and sucked her juices from it. “Mmmmm-mmm!” she moaned and then said breathlessly, “Thank you, daddy!”

‘Whew, is right, daddy!’ Julie thought, taking a huge, but quiet breath and closing the door softly behind her. She staggered away on tired, unsteady legs, confident her spying had gone unnoticed.

Samantha immediately turned her head towards the sound of her door closing. It wasn’t so much as the ‘click’ of the door latch, but the slow, steady release of the taugth springs and sliding metal pieces inside of the mechanism. Samantha knew the sound very well. It was how she always knew her mother was checking up on her to make sure she was asleep in bed and not reading under the covers or playing with her toys and stuffed animals. Samantha would immediately pretend to be asleep when she heard the soft, stealthy, patter of feet getting louder as they got closer to her door; stopping just outside. The single squeaking floorboard that must be too high-pitched for her mother to hear. Julie almost never fooled her with the soft, almost silent sounds of the door opening. Then, her mother would step softly into her room to stand silently by her bed, breathing heavily in the darkness before leaving, and closing the door quietly behind her.

Samantha had heard her mother stealthy movements and feeling naughty and too horny to stop, she decided to put on a slutty show for her mother. After all, she should know Samantha was grown-up now, and was ready for sex, perhaps even sex with her daddy! ‘That might work!’ she thought! ‘If mommy knew I wanted to have sex with daddy, she might let us!’

Samantha also heard her mother’s soft exclamations and moans. She knew her mother was masturbating. Masturbating and making the same repeated squishy sounds she was making, by plunging her fingers repeatedly into her warm, wet, pussy until they orgasmed together. Samantha smiled, grinning wickedly.

Chad did his best to stay away from Samantha the rest of the day, knowing he was too weak to resist her charms and too ashamed to face her. He felt guilty every time he watched her; every time he saw her young breasts bounce or her slim ass jiggle. It seemed as if she was toying with him, bending over in front of him, stretching and pushing out her breasts with her eyes closed, as if she was inviting him to stare at her. Samantha noticed his feigned disinterest and was even more determined to get his attention once again.

After lunch, Samantha naughtily decided to ask for a treat. “Daddy,” she said, “Can I have a popsicle?” Her mother was cleaning up the dishes at the kitchen sink.

“Oh,” Julie said, “I just bought some ‘creamsicle’ popsicles, the ones with ice-cream in the middle. You like those the most don’t you honey?”

“I love the creamy ones!” Samantha cried. “Can I have popsicle daddy? Or a daddy-sicle, pops?” She giggled. Her mother giggled too, shaking her head at her Samantha’s silly joke.

Chad raised his eyebrows at her, but opened the freezer door. He handed his naughty daughter the popsicle.

“Ooooh, I love daddy-sicles!” Samantha cooed. Chad looked at her sternly, trying to warn her not to go so far with her naughty talk. He looked at his wife; her back was turned to the two of them, oblivious to their actions.

Samantha removed the wrapper and began to lick the treat just like she licked her father’s cock last night. Chad watched as his daughter engulfed the long, hard, sticky treat with her mouth, plunging it in and out slowly, deep-throating it like she did to his cock last night. Samantha stared into his eyes. Chad stared back. She removed the treat with a sucking, slurping ‘pop’ sound.

“Mmmm,” Samantha moaned, “I love sucking on my daddy-sicle!”

Chad almost choked. Julie turned around quickly and said, “Samantha..., what...?” Her daughter’s words certainly contained a sexual double entendre.

“Yes mom?” Samantha replied, looking at her mother innocently and slurping on her treat loudly again.

“Uh, nothing dear,” Julie said, not wanting to call attention to her daughter’s innocent remark. After all, her daughter would have no idea how dirty her words sounded. She turned back to her chores.

Samantha looked at her father and then pretended to jack-off her popsicle with her other hand. She licked the head, wiggling her tongue, bobbed her head on it, pushed it all way down her throat, and then smiled sweetly at him.

Chad, flustered and full of guilt, looked away quickly and went to help his wife at the sink, trying to hide his growing erection.

