**A Daughter's Sexual Awakening**

by Tempest

*At the annual summer vacation at her uncle's lake house with her father and younger sister, Chlöe's discovery of her breast buds sets her off on a sexual awakening.*

**Chapter One**

"I saw Ginny's car in the driveway, Tony." Jeff said, "what's she doing here?" Virginia Melrose, or Ginny as everyone called her, was the twenty-three-year-old younger sister of Tony and Jeff.

Jeff was Tony's younger brother. He put the three suitcases he was carrying down on the front hall floor. Jeff's two daughters, eleven-year-old Chlöe, and seven-year-old Emma ran past the two men and into the kitchen where Tony's wife Cherrie was preparing lunch.

"It's Brett," Tony replied.

"Who's Brett?" Jeff asked.

"You've met Nellie and Tom our next door neighbors, haven't you?"

"I think you introduced me to them last year," Jeff replied.

"Well, Brett's their twenty-eight-year-old son, and Ginny's had the hots for him ever since she met him here two years ago. When she got wind that he was going to be here, she called and asked if she could come and stay for a while."

"Okay, I get it," Jeff said.

"Of course, you know what that means don't you, Jeff?"

Jeff had a puzzled look on his face as he said, "No, I don't."

"We had to put Ginny up in the third bedroom, which means the girls have to sleep in your room."

Jeff groaned. "Oh no. It was bad enough that they had to share a hotel room a couple of months ago—and that was for only two nights. I'm not sure I can keep the peace for three weeks."

"Sorry, Bro."

Jeff carried the suitcases upstairs to the guest bedroom he and his daughters would be sharing. He entered the bedroom and put two suitcases on the double bed and his single case on the second double bed. He called back downstairs to the girls to come and unpack their suitcase.

Chlöe and Emma entered the bedroom. When Chlöe and saw the two double beds. She looked at her father and said, "Where am I sleeping?"

"In the double bed," Jeff replied.

Her face lit up as she realized that she was going to sleep in her father's room. It quickly turned to a scowl as Jeff told her that she would have to sleep with her younger sister.

"I'm NOT sleeping in the same bed as Emma, Daddy," Chlöe said defiantly.

"Sorry, honey but there are no other beds. Your Aunt Ginny is here, and she's taken the third guest room."

Chlöe pouted as only an indignant eleven-year-old girl can.

"Daddy, please don't make me sleep with her. She pulls all the bedclothes over to her side, and she farts."

"I do not," Emma said indignantly.

"You do so," Chlöe said.

"You're the one who farts," Emma said to Chlöe.

"Okay girls, that's enough," Jeff said firmly. "You're sharing a bed, and that's the last I want to hear of it."

Chlöe stomped out of the room and went back downstairs.

"Start unpacking your clothes, sweet pea. Use the bottom two drawers and the left-hand rail in the closet."

"Okay, Daddy. I don't mind sleeping with Chlöe. And she doesn't fart."

Jeff chuckled and began unpacking his clothes. He hadn't brought many since he only wore tee-shirts and shorts while at the lake. When he was finished, he went downstairs and into the kitchen where Cherrie had a couple of plates of sandwiches in her hands and was about to take them out to the terrace.

"Here, Cherrie, let me help," Jeff offered.

Cherrie handed him the plates and kissed him on both cheeks. She pulled a large pitcher of lemonade out of the fridge and followed Jeff out to the terrace by the swimming pool. Jeff never understood why his brother had the pool put in when there was the lake to swim in not twenty feet away.

"Chlöe didn't seem to be too happy when she came downstairs. Is it because she has to share a bed with Emma?" Cherrie asked.

Jeff sighed. "Unfortunately yes."

"Sorry, Jeff. When Ginny said she wanted to come and stay, we had no other choice. We did ask if she would share with you and she said no."

**Chapter Two**

After they had eaten lunch on the terrace, Jeff headed back upstairs to change into his swimsuit. He was standing naked rummaging through the top drawer of the tallboy when Chlöe walked in. As soon as she saw her father naked, her gaze lowered to look at his penis hanging down between his legs. She froze to the spot; she couldn't move.

Jeff quickly pulled on his swimsuit. "Sorry, Chlöe," he said, "I should have locked the door."

"S'okay, Daddy," Chlöe replied with a beet red face. She pulled her one-piece swimsuit from her drawer in the tallboy and carried it into the en-suite bathroom. She closed and locked the door. When she came out, Jeff had left. She put her clothes on one of two chairs in the room and sat on her and Emma's bed.

Her face was now back to its normal color. The image of her father's penis was burned in her mind. It was the first time she had ever seen him naked, and it thrilled her, but she didn't yet know why. Just then Emma came into the bedroom. She proceeded to take off all her clothes and pulled her two-piece swimsuit out of her drawer.

Chlöe looked at her little sister's body. From the front, she was a straight as a beanpole with her tiny red nipples and plump little vulva with its tight slit and an indentation at the top. Chlöe could see the outline of her ribcage and her small rounded tummy. But Chlöe thought that her little sister had a really cute butt when she looked at her from the side.

When Emma turned to leave, Chlöe blurted out, "I saw Daddy's penis, Emma."

Emma's jaw dropped, and her eyes got big. "You did? What did it look like?"

The girl's Aunt Virginia had sat down with the two girls a few months ago at Jeff's insistence since Chlöe had begun to ask him questions about her body because he was too embarrassed to answer them. When Chlöe got more insistent, Jeff called Virginia. Both girls knew the rudiments of the male and female anatomy and what part their genitals played in making babies. Both girls were too young for Sex-Ed classes so had never seen photos of a man's penis since Jeff had put parental controls on their laptops restricting what websites they could visit.

"I dunno really," Chlöe replied. "It was not very big, and it had a funny looking end to it."

"Did Daddy say anything?"

"He just said he was sorry for not locking the door that's all. Gawd, Emma, I was so embarrassed. I'm sure Daddy saw me blushing."

"I wish I could see it."

"Emma!!"

Chlöe always thought her little sister was more adventurous than she was. Emma left the room, and Chlöe sat on the bed remembering what her father's penis looked like. She got sweet tingling sensations in her nipples as she tried to imagine what it might be like to touch it and hold it, but couldn't.

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Twenty minutes later, Jeff was sitting at the round table next to Tony and Cherrie on the terrace that also formed the pool deck. They were taking shelter from the fierce afternoon sun under the large, beige, canvas octagonal umbrella. Emma was splashing in the shallow end of the pool.

When Chlöe came out of the house, all three at the table looked at her. Chlöe gave them a shy smile and quickly joined her sister in the pool. She hoped her father hadn't told them about her seeing his penis. She didn't think she could stand to look at them if he had she would be too embarrassed.

"So she just walked in on you?" Sherrie said to Jeff.

"Yeah, it was my fault for not locking the door. At home, the girls know not to come into my bedroom if the door's closed."

"I bet she was embarrassed," Tony offered.

"Red as a beet," Jeff chuckled.

"I remember when Angela was twelve," Cherrie said. "Tony and I were on the bed, and I was giving him a blow job when she waltzed right in. You should have seen the look on her face. She turned and ran from the room. And you know what she said to me later, Jeff?"

"No, but I think I could guess."

"She said, 'Mom! how could you put Dad's penis in your mouth.' She had her face screwed up in mock disgust."

Jeff chuckled. "Where is Angela by the way?"

"She's over at her boyfriend's house. They're having a pool party with a few friends from school," Cherrie replied.

"I wonder if she and her boyfriend have oral sex?" Jeff mused.

"Jeff!" Tony chided. "She's only fifteen."

"Don't be so protective, Tony," his wife said. "She's not your little girl anymore."

"God, I hate to think of my girls growing up," Jeff mused.

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At three-thirty, Jeff told his daughters that they should go and take a shower and get dressed.

"Aw, Daddy, do we hafta?" Emma said.

"I don't want you to get burned, sweet pea. Three hours in the sun is enough for today. And don't forget to wash the chlorine out of your hair and your swimsuits."

"Okaaay," Emma replied. She and Chlöe dried off and went upstairs. They went into the bathroom and got into the large shower together. After removing their swimsuits and rinsing them, they put them over the shower door to dry. As Chlöe was washing herself, Emma just stood there and looked at her body.

"What?" Chlöe said.

"You've got boobs," Emma said.

"I do?" Chlöe replied in surprise.

"There," Emma said as she touched her sister's breast buds.

"They're not boobs, they're just lumps under my nipples."

Emma moved in to get a closer look. "Well, they sure look like boobs to me. Why don't you show 'em to Aunt Cherrie and ask her."

"I couldn't do that, Emma. I'd be too embarrassed."

"I'll ask her for you if you like."

"No, you won't."

"I will."

"Don't you dare do that, Emma."

"Just kidding," Emma said. Chlöe wasn't too sure she was being honest since her little sister could be a bit of a brat at times.

While Chlöe was drying herself, she turned her back to Emma and felt her nipples. She could definitely feel lumps underneath. Then she almost panicked as she remembered that her father told her that her mother had died of breast cancer. Is that what she was feeling—breast cancer? She resolved to ask her father, or maybe Emma was right, she should ask their Aunt Cherrie.

**Chapter Three**

Chlöe and Emma headed out into the woods at the side of the large lot that the Melrose house stood on. They had heard their aunt and uncle talking about their Aunt Virginia having what they said were the hots for Brett, the son of their next door neighbor, although neither of them knew what having the hots meant.

"Maybe it was because of the hot sun," Emma offered.

"Maybe," Chlöe replied.

As they walked quietly along a well-trodden path through the woods, they heard laughter, and it was coming from the rear deck of the neighbor's house. As they crept closer, the view through the trees got clearer. Chlöe and Emma stopped just short of the tree line, crouched down and watched.

