

Title: Caught Sexting

Codes: MF, Mf, Ff, impreg

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By A.Muller (a pseudonym)

I stared at the selfie recently posted on my favorite free porn site. Dragged a copy onto my desktop, blew it up, and studied it some more. Humm.

Started looking at the background and at the tiny bit of the outside world visible in the mirror the girl had posed in front of. Couldn't be. Nah, couldn't be. Flipped the photo horizontally.

The girl had an almost symmetrical face, but flipping it made all the difference. And eliminated any doubts about the image of the outside world.

I had no doubts. The naked beauty flaunting her assets, all of her assets, was the kid next door and the smidgen of the house visible in the world beyond was mine! She was all of fifteen, and a young fifteen at that. The right age to be sexting a boyfriend or girlfriend, the wrong age to have her image all over the Internet.

I hit the 'report' button on the web page and refreshed the web page. The image was gone, banished. That's what I liked about the site: It followed the law and policed images. If you were a longtime registered user, a 'report' resulted in immediate deletion of the image — bam! — at least until it could be further vetted.

If you were unregistered, though, a review could take forever, thanks to Bible thumpers 'reporting' every single image, including those of great-grandmothers. By being idiots and overwhelming the reporting system, they enabled the kind of behavior they were supposedly trying to prevent.

While I'd knocked the image off one site, it probably was already on dozens of others, and would be posted and reposted forever.

Hannah was the kind of beauty most guys would want to post and repost: five-foot-four; slender but not emaciated-skinny; a natural flaxen blond with oodles of slightly curly hair that plunged past her shoulder blades; a semi-chiseled face that was rounded but not round; enigmatic lips with a distinctive, let-me-suck-you-off notch in the middle; a smile that could stretch across her face at the slightest provocation and that promised she could easily deep-throat even a monster dick, ears that stood off from her head but not so much they looked like wind-catchers, and — if you knew her — an exuberant personality that oozed sex and more sex.

Now, I faced a moral dilemma. Alert Hannah's parents? How the hell was I going to explain what I knew? I certainly wasn't going to share the photo with them. If they exploded, they could report me to the cops and accuse me of having child porn. And they'd be right: I'd

saved Hannah's photo and wasn't about to delete it. So hell no, I wasn't going to tell them, even if, technically, since Hannah took the pic, she was the pornographer who produced child porn.

Did Hannah know that a 'friend' had posted her sext pic on the Internet? Maybe not. It was also possible, that Hannah herself had posted her sexy image to a dating site after lying about her age to enroll, and someone unknown to her had 'repurposed' it.

What to do? When she was younger, Hannah would sometimes come over to our house and visit with my wife, Sara, and me. But that was in the B.H. years, the before hormones era. Now we were in the A.H. era, after hormones turned teenage girls into semi-ghosts, seen only in clumps with other teen girls, never visiting with the next-door old fogies. I couldn't remember when I'd last seen her.

Hannah's invisibility in the 'real world' notwithstanding, she had been very much visible in the online world, and I felt I simply had to speak to her. So I sat on the mostly ornamental porch outside our house reading a book and waited...and waited...and waited. Finally, about four-thirty that day, a school day, she bounded out of another teen's car and headed toward her house.

I called out: "Hi, Hannah! Can I have a word?"

She nodded and bounded over. "Hi! What's up?"

"Hannah, I hate to have to tell you this, and perhaps you already know, but...."

Her voice quavered. "Has something happened to my par...."

"No, no," I said hastily. "Your parents are fine, as far as I know. No, Hannah, this is about you."

She looked at me warily, puzzled, skittish. "Hannah, I surf the Internet a lot. A few hours ago, I saw a picture of you, of all of you. I flagged it as child porn, so it vanished...."

"Oh my god, oh my god, I'm gonna kill Tommy! That asshole! That mean asshole. He promised! And how the hell? I used Snapchat. It was supposed to 'go poof' in a few seconds." Then she looked at me accusatorially: "You weren't lurking, pretending to be Tommy, were you?" Her eyes were flaming daggers.

"No, Hannah. No! The photo was posted on a site I occasionally visit. It may be all over the Internet by now. Probably is, in fact. And once a nude photo of a cute girl" — I smiled at her — "is posted on one site, it quickly spreads to dozens, hundreds of sites, some hidden on the dark web. That photo is going to be posted and reposted for years cause you are really cute and you were doing your best to look sexy. Which you are.

"Hannah, I don't blame you for sexting. That's the way the world works now. But you need to tell your parents and be prepared for a shit storm at your school."

"I can't tell my parents. Daddy would kill me. Mom would kill me."

“They love you, Hannah. Trust me. They’ll come around eventually.”

“No, never. You don’t understand. They ‘got religion’ last year — she made air quotes — and now attend a weird church. All they do is talk of the Devil and sin and all that crap. Haven’t you noticed that Mom now wears long dresses and quit using makeup?”

“Still, Hannah, you’ve got to tell them.”

“No! No! No!”

“Hannah, your school is going to find out most likely. If the cops are notified, you could be charged with producing child pornography. That’s a felony, Hannah. You’d be labeled a sex offender, or worse.”

“Jesus fucking Christ,” she said. “Shit. My parents are going to throw me out of the house.” She started crying. I took a step forward and gave her a hug. She gave me a weird look and then ran to her front door and let herself in her house.

Before I continue, a bit about my sex life. Sara is a 5-foot-6 blonde with an infectious smile and, at first, an eager, willing cunt. When we were getting to know each other, before we even thought of living together, we fucked nearly every night. The sex was fantastic. After we started living together, the sex tapered off, but not much. After marriage, we fucked three and four times a week for years, but then as we entered our forties, Sara became a bit indifferent.

Our fucking became far less frequent. Twice a week was exceptional. Mostly we fucked on Fridays or Saturdays, never on Sundays as she didn’t want to miss sleep before work. I’d jerked off as a teen and during dry spells as a college freshman, but rarely since then until Sara’s sex drive went AWOL. Which is why I now had a favorite porn site, and why I had discovered Hannah’s picture.

