

Jeff Davis knew he'd met his wife when the two of them were still in High School. Fortunately, Patty Wilson knew she'd met her husband, and the two of them quickly became a kind of fixture around their school. They were like one of those physical constants you learn (and promptly forget after final exams) in chemistry or physics: the speed of light was this, Avogadro's Number was that, and wherever Jeff or Patty was, there was the other.

Both got into college; Patty opted to attend Vassar while Jeff went to Dartmouth. Their first couple of years in college, they maintained their relationship via frequent visits to each other. The summer before they started their Junior year, they found an apartment roughly midway between the two schools and commuted. After they graduated, they got married; Jeff quickly found a job as a computer programmer, and Patty didn't have any trouble finding work as a Math teacher in a middle school. Their lives together were happy, relatively simple, and low-key. The only thing either wanted was a child; the birth of their daughter Samantha just a year into their married life was all they needed to make their lives complete.

A three-year-old Samantha was suffering from a cold, and Jeff was working from home so he could stay with her one day when there was a late-afternoon knock at the door. Jeff got up to answer it, figuring that Patty had stopped off for some groceries and had her arms full. When he opened the door, though, instead of his wife, he found two policemen standing there. One cop asked if he was Jefferson Davis; when he said that he was, the other - obviously more senior - told him that there'd been an accident. Jeff's knees almost buckled, but he held himself together and asked if Patty was okay. The expression on the cop's faces told him the answer before the junior's words gave him the details: a delivery truck had been going a little too fast on the downslope of a hill when it hit a patch of wet pavement and slid into an intersection - totaling Patty's car as she drove home from the school where she taught. The only faint consolation he had was the cop's assurances that it had been quick - the accident was severe and sudden enough that she couldn't have suffered.

Seeing his dazed state, the cops stayed with him until one of the friends he called showed up. The days afterward passed in a blur; if it hadn't been for the help of his friends and family, he simply wouldn't have made it. Even then, it was close: having to explain to Samantha why Mommy wouldn't be coming home, that *of course* Mommy still loved her - that she'd gone to be an angel, and that HE loved her and would be there; it was the necessity of taking care of his daughter's needs that gave Jeff the focus he needed to see him through the tragedy.

He knew not to let Samantha be present for the memorial service in the church, but she was with him for the funeral so she could - as she'd insisted she wanted to - "tell Mommy bye-bye." After she'd earnestly told Patty's casket "Bye-bye, Mommy. You be a GOOD angel, okay? I love you", nobody at the funeral could resist shedding more than a few tears.

In the years that followed, Jeff dedicated himself to raising Samantha. His employer readily agreed to letting him work from home whenever possible - he was a good employee, and there really wasn't anything 'magical' about what he did that made it necessary for him to come in to an office every day. Jeff was determined that Sam wouldn't miss out on *anything* just because she'd lost her mother. Along the way, he trained himself to do virtually all of the things that mothers normally did for their daughters - he could braid her hair and had learned to keep up with her ever-changing interests, he was a willing partner for High Tea with Samantha and the variety of stuffed animals she kept on her bed, and had even gotten her a small collection of the necessary cosmetics so she could play 'dress up'. While he was doing all of that, he was also talking to the mothers of daughters, so that he'd be ready when she experienced the different phases in her life. After his wife's death, the time he spent giving her a bath

each night was a special bond between them; when she'd grown to the point of wanting to take her own baths, he readily agreed - even though the request from her nearly broke his heart. The whole time Samantha was growing up, Jeff was careful to be honest with her. As was to be expected, there came the time when she saw him naked; the resulting questions she asked were answered in a way that satisfied her curiosity without overwhelming her or making her think there was anything inherently wrong or bad about human bodies. The only thing he emphasized was that it wasn't polite to open doors without knocking and waiting for an answer first.

Similarly, when she finally discovered 'bad language', he sat down with her and explained the difference between the words she'd heard (and had used) and the more socially acceptable ones - and which ones HE preferred she used, and why. After that, she used them a few times by accident, or to try and get a rise out of him when she was unhappy with him, but his patient and gentle disapproval was enough to discourage her from using them for long. His apparently casual attitude toward bodies, nudity, and language meant that Samantha wasn't afraid to come to him and talk about *anything*, any time she had a question or problem.

She got interested in being a Brownie Scout, and he didn't hesitate to volunteer for anything and everything they'd let him. He'd been a mediocre cook at best, but helping Samantha learn for Brownies helped HIM, too - much to his quiet amusement. He doubted that he was the ONLY Daddy active in Brownies, but he was the only one anybody he knew knew of. Some of the parents were initially concerned about his presence; on learning what had happened to Patty, their worries quickly turned to admiration and trust.

When Samantha made the transition from Brownies to Girl Scouts, he stayed right with her; his presence among prepubescent girls was readily accepted because most parents already knew of his involvement in the program because of their own daughters. That he was able to help them with things that the mothers simply *couldn't* do - and relieving a lot of other dads of the necessity of being dragged into various events - helped tremendously.

When she got old enough, Jeff had 'The Talk' with her - after psyching himself up for a full month beforehand. He calmly and patiently explained to her what she could expect to happen with her body before long, and described to her (in a general way - he WAS still her Daddy, after all) the kinds of 'feelings' and things that she would experience. Finally, he managed to cover the subject of sex, and what HE thought was important about it. He somehow managed to keep his equanimity throughout, and when he was done he could see that he'd been able to get it right: Samantha was eagerly looking forward to the onset of puberty, but without being afraid or embarrassed about all that it involved. She still had a few questions, which he was able to answer carefully and dispassionately; when they were done, he knew that she was as accepting and ready for the changes that were coming as she *could* be, and that she knew she could still come to him with questions and problems just as she had before.

A few days later, the two of them went to a drugstore so Samantha could pick out what menstrual product she wanted to use, so she'd have it when the time came. Not having the necessary plumbing to be able to really *understand* the situation, Jeff had worked up the courage to ask a few of the women he knew from Girl Scouts what THEY thought the pluses and minuses of the different choices were, and what they would recommend. Those conversations had been fairly embarrassing at points, but his determination to make sure Samantha was making an informed choice on the matter also impressed those same women mightily. So when Jeff and his daughter were in the appropriate isle of the store, he was able to relay what he'd learned to her. He answered her questions, and told her what other women had said, but left the final decision up to her. She finally settled on napkins - she hadn't been reluctant

to tell him that she didn't think she wanted to try putting anything inside at first. With the selection made, she decided she should pay for it since it was going to be HER 'stuff'; but she DID want him nearby when she did, "Just in case". He suspected she needed or wanted the reassurance of having him nearby, and felt proud that she would trust him that way.

Less than a year later, she casually informed him over breakfast one morning that she'd started her first period the night before. After a polite inquiry, he learned that she was fine - a bit uncomfortable, but not in any kind of pain. She'd woken up in the middle of the night to feel something sticky between her thighs; when she'd gone to the bathroom to see what it was, she'd found blood. It had taken her only a moment to realize what was happening, and she'd simply cleaned herself before opening the box of napkins she'd kept under the sink. Once she was satisfied that she'd taken care of things, she'd gone back to bed. Jeff felt pleased with himself that he'd been able to prepare her to handle the situation as calmly as she had. When he suggested that the two of them go out for dinner that night to celebrate the start of her becoming a woman, she smiled and said she'd like that.

It took a few months before Samantha's periods became regular; a year after that, and Jeff thought he could see her body starting to change. So he was ready for the day that she came to him and said that she wanted to get some more clothes; he said he'd take her the next day, and managed to hide his hurt feelings when she said that she thought she'd like to go with a woman, instead. He said that was fine, and that he'd find someone to help her. When he talked to Darcy, one of the women from the Girl Scout troop, she immediately understood in a way that he simply couldn't. She readily agreed to come to his place and take care of it before telling him "Face it, Jeff, this is just the beginning. From here on out, there's going to be a LOT going on in her life that you're not necessarily going to know about. I know how close you and Sam are, and I wish to hell I had that kind of connection with MY kids. But there are going to be changes happening with her that you as a guy aren't going to understand - any more than us women know what it is with you guys and the TV remote", the last delivered with a grin, which Jeff couldn't help mirroring.

Darcy spent over an hour with Samantha in her bedroom before the two of them went out shopping. Jeff could only figure it was some kind of genetic thing that even Samantha could spend a couple hours at the mall, come home with nothing (as she'd done several times), and still call it 'shopping'.

None the less, when they got back, they had managed to actually *buy* some things that they took into Sam's room; Jeff idly wondered if actually paying for something somehow ruined the experience for them.

When Darcy came out a few minutes later, she accepted the cup of coffee he offered, and suggested the two of them sit in the kitchen. Jeff looked at her, and she just said "She's going to be in there trying things on for while, I think, but I still think we need to talk where she won't accidentally hear us."

After both of them were seated, Darcy told him "As you probably figured out, she wanted to go shopping for girl stuff. Specifically, she figured she was ready for - well, wanted, anyway - a training bra."

Jeff gave her a wry grin and answered "Yeah, I kinda figured. A couple months ago, I thought I could see that her body's starting to change, and figured she'd start wanting something like that."

Darcy grinned back and said "Well, you were right. Part of the reason we were in there so long is because she was a little worried about a couple of things, and wanted to talk to me. One of them was that she's developing breasts, and she didn't know if they were growing fast enough. She told me you already talked to her about what was going to happen to her, and I figure you must have done a HELL

of a lot better job of it than me or my husband did with OUR kids: she wasn't the slightest bit bashful about taking her clothes off so I could *see* what she was talking about. I'm not a doctor, of course, but I'm not so old I can't remember what happened when I was her age, either, so I DID look; and I told her that it looked to me like she was developing just fine, and reminded her that she still had a few years before she stopped growing. That, and the other things I told her seemed to be all she really needed - which really surprised the hell out of me."

Jeff just sat there looking at Darcy for a few moments before she asked "You're not going to ask what we talked about?"

He took a sip of his coffee and thought a few moments before he answered "You already told me that she isn't going to want to talk to me about *everything*. I've thought about it, and I figure the best thing I can do is give her the privacy she wants while I make sure she knows that she **can** talk to me if she wants to. I remember what it was like for me around that age: there was stuff that I just wanted to keep *private*, and my parents' insistence on knowing every little thing that went on in my life just pushed me away from talking to them about things that now I know I SHOULD have. All I can try to do is find a balance between giving her the privacy she needs and wants, and staying involved in her life enough to make sure she doesn't get into anything too serious. I **know** she's going to make mistakes; she HAS to if she's going to learn how to be her own person. It's like when she was learning to walk: I can try to hold her enough that she doesn't get hurt, while keeping my grip loose enough to let her learn."

Darcy looked at him for several seconds before she said "I knew you had brains; that computer stuff you do is WAY over my head. But you're *smart*, too: what you just said is what I wish I'D known when *my* oldest were her age. I don't doubt that you're going to do just fine with her, Jeff. Me and the other mothers, we've all talked about how obvious it is how much you love Sam, and how far you're willing to go to make sure she doesn't have to miss out on any kind of girl stuff she wants to do. I mean, any guy that's willing to play 'dress up' with his daughter by putting on earrings, makeup, and a hat has **got** to have his heart in the right place!"

Jeff just smiled before Darcy went on "Anyway, I told her that she can come to me or any of the other Scout mothers any time there's something she doesn't think she can talk to you about. If it's anything serious, I know that any of us would let you know. If you don't mind, I'll tell the others what I did today. That way we're all on the same page if Sam does come to one of us."

"I don't mind, if Samantha doesn't. I'd rather have her going to folks I already know than not getting any help she needs or wants."

Darcy looked at him appraisingly before saying "I don't think it's going to happen too often, or about anything *too* serious. While we were out, Sam and I got to talking, and she trusts you - a LOT. More, even, than I think any kid I've ever SEEN trusts their parents. She's got her head on straight, she's got her shit together, and she knows - **knows**, mind you! - that she can come to you about *anything*, and you'll do the best you can for her. The only reason she didn't ask you to help her today was because you're her DAD, and she wasn't entirely sure you'd really understand how important this was to her - it being girl stuff, and all. I told her that I thought you would have understood, and done anything you could to help. After she thought about it for a bit, she finally said that she figured you would, at that, and she hoped that she hadn't hurt you by asking for a woman to help her. Jeff, I don't know if you really understand how much your daughter loves you. I mean, she didn't come right out and say it, but there isn't a doubt in my mind that she loves you every bit as much as you so obviously love her. She's getting old enough now that she's starting to see and understand all the things you did, and still do, for her; she's beginning to realize that you do them *because* you love her as much as you do and don't want

her to lose out on any chances to do the kinds of female stuff she wants to. It's blindingly obvious to me that she's already **absolutely** devoted to you; and I think that's only going to grow over the next few years. I don't mean that she's devoted like she thinks you're always right or that you're perfect or anything like that; it's more a case of she's devoted to you the same way you are to her, and for the same reasons. She knows that you've tried to make sure she didn't forget her mom - but without making it a big deal, or laying any kind of guilt trip or anything on her, because you loved Patty and wanted Sam to know Patty loved her, too. I wouldn't be surprised if, in a few years, she starts trying to do things for you to try and make YOU happy the same way you've done things for her - like maybe trying to fix you up with the single mothers of her friends, and that kind of thing; she knows you haven't had as much of a social life as you could have, and why."

Jeff's smile was wry when he answered "I don't think I *could* love anyone as much as I loved Pat."

Darcy's look was sympathetic when she told him "No, I don't think you could, either. But that doesn't mean that you can't meet someone, and learn to love her. Even if it isn't 'as much', I'll bet it would be more than enough."

With that, Darcy finished her coffee and got up to put the empty cup on the counter next to the sink before saying she needed to get home. She couldn't help putting a sympathetic hand on Jeff's shoulder for a few seconds before leaving.

After the talk with Darcy, Jeff tried his best to find the balance of support and freedom that let Samantha make small mistakes so she could learn not to make big ones. He knew that she still went to talk to Darcy or one of the other Scout mothers on occasion; when they didn't say anything to him afterwards, he simply accepted the fact that he couldn't be a mother to Sam no matter HOW much he tried. But Sam also started coming to him again after the first-bra incident, which helped him feel better.

As the months passed, it became more and more obvious to him that Samantha was going to take after her mother: she was developing the same long dancer's legs, trim waist, and even the same profile that he remembered so fondly.

He also couldn't help noticing that she was developing some rather pronounced curves in places that had previously been a lot flatter; something that vaguely troubled him. He had more than ample opportunity to take note of the changes in Sam's body because he frequently saw her moving around their home when all she was wearing was her underwear. The whole time she'd been growing up, she'd been free to wander around the house in just her underpants when it was just the two of them; the change to panties and a bra (and the ability to fill that bra) plainly didn't change the attitude she'd learned from *him* that there wasn't anything wrong with skin. It wasn't that she did it deliberately, or anything - he knew full well that she'd simply gotten into the habit of going from 'here' to 'there' in whatever she happened to be wearing at the time, just as she'd done as a little girl. It didn't happen all THAT often, and he told himself that there wasn't any more of her exposed than if she was wearing a bikini at the beach - which somehow wasn't all THAT comforting.

Still, he wasn't anywhere *near* being ready when he asked her what she wanted for her 15th birthday, and got the answer that she wanted to start using birth control.

Despite the number of thoughts that ran through his mind - including the idea of grounding her until six months after he was dead - he managed to casually ask her why she wanted *that* for her birthday. Seeming to sense that he needed more than a minimal explanation, she told him that even though she

wasn't having sex yet, she admitted that she was starting to THINK about it, and wanted to start using birth control then so that if she had any problems with the method she'd selected - chemical implants - she'd know about them beforehand. As she put it, she "wanted to be ready to be ready". She was still only allowed out on 'group' dates, but he'd had to promise her that she could start having 'real' dates after she turned 15 - something that he regretted even more, then.

Though the idea of his little girl (he still thought of her that way, despite the evidence his eyes provided) engaging in sex terrified him; deep in his heart of hearts, he knew that he'd **never** think she was ready for anything like that. But the thinking part of his brain somehow managed to wrest control from the Daddy part, and he had to admit to himself that her reasoning was valid, and that she'd obviously given the matter careful thought. Still, he couldn't help waffling by telling her he'd think about it - which, to his surprise, she seemed willing to accept.

It was over a week before the different parts of his mind stopped screaming at each other and reached a consensus: that if she was ready to admit that she was *thinking* about having sex, then he'd damned well better make sure that she had at least *some* protection ahead of time. When he told her over supper what he'd decided, she'd smiled at him and said "Thank you, Daddy." Three days after her birthday, he was sitting with her in the examination room - at her request - while their family doctor made the necessary injections. Afterwards, when she'd left the room, the doctor had congratulated him for having the courage to face reality - something that didn't noticeably improve his frame of mind.

Several weeks later, Samantha was having some of her friends from Girl Scouts for a sleepover. While they spent *most* of their time in Samantha's room, talking about girl stuff, the main part of it was supposed to happen in the family room, where they'd be able to watch TV, listen to music, or anything else they wanted to do. One of the 'understandings' he had with them was that once he went into his bedroom and closed the door, he wouldn't leave it again until the next morning; he suspected that they used the opportunity to talk about, and do, things that they didn't get a chance to anywhere else. For his part, Jeff had parked himself in the living room where he'd be out of their way (and they, his) while he read a book. Once Sam and the others had finished plotting their takeover of the world in Sam's room, the lot of them swarmed into the family room. All of them had been friends long enough, and been over for various overnight events, that they'd all gotten used to the fact that the rules were somewhat different at Sam's house: nothing was going to be said, for example, whether they wore nightgowns or just their panties and bra when they were ready for bed; that he was the only other person present, and Samantha didn't worry about what she was wearing helped tremendously. They listened to some music - or that was what Jeff figured it was supposed to be, anyway - for a while, then watched a movie. Jeff figured it was something with the current teen heartthrob in it by the faint squeals of delight and other pleased noises that he could hear them making.

When the movie was over, he could see them as they made their way into the kitchen to top off their supply of snacks and drinks. It took a bit before he realized something: that he wasn't just seeing the girls as his daughter's friends. Rather, he was seeing them as they were - young, nubile females; and even more, that there were more than a few pairs of nipples easily visible to him, that several of the girls were wearing panties or nightgowns that left considerable expanses of firm round asses exposed, and that he could readily tell how much pubic hair a few of the girls had, and what color it was.

Worst of all, he felt that he'd responded to the views he'd had of them; his penis was harder than he could remember it being for a long, long time. Trying to hide behind his book, he felt embarrassed that he'd looked at them in that way. Try as he might, he couldn't do anything to reduce the swelling in his

pants - the memories of what he'd seen simply wouldn't leave his mind.

He finally gave up trying to read his book; instead, he stood up and rearranged himself to minimize how visible his erection was, and used the book to conceal what remained before starting toward his bedroom. Before he got there, Samantha got up from her place on the floor in the family room and came to wish him goodnight; the feeling of her body pressing against his when she stood on tiptoe to kiss his cheek only seemed to make his manhood that much harder. When she finished, she looked at him for a second before wishing him good night and going back to her friends.

Alone in his bedroom, Jeff didn't delay in ridding himself of the encumbrance of his clothing and lying down on his bed. With visions of the girls in his mind, he closed his eyes and began stroking his erect cock. It wasn't but a couple of minutes before he felt himself tighten up, then begin spraying his semen all over his chest and belly in a release stronger than he could remember having.

Afterwards, he grabbed his undershirt and wiped the cum off himself, feeling ashamed of what he'd just done.

It wasn't the masturbation that bothered him, since he'd done it often enough after the death of Patty; no, it was the fact that he'd been thinking about the young girls that were his daughter's friends, and the children of people he thought of as HIS friends, that had him upset with himself. He lay back in bed and tried to figure out what had happened to cause him to act that way, but couldn't find an answer. The memories of what he'd seen of each of the girls kept crowding into his mind, and he again masturbated himself to climax with the visions of them spurring him on. When he was done, he cleaned himself off with his shirt again. After he dumped it into his clothes hamper, he went to bed - but sleep was slow in coming, and troubled when it arrived.

A couple of days later, he noticed that Samantha seemed to be watching him; when he asked her if there was anything on her mind, she surprised him by asking him if he was okay. Baffled why she would ask, he assured her that he was, and asked why she wanted to know. Hesitantly, she told him that when she started to do laundry that day, she'd found something on one of his undershirts, and she didn't know what it was. Horrified, he realized that she was talking about the cum-soaked shirt he'd simply tossed in his hamper. But rather than tell her what it was, he said that he'd spilled some shampoo in his bathroom, and used one of his shirts to wipe it up - which seemed to settle things for her.

When school ended, Jeff's place was a popular hangout - due to the fairly large above-ground pool in the privacy-fenced back yard, and the comfortable deck around half of it. For the most part, Jeff left the girls to themselves, though he'd occasionally stick his head out to make sure they were okay. One day, he was working from home and had gone into the kitchen to get himself a cup of coffee. Samantha came in to get drinks for everyone, and casually mentioned that some of the girls had decided they didn't want any tan lines showing under their blouses. Jeff immediately understood that meant that some of them had shed their bikini tops - an image that had his cock stirring in his pants. But all he said to Sam was that they should be careful not to get a sunburn, and that he was going to be working on his computer the rest of the afternoon - until shortly before supper, he thought. Samantha understood he what he was telling her, and with her hands full of sodas, kissed him on the cheek before saying "Okay. Thanks, Daddy!" and heading back outside.

The following Saturday, Sam and another batch of girls were taking advantage of the pool and deck, and Sam let him know that some of the girls were getting rid of any tan lines. He again cautioned them

to be careful, and said that he was going to spend the afternoon watching a baseball game on TV - in the living room (which didn't have the view into the back yard that the family room did). Samantha just smiled and kissed him on the cheek before going back out to join her friends.

When the game had the seventh inning stretch, Jeff went into the kitchen to get himself another beer - and found Sam's best friend, Yvonne, topless as she was just starting to make something to drink for all of them. His obviously unexpected presence surprised her, and she released a small squeak and turned away from him before busying herself with the various ingredients she'd gotten together. Jeff could see her ears darken as she blushed, but he didn't say anything to her while he got himself the beer he was after. When he looked toward her again, he saw that she was starting to make some instant lemonade. He opened the freezer, got out a couple trays of ice cubes, and put them in a bowl for her before refilling the trays and putting them back in the freezer. Blushing, she nodded her thanks for his help before he told her "I think you'll find that if you only use three quarters of the sugar they say on the package, and add a tablespoon of lemon juice for each quart, it'll taste better - more like real lemonade."

She turned to look at him, and managed to give him an only slightly embarrassed smile before saying "Thank you, Mr. Davis. I'll do that."

He smiled back and told her not to get too much sun, then went back into the living room. Even though his eyes were on the TV, it was the sight of Yvonne's breasts and nipples that Jeff saw for the rest of the game.

After that brief encounter with Yvonne, Jeff noticed that it didn't take long before the other girls - and even Samantha - became apparently indifferent to whether or not he saw them topless. By the end of the summer, the girls that came over to use the pool were shedding their bikini tops almost as soon as they were in the front door. Jeff never overtly stared, or did or said anything - but when they weren't looking, he took every opportunity to check them out, and memorize what he saw.

The attitudes of the girls that came over to swim in the daytime were soon adopted by the ones that didn't; whenever it was Samantha's turn in whatever sleepover rotation they had going, the ones involved were just as casual, and the views he got were just as good - if not better. A bikini, even a small one, is still meant to cover certain portions of the female anatomy in public; the alleged panties that most of the girls wore suffered no such limitations. So whenever Samantha was the hostess for the event, Jeff had ample opportunity to see the girls in ways that he doubted even their parents did. And what he saw was carefully filed away in his mind for use when he masturbated - something that was happening more and more often, even though he didn't realize it.

It was barely a week before school started again, and Samantha had invited Yvonne to spend the night. They had spent nearly the entire evening sequestered in Sam's room, coming out only for supper and to get something to drink or snack on. When Jeff went to bed, Sam came out long enough to kiss his cheek and wish him good night before closing her bedroom door again.

After he'd gone to sleep, Jeff started having a particularly vivid and enjoyable dream about having sex. Whoever the woman was that he was with (he couldn't see her face in the dream), she was incredibly wet and tight inside. The sex started slow and luxurious, but it wasn't long before the two of them were going at it like a couple of rabbits. Every time it felt like he was going to cum, they'd slow down or stop until the feeling passed, then speed up again. Still, there was no stopping the inevitable, and he dreamed the woman started climaxing just before he started to cum in her...

And woke up to find that he *was* cumming: he was flat on his back, and there was a female form on top of him with his dick spewing what felt like quarts of his semen into her tight, wet pussy.

The intensity of his climax was strong enough that the feeling prevented him from doing anything but gasping in pleasure - at least, until he'd finished emptying himself, when he finally saw that it was Yvonne that had impaled herself on his manhood and brought him so much enjoyment.

At the sight of her, his dick promptly wilted while visions of a prison cell filled his thoughts. He reached out and all but threw her off of him before sitting up on the edge of the bed, facing away from her, as he began to sweat and shake at the realization that he'd just fucked his daughter's fifteen-year-old best friend.

Behind him, he heard Yvonne ask "What's the matter, Mister Davis? Did I do something wrong?"

He somehow found his voice, and answered "No, Yvonne, you didn't do anything wrong - I did. I shouldn't be having sex with with anyone as young as you, and I'm sorry."

He heard a soft, short laugh before she said "Mister David, you weren't having sex with me - *I* was having sex with **you**! I was the one on top, remember? And there's nothing for you to be sorry about - it was *great*!"

Hearing her words, he realized that she **HAD** been the one on top - and his mind promptly shifted from worrying about how he was going to manage in prison, to wondering just what the hell she'd been doing there (aside from the obvious).

He finally gave in, and asked that very question: "Yvonne, what the *hell* are you doing in here, anyway?"

She giggled, and answered "Having sex with you, of course! Or are you asking me **WHY** I'm in here?"

He felt himself blush at her answer, and responded to her question by saying "Yes, I'm asking why you're in here. Why aren't you in Sam's room, sleeping? What if Sam wakes up and sees you gone? What am I supposed to say to your parents? What if you get pregnant? How am I supposed to explain all this? What am I doing to do about Sam if I go to jail?"

Finally realizing that he was seriously worried about the situation, Yvonne told him "I'm not in Sam's room because I *wanted* to come in here and be with you like this. Sam already knows I'm in here; that's why we stayed in her room so much - so I could tell her what I wanted to do, and why. You don't have to say anything to my parents; I broke my cherry last year during a gym class, and my mom had a talk with me. She told me that she remembered what **SHE** felt when she was the same age, and that the only reason she didn't start having sex sooner than she did was because she was afraid of breaking her hymen. She said that since mine had broken the way it did, she knew that there wasn't anything stopping me from starting to have sex any time I wanted; she just told me to be careful about who I was with, and said that I could still come to her any time I wanted to. A couple of weeks later, we went to the gynecologist, and he fixed me up with an IUD, so you don't have to worry about making me pregnant, either. I think she told Daddy, too, because the next day, he gave me a little hug and told me that he would **ALWAYS** love me. You're not going to jail and you don't have to explain anything to anyone. I came in here because *I* wanted to, not because of anything you said or did - at least, not **THAT** way - and I'm not going to tell anybody else what we did; well, what I did."

Relieved that he wasn't likely to have gotten her pregnant, Jeff's thoughts wrestled with the things she'd said about not having to explain anything to anyone, and that she apparently had no interest in seeing

him in jail. Several minutes went by before something Yvonne had said percolated to the top of his thoughts. When it did, he turned his bedside lamp on, and went to Samantha's room while still naked. He rapped on her door a few times before saying "Sam? I think you need to come to my room. We need to have a talk." With that, he went back to his bedroom where Yvonne had moved to sit up. He didn't bother putting anything on before hesitantly taking a position with his back against the headboard and his legs stuck out in front of him. From the expression on her face, Yvonne knew something serious was going on, but curiously not worried about it.

When his daughter came into his bedroom a minute later, she was naked; apparently, she'd figured that since Yvonne was almost certainly undressed, she'd do the same in support of her friend.

Jeff couldn't help noticing that Samantha had a small narrow wedge of dark pubic hair covering the mound of her pubis; and from the look of it, it was thick and soft, just as her mother's had been. He managed to derail the train of thought that he knew would have his dick waving in the air. Instead, he gestured that Sam should take a seat on the bed, too. She did, sitting demurely near Yvonne who had shifted to sit cross-legged. Whether she was indifferent to the view she was giving him, or using it as an attempt to put him off-balance, Jeff wasn't sure - and with an effort of will, promptly ignored it as best he could.

As he gathered his thoughts, he looked from one girl to the other; both looked back at him calmly, without fear or visible nervousness. He let his mind wander off to try and figure out why for a bit before dragging his thoughts back to the matter at hand.

When he was ready, he told them "I have to tell you - BOTH of you - that what happened here tonight was **not** something that needs to be repeated. For your information, it is *illegal* for me to have sex with girls under a certain age; and that age is some years ahead of *either* of you. If anyone - ANYONE! - found out about it, it's highly likely that I would find myself in jail or prison. If that happened, I would not only lose my job, of course, but I would lose this house and everything else I have trying to pay for lawyers. Worst of all, though, is that you, Samantha, would be taken away from me, and be sent to some foster home if you were lucky, or someplace worse if you weren't. The only time we **might** be able to even SEE each other would be through a thick piece of glass - IF they were nice enough to even let you visit me in jail or prison. They certainly wouldn't let me hug you, or hold you, or kiss you, or even **touch** you."