They could see their Aunt Virginia sitting on a porch swing and sitting next to her was a man who the girls figured was this Brett guy that her Aunt Cherrie had been talking about. Brett had his arm around Virginia's shoulders, and her head was resting on his chest. They were talking, but neither Chlöe nor Emma could hear what they were saying.

"Ewh, they're kissing," Emma whispered.

"You like being kissed, Emma," Chlöe whispered back.

"Yeah, but not on the mouth."

They continued to watch Virginia and Brett from the security of the trees.

"What's he doing now?" Emma whispered as she saw Brett squeeze Virginia's left breast through the thin cotton of her summer dress.

"Looks like he's squeezing her boob," Chlöe replied.

The Brett tried to pull up the hem of Virginia's dress, but she pushed his hand away laughing as she did so. After a few thwarted attempts, Virginia let him pull the hem all the way up, exposing her pale-blue cotton panties.

"He's got his hand under her dress," Emma said. "What's he doing that for, Chlöe?"

"I don't know, Emma, and don't talk so loud, they'll hear us."

They watched as Brett put his hand between Virginia's legs.

"He's not supposed to touch her down there," Emma whispered. "Mommy told me that we shouldn't let anyone touch our privates."

"But we're children, and they're grownups. I think Mommy meant children shouldn't allow anyone to touch them down there."

"I guess you're right, Chlöe."

Brett whispered in Virginia's ear, and she nodded.

Virginia got up and knelt in front of Brent. The two girls watched in amazement as Virginia unzipped Brent's shorts and pulled them and his underpants down. He lifted his butt off the seat so she could pull them all the way off. His cock sprung straight up.

Emma gasped and said, "Is that his penis, Chlöe?"

"Uh-huh," Chlöe replied with a voice of authority as if she'd seen lots of erect penises.

"It's so big," Emma observed.

"Don't you remember what Aunt Ginny said? It has to get big, so he can put it in her vagina to make a baby."

"You think they're gonna make a baby?" Emma asked her sister with wide eyes.

"I dunno. Let's watch."

They watched as their Aunt Virginia lowered her mouth over the head of Brett's cock."

"Ewh!" Emma said. "She's put it in her mouth. That's where he pees from. I can't watch it, it's so nasty."

Emma got up. "I'm going back. You coming?" she said.

"No, I'll stay a while longer."

"Suit yourself, but I think it's yucky what Aunt Ginny is doing."

With that Emma left. Chlöe watched her aunt perform oral sex on Brett. She wasn't disgusted like her little sister. Chlöe was fascinated by what she was seeing. It was evident that Brett was enjoying it because she could hear his moans even from where she was hidden.

Chlöe looked on, enthralled by what she was seeing. After a few minutes, she heard Brent cry out. Her aunt took her mouth off his cock, and Chlöe put her hand over her open mouth as she watched Brent spurting his cum. Was that the baby seed that her aunt had told her and Emma about, Chlöe wondered? But when her aunt told them what a man's penis was for, she never told them that a girl could put it in her mouth as well as her vagina. She wondered if her mother used to put her Daddy's penis in her mouth and make him spurt just like her aunt had done.

**Chapter Four**

That evening after dinner, everyone except Cherrie was sitting on the terrace. Cherrie was in the kitchen and had just closed the door of the dishwasher and turned it on when Chlöe came inside.

"Aunt Cherrie, can I ask you something?" Chlöe said.

"Sure you can, honey. What do you want to know?"

"How can you tell if you have breast cancer?"

Cherrie was stunned for a few moments by the question her eleven-year-old niece was asking. She knew Chlöe's mother had died from breast cancer when Chlöe was seven but had no idea where the question was coming from.

"Well the doctors run a lot of tests, but why are you asking?"

"I think I might have it."

"That's highly unlikely, honey. What makes you think you have it?"

"Can we go into your bedroom?"

"Sure we can," Cherrie said as she led her niece to the master bedroom. She had a quizzical expression on her face. When they were inside, Chlöe locked the door.

"What's this about, Chlöe?"

"I've got lumps on my chest, and I think they may be breast cancer," Chlöe replied.

Cherrie smiled to herself. "Why don't you show me, sweetheart."

Chlöe pulled her shirt over her head and dropped it on the bed.

"See, here they are," Chlöe said pointing at her nipples.

Cherrie felt the grape-sized lumps under each of Chlöe's nipples. She smiled and kissed her niece on her forehead.

"They're called breast buds, Chlöe. It means you're starting to grow breasts."

Chlöe's eyes lit up as she said, "I am? So they're not cancer?"

"Heavens no, sweetheart. All girls get them. I remember when I first felt mine. I was so excited; I asked my mother to take me to buy my first bra."

Chlöe was now excited. "So can you take me to buy a bra?"

"You don't really need one right now. Wait until they're the size of walnuts, then ask your dad to take you."

"I couldn't do that, I'd be too embarrassed."

"Well, then ask your Aunt Ginny."

"Kay. Thanks, Aunt Cherrie."

Chlöe put her shirt back on, and they rejoined the others by the pool.

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At nine-thirty, Chlöe and Emma went to bed. They were so tired there was no arguing about sleeping in the same bed. After tucking them in, Jeff kissed both his daughters on their foreheads and went back downstairs.

"I do have breasts, Emma," Chlöe whispered in the semi-darkness. A small nightlight plugged into an outlet provided enough light to allow them to use the bathroom in the night.

"See, told ya so. Did you ask Aunt Cherrie?"

"Uh-huh. She says they're called breast buds."

"Like flower buds?"

"I guess. It means they'll grow into real breasts and I'm going to ask Aunt Ginny if she'll take me to buy a bra," Chlöe said proudly.

Downstairs, Cherrie cornered Jeff.

"I had an interesting conversation with Chlöe this evening after dinner," Cherrie said when they were alone.

"Oh yes, what was that about? How she's going to push her sister out of bed?"

"No. This is serious, Jeff. She asked me how you could tell if you had breast cancer."

"My God! Did she ask you that? Why?"

"Calm down, Jeff. Your daughter has now entered puberty since she has breast buds."

"Puberty? You sure, Cherrie?"

"Yes, she showed me, and she has small grape-size bumps under her nipples."

"Damn, Cherrie, she's growing up too fast."

At ten o'clock, Jeff said his goodnights and headed upstairs to bed. He closed the bedroom door. There was a small lamp on his bedside table that he turned on. He got a pair of cotton pajama bottoms out of the tallboy and began to go into the bathroom to get undressed. He looked across at the bed where his daughters were sleeping.

Emma was on the far side of the bed with her back to him. Chlöe was on her back on the near side with her head turned toward him. Her eyes were closed, and he could see her chest inside her nightdress rising and falling with her gentle breathing.

"Hm, my little girl has breast buds," he said under his breath. He shook his head and undid the snap of his shorts, drew the zipper down and got out of them. Next came his sleeveless tee-shirt followed by his boxers.

Jeff was so busy thinking about his daughter entering puberty that he didn't see Chlöe's eyes partially open, watching him, staring at his penis hanging down his left thigh. She thought it seemed a little longer and fatter than when she saw it earlier that day. Chlöe watched intently as Jeff pulled his pajama bottoms on, and went to the bathroom. She heard him peeing, then the flush of the toilet. A few moments later she heard the buzz of his electric toothbrush.

Chlöe wondered if her Aunt Cherrie had told her Daddy about her breast buds. When she hoped that she did, a familiar tingle made itself known between her legs. Her best friend had told her that the feeling was because she was excited and told her to rub her button as she had put it. Her friend said to rub between her legs, and it would make her feel good. Chlöe had tried it, but it didn't seem to work and was too embarrassed to ask her to show her what she meant.

Her train of thought was broken as the bathroom door opened, and Jeff switched off the light. She watched as he got into bed and turned off the lamp on his bedside table. Only the nightlight provided a soft glow to allow safe passage to the bathroom during the night.

**Chapter Five**

When Chlöe woke the next morning Jeff was already gone, and Emma was still asleep. Chlöe got out of bed and went to the bathroom where she hoisted her nightshirt, pulled her panties down and sat on the toilet and started to pee. She hadn't closed the bathroom door, and she panicked as she heard the slight squeak of the hinges as the bedroom door opened wide. She was in the middle of urinating and couldn't stop; her panties were around her ankles.

Jeff looked at the bed, and when he didn't see his daughter, he looked through the open bathroom door where he saw his daughter with her sky-blue cotton panties around her ankles and the unmistakable sound of Chlöe peeing.

"God, I'm sorry, Chlöe," he said and left the room, leaving his wallet on the bedside table—the reason for his visit.

Chlöe finished peeing, pulled her panties back up and washed her hands and face. She brushed her teeth and got dressed. Downstairs everyone was sitting around the large kitchen table drinking coffee. Some were eating cereal, some consuming bagels with cream cheese.

Chlöe looked at Jeff as she sat down across from him. He saw her give him a shy smile that always hit him in his chest. She was only seven when her mother died, but had been his rock—comforting him as he cried and cried until he had no more tears.

'It's going to be okay, Daddy,' she had said to him. He knew she was missing her mother as much as he was missing his wife. Chlöe was a strong girl and held her grief inside. He had asked a child psychologist if it was normal. The doctor told him that children grieve in different ways and not to worry unless she started losing interest in things she usually loved to do or her school grades began to tumble.

Jeff remembered her seeing him naked for the first time yesterday, and wondered what she felt. Did it shock her? He knew she knew what a penis was and what it was for. Then the image of her cotton panties at her ankles came flooding back. He didn't intend to embarrass her, so he decided to sit her down and let her know that they were going to use the locked bathroom to change or use the toilet from now on.

Later that morning, Chlöe sat on the pool coping with her legs dangling in the water. Jeff sat down beside her.