Two days after I had warned Hannah of the tempest was coming for her, Sara and I were eating dinner when the doorbell rang. I answered the door to find Hannah standing there, crying. She was carrying a small duffel bag and ‘wearing’ a large backpack with sleeping bag attached. “Can I come in?”

“Sure, Hannah, come in.” The full story came out in bits and pieces over several hours, though Hannah left out my role. Her instinct had been right: Her parents had tossed her out after the school had informed them and the parents of Tommy and Tommy’s best friend, the devilish idiot who’d posted the photo on the Internet. All three students had been suspended.

Fortunately, the friend had posted the photo only on the site where I’d seen it. While the photo had spread around Hannah’s school, my quickly acting in reporting underage content seemed to have stopped its spread around the Internet.

Hannah’s parents had seized her cellphone and computer and then tossed her out when she refused to meet their demands: Go to their church three times a week, stop wearing makeup, wear only floor-length dresses, and switch to their church’s Bible-based, twenty-seven pupil high school!

Hannah asked if she could stay with us for a few weeks till she figured out what to do next. Sara looked at me, I nodded. "You can stay as long as you need to, Hannah," my wife told her. Sara then suggested we mediate with Hannah's parents. The teenager gave us permission but said it would be a waste of time.

We tried for a few days to get her parents to accept what had happened and let Hannah back into their home. But Hannah had been right: Her parents wanted nothing to do with their 'slut Devil-possessed daughter till she 'got right with God.' And so forth.

We quickly concluded that Hannah would be living with us for the long haul, so we overhauled our guest room and handed it over. Meanwhile, our lawyer drew up guardianship papers, and her parents signed responsibility for Hannah over to us. I work variable hours, while Sara is in retail and is locked into a ten to seven schedule, with her lunch hour from two to three. All of which guaranteed that, from time to time, Hannah and I would be home 'alone together.'

For the first couple months, she behaved as I expected most teen girls would. If we were home together, she stayed in her room, but mostly she hung out with friends well away from our house and, since her parents lived next door, well away from them, too. One evening Sara confided in me that she'd taken Hannah to the doctor and local pharmacy, to have birth control pills prescribed and dispensed. "She's got the itch, Dave. I sure don't want her getting pregnant while she staying with us." I agreed. We certainly didn't want an explosion of teenage pregnancy-induced tantrums followed by potentially unstable behavior after an abortion or, worse, a teen who insisted on popping out a kid and then dumping it on us to raise.

We'd tried having a kid when we were young marrieds, but without success. My sperm were lively and numerous, a sperm count had revealed, but it turned out that Sara was couldn't have a kid. We'd accepted our childless status and came to view it as actually the best outcome. Having Hannah around slightly disturbed the peace and quiet we enjoyed, but not significantly. As mentioned, Hannah kept mostly to herself or hung out with friends.

One day she broke the pattern. Hannah came out of her room, sat in home office guest chair, and looked at me oddly. "Dave, I don't understand why guys your age like to look at pictures of teen girls. I just don't get it."

"That's an easy two-part answer," I replied. "See, when guys start to get interested in girls, they are trained by everything around them, from advertisements to movies, by artwork modern and ancient, to look to young women as the ideal of beauty. And that training doesn't disappear as a guy gets older, just as old women don't forget about six-packs and start lusting after guys with big bellies and huge old noses with pore pits."

Hannah laughed and grinned at me. "Point taken."

"There's another reason, much older than civilization itself." Hannah tilted her head. Clearly, I had her full attention. "Guys are programmed by Mother Nature to plant their seed in fertile wombs, to pass along their genes and perpetuate the species.

"When a girl grows boobs, she's signaling that she's fertile. But a thick waist signals that a

woman is or might be pregnant. A young woman with boobs and a thin waist is silently hollering, at a primal level, that she's ripe for breeding.

"To a guy filled with male hormones, an image of such a young woman is like honey to a bear. It is an irresistible combination. Just looking at such a young woman turns a guy on. He feels virile, alive, and potent. It's a great feeling. Guys jerk off to such photos cause it makes them feel better, much better."

"Do you ever jerk off to such photos?"

"Guilty as charged."

"Does your wife know?"

"We don't talk about it, but she should know. Something like eighty percent of American guys do. I'd be abnormal if I didn't."

"Did you beat off to my photo?"

"No. I reported it."

"Did you keep a copy?"

I looked at her and didn't answer for a long, uncomfortable silence. "It's child porn, Hannah. It is very, very illegal."

"Yeah, Dave, but did you keep a copy?"

"I'm not going to answer that, Hannah, and you shouldn't have asked me. Furthermore, we shouldn't be having this conversation. It is most definitely not appropriate."

"OK," she said. "Later." With that, she headed to her room. I figured she was up to something, but I had no idea what. About a week later, all was revealed.

But first, a bit about me: I'm a normal-looking guy in my early forties. I jog but I'm not into long-distance running. I hit the gym twice a week, rarely three times a week. In other words, no paunch but no six-pack either. I work mostly from home, getting bids from overseas manufacturers for small American companies dipping their toes into foreign sourcing. I need to fly overseas a few times a year to coordinate projects, but mostly I'm either working at home or occasionally visiting clients in the States.

It was a Monday, a 'teachers workday' that saw kids banned from the schools, when Hannah initiated the next step in our relationship. I was at home, working in my home office, when the teenager walked in and sat in the visitor's chair. I stopped what I was doing and talked with her about nothing in particular. I had noted when she entered that she was carrying the Mac laptop my wife and I had bought her, but I didn't focus on it. She often carried it with her around the house.

She pushed the it over to me and directed me to a particular disc image, then told me to open

it. I clicked on it, but it wanted a password. “Type HannahHannahHannah101520,” she said, making sure I can the capitalization right. I did so and — bam! — saw a screenful of thumbnail selfies of Hannah in the buff, Hannah masturbating, Hannah displaying her cunt, and so forth.

She leaned over my desk and pointed to a folder labeled ‘more stuff.’ “That takes you to the videos. I thought you’d enjoy an eyeful, so I made a bunch for you.” She pulled the laptop back across the table.