Samantha ate her treat in silence, trying to figure out a way to get her father’s attention again. She looked at her popsicle and bit off the tip. As she chewed, she tasted the creamy ice-cream center and had an idea.

“Dad, mom, look!” Samantha said, “I’m licking up the cream!”

Chad and Julie turned. Samantha had cum-like ice-cream smeared on her lips, two spots on her face, and a large white gob on her extended, wiggling tongue; showing off for her parents, like she did for her father last night. She swallowed the cream with a flourish and licked the white goo from her lips, “Mmmmm!”

“Samantha!” her mother scolded, “Try to be a bit more lady-like when you eat, sweetheart.”

“What do you mean, mom?” Samantha said, licking her treat again and slurping loudly, once again. She pretended to be confused, wondering why her mother was correcting her, as she slurped on her daddy-cock substitute.

“Uh, nothing dear,” Julie said, frustrated. “Just eat quietly, OK?”

“OK,” Samantha grinned. That got her father’s attention! She could see the extended bulge in his pants before he turned around again.

Julie met her husband’s eyes and they shared their bewilderment with Chad shaking his head in feigned wonderment, in an attempt to maintain his ignorance.

Samantha finished her treat feeling satisfied with herself. She left her mom and dad to finish the dishes.

Soon afterwards, Chad announced that he was going to the hardware store. He had to have some time away from his sexy little minx!

While he was gone, Samantha and Julie sat in the living room watching TV. Julie occasionally attended to the laundry, folding it slowly, while her eyes often wander to her hot, young daughter. She found she could get aroused just by watching her; even more, now that the image of her daughter jilling-off was burned into her mind. Samantha was so sexy and innocent, thought Julie, though not as innocent as she once believed.

Samantha was wearing one of Chad’s old college t-shirts. Julie had found her husband’s stash of old shirts he couldn’t bear to throw away. Samantha quickly claimed them for herself. The one she was wearing now was worn thin. Samantha’s nipples were hard and making little tents in the nearly see-through material. Julie placed her hands in her lap, crossed her legs, and surreptitiously fingered her pussy once in a while. She remembered her daughter’s masturbation earlier this morning and began to get wet again just thinking about it. She stealthily admired Samantha’s firm, growing, breasts and the taut nipples clearly outlined through her shirt, pulled tightly against her. Chad was definitely going to get fucked this weekend.

Julie continued to steal glances at her daughter as she folded the family’s clothes. Samantha was now nearly lying down, with her head on a small pillow against the edge of the couch. Her butt was turned towards her mother. Julie smiled as Samantha reached back to scratch. She was pleasantly startled, then thrilled, when her daughter’s hand reached under her baggy shirt as if to scratch her butt, then lifted up her shirt and exposed her naked ass instead of the underwear Julie was expecting to see.

Julie stared a moment more as the cloth went higher, and higher to discover herself staring at her daughter’s bare pussy slit, clamped and squished between her legs. Julie caught her breath and

inspected Sammie's hairless, barely teenage pussy. It appeared to be shining with wetness. Samantha casually scratched her bare ass a moment, then, with her itch seemingly satisfied, returned to watching TV. Her ass remained mostly uncovered.

Julie gawked a long, long while, giving her pussy a little needed attention before speaking softly.

"Uh, Sam?" she began hesitantly, getting in a long, last stare before her daughter turned towards her.

"Yeah mom?" Samantha replied. She turned twisted her head away from the TV and towards her mom.

"Uhhh..., why aren't you wearing your panties, sweetheart?"

"Oh!" Samantha blushed a bit. "I kinda like being naked," she whispered conspiratorially, wondering how she could turn the conversation to sex and her daddy. Samantha sat up and pushed her shirt down over her bare thighs, covering her butt and pussy.

"You do?" Julie asked incredulously.

"Yeah! Like, when I come home from school! I can't wait to take off my bra. It feels so good, I just want to rub them, you know?" Samantha groped her breasts through her shirt and absentmindedly played with her nipples.