"Can we talk, honey?"

"Uh-huh."

"I'm sorry about this morning. I hope I didn't embarrass you too much."

"It's okay, Daddy, I should have closed and locked the bathroom door. My bad."

"Can I ask what you thought when you saw me naked yesterday?"

She thought for a few moments, and those nice tingly feelings started up between her legs. Then she said, "Your penis didn't look like I thought it would after Aunt Ginny told Emma and me all about boys' and girls' privates and stuff."

"You know that you shouldn't be ashamed of your body. Men and women, boys and girls, were naked long before they invented clothes."

"I saw you last night," Chlöe said. It was almost a whisper.

"I'm sorry, honey, I didn't catch that."

"I said I saw you again last night when you came to bed."

"But . . . I thought you were asleep which is why I didn't get undressed in the bathroom. Did me turning on the light wake you?"

"Don't be mad at me, Daddy."

"Why should I be mad at you, honey?"

"I stayed awake."

"You what . . . ?"

"Don't be angry, Daddy, but I stayed awake."

Jeff was starting to get aroused. He remembered what he was thinking as he stood there naked before putting his pajama bottoms on; he was thinking about Chlöe's breast buds. He tried to remember if he had an erection. No, he didn't, but he remembered having the start of one.

He was reasonably sure he knew the answer, but asked the question anyway, "But why would you do that, honey?"

"I wanted to see it again. Are you angry with me, Daddy?"

Jeff was now getting an erection that would be impossible to hide in his Speedos, so he slipped into the water and stood in front of Chlöe. He put his hands on her knees and looked at her chest under her swimsuit to see if he could detect her breast buds, but couldn't; all he could see were her small nipples.

"No, Chlöe, I'm not angry with you. So you wanted to see my penis again?"

That was all it took. Jeff now had a raging erection. He could feel it pressing against the wall of the pool. His perception of his eleven-year-old daughter had changed in the space of twenty-four hours.

Chlöe looked down at her knees and nodded. Jeff was getting sexually aroused that his little girl, his eleven-year-old daughter wanted to see him naked, to see his cock. Is this what life with Chlöe is going to be, he mused? Jeff wondered what else Chlöe would want to do as she moved through puberty.

Chlöe was the one initiating this new phase of their relationship, and that excited him. He hadn't done anything illegal so far since he was sure that daughters see their fathers naked all the time. He wondered if this was a two-way street. Would Chlöe let him see her naked? That thought, the idea of his daughter standing naked in front of him made his cock as hard as it had ever been.

"You know there's nothing wrong in what you want to do, sweetheart, but other people might think it wrong. As long as we keep it between you and me, I've no problem with what you want to do. Is that clear, Chlöe?"

Still not looking her father in the eyes she replied, "Yes, Daddy, just between us."

"Not even Emma or your best friend."

"Yes, I understand—only us."

The rest of the day, Chlöe not usually the touchy-feely type because that was Emma, didn't stray far from his side and took every opportunity to touch him. For his part, Jeff was enjoying this new-found relationship with his daughter. She even seemed more tolerant of her sister. The words kept playing in his head like a stuck needle on a record player. 'I wanted to see it again. I wanted to see it again. I wanted to see it again.'

That night when Jeff went to bed at ten-thirty and turned on the lamp on the bedside table, he looked across at his daughters. When he confirmed that Emma was turned away, he started to get undressed. He could see that Chlöe was turned toward him and was watching him intently with her gorgeous pale-blue eyes. After removing his boxers, he took a lot of time finding his pajama bottoms.

The thrill of standing naked while his eleven-year-old daughter looked at his penis was incredible, and he started to get an erection. He watched his daughter's face as his penis lengthened and fattened. Her eyes were wide open, and he thought he saw movement under the covers. Was Chlöe touching herself down there? Was his daughter getting excited watching his penis grow? Those thoughts caused his penis to become fully erect. It stood up straight against his muscular stomach.

Chlöe lay there with her hand inside her cotton panties watching her father's penis get bigger and bigger. The thrill of seeing his erection, that her Aunt Virginia had told her and Emma about and that she has seen her Aunt Ginny suck, was incredible. There was a soft throbbing in her pussy. And now her new breasts were tingling as well since her Daddy was standing there letting her see his erect penis.

She could hardly believe how big it was and surely it was too big to put inside her to make a baby. Her aunt had told her it got big like that so it could go inside a vagina to spurt baby-making juice. Jeff pulled on his pajama bottoms, walked over to his daughter's bed and kissed her on her forehead.

"Goodnight, sweetheart," he whispered.

"Night, Daddy," she whispered back. "Thank you," she added.

**Chapter Six**

The time at the lake seemed to fly by. Another few days and they would be headed home. Jeff wondered what was going to happen when they got home when he and Chlöe would be alone on occasions. During the past weeks, it wasn't every night that Chlöe stayed awake and some nights Emma was turned to face Jeff, so he got undressed in the bathroom. But the nights when it was safe to let Chlöe see his erection, were incredibly exciting and arousing. Even though Jeff knew what he was doing was wrong and probably illegal, he couldn't help it. The rush he got as he saw Chloë watching his cock get big, was intoxicating.

The last few nights, Jeff had actually held his erect cock in his hand as he watched Chlöe's hand move under the sheets. The fact that his eleven-year-old daughter was touching her pussy while looking at his cock was one of the most incredibly intense feelings he had ever had. Jeff was enjoying this new exhibitionist roll, and he wondered if his daughter wanted to do more. He wasn't about to take the initiative since this was Chlöe's game.

Every morning when Chlöe went to the bathroom to pee and brushed her teeth, she examined her new breasts. In the two weeks, since she had found them, she was sure they had gotten larger. She couldn't wait to tell her Daddy that she was growing breasts. The thought that he could see her breasts and maybe even touch them, excited her beyond comprehension.

Chlöe saw Jeff sitting by himself at the table by the pool. He was sipping a cup of coffee and reading a newspaper. Her Uncle Tony and Aunt Cherrie had gone grocery shopping and had taken Emma with them. Aunt Ginny was over at the neighbor's house—probably sucking Brett's penis Chlöe mused, and Angela's boyfriend had picked her up to go to the mall. She put her glass of orange juice on the table and kissed her father on his cheek.

"Morning, Daddy," she said.

Jeff put down his newspaper. "Morning, sweetheart. How are you this morning?"

Chlöe, remembering seeing her father hold his erection the previous night, blushed. "I'm good, Daddy."

She sat down next to him and didn't say anything for the longest time, but just looked at him as he continued reading the paper, thrilled at their new relationship.

Jeff looked up and saw her staring at him. He put the paper down and said, "Is there something on your mind, honey?"

She blinked, swallowed, and said, "I'm growing breasts, Daddy."

Jeff knew since his sister-in-law had told him, but feigned surprise.

"Breasts! Really? My, you're growing up so fast, Chlöe."

"I thought I had cancer like Mommy did, but when I showed them to Aunt Cherrie, she told me they were breast buds. Will you take me to buy a bra when we get back home?"

"Of course I will, honey. It's a big milestone in your life, and I'd love to share it with you."

"Thanks, Daddy."

She was quiet again for a while. Then she swallowed hard again, and said, "You want to see them?"

"Has everyone left?" Jeff asked.

"Uh-huh," Chloë replied.

"How about Angela? I thought I saw her in the living room a while ago?"

"Angela's boyfriend picked her up ten minutes ago," Chloë replied.

"Then I'd love to see your breasts, honey."

It excited Jeff that his daughter was taking the initiative—that she wanted to do more than just look at his cock. Chlöe stood up, crossed her arms and grabbed the hem of her nightshirt. Pulling it over her head, she dropped it on her chair. She stood proudly in front of him in just her bright-pink, full-cut cotton panties. Jeff couldn't help but look at her plump pussy coddled in the gusset of her underpants.

As he examined her chest, he could definitely see two small lumps under her tiny nipples that he noticed had begun to grow as she stood there.

"They're beautiful, Chlöe, simply beautiful."

"Thanks, Daddy," she said proudly.

She was getting that lovely tingly feeling between her legs and in her nipples as she watched her Daddy look at her new breasts.

"You wanna touch them?" she said, biting her bottom lip nervously.

Jeff's cock swelled inside his cargo shorts at the thought of touching his eleven-year-old daughter's developing breasts. He reached out and rubbed the pad of his thumb around her left breast, feeling how firm it was. He thought that a young girl's developing breasts were a thing of wonder and that he was privileged to see them. He felt her other one.

Then to her own and Jeff's surprise, she said, "Will you kiss them please?"

Jeff put his hands on her shoulders, lowered his head and gently sucked each breast bud in turn. For the first time, Chlöe felt her panties get wet. The tingling between her legs was the most intense she'd ever experienced as her father sucked her new breasts.

"Thank you for letting me see them, and kiss them, Chlöe," Jeff said. "Now you'd better put your nightie back on before someone comes home."

Jeff pulled her close to him and kissed her soft lips. He felt her entire body shudder. He had never kissed his daughters on their lips before but thought it was the most beautiful kiss he'd ever had. Given their new-found relationship, it was a kiss with more meaning, more promise than I love you.

"That was nice, Daddy. You've never kissed me on my mouth before. Can we do that again?"

"I'd love to, honey."

Chlöe saw the bulge in Jeff's shorts. "You're hard again," she said.

"That's right, honey."

"But I'm confused."

"What are you confused about, sweetie?"

"Well, Aunt Ginny told us that a man gets an erection so he can put it inside a girl's vagina to make a baby."

"That's right honey."

"But it's too big to put inside me to make a baby."

Jeff smiled at his daughter's innocence when it came to sex. His sister Virginia had explained the basics, but that was about all.