I started to speak, but she cut me off. “Yeah, yeah, I know, child porn is illegal and all that crap. But I’m not exactly a child, as I’m sure you’ll agree. This is my computer, and I don’t let anyone borrow it, not even the nice people who are letting me share their home.” She winked at me.

“So report me if you wish, but I doubt the cops can get into that disc image, and even if they could, so what? I haven’t shown those photos to anyone, absolutely no one. They are mine, and I have a ‘human right’ ” — she made air quotes — “to take selfies of myself.”

She turned and walked out of my office, carrying the laptop with her. She turned around outside the door. “By the way, I keep my laptop next to my bed when I’m not at school.” She blew me a kiss and walked away.

I doubt anyone reading this will be surprised to learn that I couldn’t concentrate on the work in front of me. I sat there for about ten minutes, pondering what to do, when I decided to visit a client and try to clear my head. After setting up an appointment, I headed out of the house. “See you later,” I called out to Hannah, who was in the kitchen doing something culinary.

“I’m sure you will,” she said, smiling and blowing me another air kiss.

I was wading into swift and dangerous waters, and heading for a cataract that could destroy me like a boat plunging over Niagara Falls and smashing onto the rocks below. After my client meeting, I went to a McDonald’s, ordered fries and a Coke, and sat there, sipping and nibbling and appreciating the lithe teenage girls who stood out among the hordes of overweight teens, kids, and adults. Girl-watching wasn’t helping, so I headed home.

I got home an hour before my wife was due home. Hannah heard me pull my car into the garage and greeted me at the door with a hug and a demure kiss on my cheek. “Is my savior a bit worried?”

I nodded. “You’ve put me in difficult spot, Hannah. Very difficult.”

“Yep. Watching porn is OK, but watching it when the girl is living under your roof is not OK? Kind of a double standard, doncha think?”

“Hannah, I’m married and you’re underage. Guys watch porn instead of chasing every skirt they see or having an affair. Jerking off is, well, simply a way of taking the edge off. And so on.”

“I know,” she said. “I’m just teasing you.” Then she smiled that mischievous smile of hers.

“But do be sure to, uh, make sure my laptop is working properly. If I decide to make a living as a Chaturbate girl, I’d like to make sure I have what it takes.”

I had to smile at that. “I’m sure you’d make a killing on Chaturbate, Hannah, but would you really want to?”

“Maybe. What if I did the twofer thing with a twist? You know, young woman with a much older guy. From what I hear, there’s lots of horny oldsters who like watching porn like that.”

“I think we’d better end this discussion.”

“OK,” she said. “But I bet it gives you something to think about when you’re checking out my laptop.” With that, she walked away.

Not surprisingly, there was a tent in the front of my pants and a growing hunger in my soul, or whatever controls a man’s sexual awareness. Hannah was awakening a part of me...no, that’s not it...that part of me had been awake since maybe age twelve. What she was doing was fraying my inhibitions.

A few days later Hannah asked my wife and I to sign a permission slip allowing her to go on a school trip to a museum quite a distance away. “It’ll be a nice trip,” she said, looking straight at me. “All I’ll be taking is a pen and a notebook.”

On trip day, I had trouble working at my desk in the hour before my wife headed out. The night before I’d been incredibly horny, thinking of whatever I was going to see the next day. I’d fucked my wife raucously, till she finally urged me to be quiet for fear of what Hannah would think upon hearing us. I had a good idea of what Hannah would thinking, but I certainly wasn’t going to share that information with my wife.

After my wife left for her job, I headed into Hannah’s room and unplugged her laptop from its charging cord, lay back on her bed, and double-clicked the disc image she’d pointed out to me. The computer demanded a password. My finger typed “HannahHannahHannah101520” and the virtual disc popped open. Inside was a file that said ‘Read Me’ and a folder that said ‘Stuff.’ I opened ‘Read Me.’

“Please get naked before looking at my stuff. I want you to have an uninhibited good time. And please leave your used tissues in my nightstand drawer. I want to smell them.”

I didn’t like the idea of stripping, but I did unbuckle my pants, slide them and my drawers over my hips, and lay back on the bed. Then I clicked ‘Stuff.’

The first image was a close-up of a clit, Hannah’s clit. It was named ‘Lick Me.’

The next image was an erect nipple, named ‘Lick Me 2.’ Then a shot of her left boob, ‘Suck Me.’ And many more shots of the same boob, with different lighting and taken from different angles, some in color and some black & white, named ‘Suck Me 2’ and ‘Suck Me 3’ all the way to ‘Suck Me 127.’

Her right boob got the same attention, from ‘Also Suck Me 1’ to ‘Also Suck Me 123.’

Other body parts came into sharp focus: ears ('Breath on Me') and earlobes ('Lick and Suck') and so on and so forth. From thigh and ankle to her lips and lithe tongue.

And then came the final set of shots: her cunt ('Fuck Me'). Her fingers spread her labia and her camera showed the deep insides of her cunt and her cervix ('Cum on Me').

My dick was so achingly hard I was ready to explode, wanted to explode, needed to explode. A few wanks was all it took before I spattered all over my shirt and hand and belly. I grabbed some tissues from the Kleenex box beside her bed, and wiped up the spunk. Should I flush them or put them her drawer? For now, I put them next to the tissue box and clicked on the folder labeled 'More Stuff.'

Inside was another text file ('Read Me Too') and a folder labeled 'Videos.' I opened 'Read Me Too:'

"You can't imagine how horny I get, or maybe you can, since you must have been a horny boy a long time ago. I wanted Tommy to be my first, which is why I sexted him at the start of the school year. But he betrayed me, and now I don't trust any of the boys in school. They're just that - boys - and I want a man to fuck me, suck me, lick me, spank me, love me and rock my world.

"But I also know that you and Sara are in love with each other — aw, ain't it nice? — and I hear you making love from time to time, and you guys have been so nice to me I don't want to risk breaking up your marriage.

"So don't worry. I won't. I promise.