"Yes, I know exactly what you mean!" Julie replied, anxious to bond with her daughter, cupping her own breasts as well. "And your missing panties?" Julie asked, melting as she watched her daughter grope her breasts.

"Yeah...", Samantha giggled, "Those too!" She touched herself 'down there' and gave her pussy two long, firm rubs before drawing her hand away. "It kinda feels naughty when I don't wear panties, and I can scratch my pussy better when it itches, you know? I really like it! Besides, all I have are plain, old panties and I don't like them anymore." She now spoke very fast, taking advantage of the opportunity. "Do you think we can go out and buy me some new, grown-up ones?" she asked excitedly. "Please, mom?"

"Well, of course, If you..., Hey! Don't change the subject! Why does your pussy itch?" Julie asked, concerned her daughter might have an infection.

"Well, it's not so much that it itches, it just gets tingly and wet all the time and I have to scratch it, well... I kind of rub it a little, you know? That's another reason I'm not wearing panties. They keep getting all wet, and I don't want to make you do extra laundry or anything!" Samantha seemed proud of her reasoning, but failed to mention she wanted to make her daddy horny by flashing him her hot, wet, pussy!

“Hmmm,” Julie said, trying to look at her daughter with disapproval. That explained the soaking wet pair of panties she found in the laundry. Besides, she liked her daughter’s wet panties, even more now that her little pussy was getting slick with sexual arousal. The pair she had found this morning had joined her in the locked bathroom before her daily shower. “Your pussy is getting wet all the time?” she asked, prompting her daughter for more information.

“Yeah,” Samantha replied, “Well, almost all the time.”

“Like when?”

“Well, when I watch those sexy movies I like..., you know the ones?”

“Yes, I know,” Julie replied. She and Chad had tried to keep her from watching trashy romance movies. But, after all, their daughter was growing up.

“And sometimes I get wet and tingly at school, daydreaming about a cute boy or sometimes a handsome teacher.”

“Samantha!” Julie exclaimed in feigned shock, “Thinking about a teacher that way!”

“Yeah! I think I like older guys,” she said solemnly, “Boys are silly and rude sometimes.” She paused and grimaced, like she was making up her mind about something. She looked at her mother. “Can I tell you something else, in secret, Mom?” Samantha asked.

“Of course,” July replied too quickly, and speaking too fast, “You can tell me anything you want. Anything at all. Anytime. I’m your mother, after all,” Julie said, pushing her daughter to reply. “If you can’t confide in your mother, who can you tell all of your little secrets too?” She smiled and reached out to take Samantha’s hand, waiting to hear more of her daughter’s arousing innermost thoughts.

“Thanks mom...,” Samantha began, squeezing her mom’s hand tight. “It’s just that sometimes..., promise you won’t get mad.”

“No, never!” Julie replied.

Samantha lowered her voice to a whisper “Sometimes I even look daddy and feel all tingly,” she admitted. “I saw him with a boner in his pants before, and I kinda wondered what it looked like.” She blushed. “Is that all right? I mean..., is it..., you know..., normal?” She blushed, blinked and looked at her mother. She watched her mother’s lips curl upwards and turn into a smile.

“Oh, honey!” Julies pushed the laundry out of the way and quickly hugged her daughter. “Of course you are normal!” She smiled at her daughter brightly. She certainly didn’t want her daughter traumatized by a simple fantasy!



“All girls your age daydream about all kinds of sexy things, like cute boys or girls, movie stars, teachers, and yes, even their fathers!” Julie explained to her assumedly sexually naive daughter. “It is absolutely, perfectly normal,” Julie said solemnly. “Most young girls have a crush on their fathers at some point in their adolescence. After all, they are strong, handsome, loving and affectionate.”

“Do you think dad is handsome?” Samantha asked.

“Oh yes, I think he’s smoking hot!” Julie confided. “Very sexy.”

“Yeah, me too!” Samantha blushed, “I mean...”

“It’s OK, Sam.” Julie said quickly, taking her daughter’s hand, remember how Samantha fantasized about her husband while she masturbated. “I’m not jealous or anything,” she added. “I had a big crush on my father when I was young too.”