"Sit down Chlöe, I think I need to explain something to you." Chlöe sat across from him. "Your Aunt Ginny gave you and Emma the basics of sex. Yes, a man's penis needs to be hard so it can go inside a girls' vagina. But, not every time it gets hard is it to make a baby, and you're way too young to have a baby. A man gets an erection for several reasons.

"For instance, I have an erection now because you're a beautiful and sexy young girl and I got to see and touch your breasts. I got erections when you were in bed at night because you were looking at my penis. It excited me that I was naked and you were looking at me."

Jeff saw some confusion on Chlöe's face, so he tried a different tack.

"Let me ask you something, honey. Do you ever get nice feelings between your legs . . . you know in your pussy?"

"Uh-huh, why?"

"Did you get that nice feeling when you showed me your breasts a moment ago and when you saw me naked in the bedroom?"

She gave him one of her shy smiles when she said, "Uh-huh."

"That's because you were sexually aroused—just as I am right now because we're having this very sexy conversation. You see a guy and a girl can get aroused sexually by quite a few things. Like when you saw my penis or when you let me see and touch your breasts. It caused me to get an erection and you to get nice feelings in your pussy. Do you understand, sweetheart?"

"I think so, Daddy."

Jeff wasn't quite sure that she did, but let it go for now. He was sure that he and Chlöe would be having more conversations in the near future, and that excited him to no end. He was going to enjoy witnessing and participating in his daughter's sexual awakening.

"Can I tell you something, Daddy?"

"Yes, Chlöe."

"But you must promise not to get angry at me or tell someone?"

"Yes, of course, honey. We have our secrets don't we . . . you know I let you see my penis, and you let me see and touch your breasts."

"Uh-huh."

"Then if you tell me something in secret, then I won't tell anyone. I can't say I'll not get angry because it depends on what you tell me."

"Okay. Me and Emma were in the woods the other day, and we came to a clearing where the next door neighbor's house is. Aunt Ginny was sitting on the back porch with the Brett guy, and he was touching her breasts and had his hand up her skirt, touching her . . . you know . . . her privates."

"Well, your Aunt Ginny is a grown woman so she can let a guy do whatever he wants."

"Yes, I know that, Daddy. But she took his shorts off and put his penis in her mouth and made him spurt his baby stuff."

"Oh, I see. Did Emma see her do it?"

"Only when she put it in her mouth. Emma thought it was icky and went back to the house, so she didn't see him spurt."

"So do you have a reason for telling me this?"

"Well, why did Aunt Ginny do that?"

"It's one of the things that a woman does to make a man feel really, really good."

"Did Mommy do it to you?"

"Yes, Chlöe, lots of times, because she loved me and wanted to make me feel good."

"Oh, okay. Thanks, Daddy."

It seemed to Jeff that Chlöe was slowly coming to grips with the whole sexual relationship thing. He wondered if she would put two and two together and figure out that a man could please a woman with oral sex.

**Chapter Seven**

It was Saturday morning in mid-August, and Jeff and his daughters had been home a week. Jeff went back to his job as a freelance web designer. He loved his work since it allowed him to stay home and raise his two girls. Chlöe was lying on the chaise by the pool, and Emma had been picked up by Jessie, the single mother of Emma's best friend Courtney, to spend the night for a sleepover. He could see Chlöe through his study window since his study faced the rear garden.

Jeff looked back at the time the three of them spent at his brother's house on the lake. Chlöe seeing his cock for the first time had set him and his daughter off onto an altogether different journey—a journey of Chlöe's sexual awakening. He remembered her words: I wanted to see it again." He couldn't concentrate on his work, so he shut his laptop down, changed into a pair of shorts, and went out to join Chlöe.

He found her sitting at the table reading a magazine. She wore a very skimpy yellow string bikini. He could clearly see the two bumps of her new breasts through the cotton triangles of the bra top. Later today, he had promised Chlöe that he would be taking her to buy some bras, and he was sure she'd want matching panties too.

"What you reading, honey?" Jeff asked as he sat next to her.

She showed him the cover of the New Moon Girls magazine. After she picked up a copy at the supermarket, she had asked if she could get a subscription to which he had agreed.

"Can't wait to go shopping today," Chlöe said. "You think they'll let you in the changing room with me."

"I don't know. Would you want me there?"

"Of course I do, Daddy. Like you said, it's a milestone, and I want to share it with the best Daddy in the world."

"Thanks, honey."

Chlöe put her magazine down and seemed deep in thought. Then she said, "What's masturbation?"

Hmm, where did that question come from, Jeff thought.

"Where did you see that word?"

"In this magazine. They have a section for readers' letters and one girl asked if it was okay to masturbate."

"And what was the magazine's reply?"

"It says," and she read it verbatim, "Masturbation in the privacy of your bedroom is a normal and healthy activity."

"Well, masturbation is the act of giving yourself, pleasure. It's when a guy or a girl rub their private parts."

"Why would they do that?"

"To pleasure themselves and to give themselves an orgasm."

"What's an orgasm?"

This is getting interesting, Jeff thought. "It's a really, really nice feeling you get when you rub your privates."

"I do that, Daddy; it's nice, but it's not really, really nice like you said it should be."

"Well, honey, maybe you're not doing it right."

"My friend said to rub my button, but I don't know what that is."

"It's known as your clitoris."

"Will you show me where it is?"

"Later tonight, honey. Now you need to go and get dressed. We can hit Wendy's for lunch on the way to the mall."

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As soon as they entered the mall, Chlöe made a beeline for Victoria's Secret. Once inside she headed for the section where they carried the PINK line of clothes. Jeff asked a young sales associate by the name of Cassie if she would measure his daughter for her first bra. The associate was surprised as Jeff followed the two of them into the changing room. Chlöe wasted no time by removing her camisole and undershirt. The associate put the tape around Chlöe's chest and took the measurement, then took a measurement over her breasts. There was less than an inch different.

"She needs a 28 AA," Cassie said. "It's really just a training bra as her breasts aren't big enough for a bra with cups. I would suggest you start off with a simple pull-over bra since there are no fasteners to mess with."

"Okay, thanks," Jeff said. The associate left but not before whispering in his ear.

"I wish my Dad had taken me shopping for my first bra," she said. "Your daughter's a lucky girl."

"Okay, honey put your clothes back on," Jeff said.

"Give them a quick kiss first," Chlöe said.

Jeff obliged and sucked each breast in turn. He felt her nipples get hard.

"I could get used to this, Chlöe."

"I could too, Daddy,"

Chlöe picked out half a dozen bras in different colors and matching panties. Jeff could see the sales associate who had measured Chlöe whispering to her manager. He was certain she was telling the manager that Jeff had been inside the changing room. Jeff carried the underwear to the checkout and then went with Chlöe while she shopped for tops and shorts.

With his wallet several hundred dollars lighter, Jeff put the bags in the trunk of his Lexus and drove home. He carried them upstairs to Chlöe's room where he helped cut the price tags off her new clothes and put them in either the lingerie drawers or hung on the rails of her fitted walk-in closet.

"You want me to put one on?" Chlöe asked.

"I'd love for you do that, honey."

Chlöe pulled her camisole off and threw it on the bed; her simple undershirt followed suit. She picked up the bra she had kept out. It was a dark blue one. She pulled it over her head and awkwardly tried to get her hands through the arm openings. She finally got it figured out.

"Ta-da!" she said smiling. She looked in the full-length mirror. "What you think, Daddy?"

Jeff could make out the small walnut-size lumps through the stretchy cotton, "I think it's very sexy."

"You think it's sexy, Daddy?"

"Yes, sweetheart. You going to try on the matching panties."

Chlöe frowned a little. Her father hadn't seen her pussy since she was five years old.

Jeff sensed her predicament. He stuck to his plan to let Chlöe set the pace. That way he justified to himself that he wasn't taking advantage of her.

"That's okay, honey. I'll turn my back."

He turned around while Chlöe got out of her shorts and white cotton panties and pulled on the matching dark blue bikini-style ones.

"Okay, you can turn around now," she said.

The panties hugged her pussy, even forming a little cameltoe. It seemed that the elasticated leg openings cutting deep into each side of her pussy made it appear plumper. She pirouetted, giving him a flash of her gorgeous ass with the cleft just visible at the waist.

"Wow. Very sexy Chlöe."

"Thanks for taking me shopping today," she said. She got on tiptoe, put her hands behind his head and kissed his lips. She lingered for a little longer than she intended and blushed a little.

"That was nice, Chlöe. I could get used to kissing you."

Chlöe gave him one of her shy smiles. She enjoyed showing him her new underwear but wished she hadn't got all embarrassed and made him turn around while she changed her panties. She wanted her Daddy to see her pussy, but she was still nervous. She got more tingles as he looked at her in her new panties. He said they were sexy and she felt sexy wearing them.

**Chapter Eight**

Jeff thought Chlöe was so cute. She didn't mind him seeing her breasts and even encouraged him to touch and suck them, but there seemed to be a mental block when it came to him seeing her pussy. He put it down to her innate shyness. It was a big step letting him look at her breasts, but her privates were a more significant hurdle, and he was going to let her jump that one all by herself.

Chlöe went to bed at nine-thirty. Jeff gave her a kiss on her lips as he said goodnight. At ten, he too turned in. He went to the master suite, got undressed, put on pajama bottoms and climbed into bed. It wasn't five minutes after he had turned off the lamp on the nightstand when Chlöe knocked on his door.

"Come in, honey," Jeff said as he turned the lamp back on.

Chlöe, dressed in a nightshirt, came padding barefoot across the bedroom and stood next to the bed.

"What is it, Chlöe?"

"Can you help me find my button that my girlfriend told me about?"

"Okay, honey."

"Can you tell me what to do?"