"I won't break up your marriage — I'll make it even better. One of these days Sara is going to beg me to fuck you. She will. You'll see. So don't worry...be horny...and save some of that white stuff for me.

"P.S.: In my nightstand table is the hairbrush handle I used in the videos. Give it a good sniff!"

I opened the drawer and pulled out the hairbrush. Yep, the handle smelled like cunt. Though I had already cum that elicited a rise out of my dick and a couple of pulses, a guy's equivalent of Kegel exercises.

In the first video Hannah danced for me to a hiphop beat, flashing her tits before finally unveiling them. Then she turned around and showed me her ass, covered by hiking shorts. Twerking in time to the music was next, followed by Hannah's turning around, bending over, and swinging her orange-sized teen tits for me. Gradually she loosened her shorts and dropped them to the floor.

She was wearing a thong and played with its straps for a long time before lowering it and stepping out of it. Naked, she was a delight as she bounced to the beat. Then she stopped and spread her legs just in front of the camera and, sensually, pumped her cunt with the hairbrush. "I can't wait till your dick's inside me, Dave. Can't wait." The video ended abruptly.



The next video — there were only two — showed her lying naked on the bed, pumping herself with the hairbrush while she looked at the camera and licked her lips. “Dave, I need you,” she said, and blew me a kiss.” I looped the video and came a second time looking at her repeatedly diddling herself and saying she needed me. Was I ashamed of myself? Maybe a little, but I still wanted to fuck the girl.

Sara and I picked up Hannah at her school that evening after the schoolbus returned from the full-day trip. Like any teen, Hannah was energetic after the trip, one that would have left her guardians ready to collapse into their living room and break out the wine and beer. After a late dinner, Hannah asked, “Can one of you drop me off at Madison’s house? We need to compare notes!”

I tilted my head and looked at her: “Can’t you just call her? Or Skype or something?”

Hannah and Sara both looked at me. “Girls need to compare notes sometimes, Dave,” my wife said quite firmly. “Please drive her over there, Sweetie. I’ll pick her up when the time comes.”

“Thanks!” Hannah said, looking at Sara. Looking at me, she spoke softly and shook her head. “Skype? What decade are you living in?”

Once we were in my car, headed to Madison’s, Hannah rubbed my thigh softly. “Judging by the tissues I found next to my Kleenex box, you had a good time today, huh?” I nodded. “Glad you enjoyed them. That was just a taste of the yummys to cum. Since that’s also the computer I take to school, I’ve deleted the pic, as the vice principal in charge of conduct has been searching kids’ computers and making them show him suspicious files. But you’ll remember the pictures, I’ll bet.” I nodded again and grunted an assent.

To say I thought my life — and marriage — were about to explode was an understatement. Yes, I wanted to fuck Hannah, but I didn’t want to destroy everything I held dear in the process. But I needn’t have worried. Hannah looked at me and grinned. “As far as Sara is concerned, I’m a good girl and I’ll continue to be a good girl, quiet as a church mouse, till I bring Sara around to our way of thinking. Don’t you worry.”

What exactly did Hannah mean by “Our way of thinking?” And Hannah’s “Don’t you worry” didn’t calm me whatsoever. I did practically nothing but worry, but Hannah behaved exactly as promised when around Sara. Three days later, when Sara was at work, Hannah’s behavior changed dramatically.

I was at my desk, inputting numbers into a spreadsheet while trying to figure out the best deal for a client, when Hannah walked in. She tossed a vanilla-flavored condom packet on my desk. “I’ve been practicing putting condoms on my hairbrush handle, using only my mouth. You know, for when some guy is about to fuck me and I’m thinking he has the clap, or worse. I’m 99 percent sure I’ve mastered the technique, so it’s time to try my skills on the real thing.”

She grabbed my hand and pulled me toward her bedroom, then pushed me on her bed. She kissed me a couple of times on my mouth, but her heart clearly wasn’t in it. Her focus, it was clear, was my dick. It had hardened for the occasion and was struggling to burst through my underwear and pants. Hannah undid my belt, unzipped my zipper, and chuckled as my dick

burst through the fly of my underpants.

“Hello there, Mr. Dick,” she said. She leaned down and engulfed my dick in her mouth, then her head popped up. “Take a look.”

I looked at my dick and — wow! — it was ensconced in a condom. “How did you do that?”

“Takes practice, my love. I had a condom ready in my left hand when I pulled you from your office. In the split second between talking to your dick and taking it in my mouth, I slipped the condom into my mouth and positioned it. Then it was easy peasy to bag your dick. Neat, huh?”

I agreed that it was an amazing trick and a useful skill that would undoubtedly come in handy in the years to come. I chose not to mention that it’s a skill practiced mainly by prostitutes, but Hannah did: “It’s a vital skill for sex workers. Not that I’m thinking of entering that line of work, but it’s good to know I could turn pro anytime I need some extra cash.”

I reached down to pull off the condom, but Hannah stopped me. “I’m not through with my practice session. At this point, I could either blow you or fuck you. Let’s say I charge \$50 for a blowjob and \$200 for a fuck. Which ’ll it be, stud?”

“Neither. I gotta work. And you’re underage.”

“I knew you’d say that. It’s nonsense. The least I can do is give you a blowjob, or at least try to give you one while you wear that condom. I would fuck you, but I’d like our first fuck to be special, and this wouldn’t be.” With that she knelt by the bed, again took my dick in her mouth, and went to work. One hand was toying with my balls and tickling my anus while the other was pumping my dick’s shaft while her lips stayed with the head. Condom or no condom, I didn’t last long.

“Oh shit, I’m coming.” Hannah kept pumping as I filled the condom’s tip and then some.

“Now you can take it off. Do you want to save it as a souvenir, or flush it so Sara doesn’t find out?” It was a rhetorical question, of course. I flushed the condom and got back to work.

One morning, when Hannah was at school, Sara asked me, “Do you know this Tommy that Hannah was sexting?” Nope, I replied. “I’m wondering if he is actually a she. Something about the way Hannah is acting makes me think she might be a lesbian, or have lesbian tendencies.”