“You did?”

“Oh, yes,” Julie said. “My father was so big and strong, and I know he loved me very much. And, I was very curious about his penis, like you are about daddy’s penis. Perfectly normal!”

“Um, so you said girls think about their dads sometimes..,” Samantha paused. She was just about to ask if it was OK for daughters to have sex with their fathers, when Julie took her hand.

“I guess we’ve never had ‘the talk’ Samantha,” Julie said, trying to quickly change the subject. She smiled again, trying to make her daughter comfortable in a very uncomfortable situation. “Not a proper talk anyway, and, I’m sorry if I’ve not been a good mother lately, I...,”

“Shhhh! It’s OK mom,” Samantha said, stopping her mother from saying things she didn’t want to hear, just like she did to her father.

She hugged Samantha again. “Well, with your father out of the house, this is the perfect time for ‘the talk.’”

“Is this going to be about ‘the birds and the bees?’” Samantha whined, “I learned all that in school!” And, she had learned a lot more about sex on this very couch, but knew she shouldn’t mention that.

“I’m not sure what you learned in school,” Julie said, thinking about her own misadventures in public school. “Now, sit down, shut up, and listen because you are going to hear it again!”

“Those tingling feelings you are getting in your pussy it caused by puberty; the same reason your breasts are getting bigger. You are turning into a young woman.” ‘And it is happening way too fast,’ Julie thought to herself.

“Now, when you get those tingling feelings and you rub your pussy? That is called masturbation. And that’s perfectly normal too. When you rub it, and those tingling feelings get so intense you almost see stars? That is called an orgasm, or ‘cumming.’ You can, or should, have them during sex too.

“I’m sure you know about a boy’s penis, and how it gets hard enough to slide into a woman’s vagina. And when a boy orgasms, his sperm comes out and it can fertilize a woman’s egg.”

“Yeah, yeah, just like a bee delivering pollen to a flower...” Samantha said sarcastically.

“Smart-aleck,” Julie teased. “Though I bet a flower doesn’t feel as good,” she replied, “Or the bee either.”

They giggled.

“And we already talked about your period, and how you should be having one before too long. And, once that happens, you can get pregnant, so you have to be very careful if you ever decide to play with a boy. If you are going to have sex, let me know and we can get you condoms or put you on the pill, OK.”

“OK.” Until then, Samantha decided, she was going to fuck her father every chance she could.

“Of course, with another girl, you don’t have to worry about that,” Julie mentioned, hopefully putting a thought into Samantha’s head.

“Now, look, you are growing up to be a very beautiful, sexy, young woman. Your father has certainly noticed, and, it is possible that he might get aroused by looking at you.” Julie knew the evidence of Chad’s arousal was recently splattered in Samantha’s panties. “If he does, remember that it is normal too. Men get aroused by looking at a pretty girl’s body, her breasts or her butt.”

“It’s OK if daddy gets a boner looking at me?” Samantha suddenly sensed an opportunity.

“Well, yes. Sometimes men and boys can’t help it. Don’t worry about it, though. You have nothing to be ashamed of. Be proud of your body, and if men look at you, so what? I mean, don’t go around flashing him your tits or pussy or anything!”

“You mean I can’t show him my...,” Oops! “I mean, no, wouldn’t do that, mom!” Samantha said, then added, “..., unless it was an *accident*...,” She planned to have a lot of accidents. She noticed her mother’s concerned, puzzled look, and decided to quickly change the subject. This conversation was going where she had hoped it would.

“Wait, mom!” Samantha said. “You said something about having sex with another girl?”

“Yeah, perfectly normal,” Julie said immediately, forgetting her concerns with Samantha ‘accidentally’ showing Char her young charms. Julie continued, “Didn’t you ever think about a cute girl at school, her breasts or her butt, or..., her pussy..., and get all tingly down there?”

“Well, yeah,” Samantha said. She had been thinking about it since watching porn last night, and seeing two girls licking each other. “What do girls do to each other?” Samantha asked, wanting to know more. She remembered her mother watching her masturbate. Maybe mom liked girls and boys?