"Yvonne, I've known you and your parents since you were in Brownies together with Sam. I don't have any reason to think that you were lying to me about whether or not I have to say or explain anything to them. What I don't think you understand is that if they DID find out, then they would almost certainly **have** to go to the police and try to have me put in jail, no matter what *you* told them. They'd have to do that because they would be under a **lot** of social and public pressure. That you figured you had to come in here while I was asleep tells me that you know what you did isn't something that pretty much anybody would understand; and it's for that same reason that your mom and dad would have to do something they might not want to otherwise. Yes, I'll admit that I liked it, as you know - but it is **NOT** something you should have done."

"Samantha, at this point, I have to say that I'm *very* surprised and even a little disappointed that you would not only agree to what Yvonne wanted to do, but actually help her. Honey, you know that I love you, and I would *gladly* do anything I could to make you happy. I hope you don't think that I'm angry with you, or that I'm trying to make you feel guilty; I'm not. I'm just trying to get you to understand that I think you've made a big mistake. We've talked enough times that I thought you understood that I think sex should be something special, and that you thought of it that way, too. I'm sure you had reasons for

what you did; I just don't think they were very GOOD reasons, right now."

To both of them he said "Now, I'm not upset about what happened tonight just because of the legal reasons I told you about first, or even just the things I said to each of you. The main thing that bothers me about it is something *I* have to think about as a parent. I know sometimes all of you think I'm some kind of old man that worries about things he doesn't have to, and that sometimes I tell you you can't do something you want - or tell you you have to do something you don't - just because I'm being mean. What **you** don't completely understand yet is that there's a whole WORLD of difference between how you can think about things when you're the daughter, and when you're the parent. I want you to think for a second about how much differently **YOU** think about things than younger kids do... and now I want you to think about how much differently a **parent** has to think - and *why*."

He saw the expressions on their faces change after a few seconds, and went on "Us parents, we're *completely* responsible for **everything** about you. When you're just little babies, WE'RE responsible for making sure you stay fed, and warm, and healthy; and we're the ones that change your diapers because you aren't old enough to use a toilet. Then, when you start growing up, we're the ones that hold you up while you learn how to walk - and comfort you when you fall down. After you get older, and you start playing and you fall down and skin your knee or get hurt, we're the ones that try to make it feel better, even though it hurts us in our hearts to see you in pain. And the whole time, we're the ones that take care of as much as we can so you can just be *kids*, and have fun. And we do all that because we love you so very, very much."

He took a breath and continued "Finally, when you get old enough that you're able to start thinking about things for yourselves, and making decisions, we're still there; loving you and *trying* to help you LEARN how to think and make those decisions. But the same way you know more at fifteen than you did when you were five, WE know even more than you do. That means that we know, and have to think about, things that you aren't aware of yet. You literally don't know that you *don't know* - just like you didn't know about the trouble I could get in because Yvonne came in here tonight. So while **YOU** thought it was okay, *I* already knew that it wasn't. Not just because of the things I told you about, but because I also know that as grown up and mature as you believe you are, the way you think hasn't completely grown up any more than your bodies have. Us parents, we *want* you to grow up and learn how to make decisions for yourselves, because we love you. But we also love you enough that we try to help you from making decisions that we already **KNOW** will hurt you - maybe not physically, or right away, but still hurt you. So we're always trying to walk along this line between loving you too much **THIS** way, and loving you too much **THAT** way; either side, and we're not helping you grow up to have the kind of life we want for you - and both ways, we're still loving you too much. Sure, sometimes we love you so much that we can't see it when you **ARE** as grown up as you tell us; when you become parents, you'll understand that you **ALWAYS** see your kids as being younger than they really are."

That got a brief smile from each of them before he finished "Anyway, what I'm telling you is that if you want to show us parents you're as mature as you want us to think, then you need to let us know that you've **REALLY** thought about what happens 'after', and you've considered the 'what happens IF' things, and stuff like that. To give you an example that applies to what happened tonight, did either of you think about the possibility that I might have an STD? Or did you just **assume** that I didn't?"

The looks on horror on both their faces told him the answer. Jeff deliberately let them sit and stew for several seconds before he told them "You can close your mouths, now - I don't. But that's an example of just *thinking* you're old enough for something, and actually **BEING** old enough. Now, I've had my

say, and told you what was on *my* mind about all of this. If you want, I'm willing to give you a chance to tell me what was on *YOUR* minds."

The two of them looked at each other for a few seconds before Yvonne told him "That first time you saw me without my suit top on, in the kitchen, you didn't say or do anything. I mean, you didn't like *look* at me, or try to touch me. You just got some ice for me, and then told me how I could make the lemonade stuff better. After you left, I thought you were being pretty cool about it. Then, after that, when all of us started going around with our tits showing almost all the time we were here, you were still relaxed about it. I know you must have looked at us, but you were nice and polite about it; you didn't stare or anything. So when I decided I wanted to find out what sex was like, I decided I wanted to do it with you first. I figured that as nice as you were being about all of us running around half naked, you'd be okay about it."

She took a deep breath, and looked down at the bed as she said "I guess - no, I **know** - that I was being selfish. I mean, I just thought about how much *I* wanted to find out what sex was like, and I really didn't think about anything else. I thought that the only reason you wouldn't want to be with me like that was because I'm Sam's friend, or because you know my parents; that's why I decided to come in here after you were asleep. I thought that if you woke up before we were done, it would be okay because it was me that came in here. I never even *thought* about anything else, like you said - not about that you might, uh, have something, or that you could get in trouble or anything."

She raised her head up to look at him again, and her voice was steady when she told him "I know the *way* I did it was wrong, and that I didn't think about it the way I know I **SHOULD** have. But I'm not sorry it happened, either. After my cherry broke in gym, I knew that I couldn't go back to being a virgin again - and I was sorry and glad about it at the same time. I was sorry because I'd never get to know what it would be like to give a special part of me to someone I cared about; but I was glad because it meant that I didn't have to worry about getting hurt the first time. Now I know what it's like to have a guy inside me, and I like it - a **lot**. But I don't like it so much that I want to start having sex with just *anybody*, either. I know there's more to sex than just what we did, and I want to learn about it. Not all at once, or necessarily everything, but I still want to learn - from someone that I can trust not to do anything to hurt me, and that will care about me. I'm really, really sorry that I came in here the way I did; but if I could do over, and do it *right*, I'd still want to be with you because of the way you've always treated me. And if you'd let me, I'd be *glad* to have sex with you, and have you teach me. I know it's asking a lot after what I already did, but I hope you can forgive me and give me a chance to show you that I really am grown up enough for it, and be with you again."

Having said her piece, Yvonne got up from the bed and walked around the end of it for the door. Halfway there, she stopped, then came over and gave Jeff a soft kiss on the cheek before telling him "Good night, Mister Davis." Then she turned around again and left; a few moments later, Jeff could hear the door to Samantha's room close.

When her friend was gone, Jeff could see the misery on his daughter's face, and knew that she needed to be comforted. Despite the fact that he was all too aware of her nakedness, he still gestured that she should come and sit on his lap. She readily did so, and he put his arms around her and held her to his chest as she started talking to him.

"I'm sorry if I hurt you, Daddy. I really didn't mean to."

He gave her a gentle hug and said "No, honey, you didn't hurt me. Like I said, I'm just surprised and a little disappointed, is all."

She looked up at him before saying "But Daddy, I **do** think sex is something special! For as long as I can remember, you've always slept here at night, so I don't think you've been able to really be with any women or anything since Mommy died. You told me you spilled your shampoo that time I found stuff on your shirt; but since then I've still found your shirts a few times when I did laundry, and I really didn't think you were spilling that much shampoo. I didn't understand about it until the end of the sex education class we had before school ended. It was when they told us about how a man ejaculates when I realized that the stuff I was finding on some of your shirts was your semen. Then I figured that you were masturbating, and I didn't think you'd be doing that if you were able to have sex. I know how good it feels when I touch myself, and I figure that if sex is even better, then you'd only do that if you weren't able to have sex. I love you, Daddy, and I thought that if Yvonne came in here, it **WOULD** be special for you."

Sam lowered her head again, and couldn't see the embarrassment Jeff felt at knowing his daughter not only knew about his jerking off, but felt sorry for him about it. After a moment, she went on to tell him "Really, Daddy, I thought it would be okay. I didn't know about that other stuff like jail, and Yvonne *really* had to talk to me for a long time before I was sure about her coming in here. I mean, she'd my best friend, and I didn't anything bad to happen to her - that's how I kind of understand what you were saying to us about having to watch out for someone. Her folks aren't the same way with her like you are with me, so I kind of felt like I had to be the one to watch out for her so she didn't do something wrong and get hurt. Except that neither one of us was as grown up as we thought we were, and it turned out wrong anyway."

Jeff kissed the top of his daughter's head and told her "Sam, I don't doubt for a **second** that you had the best intentions, or that your reasons were good, or that you were trying to help Yvonne **AND** me. You heard her, and she **DID** like what we did; and what she did with me made **ME** feel good, too - better than I have for a long time. I just need you to understand that even though you had the 'who' and 'why' right in your heart, it was the 'how' and 'when' in your thinking that you made a mistake."

She was silent for a moment, then asked "So you're not mad at me or anything?"

He gave her a hug and answered "No, I'm not mad at you or anything."

He held her for another minute or so before telling her "It's late, and you still need to get up tomorrow so we can get you ready for school. Bedtime - again!", accompanied by a soft slap on her butt. She giggled as she still sometimes did, and got off his lap. She turned around and kissed him on the cheek before saying "I love you, Daddy. Good night."

"I love you, too, dear" he answered before she left to go back to her room.

When he heard her door close, Jeff got up and went to close his own bedroom door before going in to take a quick shower to get his and Yvonne's dried juices cleaned off. When he was ready to get back into bed, he saw that there was a large wet spot where Yvonne had sat. He considered changing the sheets, then decided that since the wet place was on the other side, it could wait until the next morning.

Jeff hadn't responded to what Yvonne told him before she left him and Samantha alone to talk - but that didn't mean that he hadn't heard her, or that he wasn't thinking about what she'd said.

The next time Yvonne spent the night with Sam, she didn't park herself in his lap, or try to vamp him, or do anything other than simply make it clear to him that she was willing if or when **HE** was.

Jeff's conscience wrestled with his desire, and after it had lost two out of three, he casually approached

Yvonne's mother at the next Girl Scout meeting. After phrasing a question as something HE was thinking about, he was able to get a pretty darn good idea of how mature SHE thought Yvonne was, and what she thought about the idea of Yvonne having sex. The answers surprised him, and triggered another series of debates in his mind.

He dragged things out arguing with himself for as long as he could. It was in early October when Yvonne was staying the night, and he went into the kitchen to get a cup of coffee and found her getting bottles of juice for herself and Sam. She gave him a brief look when he came into the kitchen, but didn't say anything as she took a couple bottles of drink out of the fridge. When she turned around, he cleared his throat and told her "If you still think you want to, uh, learn anything from me, I guess it's okay. If you changed your mind, that's okay, too."

Her only visible response was that her eyes got big and she managed to nod her head before hurrying out of the kitchen.

Jeff didn't see much more of either Yvonne or Sam the rest of the evening, except for brief glances of them as one or the other made the occasional foray into the kitchen. When it was time for bed, he knocked on the door to Sam's bedroom and reminded the girls that they still had school the next day before going into his own bedroom and closing the door behind him. He'd only gotten a couple of buttons on his shirt undone when he heard a soft knock. His heart was pounding as he went to see who it was; he both afraid and anxious that it would be Yvonne. When he opened the door, it *was* her, wearing only her panties and looking to be as nervous as he felt. His last token effort at quieting his conscience was to open the door farther and step aside - leaving it up to Yvonne to take the final literal and figurative step into his bedroom.

She took that step, and a couple more, coming to a halt when she was just a couple of feet from his bed and then turning around. The two of them looked at each other nervously for a couple of seconds before Jeff closed the door and moved to stand in front of her.

Looking into her eyes, he told her "I really had to think about all of this before I decided it would be okay. Well, as okay as it *can* be, right now. You said that you wanted to have sex with somebody that would teach you, but not push things. I'm willing to teach, but it's going to be up to YOU to make things happen. I'm not going to come and get you to be in my bed; if you want to be here, you have to get in it yourself. I'm not going to start grabbing you or touching you or trying to have sex with you; if you want me to do any of those things, it's up to you to let me know. I'm not going to try to do all of the things with you that I know two people CAN do; if there's something you want to do, or want ME to do, you have to say so. I understand that you don't know what you don't know, so I'm going to tell you that I'll answer any questions you have the best I know how; if I don't know the answer, I'll say so, find out what it is, and tell you. You can stop this any time by simply telling me that you want it to stop. I won't get mad, I won't be hurt, and I won't do anything to try and change your mind. But I won't let it start again, either, so that means it's up to you to make sure that's what you want. You know what can happen if anyone finds out what we do. I'm not worried about me, but I hope you'll always remember what would happen to Samantha, and what it would do to her."

He took a deep breath and continued "I hope I'm not sounding like I don't want to be with you, or like I'm trying to lay down a bunch of *rules*, or anything. I just need to be sure you know that us being together, and whatever happens with us, is because that's what YOU decided, not because I said or did anything to make it happen. Even though I liked what happened last time, and I'd *like* for us to be able to be together like that, I'm still an adult and you're still only fifteen. That means that even if my heart and body want something, there's still a big part of my brain still telling me I'm doing something

wrong, even if the 'smart' part of it is telling me it's okay."

Yvonne waited a bit to make sure he was done before she answered "I really listened to what you told us that night - about what it means to be an adult, and a parent. And I thought about it a LOT; I mean **really** thought about it - 'specially what you said about adults thinking about the what-if stuff, and what happens after. And that just made me understand even more that when I came in here that night, I *wasn't* being as grown up as I thought I was. So I really, truly DO understand **why** you had to say the stuff you just did, about everything being up to me, and the rest of it. I've started thinking about the things MY parents say and do, and I'm *starting* to get an idea of what it must be like for them - and you! - having kids. My little brother is only eight, and sometimes I understand WHY they tell him some of the things they do; but until you talked to us that night, I didn't understand that the same way they were watching out for him, they were trying to watch out for ME, too - except that I'm old enough to think about SOME of the things that he just doesn't yet. When I thought about what you said, I finally realized that the same way it wasn't right when my little brother got upset when they had to tell him something and he didn't understand why, it wasn't right for ME to be like that, either, because they were doing the exact same thing. Except that it's worse for them when I do it, because they know that I *am* old enough to understand why - WHEN I act mature enough to think about it the way they know I **can**. It's like the Parent part of you that makes you automatically try to protect us is telling you that it isn't right to be having sex with someone my age, while the other part that you use to think about what you want us to learn and how to raise us is saying something else. What you're doing is telling me that by having ME be the one to make things happen between us, you're kind of telling that instinctive part to shut up so the other part can actually DO something insted of just listening to the bitching and screaming."

Jeff couldn't help smiling at her entirely too apt description of what had been going on in his mind before she went on "No, I don't think you sound like you don't want us to be together, or that you're trying to put a bunch of rules or anything in the way. Once I really **thought** about it, I realized that I could have gotten myself into a LOT of trouble by coming in here that way, and it REALLY scared me. But because I DID think about it the way I should have, now I'm even more sure that I really do want to learn about sex from you. I'm not going to come over here just for that, or want to have sex with you, like, all the time. But I AM sure about what I want, and why; and I'm glad you decided you're willing to be with me like this."

When it became clear that neither of them had anything else 'formal' to say, Yvonne took Jeff at his word about it being up to her to make clear what she wanted - by stepping in front of him and making it clear she wanted him naked by starting to remove his clothing. First his shirt, then his undershirt, were removed and draped across the back of a chair. His belt buckle and the fastening of his pants gave her a little trouble; but she was able to deal with them, and slide his pants down his legs before carefully putting them on the seat of the chair where his other clothes were. He could see that she was a little nervous when she reached out for the waist of his undershorts, but they were soon keeping his pants company. After she'd gotten his socks off, she just tossed them on the floor in front of the chair.

Standing up again, she took a couple of steps back before slipping her thumbs under the waistband of her panties, and slipped them down to her ankles. She carefully lifted one foot out of them, and used the other to flip them over next to the chair where Jeff's clothes were. Once she'd done that, she simply stood there in front of him, clearly inviting him to *look* at her, just as she was looking at him.

Jeff *did* look at her, and quickly realized that the carefully memorized glimpses he'd gotten of her before simply hadn't done her justice. Her shoulder-length light brown hair was slightly curly, and kept

tucked behind her delicate ears; she had a wide face with *beautiful* brown eyes, a small, straight nose, and slightly full pink lips that he could barely wait to kiss. Her complexion was clean and clear, and she stood tall in front of him at what he figured was a meter and a half in height. She had slender, but not thin, shoulders and arms; her *slightly* small breasts stood firm and proud on her chest. Each was capped by a small light brown areola and (visibly erect) nipple. Below them, her belly was trim, with only the slight bulge at her abdomen that most women seemed to have. Lower still, he could see that her bush was larger than he'd expected; she obviously kept it trimmed, since her panties had completely covered it. Her pubic hair was only slightly darker than what was on her head, and looked like it was somewhat thick. It flowed down between her thighs, but he could see a slightly part where he knew her vaginal lips must be. Her legs looked amazingly long, nicely curved, and obviously strong and firm.

When his eyes got back to her face, he could see that she'd finished her examination of him; with a smile on her face, she turned to face away from him so he could look at the rest of her, too. As nice as she looked from that side, too, it didn't take him long to decide that her ass *desperately* needed to be sculpted by the finest artist in the world: rounded, but not bulbous or 'bubble-y', he just **knew** that it was firm and smooth.

When she turned around again, he smiled at her - both thanking her for letting him look, and to let her know that he liked what he saw. After a moment, he realized that she was waiting for him to reciprocate; he soon moved to do so, doing so for what he estimated was the same amount of time. When he was facing her again, she gave him the same smile, for what he knew were the same reasons.

He waited to see what was next, and when Yvonne remembered her 'duty' a few seconds later, she calmly stepped forward and took his hand to lead him to the bed. She hesitated only the briefest of moments before her soft touch let him know that she wanted him to lie down on his back; it wasn't a second after he'd done so that she was next to him, on her side.

She moved close enough that he could feel her pubic hair softly brushing his hip before she bent her knee so that her thigh and calf were resting on his leg; she leaned against him and put her hand on his chest as she tucked her head into his shoulder. Once she was situated and comfortable, she quietly told him "I DO want to learn about sex with you. But I'm nervous and kind of afraid, too - because I want it to *mean* something. I mean, I've seen animals before, and what they have is **just** sex: they fuck, the boy animal cums, and they're done. What I want is more than that, even though that part of it feels good, too. It doesn't have to be *forever*, or anything like that; I just want whoever I'm with to care about me more than the boy animal does, and to think about me when we're NOT together. You know what I mean?"

Jeff put his arm around her and gave her a gentle hug before he answered "Yeah, I know **exactly** what you mean. When I first met Sam's mom, I felt that way about her: I thought about her all the time, even when we weren't together. I'd see a flower, and think that SHE would like it; or I'd be walking someplace, and know that SHE'D like to be walking then and there, too. Patty and me, we didn't actually do anything more kiss and make out a little until we'd known each other for almost a year; even then, it was several months before we actually went all the way. But once we HAD gone that far, I don't think that we **ever** just had sex. We loved each other, more than I think either of us thought we COULD love someone. But we loved each other like that *all* the time; so when we were physical with each other, we were using our bodies to express what was in our hearts - and that made it something even MORE special. A lot of people, they like someone, and that person likes them, and the two of them have sex. It's more than the 'just' sex animals have, because they like each other, and they'll still be together sometimes even when they aren't having sex. And because they're having sex, which feels

pretty good as you know, they'll start hanging out together even more; and they might learn to like each other more, so they start having more sex, and hanging out more, and so on. Sometimes, they'll decide that they want to spend their lives together and maybe have kids. Somewhere long the line, the sex part of it stops being the reason that they stay together; what happens is that they realize that they ARE thinking about each other even when they aren't together, and that each of them cares about the other one whether they're having sex, or not. When that happens, it's called love."

He felt her start to say something, and quickly interrupted to say "I'm not saying that all love is the same, or that love is an is-or-isn't kind of thing. Anyone can have different kinds of love, and have it in different amounts. I'll bet that YOU don't love your brother the same WAY that you love your parents, and that you don't love your grandparents the same AMOUNT that you love your mom and dad."

She lay there quietly for a few moments before saying "You're right, I don't love everyone in my family the same way, or as much. But what does that have to do with me wanting having sex to MEAN something?"

"What it has to do with it is that whether you realized it or not, you were saying that you want someone you're willing to have sex with to care about you - to love you, even if it isn't the same big love that a husband and wife have. Animals can't love; at least, not the way people mean it, so that's why they have 'just' sex. Sometimes, people have a love like me and Sam's mom did, and what we had was kind of the opposite of 'just' sex. Most of the time, it's somewhere in between. So when you tell me that you want sex to *mean* something, I know that you want someone to love you even when you aren't having sex with them. And that's part of why I had such a hard time with being with you like this - because *I* didn't want to have 'just' sex with you."

She considered that for a bit before tilting her head to look at him and ask "You're saying that you love me because you're willing to have sex with me?"

He smiled at her and answered "No, you've got it exactly backwards. I'm willing to have sex with you because I love you. And before you go off on me, no, I don't mean the big get married kind. Remember, there's different kinds and different degrees of love. The love I feel for you is the kind where I don't want to see you get hurt, and hope you're happy, and stuff like that. And how much of it I feel is that I'm only willing to have sex with you BECAUSE I love you the WAY I do."

He could see that she was a little confused, and he explained "The love I feel for you is *kind* of like what I feel about Samantha, and not as MUCH."

He could see that he'd phrased it in a way she could deal with before she lowered her head to his shoulder again. He continued to hold her, and after a bit she told him "Okay, I understand, I think. You love me kinda like you do Sam because we're the same age and everything; and you don't love me as much because she's your daughter, and I'm not. Because you love me different than her, you don't have to love me as much to be willing to have sex with me. It's kind of the same as about my Gramma and Grandpa - it's okay that I don't love them as much as my Mom and Dad, because I love them *differently*."

"Yeah, that's pretty much the idea" he answered, before giving her another gentle hug.

Talking to her like that had done wonders to settle Jeff's mind, and he had relaxed enough that he was perfectly willing to just lie there and hold her as long as she wanted. They stayed like that for a minute or two when he heard her say "I'm glad that it won't be 'just' sex with us. Now I want you to love me" before she rolled onto her back, and turned her head to look at him.

Jeff rolled over onto his side, and propped himself up on his elbow so that he could look down at her. He could easily tell that while she was a little nervous, she was even more certain, about what she wanted them to do. He gently put his hand on her belly - apparently surprising her that it didn't end up on her breast - and lowered his head to place a soft kiss on her forehead. She looked up at him in curiosity, and he told her "I'm not worried about touching you when we're like this. But this is our first time *together*, and I just wanted to show you that you don't have to be nervous. I don't want to rush you, any more than you want to BE rushed. Just now, you said you wanted me to love you - and that's I what *I* want to do, too: LOVE you. The **last** thing I want to do is hurt you, in ANY way. You said that you want me to teach you about sex, and that's what I'm going to do; but I'm going to teach you about love, too, if you'll let me. To do that, I'm going to want to show you that love can be shown in a lot of different ways; and you're going to have to learn how to accept love, and give it back. Okay?"

Reassured, and visibly affected by what he'd just told her, Yvonne looked up at him and nodded her head. Jeff smiled tenderly at her, and lowered his head again to kiss her softly on the lips before saying "You want me to teach you, and I don't want to rush you - so until I'm *sure* what's right for YOU, you're going to be the one to decide how fast we go. I'm not going to be mad or upset with you, no matter **what**; all I want to do is what's right for you, and *you're* the one that tells ME what that is. You don't have to say it in words - I'm just going to do what you tell me is okay by what YOU do."

With that, he lowered his body a little so he'd be more comfortable, and touched his lips to Yvonne's - and doing so in a way that made it clear to her that *she* decided what kind of kiss it was, and how long it went.

She decided that the kiss should be gentle and affectionate - and chaste. When he felt her lips pull back slightly from his, Jeff readily let it end and raised his head slightly so he could look into Yvonne's eyes. What he saw was a mix of slight relief (that he really wasn't going to push), satisfaction (that she had the basic kissing part right), surprise (that he really was letting her set the pace), and anticipation (of how much better she thought things were going to get). When her eyes closed, and her lips started to pucker again, Jeff gladly met her lips with his. The second kiss lasted longer, and she got considerably more 'involved' in it - and Jeff just as willingly let it end when she wanted it to. Her eyes looked deep into his own, and after a second or so, she seemed to find what she was looking for: he could see a slight change in the way she looked at him.

When she indicated she was ready, they kissed again. Her lips were firmer on his, and she put more feeling into it, giving him an idea of what feelings and desires and emotions were running through her. Their lips stayed locked together far longer than Jeff really expected they would; he was putting as much of himself into it as she was, and he hadn't thought that she would be quite that enthusiastic so soon. But he was easily as willing for it to go on as she was - and when it was over, he just as willingly accepted that, too.

When he looked into her face, he could see that Yvonne's face was slightly flushed - and that she was probably as surprised as he was at the duration of what they'd just done, and the enthusiasm she'd put into it. Again, her eyes searched his face and seemed to find what she was after; looking into his eyes, she said "I've kissed boys before, but it was *never* anything like that. Does really **caring** about someone - loving them - make THAT much difference?"

He gave her a small, gentle smile before he answered "It does if both of them care about, and love, each other. Not so much about what's on the outside, or what they think or hope they'll be able to do together, but when they're interested in what's *inside* the other person - what's in their heart, and... soul, I guess you could say."

"You care about me that way? About what's in my heart, and soul?"

Jeff raised his eyebrows, and answered "Of course. Didn't I already tell you that I love you?"

Yvonne looked up at him and answered "Yeah, you did. I just didn't realize that you meant it that much, or that way - or that it would make THAT much difference."

He touched his lips to the tip of her nose before he said "I said that I wanted to teach you about love, if you'd let me. You're getting your first lesson, now. Do you want to find out just how MUCH I can love you?"

"Oh, yes!"

With that, Jeff was the one to initiate their kiss - but it was Yvonne that started it moving toward becoming as loving and affectionate and *long* as it turned out to be before they had to come up for air.

Yvonne gasped "Go ahead and move your hand - I WANT you touch me!" before pulling Jeff into another kiss - one that started loving, and graduated into passionate in less than a minute. While that was happening, he began to follow her instructions by letting his hand start softly caressing her, starting with her belly and gradually expanding his touch until it included nearly her entire body - but not her breasts, or the area between her thighs.

He wasn't sure if the next several minutes constituted on really long kiss, or several shorter ones: while the pressure waxed and waned several times, their lips never lost contact. Toward the end of it, Yvonne's mouth opened slightly, and her tongue came out to make a fleeting first contact with Jeff's lips. Their kiss ended before she did it again, but soon after they started kissing again, she repeated it - and Jeff reciprocated. That seemed to be all the encouragement she needed, and it wasn't but a second before she opened her mouth and let her tongue come out to play. Jeff's tongue introduced itself to hers, and the two played a brief game of tag before starting to dance in each other's mouths.

It was the start of their deep kissing that Jeff had been waiting for; when Yvonne opened her mouth to his, he finally included her breasts in the parts of her body that he touched. The first time his hand cupped her half-orange sized breasts, she softly moaned into his mouth while he felt her hardening nipple begin to press into his palm. He let his hand softly squeeze her breast, and found it to be delightfully firm even as his fingertips told him how warm and smooth it was. Once he'd fully savored the feel of her young mammary in his hand, he began running his thumb across its nipple, teasing it to even greater length and hardness as he felt her areola tighten in sympathy. It took only a couple of minutes before he had that small tan protrusion at full extension; he then shifted his attention to the other side of her chest, and repeated his efforts. When he'd completely aroused the peak of that mound, he went back to the first and restored it to its full glory. Then he returned to its mate to do the same thing. Back and forth he went, until both of Yvonne's breasts were capped by the crinkled surfaces of her areolas supporting her hardened nipples.

By the time they reached that point, their kissing had ended. Not so much because they wanted it to, but out of necessity: Yvonne's arousal had increased to the point that her moans and panting and other noises simply made it impossible for her to continue. But that didn't mean that *all* the kissing had stopped. Jeff still applied his lips to her - kissing her face, gently nibbling her earlobes and 'milking' them with his lips, kissing her throat, and softly 'biting' her from her neck to the point of each shoulder with his lips.

So when Jeff's hand resumed its travels, there was only one part of her left for him to bring to full, quivering life; when his fingertips softly traced a line along the inside of one of her thighs, she parted

them for him and moaned as she raised her hips - presenting it to him to do with as he wished.

Even so, he didn't immediately begin to plunder her treasure. Rather, he continued to gently stroke the insides of her firm, smooth thighs with feather-light touches, increasing her passion and desire even more. Only when he heard her whimper in frustrated arousal did he touch the source of the heady aroma he'd long since detected.