“Humm,” I said calmly. “Perhaps that’s not surprising. Today’s schools make it a point to teach kids the full spectrum of sexuality, and a lot of the kids are growing up ‘gender fluid.’ Maybe Hannah is a lesbian, but she could be just experimenting or trying out being bi. Only time will tell, I think.”

“You might be right,” Sara replied. “After all, some of the older women I know are coming out as gay, after years of marriage and raising kids.”

Over the next few weeks I noticed that Sara’s sex drive was revving up for the first time in

years. Suddenly once a week wasn't enough. And Sara was the one initiating our encounters. What's more, one morning she'd surprised me with a morning blowjob, the first in years. She didn't mention Hannah's sexuality again, but I had an idea who was responsible for awakening my wife's libido from its long slumber.

At breakfast one day, with Hannah out the door and on the way to her schoolbus, Sara leaned over the table and confided conspiratorially: "I think having Hannah here is the best thing that's happened to us in years. She's, uh, brought a *joie de vivre* into our lives that's been missing."

I knew what she meant, but I wanted her to spell it out. "Not sure what you mean, Honey."

"She's lively and open, and it's catching. And she's very, er, hands on. She breaks down barriers."

"Oh," I said, and decided to pry a bit. "That sounds a bit like flirting. Do you think she's trying to catch your eye? Just the other day you thought she might be a lesbian."

"Don't be silly," Sara replied, but I could tell she hadn't been entirely forthcoming. Something was going on. I smiled and took another bit of my bagel with marmalade, trying to look as innocent as that church mouse.

As the days went on I could see that Hannah was indeed hands on with my wife. She'd rub one of Sara's shoulders while they talked, give her big hugs upon coming home from school, and from time to time kiss her enthusiastically when Hannah was pleased with something Sara suggested, such as shopping for clothes or, at one point, new curtains for the former guest room, now Hannah's domain. A couple of times I even saw Hannah pat Sara's butt as she walked by.

"I gotta ask you something," Hannah told me after school one day, while Sara was still at work.

"OK. Shoot."

"I want your OK to go the next step with Sara. You know, take her to bed and fuck her girl style. I don't have a strap-on, but I can make do. We could trib or something. But, and it's a big but, I don't want to piss you off." Hannah leaned forward and gave me a peck on the cheek. "I want to make sure you're OK with what I'm doing."

"What are you doing?"

"I'm setting up a three-way. Geesh, you're a slow-learner, aren't you?" She poked me in the ribs and smiled as she said it.

"I figured. But you're being pretty aggressive. I don't want to hurt Sara, and I sure as hell don't want you to confuse her."

"OK, I'll figure out another way."

Had I been thinking straight I would have confided in Sara, and we could have approached the situation in an adult fashion. On reflection, that might have led to child services coming to take charge of Hannah, and ultimately an investigation, and me facing, at best, probation and the destruction of my business. Never mind. I sat back and watched events proceed at Hannah's pace, my libido raging.

I didn't have to wait long. About a week later, a tremendous thunderstorm raked our neighborhood about one o'clock in the morning. Our house shook, and lightning flashed through the windows so brightly the curtains and blinds seemed like Japanese rice paper, not thick fabric and wooden slats. The storm was so severe I was a bit concerned.

After one particularly loud bang, Hannah came into our room, not bothering to knock. Or maybe she did. Who could hear over the racket? She slid under the covers on Sara's side and hugged her tightly. "I'm scared." Sara made appropriate soothing sounds and gently stroked the teen-child, trying to calm her. Next thing I could see in the dimness, Hannah was stroking Sara as well.

The storm died down and so, I thought, did the goings-on between Hannah and Sara. I drifted off to sleep. Around six-thirty in the morning I was awakened by subtle motions next to me. I could see that the two were kissing softly, and Hannah's hand was under my wife's negligée, gently kneading and stroking her butt, and pulling my wife closer to her. I didn't want to break up the tenderness, but I had to pee. I got out of bed and pretended not to notice how close the woman and the woman-child were to each other. By the time I returned there was air between them, but not much.

Next night, Hannah knocked on our door about midnight, not long after we had fucked. "Can I come in? I feel so lonely in my room." Sara was quick to lift up the covers on her side of the bed. Hannah slipped out of the bathrobe she was wearing and slid into bed. I caught a glimpse of teenage flesh and lovely boobs barely concealed by a sheer and short nightgown. Nothing erotic happened, so I drifted into the sleep of the sexually sated.

In the morning, a bit of snogging woke me early. Again, I saw Hannah's hand pulling Sara's ass toward her, and this time Hannah's top leg was firmly wedged between my wife's legs. I remained in bed despite a desperate need to pee and pretended to continue sleeping, but nothing further developed.

The following night, Sara announced to me just before bedtime that she liked having Hannah sleep next to her, and she was going to invite her to stay with us another night.

"Uh, OK," I said, "but..."

"Don't worry," Sara said, "we'll still have our privacy on other nights. I just think that Hannah needs to know that someone loves her and cares about her. She's starved for actual human contact, Dave. She and I have cuddled a bit, and I think it's what she really needs, what's been missing from her life. If her parents weren't such religious assholes, she'd have been raised with a sense of belonging. Instead, she was tossed out on the street."

I gave my assent, and wondered if I should expect fireworks. I was disappointed. Sara and Hannah merely hugged and kissed a bit before dropping off to sleep, though once again

Hannah came to bed wearing a nighty more appropriate for a wedding night than a sleep-in.

Friday arrived that morning, but there was only a bit of early morning snogging. The evening was different, however. Hannah jumped into our bed first, wearing the same skimpy negligée she had worn on lightning night, and scooted to the middle of the bed. Sara did a double-take at seeing where Hannah had parked herself. “Hannah, that’s inappropriate. Let me get in the middle, next to my husband.”

Hannah looked at her with a scowl but slide out of bed. Once Sara was in bed, Hannah slipped back in and began not only kissing Sara but also lightly fondling her breasts and occasionally running a teasing finger down south. “Hannah...” Sara began in protest, but Hannah — instead of backing off — rolled on top of Sara and began French-kissing her. Hanna rolled over the top and plopped her ass in the middle of the bed. She then lifted Sara’s nightgown and began licking Sara’s breasts.