“Well, all kind of things!” Julie said enthusiastically. Then, she decided she’d shared enough for one day. “I think that’s enough ‘sex’ talk for now. We can talk more about it later, if you want to.”

“Aww!” Samantha exclaimed, she wanted to talk about it now, then tried establish some boundaries now. “But, then it’s OK..., it’s OK if I rub myself...?”

“Masturbate,” her mother corrected. “Yes.”

“Masturbate...,” Samantha repeated thoughtfully. “And it’s normal if I think about boys, or girls, or teachers, or even ...,” she waited for her mother to finish her sentence for her.

“Your father?” Julie asked, with a knowing twinkle in her eye.

Samantha blushed and nodded.

“Yes, perfectly normal.” Julie replied. “I told you. Fantasies are normal and healthy,” she replied, “But you don’t have to tell everyone about all of your sexy thoughts..., except your mother, of course.”

“And it’s normal if daddy gets boners from looking at me?” Samantha asked. She planned n giving father lots of boners!

“Erections. Yes. Perfectly normal.” Julie took a deep shuddering breath and turned away from her daughter. She began to fold the family’s clothes once again, her mind travelling down a sexual path she had never let herself consider before.

Chad finally returned home after an extended time away from his sex-kitten daughter. He tried to keep his distance from Samantha when he got home, and for the rest of the afternoon. He did not stare at her, touch her or hold her; he hardly spoke to her, afraid his lust would betray him. Julie noticed his distance and saw Samantha’s sad reaction to his repeated rejections.

After dinner that night, while Samantha was in her room doing homework, and Chad and Julie were cleaning up in the kitchen, Julie decided to confront Chad about his recent odd behavior towards their daughter.

“Are you mad at Sam?” Julie asked suddenly, turning to him. She was washing dishes, he was drying them.

“No, I’m not mad at her,” he said, looking at the plate in his hand, wiping it and putting it away, not meeting her eyes.

“Then why are you ignoring her and acting like you don’t want her around?” She stopped washing, put down the rag and confronted him. “She loves you, no; she idolizes you and you are treating her like shit. I see the way she looks at you when you walk away from her. Is there something going on between you two? I want the truth Chad.” She waited...

“Uh, well,” he stammered. “OK, the truth, then.” He took a deep breath, making a risky choice. “She..., she is not so little anymore, Julie. She walks around the house with her tits and ass hanging out all the time. She is turning me on,” he said, then sharply whispered, “She’s giving me boners! This morning, she wasn’t even wearing panties! It seems like she’s trying to get me horny, and I’m doing the best I can to be a proper father, and the best way I know to handle it is to leave her alone!”

There it was. He spilled his guts to her, some of it anyway. She would understand. She would protect him from Samantha. He looked her in the eyes, for the first time since the conversation started.

“Chadrick Daniel Williams!” Julie admonished. “It seems to me that you have the problem and not her! Yes, she is growing up and developing into a beautiful young woman, but I will not have you ignoring her! There is nothing wrong with a daddy admiring his little girl! Shit, if I counted the number of boners I gave my father, I’d still be counting!”

“But...,”

“But nothing!” Julie said, “Hell, she turns me on too, watching her walk around and being so young and so damn sexy.” Julie realized what she had said. ‘OMG! I just admitted lusting after my own daughter!’

“She turns you on too?” Chad asked incredulously.

Julie decided to be totally open and honest. “Well, yes..., Hell, yes! How could she not? You knew I experimented in college and when I was her age. Just the thought her sweet, young, puss...” Whoops, now she was going too far.

“I know what you mean, Julie,” Chad sighed. He realized Julie had just given him a possible get-out-of-jail-free-card. If Julie ever did find out about him and Samantha, he could use her own desires to excuse his own bad behavior. He pushed her even more. “Did you ever notice how hard her nipples get in those old tee-shirts she wears all the time?”

Julie closed her eyes for a moment, recalling the times she imagined herself sucking on those fat nipples. “Yeah. I’ve noticed,” Julie admitted. “And, how about those red-short? The stretchy ones that are way too small for her now?”