"Sure I can. Why don't you take your panties off and sit on the bed with your back to me."

Chlöe hesitated a little at first but then, with a steely resolve not to be embarrassed as she had been earlier when she changed panties, she did as Jeff told her.

"Okay, honey open your legs. Can you see the slit between your legs where your privates are?"

"Uh-huh

Jeff was getting an erection as he was talking to his daughter in such a sexual way even though he couldn't see her pussy.

"Now take the tip of the finger, and touch the very top of your slit. Can you feel a small hood?"

"No, Daddy."

"Okay, with the thumb and finger of one hand open your pussy lips."

"What are my pussy lips?"

Jeff sighed. Chlöe sensed her father's frustration.

"I'm sorry, Daddy. I feel so stupid. Can you show me, please? I don't mind if you see my pussy 'cause I've seen your penis."

This was what Jeff wanted—his daughter to take the initiative. She was asking him to look at her pussy. He now had a raging erection inside his pajamas, and there's no way he could conceal it—not that he wanted to since she had already seen it but not up close.

"Okay, honey, turn around."

As she turned with her nightdress at her waist, he was treated with the sight of his eleven-year-old daughter's gorgeous vulva. Her mons wasn't prominent since she was sitting with her legs partially open causing her labia to part, exposing its bright pink interior. He could see her small immature inner labia, like thin strips that started as the tails of her clitoral cowl and stopped short of the small, dark-red opening of her vagina.

"God, Chlöe, you've got a gorgeous vulva."

"What's a vulva?"

"It's the correct name for your pussy. Didn't your Aunt Ginny call it that?"

"No, she told us a boy has a penis, and a girl has a pussy."

Jeff chuckled. "You see that small thing that looks like the hood of a cobra snake?"

"Uh-huh."

"Take your finger and rub it gently."

Chlöe's eyes opened wide as she felt the pleasure when she rubbed her clitoris. "So that's the button that my friend was telling me about?"

"Yes, honey, that's your clitoris. And if you rub it, you'll get an orgasm, and you'll make yourself feel really, really good."

Without further ado, Chlöe started to masturbate, and Jeff didn't stop her. This was her show and if she chose to let him watch, who was he to stop her? She lay down beside him with her nightdress scrunched up at her waist, her legs as wide open as she could get them, furiously rubbing her clit. He was worried she would rub herself raw.

"Honey put your finger inside your pussy."

What for, Daddy?"

"Does your pussy sometimes get wet?"

Chlöe thought back to the time when she showed her Daddy her new breasts. She felt wetness in her panties then and replied, "Uh-huh."

"I'm worried you'll make yourself sore down there. Put your finger inside your vagina—you know where your Aunt told you a penis would go to make a baby."

"I'm wet," Chlöe said.

"That's good. Now get your finger wet and go back to rubbing your clit."

Jeff lay back and watched his little girl, his eleven-year-old daughter masturbate for the first time. He couldn't help himself, the scene was so erotic, he slipped his hand inside the fly of his pajamas and started to stroke his cock. Chlöe lay on her back with the legs wide apart; her thighs were flat on the bed as only a gymnast or a flexible eleven-year-old could do. She continued to rub her clit that was now out of its protective hood.

Chlöe's moans were getting louder as she neared her first orgasm. Jeff was furiously stroking his cock as he took in the intensely erotic scene. As Chlöe's legs started to jerk and her body tremble, Jeff couldn't hold back any longer. His cock swelled, and he flooded the inside of his pajamas with hot semen. As his orgasm waned, Chlöe's peaked.

"Oh, Daddy!" she cried as she climaxed. Her legs snapped shut on her hand, knees together and she started to shake as her orgasm grabbed her. Jeff watched in amazement as his eleven-year-old daughter experienced her first orgasm. While she was in the throes of bliss, he quickly went to the bathroom and cleaned up. Chlöe was just coming down off her orgasmic high as he pulled on a clean pair of pajamas and got back onto the bed.

She pulled herself back up and quickly pulled her nightdress back down covering her pussy. She blushed profusely when she looked him in the eyes.

"So," he said at last, "that's what an orgasm feels like."

"It was amazing, Daddy," she said still blushing. "At first it felt like I had to pee, then it felt really, really good."

"Come and let me hug you, sweetheart."

Chlöe got beside him and put her arms around his chest. She said, "Thanks for showing me, Daddy."

"You're welcome, honey, but why are you blushing?"

"You saw my pussy," she replied. It was almost a whisper.

"You've got a beautiful pussy, Chlöe, and thanks for letting me see it and witness your first orgasm. Now you can show your sister how to do it."

"You think I should?"

"You enjoyed it didn't you!"

"It was wonderful."

"Then why deny your sister the same pleasure?"

Chlöe was quiet for the longest time. Then she said at last, "Do you . . . you know . . ?"

"Masturbate?"

"Uh-huh."

"Yes, honey I do."

"How do you do it?"

"I rub my penis until I spurt."

She went quiet again. Then she said, "Could I . . . you know . . . see it?"

"You want to watch me?"

"Uh-huh."

"I think it's only fair since you let me watch you do it."

"Can I watch you do it like, now?"

"Not now honey, Daddy's tired."

"Can I sleep with you?"

Both his daughters had slept with him a lot for three months after their mother died. They needed the security of their father's arms. But neither Emma nor Chlöe had slept with him since, and he missed the feeling of having a little girl snuggle up to him or the feeling of spooning a warm, soft body.

"Yes, Chlöe my beautiful daughter, you can since Emma's at a sleepover."

With that, Jeff turned out the lamp. Chlöe turned her back to him and snuggled up to him. He put his hand on her hip, kissed her neck, and said goodnight.

"Nite, Daddy, and thanks again," Chlöe replied. She took his hand off her hip and moved it onto her left breast.

"Mmmm, this feels nice," she said. Ten seconds later she was snoring lightly.

**Chapter Nine**

Chlöe was awake before her father the next morning just as the eastern sky was starting to lighten. She looked across at her father lying on his back. She yawned and stretched, got out of bed and padded to the bathroom. She lifted her nightdress and climbed onto the toilet and proceeded to pee. Her body shuddered as she remembered the intense pleasure of her first orgasm and the fact that her Daddy watched her do it had made it all the more intense.

She got back into bed and watched Jeff; he was still asleep, and his breathing was slow and steady. Chlöe could see a bulge in the sheet. She carefully lifted the sheet and peered under it. The very tip of Jeff's cock was just visible above the waistband of his pajamas. She touched the long bulge in his pajamas and felt the hardness of his cock. Chlöe wondered if he was dreaming of her and it was that that caused his erection. She hoped he was.

Jeff stirred. Chlöe quickly let go of the sheet and snuggled up to his side as he wakened. He turned and saw that his daughter was awake, her pale-blue eyes looking at him, twinkling. He kissed her soft lips, feeling her shudder a little.

"Morning, Chlöe."

She smiled and replied, "Morning, Daddy."

"Sleep well, honey?"

"Uh-huh. I had a really strange dream. You and I were on a rollercoaster at Six Flags, and it wouldn't stop—it just went on through where you get on and off without stopping. We were sitting in the rear, and I was naked, and people in front kept turning 'round and pointing at me."

"Wow! That is strange. Where you embarrassed at being naked?"

"No, I wasn't."

"Hmm."

"What does it mean, Daddy?"

"I've no idea, honey. Sometimes dreams don't mean anything."

"I'm hungry. Can we go to McDonald's for breakfast?"

"Sure, honey, why don't you go and take a shower and get dressed."

Chlöe kissed her father on his lips and lingered there a little longer than the last time she'd kissed him. She got off the bed and padded across the room and left. Jeff got up. He saw her panties lying on the floor, so he picked them up and sniffed the gusset. He inhaled the smell of her sex and a trace of urine. He dropped them in the clothes hamper and got into his shower.

Upstairs in her bedroom, Chlöe took off her nightshirt and lay on her bed. Her finger soon found her small nubbin, and she began to rub it. She brought herself to a quick orgasm. When she was done, she brought her finger to her nose and inhaled. She liked the smell as well as the taste as she licked her finger. She wondered if her Daddy would want to taste her. That thought caused her pussy to throb softly.

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At three in the afternoon. Jessie, Emma's friend Courtney's mother, dropped Emma off. Jeff stood talking to Jessie for a few minutes. The two of them were laughing, and they were touching each other on the arm or the shoulder as they talked. Chlöe watched them the whole time and wondered what they were talking about. Chlöe thought that Jessie was a beautiful woman with blonde hair and grey eyes. She wondered if her father would ask her out on a date. Emma had already told her sister that Jessie thought Jeff was good-looking and sexy.

"Did you have a good time at Courtney's, Emma?" Jeff asked after Jessie and Courtney had left.

"Yes, Daddy. Jessie asked about you."

"Oh yes, what did Jessie want to know?"

"If you were dating anyone."

"I hope you told her he was," Chlöe said.

Jeff gave Chlöe a strange look who quickly ran upstairs.

"What's wrong with her?" Emma asked.

"I've no idea," Jeff replied. But he was pretty sure Chlöe was being overly protective—even jealous maybe. He'd dated a couple of women since his wife's death, and Chlöe had been okay with it. She even got along with the women. But that was before the three weeks at his brother's lake house and the start of Chlöe's sexual awakening.

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The girls went to bed at eight. Jeff thought it strange since they were on summer break and there was no school the next day. Ever since dinner, the two of them had been whispering, and Jeff figured Chlöe wanted to show Emma how to masturbate. He wished he could be a fly on Emma's bedroom wall since he saw Chlöe, dressed in her nightshirt, go in there about ten minutes ago.

"Emma, do you know what masturbation is?" Chlöe asked. Her sister's answer both shocked and surprised her.