My wife looked at me for assistance. I obliged: “Hanna, you’re making Sara uncomfortable. Please go back to your side of the bed.”

Hanna did as I’d asked but continued to suckle at Sara’s breasts, and Sara seemed to relax. In a few minutes the stray southbound finger that had teased and danced around my wife’s breasts was joined by its neighbors, and they lifted the waistband of Sara’s panties and pushed them south. Sara looked at me for guidance, but I just shrugged.

Rather quickly, Hanna scooted down the bed and began kissing Sara where it counted. She nuzzled the clit that, by now, was engorged and standing proud, ran her lips along Sara’s thighs, and finally her tongue began probing deep into Sara’s cunt. My wife was no longer looking at me. She had closed her eyes and was breathing steadily and noticeably. I leaned over and kissed her mouth and began teasing her nipples. Suddenly, Sara roared as an orgasm ripped through her, and her stomach muscles tightened and drew her into a bow shape. “O god! O shit! O! O! O!”

Hanna ended her ministrations and in a plaintive voice looked at me: “Please fuck her now, Dave. She needs it.”

Sara’s eyes were still closed and she appeared to have passed out, but her mouth opened slightly. “Yes, I do need it. Please, Dave, do me, do me hard. Hannah, you need to....”

Hannah had already moved to the outside of the bed. She spoke up emphatically: “I’m not leaving. I’ve earned my right to watch. I’ve never seen fucking except in porn, and I want to see the real thing.” She ran her fingers around Sara’s clit once again and dipped a couple in Sara’s cunt. “She’s ready, Dave. Really ready.”

Before Hanna’s arrival, I slept in the nude. When she started staying with us, I started wearing pajamas, bottoms only, so to get nude all I needed to do was push them off. Sara spread her legs wide and I got into the missionary position. Hannah’s hand lifted off Sara’s cunt, grabbed my dick, and guided it to the target. Sara’s eyes flew open when she realized that Hannah was guiding me into her. She was about to protest when I penetrated, clamped my mouth on hers, and started fucking her gently as I kissed her deeply.

I felt someone playing with my ear, almost tugging it. It was Hannah. She said firmly, *sotto voce*, “Her lips are mine.” I lifted up a bit and Hannah’s lips replaced mine. Sara tilted her head toward her and soon both women were urgently lip-locked, with Hannah’s hands roaming over Sara’s breasts and nipples, teasing and tweaking, while Sara adjust herself into a half-twist. Her upper body faced Hannah, but her ass was flat on the bed.

Had Sara and I been alone, I would have rolled over, pulling her with me, and had her fuck me like a cowgirl. But Hannah and Sara were much too into each other to disturb, so I contented myself with fucking languidly, enjoying the view and wondering what was next.

Eventually, Sara rolled flat on her back, Hannah released her lips, and Sara pulled me to her mouth. We kissed deeply as I felt Hannah’s hand move south and begin playing with our joined flesh. She squeezed me dick and must have tweaked Sara’s clit hard, for Sara’s breathing quickened and suddenly her cunt tightened around my dick. As she orgasmed I sped up my humping until, with a roar, I fired deep into her cunt, squishing Hannah’s hand between us.

As I lay on top of Sara, kissing her cheeks lightly, Hannah sat up and exclaimed, “Wow! That was something else! Thank you for letting me into your life, guys.”

Sara seemingly came out of a trance. She rolled me off onto my side of the bed, pulled a sheet up over my waist and her tits, and sat up. “Hannah, this can’t happen again, and you need to sleep in your own room. What we just did was wrong on so many levels....”

Hannah guffawed. “I’m old enough for sex, and you’re the one who got me on birth control pills. In civilized countries I’m already of legal age. It’s fourteen in Italy, fifteen in France, sixteen in England. Our state’s age of consent is retarded, really retarded.” With that, Hannah pushed the sheet off Sara, reached down to her cunt, and slipped in a finger. When she pulled it out her finger glistened with cum and girl juice, which she spread on both of Sara’s nipples before licking them clean.

Sara lay back, enjoying the teenager’s ministrations. But then she said, “Hannah, I love what you’re doing — you have no idea how much — but Dave and I are your legal guardians until you are eighteen. We simply can’t....”

Again Hannah guffawed. “Sure we can, and we will.”

“Let’s talk about it in the morning,” Sara said, ending the conversation. With that, we went to sleep, with both Hannah’s arms and mine draped over Sara.

I was awakened by a gentle motion on the other side of the bed. I looked over, expecting to see Hannah and Sara snogging. But I didn’t see Hannah until my eyes drifted to the end of the bed. Hannah was between Sara’s legs, vigorously licking her clit and cunt, and judging by the expression on Sara’s face, doing a hell of a good job. I rolled onto the side facing them, bunched up my pillow, and lay there watching them.

After a couple of minutes I joined in the fun, teasing and stroking and gently tweaking Sara’s boobs and nipples, and frenching the ear nearest to me and sucking on the earlobe. Sara suddenly groaned and made a serious of guttural gasps. “Shit! I’m coming!” I had never seen

her response so physically. She writhed on the bed and made a half-stifled scream.

“No more!” Sara commanded when Hannah suggested it was time for me to fuck my wife. “No more. I couldn’t take any more.” The rest of Saturday was a girls’ gigglefest. Hannah’s seduction of Sara had turned her, gradually, from a guardian and savior into....

...Well, from Hannah’s perspective, Sara was now her absolute best friend with whom she could share any secret as well as the girlfriend with whom she could explore lesbian sex. I had an inkling that more revelations were to come, given Hannah’s apparent lack of any sexual hesitation.

...Sara’s perspective was split, as though she was seeing Hannah through a pair of crazy glasses. Hannah had become the daughter she had never had, one she could spoil and love and protect, and Hannah had also become her best friend and co-conspirator, one with whom — thanks, especially, to the wake-up cunnilingus that morning that licked away her last shred of resistance — she could run wild and free.