“God yes!” Chad said, vividly remembering. “And the way the outline of her pussy-lips show through them?”

“Yeah! Especially the way she sits cross-legged all the time? Quite the cute little camel-toe. I should talk to her about that...,” Julie paused and smiled to her husband in that borderline-evil way he loved so much, “... someday..., in the future..., maybe next month..., unless I somehow forget about it.”

They laughed conspiratorially. It was a relief for both of them to admit their own sexy, pubescent, hot, daughter was having the same effect on both of them.

“Samantha is very pretty and I’m sure she has a pretty pussy, just like her mother,” Chad said, getting close to his wife and putting his arm around her. “It’s no wonder we like to look at it. Does this makes us bad parents?” he wondered out loud, hoping she would say ‘no.’

“No, perfectly normal,” Julie lied quickly and gave her husband a reassuring kiss. “We are both sensual people, and..., well face it..., Samantha is sensual too,” she said with a shrug of her shoulders. “Oh! And something else!” Julie said, remembering. She lowered her voice to a hush. “Samantha is masturbating now. This morning, I went to her room to get her laundry..., and I heard her.”

“You did. You heard her masturbating?”

“Yes...,” Julie whispered. “And Chad..., she was calling out your name when she came.”

“Uh..., really?” Chad stammered. ‘Oh shit!’ He hoped his wife didn’t suspect anything!

“Yeah, it was pretty hot,” Julie admitted, almost confessing how she masturbated outside of her door, but held back, afraid she already said too much. “Typical daddy-crush,” Julie added, “Most all girls have those fantasies.”

“Hmmm..., do you think the way she dresses, maybe she is trying to make me horny? Like the way she was sucking on that Popsicle today?” Chad theorized aloud, hoping to have a ready alibi if Julie ever caught him and Samantha in a compromising situation.

“No, I’m sure she doesn’t realize...,” Julie started to say. “Well, pretty sure anyway. Sammie’s growing up, but she’s still naive when it comes to sex - I had the ‘the talk’ with her today,” Julie added, using her fingers to make ‘air quotes.’

Chad almost chortled when his wife said Samantha was still innocent about sex. ‘Not after last night!’ he grinned.

Julie continued, “I told her it was ‘normal’ if she noticed you had an erection now again, but I wonder now..., she seemed pretty excited about the thought of turning you on. But, it’s just a game little girls play. And, I’m sure the popsicle thing an accident, though it was pretty hot.”

“Yeah, you know what was going through my mind, but, it’s pretty easy for her to get me aroused anymore,” Chad said, trying to explain away any future hard-ons, “Hell, she is so sexy, and we’ve not had sex in...” he stopped suddenly and immediately regretted his words. He looked at his wife sheepishly.

Julie sighed. “I know, Chad, and I admit I’ve been neglecting you, but I’ve had a lot on my mind lately, and I’m trying to work it out, and I’ll try to do better for you..., and for Sam. But, you can’t push her away from you anymore. If you get a boner, so what? She needs to know about sex and she definitely needs her father. She is really curious about sex right now, and since the only cock in the house is yours, then I’m ok with her trying to peek at you in the shower like I did with my dad, or cuddling with you, or even playing a little ‘ass-grab’ now and again. And, I don’t want her covering up just to spare us our dirty little thoughts. I want her to be proud of her body and not ashamed of it. Are we clear?”

“Yes, dear,” he said automatically. “But what if she wants to sit in my lap, wearing next to nothing? I’m not sure what I’d do!” What I’ve already done, he thought to himself guiltily.

“Dammit, Chad! If Samantha wants to ‘ride the bumpy-pony’ then let her, and enjoy it, for fuck’s sake!”

“But...,” Chad looked at her, his mouth hanging open, not believing what he was hearing.

Julie sighed. “It’s only natural, Chad..., honey..., most girls give their daddies and uncles and brothers hard-ons. I know I did, and I enjoyed it!” Then she added, “Look, I don’t want our daughter being sexually repressed in her own house. Hell, if she wants to walk around naked and show off her sexy little tits and tight ass to us, it’s OK with me. And I know it is OK with you.”