"Of course I do, silly."

"No, I mean do you know how to do it?"

Emma looked at her older sister with her head cocked to one side, and expression that said 'are you kidding me'?

"Yes, don't you?"

How could her little sister know something that she herself had just discovered? She tried to regain her composure by echoing her sister's words.

"Of course I do, silly. How did you find out how to do it?"

"Courtney showed me. Her mother showed her how to do it when she was five. Courtney showed me a week ago."

"Her mother actually showed her!"

"Uh-huh. They do it together. Sometimes her mother does it to Courtney."

Chlöe could hardly believe what her seven-year-old sister was telling her.

"You mean her mother gives her an orgasm?"

"Uh-huh. You want me to do it to you?"

The thought of her sister touching her pussy and bringing her to a climax sent a shiver of pleasure through her whole body.

"I guess," Chlöe said nervously.

"Okay, take your underpants off and lie on the bed."

Chlöe did as her sister instructed. Emma lay between her legs and parted her sister's pussy lips with the finger and thumb of her left hand.

Chlöe put her hand over her sister's and said, "If you do this, does this mean we're lesbians?"

"I didn't think so. You like boys don't you?"

"Yes, I guess."

"Then you can't be a lesbian if you like boys," Emma said with a hint of authority in her voice.

"Who told you that?"

"Courtney's mother. Now, do you want me to do this or not?" Emma said impatiently. Chlöe couldn't believe how assured her little sister was when it came to sex.

"Uh-huh."

With the forefinger her right hand, Emma began rubbing the small ridge of flesh—Chlöe's clitoral hood. Soon the small button came into view. Emma pushed the tip of her finger inside her sister's vagina causing a little gasp to escape her lips. Since her father had shown her how to masturbate, Chlöe found her orgasms were more intense if she put a finger inside her vagina imagining it was her Daddy's penis.

Standing outside Emma's bedroom door with his ear to a panel, Jeff could hear the moans of his older daughter. The thought that the two girls were lying on their backs masturbating together caused his cock to get rock hard. He went back downstairs to his bathroom, dropped his shorts and underwear and proceeded to stroke his cock. Jeff had the image of Chlöe's wide open legs and her finger diddling her button in his mind as he spurted hard into the vanity sink.

**Chapter Ten**

Three days later, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Chlöe and Emma were playing in the pool splashing water on Courtney. Jeff was sitting at the round teak table under its sizable octagonal umbrella with a bottle of Rolling Rock inside an insulated sleeve in his right hand. Jessie was sitting beside him; she too was holding a bottle of Rolling Rock inside an insulated sleeve.

"Chlöe's developing into a beautiful young woman, isn't she, Jeff?"

"Yes, she is, Jessie. But she's growing up so quickly. I had to take her to buy her first bra the other day."

"I think the same about Courtney, and yet she's only seven. It seems like yesterday that I was giving her a bath."

Jessie was quiet for a while. She was glad that Jeff had finally asked her and Courtney to come 'round for a pool party and barbecue. She thought that Jeff was a very good-looking and sexy man. It had been three years since she had been widowed, and she had dated a few guys, but none that she wanted to share a bed with. But the man sitting next to her was most definitely the kind that she would let take to his bed.

"Can I ask you a question about Chlöe?" Jessie said.

"Yes, and if I can answer, I will."

"Do you know if she has started masturbating?"

Jeff thought that it was an interesting question and whether it was it going to lead somewhere? Jessie was a gorgeous and very sexy woman. He loved her long blonde hair that at the moment was fixed in a loose ponytail at the nape of her neck with a black scrunchie. Her pale-grey eyes were accentuated by long lashes—the bottom ones lay on her cheeks. Jeff loved her nose, that Jessie thought a little too large for her face, with the little bump a third of the way down. Her full bottom lip, he thought, was eminently suckable.

The white camisole emphasized her petite breasts, the lone spaghetti straps on her tanned shoulders told him she was not wearing a bra. The two bumps of her nipples confirmed it. Her small waist flared out to slim hips that Jeff thought seemed too narrow to have given birth. Maybe she'd had a C-section he thought.

Jeff glanced at her long slender legs, and calves. The toenails of her dainty feet had recently been painted a dark green. She was a tall, willowy woman at five-eight, and he was very interested in starting to date her, but Chlöe's attitude toward her concerned him.

Jessie brought him back out of his thoughts when she said, "Do you know, Jeff?"

"Sorry, Jessie. What was it you asked me?

"I asked if you knew she has started masturbating?"

"I'm pretty sure she started recently given some of the questions she asked her Aunt Ginny."

"Eleven's a little old to begin pleasing herself," Jessie offered.

"I wouldn't know," Jeff replied.

"I started when I was five, which was the age I showed Courtney how to do it."

"You told her how to do it?"

"No, I actually showed her how to do it."

"Do all mothers do that?"

"I wouldn't know. But I think it's incumbent on mothers to let their daughter know what it's like to pleasure themselves."

As the afternoon wore on, Jeff noticed that Chlöe had become less protective of him, and was openly friendly toward Jessie. At five o'clock, Jeff was in the kitchen pulling things out of the fridge getting ready to barbecue, when Chlöe came in from the terrace. She put her arms around his chest and laid her head on his bare chest.

"Can I help, Daddy?" she said.

"No thanks, honey. I can manage but thanks for offering."

She stood there, twirling her ponytail. At length, she said, "I'm sorry, Daddy."

Jeff stopped what he was doing and looked at her. "Sorry for what, honey?"

"Acting like I did when Courtney said her mother wanted to know if you were dating anyone. I know we can't have sex yet because I'm too small. If you want to have sex with Jessie, I'm okay with that."

Jeff hugged his daughter and the word 'yet' didn't escape his notice. "I love you very much Chlöe, and no one is going to replace you in my heart—no one. Both you and Emma are very special women in my life, and I love you both so much."

Chlöe got on tiptoe, put her hands around his neck and kissed him on his mouth. They were still kissing when Jessie came into the kitchen. Neither Jeff nor Chlöe noticed her at first. Chlöe broke the kiss when Jessie spoke.

"Can I help with anything, Jeff?" she asked.

"I'm good, thanks, Jessie."

Chlöe went back outside, and Jessie gave Jeff a quizzical expression, then smiled. She too went back outside.

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With the barbecue over and the dishes consigned to the dishwasher, the three girls frolicked in the pool while Jeff and Jessie sat at the table.

"It is probably none of my business, but I couldn't help but see how Chlöe kissed you when she was in the kitchen."

"She started kissing me on my lips not long ago. Actually, I quite like kissing her."

"I think you and I may be peas in a pod, Jeff."

"What makes you say that, Jessie?"

"I too like kissing a young girl's lips. Courtney and I do it all the time."

Just then Chlöe came over and grabbed Jeff's arm.

"C'mon, Daddy, come and join us in the pool."

Jeff got up, shed his shorts and followed his daughter, but not before Jessie saw the nice bulge in his Speedos. She felt herself getting damp. She wondered if he was having sex with Chlöe. The thought he might be made her pussy tingle. The three girls ganged up on Jeff. Chlöe had held him around his waist, Emma had him by his neck and Courtney had her arms around his chest.

Under the water, Chlöe let one hand slip a little lower until she felt the bulge of his cock inside his Speedos. Her pussy tingled as she touched her Daddy's cock for the second time. It didn't feel as hard as it had that morning when she touched it through his pajamas, but it wasn't soft either.

"I felt you," Chlöe whispered. "Can I see it again tonight?"

Jeff just nodded.

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After Jessie and Courtney had left, Jeff and his two daughters sat on the sofa watching a sitcom, Chlöe to his left and Emma to his right. He had an arm around each girl's shoulder.

"Thanks for the pool party, Daddy," Emma said.

"Yes, thanks, Daddy," Chlöe added.

"You're welcome, girls."

"I like Jessie," Chlöe said at length, "I think you should go out with her."

Jeff, happy that Chlöe had warmed to the idea of him dating Jessie, thanked his daughter.

"I think I might ask her to dinner next weekend. You haven't seen Grandma and Grandpa, so maybe I'll drop you both off at their house to spend the night."

Jeff noticed Chlöe gave him a sideways glance.

With the sitcom over, Emma was the first to go to bed, as she got up and kissed Jeff on his lips.

"Night-night, Daddy," she said.

"Night, sweetheart. Don't forget to brush your teeth."

"I won't," she replied as she padded upstairs.

Five minutes later, after tucking Emma in, Jeff came back downstairs. The television was turned off, and Chlöe was nowhere to be seen. He walked into his bedroom where she was sitting on the bed. She'd removed her top and sat there with her breasts exposed wearing just her panties.

"You wanna kiss 'em, Daddy?"

Jeff closed and locked the bedroom door and approached the bed.

"Why don't you lie down, honey."

He lay on the bed beside his daughter and began kissing all around each breast in turn. Chlöe was breathing heavy as he sucked on each hard nipple. She gasped as he took her whole left breast in his mouth and sucked gently.

"I love it when you do that," she said softly.

Jeff kept sucking each breast in turn. Then Chlöe did something he didn't expect, but it thrilled the heck out of him nonetheless. She took his hand and moved it to her crotch.

"You can touch me down there if you want to," she murmured.

Jeff felt her prominent mons through the thin cotton of her white bikini-cut panties. It was soft and fleshy, and he could feel the firm pubic bone underneath. As he cupped her pantied pussy, he could feel the heat of her sex through the double gusset. He probed with his finger, feeling a damp spot where the opening to her vagina was. Hmm, he mused, my little girl's sexually aroused.

As Jeff pressed the gusset at the top where her clitoris was located, Chlöe mewled like a little kitten. He remembered the first time she had made herself cum while he looked on; his cock thickened at the recollection. As he was rubbing and pressing his daughter's nubbin through her panties, he felt a tentative hand on his cock through his shorts and underpants.