The girls huddled around Hannah’s computer and the giggling became more intense. “That’s what I want,” Hannah said, pointing.

“OK, and I’ll get that one,” Sara said. “Get the Visa out of my wallet, will you, and I’ll place the order.”

“What are you guys buying?” I asked.

“A surprise. You’ll find out soon enough,” Sara replied. Hannah giggled.

The three of us were so sexually charged that it was odd we didn’t spend all day Saturday and kissing and tickling and fucking, but we didn’t. In fact, the sex was rather perfunctory Saturday night, though I wasn’t complaining. After several years of once-a-week fucking, I was thoroughly enjoying the nightly trysts. And the hope that I’d soon be fucking a fifteen-year-old in addition to Sara resulted in my pecker getting hard periodically throughout the day, as though I were fourteen once again.

Sunday night there was no sex, just hugging, as Sara said she really needed to catch up on her sleep. I could tell Hannah was disappointed, but I needed to catch up on my sleep, too.

Monday, I was on the phone to a client when a UPS truck arrived with a box from Amazon. It was addressed to Sara, so I put it aside for her. On entering the house after school, Hannah’s first words were, “Did a package...,” but then she saw it on a side table. The smile that blossomed on her face was wide enough to cross a river. “Hallelujah!”

Sara seemed as giddy as Hannah had been when she saw the package. The two of them huddled in the former guest bedroom, now Hannah’s dressing room, and shut the door against my curious glances. I felt as though I were living with two twelve-year-olds, not a woman in her late thirties and a nearly sixteen-year-old young woman.

My sense that something major was in the works grew when Hannah and Sara headed to our bedroom nearly 90 minutes before our usual bedtime, and beckoned me to join them. “What’s

up?" I asked.

"Just get ready for bed," Sara said, so I did, slipping under the covers and making myself comfortable. Seconds later, both woman stood at the far side of the bed, wearing frilly nighties that I didn't recall having seen before. They turned and began kissing one another, then stopped. Sara turned to me and said, softly, "Tonight is girls' night." Sara climbed into the middle of the bed and Hanna lay next to her.

They resumed kissing, but soon Sara removed Hanna's nighty, all the better to play with her tits. Soon the teenager removed Sara's as well and the fondling, tickling, stroking, kissing, sucking began in earnest. On my side of the bed I removed my PJ bottoms and began stroking my meat slowly. Girls' night or not, I had hopes of some boy-girl action. Meanwhile, I enjoyed my first real-world views of Hannah's lovely tits. Her nipples poked up a bit, as nipples do on young tits before the drooping begins. Yum!

Gradually, Sara began working her way down south. As her lips neared Hannah's shaved mons venus, she looked at me and said softly, "This is a new experience for me. I've never gone down on a girl before." Her tongue slithered off the mountain slope and into the valley below. Hannah reacted visibly, a dreamy look on her face.

Before long, Sara was between Hannah's legs and her tongue was probing deeply. Then she started teasing Hannah's joystick, which by now was plainly visible. "You taste great, my love," Sara said. "Don't know why I waited so long before sampling my first slit."

A minute or two later Hannah gasped and lifted her mons while her head tilted back and a slight flush was plainly visible at the top of her thighs. After she came, Hannah pulled Sara up to her and kissed her deeply. "Please. It's time," she said softly.

Sara slide off the bed and reached beneath it. She pulled out a pink sack and stuck in her hand. I was absolutely surprised, and crushed, when I saw that Sara was holding a strap-on pink dildo. So much for my getting any! "I'll help with that," Hannah said as Sara's fingers, still damp with cunt juice, tried to manipulate the straps. Together, they managed to get Sara harnessed up, and then, well, not much

Hannah lay on her back and spread her legs, but Sara was having trouble fucking. "Let me help," I said.

"No," came a chorus from the offended females.

"Hey, I know something about fucking. Let me put our sex pillow under Hanna's ass. It will work much, much better." Hearing no objections, I went to the walk-in closet, grabbed the wedge-shaped pillow, and worked it under Hanna's butt. "Go for it," I said, and patted Sara's ass. She got in position, slide the dildo in gently, and started humping.

Despite the injunction about this being a girls' night only, I felt I had a trick up my sleeve that just might help. So I got behind Sara, grabbed Hannah's feet and lifted them high into the air, all the while massaging the arches of her feet with my thumbs. Hannah didn't protest at the intrusion, nor did Sara, though she might not have realized what was going on. Hannah reached up, pulled Sara to her, and gave her a big hug. The two kissed vigorously as Sara



humped the teen.

Though Sara's in pretty good shape, she wasn't used to fucking, and her technique wasn't the best. Still, the two were so turned that the fuckfest elicited another cum from Hannah, and then another, and finally a third. "Enough," Hannah said, and rolled onto her side, carrying Sara with her. "That was pretty terrific!"

Sara looked at me and my boner. "Does hubby wanna cum?" Hubby nodded, pulled Sara away from Hanna, unbuckled the strapping to the dildo in record time, and sat her down, cowgirl style, on his erection as he tumbled onto the bed. Sara's cunt was liberally lubed even though no one had touched or tongued it. As I pushed in, I had the thought that 'sloppy seconds' would be less lubricated than Sara's cunt at that moment. I confess: I didn't last long, but it was long enough for Sara, for she cummed almost immediately when my rod met her sheath. "I needed that!" she said, kissing me tenderly.

"Me too. I was about to call for an ambulance to treat my never-wilt hard-on. You guys were hot, hot, hot!"

The next day, after Hannah headed off to school, Sara came up to me and said, "We need to talk."

"OK. Shoot."

"We've gone over a cliff and plunged deep into troubled waters. I'm to blame. Hannah is a very appealing, super sexy, very — how shall I say it — a very forward young woman, and I let myself be enticed. Looking back on what happened, I think it's fair to say she seduced me. And now she's told me in no uncertain terms that she's going to seduce you. Worse, she wants my permission, my encouragement even, and here's the absolutely horrible truth: I want you two to hook up. I really do.

"Dave, I love you deeply and we have a wonderful marriage. Sure, we've hit some rough patches over the years, but so what? I don't want to lose you, and I don't want to lose Hannah.