His first contact with her mons was simply to cup it with his hand, delighting in the softness of her pubic thatch for several moments before slowly tracing his fingers upwards through its thickness, and then back again until his middle finger was lying along the furrow of her femininity. Slowly and gently, he curled his finger to draw it ever so slightly between the small, thin petals of her labia until it came into faint contact with the exposed nubbin of her clitoris. As faint and fleeting as that contact was, it was still enough to draw a soft moan of pleasure from Yvonne as she arched her hips up in response.

Jeff uncurled his finger again, mirroring his previous actions - but with the slight exception of allowing his fingertip to dip a trifle deeper between her vaginal lips. He repeated the cycle several more times, each journey marginally farther into her cleft - until, finally, he felt the hot wetness of the entrance to her womanhood.

Patiently, he kissed his way down her throat and into her cleavage, then sideways and up until he could take one of her small, hard nipples into his mouth and begin sucking on it; only then did he let the touch of his fingertip on her opening change into a slight pressure so that he could begin to trying to slide it into her young core. Moving the end of his digit around in the wetness between her vaginal lips, he was able to lubricate it well enough that it took little effort for him to slip it through the tight ring of her opening as she pressed herself against it in welcome and encouragement. Once through, it was only a minutes time before he was able to slowly slide its entire length in and out of her as she loudly moaned her pleasure at the dual stimulation of his mouth on her breast and his hand between her thighs.

When he could feel that she was easily taking the one finger, he switched his lips to her other breast before starting the process of adding a second. Loathe to hurt her, he moved slowly and gently; he readily transferred his oral attentions back and forth between her breasts to stimulate her as much as possible during the process. Finally, it was done: accompanied by her deep groan of pleasure, he was able to slip his middle and ring fingers all the way into her.

As incredibly tight as she'd been around him that night, Jeff knew that he needed to make sure Yvonne was thoroughly stretched inside if she was going to be anywhere NEAR comfortable with him as an active partner. He also knew that it would help if she were as wet and relaxed as he could get her before he tried to fit his man-sized cock into her mid-teen vagina. So he kept his fingers in her as much as possible, moving them around to try and help her adjust, as he used the palm of his hand to apply a rhythmic pressure against the bump of her clitoris that he could feel. It didn't take him long to find a speed and pressure and pattern that seemed to suit her: in only a couple of minutes, she was making all manner of pleased sounds as she whipped her head back and forth in her rapidly increasing passion. A few minutes more, and she suddenly froze and began making a high, keening sound as he felt her vaginal muscles clamp down on him - hard - before they began the spasming he knew was her orgasm. Even as Yvonne's young body was going through the throes of pleasure, Jeff continued sucking and gently biting her breasts and nipples while he tried to move his fingers inside her as best he could, so that her orgasm would be as strong as he could make it - and leaving her as relaxed as possible for what was next.

When it was over for her, she just lay there, stunned by what she'd just gone through - giving him the

opportunity to rescue his hopefully undamaged fingers. Once he was satisfied that they still worked, he eagerly slipped them into his mouth so he could taste her essence; he was looking forward to the opportunity to teaching her the pleasure available at having someone using their mouth on her. He discovered that her oils were light and thin, with a flavor that was both sweet and musky at the same time. At that particular moment, what he wanted to do more than anything else was to park his head between her thighs and eat her young snatch for, say, a couple of years. But he knew that before they could get to that point, he had to help get her past the only-fucking stage - which wasn't really all *that* bad of a job, he judged, with an inward smile.

By the time he'd properly cleaned his fingers of Yvonne's oils - that is, left nothing but the memory behind - Jeff saw that she was getting herself back together again. He had started to caress her body again when he commented "I'm guessing that felt pretty good for you?", with a grin.

Her eyes got the size of saucers before she replied "That was **way** better than 'pretty good'! I mean, when I was in here that first time, I had an orgasm that was stronger than anything I ever felt before, but it wasn't *anything* compared to THAT!"

He smiled at her, and asked "Was that enough, or do you want more?"

With that question, she looked down to see that his penis was fully erect and resting on her thigh. She blinked a couple of times, and he saw her nipples re-erect before she looked up at him in eager anticipation and gasped "Oh, god, yes!"

He lifted himself up, and Yvonne quickly moved her legs so that he'd have room between them. It took only a moment for him to get himself positioned with his hard cock laying on the soft mat of her pubis. When he reached between them to take hold of himself, she raised her knees and spread her thighs even farther. He eased himself back a little and slid the head of his penis up and down between her labia a few times to wet it with her oils as she closed her eyes and moaned at the contact. When he was ready, he carefully positioned himself against her opening; when she felt him gently pressing against her, her eyes opened and she looked up at him to say "Just to make it clear, I *want* you to do this. I *want* you to put that thing in me, and fill me up with it. I *want* to feel you moving in me, and fucking me. I *want* to feel it when you cum, and squirt your juice in me."

With their eyes locked, Jeff began pushing his hips forward, slowly increasing the pressure his man-sized cock applied to her young woman's entrance. He could feel it as she relaxed herself, trying to make it easier for his penis slide into her; after just a couple of seconds, he felt the tight ring of her vaginal entrance begin to expand - letting the bulbous glans of his manhood start to slip through to the pleasures that lay beyond.

Another few seconds, and it was done - with a gasp from Yvonne, the head of Jeff's cock all but popped into her. He waited to see if she was having any pain or difficulty; he knew she wasn't when she lifted her hips and pressed herself against him.

It took him a full two minutes to slowly and carefully work his erection into Yvonne's hot channel. Even with the stretching he'd done of her vagina, she was still incredibly tight inside; he knew that the only thing that made it possible for him to fit himself into her that way was the ample lubrication she was producing. He could only wonder how the hell she'd managed to get herself onto him, that first night.

When he'd felt the end of his penis touching the deepest part of Yvonne's vagina, Jeff had stopped, not wanting to hurt her, even though nearly a full inch of his cock was still outside her. She seemed to

realize that there was still more of him available, and put her hands on his ass and tried to pull him the rest of the way in. He was enough larger than she was that she couldn't manage it - but she'd made her desires clear enough, and he pushed himself the rest of the way in, stopping only when he felt the tight ring of her entrance clenched around the base of his cock. When he looked down at her, the expression on her face could only be described as complete bliss. She finally looked back up at him, and he could plainly see the joy and eager desire as she told him "Now, **fuck** me!"

That command, coming from someone as young as she was, was one he couldn't refuse - even if he'd wanted to.

Slowly at first, he started easing himself out of her; when only half his length was still inside he reversed direction, earning himself a passionate groan from her as he refilled her with his manhood.

The next time he did it, it was a little faster; the time after that faster still.

It took only a few minutes before he was able to slide himself in and out of her as though she were a full-grown woman. Each thrust into her was met with a moan of excitement that ended only when his pubic bone bumped against her clitoris; when that happened, she would release a small grunt of pleasure. Several minutes later, he didn't have any doubts that she was enjoying what he was doing: even though she stayed hot and tight around him, he could feel that she'd gotten even wetter as her arousal increased.

Everything Jeff had done had been aimed at helping Yvonne have even ONE orgasm before *he* climaxed in her, so he was completely unprepared for it when she suddenly froze underneath him and he felt her vagina begin tightening around his cock, just as it had around his fingers. As small as she was inside, the further tightening of her young pussy made it all but impossible for him to keep moving in her even if he'd wanted to - which he didn't. The stimulation he was getting from being in her was already making it difficult for him to keep from cumming in her; even just holding himself still while her internal muscles clenched and spasmed around him during her orgasm was almost enough to have him blowing his load in her. But through an incredible exercise of sheer willpower - which he knew he'd never get proper recognition for; giving fifteen year old girls a proper fucking wasn't something that earned people medals - he managed to avoid doing so. When Yvonne's release finally began to taper off, and she again relaxed around him, he finally felt that it was 'safe' for him to start moving in her again.

Yvonne's arousal and pleasure didn't seem to have been tempered in the slightest by her orgasm. Less than a minute after he started pistoning in and out of her again, she was lifting her hips in welcome to his thrusts, and once more making frequent sounds of pleasure and excitement.

Several minutes later, he realized that she was getting close again - which was fine with him, because he was, too. He was just a few strokes short of unloading himself into her when she started to orgasm again; rather than just clamping down as she had before, her vagina went through a series of spasms that were **more** than enough to trigger his own release. Stuffing as much of his hard cock into her as he could, the first eruption of his cum exploded from the end of his dick with a force that nearly had him fainting - even as Yvonne's orgasm intensified when she realized what was happening. With each spurt of his semen into her spasming womanhood, Jeff could feel his balls strangely getting wetter; it took him a few moments to realize that she was so full of his penis that each time he unloaded some of his cum in her, it was forcing out what was already in her - there simply wasn't any room in her for his cock AND his cum. THAT thought simply made the rest of his ejaculations even stronger, further aggravating the situation.

By the time Jeff felt that his slightly sore penis was simply making token efforts at trying to squirt something into her, Yvonne's orgasm had ended. When he looked down at her, he saw that she was looking back at him with something akin to awe - along with a mix of satiety, gratitude, and love.

He managed to lower himself to his elbows so that he didn't collapse and squash her; she responded by wrapping her arms and legs around him and giving him a fierce hug before covering his face with small kisses. When he opened his eyes after her onslaught of osculations, she looked deep into his face before telling him "Oh, **thank** you, Mister Davis! Thank you, thank you, thank you! That was *so* wonderful; it was WAY better than I thought it would be! Thank you!"

He quieted her through the simple expedient of kissing her, then answered "I'm glad you liked it, Yvonne, but I should be thanking YOU, too. It felt *really* good for me, too."

She got wide-eyed and told him "I **know**! I could feel it when you started squirting in me, and it just made things even *better*; it was like I was having a whole nother orgasm, even!"

All things considered, Jeff decided that he'd had worse responses to his sexual efforts. He kissed Yvonne again and told her "That's what I was trying for, dear - to make it as good for you as I could."

She sobered slightly at the endearment, and asked "Because you love me? The way you said you do?"

He suddenly realized that he'd called her 'dear', and that she *might* be worried that he was turning what had just happen between them into something other than what she'd thought it was. So he smiled down at her, and answered "Yes, I love you - *exactly* the way I said I do."

Assured that their relationship hadn't changed simply because of a simple word, Yvonne again looked pleased and happy when she told him "I'm glad that you would love me like that. And I love you, too."

Jeff immediately understood that the way she was using 'love' was the same as he did - a kind of shorthand word for all the things they'd already talked about. The single biggest fear he'd had was that she would become too emotionally attached to him, and from what she'd just said, it didn't sound like that was going to happen.

He kissed the tip of her nose and told her "Yvonne, you don't have to call me 'Mister Davis' when we're together like this. You can call me Jeff, if you want to; and if you call me dear, or honey, or anything else like that, then I'll know that it's because I make you happy, and you care about me, just the way we talked about. Okay?"

She grinned at him before she answered "Okay... Jeff."

Having gotten some of his energy back, Jeff started to move off of her; when she felt his mostly-erect penis move in her, Yvonne's eyes closed and her head tilted back as she released a soft moan of pleasure. He held still when it started, and when her head moved forward again she looked up at him in amazement before asking "You're still big! How come?"

"Because it feels so good to be inside you like this, silly" he replied. Giving her a quick kiss on the lips, he started to move off of her again. She tilted her head forward to watch as his manhood slowly slipped from her intimate embrace, softly moaning again - in disappointment - before looking up at him to say "I... I never thought about *looking* before, and it's **so** sexy to watch!"

When he'd gotten himself situated on his side next to her, Jeff took her hand in his and said "Any time we're together, you're *more* than welcome to look, or touch, or smell, or anything else that you want to. I already told you that I'm not going to be mad or upset with you about anything, so I'll tell you that I'm

not going to think you're 'bad' or 'nasty' if you want to do any of those things. Right now, you keep looking down at where my penis is, and I'll bet you want to look at it and see what it looks like after we have sex." The last bit made her blush, but she nodded her head briefly in acknowledgment. He smiled at her and said "Go ahead, then, if you want to - I don't mind. And if you want to touch or do anything else, that's fine, too" before releasing her hand and rolling over onto his back. It didn't take Yvonne two seconds to get herself moved around.

Jeff just laid there, patiently as she spent a minute or so just looking. Then she tentatively reached out and got a gentle hold on his penis and started moving it around - looking at it from different angles. Her hand then went to his scrotum, and she was even more gentle in learning about it and his testicles. Jeff had closed his eyes to slits, and he watched as she looked toward his face before she hesitantly dipped a finger into a blob of his cum that hadn't dried yet. She lifted it to her nose and gave it a tentative sniff - then another - before sticking her tongue out and letting the very tip of it touch his semen. When he didn't say or do anything, and her tongue didn't explode or fall off, she went for a slightly larger taste before she finally licked what she had off her finger. Satisfied with what she'd learned, she moved to lie next to him again, in much the same position as she'd started from - on her side, an arm and leg on top of him, and her head on his shoulder. Only then did Jeff visibly open his eyes before teasingly asking her "Science class over?"

She blushed faintly, but seemed to realize that he WAS just teasing when she answered "Yeah, I guess. I don't really know what I *expected*, but that wasn't it. Your stuff - your parts, I mean - doesn't look as complicated as mine, but there's a LOT more of it. Now those goofy diagrams they showed us in Sex Ed class make a lot more sense. Is every guy as big as you, there?"

He put his arm around her and began gently caressing her back, making her shiver in pleasure and snuggle closer to him before he told her "I'm about as average as I can be there. Most guys are pretty close to the same size - six inches, plus or minus a little. There are some that are bigger, and some smaller. It's a lot like girls and how big their breasts are - there's a very few that are really big or really small, and almost everybody else is closer to the middle."

"At school, most of the other girls in gym class have tits that are a *little* bit bigger than mine, but there's a couple that are WAY bigger, and one that doesn't hardly have **any**. Sometimes, I kinda wish mine were bigger."

He gave her a brief hug before continuing his caresses and told her "If it counts for anything, I think you've got very NICE tits. Maybe they aren't as big as some of the other girls in your class, but I think they're *very* nice."

She tilted her head back to look at him in surprise, obviously thinking he was just bullshitting, but he assured her "Really, I do. Their size, and the way they're shaped, they fit my hand just *perfectly*. And your nipples are *exactly* the right color for you, and the way they stand up - but not *too* much - when they're hard makes it **fun** to play with them, and suck on them. Honestly, by the time your body finishes growing, any guy that isn't gay is going to be **delighted** to see and touch them."

The expression on her face when he was done told him that she still wasn't *entirely* sure he wasn't just blowing smoke up her butt - but that she was more than willing to believe what he'd just said. She rested her head on his shoulder again, and the two of them lay there for several minutes before he gave her cute butt a soft pat and said "I really like laying with you like this, but you came over to spend the night with Sam, remember? And you've still got to get up for school tomorrow, so I think you'd better get some sleep."

She unwrapped herself from him, and sat up on the edge of the bed. Standing, she went over to where her panties were on the floor and picked them up - then unashamedly used them to wipe her pelvis clean of their combined juices. When she was done, she came over to where Jeff was unabashedly watching her and leaned over to give him a kiss before saying "Good night, Jeff. Thanks again for letting me be with you tonight; it felt *really* good."

He reached behind her and gave one globe of her ass a gentle squeeze - making her smile broadly - before telling her "I'm glad I let you be with me, too, dear. Now go on and get to bed."

When she turned to leave, he gave her other ass cheek a soft pat, making her smile at him over her shoulder before she left, closing the door to his room behind her.

It was late enough that Jeff wasn't inclined to get up and shower, figuring he could do it in the morning. There was a distinct wet spot on the bed where the two of them had coupled; only the necessity of having to explain it to people kept him from wanting to have it cut out of the sheet and framed. Instead, he simply scooted a little closer to the other side of the bed and closed his eyes, falling asleep almost immediately. His dreams that night were singularly pleasant.

That night became the pattern for future encounters between Jeff and Yvonne.

She continued to come over to spend the night with Samantha, and Samantha went over to Yvonne's for the same reason, just as they always had. And when Yvonne was at his place, it wasn't always - or even usually - for the purpose of sharing his bed. Jeff couldn't resist doing the math, and it worked out that Yvonne was with him for just a little over a quarter of her visits.

But the nights that she DID come to see him were terrific. It didn't take but a couple of times of the two of them simply having sex before she was ready to learn more - she was initially somewhat concerned about having him perform cunnilingus on her; but her worries quickly disappeared once she'd experienced Jeff's enthusiasm for it. After that, it became a regular part of their activities.

Jeff waited patiently until she brought up the idea of her performing a similar service for him; he talked to her about it, and once he'd made her aware of the possible conclusions to it, left her to try it when she still wanted to. She didn't find the taste of his semen particularly enjoyable, but didn't find it offensive, either; it was even chances whether she'd have him cum in her mouth on any given occasion. If she did, she invariably swallowed every drop.

She was a willing, even eager, student when it came to learning about having sex in different positions. It didn't take him long to realize that anything that didn't hurt and got their parts lined up was just *fine* with her. She took a particular delight in anything that let her watch as his cock slid in and out of her; the ability to see what she was **feeling** aroused her tremendously.

When the subject of anal sex came up, he was *meticulous* about explaining things to her. She finally decided that she wanted to try it at least ONCE, just to see what it was all about. After **thorough** preparation beforehand, Jeff carefully brought an end (pun intended!) to her rectal 'virginity'. Afterwards, she surprised the hell out of Jeff when she decided that even though she hadn't enjoyed it as much as the 'regular' kind, it was still a perfectly reasonable way to have sex.

It was the Friday night before Sam's school had Spring Break, and Jeff had just gone to bed when he heard a soft knock on his door and Sam's voice asking "Daddy? Can I come in? There's something I want to talk to you about."

Jeff turned the lamp on and told Samantha "Come on in, honey" before moving to sit up with his back against the headboard, and pulling the covers up to his waist.

When she came into his room, Jeff was relieved to see that she was wearing the short robe she'd gotten for herself. While it only came down to just past her butt, it was still a considerable improvement over having her show up with even less on.

She came over to the bed and climbed over him to take a seat next to him, snuggling into his side after pulling his arm around her. She sat there silently for a bit, and he finally asked her "What is it you wanted to talk to me about, Sam?"

A few moments later, she answered "There's something I want you to do, Daddy, but I'm not sure how to ask you. And I'm afraid that if I **DO** ask, then you'll be upset or disappointed with me. It's something that's **really** important to me, and I didn't say or do anything about it until *after* I really, really thought about it, like you told me and Yvonne that night. I'm **positive** I want you to do it, but I'm kind of scared about it, too."

After that, Jeff didn't have even the *faintest* idea of what it could be that she wanted him to do - but there wasn't the slightest doubt in him mind that it really was that important to her, or that she was just as certain about whatever it was that she wanted.

He thought about what he wanted to say for a bit, then told her "Okay, honey, I understand that it's something that's really, truly important to you. And you said to me that it's something you're afraid to ask, and you're a little scared. That tells me that I have to be careful and really listen *extra* special when you talk to me, and **THINK** about it before I say anything - and I promise you that I'll do **exactly** that. Sam, I love you with all my heart, and I would *never* be upset or disappointed with you. But if you think that's something you have to worry about, then I know that whatever it is you want to talk to me about, it's the most important thing, ever, to you, and that it's really serious. But honey, I can't do or say anything to try and help you until you tell me what it is that you want to talk to me about."

She sat next to him, silent, as he waited patiently (on the outside, at least) to find out what had her so bothered.

After several seconds, he found out when she quietly told him "Daddy, I want you to make love with me."

To say that he was stunned would be like saying an ocean has water; there simply isn't any way to make the magnitude of the *reality* of it comprehensible.

In fact, it wasn't until his vision started to fade that Jeff realized he wasn't breathing; and even then, he had to make a conscious, deliberate choice - and effort - to do so.

The feeling of Sam's nervous shaking next to him was the only thing that interrupted his few, feeble thoughts from their running in circles and gibbering. He gently hugged his daughter to reassure her that everything was okay - far from it, of course, but she was his daughter - as he tried to get his mind wrapped around the idea of what she'd just said to him.

After several attempts to get his thoughts organized, he finally gave up in favor of simply asking her "But Sam, *why*?" - which was what everything else he thought seemed to start, or end, with.

Foolishly reassured by the fact that he hadn't screamed, pitched some kind of fit, or immediately made a loud and profane refusal, she calmly told him "*Daddy*, I **love** you. After Yvonne is with you, she comes back to my room, and she tells me about what was like for her, and how she feels about it - and

what YOU say and do, too. Daddy, I **know** how good it makes you feel when you can have sex with her. And that night, I *told* you that I know you haven't been able to be with women the way I think you'd like to, or as much as you want to; and I still find your shirts, sometimes, so I know that being with Yvonne isn't always enough for you."

She took a breath and went on "I know it isn't just about the sex part of it, Daddy. When Yvonne talks to me, I *understand* that even though the fucking part of it feels good, it's the way you and her care and feel about each other that makes it SPECIAL. That night, the first time you told her it was okay, she told me afterwards what you said about how people care about and love each other; and how you cared about her ALMOST like you do me, and how you loved her, just not as MUCH as you love me. And I figured out that if you and her could be like that when you don't feel as much for her as you do me, then if it **was** you and me, then it would be even *more* special. And Daddy, I do think that sex is special; that's why I said I want you to make LOVE with me - because the way we care about each other, if we were together like that, it would be *way* more than just sex - which is a little bit of love, like you have with Yvonne."

She paused a moment before she said "I know you'd tell me that it's okay that you don't get to be with girls much, and that I shouldn't think that it's because of me. And I'm sure that you'd say that the way you love me is *already* special, and that I don't have to do be physical with you for you to love me as much as you do. Maybe you'd even say that being with me like that could hurt me the first time, and you didn't want to do that. So I'll tell you: it's NOT okay that you don't get to be with girls. If it was, your body wouldn't be telling you to masturbate. And it IS because of me that you aren't with girls - I know you do it because you love me, and that that's more important to you than going out; but I don't think that you SHOULD have to choose between taking care of me and being with girls. I **already** know the way you love me is special - but I love you so much that I still think it should be even MORE special, so that you know how much I love **you**, too. If you're worried about hurting me, you don't have to be; a couple weeks ago, I broke my hymen myself, so that YOU wouldn't be hurt worrying about hurting ME."

As she'd been talking, Jeff's thought processes had slowly come together and started working again - but it still took a couple of seconds for his daughter's last statement to reach the front of his brain.

Shocked at what she'd said, he could only look at her and ask "You... you broke your own hymen? WHY? Are you okay?"

She looked up at him, and he could see the resolve on her face when she told him "Yes, I did it myself - with my fingers. I just told you, I figured you'd say that hurting me by deflowering me would hurt **you**, so I did it. It only hurt a little bit, and not for very long. I'm fine, now, Daddy; really."

Of all the things she'd said, **that** was the one that hit him the most: that she loved him so much, she didn't want HIM to feel the pain in his heart that would come from any physical pain he might cause her by deflowering her - so she'd simply gone ahead and done it herself so that HE'D be spared any suffering.

She lowered her head again, and he had to set that thought aside so he could listen to her say "When you asked me why I wanted to start using birth control for my birthday, I told you that I was already thinking about sex. What I didn't tell you was that I was thinking about sex with YOU, Daddy. Those times I went to talk to Marcy, and the other mothers at Girl Scouts, I was asking them questions about what their first time with a guy had been like, and what they *wished* had happened, and WHEN. Daddy, **all** of them told me that it wasn't a girls *age* that mattered as much as the WHO and the HOW: every

last one of them told me that their biggest wish was that their first time had been with someone that really *cared* about them - about making it good, and easy, and happy for them; and that they regretted that they didn't have a comfortable place and enough *time* to do it right. And that's why I want you to start making love with me, Daddy - because I know that you **DO** care about me that way, and I know that we **WOULD** have the time and a nice place. I told you, Daddy, that I **do** think sex is something special; I think it's so special that I want to learn about it from **YOU**, because I know you love me, and I love you. That's something I can't understand - if making love, and a girl's first time, are supposed to be so wonderful and special, how come there are so many rules and things that make it so hard for things to happen that way? Everybody says that a girl's Daddy loves her more than anyone, but then they tell him and her that he can't be the one to be with her the first time; even though he's the one that would be the nicest and most patient with her, and help make it really *special* for her. How does that make any sense? What kind of people tell you that you can't *love* someone a certain way when that's just the way they need most?"

He sat there in wonderment, his mind going over what she'd said several times before he finally told her "Honey, if that's really the way you feel" - "It is", she assured him - "then I love you too much to say anything but... I agree."

He'd felt her tense slightly when he'd paused, but she immediately relaxed on hearing the rest. She sat there for a few seconds before hesitantly asking him "Can... can we start tonight? Now?"

He hugged her and kissed the top of her head before answering "Of course, we can, Sam, if that's what you want" - again, she affirmed that it was - "And we can do it just the **WAY** you want, too; just let me know what."

She responded by reaching over and grasping the edge of the bedcovers in Jeff's lap, and pulling them aside, leaving him sitting there naked. Her next considered action was to move so that she was kneeling across his legs - and then unfastening the belt of her robe, taking it off, and tossing it aside to reveal that she had been completely naked underneath.

She stayed like that, her eyes and smile inviting him to really *look* at her the way she wanted him to: not just as his daughter, but as a sexual being - one that was soon to be **HIS**.

He first looked into her face - seeing the wide-set dark eyes, finely chiseled nose, and full lips that covered white, even teeth; all framed by the thick, straight hair - so black that it sometimes looked blue - that fell to the middle of her back. Her skin was pale; not the pasty white of illness, but a more classic peaches-and-cream that faintly glowed with her good health.

Her graceful neck sat atop her slender - but not thin - shoulders. High on her chest, her breasts were roughly the size of half-tangerines, round and full, each capped with a dark areola that was only a little larger than the pencil-diameter nipple that stuck out from it for a full quarter of an inch. Her trim waist was softly curved and obviously feminine, and flowed into her slender hips. The smooth expanse of her belly was flat; at the bottom of it, he could see the small dark wedge of her pubic area. With each of her legs on one side of his, it was clear that at the bottom of the 'vee', there was a slight part in what he could plainly see was her thick, soft hair. The thought that that part in her fleece was where he'd find the treasure that she was so willing and eager to share with him made his cock twitch before he moved his eyes onward.

The thighs that she'd separated to kneel over him were long and gently curved - dancer's legs was how he thought of them. On the bed, extending behind her, he could see that her calves were as trim and nicely turned as her thighs. Looking at her that way, he could see that she would grow up to be the

spitting image of her mother - and conversely, knew that he was seeing what Patty had looked like at that age. The thought of it took his breath away, and made him wonder once again how he could have been both lucky enough to have won a woman so beautiful for his own, and unlucky enough to have lost her so senselessly. Still, he was proud and grateful to have known and had her for as long as he did - and profoundly happy that she lived on in their daughter.

When he looked into Sam's face again, he couldn't help telling her "You're beautiful" - and then realized that he'd never said that to her before, though he'd thought it a million times.

He held his arms out to her, and she happily moved into them; the two of them hugged each other fiercely with the understanding of how much they loved each other. When they were done, Sam sat down on his lap, where her bush softly tickled his cock. He locked his hands behind her, and she rested her hands on his forearms. They looked into each others eyes, and he told her "Sam, honey, I love you - more than I could ever say. You've always made me proud, and I know your mom would be proud of you, too."

"And I love you, too, Daddy" she replied, her eyes glistening with tears. "I know how much you loved Mommy, and I wish I remembered her better. But I know she loved me, and I've always known that YOU love me. Any time you've been with me at Brownies or Scouts, I've been proud of you, too - especially when the other dads weren't there. It always made me feel so special that you were so willing to be there, and tried so hard, so that I could do the same stuff the girls with moms did. It didn't always turn out the way you or I wanted, but that didn't change the way I felt about you."

She took a deep breath and continued "Now I love you even more than I thought I EVER could. And I'm happier than I've ever been, too - because now I'm going to get to show you how much I love you. I know I don't 'have' to do it; that's part of what makes me WANT to: because it IS me getting to do something **extra**. Daddy, I already know that there are laws and all kinds of other things that say we're not *supposed* to be together like this; and that being my Daddy, letting me be with you this way is something that you ordinarily wouldn't do. But you love me enough that you'd ignore those laws and things, and do something that you don't THINK that your supposed to, so that we CAN be together. And I'm proud, Daddy. Proud that you love me so much that you're willing to push all that other stuff away so that you can make love to me; so that YOU can be the one to make my first time making love be as special as so many other girls wish that it had been for them. By letting it happen with you, here in our house, and making sure I know that I have as much time and anything else I need, you're not acting the way everybody *says* you should, and making me do it without you, so that I have to be with some boy that doesn't know how any more than I do; and leaving me to let it happen in the back seat of a car, or someplace else where I'd be uncomfortable and have to hurry so I didn't get caught. As much as I love you, Daddy, for making love with me, I'm *proud* that you love me enough to be **willing** to do it."

By the time she finished, Jeff could see there were tears in her eyes - tears of happiness, as she'd said, and of pride. He pulled her close again, and held her as he told her "I'm happy, and proud of you, too, honey."

When she'd gotten control of herself, Samantha pulled back from him again. Her eyes were clear and her face happy when she said "Okay, that's enough of that! This is supposed to be a *good* time - and I think it would be good if you kissed me."