Chlöe slowly traced the outline of his now hard cock, gauging the thickness of it between a thumb and finger. Her fingers moved up the shaft and stopped at the underside of its head. Then he felt her fingers on the snap of his shorts; she pried it open then tugged at the tab of the zipper and pulled it all the way down.

She fished her hand inside his shorts and continued her examination of her father's very erect penis. With the thick cotton of his shorts out of the picture, the thin cotton of his boxers allowed a more intimate examination. Her fingers returned to the head of his cock, feeling the rim of its head. Chlöe stopped as she felt the wet spot at the very tip.

"Put your hand inside my panties, and I'll put my hand inside your underpants," she said, her shaky voice betraying her nervousness.

Jeff stopped sucking her breasts and nipples and asked, "You sure you want to do this, Chlöe?"

"Yes, Daddy," she replied again with a nervous shake to her voice.

Jeff slipped his hand under the elasticated waist of her panties, his fingers traced across the broad delta-shaped pad of her Mons de Venus and stopped at the top of her cleft. He felt the ruffle of skin just below the top—her clitoral hood. He waited for her to make her move.

He felt his daughter's hand at the waist of his boxers. She slid her hand under the waistband and immediately found the tip of his cock. With the pad of her thumb, she rubbed precum around the head. She retrieved her hand, and he heard her sniff. Then he heard a small sucking noise.

"Is this what you spurt?" Chlöe asked.

"No, it's called precum, honey. It serves to lubricate my penis to make it easier to slide into a vagina."

"Okay. So it's not baby juice that Aunt Ginny told us about?"

"That's right, honey. Baby juice as your aunt referred to it is called semen, or cum."

"Okay."

Chlöe tugged at the waist of his boxers and succeeded in pulling them down enough to free his cock. She continued her exploration of Jeff's cock. In the meanwhile, he moved his hand lower; she opened her legs to give him better access. He cupped her vulva in the palm of his hand and pressed his middle finger into her cleft. He felt her plump labia ease apart, hugging his finger. The tip of his finger touched the wet opening to her vagina, and he dallied there, waiting for permission—after all, he was keeping with his promise to himself to let his daughter set the pace.

"It's okay, Daddy, you can put your finger inside my pussy if you want." Chlöe felt her father's cock jerk as she spoke. "I put my finger in there when I masturbate."

Jeff slipped his middle finger inside his eleven-year-old daughter's vagina for the first time, and it excited him tremendously. As he probed a little deeper, he felt the small opening in her hymen. Not wanting to deflower her, he retreated gathering her moisture as he did. He moved his hand up until the tip of his finger was resting on her clit. She started to moan as he rubbed her little nubbin, feeling it get larger and harder. Chlöe had her hand around her father's cock and was squeezing it as he rubbed and pressed her clit. It didn't take long for her to climax.

"Daddy, Daddy!" she cried as her orgasm grabbed her. She was squeezing his cock almost painfully hard as her body shook and her butt jerked. Her slender thighs closed on his hand, his finger was still pressing her clit. She put her hand over his between her legs.

"Stop, Daddy, it's too much, too much!"

She opened her legs, and Jeff removed his hand and brought it to his mouth and sucked his fingers.

"God, I love the taste of your pussy, Chlöe."

"You don't think it's icky?" she replied after she had calmed some.

"Heavens no, honey."

Chlöe still had a hold of his cock. She said, "I'd seen it a few times, but I didn't think it was this big. Why didn't you put your finger all the way inside me?"

"Because if I did so, I'd tear your hymen."

"Is that what it's called. I felt it when I put my finger inside my pussy."

"Yes, honey, it's your hymen. When it's broken by a man's penis, it means you lose your virginity."

She let go of Jeff's cock, and he pulled his underwear and shorts back up.

"Time for bed, Chlöe."

"Can I ask you something?" Chlöe said.

"You know you can ask me anything, honey."

"You going to have sex with Jessie?"

"I don't know. She may not want to."

"But if she does will you?"

"Does that bother you, Chlöe? Because if it does, I don't want to make you unhappy."

"I don't mind, Daddy. I want you to be happy. Will you have sex with me when I'm ready?"

"Do you want to?"

"Yes, I do."

"I think you need to ask that yourself that question again when you're older."

"Okay."

With that, she picked up her top, kissed his lips and went upstairs to bed. Jeff went into the bathroom, and with the smell and taste of her pussy on his fingers, masturbated to a quick orgasm spurting hard into the sink.

Upstairs in her bedroom, Chlöe lay on her bed. She was happy that her Daddy had touched her pussy and made her cum. And my goodness, she had actually held his penis in her hand. She still had mixed feelings about her Daddy having sex with Jessie. She knew she was being silly, but she looked on her Daddy as hers alone. That he hadn't said no to sex with her someday served to allay her jealousy.

**Chapter Eleven**

"I'm so glad you asked me out to dinner, Jeff," Jessie said.

"And I'm glad you accepted. You're a beautiful woman, Jessie, and did you see the stares you got as the mâitre d' showed us to our table."

"Thanks, Jeff, you aren't too shabby yourself. I saw a few women checking you out."

"Who's looking after Courtney?"

"My Mom. She's always up for sitting her granddaughter."

"And who's looking after Chlöe and Emma?"

"I dropped them off at my parent's house for the night."

That arrangement wasn't lost on Jessie.

Jeff hadn't paid much attention to Jessie before. They had waved, acknowledging each other as she dropped her daughter Courtney off at his house for a sleepover, or as she stood in her open front door when he dropped Emma off at her home. But now he looked across the table at her, he could see that she was stunningly beautiful. Her blonde hair fell to her shoulder in large ringlets. She had gorgeous pale-gray eyes, a small straight nose, and full lips. As she smiled, which she did often, small creases formed at the corners of her mouth.

Tonight she was wearing a pair of cream-colored capri pants that seemed to be painted onto her body showing every delectable curve of her ass and legs. The pale-green, long sleeve blouse was unbuttoned and was tied at her waist. Underneath she wore a cream silk, vee-neck shirt. Jeff could just make out the edge of her bra cups and swells of her small breasts through the thin material. Jeff realized he had been staring at her.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to stare, Jessie but I can't get over how beautiful you are, and I can't believe some guy hasn't snapped you up."

"Thanks, Jeff. And to answer your question, there have been a few who've tried, but there was no way I was going to get serious about a guy when there was no chemistry between us."

Over cocktails and dinner, they conversed.

"Care to tell me about your husband? Courtney said there was some sort of accident."

"Yes, it was tragic. Three years ago, he was flying in a company plane to a job site in Florida. They lost radio contact, and the wreckage was found two days later in the Everglades. Apparently, there was some sort of engine failure."

"I am so sorry to hear that. I'm sure Courtney was devastated as well."

"Yes, she was. It was sort of poetic justice. You see he was having an affair with his secretary who happened to be on the same plane. I had known about it for six months, but didn't confront him with it since I wanted to try and win him back for the sake of our marriage."

"Wow, how about that. I certainly give you credit for your willingness to forgive."

"Can I ask you a rather personal question? And you don't have to answer if you don't want to."

"Go ahead," Jeff said.

"It seems to me that you and Chlöe—how shall I put it—have a very close relationship."

"What makes you think that, Jessie?"

"Call it motherly instincts and observations. I see how you and Chlöe kiss, and I see how she looks at you. I'm fairly certain that she has a big crush on you. I'll tell you about my relationship with Courtney and leave it up to you if you want to do the same."

"Okaaay," Jeff replied cautiously.

Jessie leaned a little closer and lowered her voice as she said, "I've already told you that I showed my daughter how to masturbate. What I didn't tell you is that the two of us have a sexual relationship. After I showed her how to masturbate, it developed into masturbating together. Then when she turned six, we began giving each other orgasms—fingers first—then with our tongues."

"That's interesting. So you're bisexual?"

"I wouldn't go as far to say that, but I guess I might be. Since starting to have sex with my daughter, I find myself attracted to females—particular preteens and younger teens. Don't get me wrong, I still prefer sex with a man."

"Thanks for sharing that with me. And you're right, Chlöe and I have just begun doing things. She's a shy girl by nature, but she's slowly becoming more sure of what she wants."

"How did it start?"

"A few weeks back, Chlöe, Emma and I spent a few weeks at my brother's house on the lake. I had to share a room with the girls since my younger sister had decided to turn up and claim one of the guest rooms for herself. As I was changing into my swimsuit, Chlöe came into the bedroom and saw me naked. Then later that evening as I was getting ready for bed, I didn't notice that she was watching me get undressed and into my pajamas. Then it sort of turned into a nightly ritual but only if Emma was turned away and asleep, so there was no chance she could see me."

"Did it excite you that your daughter saw your penis?"

"It did. To say that letting her see my erection was a turn-on, would be the understatement of the century."

Jessie could feel her panties get damp as Jeff told her the story. She tried to picture his erection.

"Did it progress from there?"

"Uh-huh. Chlöe told my sister-in-law that she had breast cancer of all things. She knew her mother—my wife died from breast cancer, and Chlöe had found small lumps under her nipples."

"Breast buds."

"Exactly. Anyway, she told me she had started growing breasts and asked me if I wanted to see them. Then she asked me to kiss them. Let me tell you, Jessie, the act of kissing and sucking my daughter's new breasts was incredibly arousing."

"I can't wait for Courtney to start growing hers," Jessie said smiling.

"After we got home from the lake, she would often let me see and suck them. Then she asked about masturbation. I explained what it was and her friend had told her how to do it, but she wasn't doing it right. That night when Emma was at your house for a sleepover, Chlöe asked me to show her how to find her clit. That was the first time I had seen my daughter's pussy since she was five years old."