Julie smiled, knowing she had shocked him. But after all, Chad admired their daughter, and she did too. ‘What was wrong with that? It would only make them closer!’ Julie leaned over and kissed her husband gently on the lips.

“Are we OK?” she asked.

“Yes, we are OK,” he promised. “I’ll stop pushing her away. But, she will definitely know when I’m sprouting some serious hard-wood,” he chuckled.

“Good..., and Chad?” she whispered, “I’ll be waiting up for you tonight.” She gave him a wink, and smacked his ass. “I’m overdue for a little hard-wood myself,” she said, strutting out of the room.

Julie kept her promise that night, pulling her husband into the bedroom well before bedtime. Naked, and lying in bed, they expanded on their earlier talk about their sexy, young, pubescent daughter. They discussed her cute ass and her suck-able budding breasts. Julie shared more of Samantha’s masturbation fantasy, giving her husband explicit details about Samantha moaning out loud and begging her father to fuck her butt. Julie admitted to rubbing her pussy outside of their daughter’s door, but didn’t admit to orgasming.

Being aroused, they made love slowly and sensually. Chad tried to take it slow and enjoy their infrequent bed-time together. They caressed each other with Chad lying on top of her, between his wife’s open legs and kissing her softly. Chad squeezed her breasts, sucked her nipples but couldn’t help but contemplate the difference between his wife’s breasts and Samantha’s. Julie felt his hardness pressing against her and tried to urge him with her legs to enter her. Instead, he slowly went south, kissing her nipples, her abdomen and belly-button before teasing and licking Julie’s pussy. Julie came quickly, bucking her hips into his mouth. Her squeals reminded him of Samantha’s sex noises, when she came all over his cock.

He rose and climbed up between her legs again. This time, when she felt his hardness, he needed no encouragement. He easily slid into her. They began to fuck slowly, kissing and caressing each other. They together found their rhythm, slow and steady. Then, they moved a bit faster. Then faster and faster. Julie began moaning, spurring him on. They both needed this.

Julie assumed Chad wouldn’t last; since she had denied him for so long. And, since she had already orgasmed, and cared less about her own satisfaction, Julie decided to push her husband over the edge. While in the throes of passion, she began to moan in high-pitched, throaty voice. She hugged her husband tight, wrapped her legs around him and whispered into his ear, “Fuck me daddy, fuck your little girl!” Chad looked at his wife in the dim light and saw her lips curl into that sinful smile.

Chad paused his strokes, wondering if it was a trap. They both felt his cock pulse. Julie encouraged him impatiently with her legs, rocking against his ass until he continued, hesitantly.

“You know you want to, Chad..., daddy..., you know you want to fuck your little girl. Do it! Fuck her, Chad! Fuck me, daddy! Fuck your little Samantha! Fuck me good!” she hissed nastily into his ear.

Chad's cock swelled inside of her. He remembered fucking his daughter last night, recalling her scent, her tight pussy and her perfect little titties. He slammed his meat into his wife hard, knowing he couldn't be so rough with Samantha's small body..., yet.

Julie felt Chad extraordinary hardness inside of her. She imaged Chad fucking Samantha, while she lovingly taught Sammie all about how to please a man, and a woman.

Chad felt his balls tighten, and not holding back, he began to fuck deeply, feeling his shaft plowing into the soft, warm, wetness. He felt his cock-head being massaged by her pussy walls. He felt his balls swinging back and forth. His body felt alive! His groin began to tingle. His orgasm took him and he shot spurt after spurt deep inside of her, again and again; imagining his cock thrusting into his young daughter's cunt once again while his wife mewed in a high-pitched voice, bit her lip, and felt another orgasm overtake her as well. She purred happily as Chad filled her with his seed while moaning out his daughter's name.

As Chad panted above her, Julie grinned, her legs wrapped around her husband and her hands caressing him. 'Whew! That was intense!' she thought. Julie was quite pleased with herself.

"Thank you, daddy," she whispered aloud into the darkness.

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