That seemed like a particularly fine idea, and he leaned forward to do just that. It was the first time he'd kissed her on the lips in a long, long time, and he put everything he had into it to let her know how

much he loved and cherished her. And Sam seemed to put all of HER 'self' into it, too; and what he felt coming back to him was a love equal to his own - along with no small hint of what was yet to come.

When their kiss ended, they pulled back from each other only slightly and looked into each other's eyes. In hers, Jeff could see love, and trust - and desire. He was still having trouble with the idea of actually having sex with his own daughter - but the fact that she was so obviously her mother's daughter was making it easier and easier for him to shed his fears and worries. Even just looking into her face as he was, he didn't have any trouble seeing his beloved Pat. And the body in his arms wasn't all *that* much smaller or firmer than he remembered his wife's being...

Though he was distracted somewhat with his thoughts, he still didn't miss the signal from Sam that she wanted to kiss again. Their lips met, and the love they shared flowed between them again, and grew even stronger. Also stronger was the hint he got from her that things were only beginning to change between them. By the time the kiss ended, he was certain not only of her love for him, but that she desired him, too. That desire was made clear to him when she reached behind herself to take his wrists in her hands, and gently pull his arms from around her - then guide his hands upward, and place them over her breasts. He didn't need any further guidance or coaching; he was more than happy to hold her incredibly firm young mounds, softly caressing her smooth, warm flesh as the dark pebbles of her nipples harden and erect in response.

They leaned in to kiss again, and he felt her reach down to take his cock in her hand. At first, she simply held it, moving her cool fingers around as though she was using her sense of touch to memorize it. But as the touch of her lips on his became more firm, her hand started moving, slowly caressing and stroking his entire length. Under his fingers, her nipples had peaked; and his nose told him that her arousal was most definitely on the rise. Knowing that *she* was excited only made *him* start to become that way, too; he could feel himself start to get longer and firmer under her tender ministrations.

Their kiss ended, but only briefly; in less than a second their lips were pressed together again - but only long enough for Sam to let hers separate so the tip of her tongue could brush against his lips. Jeff readily parted *his* lips in response, and their tongues soon resembled two plump pink worms frisking each other.

Jeff could hear Sam's rapid breathing, and the aroma of her excitement became stronger and stronger as his manhood continued to grow in her hand.

He was fully erect when she released her hold on him and pulled her lips away from his. His hard cock tried to stand, but was held down by the soft, thick mat covering her mons. Along the top, he could feel the heat radiating from the center of her womanhood. He was looking into her beautiful dark eyes when she asked "Daddy, I read on the Internet that after a guy climaxes, he can make love longer when he's hard again. Is that true?"

"Yes, but..."

She interrupted him to say "Then I want to make you climax, first, so that when you're inside me, we can make love longer. Is that okay?"

The question completely flummoxed him, and the best response he could manage was a weak "Uh, if that's what you want..."

She just gave him a delighted smile in reply before getting to her knees again - freeing his cock to stand at proud attention between them - and moving backwards. When she'd reached his knees, she lifted one leg and moved so that she was next to him, pulling the delightful orbs of her tits out of his hands. She

moved a little farther before leaning over, then lying on the bed next to him, her head even with his hips. His mind told him "She *can't* be thinking of..." - only to discover that not only *could* she, but that she **was**.

With a look of happiness on her face, she reached out to take hold of his penis again before moving her head over him, and then lowering it to take the head of his erection into her mouth.

He got as far as telling her "Honey, if you do that..." before she lifted her head enough to let him slip from between her lips.

She looked up and calmly informed him "I know, Daddy. I told you that Yvonne told me what she did for you, and what happen between you. She explained to me how to do this already, and let me practice on one of her fingers. And I already know that if I do it for you, you'll climax, too. I already know what it looks and tastes like. *I* like it, even if **she** doesn't care about how it tastes." before taking him into her mouth again.

Jeff was left sitting there, trying to get his mind around the ideas that A) Yvonne had already taught his daughter how to give blowjobs, B) that his daughter knew that if she DID give him a blowjob, he'd cum - and clearly meant for that very thing to happen, C) that she'd *already* tasted his cum, and D) that she **liked** it. His mind felt like it was trying to hold on to a hamster dipped in motor oil: any time he thought he had a grasp on a coherent thought, it would just wriggle around and slip away from him.

His poor overloaded and abused mind was given a new focus by the sensations his daughter's mouth was creating in his penis.

Sam was obviously taking the technical information and training she'd gotten from Yvonne, adding her own enthusiasm and enjoyment, and giving him one DAMN fine blowjob as a result. Try as he might, he simply couldn't hold out for long with the way she was using her lips and tongue to stimulate him, and the way she would twist her head as she bobbed it up and down on his erection, and how she sucked on him and used her hand to stroke the shaft of his penis. He *did* manage to tell her "I'm going to cum!" a couple of seconds before exploding in her mouth. Samantha obviously wasn't bothered in the slightest at having her Daddy suddenly fill her mouth with his hot cum; she simply pulled her head back a little bit and continued sucking and stroking him, swallowing his jism each time he erupted in her mouth. When he finally softened far enough, she took his entire length in her mouth and used her lips and tongue to thoroughly clean his penis. Only when she was satisfied that she'd gotten every drop of his semen did she let him slip from between her lips, and gave him a happy smile before getting up and going into the bathroom. He heard the water run in the sink for a few seconds, then his medicine cabinet open and and close, before she came out again. After she climbed onto his lap and leaned against his chest, she told him "I know *you* wouldn't mind kissing me after I did that, but **I** would; so I rinsed my mouth out and put some of your toothpaste on my tongue."

Hearing that, Jeff figured she wouldn't have bothered unless she wanted them to kiss - so he put his hand under her chin and tilted her head up so he could do just that. He even touched tongues with her - minty fresh! - a few times to reassure her that he was okay with what she'd done.

Afterwards, he put his arms around her, and she lowered her head again before she told him "I'm glad you let me do that, Daddy. I know it made you feel good, and I *liked* doing it for you. I know we could have made love until you climaxed, and then make love again; but since you said you agree about why it's okay for us to make love, I want you inside me as long as possible the first time. I figured that was okay with you, too, so I just went ahead and helped you have that first climax. Did I do okay? That was the first time I ever did it, you know, for real."

Jeff couldn't help wondering if there was any protocol for telling your own daughter that she gives good head before he gave her a hug and answered "You did **fine**, honey. It felt *real* good."

She snuggled into his chest before saying "I'm glad I could make it good for you; it was fun, and I like the way you taste even MORE when it's fresh!" - the last with a small laugh.

When he heard that, Jeff finally started to really *understand* the range and extent that things were going to change in his life. That his daughter wanted the two of them to make love was one thing; that she was so willing - even eager! - to please him added a whole new degree of complexity.

The two of them sat there for a while, content to simply hold, and BE with, each other before Samantha asked him "Daddy, do you think you'd ever get married again?"

He thought about how to answer for a moment before he replied "I really don't know, honey. I've *thought* about it, of course, but I don't think there's anybody I could love as much as I loved your mother - except for you, of course", giving her a brief hug.

She tilted her head back to give him a brief smile before lowering it again and saying "Well, I hope you do. It isn't going to be long before I go to college, and I already know that I can't stay here, like, forever. Maybe I'll even meet some guy that I love almost as much as you. But whatever happens, sooner or later I'm going to have to leave. I don't want you to be alone, and I'm **sure** that Mommy wouldn't, either. Daddy, I really think you should start going out more, so you CAN get the chance to meet other women, and maybe find one you like. I'm old enough that it would be okay if you wanted to leave me alone for a while - I mean, it wouldn't be any different, really, than when you leave me alone so you can go play golf on weekends. I'll bet that if you did meet another woman you liked, even if you didn't love her as much as Mommy and me, maybe you could love her *enough*, you know?"

Despite the fact that he'd always known that she'd have to leave some day, hearing HER talk about it saddened him because he finally had to face the fact that that day wasn't - couldn't be - as far off as he'd hoped it was. He released one arm from around her and began softly caressing her back as he told her "Okay, honey, I'll do that. But there's no hurry on *any* of it, right?"

She shivered slightly under his touch and answered "No, no hurry. But you're not going to try to put it off like when there's something you don't want to do, either - *right*?" - a playful teasing of his tendency to procrastinate about things like doing laundry, which generally didn't get done *quite* as soon as it could or should.

He agreed with a laughing "Yes, dear", and gave her a playful pat on the butt - and took the opportunity to leave his hand on her ass cheek, pleased by how firm it was while still feeling so soft and smooth. A minute later, he couldn't resist softly squeezing it before moving his hand over to do much the same thing to its mate.

As he was playing with his daughter's ass, Jeff slowly became aware of how she felt on his lap; the touch of one of her breasts pressed against his chest; and finally, the sensation of a few wisps of her pubic hair lightly tickling his cock underneath her. It wasn't long before all the tactile input began to have an effect on him, and he could feel his cock starting to get longer and harder again. A bit longer, and his penis began to rise, and he felt it begin to make contact with the area between Sam's thighs. He knew she could feel it, too, when she opened her legs a bit and settled further onto his lap to increase the pressure.

About the time his penis reached half-mast, Samantha got off his lap and turned to command him "Slide down a little."

After he'd done as he'd been told, she quickly moved to sit on him again - but straddling his hips, and facing him. A little minor adjustment had her positioned so that his erecting penis was lying along her cleft. She reached up and pulled his head down as she leaned forward, bringing his face even with her breasts; Jeff didn't hesitate in the slightest before fastening his lips around the peak of one of them.

When he'd brought one of her dark nubbins to full extension, he happily switched over to give its mate the same treatment. As he was doing so, he heard Sam start softly moaning as she pressed herself against his growing manhood.

It wasn't long before she started rocking her hips back and forth, rubbing herself against his mostly erect cock as her hands ran through his hair while he expanded his efforts to include ALL of her mammaries. After a bit, he thought he could feel her labia touching him as she continued sliding herself along his length; that bit of supposition was confirmed over the next couple of minutes as the scent of her arousal reached his nose, along with the distinct feeling of her oils spreading along where her vaginal lips were touching him.

Jeff finally pulled his lips from Sam's breasts in favor of using his hands on them; he was delighted with the way they slightly overfilled his hands with their firm sponginess, and at how warm and smooth they were. He brushed his thumbs over his daughter's nipples, and heard her gasp softly as she leaned forward slightly to increase the pressure of his hands on her mammaries.

She tilted her head back in obvious arousal, and he took advantage of the opportunity to kiss her - and wasn't surprised when her mouth opened slightly, and her tongue touched his lips.

As their kiss continued and expanded while his hands stayed busy on Sam's breasts, Jeff's penis continued to grow beneath his daughter - primarily in response to the way she was rocking her hips back and forth as she rubbed herself against it. They continued like that for several minutes before Sam pulled her head back with a groan and told him "This feels so good, Daddy; but I want you *in* me!" before moving to kneel next to him with obvious reluctance.

Jeff scooted himself farther down the bed so that he was lying on his back, then waited to see what Samantha wanted to do. Her eyes locked on his not-quite-erect penis, and she turned to lie down next to him with her head toward his feet - obviously intending to use her mouth on him again. She started to reach for his penis again when he put his hand on the calf of her leg and said "I want to do you, too, Sam."

It took her only a second to understand what he was saying, and she looked back at him in delight before raising one of her legs and letting him guide it to the other side of his body. She carefully eased her body over his, and the two of them were soon in the classic '69' position. Sam wrapped her hand around his cock and took him into her mouth; Jeff simply took advantage of the first opportunity he'd had to really *look* at the area between his daughter's thighs. Up close (and personal!), he saw that her pubic thatch was as thick as he'd thought it was; it seemed to be composed of 843,912 - no, make that 843,913 - individual short, fine hairs right next to each other. The top was only a little wider than the area between her thighs, and looked to start just above her pubic bone before it softly flowed between her thighs to quickly fade out perhaps an inch past the end of her slit. As he'd thought, there was a distinct part in it where her cleft was; inside that part, he could just make out the lips of her vagina, and the dampness in the area between, but no more. A little farther, and her anus was a small dark pink pucker slowly winking at him.

Once he was sure he'd memorized the sight of her, he lifted his head slightly and brought his nose close to the source of the aroma he'd already found so heavenly, before taking a slow, deep sniff of her

sweet, musky, tanginess for memorization as well. That done, he opened his mouth and finally let his tongue slip free to begin sampling the nectar that produced such a heady scent.

When his tongue slipped between her vaginal lips, Samantha released a deep, pleased moan that vibrated his cock in her mouth *wonderfully*. But as nice as that felt, it was no match for the joy his tastebuds got from their first sampling of her thin, light oils.

Jeff would have gladly used his mouth on her anyway, for as long as she wanted; but that she tasted so indescribably delicious only served to make doing so a delight for him.

It took only a couple of minutes of him happily lapping at her labia and the area between for him to have her completely aroused. When he pulled his head back for a moment to look, he could easily see that her lips had parted enough to expose the entrance to her vagina; at the top of her slit, the hood of her clitoris had pulled back, revealing that that bundle of nerves was only the size of a small pea. But when he began caressing and circling it with his tongue, he found that it was wonderfully sensitive.

He spent the next several minutes engaged in cheerfully applying his lips and tongue and mouth toward moving his daughter toward an orgasm - all the while eagerly anticipating the bonanza of her precious nectar that she was sure to produce when it happened.

And happen it did.

Pulling her mouth of his hard cock, Sam threw her head back and loudly groaned in pleasure as Jeff felt the ring of her opening - where the tip of his tongue was industriously trying to worm its way through - begin a rhythmic clenching as she started to climax. Jeff laid his tongue along her cleft so that he could collect her juices while using the very tip of it to circle her clitoris, and gently press on it, in time with the spasms passing through her body. Her vaginal opening released small waves of her juices, just as he'd hoped, and his tastebuds each had their *own* little orgasms from the taste of her.

As his daughter's orgasm slowly began to taper off, Jeff's tongue softened the pressure it applied to her clitoris until her shudders and his actions were both stilled.

Jeff let his head fall back to the bed even as Sam's forehead came to rest on his belly, her breath warm on his skin. When her breathing had slowed and steadied, he raised his head again to softly kiss the inside of each of her thighs before letting it back down. A moment later, he heard her quietly enthusiastic "That was *wonderful*, Daddy!"

He went back to enjoying the sight she presented to him as his hands began caressing her body - with a particular focus on her beautiful ass - until she lifted her head and wrapped her lips around his erect penis again.

With that, he willingly lifted his head again and began applying himself to arousing her again.

He had her moaning almost continuously when he decided that he'd better check to see how small she was inside. She'd told him that she'd already removed the obstruction of her maidenhead, but he was a full-grown man, and she was still only fifteen years old. He moved one hand into position, but when he started to slip the end of one finger between her labia, she pulled away from him slightly, surprising him. Then she pulled her mouth off his cock and told him "Please, Daddy - I want *this* part of you" - emphasized by a soft squeeze of his penis - "in me first. We can do that later, if you want."

"I just wanted to make sure I don't hurt you, Sam - that you aren't too small inside."

"It'll be okay, Daddy, really. I didn't have **any** trouble getting two of my fingers to fit, and I know you'll

go slow so it doesn't hurt. Please?"

It took only a moment for him to accede to her request and say "Okay, honey, if that's what you want." before withdrawing his hand. The image in his mind of her laying back with her legs spread and her hand buried in her crotch wasn't so easily dealt with, but he managed to get rid of it a few seconds after she started sucking on his cock again.

Reapplying himself, it was a matter of only a couple of minutes before he had Sam as excited as she'd been before the interruption. A few minutes more, and she gave his erection one final pass with her tongue before she let it slip free and told him "I'm ready for us to make love now, Daddy. And I know that YOU are, too." - followed by a small giggle. Jeff reluctantly pulled his mouth away from his daughter's crotch to see what she wanted them (him) to do.

She carefully moved from atop him before getting herself turned around. She lay down next to him on her side and looked into his face before she said "If it's okay, I want us to make love with you on top of me the first time. I'd like us to be able to look at each other while we get started."

He just smiled and answered "Of course, dear."

It was only a few moments before she'd spread her legs, and he'd moved himself between them. Another couple of seconds saw him get properly positioned between his daughter's parted thighs, and the head of his erection nestled between her labia as she held herself open for him. They looked into each other's eyes, and he began to press himself forward as he used one hand to hold himself steady. He could feel Samantha deliberately relaxing herself to make it easier for both of them; it was only a very few seconds before the head of his erection slipped into his daughter's vagina for the first time, accompanied by a soft gasp from her.

He immediately stopped, but before he could ask if she was okay, she told him "I'm all right, Daddy - I was just surprised by it, was all. You can keep going."

Looking closely at her, he could see that she wasn't just trying to make HIM feel better: the only things he could see in her face were arousal and love - and eagerness. He pressed his hips forward again, and felt himself slip into her hot, wet, and still incredibly tight vagina *relatively* easily for perhaps an inch before he felt things beginning to 'drag'. He quickly stopped, and waited a few seconds to see if there was anything she needed before backing himself out a bit. The way back in was a little easier, and he repeated the cycle a couple of times to make sure her lubrication was properly distributed before trying to enter her some more. He got perhaps a couple more inches before he had to stop again; he continued in that fashion as he carefully and slowly buried his manhood in his daughter.

When she finally felt his pelvis pressing against hers, Samantha looked up at him in awe and a pleasure that bordered on ecstasy as she said "Oh, *Daddy!*"

A moment later, she closed her eyes and lifted her hips as though to verify that he was inside her as far as he could go. After her eyes opened again, Jeff could see that she was both delighted and tremendously aroused to feel his hard cock deep inside her. He could hear the joy in her voice when she told him "It feels **so** good! I never even *dreamed* it could be like this!" She threw her arms around him and hugged him fiercely before whispering in his ear "*Thank* you, Daddy. You've made this **so** special for me, and I love you so much!"

He managed to kiss her cheek before telling her "I love you, too, honey. I'm glad I was able to make you happy."

She relaxed her hold on him and eased herself back onto the bed, where she said "Now, Daddy, I want you to make *love* to me."

It was a request that he willingly fulfilled.

Starting with slow, short strokes, Jeff began making love to his daughter. Despite having stretched herself in anticipation of having him inside her, she was *still* damn tight around him - in addition to being as wet as her mother had ever been, and hotter than he'd thought any woman COULD be. It was her more than ample lubrication that made it possible for him to increase the speed and length of his strokes in her as quickly and easily as he did. Well, that, and her eager encouragement: each time his manhood moved into her, she would raise her hips in welcome to the advance, and moan her pleasure at the penetration of her womanhood.

His previous release made it easy for him to bring her to an orgasm that had her tightening around him so much that he literally couldn't move in her; the little bit of motion he managed to maintain was simply his penis sliding back and forth inside its skin. When it was over for her, the additional fluids she'd produced soon had them filling the room with the liquid sounds of their union and the thick aroma of her ever-increasing pleasure and arousal. When he began to tire and slow down as she approached another climax, Samantha looked up at him and saw his predicament; at her request, they switched positions and she enthusiastically bounced herself up and down his cock to a quick release that still left her able to move herself on him even as her vagina was clenching around his erection - then to another one some minutes later. But even HER youth and enthusiasm had their limitations; when she got tired, she readily agreed to something different. Guided by her father, Sam lay on her back and he lay on his side next to her. He bent at his waist so that she could drape her legs over his before filling her with his manhood again. That got her through one more orgasm, and well on the way toward another. By that time, Jeff knew that his own climax was going to happen. When he informed Sam of that fact, she insisted that they change positions again, so that he was behind her. As Jeff fitted himself into his daughter's pussy again, she told him that he should go ahead and make himself feel good without worrying about HER. Even so, when he finally tried to stuff as much of his hard cock into Sam as he could, and began to empty what felt like quarts of semen into her, the feeling of it was enough to trigger one last orgasm for her; the sensation of the muscles in her young vagina trying to milk the length of his penis made Jeff's release even more powerful.

When Jeff's cock had stopped even *pretending* that it was capable of depositing any more of his cum in Sam's pussy, he took her by the hips and carefully guided the two of them to lie on the bed; holding himself over her, and his semi-erect penis still inside.

He stayed like that for a few minutes before realizing that she might want to turn over, or move. He'd barely moved his hips to begin sliding his penis out of her when she said "Don't. It feels *nice* with you there, and I want to feel you inside me for as long as I can."

It was her time, so he willingly continued to cover her body with his as his cock slowly deflated inside his daughter's vagina. It finally shrank enough that he knew it was going to pull free at any moment, and he told her "Sam, just so you know, any second now, I'm going to slip out of you."

She calmly told him "I know - I can feel it, too. When it happens, I'm going into the bathroom and get your stuff out so I don't make a mess on your bed. When I'm done, I'll be back, okay?"

He kissed the back of her neck in response, causing her to shiver - which 'broke the seal', so to speak. She quickly reached between her legs and pressed her fingers across her vaginal opening, but not soon enough to prevent a few globs of his cum from escaping. Jeff didn't hesitate to move out of the way,

and she moved to get up and start for the bathroom - but not before he noticed his cum leaving a shiny trail down the inside of one of her thighs. As she moved toward the bathroom, he couldn't resist watching her small, tight ass clenching as she walked. Once she'd closed the door - after giving him a happy, if slightly embarrassed smile - he lay down on his back on the bed.

Several minutes later, Sam made her reappearance - just as happy, still slightly embarrassed, and carrying something. When she got to the bed, he could see that she'd brought along a damp washcloth, which she promptly started using to clean his shrunken penis of their juices. He started to protest that he could do it, but the withering look he got from her shut him up; plainly, she wanted to do it FOR him. When she was satisfied with her work, she took the washcloth in to rinse it out before coming back in to lie down next to him on her side.

She gave his cheek a kiss before settling her head into his shoulder, and draping an arm and leg across him. Once she was comfortable, she didn't delay in telling him "Thank you, Daddy. Having you making love with me the first time was **really** nice. I *knew* you wouldn't rush me, or hurt me, or anything; but you made it even more special than I thought you would - and that was a LOT. I always knew that you love me and everything; but now I know that it's lots more than I thought it was. And now I love you even more than I thought *I* could, too."

Jeff kissed the top of her head before he said "I'm glad I was able to make it as nice for you as you wanted, honey. I'm only sorry that I made it so hard for you to come to me, and talk to me about it."

"That's okay. I guess if you didn't try so hard TO watch out for me, and take care of me, I wouldn't have wanted to be with you like this in the first place."

A minute or two later, she asked "Daddy? Does this mean that I can sleep in your bed with you sometimes?"

Jeff didn't have to think about it for long - there really wasn't any point to refusing her by that time. "Of course you can, Sam. I'd like that."

She snuggled a little closer, and said "Good. I know we're not supposed to do that, so I wouldn't want to when some of my friends are over; but I like it when I'm next to you like this, so I'd still want to do it **sometimes**."

He kissed the top of her head again and said "Then if you'll turn out the light, we can stay like this all night."

Samantha quickly rolled over and reached out to turn out the light before rolling back next to him and resuming her previous position. Jeff put an arm around her, and held her until the two of them happily drifted off to sleep.

When he woke up the next morning, Jeff could feel Sam behind him, her body pressing against his. He immediately remembered the events of the night before, and felt a tremendous love for her, and happiness that he'd been able to bring her so much joy. He felt a need to empty his bladder, but put it off so he could continue to feel his daughter's body next to his.

When Sam woke up, he felt her give a little start at discovering where she was - but a moment later, he felt her kiss his shoulder. Her voice was filled with happiness, and he could *hear* the smile on her face when she said "Good morning, Daddy!"

"And good morning to you, too. Are you okay this morning?"

It took her a second to realize that he was concerned that she might be sore inside; she wasn't, and didn't hesitate to tell him so: "I'm *fine*, Daddy. Better than fine, even; I didn't know I could BE this happy!"

"I'm glad to hear that. If you want to clean up with me, I'll take us out for breakfast afterwards."

"Deal!" she exclaimed, delighted, before throwing the covers back and pulling him over onto his back so she could lay on top of him. She looked down into his face and told him "I love you, Daddy."

He kissed the tip of her nose and answered "I love you, too, sweetheart. Now get off me so I can get up; I need to use the bathroom before we shower."

She made a face at him and said "I didn't need to know that, Daddy." before rolling off of him. He got out of bed, and looked down at her naked form for a few seconds before heading for the bathroom. When he was done, he opened the door to find her standing there waiting for him. Their shower was long and playful, punctuated with plenty of laughter and an uncounted number of loving, happy kisses.

In the days and weeks that followed, Jeff found himself repeatedly fascinated and amused by Samantha's enthusiasm for the change in their relationship.

He was still her dad, and she readily submitted to whatever parental controls he had to exercise over her. But he was also her lover; it was seldom more than two nights in a row that she didn't share his bed. And there was never a week that passed where she didn't want to make love with him at least once - usually more. She was easily as agreeable as Yvonne, even more willing, and as interested in learning what she could to make and keep HIM happy as he was in doing the same for her.

When Yvonne came over to spend the night, Sam readily gave her friend primacy of place with him if she wanted; as Sam told him one night "I'm here ALL the time, so I can be with you any time, but she's only here sometimes, so it should be up to her if she wants to be with you when she has a chance."

For her 16th birthday, she was adamant that the only thing she wanted was for him to help her experience anal sex - something that absolutely flummoxed him. She was appropriately appreciative of the other gifts he gave her the evening of her birthday; it was when she shared his bed and he gave her the introduction to sodomy that she wanted that she was *truly* happy - both before AND after the fact. Even when she experienced a little soreness the next day, she was insistent that she wasn't sorry; he figured she meant it after she asked him if they could do it again.

Their physical relationship grew closer, too. Not just the lovemaking part of it, but the simple physical contact between them helped bring them closer together. She willingly accepted her first ever massage from him, and was overjoyed with it. It wasn't two days later that he had to take her to a bookstore so she could get something she could learn from, and start giving them to him. Her days didn't seem to start quite as happily as they did when the two of them woke up in bed together; he had to admit to himself that finding her next to him in the morning seemed to ensure that HIS days got off to a good start, too.

It was when his 40th birthday came that he got the present - and surprise - of a lifetime.

Samantha had invited Yvonne to spend the night (a Friday before his Saturday birthday), a common enough occurrence that Jeff didn't think anything about. At least, not until they told him during supper that they'd come up with a special way of helping him celebrate: they'd decided that they were going to 'take care of him' for an hour for each year he'd been alive. Starting that evening, until 8:00 am of the day after his birthday, they were going to tend to *all* of his needs and desires. They would handle the

cooking, cleaning, and anything else that he needed or wanted done - all he had to do was relax and enjoy himself. He couldn't help wondering what the 'anything else' part included, but didn't figure that with both of them present all the time, anything *too* intimate was going to happen.

After supper, they dutifully chased him into the family room so the two of them could clear the table; Samantha brought him a beer before going back to help Yvonne with the dishes. When they were done, both girls came into the family room. Jeff was sitting at one end of the couch, so Yvonne sat next to him while Sam went behind him. As Sam started massaging his shoulders, Yvonne casually pulled his arm around her and put his hand on her (braless) breast over the light blouse she was wearing.

It was the first time she'd ever done anything like that around Sam, and Jeff started to turn his head to see what her reaction was; he didn't get far before Sam told him "I saw, she put your hand on her tit. Now hold still, Daddy."

After a couple of seconds, Yvonne put her hand on his and gently squeezed it, letting him know that she expected him to do more than just HOLD her breast; she wanted him to play with it, too.

When she was satisfied that he was properly relaxed, Sam ended the shoulder massage in favor of coming around and sitting on his lap - and pulling his arm around so that he was holding one of HER braless breasts, too. The 'necessity' of holding two firm young female breasts slightly complicated drinking his beer, but it was an inconvenience he willingly accepted.

After he'd tilted the beer bottle up to drain it, Yvonne asked if he wanted another one; he decided he did, and she got up to get it for him. Sam took the opportunity move so that she was sitting next to him. When Yvonne got back, she didn't say anything - she simply took her place on his lap. The rest of the evening went on that way: whenever he needed or wanted anything, the girl next to him did it, the one on his lap moved to sit next to him, and the first replaced her there. And all during the evening, one or the other (or sometimes both) would give him a kiss on the cheek or a hug after checking to make sure he was doing okay.

When he was ready to go to bed, both girls readily got up and let him go. He'd closed his bedroom door as usual, and was just getting ready to climb into bed when there was a soft knock on his door. He idly wondered which one of them was checking on him as he reached to open it; he wasn't prepared to find *both* of them standing there - stark naked.

Nor was he prepared when both of them casually brushed past him to come in and pull the bedcovers down before Samantha slid between the sheets, while Yvonne remained standing.

He could only stand there, looking at them, until Sam sweetly asked "Aren't you coming to bed, Daddy?" Only then did Jeff understand that when they'd said 'anything else', they'd *meant anything* else.

After a second, he went over and slid into bed next to Samantha, with Yvonne following to lie on the other side of him. He lay down on his back, and both girls rolled onto their sides and snuggled close to him before putting their heads on his shoulders and an arm on his chest. Sam told him "I know you're surprised that it's both of us here, Daddy, but it's okay - really. After I was with you that first time, Yvonne saw how happy and everything I was, and she figured out what had happened."

At that point, Yvonne told him "It wasn't that hard. I mean, I remembered how happy and good *I* felt after I was with you that first time you let me come in here. And then when we'd talk about sex, and I'd say something about what you did or how you did it, Sam would just nod her head like she **really** knew what I was saying. Finally, I just asked her about it after I promised I wouldn't say anything to anybody

about it."