"She's the daughter I never had, the lesbian lover I never had in high school or college. And she's made me realize that I'm bi or, rather, that I'm sexually fluid. I love making love to her, and I love her making love to me. Dave, I'm head over heels in love with her. And I'm still in love with you. I'm in love with both of you. So please, do whatever it takes to make her happy. Making her happy makes me happy. Kiss her, fuck her, eat her out. Do whatever she wants, whatever pleases you. Please, please, please."

I held Sara's head in my hands and kissed her on the lips. "Honey, I love you. And I like Hannah an awful lot. But I don't want to destroy our marriage. Are you sure you'll be able to keep jealousy from destroying our marriage?"

"Only if you promise me you'll never fuck her behind my back. What we do in bed, we do together."

I didn't say anything for an extended period, and I saw that Sara was getting ready to cry. I

hugged her hard and whispered in her ear, "Deal. I can't believe you want me to have sex with a 15-year-old, but OK, deal." Sara sobbed and kissed me hard.

I couldn't believe how thoroughly Hannah had conquered Sara. I was beginning to have doubts about Hannah, though. Had she'd done what she'd done because she was actually more gay than hetero? What if.... I spent the rest of the time, till Hannah returned from school, mulling over the possibilities and probabilities.

The sound of the front door opening tore me from my musings. Hannah bounded into my office and kissed me hard. She also jammed a hand down the front of the pants I was wearing and grabbed my dick, which began swelling in return. "Finally," she said, "we get to fuck!"

"Not so fast," I said while hugging her, and after we had exchanged a deep soul kiss. "I promised Sara this morning that we'd never fuck behind her back. We have to wait till she's home."

"All the better," Hannah said. "A threesome sounds yummy." She kissed me hard with deep tongue, and I responded, pulling her to the couch for some deep snogging. We were still at it when Sara came in the door. Hannah jumped up and pulled her to the couch. I got up as the two of them moved into snogland.

At dinner, the three of us couldn't keep our hands to ourselves. We were like three octopuses, our tentacles finding and feeling each other. We'd barely finished dinner when Hannah grabbed both our hands and started dragging us to the bedroom.

We took turns stripping each other and tumbled onto the bed as a writhing, heaving mass. Hannah grabbed my dick and sucked on it while Sara pushed her down and started eating her cunt and teasing her clit. "Enough!" Hannah commanded. "Fuck me! Fuck me now!"

Hannah scooted onto her back and spread her legs. For her part, Sara grabbed my dick and, speaking directly to it, said: "Let me introduce you to your new auxiliary homeport." She tugged lightly on it, bringing me directly below Hannah's perky and freshly shaven pud and cunt. Then she pushed it in an fraction of an inch and left go, and my thighs did the rest.

The kid's cunt was tight. I pulled back, drew my foreskin over the bulb, and then reentered. With the foreskin acting almost like a sleeve lined with ball bearings, I slipped right. Hannah pulled me to her and kissed me deeply. "Fuck me hard and cum in me, please." Thanks for to the daily fucking over the recent past I knew I wouldn't shoot anytime soon. I fucked steadily, then flipped Hannah onto her knees and did her doggie style. Then I pulled her onto me and we did it cowgirl style.

All the while Sara was helping out, playing with Hannah's tits, occasionally frenching her, teasing her mons, and slapping her ass. Finally, I'd had enough. "Here it cums, Babe," I said, and then shot hard into the girl.

I could go on about our sex life over the next couple of years, and at some point I might expand this account with more details, including when Hannah started fucking Sara with a long strap-on in swirly blue and green colors. At least to me, however, the interesting part is

what happened when Hannah graduated from high school and turned 18 soon thereafter, which led to her being automatically released from our guardianship.

One night at dinner, she announced she'd decided against going to college immediately in favor of a gap year. Sara and I asked if she planned to travel or work or what. Her answer: "Get pregnant!"

"You guys can't have any kids, and that's sad. And yet, here I am, deeply in love with both of you and, presumably, fertile as hell. So Dave, why don't you knock me up and then the three of us can raise the kid? Huh? How about it?"

We were floored. "That's a wonderful offer, Hannah," I said, "but I think your parents would go ballistic and could cause all sorts of trouble, even though you are 18 and even though they tossed you out. Besides, parenthood is for the young, which you are but we aren't."

After several weeks of discussion, Hannah agreed to put off pregnancy until she'd finished at least two years of college. She had already decided to attend a local school. Why? "Because I want to stay with you guys. And the sex is too great to pass up."

We tried to convince her that she could have a great sex life at a major university, but she wasn't interested in leaving our bed. So for the next two years the three of us sucked and tickled and spooned and teased and fucked, fucked, fucked. Then, two years to the day when she'd agree to postpone pregnancy, she brought up the subject again. We were all lying in bed, getting ready for — as usual — a threesome.

"OK, guys, you're getting older and I'm now a rising college junior and twenty fucking years old. It's time for me to breed. So, Dave?"

I looked at Sara, who leaned over and gave Hannah a big kiss. "A won't try to talk you out of it this time. If you go for it, you have my blessing."

A month later, after birth-control hormones had drained out of Hannah's system, the two of us, with Sara's help, started trying to have a kid. We fucked morning and night, and after I came Hannah would put her feet in stirrups attached to a bar suspended from the ceiling and keep them there for fifteen minutes, to keep my baby juice from dribbling out prematurely. In two month's time we knew we'd been successful when Hannah's tits became tender and she started throwing up in the morning.

The rest of the story is that Hannah's now eight months pregnant and still horny as hell. Reluctantly we replaced our queen-sized bed with a king, as Hannah was taking up too much room. What's next? I've no idea, though I do know that Sara has made friends with a much younger woman where she works, and Hannah has brought home some friends to help decorate her old bedroom, the former guest room, to turn it into a nursery. She keeps looking at the king-size bed and commenting that it could hold four easily. We'll see.

Any comments? Email me at: [Angler77@Safe-mail.net](mailto:Angler77@Safe-mail.net)