Sam took over by telling him "I wouldn't say anything to **anybody** *ever* - except that Yvonne has already been with you, so I know that SHE wouldn't say anything, either."

Yvonne added "Mister Davis, if *I* hadn't been with you, too, I NEVER would have known or figured who she'd been with. Except when it was just us, she never said or did **anything** that would make anybody think that she'd been with a guy. And if I'd been with another guy, instead of you, even *I* wouldn't have known who made her feel so good. Some of the other girls at school, they've asked her about why she's so happy all the time now, and she just says she feels good - like she found money or something, you know?"

Jeff considered what they'd said for a few seconds before deciding that it sounded perfectly reasonable. He knew that Yvonne was smarter than most, and he didn't have a doubt in the world that Sam hadn't said anything; he also knew that Yvonne had MORE than demonstrated she could be trusted. So when he finally said something to them, it was only to say "It's okay, girls. I'm not mad or anything. Yvonne, you already know you can call me Jeff when we're together, and I don't see any reason that has to change now. And Sam, even if Yvonne hadn't said what she did about you not telling anyone about us, I know that you'd keep our secret. So how about if *both* of you give me a kiss, now that that we're all here together?"

And they did just that: first Sam, then Yvonne, raised up enough to share a loving, affectionate kiss with him before settling down again.

Jeff started the conversation again by asking "So how is it that BOTH of you decided I needed a birthday present like this?"

Yvonne answered "That's kinda my fault. After I asked Sam about you, she told me that she wanted to do something **extra** special for you for your birthday - to kind of show you how much she appreciates all the stuff you do for her. That made ME think that I've never really shown you how much *I* appreciate it, either. I mean, you've always been so nice about having me over here so much, and then when you said that it was okay with you for us to be together. I told Sam that I wanted to help, and she said okay."

Sam picked up the explanation by telling him "I thought that Yvonne just wanted to help plan it, you know? But then when she told me about how SHE feels about you, too, then I decided it would be okay if she wanted to be part of it, too. We started trying to figure something out when she said that she was glad she could do something for you after you've done so much to take care of US. That gave me the idea of us *really* taking care of you - doing all the stuff for you that you've always done for us. It was Yvonne's idea that we could do it for an hour for each year."

He gave each of them a hug before asking "And that part about having me playing with your tits?"

He could feel both of them flush slightly before Yvonne answered "I just decided to do that because it feels good. I LIKE it when you hold my tit", followed by Sam's "Me, too."

He laughed and said "Well, I like it, too. Thank you, both of you, for making this the best birthday I've had in a long time."

It was Sam that raised up to tell him "But, Daddy, it's not over yet! Remember what we told you at supper? We're going to be taking care of you until *at least* Sunday morning!"

Yvonne sat up then, and looked down at him before saying "And it's not just cleaning up and getting

you beer and playing with our tits, either."

Sam sat all the way up, too, and informed him "Yeah, Daddy. We're going to take care of *everything*."

They could see the questioning look on his face, and after sharing a look with each other, each of them leaned over - Samantha one way to give him a kiss that made it MORE than clear what *she* meant by 'everything', and Yvonne going the other direction to lift his penis and take it into her mouth.

As his tongue started dueling with his daughter's, Jeff's hands found their way to her breasts - where he found her nipples already starting to erect. It took only a minute for his busy fingers to finish the job accompanied by Sam's soft panting. Farther down his body, he could feel Yvonne's warm mouth and talented tongue having an effect on him - she already had him half erect, and she was eagerly applying herself to seeing her self appointed task to completion.

Samantha pulled her lips away from his and moved her body to bring her delightful breasts within reach of his mouth. He happily accepted the invitation to begin nursing at her breasts, caressing and squeezing them as he sucked and licked at her small, dark nipples.

By the time he had the peaks of both of her breasts at full attention and glistening with his saliva, Yvonne had gotten his cock in pretty much the same condition.

To his surprise, Samantha backed away from him slightly - then scooted back far enough to straddle his waist, carefully, so as not to accidentally knee Yvonne. Sam leaned forward so that her hard nipples were dragging across his skin before starting to back up again. Only when he felt Yvonne take him in her hand and point his cock toward Samantha did he understand what they planned to do.

Sure enough, when Sam got close enough, Yvonne guided the head of his erection between his daughter's labia - which he could feel were already slick with her oils. As Sam continued working her way backwards onto his manhood, Yvonne held him steady - until that service was no longer needed, at which point she reversed her position to start kissing him herself. When Jeff felt the tight ring of the entrance to Samantha's womanhood clenched around the base of his penis, Yvonne scooted up the bed a ways so that he could begin playing with, and sucking on, her breasts and nipples. A minute or so later, and Sam raised herself up slightly so that she could start rocking herself back and forth, sliding herself on and off nearly the entire length of his penis as she groaned her pleasure.

It didn't take long for Jeff to have Yvonne's tan nipples standing up and shining; just as his daughter had, Yvonne pulled back from him. Except that Yvonne started moving a different direction: up toward his head. It took him only a moment to realize that she was getting ready to position herself over his face - and he willingly helped her in that endeavor.

When she'd settled herself over him, he discovered that he didn't have to lift his head very far to be able to apply himself to trying to ravish her young snatch with his mouth. What surprised him was when she raised up slightly, then leaned over to reposition his pillow under his head - apparently so that he didn't have to expend *any* effort other than what was needed to pleasure her, and more importantly, he suspected, himself - before lowering herself again.

In a spirit of contrariness to their stated mission - and because he liked doing it - Jeff used his 'valuable' energy to reach up and start playing with Yvonne's breasts as he began licking and sucking on her vagina, labia, and clitoris. Once again, he was delighted with the taste of her and how readily she produced her woman's nectar for him to lap up. As he was industriously trying to lick her ovaries, Jeff had the thought that he was celebrating his birthday in a way that not many men did: by having their nubile young daughters enthusiastically fucking them while they had that same daughter's best friend

sitting on their face. He knew that this particular birthday was one that he'd never forget - and enjoy each time he remembered it - as long as he lived.

With no reason to concern himself about anything else - no need for Yvonne to get back to Sam's room, no need to pretend, no pressures or limits of any kind - Jeff took the time to give Yvonne's womanhood the kind of attention that he thought it deserved. He slowly brought her closer and closer to the peak, and then let her slide back a couple of times, before he finally had mercy on her and brought her to a thundering orgasm that had her almost screaming in pleasure and release. When it was over for her, she almost literally fell off his face to lay next to him, shuddering and gasping for several minutes in the aftermath.

His attention no longer divided, Jeff was able to fully appreciate the feeling of Sam's tight, wet vagina sliding up and down his manhood. He gently nudged her shoulder, and when she looked at him, he gestured that she should raise up a bit. When she did, she made it possible for him to reach out and begin fondling HER breasts, much as he'd done with Yvonne - who was finally starting to recover her senses.

Jeff could feel himself starting to get close to his climax, and didn't want to leave his darling daughter behind. Knowing how much she liked it, he focused his attentions on her nipples - pulling on them, and gently pinching them. As he hoped, the added sensation of what he was doing to her breasts had soon ratcheted Sam's arousal and excitement even higher as she began frantically bouncing herself up and down on his cock, the liquid sounds and wet slaps of their joining filling a room that was already thick with the heady aroma of aroused young woman.

He was on the verge of finding his release, and hoping that it would be enough to get Sam started, when she suddenly slammed herself down on him a couple of times and cried out with the start of an orgasm.

The feeling of her tight vagina spasming around his cock triggered Jeff's release, too. When the first hot spray of his cum washed the deepest recesses of Sam's teenage pussy, her eyes flew open and she exclaimed "Oh, *God*, Daddy - I can feel it!" before the power of her release intensified.

With the limitations imposed by his age and being male, Jeff's climax ended before Samantha's - leaving him free to *savor* the sensations her hot, tight vagina created as her orgasm gradually tapered off. When all that was left for her was the afterglow, she carefully moved to disconnect herself from his manhood before managing a controlled collapse on the other side of him from Yvonne - who had recovered enough from what *she'd* experienced that she managed to grab one of the pillows on the bed and set it over by Sam, saying "Wet spot." A few moments later, Samantha raised her hips and slid the pillow underneath herself, apparently in an effort to having Jeff's cum creating a wet spot that one of them would have to sleep in.

A couple of minutes later, Jeff felt Yvonne moving next to him. A moment after that and he felt a warm mouth surround his cock; when he looked, it was Yvonne, her goal seeming to be cleaning the combination of his and Sam's fluids from it. It felt good, and there wasn't any way he was going to respond to it so soon after cumming, so he just left her to it.

When she figured she was done, he felt her moving again - over him, with the apparent goal of doing something to help Sam. It was some time later, when he heard a noise from Sam, that he finally moved his head to have a look - and got the shock of his life.

Yvonne was 'helping' Sam by enthusiastically licking and sucking his cum from his daughter's pussy: it

was Sam's obviously pleased response to Yvonne's efforts that he'd heard.

Once he got over the shock of actually **seeing** them together that way, he realized that it made perfect sense, and explained a number of things that he really hadn't thought about before - how Sam had the means and opportunity to taste his semen before that first night with her; why neither had made even a *token* objection when he used his mouth on them the first time; why neither of them had exhibited much of a reaction when he **knew** they'd had to have tasted themselves on him; and more recently, why Yvonne had been so willing to clean the mixture of his AND SAM'S juices off his cock.

After making a mental note that he *really* needed to start paying attention to what happened around him, Jeff settled himself in to watch the show. Plainly, nobody was forcing Yvonne to do anything; just as clearly, SAM didn't have any objections. Patently, it wasn't the first time for either of them to do anything like that, so he didn't figure he had any reason to object to it. In fact, the idea of two women making love was a fantasy that he'd had for as long as he could remember - and now he was getting the chance to see it live, and in person.

The angle they were at, Jeff had a fairly decent view of Yvonne's tongue sliding up and down between Sam's distended labia. Even as he was thinking that it would be nice if Yvonne's hair wasn't in the way so he could see better, she stopped what she was doing and turned her head to look at him. Seeing that he was watching them, she gave him a shy smile - before tucking her hair behind her ear and going back to what she'd been doing, leaving him with the clearer view he'd been wishing for.

A few minutes later, Sam said something that Jeff didn't quite catch - but it must have been a command or request for Yvonne to turn around, because she quickly moved so that she was straddling Samantha's head while keeping her own head between Sam's thighs.

Moments later, he began to hear *two* distinct sets of noises as Sam began returning the pleasure she was getting from her friend. He continued watching, and it was only a few minutes before he saw Yvonne bring Samantha to an orgasm; the sight of his daughter's vaginal opening 'winking' at him as it clenched in time with the waves of pleasure coursing through her body was something that caused his cock to start responding MUCH sooner than he had any reason to expect - or ask.

The temptation to watch as Sam pleased her friend was finally more than Jeff could stand. Pivoting on his tailbone, he reversed direction and then positioned himself so that he could see Samantha's mouth and tongue working their magic on Yvonne's sex. It was several moments before Sam seemed to take notice of him; she looked over at him and gave him a smile before returning her attention to Yvonne's labia and clitoris. The sight - and thought - of his teenage daughter not only eating her best friend's pussy, but *sharing* that event with him, soon had Jeff's manhood fully erect. He was starting to wonder if they'd **really** mind too much if he joined in when he heard Yvonne say "Oh, GOD, I need that!"

He looked down toward her head and saw that she was lustfully looking at where his erection was waving in the air. Samantha apparently heard her, and pulled her mouth away from where she'd been softly sucking on Yvonne's vaginal opening to pat her friend on the butt and say "Go ahead, then - I don't mind!"

When Yvonne had her leg out of the way, Sam turned to him with a smile on her face and said "We like doing this, but having *you* inside us is **so** much better!"

Yvonne quickly guided Jeff to lie on his back, then squatted over him to take his erect penis in her hand. Holding him steady, she lowered herself until his cock began to split her cleft as Jeff and Samantha both watched. She slid him back and forth a few times to wet the head, then positioned him

against her opening. The joy and pleasure she felt was plain on her face as she slowly moved to impale herself on him; it wasn't a minute before he felt her smooth, firm ass contact his upper thighs.

Next to him, Jeff heard Sam say "That is *so* sexy to watch! Do I look like that?"

"Pretty much" he finally answered, then went on to say "Not exactly the same, because you look different between your legs, of course, but it's still sexy as hell!"

Samantha shivered slightly, then watched as her best friend started moving herself up and down Jeff's cock, her oils making it glisten as she began letting more and more of him slip free before taking him back in again.

Jeff could hear the awe and lust in his daughter's voice when she said "LOOK at that! You can see her lips - how they kind of stretch out when she goes up, and then disappear inside her when she comes back down again! I have *got* to tell her what it looks like!"

A minute later, and Sam apparently couldn't stand it any more: with a deep moan, she got to her knees and looked down at him before asking "Daddy?" in an obvious plea for him to help address her desire - a request that he readily granted by nodding to her. She was plainly delighted, and hurried to position herself over his face so that she was facing her friend. Jeff happily put his hands on her small, tight ass before lifting his head so he could slip his tongue between her dewy labia.

And that was the start of the finest hour in Jeff's life. Not just in regard to the experience of it, but in his actions, too. Or more correctly, LACK of actions: for over an hour, Jeff managed to bring both girls to several orgasms each, without climaxing himself.

As he was feasting on Samantha, Yvonne was eagerly fucking herself on his cock; after the 'warm-up' she'd gotten from Sam, it didn't take her long to climax - hard. When it was over, she un-impaled herself, leaving an opening (so to speak) for Samantha to take over. The delay between Yvonne clearing his penis and Sam getting herself wrapped around it was enough for Jeff to regain control. After Sam had been on him a bit, Yvonne decided that she needed some more oral attention from him. Before he finished with Yvonne (he was in no hurry, after all, and enjoyed the taste of her), Samantha climaxed. Sam then released him, which let Yvonne have another go - during which Sam planted herself on his face again, to start the whole cycle over again.

It ended only because the two girls got more and more eager to have him inside them, meaning that he had less and less time to 'pull back' from the pleasure they were bringing him. It was Yvonne on him again when he finally hit his limits; when she tightened around him with the start of her release, he pressed himself up into her as far as he could and nearly bellowed as his penis started firing rockets of hot jism into her - making her cry out at the sensation as she tightened around him even more.

When he'd started to climax, Sam had thoughtfully lifted herself off Jeff's face, and was lying on the bed when Yvonne finally disengaged herself. Sam handed the pillow off to her friend after a bit, then proceeded to repeat Yvonne's actions from before: first cleaning Jeff with her mouth, then moving on to eliminate the risk of one of them having to sleep in a puddle by orally vacuuming Jeff's cum out of Yvonne.

It was several minutes later, and all of them had managed to reach out and put a hand of reassurance and comfort on someone else when Jeff told them "If you think we're going to be doing this for the *rest* of my birthday, you're crazy!" - and getting soft laughs from both of them before Sam answered "I don't think either one of **us** could stand it any more than you could, Daddy!" followed by a noise of confirmation from Yvonne.

Several more minutes went by before Jeff told them "I don't know about you two, but I'm in no condition to take a shower. How about if we just clean up a little, and go to bed - to *sleep*, this time?"

Both girls laughed again before Yvonne answered "You've got MY vote!"

Sam spoke up then, saying "That sounds like a good idea to me, too. Except that you're supposed to just relax, Daddy, so *we'll* be the ones to clean you up."

Plaintively, Yvonne asked "WE?", making Jeff and Sam laugh before Sam answered "Yes, **we**. You wanted to help, so help!"

Yvonne jokingly complained "Damn slave driver!", prompting the other two to smile.

Several seconds later, Samantha groaned as she got up and stood next to the bed. Looking down at her friend, she said "Come on, lazy bones. *We're* going to clean up so we can take care of him!"

Yvonne blew a raspberry at Sam before getting up with a groan of her own. When she was standing, the two of them headed for the bathroom. There were a couple minutes worth of assorted noises before they came back out again, visibly refreshed, with Yvonne carrying a glass of water and Sam bringing a washcloth and small towel.

Samantha wiped his face with the damp washcloth - which proved to be more refreshing than Jeff would have expected - before Yvonne helped him sit up so he could take the water glass. As he drank, Sam moved on to give his penis and scrotum a thorough cleaning before drying him off. When she was done, she waited until he gave the glass back to Yvonne so they could make their way to the bathroom again. By the time they got back to the bed, he'd put the pillows back (which earned him a Look from both) and gotten himself situated in the middle of the bed. The girls separated so that each could climb in and lie down next to him and tuck themselves into his sides. He put an arm around each and hugged them before Yvonne reached over to turn out the lamp.

The next morning, Jeff woke up to find Samantha spooned against his front while Yvonne nestled against his back. He resisted it for as long as he could, but he finally had to release his hold on Sam's breast and start to get out of bed. He was clambering over Sam's inert form when he heard her playfully ask "And just **WHERE** do you think *you're* going, Mister? We're still supposed to be taking care of you, remember?"

He grinned at her and answered "There are **SOME** things you *can't* do for me, and I'm going to take care of one of them right now."

"And what's that?" his daughter demanded.

"I have to go to the bathroom - unless you want to help me with **THAT**, too?"

She made a face at him before answering "Ew. No thanks!", followed by a soft laugh from Yvonne.

When he got back, Sam and Yvonne were lying on their backs, plainly waiting for him to rejoin them. He got to the foot of the bed, and stood there for several seconds just looking at them as they lay there naked, patently unconcerned with his examination. When he was done, he moved between them as they expected, and wasn't surprised when each rolled onto her side and draped an arm and leg across him before resting their heads on his shoulders. Each started playing with the hair on his chest, so he put an arm around them and began softly caressing their backs and sides - delighting in how similar, yet different, they felt under his hands.

As the three of them lay there, Jeff once again realized just how lucky he was, and how very much he loved and cared about both of them. It didn't take much for him to be able to turn his head and give each of them a soft kiss on top of the head before telling them "I love you." Both tilted their heads to look up at him, plainly delighted with what he'd done and said, before assuring him that they loved him, too.

Jeff was content to just stay there like that with them for as long as he could. But when his stomach growled - much to the amusement of both girls - Sam told him "Okay, I guess it *is* time to feed you, isn't it?"

He tried to tell them that he was fine just lying there with them - but his stomach growled again, giving lie to his words as both girls laughed. Both sat up and gave him a kiss on the cheek before Samantha told him "You just lay there, and we'll get breakfast; I think after last night, you need a LOT of it." - Yvonne nodded enthusiastically, making him smile - "What do you want to eat?"

"YOU!" he declared as he reached for both of them.

Both laughed, and pushed his arms away before Yvonne told him "Later. What do you want for *breakfast*? You know, food, that we can cook!"

He told them, and after another set of kisses from them, they got up and headed for the kitchen. A few minutes later, he'd sat up against the headboard when Sam brought him a cup of coffee, saying "There'll be more with breakfast, but I thought you'd want some before then."

He took the coffee, and she let him kiss both of her nipples before she backed up and playfully told him "That's enough of that for now. We've got all day and tonight, okay?" with a smile.

His reply of "I *guess* so" made her laugh before she turned to go back to the kitchen. Over the rim of his coffee cup, he enjoyed watching the way her ass clenched as she walked away.

He'd almost finished his coffee when the girls came in with breakfast - there was enough piled on the platters that he seriously hoped they hadn't made all of it just for HIM. They set a couple of bed trays over his lap, and put most of the food on the nightstands within easy reach. He was glad to see that they'd brought plates for themselves, too. Once things were set up, breakfast consisted of the two of them taking turns feeding him so that they could eat with him. As it turned out, all three of them had worked up a healthy appetite the night before, and they easily took care of everything the girls had cooked.

When all of them were done eating - Jeff ate as much as the two of them together - Yvonne and Sam went about getting everything back to the kitchen. The last thing to go was the thermal carafe of coffee after Sam topped off his cup. As she started to leave, she told him "If you'll wait a minute, we'll be back to shower with you."

That seemed like a pretty good deal to him, and he waited patiently for the few minutes it took them to get back to him. As his imagination had promised, showering with *two* teenage girls proved to be **more** that twice as much fun as having just one.

After the hot water ran out, and they'd dried off, Samantha lustily told him "Don't bother getting dressed - *we* aren't going to!", letting him know that it was bound to be an 'interesting' day.

And it proved to be a **very** interesting - and enjoyable - day. Between bouts of sex with one or both of them, they pampered him mercilessly. The only thing they were willing to let him do for himself was use the bathroom; one or both of them dealt with *everything* else. By the time they were ready for bed

that night, he was sexually exhausted after - he counted mentally - six climaxes for him, and many more than that for each of them, since they'd first awakened that morning.

When the three of them DID go to bed, the girls teamed up to give him a massage that had him sound asleep well before they were finished. The next morning was a close repeat of the first: breakfast in bed followed by a group shower. Right up until the time Yvonne had to go home, they continued pampering him - but without the sex.

Before she left, he told Yvonne how much it meant to him that she would want to help him celebrate his birthday, and how much he enjoyed it, delighting her. After she was gone, he got Sam onto his lap and made it clear to her that he was even MORE appreciative of what SHE had done, making her even more ecstatic than Yvonne had been.

It was early summer, and Jeff was with Sam and the rest of her Girl Scout troop at an annual event between them and the Boy Scouts. The two councils had gotten together and come up with a set of competitions that didn't favor either group: no feats of strength that would be biased toward the boys, and nothing requiring the kind of limberness that the girls tended to be better at. Things were set up so that teams of equal numbers of boys and girls had as close to an equal chance of winning as could be managed. Since it's inception, it had proven to be a popular competition with both groups, and the results were hotly contested.

Jeff was standing and watching an exercise that had a team from each group trying to accomplish a series of tasks when a woman standing next to him asked "Which one is your boy?"

He laughed, and said "She's the one with the long black hair. Which one is your daughter?"

The woman laughed and answered "He's the one with the fanny pack. Why is a dad here with a Girl Scout troop?"

"Why is a mom here with Boy Scouts?" he asked, in response.

"His dad was killed in a construction accident when he was five. You?"

"Car accident at three", he replied, then turned to look at her.

She was looking at him, too, and he saw that she was a couple of inches shorter than him, and as fair as his wife had been dark: pale blonde hair to just past her shoulders, and emerald green eyes. She was also noticeably more buxom, and had a somewhat larger frame. She wasn't fat; far from it in fact - she was just more solidly built than Patty had been.

She told him "I'm Louise. I think I'd like to hear how a guy manages being involved in a Girl Scout troop", with a smile.

He smiled back and said "Jeff. And I *know* I'd like to hear how a woman deals with a bunch of Boy Scouts."

She laughed again - he liked the sound of it - and said "I was a *whole* lot more at home in a department store than I am the deep woods, so it wasn't easy. But he's my son, so I did what I had to - even going camping with the rest of them. About the umpteenth time I found a snake or a big bug in my sleeping bag, I *finally* stopped being afraid of them. Along the way, I learned how to start a fire by rubbing two dry wits together, and how to tie things together that had never been tied before. I eventually learned that being dirty and smelly after a three-day campout wasn't going to kill me, and that you don't have to pee standing up to be able to survive out in the middle of nowhere."

He grinned at her and said "Sounds kind of like what I went through. I've played 'dress up' so we could have tea and crumpets with her and her bunny, Teddy bear, and Raggedy Ann doll. I learned how to do French braids, and I can play one *mean* game of jacks. Even though I DO pee standing up, and I can still stitch an even hem in a skirt. It took me a month, but I even got up the nerve to tell Samantha - Sam - about puberty and having periods - *before* they steamrolled her."

She grinned back and said "Only a month? That's good! It took me TWO to have the talk with Kevin."

They looked at each other, and both laughed before Jeff told her "Sounds like both of us have had our fair share of troubles seeing to it our kids didn't have to miss out on anything. Any woman that isn't scared of snakes and bugs deserves to have someone buy her a drink - say, a Coke from the stand over there?"

"And any guy that's willing to put on a funny hat" - "AND earrings AND makeup!" he informed her - "and all the rest" she amended, with a nod of her head, "deserves to have someone buy HIM a drink." before they both turned and walked over to where there was a concession stand. Each bought the other's drink, and they toasted each other and took a sip before she asked him "What was your wife's name?"

"Patricia, but I always called her Patty. We'd only been married four years when she was coming home from the school where she taught, and got hit by a truck going to fast on a wet street." he answered.

"His name was John, but he was Jack to me. He was on a construction site for an office building when a crane dropped the steel beam it was trying to lift up."

They quietly toasted each other again before she suggested "Shall we go see how they did?" He nodded, and the two of them went back to watch the rest of the event.

As it went on, he learned that she worked half-days as a guidance counsellor at a school to supplement the monthly payments she received as part of her husband's insurance settlement, and he told her what he did for a living. The two of them continued to chat until Louise reached into her purse and pulled out a pen and wrote something on a piece of paper. She handed it to him and said "There's my name and number; I think I'd like to hear from you again - maybe we could go out for drinks or dinner or something."

He borrowed the use of her pen, and got a slip of paper from her so he could write the same information down for her, and give it back before telling her "And there's mine. Yeah, I think I'd like that, too."

About that time, Samantha and Kevin came up to them, both of them slightly flushed. Sam proudly informed Jeff that the Girl Scouts had beaten the Boy Scout team - only to hear as Kevin told his mother that it was only by a couple of seconds. Jeff introduced Sam to Louise, and Louise introduced Kevin to him. Jeff and Louise smiled at each other in humor as the two kids gave each other a little bit of the fish-eye.

Saying that they had to go, Louise - and Kevin, with a gentle nudge - congratulated Sam on the victory before the two of them left.

When they were gone, Samantha wouldn't rest until she'd gently badgered Jeff into telling her *everything* about how he'd come to know Louise. After she'd had a good look at the paper with Louise's name and phone number, she handed it back and told Jeff "I think you should call her. Maybe as soon as we get home, so she doesn't think you're not interested."

Jeff glared at her - which didn't have any appreciable affect - before he told her "I am **not** going to call her as soon as we get home. Maybe in a few days I'll call her and see if she wants to go out for a cup of coffee or something."

"Daddy! You said that you were going to start trying to go out and meet women! And now when one just *gives* you her phone number and **everything**, you want to wait, and MAYBE ask her out for COFFEE? Oh! You men!"

Since she'd started going out on 'car dates', Samantha had learned that not every guy was as nice as she wanted them to be - OR as understandable to her as Jeff usually was. Though none of the guys she'd gone out with had tried to get more familiar with her than she was willing (she hadn't volunteered anything, and he knew better than to ask), she'd still come home after a couple of dates complaining how the boy she'd been out with was positively *Neanderthal*.

He politely reminded her "Yes, I said I'd start trying to meet women - and **you** agreed that there wasn't any hurry." - which earned him a look that would have felled an ox.

To his relief, Sam didn't say anything more about his meeting with Louise - not that day, or the days that followed.

It was a week and a half before Jeff summoned the nerve to call Louise; she sounded happy to hear from him, and readily agreed to dinner and some dancing with him.

When Samantha learned about his date, she was delighted - and did everything she could to help him get ready. She also managed to embarrass the hell out of him by asking if he was taking any condoms with him "just in case" When he said that he didn't think that he and Louise were quite to that point yet, he got a withering look before she politely informed him that it was better to be ready than be sorry. He had to promise to stop and get some before he met Louise before she'd let the matter drop - with a warning that she **WOULD** be checking to see if he had a receipt when he got home, and that it had **BETTER** have the right time on it. He couldn't help thinking that if he wasn't quite so intimately involved with his daughter, he wouldn't have to tolerate safe sex lectures from her - and then saw the humor in the situation.

The dinner with Louise was as pleasant as he'd hoped it would be. They decided to call an early end to the dancing because neither was happy with the environment - too loud and not to their taste. Instead, they **DID** end up going out for coffee, spending a couple of hours in a chain restaurant just talking to each other. When he took her home, Louise gave him a smile and a kiss on the cheek before telling him that she'd enjoyed herself more that she had in *years* - which was much the same way he felt, and he told her so.

When he got home, Samantha was waiting up for him - leaving him somewhat amused at the reversal of their roles - and just as she'd warned, demanded to see the receipt for the 3-pack of condoms he'd bought. Once she was satisfied that he'd done as he promised, she insisted that he tell her how it had gone - and was inordinately pleased with him by the time he finished.

Over the next couple of months, Jeff and Louise gradually saw more and more of each other. At different times, each told the other different things about their deceased spouse, and their relationship - not as any kind of 'comparison', but more as a way for each to help the other understand the how and why of the different things they did. As their relationship grew, they began including Kevin and Samantha in their various outings.

Initially, the two youngsters weren't all that wild about being included. But when neither parent started insisting that they *had* to get along, they eventually decided on their own that they liked each other. While they didn't sit around and make eyes at each other, it wasn't uncommon to see them walking close to each other, either. When the four of them went swimming one day, Kevin *definitely* noticed the way Sam filled her modest (at Jeff's insistence) bikini; for her part, Samantha did happen to notice that Kevin was fairly muscular and filled his suit nicely, as well.

Louise and Jeff watched the their kids getting comfortable with each other even as the two of them were doing much the same. Louise was kissing Jeff on the lips when they said 'good night' after a date, and the two of them had even started doing a little making out on occasion. Neither of them was inclined to push for more intimacy than the other seemed ready for, and each was patient and understanding when the other had an attack of nervousness for whatever reason. Both were having to re-learn how to go out on dates and try to establish meaningful relationships after each had been 'out of action' for a considerable time. It helped that both maintained a sense of humor about their foibles, and were able to joke about their occasional relapses.

The feelings that Jeff and Louise had for each other continued to grow as they spent more and longer periods of time with each other, and saw each other in conditions and situations that were progressively less formal or structured. As was to be expected, they began to learn about each other's quirks, too - Jeff discovered that Louise had a fondness for Hollywood 'gossip' magazines; she learned that he could be annoyingly literal at times. Similarly, the kids found things out about each other: Sam was horrified to learn that despite his fairly decent grades in school, Kevin didn't have much (any, really) appreciation for literature; Kevin thought himself eminently practical, and didn't see any point to Samantha's intellectualism. But the patience all of them exhibited, along with a willingness to be tolerant of each other's differences, kept things from getting awkward or unworkable.

Eventually, Jeff and Louise got to the point where they went past simply making out, and began having sex.

The first time it happened, Samantha had gone over to Yvonne's house for a sleepover, and Jeff and Louise had spent the evening watching a sappy movie at his place. After it was over, they spent a little time making out. It was a bit late when they finally broke apart. Jeff asked Louise if she and Kevin would like to go out for breakfast with him and Sam the next morning, a Sunday - and if so what time should he pick them up?

He was somewhat baffled by her answer, however: "Yeah, I think he'd like that. I'm sure we can pick him up on the way anytime."

Seeing the confusion on his face, she smiled and said "You'd only be going to get Kevin. I'll already be here, if that's okay with you."

It took him a second to realize what she was saying, and he couldn't help but look at her in surprise. She confirmed what he was thinking by telling him "Yes, I'm saying I'd still be here. I'd like to spend the night with you - assuming you don't mind!" teasing him.

He could only grin at her before he answered "No, I don't mind; I'd like that, in fact."

"I thought you might!" she laughed.

He hesitated a moment before asking "Do you need to call home and let Kevin know?"

She looked into his eyes as she told him "No. He's spending the night with one of his friends so they

can make plans for a camping trip they want to take in a couple weeks - at my suggestion."

Jeff realized then that she'd neatly dealt with something that he hadn't been able to find a solution to: how the two of them could find a time and place to start becoming intimate with each other without making it obvious to one or the other (or even both) of the kids what was going on. It wasn't that either of them was embarrassed about wanting to be together, only that neither one of them felt their kids needed to know about it. It also told him that Louise had clearly come over with the possibility of staying the night with him in her mind.

He leaned over and kissed her, and then by silent agreement the two of them got up and walked hand in hand to Jeff's bedroom. There, she released his hand to take a couple of steps away before turning to face him. Without saying a word, she started undressing in front of him as she kept her eyes on his face - plainly watching for his reaction to seeing her.

As she shed her blouse and skirt, she carefully set each across the back of a chair, leaving herself standing dressed only in a bra and panties that Jeff could only figure she'd gotten at someplace like Victoria's Secret - and then, just for that occasion.

She reached between her breasts and unfastened a catch that Jeff couldn't see before pulling the cups away. When she did, her breasts sagged slightly - as much from their size as from her age, he judged: they were large and full, and more rounded than conical. Her areolas were barely darker than her pink skin, and slightly large, with a thick nipple standing out from each. As he watched, her nipples got longer as the peaks of her breasts hardened slightly in the cool air.

Plainly relieved that he didn't run away screaming at the sight of her, she shrugged herself free of the bra - causing a sympathetic wobble in her breasts that Jeff found delightful. The bra joined her other clothes, and she paused for a few moments before sliding her thumbs under the waistband of her panties. She slid them down her legs, and bent over to slip them free of her feet; when she stood up again, he could see that she had shaved her mons - the skin of her pudendum was clearly soft and smooth, and between her thighs, he could see the edges of her labia. Looking at her - ALL of her - he was more than pleased with what he saw: a grown *woman* of medium size that plainly kept herself fit and trim. Her legs weren't particularly long, but they were nicely curved and obviously firm; her waist and hips were womanly, but not exaggerated. All in all, he thought, she made a very attractive package.

Following her example, Jeff calmly undressed himself - his shirt and slacks finding a place on the seat of the chair Louise had used. His socks went on the floor in front of the chair before he slipped his hands under the waistband of his shorts and slid them down before tossing them to keep the rest of his clothes company. He got enough exercise that he was comfortable that his body was the male equivalent of hers; her smile let him know she was pleased with the effect her hairless mons had on him.

She turned to reach for the covers on his bed, giving him a look at her full but firm ass; when she bent over slightly to pull them down, he got the chance to see that her labia were slightly thick and long - and the area between them damp.

When she was lying on the bed, she looked up at him in expectation - and he didn't delay in joining her. He reached for the lamp next to the bed and looked at her in question; she simply told him "You can leave it on if you want. I like what I'm seeing, and I can tell that you do, too", the last with a grin. He grinned back at her, and pulled his hand away, leaving the lamp on.

Jeff rolled onto his side to look down at her, and saw that Louise was feeling a bit nervous. She saw

him looking at her in concern and told him "A couple of things you need to know. First, I started on the Pill again some time ago, so we don't have to worry about *that*. Second, I used up all **my** nerve getting naked like that; from here on, it's up to you."

Jeff wasn't sure that he was willing to believe that she'd lost her courage about the two of them being together; but since she made it clear she wanted him to take the lead, he was certainly willing to do so. He smiled down at her and said "I think I can do that." and got a reply of "I figured you could." before he lowered his head to touch his lips to hers. After a few seconds, he put his hand on her breast, holding its warm spongy mass for several seconds before beginning to investigate it and its mate. Her breasts weren't as hard and tight as he suspected they'd once been, but they were still a lot firmer than he would have expected at her age. His fingertips discovered that he could *feel* where her areolas started by the change in the texture of her skin, even though their surface wasn't noticeably higher than the surrounding tissue. And as his fingertips and thumb brushed across her nipples, they didn't get very much longer; but they did get thicker and harder, becoming like little rubber erasers.

As their kiss deepened and lengthened, he soon had her areolas slightly puckered and her nipples standing proud under his touch. He started moving his hand lower and lower on her body, using his fingertips to memorize the feel of her skin. He toyed with her navel for a few seconds, and when his hand finally moved on, he felt her spread her legs to make it easy for him to reach what she knew was his next goal.

He spent no small amount of time investigating the smooth softness of her bare mons before finally letting his hand slip between her thighs to begin exploring the area between. He couldn't be sure, but he thought that her labia had gotten a little longer than they'd been when he got to see them. However, he didn't have *any* doubt that the area between was wetter.

Nor was there any doubt when the end of his finger reached her clitoris. Aside from the soft groan she released into his mouth (where their tongues were wrestling at the time), its size made it obvious: it was easily as big as half the last digit of his little finger, if not larger. Letting his finger drop lower again, he didn't have any difficulty finding the entrance to her vagina - all he had to do was keep his finger in the oils she was producing so copiously and they led him right to the source. One finger slipped into her easily; a second was only slightly more difficult.

Keeping his hand between her thighs (and his fingers between her vaginal lips), he gradually pulled his lips away from hers so that he could kiss his way down her throat and on to between her breasts. From her cleavage, he slowly kissed a long, slow spiral up one of her breasts that ended when he could finally begin licking and sucking on her nipple.

As he engaged his lips and mouth and tongue in that pleasureable endeavor, he returned his attentions to Mount Clitoris. It didn't take him long to discover that it wasn't quite as sensitive as Yvonne's much smaller one - probably something to do with the same number of nerves, but only in a larger or smaller area, he supposed. In any case, it meant that he had more time to enjoy the process of transferring her abundant lubrication from where she was producing it to where he wanted to use it - with occasional side trips to 'check her temperature' with his fingers.

He was softly twirling his fingertip around her engorged clitoris when she surprised him by having a small orgasm - something that ended with the focus of his attentions disappearing under its hood.

Both of her nipples were as erect as he could get them, and he decided that he'd like to try and encourage her clit to come out and play again - as well as sample the taste of the ample supply of fluids she was producing. He gave each of her nipples a brief suck and kiss before starting to kiss his way

down her body. He was indirectly approaching her belly button when she realized where he was heading - he could hear the hesitation in her voice when she said "I... I've never... Nobody's ever done that to me before. I'm not sure... You don't have to..."

He lifted his head to smile up at her and say "I know I don't have to. If you're not sure, then why not give it a try, first? If it helps any, I like doing it."

She gave him a tentative nod of her head, and he went back to what he'd been doing - and a few seconds later, dipped the tip of his tongue into her 'innie' belly button. That caused her to arch herself up towards him as she released an aroused moan, and Jeff figured it wouldn't take her long to decide that having his tongue between her pussy lips could be just as nice - and even better.

It wasn't much longer before Jeff got his chance to show Louise that oral sex wasn't something she had to worry about - except, perhaps, not getting enough of it. After a couple of minutes of kissing and gently 'lip-biting' the soft flesh of her mons, he got the view of her he'd been after: the sight of her fleshy labia, darkened with her desire, extending from the hairless hills of her pudendum. They had separated, and he could easily see that the inside surface of each was coated with her oils. Together, they bracketed the easily visible entrance to her vagina; the ring of her opening clenched slightly every so often in response to some movement or other, making it appear as though it were winking at him. He looked up and saw the slight trepidation on her face - which disappeared when he simply told her "You're lovely, here."

Her head lowered to the pillow again, and before she could start to worry about it, he did the same - then extended his tongue and ran it between her labia, from her perineum at the bottom to the top, finishing with a glancing blow to where her clitoris was hiding. She gasped in response, and he didn't hesitate to do it again - her oils were slightly thick, and tangy on his tongue, and he was eager to sample them again.

It was only a very few minutes before she'd raised her knees and spread her thighs as far as she could, opening herself as much as possible to the new experience and pleasure he was giving her - and enjoying every moment of it. It wasn't long before her clitoris came out to see who the new visitor was, and was promptly engaged in a rousing game of 'tag' that had her moaning and gasping in pleasure. With it being her first time having anyone doing that for her, Jeff decided to make it a truly *memorable* occasion, and patiently went about getting her as aroused as he could - bringing her to the very edge of release and holding her there for several seconds before a furious tongue-lashing of her clitoris pushed or over the edge into a thunderous orgasm. He had two of his fingers inside her at the time, and marvelled at the power with which her vaginal muscles clenched around them as spasm after spasm of obviously intense relief washed through her body.

When her release was down to an occasional shudder, he slid his fingers out of her vagina, accompanied by her soft moan of disappointment. He quickly and happily licked them clean of her essence, and after a soft kiss to where her clit had again taken refuge, he moved himself over her. The experience of introducing her to cunnilingus, along with the sight of her hairless pelvis, had him fully erect; he let his hard cock rest along her smooth cleft as he got his body supported over hers. He could feel the peaks of her warm breasts pressing against his chest as he watched her coming out of the postorgasmic fog she was in.

Her eyes opened, and when she saw him over her, quickly wrapped her arms around him and pulled him down for a kiss that included trying to lick his tonsils. She finally released him (only because she needed the oxygen, he thought) and exclaimed "I always thought that sounded kind of... nasty. But it

wasn't - it was **great!**" with wide eyed enthusiasm.

Only then did she seem to realize that she'd just kissed the same mouth that had been bringing her such joy - and HOW it had brought her that joy.

She softly smacked her lips a couple of times before asking "That... that's how I taste? Down there?"

Jeff just smiled and nodded, and after a moment's consideration, she decided "I guess it's okay", before pulling him down for another kiss. When their lips separated that time, she finally realized where he was, and that she could feel his erect cock resting against her pubes. She was plainly delighted when she told him "Oh, god, yes! I want you in me so bad!"

Jeff lowered his head to give her another kiss before arching his hips back to slide the head of his penis down the furrow of her cleft. Louise reached down between them and took him in her hand to position him against her opening, and held him steady as he started to push himself inside her.

She was so wet inside that he was able to bury himself in her tight channel in a single slow stroke that ended only when he felt the ring of her opening wrapped around the base of his penis.

She lifted her hips, pressing her pelvis against his as she told him "Please, Jeff - fuck me!"

So he did. Starting with slow, short strokes to make *sure* he was properly wetted with her woman's lubrication, he quickly progressed to a steady rhythm that had nearly his entire length sliding in and out of her - accompanied by her panting, and moans and groans of increasing arousal. His actions easily saw her through one orgasm; he could tell that she was getting close again when his cock let him know that HE wasn't far off, either - and that it would be close.

He *tried* to put his own release off so that he wouldn't leave her behind, but when he looked down to where his glistening penis was sliding in and out of her hairless crotch, it was too much for him. After a couple of hard, pounding thrusts into her, he pressed himself as far inside her as he could before he started spraying hot jets of semen into her hot womanhood. Louise must have been closer than he thought she'd been: when the first thick wad of his cum erupted in her, she suddenly cried out "Yes! Cum in me! Fill me up with it!" before her womanhood clamped down and started spasming around him.

Her cries were encouragement that he didn't need - particularly with the added stimulation of her pussy trying to milk his cock for every drop of cum she could get from him.

By the time both of them had begun to get their senses back from the intensity of their climaxes, Jeff was only half hard. But he continued to hold himself over - and in - her. Not only because he enjoyed it, but because he figured he couldn't go wrong if she wanted them to cuddle; if she didn't, she could easily say so.

As it turned out, he was right on the first count about whether Louise wanted them to cuddle. When she opened her eyes, she was plainly glad to see him there; when she started to move and realized that he was still inside her, her expression changed to one of delight. She put her arms around him and pulled him down on top of her. When he tried to protest that he was too heavy to lie on her, she just kissed him and politely said "No, you're not, so shut up. If you're worried about it, prop yourself up on your elbows so I can breathe easier - but I want to feel the rest of you ON me."

He did as she insisted, and the two of them lay there for several minutes. Other than exchanging an occasional kiss, neither of them felt any need to move, or say anything. The frequent slight tightening of Louise's vagina dramatically slowed the softening of Jeff's penis in her - but couldn't stop it from

happening completely.

Only when it was clear that pretty much any movement more extreme than simply breathing would cause him to uncork from her did she say "I'm not fussy about having your cum in me or anything; but when you pull loose, it's going to start running out of me. Now, *I* sure don't want to sleep in a big ol' wet spot tonight, and after what you just did for me, I'm **sure** not going to make YOU sleep in it. I don't think either one of us wants to have to bother having to change the sheets, either. So if you can unplug and get off of me quick enough, I can hold enough of it in with my hand to make it to the bathroom. Think you can do that?"

He couldn't help grinning before he told her "I can sure *try*." before lowering his head to give her a kiss. She kissed him back and smiled up at him before saying "I expect both of us know that whatever we do next, it's going to happen - so whenever you're ready..."

He knew she could feel his body tense slightly as he got ready to move, so she was ready when he managed to lift himself off of her and move out of the way. She quickly pressed her hand against her crotch and held it there as she carefully got out of bed and hurried to the bathroom. After the door closed behind her, Jeff got up and went to the 'public' bathroom that Samantha had to share with any visitors. Inside, he dampened a washcloth and cleaned his cock and balls of whatever of his and/or Louise's juices he could find. When he was done, he rinsed it out and tossed it in the laundry hamper before going back to his bedroom - where he found Louise already waiting for him on the bed.

She looked at him questioningly, and he explained "I figured if you wanted to clean up, then it wouldn't hurt any if I did, too." as he moved to lie next to her. She looked pleased, and when he was lying on his back next to her, she rolled over so that she was half-lying on him with a leg across his and an arm on his chest. She found a comfortable spot for her head on his shoulder, and Jeff put his arm around her, his hand resting on her hip - which he softly patted.

Several minutes went by with the two of them just snuggling with each other before she told him "I heard about men using their mouths on women before, of course, but I always thought it sounded kind of... well... nasty. I mean, that's where women have our periods, and where a man goes. Jack was a dear man, and I loved him to death - but he was a construction worker because all he ever was was average in school. He didn't have a lot of imagination, and he *sure* wasn't what you could call real adventurous when it came to sex. Oh, we made love plenty; but it was always just him being inside me. Sure, we'd change positions some, but that was about as frisky as we ever got. I doubt that he *ever* even **thought** about doing anything like that."

He gave her a brief hug, and she went on "What I'm trying to say is, is that it never occurred to me that anybody would want to do that with me. So when I realized that *you* wanted to, it kind of scared me, actually. I was afraid that you'd think I tasted bad, and I didn't think I'd want to kiss you again, you know, afterwards. And I **sure** wasn't happy about you looking at me there, between my legs - I mean, not that close or that way. Then you **DID** look at me, and you told me you thought I was pretty, which made me at least *feel* better even if I still wasn't sure about the rest of it. Then you put your tongue in me that first time, when I didn't really expect it so soon; then when you did it again, right away, I decided that if you wanted to do it, it was okay. But the more you did it, and the different *things* you did, well, it started feeling better and better - and then it felt **really** good, when you made me cum."

She tilted her head to look at him long enough to say "I guess you figured out that I kissed you before I remembered what you'd been doing." before tilting it back again and continuing "You didn't say or do anything to make me think that me kissing you afterwards was anything more than just us kissing; so I

actually *thought* about what it tasted like, instead of just doing what I figured I was **supposed** to. It wasn't a BAD taste, not like spoiled milk or anything, so I figured to try it again - and decided that it tastes okay. Now I'm starting to think that maybe some of the other things I've heard about might not be as bad as I thought they sounded."

Jeff hugged her again before saying "Don't think that there's anything you should, or have to, do with me. Louise, I love you, and the last thing I'd ever want is for you to feel like you HAVE to do - or not do - *anything* with me that you're not willing to, or happy about. You just told me that you and Jack didn't have a lot of variety in how you made love - and that's okay, because that was right for you and him. Patty and I, well, we kind of went the other way. Short of actually hurting each other, or animals, I don't think there was anything that we weren't willing to at least *try*. Some of it both of us liked; other things, one or both of us didn't care for. But we were at least open to the experience, and the things that we both liked helped keep our sex life more exciting than it maybe would have been otherwise. But **neither** of us EVER said or did anything to try and 'push' the other one, or make them feel bad or guilty if there was something they didn't want to do. Tonight, if you'd told me 'no', then I wouldn't have tried to push you. I would have stopped and done something else to help you get excited."

He could feel her blush slightly as she told him "Oh, you were doing just *fine*, even before that. Jack, he wasn't real big on a lot of foreplay. As soon as I was wet and he was hard, we'd be going at it. And when he was finished, he'd get off of me and fall asleep likely as not. That's why I wanted you stay on top of me that way, after I found out you were still there and still inside me. It felt *nice* having someone with me like that."

She played with his chest hairs for a few moments before she added "And it makes me even happier to be able to just *lay* here with you, afterwards. It's like you **want** to be here, and make me feel good."

Surprised, he answered "But, Louise - I DO. Us guys, we're usually pretty easy. I mean, once we've had our climax, that's all it really takes for US to be happy most of the time. But from what I know about women, it's not so much the physical part like it is with men, but having us guys there before and after the sex part that makes you happy, and feel loved. I know that most guys can't or won't do that; I guess I'm kind of weird that way, because I *like* cuddling and holding each other afterwards."

Louise snuggled closer and told him "And you do a damn fine job of it, too", raising up enough to kiss his cheek before settling down again.

Some time later, she stopped playing with his chest hairs to ask "Jeff, I'm not trying to embarrass you or anything, and I don't mean to sound like I didn't enjoy it, but..."

He interrupted to ask "You want to know if it was just the one time, tonight?"

He could feel her blush as she hesitantly told him "Well, yeah. Neither one of us is as young as we used to be, and..." she trailed off.

He laughed softly and answered "I'm not *that* old, yet. I'll admit it takes me a little longer before I'm ready, but we can do it again - even longer - if you want."

He could hear that she was pleased - and even a touch embarrassed - when she said "I think I'd like that."

He couldn't resist teasing her, and said "Of course, how *soon* depends on what kind of encouragement I get..."

She blushed furiously into his chest before she realized that he WAS teasing. Getting into the spirit of

the thing, she playfully demanded "Are you sure you're not just bragging?" - only to be surprised when he answered "I said *how soon*, not **IF**." before giving her a soft slap on the butt.

Jeff felt her hand make a slow journey down his body before she hesitantly took him in her hand. She gently squeezed him, and after she'd gently stroked him a few times, felt him begin to respond. Her head tilted to look at him before she asked "You can... Already?"

He jokingly told her "You already have the answer to that in your hand."

She surprised him when she suddenly released him and sat up to say "The same way Jack never looked at me like you did, I never really looked at *him*. We saw each other naked, of course, but I never really got the chance to **look** at him - the way you were looking at me, I mean."

She didn't have to ask the question; he simply told her "If you want to look, then look. *I don't mind*."

She gave him a happy - and slightly embarrassed - smile, and got herself situated so that she had a clear and close-up view of his penis and testicles before she reached out to hold him again. She was slightly hesitant at first, but when he didn't say or do anything to discourage her or indicate that she was doing anything wrong, her confidence quickly grew. She spent a couple of minutes simply moving him around, so that she could look at him from different angles before she moved her attention to his testicles. Once she'd cupped his scrotum and carefully felt its contents, her hand returned to his penis. She watched, almost mesmerized, as his cock got longer and thicker in response to her slow stroking of it. He could hear the slight dismay in her voice when he got only half erect and no farther, and she asked "Why isn't it getting big any more?"

"You can see that what you're doing feels good to me - but it hasn't been *quite* enough time, yet. We can either wait a little while more, or you can try something else to see if that works. It's up to you."

She turned her head to look back at him, and saw that he was perfectly willing to accept whatever decision she made. She considered it for a few moments, then haltingly told him "I... I'd like to... to do for you what you did for me. You know, with your mouth... with my mouth, I mean. But I never... I'm not sure... I don't know..."

Gently and patiently, he told her "Louise, if you're not sure you want to, then *don't*."

"But I **am** sure I **want** to. I just never did it before, and I don't know what to do, or how to do it." she replied, surprising him.

He thought for a few moments before he said "I've never done it before, either" - that got a smile from her - "but I think if you try to make me feel like what it feels like inside you, that should work."

She considered that for a bit, then nodded her head in understanding before turning back to where she had his semi-erect penis in her hand. Her first considered action was to lower her head and tentatively kissed the head of his penis. Apparently relieved that he didn't immediately spray semen all over the place, she hesitated only a moment before extending her tongue and giving him an experimental lick. It took her only a second to decide that the taste was acceptable, and she started licking the head of his penis like it was an ice cream cone.

That earned Louise the kind of results she wanted - just not enough of them. Encouraged by the limited success she had, she was inspired to further efforts: actually taking Jeff's penis into her mouth. She seemed to instinctively understand that he wouldn't like the feel of her teeth, and took care not to hurt him as she began trying different things to see what worked. It didn't take her long to discover that a combination of stimulating him with her tongue and sliding her mouth up and down on him seemed to

do the trick. It wasn't much longer before she had him hard enough that only half of his penis would easily fit in her mouth. With the realization that she was exciting him, she became more and more willing to continue, and got more and more enthusiastic about what she was doing.

For his part, Jeff was content to take advantage of the opportunity she presented him - literally, considering how she was lying next to him - by reaching out to begin fondling her ass: caressing it, squeezing her surprisingly firm cheeks, and generally having fun playing with it. As he did, he also detected a steady increase in both the willingness she was using her mouth on him, and the way the aroma of her arousal was thickening in the air.

All things considered, it didn't take long before Louise knew she had him hard enough that he could again fill her with his erect cock. She was surprised to realize that she was almost reluctant to take her mouth from him: not only was SHE getting excited knowing that she was getting HIM excited, but she couldn't help wondering what his cum would taste like. The taste of her own juices had actually excited her a bit, and the idea of tasting *his* was having more of an effect on her than she would have admitted. But more than anything right then, she wanted to feel him inside her again; so it was with a mixture of reluctance and anticipation that she let him slip from between her lips - and even then, she couldn't resist giving the head of his cock one last broad swipe with her tongue.

When Jeff felt her pull her mouth from his erect penis, he knew that she was as ready for them to make love as HE was. As he sat up, he saw that she was getting ready to lie on her back again; he had a thought that he quickly relayed to her: "How about if we do something else different this time, too, and I'm behind you?"

Louise would never have said anything - the truth be told, Jack had been pretty much of a Me-Man-You-Woman kind of guy that hadn't concerned himself about HER when they had sex - but that was actually the position she liked most. Not only did it feel like she was being penetrated farther, but when she and Jack had had sex, it seemed that Jack had been able to move in her faster and easier and harder - that last being something that she had found to be *really* exciting.

She simply nodded her head in agreement, feeling her pussy getting even wetter as she moved to her hands and knees.

Jeff had a fairly clear view of Louise's crotch when he suggested that they make love in a different position, and he saw her labia get a little longer - and noticeably darker - when she heard which one. It took him only a moment to realize that she might be looking forward to it for the same reasons he was.

It was only a few seconds before Louise was on her hands and knees, with Jeff getting himself positioned behind her. Jeff didn't notice that she had fistfuls of bedcovers clenched in both hands as she eagerly awaited the start of their lovemaking; Louise didn't notice the expression on Jeff's face as he contemplated the view she was presenting him of her darkened and parted labia extending from her bare mons - and how visibly wet she was between them.

Taking himself in hand, Jeff slid the head of his cock up and down her cleft to wet it (something *easily* done!) before positioning himself against the entrance to her surprisingly hot vagina. He felt Louise press herself back against him slightly, and pressed his hips forward - discovering that he was able to almost completely bury himself in her in a single slow thrust, accompanied by her involuntary moan of pleasure at the penetration.

With his cock embedded in her hot, wet channel, Jeff leaned forward slightly and reached forward to cup her breasts in his hands and gently pinch her hard nipples as he pressed himself against her to try

and stuff the last fraction of an inch of his manhood into her. Louise responded by pressing herself back against him in welcome and encouragement as she groaned her arousal.

A minute later, Jeff released his grasp on her mammaries so that he could hold her hips as he began moving in her.

It didn't take him long to get into a rhythm that seemed to please her, judging from the noises she made. But remembering what he'd suspected *really* excited her, he began thrusting into her a little harder. The response he got to **that** let him know that he'd been right, and he dutifully - and pleasureably - increased the 'enthusiasm' of his efforts.

Louise didn't have the inclination to think about whether Jeff was deliberately trying to please her. She was simply too damn busy enjoying the results: it felt like every time Jeff slammed into her, she could feel brief moments of ecstasy radiating from her clitoris and adding to the incredible pleasures that were building in her pussy. Even her nipples were achingly hard, and desperately in need of something - anything! - to stimulate them. She finally lowered her body to rest on her elbows, and felt the peaks of her breasts begin dragging across the bedcovers as they swayed in time with the *wonderful* pounding of Jeff's hard cock into her. At the same time, she realized that each time Jeff's balls swung forward, they were bumping against her erect clit a little harder - further intensifying the pleasure she was feeling there, as well.

As he continued his enthusiastic hammering of Louise, Jeff realized that she was enjoying it more, and moving toward an orgasm faster than she had when he'd fucked her before. Even the noises of arousal and pleasure she was making were louder and more intense; he noticed that both of her hands were white with how tightly she was gripping the bedcovers in her excitement. Still, he'd only been in her for a few minutes, and was a long way from his own release when she suddenly all but screamed and got incredibly tight around him as she slid into what was obviously an intense orgasm.

Jeff didn't know it, but his willingness to try and make Louise happy with their lovemaking had MORE than succeeded. The stimulation of her nipples rubbing across the bedcovers had merged with the rhythmic pleasures radiating from her clitoris and the building pressure in her vagina to result in an orgasm that was the most powerful she'd ever experienced: every muscle in her body - except for those she could feel spasming in her pussy - seized up as her mind was overwhelmed with a pleasure she hadn't known was possible. The first wave of release that overwhelmed her lasted a full five seconds; when it passed, and she felt Jeff still thrusting himself into her, the second fell *just* short of lasting as long as the first. She had several such periods before she was able to gasp out that he HAD to stop, that she simply couldn't stand it.

Even the mere **presence** of his hard cock in her was enough to prolong the duration and intensity of the tidal waves of release coursing through Louise's body; but she wouldn't have wanted him to pull out from her even if she could have said so - the joy and pleasure his presence was bringing her was simply too great.

For his part, Jeff thought every square millimeter of her vagina was involved as he thought it tried to compress his cock to the diameter of a pencil. The pleasure he felt from the way she was tightening around him was *almost* painful as he felt the spasming of her vagina pushing her fluids out to coat his scrotum, and saturate his pubic hair before it started trickling down where his thighs were touching hers. He'd continued moving himself in her as best he could until she'd weakly told him to stop as she gasped for air. He leaned forward to support his body on his arms as Louise's warm, smooth ass pressed against his lower belly; when he finally felt her body start to move under him again, he knew

that she would be weak from what he could tell was a powerful orgasm. He quickly moved to help support her as she nearly collapsed; she let him guide her down onto the bed until she was lying on her stomach with his manhood still buried inside her. He carefully moved to support his body on his elbows, and got his legs on the outside of hers so that he was supporting himself over her - in effect, using his body as a kind of living blanket for her as she started the process of getting her breath and senses back. He let his head hang down next to hers so that he could keep an eye on her. The shudders that passed through her body gradually became less frequent and intense; the twitches and occasional clenchings of her vagina were enough to keep Jeff hard inside her.

Several minutes went by before she opened her eyes to look at him. He smiled, and lifted his head slightly to give her a kiss on the back of the neck. She shuddered, and managed to whisper "If you love me, don't do that again. I don't think I could stand it again, right now. Just hold still; you feel good on me like this."

"Okay", he assured her, then mimed a kiss at her - which earned him a weak smile before her eyes closed again.

He was starting to wonder if she'd fallen asleep when her eyes opened again. She saw him watching her, and smiled at him weakly before she told him "I don't know why I'm so glad you're on top of me like this. It's *your* damn fault I feel this way." speaking softly.

He smiled back, and said "I kinda got the idea that you *liked* having me make love to you that way."

She gave him a baleful look before answering "I did - a lot more than I think was good for me. But **you're** the one that just kept AT it, even after I started to orgasm - if that's the word for what happened to me." in a slightly stronger voice.

He grinned at her and asked "You're not SURE that was an orgasm?"

She was silent for a few moments before answering "I said I'm not sure that's the word for what happened to me. I *thought* I had orgasms before, but the strongest one I ever had was like what I had with you, that first time. THAT was something way, **way** past anything I thought was even POSSIBLE."

She closed her eyes again, and Jeff held himself still over her until she opened them again a couple of minutes later. He slowly moved to kiss her shoulder, and when she didn't object, made it soft and gentle. Even so, she gave a slight shudder. He looked at her in surprise and concern, and she assured him "No, that wasn't as bad as when you kissed my neck. But give it a while before you do it again, okay?"

He smiled and answered "Of course, if that's what you want."

She smiled back and said "It isn't that that's what I want, as much as me needing to recover some more", her voice a little stronger.

Jeff moved over her slightly, and felt his penis move in her a bit. Her eyes closed as she gasped, then opened wide before she demanded "I felt that! You're still hard inside me!"

He only nodded, and she responded "Oh, dear God..." before closing her eyes again. A moment later, she opened them and said "At first, I thought you were just bullshitting me a little about being able to stay hard longer the second time. How the hell can you DO that?"

He grinned at her before answering "It's a couple of things. First one is that it's just a guy thing, I

expect. It takes me longer to get hard the second time, but I STAY hard longer, too. Each time after that, it takes longer, but lasts longer, too. The second part is that I don't know if YOU can feel it, but I can: sometimes you kind of move around me, and it feels good to me, and that helps keep me hard, too."

She was stunned as she asked "You... you can go more than TWICE? You're not just telling me stories?"

He was serious as he answered "Not every night or anything like that, but sometimes, yeah. Like I said, each time, it takes longer before I'm ready again, though. And it's not like two times happens *that* often. You kind of inspired me, tonight" - the last with a grin.

She couldn't help grinning back before saying "If this is just 'inspired', I don't know if I'd want to be there for 'enthusiastic'!"

Judiciously, he said "I *guess* I can wait a while for that.", and then laughed at the expression on her face before she realized he was teasing her - mostly.

Another few minutes went by before she spoke again, telling him "I know it might sound kind of strange, but I'm feeling kind of cold - you know, where you aren't on me - and thirsty."

He couldn't help grinning at her before he told her "They're both because of the same thing." She looked at him in puzzlement, and his grin got even wider before he went on "Before you had your personal earthquake, you were getting, well, pretty wet - you know, inside. Then when it hit you, you kind of pushed some of it out, and it got spread around some before I got you laid down here. So you're feeling cold because it's drying, and you're thirsty because of how much of it there was."

She started blushing furiously, and he hastened to tell her "There's nothing to be embarrassed or ashamed about. Actually, I think it's a compliment to how much you liked what I was doing; and I *like* it."

She looked at him doubtfully, and he hastened to assure her that he was sincere, and telling her the truth. She still didn't look entirely convinced when he told her "If you're cold and thirsty, then that's what *really* matters. I don't know if you're ready to move around much" - she shook her head, admitting she wasn't - "so I'll get up and get you a glass of water from the bathroom, okay? Then we can go from there."

She agreed, and Jeff lifted himself up. As he slid his erection out of her, though, she released a deep groan, and he felt her vagina clench around him slightly a few times. He looked at Louise in concern, and after she opened her eyes, she told him "I just had kind of a mini orgasm when you pulled out of me", clearly amazed at what she'd just experienced.

Reassured that she was okay - actually better than okay, he figured, if she was having miniature orgasms - Jeff quickly headed for the bathroom. When he went back into the bedroom, he saw that Louise had turned over; she'd raised her knees, and lifted her head to stare at the slightly sticky film that coated the insides of her thighs from crotch to knee - clear evidence of just how wet she'd been. When Jeff got close, she just looked up at him, so amazed at what had happened that she didn't even blush at having him seeing her that way.

He handed her the glass of water, and she started drinking thirstily before he started wiping the residue of her lubrication from her legs with the damp washcloth he'd brought. She immediately blushed and tried to protest, and he gently told her "Oh, shut up, and quit fussing. There's nothing here that I don't

already know about. I can see you're still tired, so I'm going to do it. Now drink your water."

The look she gave him was less than happy, but she did as she was told, downing the water well before he'd finished cleaning her. He accepted the glass back, and took it and the washcloth back into the bathroom. There, he wiped himself off before putting the cloth into the laundry hamper. When he got back into the bedroom, he paused to tell her "I'm going to get you some more to drink, and something to eat. I'll be back in just a second."

When he returned with a tray holding a couple glasses of juice and some snack bars, he saw that she'd sat up and was resting against the headboard of the bed. He set the tray on the night table before sitting next to her and moving the tray to his lap. She accepted the food and drink he offered, and the two of them sat quietly until they'd finished and he'd moved the tray to the night table again.

He voice was apologetic as she told him "When you told me to shut up and drink my water, I didn't appreciate it much. I've never had a man do anything like that for me before, and I really didn't know what to do or say. But when you came back out and said you were getting something for me to eat and drink, I realized that you were just trying to show me that you love me, and take care of me. I was wrong, and I'm sorry if I upset you."

Jeff put an arm around her, and she readily let him pull her into his side before he told her "It's okay, dear. I knew what the problem was as soon as it happened. You didn't have to apologize, but if it makes you feel better, then I'll accept it. Yes, I do love you - and I'll do as much to show it to you as you'll let me. From the things you've told me before, and tonight, I know that you aren't used to having someone doing intimate things like that for you. If me doing them *really* makes you uncomfortable, then I'll stop if you want me to - but I **hope** that you'll let me go on. Please understand: I **LIKE** doing stuff like that for someone I care about; the way I see it, it helps bring us closer to each other."

She reached over to take his other hand, and held it in hers as she answered "It *does* make me feel better that you let me tell you I'm sorry. I love you, too, and I hope you can stay patient with me while I learn that I **don't** have to be embarrassed or ashamed with you. What you did, cleaning me up like that, was something that not only wouldn't it have never even crossed Jack's mind, he'd have wanted ME to do it where he couldn't see. You, you're a **WHOLE** lot more relaxed and open and caring about this stuff - sex, and looking and touching and all that, and even what happens during and after - than I thought someone **COULD** be, and it isn't easy for me to let go of the way I'm used to thinking about it. But I **do** want to let go. Because you're right: it *is* a way for a man and woman to get closer together. Even just what we did tonight, with you using your mouth on me, and me doing the same to you, I feel closer to you than I ever did with Jack. That doesn't mean that I love him any less - God knows, it doesn't! It just means that I love you in a way that's different, and more special."

Jeff turned his head and kissed her before saying "I understand."

They sat like that for a few minutes before Louise quietly asked "You didn't cum, did you?"

"No, but that's okay. I wanted to make **YOU** feel good, but I guess I did a better job of it than I really expected."

She laughed softly and said "Well *I* sure think you did a good job. But I don't think it's right that you made me climax that hard and not get any pleasure yourself."

Jeff gave her a gentle hug and answered "Really, dear, I don't mind."

She kissed his cheek and said "But **I** mind. After the way you made me feel, I want to do something

special for you, too. Lie down."

Rather than argue with her, Jeff did as she said, scooting down until he was able to lie on the bed. Louise moved with him part of the way, then leaned over and kissed him before telling him "I'm going to take care of *you*, now. You don't have to do anything; I don't know if I could stand it if you did, anyway. I know you'll like it, and *don't worry about anything*, okay?"

Wondering what she could have in mind, Jeff simply smiled and nodded his head in agreement.

As he figured, she moved herself farther down his body; and he wasn't surprised when she reached out to take his penis in her hand and start stroking it. Enough time had passed that it wasn't but a minute or so before he started to respond to her efforts. He was about half-hard when she DID surprise him by moving over him slightly and taking his semi-erect cock in her mouth.

It quickly became clear that she remembered the things she'd done before that he'd responded to: it wasn't very long before she had him fully erect as she worked her tongue along his manhood and bobbed her head up and down on him. She also tried a few things that she hadn't before: softly sucking on him, and twisting her head as it moved up and down, and even taking him as far into her mouth as she could - which proved to be more than he would have expected.

Her actions started out feeling good - DAMN good, in fact. But as she continued, it kept getting better and better. She finally settled in to swirling her tongue around the head of his cock, softly sucking on him as she slid her lips up and down about half his length, and using her hand to slowly masturbate what wasn't in her mouth. The other hand she used to cup his scrotum, gently rolling and squeezing his balls, when she wasn't lightly dragging her fingernails across it. All things considered, it didn't take very long before her actions had gotten him close to his release. He wanted to warn her that he wasn't far off, but he remembered her emphatic instructions that he shouldn't worry about anything, too. He finally decided that she'd made it clear enough that she *wanted* what was about to happen, to happen.

And she must have: when she felt his balls pull up next to his body, she lifted her head a bit, but didn't remove it before the first spray of his cum erupted into her mouth. She was surprised by the force of it, but didn't flinch - she just kept sucking on him and massaging the underside of his glans with her tongue, swallowing his semen as fast as he emptied himself into her oral cavity.

When it was over for him, she patiently and gently used her lips and tongue to clean his manhood of any traces of his cum before releasing her hold on him. She was visibly proud and pleased when she turned her head to ask him "I did okay?"

"You did just *fine*. Didn't you get the results you wanted?" he assured her. She blushed faintly, and smiled at him before 'climbing' up his body far enough to reach out and take one of the glasses that still had some juice in it. She drained the glass and used the juice to rinse her mouth briefly before swallowing. She saw him looking at her and explained "I don't think you're the kind of man that would mind tasting a little bit of yourself, but *I'd* mind if you did - at least, this first time."

He smiled his understanding, and pulled her down into a kiss that she eagerly returned. She didn't know it, but he still got a couple flecks of his cum in his mouth, but didn't mind in the slightest - and didn't say anything about it so she could stay as pleased with herself as she was.

When their kiss ended, she moved to lie next to him, snuggled into his side and her head resting on his shoulder.

Louise had been idly toying with his chest hairs for a couple of minutes when she told him "When I

was doing that for you before, I started to wonder what *your* stuff tasted like. But then, I wanted to feel you inside me. After what you did for me, I wanted to try and do something as special for you as you did for me, and decided that was it. I was kind of surprised at how hard it came out at first, but after that it was okay. I was surprised at the taste, too. It's kind of like a custard that's got salt in it. I... I kinda like it."

Jeff hugged her gently and replied "I was going to tell you when I knew that was going to happen, but you were pretty plain that I wasn't supposed to worry about anything. If you like how I taste, and I like how *YOU* taste, then I guess we've got a good reason to do all that again, don't you?"

She looked at him with a grin, and answered "I guess so."

They stayed like that, cuddling, for several more minutes. Then Louise yawned hard enough that Jeff could hear her jaw creak. He gave her a playful pat on the butt and said "I think *somebody* need to get some rest."

She tilted her head back and smiled at him before saying "I think you're right. *Somebody* just barely escaped Death by Orgasm tonight, and is still trying to recover from it."

He kissed her on the forehead, then turned to shut off the lamp, leaving them in darkness. He hugged her to his side and said "I love you, and I'm glad you decided to stay the night."

She kissed his chest in response before telling him "I love you, too, Jeff. And **I'm** glad I'm staying, too."

When he woke up the next morning, Jeff was spooning against Louise's back, one arm around her and holding her breast in his hand.

Bladder pressure forced him to scoot back from her a little in preparation for getting up, and he heard her tell him "You don't have to get up if you don't want to."

"Well, yeah, I *do* have to get up, but I'll be right back." he answered, hearing her soft laugh.

When he came back to bed, Louise was waiting for him, and he quickly resumed his previous position. He softly kissed the back of her neck, and could almost *hear* her smile when she said "It's really nice, waking up with you like this."

"Feel better this morning?" he asked, teasing her slightly.

"*Loads* better" she assured him. "I slept like a baby last night."

"On the subject of babies, I was wondering... well..."

"Why I don't have any hair between my legs?" she asked for him, with a soft laugh.

"Well, yeah."

"When puberty started for me, it seemed that the only place on me that grew anything was my chest. I started growing boobs before any of the other girls, but they didn't grow any faster or bigger. So even though I got an early start, by the time it was over, I wasn't much bigger than any of the other girls. And for whatever reason, I never did grow much hair there. Oh, I grew *some* but it was hardly anything. Even my armpits and legs hardly grew any. When I was sixteen, I decided that it looked kind of silly, so I shaved it off, and I've kept shaving it since then. It makes me look a lot different than other women my age; but on the plus side, because I barely have any body hair, I don't have to shave

anywhere *near* as much or as often - and when I was younger, I could get away with bikini bottoms that were **way** skimpier than most of the other girls, and with less trouble." She looked over her shoulder at him and grinned before adding "YOU sure seemed to like it last night!"

He grinned back and answered "Well it was the first time I saw anything like that on a grown woman in a while. Patty tried it once, but decided she didn't like it, so she just kept hers trimmed small and short."

Louise turned her head back again, and wriggled herself back against him before saying "Well, Jack seemed to like it a lot, too. I don't know if you guys are a bunch of perverts because it makes me look like a little girl, only with tits, or *what* the deal is", the tone of her voice letting him know she was joking.

"Well, *I* like it because it lets me see all the good stuff!" he told her, making her laugh as he ran his thumb across the nipple of the breast he was holding.

He remembered what she'd looked like the night before, and felt his cock harden where it was resting against the crack of her ass. She felt it, too, and turned to look at him over her shoulder again before asking "Again? You **DO** like it, don't you!" with a smile.

He nibbled on her earlobe with his lips for a moment, making her shiver, before answering "That's not a request or anything. Just saluting a pretty, sexy lady." making her smile before she turned her head again.

They stayed like that, content to be next to each other until Louise said "If we're going out for breakfast, I *suppose* we really should get out of bed and clean up. I'll need to call Kevin so he'll know not to eat before we pick him up; what about Sam?"

"We already made the arrangements, so she'll be ready when we get there."

"Then if you'll quit playing with my boob for a minute, we can get up and get into the shower, and then you can play with **BOTH** of them if you want."

He kissed the back of her neck again and said "I like the sound of that!", making her laugh, before he pulled his hand away from the breast he'd been caressing. They tossed the bedcovers back, and when both were standing, he gestured that she should go ahead. She gave him a playful smile and said "Want to look at my butt, huh?" before doing as he indicated. When she looked back at him over her shoulder, she saw that he **WAS** looking at her butt as she walked. And judging from the way his penis twitched, liking what he saw - making her feel happy and confident.

Sure enough, once both of them were in the shower, Jeff couldn't resist 'cleaning' both of her breasts - before, while, and after he actually had soap to do so. In return, Louise 'cleaned' his penis in pretty much the same way. Jeff didn't ignore her cute ass, either - it got a proper washing, as well; along with him running a gentle finger between her cheeks and across her anus, making her shiver.

Once they were dressed, they discovered that they easily still had enough time for a cup of coffee - or even two - before they needed to leave. Louise made her call to Kevin as Jeff got the coffee going.

As they sat drinking coffee before breakfast, the two of them discussed how they could continue spending an occasional night together. They finally decided that there simply wasn't any way for it to happen until and unless their kids knew about it - which brought up an entirely different set of problems of varying complexity.

When it was time, they left to get the kids, and then settled on a chain restaurant for breakfast.

Over the meal, Jeff and Louise took turns hinting around at where she'd spent the night. It finally got to the point where Samantha just asked straight out "Daddy, are you trying to say that you and Louise stayed at our house last night?"

Jeff couldn't help blushing slightly, as did Louise, before he answered "Um, well, yeah."

Sam looked happy for them, while Kevin's opinion was harder to discern. Then Sam had another thought, and again just asked about it as directly as she had the first: "Are the two of you going to want to do it again?", then realized how she'd phrased it, amended "Stay overnight, I mean?" with a blush of her own.

Louise fielded the question by answering "We think so. Sometimes at your place, sometimes at ours."

Hearing that, Samantha was visibly pleased. Kevin was discernably less so, but didn't say or do anything.

With that news announcement taken care of, the rest of the meal went pretty much as any other the four of them had shared. Afterwards, Jeff took Louise and Kevin home; on the way back to his house, Samantha kept up an almost non-stop commentary and questioning that left him no doubt that she was genuinely happy for him - or that their relationship would continue on nights that Louise wasn't there and he was.

In the weeks that followed, Jeff and Louise contrived to spend several nights together. Most often, they were at his place, whether Samantha was home, or not. Initially, Louise had been a trifle nervous about staying with him when Sam was home, but Sam made it clear that she didn't have *any* problems with Louise's presence - even going so far as to kiss Louise on the cheek and wish her a good night, just as she did to Jeff.

The very few nights spent at Louise's apartment were invariably at times when Kevin wouldn't be home - something that Jeff noticed, but didn't comment on.

It was during one of those times, and after Jeff and Louise had spent a quiet evening watching some sappy movie on TV, that their relationship changed.

They'd gone into the bedroom, and as Louise was getting undressed, Jeff pulled the covers back on the bed - only to find a pair of men's briefs between the sheets. Greatly surprised, he stood up - and when Louise came over, she spotted them, too, and released a loud gasp.

Jeff looked at the briefs a little closer, and saw that they were slightly small - and that he could see Louise's last name carefully printed on the back of them. It took him only a second to make the connection: they were Kevins, the name on them meant to ensure that they were identifiable as his, whether at summer camp or in the school gym.

Jeff turned to look at Louise, and saw a mixture of guilt and horror and dismay on her face as she looked back at him. It was fairly obvious to him that she'd been doing much the same thing with Kevin as he had with Samantha. The only real question in his mind was the how and why of it; considering what was going on between him and Sam, he wasn't inclined to judge her simply on the fact that she'd clearly been having sex with her son. He knew from his own experience that 'having sex with' didn't automatically eliminate the possibility that there was still love involved.

He could see the surprise on her face when he simply asked "Do you want to tell me about it? How it happened, and why?"

Despairingly, she asked "Does it really matter?"

"To me it does."

She led the two of them back into the living room, where they sat down at opposite ends of the couch. Louise couldn't - or wouldn't - look at him, and he listened carefully as she spent the next hour talking.

She reminded him that she and Jack had married right out of high school, and that Jack had been the only man she'd ever been with. Then she explained how devastated she'd been when he'd been killed, and how hard things had been for her at first: little education, trying to make ends meet as she raised their only child by herself. When Kevin got old enough to start school, SHE had gone back to school, too, and had eventually been able to get certified as a school guidance counsellor. The better job had helped their income tremendously, what with it adding to what she got from the insurance. But it couldn't help that much because she was limited to only working part-time; and it hadn't done anything to ease the loneliness she felt - something that seemed to hit her most whenever something else was happening that she couldn't call on Jack to help her with.

Still, she'd managed - her participation in Kevin's Boy Scout activities was as much to distract herself from everything else, as to make sure he didn't have to miss out on anything.

Financially, they generally managed. They couldn't do everything they wanted to, but somehow figured out how to get most of it. It had been nearly two years prior and she'd had to tell Kevin that he couldn't do something with his friends because they simply couldn't afford it right then. He wasn't old enough yet to get any kind of job, and the allowance he got for helping around the house was minimal at best. He'd seemed to understand, but she also knew how important it was to him. Later that evening, she'd gone to his room to tell him again how sorry she was - but when she'd opened the door to his room, he'd been masturbating. Shocked, she could only look at him for a few seconds before she hurried to quietly close the door again; he'd been 'busy' enough that he hadn't noticed her.

She'd gone into her bedroom, and started crying on her bed - at how it seemed they never had enough money for so many of the things they needed or wanted; that she'd had to refuse Kevin's request to participate with his friends' activity; that Kevin wasn't able to go out on dates like she knew he should, and meet girls - leaving him to satisfy his own desires; and most of all, how lonely she was and how much she missed Jack.

She was still crying when Kevin came into her room to see what was the matter. She'd tried to dismiss it, but he wouldn't believe her. She finally started crying even harder, and let Kevin pull her into his arms when he wanted to try and comfort her. The feel of his strong arms around her caused the dam inside her to burst: in great, wracking sobs, she finally started telling him why she was crying - including having seen him masturbating, how lonely she felt, and how good his arms felt around her. Kevin had waited until she calmed down a bit, and then tried to console her. She'd started to feel a little better when he hugged her; the feeling of his arms around her while she could feel her breasts pressing against his chest was too much for her. She'd pulled him into a kiss that was about as un-motherly as it could be - and while it was going on, she could feel his erect penis against her leg. The thought that he'd gotten hard again while he was holding her was the last straw. The next thing she knew, her breasts were exposed, her panties were gone, and Kevin's erect cock was sticking out of his pants. She'd said something about they shouldn't be doing that; but Kevin had simply told her that he loved her, and that if she needed someone to make her feel better that way, then he was glad he could do it.

She'd reached out and pulled him on top of her, and then *into* her. It had been Kevin's first sexual experience, and he hadn't lasted fifteen seconds - but she'd climaxed anyway. He was still inside her

when he got hard again; the second time, he went a full minute while she had two more orgasms.

Afterwards, she'd felt embarrassed and ashamed of having taken her own son to bed, but Kevin had repeatedly assured her that he loved her, and that all he wanted to do was help her not feel so lonely. Eventually, she'd come to the decision that it could only be a one time thing that had happened in a moment of extreme weakness on her part. She'd said so to Kevin, and he had accepted her explanation and instructions. But a couple of weeks later, she'd gotten lonely (and horny) again, and was once again crying on her bed when Kevin came in. She'd put up only token resistance as he'd undressed her and then himself before they had sex - which had both consoled and pleased her. After they were done, she'd again told him that they weren't supposed to do that; and again, he stated that he was only trying to help her feel better, and that he loved her.

Things continued that way between them, and it wasn't a month before the two of them were spending a couple of nights a week in her bed - not so much for the sex, thought that sometimes happened, but to help ease each other's loneliness.

Louise finished by lifting her head and looking at Jeff to tell him "Since I met you, things with Kevin and me have been slowing down - but you saw that they haven't stopped." A few moments later, the despair was clear in her voice when she told him "I'm sorry, Jeff." before she started to cry silently.

As she'd talked, Jeff remembered the times they'd been together, and some of the things she'd said, and done - and realized that he'd had hints that something was going on even before his discovery that night.

She was still looking at him when he asked "The reason Kevin hasn't been here when I've come over is... what?"

She didn't hesitate to tell him "It's a couple of things. First, I'm his mother, and after what he and I have been doing, he's wanted to be someplace else when you stay the night; he isn't as grown in his mind as his body is, yet. Another is that he worries about me, and he wants the best for me - and he isn't sure that you're the best guy I can find. I think you are, but he isn't. The last of it is a little bit of jealousy, I'm sure. It was just me and him at first, and he isn't real happy about having to 'share' me with you - at least, I'd bet that's how HE thinks of it."

Jeff remembered how Kevin had reacted to the news when all four of them had breakfast after Louise had stayed with him that first night, and decided she was right about him being a bit jealous.

"Have you talked to him about what you've been doing? Does he understand that it *can't* go on?"

She wasn't sure why he was asking, but answered "I think he does in his mind, when he thinks about it. He just doesn't think about it that often, is all. As for his heart... well, I don't think so. But I **have** talked to him, and he listens to me and everything, several times. I just don't think it's sunk in for him yet."

That Louise had been having sex with her son didn't really upset Jeff - after all, he'd been doing much the same thing with his daughter for even longer. But he thought there was a difference in *why* he and Louise's situations weren't the same. He'd done it at his daughter's request, and only after she'd made a clear, coherent case for him to do so - at least, that first time. Louise seemed to have done it out of loneliness and need, however.

But he thought about it some more, and discovered that he could understand, after a fashion. He knew that he'd had those same periods of doubt and worry and depression that she'd described; if he'd had as difficult of a time as HE had with the greater resources available to him, how much worse must it have

been for her? Not to stereotype anybody, but if HE'D had emotional periods while raising Sam, it wasn't any kind of stretch to figure that she'd had an even tougher time of it with her woman's greater emotional needs.

Nor could he fault Kevin. He didn't doubt for a moment that the lad was enjoying the hell out of getting laid, even if it was with his mother. But Jeff had also seen how Kevin tried to help her, and he'd shown plenty of times that he really did love her, and care about what happened to her. Jeff remembered what *he* had been like at Kevin's age, and knew that Kevin couldn't any more help feeling and thinking the way he did about his mother than he could stop his dick from getting hard at the slightest provocation. Jeff couldn't help wondering how the hell his own parents had managed when he'd been that age - and silently thanked them for their patience and forbearance.

Jeff finally looked at Louise again, and told her "Don't be afraid, or ashamed. I'm not going to call the cops or anything like that. I went through some of the same kinds of things you did. Not as much or as bad, I think, but enough that I can truly *understand* what you were going through. And you don't have to be ashamed, because you're not the only one."

Louise's relief at hearing that he wouldn't be contacting any authorities was so great that several seconds passed before she really heard the last part of what he'd said. Even then, it took her a little longer to fully appreciate it. When she did, she stared at him and asked "**You?** And *Samantha?*"

He nodded, and began to tell her about how he'd awakened to find Yvonne (though not identifying her by name) on him that first time, and all that had happened since. He didn't go into any more detail than she had, but by the time he finished over half an hour later, he'd told her enough that she knew he was leaving out as many of the details as she had.

When he was done, she just sat there looking at him. She started to speak a couple of times, but closed her mouth and stayed silent.

She finally did talk to him, saying "When you first started telling me about you and Sam's friend, and then you and Sam, I couldn't help wondering if you were one of those fathers you hear about, abusing their daughters and little girls. But I already **know** that you aren't like that. I only have to look at Sam, and how she acts and thinks, to see that the *last* thing she is is **abused**. And I've got to figure you're telling the truth when you say that she came to you, and why. The way she acted when we had breakfast that morning, and she came right out and asked if we had spent the night together, and how she's acted toward me since then - that tells me that you raised her to be honest about what she's thinking and feeling, and why. And it isn't any big step to figure you were the same way with her friend when *she* wanted to be with you. The way I see Samantha acting, it makes me wish I'd done a better job with Kevin - but what's done is done. I didn't know then what I do now, 'specially not the things I've learned since I met you, and there's no going back and changing it. The question in MY mind is: what do we do now? What happens with you and me?"

Jeff considered the question for a few moments, and then said "I only see three choices. First, you and I stop what WE have because of what's happened with us and our kids, and each go our own ways, leaving us pretty much where we started. I love you, and I think we could have a future together; but that isn't just up to me. The second is that we stay together, again BECAUSE of us and our kids, and continue with them. Last, we keep going the way we have: you and me concentrating more and more on each other while we encourage our kids to keep going in finding their own futures with somebody else. That one's *my* first choice, but again, I don't have the only voice in it."

Louise thought about it for a bit before answering "I don't like the first one, either. And I think the

second one WOULD mean we were abusing the kids, in a way, and I simply wouldn't do it. If this all hadn't come out - for BOTH of us - I wanted the third choice, too. I **do** love you, Jeff, and I think we could have a future together, too."

He reached out and took her hand in his before saying "I'm glad to hear that. Now we've got to figure out whether or not to say anything to the kids, and if so, what it is. Then I think we need to start making some plans for *us* - what we want to do, and how."

She gave his hand an affectionate squeeze and nodded her head. The two of them stayed up for another couple of hours, talking things through and working out what they wanted to do, before they went to bed again. Louise calmly removed Kevin's briefs from the bed, and the two of them got into a leisurely session of '69' before making slow, gentle love.

In the months that followed, Jeff and Louise got together so they and the kids could spend more time together for longer and longer periods of time. Initially, it was weekends out of town - when Jeff and Louise would be in one room of a motel, and the kids would each have a separate bed in another room. Samantha didn't have any problem with it at all, and Kevin eventually got over feeling awkward about the situation.

The adults were also continuing to go out on dates, and spend more and more time with each other. Some evenings, it proved to be convenient if both of the youngsters were at the same place, which neither of them had any objections to.

One evening, Jeff and Louise got back to his house a couple of hours earlier than they'd thought - and found Samantha naked on her hands and knees on the family room floor, where Kevin was enthusiastically fucking her from behind, obviously getting close to his climax.

They watched as he pressed himself into her with a groan as he started cumming. When he pulled himself out of her, he finally seemed to notice that he and Sam weren't alone; on seeing his mother and Jeff there, he turned almost white, and could only move his jaw up and down and make sharp "Uh... Uh... Uh..." noises in an unsuccessful effort to say something. Samantha turned her head to see what the strange sounds were, and saw them, too, before cupping a hand to her crotch and standing up.

Jeff asked "How long have you two been doing this?"

Since Kevin was clearly unable to, Sam answered "The first time was a couple months ago." - making Kevin turn even paler as he waited to see how, not if, Jeff was going to kill him.

Louise spoke up, saying "I think we need to talk."

Sam politely asked "Can I clean up a little first?" and got the answer "Of course, dear." from Louise.

Jeff told Kevin "You might want to wash up some, too, Jeff, so you don't stain the furniture."

Kevin started to gather his clothes when his mother told him "Don't bother with those."

Blushing furiously, he stood up and all but slunk his way past the adults, with Sam - just as naked - following him without any apparent concern.

Jeff was the first to get back to the family room, and took a seat at one end of the couch opposite the chairs that Jeff and Louise were sitting in. A minute later, Samantha came in and sat down at the other end. Kevin didn't seem to be able to look at anybody - particularly Jeff - while Sam had no such problems.

Jeff cleared his throat to get their attention before saying "It's pretty obvious that neither one of you had any objections to what was going on. And since you've been at it for a couple of months, I've got to figure that nobody forced the other to do it. So the only question I have left is: are you okay? Are either of you having any problems?"

Kevin looked up at the question, shocked, before Sam answered "Oh, no, Daddy. We both went to the clinic and got tested so we could show each other that we didn't have any diseases or anything. And I've still got a couple of years left before it's time to replace my birth control implants, so that isn't anything to worry about. The only problem *I* have is that he isn't a very good lover - not like *you* are, at **all**, Daddy."

That last bit had a stunned Kevin looking from Sam to Jeff and back again before Louise said "I'm sorry, dear, that's my fault. His father was like that, and I didn't know any better when Kevin and I started. Since I met your dad, I've been hoping that he's able to find a girl that **CAN** teach him, and that he has enough sense to learn from her."

Kevin's attention had shifted to his mother, and he could only sit and stare at her after she told the others that he'd been having sex with her.

He blushed furiously and looked at Sam when she replied "Well, *I've* tried to tell him, and get him to do things different, but it hasn't worked. He just wants to get inside me as soon as he can, and then fuck me until he cums. It feels *okay*, but since that's all there is, I don't feel good afterwards. I was starting to think that I was going to have to start telling him we couldn't, because he doesn't want to do anything to make it nice for me, too."

Jeff spoke up then, telling Kevin "Sounds to me like you need to learn how to make the ladies happy to be in bed with you, Kevin. If you want to keep fucking Sam, you *damn* well better learn, because I know she'll drop you like a hot rock if you don't. And just to make sure we understand each other, if anybody was to try and **force** her into anything, well, then I would most definitely **NOT** take kindly to that. I might even get it into my head to take care of it myself, instead of going to the law. But the situation is that you aren't doing anything to make the women you're with want to keep being with you. You happy with that, or do you want to change?"

The lad blushed at Jeff's blunt speech, then paled slightly at the mention of what would happen if 'anybody' forced her to have sex. Even though Jeff was a computer programmer and had raised a girl, Kevin also knew that he had studied kickboxing for a number of years, and regularly worked out. Because of his mind being overloaded by all he'd heard in the last couple of minutes, it took a little time before Kevin was able to answer "Uh, yeah, I guess. I mean, I don't know what... how..." before blushing furiously again and lowering his head to stare at the floor.

One of the things that Jeff and Louise had talked about that night had been their kids - and the attraction between them that both parents saw growing. They'd decided that Kevin and Samantha eventually having sex was well within the realm of possibility, and figured out how they wanted to handle it when the time came. Something else they'd talked about was what Jeff thought Sam's likely reaction would be to Kevin's lack of lovemaking skills; and they'd worked out how to deal with that issue, as well. Finally, they'd had to think about how to break the news to each of their kids that the other parent was *also* involved with their offspring. When Jeff had started to tell Samantha about Louise and Kevin, she'd quickly figured out what he was trying to tell her - and had accepted the idea with little difficulty. After all, she'd been involved with him, and couldn't see any reason that another widowed parent might not be in the same situation. Louise had tried to talk to Kevin, but he had been

FAR less receptive to listening to her; she'd finally given up and told Jeff about the problem. He told her not to worry about it - and then had a talk with Sam to explain to her that she didn't have to worry about saying anything about THEIR relationship in front of the others, if she needed to. So when the adults had come home to find their kids humping on the floor, Kevin was the only one that didn't have at least **some** idea of how to deal with the situation and the conversation that followed.

In response to Kevin's admission that he didn't know what or how, Jeff told him "Well, I guess someone's going to have to teach you. Come on..." before standing up. Kevin didn't seem inclined to follow until his mother stood up, also. Jeff looked at Samantha and told her "If you want him to learn, he might as well learn on you."

Jeff and Louise led the way, with Samantha, then Kevin, following them. Once in Jeff's bedroom, Samantha didn't hesitate to take a seat on the foot of the bed as Jeff and Louise calmly undressed. Kevin wasn't sure *what* to do until Sam gave him a Look and patted a spot next to her.

When Sam saw that Louise's pubic area was hairless, it not only got her attention, but fascinated her. Louise noticed, of course, and gave Sam a small smile, which Sam returned, before saying "We can talk later, if you want."

Once they were naked, Jeff and Louise moved to sit at the head of the bed, resting against the headboard. Kevin was visibly nervous when Jeff asked him "Okay, Kevin, let's start at the beginning. I know you've stuck your dick in it, but have you ever really *looked* at a woman's genitals?"

Shamefaced, Kevin shook his head, and Jeff told him "I didn't figure. Okay, let's get **that** part of it out of the way." before turning to Louise and asking "You don't mind?"

She shook her head, and Jeff considered Samantha for a moment before asking her "It would probably help if he had someone besides his mother to look at. Would you?"

She nodded, and moved to the head of the bed where Louise had already positioned herself with her knees up and legs spread wide, exposing her pelvis. Sam mirrored the position as Jeff scooted down and bit and told Kevin "Come on, you need to learn this."

Kevin moved up next to him, and Jeff started pointing out and naming the various bits of the female sexual anatomy - not just the proper names, but the more common ones, as well. He also explained what the different parts could look like when the woman was and wasn't sexually aroused. He pointed out the differences between Louise's anatomy and Sam's so that the youngster could see how they were both similar, and different. As the lesson proceeded, Kevin gradually got over his embarrassment at looking not only at his mother so intimately, but Samantha, as well. Jeff hadn't hesitated to touch either of the two females, and both had become slightly aroused - which Jeff also pointed out to Kevin.

When they were done, Louise and Sam both closed and straightened their legs while Jeff proceeded to tell Kevin what some of the different things he could do to arouse and please a female were, and what they could do for him. Kevin looked doubtful at some of it, and Jeff simply asked Louise and Sam to verify his statements. Both did so, readily, and Kevin was willing enough to believe that they liked it; when asked, he admitted that some of it didn't sound like anything *he* wanted to do. Jeff explained to him that it wasn't anywhere *near* as bad as he thought, and that if he could muster up the courage to at least **try** it, he might find out he liked it.

Kevin still looked doubtful, and Jeff told him "Okay, I'll show you!" and proceeded to use his mouth on Louise - who obviously and visibly enjoyed it. The aroma of Louise's oils was easily detected by all of them before Jeff finished and told Kevin "Now, you try it on Sam."

Sam spread her legs again before Kevin made a little bit of a face and objected "But I already came in her."

Sam politely informed him that she'd cleaned herself out - *very* carefully - so that she didn't stain the couch; Kevin still looked uncertain, so Jeff told him "Okay, **I'll** do Sam so you can see it's okay, and you can practice on your mom."

Kevin couldn't have any objections to that, and hesitantly moved to comply as Jeff positioned himself between Sam's parted thighs. Jeff watched as Kevin took his first tentative taste of a woman's essence - and discovered that it wasn't as bad as he'd thought it would be.

Under his mother's patient tutelage, it didn't take Kevin long to learn how to please her - and as her arousal increased, he found himself becoming more enthusiastic about what he was doing: the sounds she made, the taste of her, and the knowledge that he was exciting her all turned what he'd thought would be an unpleasant task into an enjoyable activity. He heard a loud cry, and lifted his head to see that Jeff had obviously brought Samantha to an orgasm - before he'd been able to do so for his mom.

Jeff raised his head from between Sam's legs and told Kevin "You'll have to practice some, and learn what a girl likes, before you can make her climax that easily. But once she does orgasm the first time, it's easier to get her to do it again. Why don't you try doing it for Sam, and see if I'm not right?"

As much as Kevin loved his mother, the idea of being able to maybe make Sam orgasm again appealed to him, and he nodded his agreement. The two of them switched places, and Kevin eagerly applied the lessons he'd learned from his mother to Samantha - all thoughts of having filled her with his cum earlier long gone from his mind.

Jeff and Louise shared a smile before he went about finishing the job that Kevin had started.

It was only a few minutes until Samantha cried out with her second orgasm; she was followed a minute later by Louise's announcement of her own release. When Jeff finally raised his head from Louise's mons, he saw that Kevin was feeling pleased with himself for having been able to satisfy Sam's desires.

Samantha, being younger, was the first to recover from her climax - and she didn't hesitate to pull Kevin up and give him a long, deep kiss of appreciation before telling him "That was *really* nice...".

Jeff didn't wait for Louise to indicate she wanted him to kiss her; when she opened her eyes, he was waiting for her. She grinned at him, her eyes laughing, before he leaned in for his second prize - the first being the supply of her nectar she'd given him as she climaxed.

When their kiss finally ended, Jeff turned to Kevin and told him "The other thing you need to learn is to *slow down*. If you can do that, you'll find out that when you cum, it'll be better for you; and while you're taking your time about getting *yourself* off, you'll be making the girl happy, too. And if you make **HER** happy, then she'll want to let you be with her again - and that's a **GOOD** thing, right?", finishing with a smile. Kevin admitted that it was, and Jeff said "You made a face about having a woman use her mouth on your cock; I'll bet you were thinking that you wouldn't want to kiss her after she did that, right?"

The youngster grudgingly admitted that that was what he'd been thinking; Jeff told him "Well, you just found out that girls taste better than you thought they would, so you suppose maybe you could be wrong about kissing her after she's had you in her mouth? Remember, Sam just kissed **YOU** after you'd been doing pretty much the same thing for her, and she could probably taste herself" - "I could" Sam confirmed - "when you did. If it was okay for her, then it should be okay for you. Besides, even if you

do end up tasting some of your cum, it's no big deal - after all, it is YOURS and not some other guy's!" - earning himself a wry grin from Kevin.

Louise spoke up then, telling her son "Maybe you don't think it's okay for a girl to do that to a guy; so I'm going to show you that it IS okay by doing it to Jeff. Maybe if you apologize to Sam for being so selfish before, she'll be willing to help you learn to slow down and *enjoy* having sex, instead of just trying to get off."

Louise was moving to where she could get her mouth on Jeff's cock when she heard Kevin say "Sam, I really **am** sorry about before. I never really thought that I should be doing anything different or special to make YOU feel good, too."

Samantha responded by telling him "Kev, I *tried* to tell you, but you wouldn't listen to me. Why?"

"Because I didn't know that girls could have climaxes like guys do, and I didn't think that you knew any more about sex than I did; I didn't know that you'd been with your dad, and that you knew more than I do." Kevin admitted.

"Kevin, if a girl says something to you about what you can do to make her feel better, you should **listen** to her. It's HER body, and she knows what makes her feel good. But I guess you *really* didn't know any better, so if you'll lay down, I'll try to help you learn to relax and ENJOY having sex."

He did as she said, and watched as she shifted position so that her head was over his pelvis. He spared a quick glance over to where Jeff and Louise were, and saw that his mother had Jeff's erect penis in her mouth, and was slowly moving her head up and down on it. When he dragged his eyes back to where Sam was, he saw that she was about to do the same thing to him; the sight and sensation of her taking the head of his semi-erect cock in her mouth was *incredible*. A few moments later, he felt it as she started using her tongue along the underside of it as she began softly sucking on him.

From the other side of the bed, Kevin heard Jeff's voice tell him "Until you learn how to do it yourself, don't be afraid to slow down or stop what you're doing - or if it's the girl doing something to you, having HER stop or slow down."

Kevin nodded his head in understanding as he felt his penis rapidly getting harder and harder in Samantha's VERY talented mouth. It wasn't long before he could feel himself getting close; he realized that he wanted to enjoy what Sam was doing to him even longer, and managed to tell her to stop. She did, even going so far as to let him slip from between her lips; she looked up at him and smiled, letting him know that he'd done the right thing. When he felt the sensations in his penis fade, he nodded to her that she could continue. The smile she gave him in response to THAT left him with no doubt that she was enjoying what she was doing to him, too - and it finally sank in for him in a way that nothing else had that considering what his partner wanted meant that HE would be able to find more pleasure, as well.

After he had told Samantha to stop again, Kevin saw that his mother was straddling Jeff's waist - and judging from the way she was rocking her hips, she'd settled herself down on his dick. Kevin watched the two adults for nearly a full minute before turning his attention back to Sam. He saw that she'd seen where he was looking, and she asked him "You want to try that, too?" with a grin.

"Uh, yeah, if it's okay..." he replied.

Sam's grin turned into a broad smile as she assured him "Oh, I don't mind *at all*!"

Kevin watched as she sat up, then got up on her knees before swinging one leg over him. She scooted

back a little, and then squatted over him. Taking his hard and saliva-coated penis in her hand, she tilted it up and positioned the head of it against her opening. He could feel how wet she was between her legs, and wasn't surprised when she took nearly half his length inside on her first effort. She raised up a couple of inches, then let herself back down again - stopping only when her firm, warm ass was resting against his upper thighs. She leaned forward and supported her body by putting her hands on the bed before telling him "Go ahead and play with my tits."

It was a command he was *more* than willing to follow.

He quickly cupped her breasts in his hands, softly caressing their surface before he began gently squeezing them and running his thumbs across her erect nipples. Her moans of pleasure were all the encouragement he needed to continue in the knowledge that she liked what he was doing.

A few moments later, he felt Sam's hip start moving as she lifted herself off of him for perhaps a quarter of his length before settling back down again. A second later, she did it again, then again. Over the course of the next minute, he felt Samantha get into a slow rhythm of moving herself off him for a little ways before she again impaled herself on his hard cock. It wasn't as stimulating as if he was actually fucking her the way he usually did, but he quickly realized that he could enjoy the sensations she WAS generating for a lot longer - and cum harder at the end.

Deciding that if she had to sit up again, he'd only be able to reach her tits with his hands, Kevin decided that if he wanted to suck on them, he'd better do it while he had the chance - and promptly replaced his hands with his mouth, sucking first on one of her nipples, then the other. Back and forth he went, until he had the peaks of both her breasts standing at full attention and glistening. When he pulled his head back to look at her delightful breasts, Sam lowered her head, kissing him. When her tongue touched his lips, it never even crossed his mind that she'd used that same tongue to massage the underside of his cock not long before - he just opened his mouth, and sent his tongue out to play with hers as he moved his hands to her breasts again.

Sam stopped moving on him, and both of them turned their heads to look when they heard Louise's soft cry of release. Kevin saw that his mother had a distinct blush that ran from her face all the way down to the tops of her breasts - where Jeff was gently pinching and pulling on her hard nipples. He'd never seen his mother that excited before, or seen her orgasm that hard, and he knew that he needed to remember the things that Jeff, and his mother, and Samantha told him about having sex and how to please a girl.

When Louise started moving herself on Jeff again, Sam started moving on Kevin, too - a little faster, and with a little more force. The experience of her moving on him that way was much closer to the way that he'd fucked her before, and he felt himself slowly moving toward a climax. He finally moved his hands from Sam's breasts and put them on her hips to hold her still so that he could 'pull back' a little. Sam did as he wanted, and even smiled down at him before lowering her head so they could kiss again. That time, he *did* remember she'd had his cock in her mouth - and simply didn't care as the two of them dueled with their tongues. When he felt it was safe again, Kevin moved his hands to Sam's firm ass, caressing its firm globes, and gently squeezing them. After their kiss ended, he moved his lips to her breasts again, licking them and using his lips to gently 'bite' her firm young mammaries as Sam started simply rocking her hips back and forth.

It took Kevin a few seconds to realize what she was doing: not just keeping herself moving on him, but rubbing her clitoris against him to arouse herself even more. That it was working was evidenced a minute later when she released a deep groan and tightened around him as she slid into an orgasm.

The feeling of Sam's tight, wet pussy clenching and spasming around him was more that Kevin had ever experienced before. His mother had orgasmed sometimes, but *never* anything like he was experiencing with Samantha. He didn't know it, but the climax Sam was having was relatively mild for her - he was going to be in for a real treat when she finally DID 'let go'!

By holding himself still inside her, and trying to remember his favorite baseball player's stats, Kevin was able to avoid filling Sam with his cum - but it was close. When she was ready to start moving again, he had to hold her hips again for a bit to make sure he didn't cum anyway.

After a while, Kevin noticed that Sam was starting to get tired. He held her by the hips until she slowed her actions and looked down at him. He simply told her "You've done everything so far; now it's my turn." Sam nodded, and carefully lifted herself off of him. As the two youngsters got their positions reversed, both saw that Louise was on her hands and knees with Jeff fucking her from behind - to her obvious pleasure and satisfaction.

Once he was between Samantha's spread legs, it took Kevin only a few moments to get the head of his cock wedged against her opening - and then, with a push of his hips, once again buried in her in a single thrust. With a little change in his position, and Sam lifting her hips, he was able to get the entire length of his manhood into her hot and *very* wet channel.

Remembering what he'd already learned, Kevin started out by fucking Sam with slow, short strokes; but he also listened to the noises she made, and the things she said, and it wasn't long before he was pistoning in and out of her in a rhythm of long, steady strokes. He was at the point where he knew that he was *going* to cum, but not any time soon, when he heard his mother cry out in pleasure again - but from the sound of it, it was a FAR greater release than the previous one. Kevin and Sam both looked over to watch as Louise went through a series of clearly powerful spasms; behind her both youngsters could see that Jeff was pressing himself into her, obviously emptying his cum into her.

The sight of another man filling his mother with cum as she went through such an intense climax affected Kevin more than he thought it would: in less than a minute, he knew that he was going to cum, himself - and that nothing was going to stop it.

Beneath him, he could feel that Sam was getting close, too; but what he'd just witnessed was too powerful for him to do anything but hope that Sam at least got *some* relief before he began to unload in her. A moment later, and he all but slammed himself into Samantha as his cock began spraying her insides with his jism. That seemed to be all Sam needed, and he felt her tighten around him again as she slipped into her own release. His already intense climax was further enhanced by the sensation of Sam's vagina clenching and spasming around him, as through it was trying to milk his cock for every drop of cum he had.

When it was over for him, Kevin started to pull himself out of Sam's overflowing pussy, but she put her arms around him and said "No, stay in me. It feels good. If you want to, you can even lay on me; not *lay* on me with all your weight, but holding yourself over me on your elbows. Us girls, we like it when a guy stays with us for a while after he cums, okay?"

Kevin nodded his understanding and moved to do as she said - realizing in the process how little he'd done to make her *or* his mother feel happy after they'd had sex. When he was resting over Sam, he looked over to see that Jeff was doing much the same thing to his mother's visible pleasure.

The two couples stayed like that for several minutes until Kevin and Samantha heard Louise tell Jeff he could get up. Sam immediately said the same thing to Kevin, surprising him.

What surprised Kevin even more was that after Jeff had gotten off his mother, Sam quickly moved to where Louise had rolled over onto her back and slipped between Louise's legs to apply her mouth to his mother's mons. It took a few moments before he realized that **Sam** was doing to his mother what he'd done to HER - and even more, that she was doing it for the express purpose of getting her father's cum out of his mother's pussy!

Kevin looked at Jeff, and saw that not only could he see what his daughter was doing, but was patently unconcerned about it. Kevin went back to watching Sam eating his mother's pussy, and a minute later, heard his mother say "Turn around - I want to do you, too..."!

As Sam pivoted around where her tongue was buried in Louise's vagina, Kevin saw that his cum was already starting to leak out of her. A few moments later, he watched as his mother lifted her head and stuck her tongue out for her first ever taste of her son's semen. Kevin didn't know it, but it was also his mother's first ever taste of another woman's pussy - and she was discovering that she liked it!

It wasn't but a couple of minutes before it was clear that both females were enjoying what they were doing to each other: two pairs of breasts were visibly tight, with hard, erect nipples; there were the asynchronous sounds of two mouths eagerly licking and sucking on vaginal lips and clitorises; and the air was filled with the distinct scents of two *very* aroused females. A few minutes more, and first Louise, then Samantha, announced with a loud cry that the other had pleased her.

As each of them finished her climax, she quickly returned to what she'd been doing before. The sight and sounds and even the aroma of them had Kevin as hard as he'd ever been before; when he dared look at Jeff, he could see that the older man was ready to go again, too.

Jeff took the lead by getting up and going over to where his daughter and Louise were again engaged in a passionate '69'. He said something to them that Kevin couldn't hear, but both Sam and his mother paused long enough to reply - then cooperate as he carefully moved them so that each was lying on her side. When he was done, neither of them delayed in burying her face in the other's crotch again.

Kevin then watched as Jeff lay on his side behind his daughter and positioned himself so that he could start pressing his hard cock into her as Louise helped by licking him to provide some lubrication. It wasn't a minute before Jeff was completely inside Sam, and had started moving in her.

The sight of Jeff's manhood sliding in and out of his daughter's pussy while Louise licked and sucked at both of them was more than Kevin could stand; he quickly moved to mirror Jeff's position, so that he could fill his mother with his erect cock. She welcomed his presence, and Samantha provided the same assistance to them as Louise had for her and her father - and the feeling of Sam's tongue sliding up and down his length as he pressed himself into his mother's bare pussy was a truly incredible experience for the young man.

As he'd learned to do, Kevin took his time as he cycled his hard cock in and out of his mother's vagina; he also did whatever else he could to please her - tending to her breasts and nipples, kissing her neck and shoulders, and even just telling her how much he loved her.

Kevin's youth and inexperience put him at a disadvantage: before Jeff made any indication of being close, Kevin pressed himself deep inside his mother as he started squirting what felt like *quarts* of his cum into her; it was up to Samantha to provide the last bit of stimulation Louise needed to slip into her own climax. The power and intensity of his mother's vagina around him made Kevin's release even more powerful; after it was over for him, he resolved to thank all of them - but particularly Jeff - for the instruction.

Even as he was swearing that oath to himself, Kevin heard Samantha's loud cry of pleasure as she found her own climax; from the sound of it, Jeff was filling his daughter's young pussy with his incestuous cum, too.

As Jeff and Samantha experienced their climaxes, Kevin continued to hold himself inside his mother, caressing and kissing her. He knew he was getting it right when she made several noises of happiness and pleasure in response.

Once Jeff and Sam had finished, it was Kevin who had the advantage: his youth meant that he was still fairly erect in his mother, and his teenage cock was slower to soften. It was several minutes before Jeff arched his hips back slightly to pull his wilted member from his daughter; Louise immediately took advantage of the opportunity to do Sam a 'favor' by again licking semen out of the young girl's pussy. A minute later, Kevin realized that Sam might like to do the same, and eased himself out of his mom - only to have it immediately replaced by Sam's eager tongue.

After he'd gotten out of their way, Kevin heard Jeff ask him "Understand what you've been missing, now?"

Kevin gave him an embarrassed grin and answered "Yes, sir. Uh, thanks for straightening me out."

Jeff grinned back and said "If you're going to be banging my daughter, I want her to be happy about it."

Kevin couldn't help blushing, and simply nodded.

By mutual agreement, Louise and Sam stopped what they were doing when each had removed all traces of cum from the other's womanhood. When they were done, they released each other, and each of them rolled over to lie on her back. Jeff moved to lie next to Louise, and Kevin happily took his place next to Samantha. The two couples, young and old, stayed like that for quite a while, content to simply snuggle. It wasn't until Louise said that she *really* needed to get some sleep that Sam and Kevin left - hand in hand, and fairly obviously intending to stay together in Sam's bed. Neither parent said anything in objection, and after the youngsters were gone, Jeff and Louise got themselves resituated so they could go to sleep - but only after they'd had a conversation about what had happened. They hadn't exactly *planned* for things to happen as they did; but neither was the slightest bit disappointed, either.

A bit over six months later, Jeff asked Louise to marry him, and she agreed. When asked if he wanted Jeff to adopt him, Kevin thought it over before answering that he really was honored at the offer, but that he wanted to keep his dad's last name. Jeff assured him that he understood perfectly, and wasn't hurt or offended. By that time, Kevin had learned that he could completely trust what Jeff told him; he asked if he could still call Jeff 'Dad' - and was assured that Jeff would be proud if he did.

The four of them found a house that suited their new family: bedrooms for the adults, and each of the kids (though they usually spent nights together in one or the other's bedroom), and a room for Jeff to use as an office. When asked, the kids had each informed their parent that even though they cared for each other, and were sharing each other's beds, they knew that what they felt for each other wasn't the sort of thing marriages were made of. Both still wanted to get out in the world and find the one that was right for *them*; they saw their physical relationship simply as a way of helping each other with their respective desires.

Samantha and Kevin had each gone off to spend the night with a friend, leaving Jeff and Louise along in the house for a change. They lay on the couch to watch a movie as they simply held each other. When the movie was rewinding (it was a tape they'd rented from the video store), Louise sat up and

moved to the end of the couch from Jeff. With a wicked gleam in her eye, she lifted up the front of her skirt to reveal that - as usual for her since they'd married - she wasn't wearing any panties. Jeff watched as she slowly slid a hand between her thighs before extending a finger and laying it between her labia. Curling it slightly, she ran the tip of her finger upwards, separating her vaginal lips and letting him see that the area between them was visibly wet with her oils before she started circling her clitoris with the tip. It wasn't but a few moment before he could see her labia get slightly longer and thicker as she became more aroused.

As she continued pleasuring herself, her vaginal lips got darker, and she began to show a faint blush on her face and upper chest as her excitement increased. He started to move toward her, and she shook her head briefly before saying "Just sit there and watch. I want to do this, just for you..."

Jeff decided that if she could do it, he could, too - and unzipped his pants and reached in to pull out his semi-erect penis. Louise looked delighted, and slid her finger back down to slide it into her womanhood. Jeff responded by slowly stroking himself, feeling it as he became harder and harder in response to the show Louise was giving him.

When her finger reappeared, it was shiny with her oils, and she raised her hand up so that she could extend her tongue and delicately lick them off, smiling at him as she did so. When she was done, she moved her hand back between her thighs and began playing with her clitoris again as she used the other hand to unbutton the blouse she was wearing - revealing (not surprising him in the slightest at that point) that she wasn't wearing a bra, either. Her thick nipples were standing erect from her puckered areolas; she licked the end of one finger before using it to circle one of her nipples, making it shine faintly. She repeated her actions for the other breast, making its peak stand out as well.

Back between her legs, she'd succeeded in bringing her clitoris to full attention, and had it glistening with the oils she was transferring to it from her vaginal opening. By that time, Jeff was fully erect, and he watched as she raised her hand to lick the ends of her thumb and forefinger before using them to start stroking her erect clit. It took him a few seconds to realize that she was masturbating her clit in time with the way he was stroking his cock; the sight and thought of it aroused him far more than he thought possible. When he looked into her face, he could see that she was both amused and aroused by the effect she could see she was having on him.

After a bit, she slid her finger back between her labia and into her vagina. He could see that she was moving it around inside herself, and found himself getting even more aroused: his breath was coming quicker, just as his hand was moving up and down his shaft faster. There was even a drop of pre-cum on the end of his manhood, glistening like a jewel at the top of a flesh scepter.

Louise was starting to arch her pelvis in response to what her finger was doing inside; she finally slid it out and once again lifted it to her mouth to slowly and erotically clean it of her oils before returning it to her crotch. She slowly and deliberately collected some more of her oils to apply to her erect and visible clitoris before again using her thumb and forefinger to masturbate it in sync with Jeff's hand on his penis. Below, her vaginal lips had remained well parted, and he could see the entrance to her vagina slowly clenching, and knew that she was getting closer and closer to having an orgasm.

When he looked into her face again, it was obvious to him that her eyes were locked on where his hand was moving up and down his hard shaft, and the growing collection of his pre-cum that was leaking from the end of his cock.

Jeff was unable to keep from watching as Louise's hand continued ratcheting up her excitement: her labia were dark with her arousal, the area between them shiny with her oils - oils that he could see were

beginning to form a small trickle that threatened to escape her pubic area and run down the crease of her ass, and across her anus.

It was that thought, of her anus being wetted with her own lubrication - and what he would like to do when it happened - that finally pushed him over the edge. With a loud groan, his cock erupted, firing the first wad of his cum high into the air before it landed on his chest. Even as the second spurt of his semen was being launched, Louise cried out with her own release. He could see the ring of her vaginal opening begin clenching, making it look as though her pussy was winking at him - a thought that further intensified his pleasure as his cock spurted again.

When they'd both gotten their wits back, Jeff told Louise "That was really something - I mean, *really something*. That was the most intimate, erotic, sexy, PERSONAL thing I've ever seen anybody do before."

She just grinned at him and answered "I could tell you liked it; and I liked watching YOU, too."

A few moments later, she scooted back to sit next to him - and patiently waited for him to lick her finger clean before she leaned down to perform a similar service for his cock. They looked into each other's eyes lovingly, and got up to go to bed - holding hands like a couple of kids as they walked down the hall to their bedroom.