"Did you touch it?"

"Not that night—I just told her how to find it. I witnessed what was probably the most erotic sight I had ever seen—my daughter masturbating and reaching her orgasm for the very first time."

"I know what you mean Jeff," Jessie said. "You going to have intercourse with her?"

"She wants to, but I'm not sure she's large enough for me to penetrate her without hurting her."

"You'd be surprised at how much a young girl's vagina can stretch. I can get quite a large dildo inside Courtney—not the same size as an adult penis, but there again she's only seven years old."

"Maybe we can," Jeff said as he put this hand over Jessie's.

She put her other hand over his and said, "All this talk about sex has got my panties wet. You wanna come back to my house and fool around?"

Jeff smiled, paid the check and walked to his car holding Jessie's hand.

**Chapter Twelve**

After they got to Jessie's house she led Jeff to her master suite where she went into the bathroom and closed the door. Jeff wasted no time; he got out of his clothes and lay on the bed with his head on two pillows pushed against the padded headboard. Jessie opened the bathroom door and turned out the light.

"Good God, Jessie, you've got an incredible body," Jeff said as Jessie approached the bed.

And she did. Jeff admired her petite breasts with her quarter-size dark pink areolas and largish nipples. Her waist was small and her hips narrow. The thin, crescent line of a C-section scar lay above her very prominent mons that looked like she kept bare with regular waxing. Her plump vulva with its tight slit filled the entire gap at the top of her slender thighs.

If it wasn't for her breasts and the lack of a penis, she could almost pass as a young boy. Jeff certainly had no penchant for boys, but for some unknown reason, her slender, boyish figure excited him.

"Well thanks, Jeff. I like to stay in shape."

Jessie got onto the bed and immediately took Jeff's cock in her mouth and started to suck and stroke it. For his part, Jeff was playing with her nipples that had doubled in size and were now quite prominent and begging for attention. Her areolas had also swelled and were covered in tiny goosebumps.

"Has Chlöe sucked your penis yet?"

"No, but I think she wants to. While we are at the lake, she and Emma saw my sister Ginny go down on Ginny's boyfriend and she later asked me all about it. I think it piqued her interest and you know how inquisitive pre-teens can be."

After five minutes of fellating Jeff's cock, Jessie straddled his hips and took his cock and guided it to her vagina. She moaned as she slowly lowered herself on his erection. Jeff felt her tight wet pussy gripping his shaft.

"God, you're wonderfully tight, Jesse."

"One of the bonuses of delivering by C-section instead of vaginally."

With her palms flat on Jeff's muscular chest, Jessie began to scrub back and forth, her clit dipping to kiss his shaft now covered in her creamy secretions, sending spasms of pleasure through her pussy. She had her eyes closed; her breathing started to increase, and her heart rate rose. Jeff had his hands over both of her breasts, the size of small half-lemons. He was gently massaging them; her hard nipples pressed into his palms.

"Oh gawd, Jeff, this feels so fucking good. I love the way your cock fills me up."

Jessie continued fucking Jeff with quicker and quicker curls of her hips. She was panting hard now as she neared the cusp of her orgasm. Then it crashed into her. She stopped moving her hips, dropped to his chest and began to shake and jerk, Jeff had her firm, petite buttocks in his hands, feeling them jerk. Jessie's orgasm lasted a good ninety seconds before it started to wane.

"God, that was a good one, Jeff," Jessie said after she had calmed. "You want to cum inside me or shall I finish you off with my mouth?"

"I want to be on top if you don't mind."

Jessie lifted off his cock that immediately slapped back onto his stomach. It was coated with her creamy lubrication. She lay on her back with her knees bent and her legs alongside her chest. Jeff sat on his heels, his cock resting on her bare mons, which swelled up from her tummy like a small knoll between bony hips. Her swollen red labia were parted revealing her clitoral hood and the thin inner labia. The red opening to her vagina lay at the bottom above where her cheeks were pressed together.

"Go ahead, Jeff, put that beautiful cock of yours inside me."

She was so petite, her vulva almost looked as small as Chlöe's. Chlöe's, being immature, lacked the larger inner labia that adorned Jessie's. Jeff positioned the head of his cock against the small red opening and pushed. Her cream lubricated his entrance, and he slid inside her tight sheath, bumping her end.

"Gawd yes," she cried as his cock head hit her cervix.

She draped her long slender legs over his shoulders as he plumbed her depth, bumping her cervix hard.

"That's it, fuck me, let me have it!"

Jeff thought that she was the most vocal partner he'd ever had, and he liked it. He started thrusting in and out of her, slow outward strokes, then plunging back into her.

"Harder, Jeff, c'mon fuck me harder!" she cried.

Soon Jeff was slamming into her as hard as he'd ever fucked a woman; his balls slapped her cheeks as he did so. He could feel his orgasm getting near—building in his groin.

"I'm close Jessie," he moaned.

"Let me have it. Fill my pussy with your cum, baby!"

As the first spurt of his cum hit Jessie's cervix, she climaxed again. She had her hands on his butt, pulling him deep. As he looked down at her slender body underneath him, the thought hit him that for all intents and purposes, he could be fucking his daughter Chlöe.

Five minutes later, as they both came down from their post-orgasmic highs, they lay comfortably in each other's arms.

Jessie was the first to speak when she said, "You want to spend the night?"

"I had hoped you'd say that. It's been a while since I spent the night in bed with a woman. But what about Courtney? Chlöe is a little protective at the moment, and I wouldn't want her to tell Chlöe that I spent the night."

"You don't have to worry about Courtney, she knows how to keep a secret."

Jeff and Jessie made love two more times that night, the last at three-thirty in the morning. Jeff rolled off Jessie, his heart beating out of his chest and sweat covering his neck and chest.

"You're killing me, Jessie," he said and laughed.

Jessie, also panting hard and with the second load of his cum—albeit it a small load—inside her, the first having been expelled into the toilet bowl replied, "Sorry, Jeff, but I absolutely love having sex with you."

Jessie grabbed a clean pair of panties off the nightstand and pulled them on. Jeff lay beside her, his sweat evaporating, cooling his skin. He turned to his side and pulled her to him, spooning her back. He kissed her shoulder and then her neck then promptly fell asleep.

**Chapter Thirteen**

Jeff was the first to awake. The first rays of light slowly illuminated the bedroom where Jessie lay on her side with the covers pushed down to her knees. Jeff was lying on his back, the covers just covering the tops of his thighs and his scrotum. A pair of pale-blue eyes were focused on his morning erection that lay on his stomach.

Courtney, Jessie's seven-year-old daughter, was lying on her front between Jeff and her mother; her head was held up by her cupped hands; knees bent, feet slowly scissoring. Jeff slowly opened his eyes and looked at her. It didn't register at first that his penis was exposed and erect. Then it did, and he quickly pulled the covers up to his waist.

"Morning, Jeff," Courtney said.

"Morning, Courtney," Jeff replied through a yawn.

"Is it always big like that in the morning?"

"I don't think we should be having this kind of conversation, honey."

"Is it because I'm too young?"

Jeff didn't quite know what to say. "No, that's not it."

"Has Emma seen it, 'cause I know Chlöe has? Emma told me."

Just at that moment, Jessie, who was half awake and had been listening to the conversation, intervened.

"Courtney, you shouldn't be in here, and certainly not asking those kinds of questions."

"Sorry, Mommy. You told me to ask questions if I wanted to find out something."

"I guess I did, didn't I? But not with company present. Now go back to your room as Jeff, and I have to talk."

"You gonna have sex again?"

"Courtney!!"

"Okaaay, Mommy. Sorry."

With that, she jumped off the bed and left the bedroom. "Sorry about that Jeff."

"That's okay, Jessie. Courtney's a beautiful little girl."

"She is, and so is Emma. I know Emma and Chlöe have sex with each other. When Emma comes for a sleepover, they have sex. I've seen it, and it's a wonderful sight to see two seven-year-olds pleasuring each other."

"I'd love to see them as well. Maybe on their next sleepover at my house."

"Would it bother you if I joined the girls?"

"No, it wouldn't, Jessie. I know you would never abuse my daughter."

"Thanks, Jeff."

"What did you want to talk about when you told Courtney to go back to her room?"

"I didn't," she said as she pulled the covers down and lowered her mouth over Jeff's morning woody.

**Chapter Fourteen**

Jeff picked his daughters up from his parents' house at eleven o'clock. Chlöe was quiet on the drive home. When they got there, Chlöe immediately went to her room without saying a word.

"She's been like that ever since you dropped us off at Grandma's and Grandpa's house," Emma said.

"I'll go talk to her," Jeff said. He went upstairs and knocked on Chlöe's bedroom door. "Can I come in, honey?"

"Uh-huh." Was the quiet response.

Jeff opened the door and went inside, closing it behind him. Chlöe sat stoically on her bed. Jeff sat down beside her and put his arm around her shoulder. She snuggled up to his chest.

"Sorry, Daddy. I couldn't help it. I know you spent the night with Jessie."

"But I thought you said you were okay with me having sex with Jessie."

"I know I did. But I lay in bed last night, and I couldn't get the idea out of my head of you and her having sex. I know I'm being silly."

Jeff kissed his daughter on her lips. "Look, Chlöe. If it upsets you, then I won't see her again. Your happiness is more important to me than sleeping with another woman."

Chlöe pondered Jeff's offer for a few moments. "No, Daddy, it's okay. I'm being selfish. I'll get over it."

"I love you very, very much, honey. Look, to make up for it you want to come to my bedroom tonight after Emma's gone to bed?"

Chlöe's face lit up. "Can we . . . you know do things?"

"If that's what you want, honey."

"Can I hold your penis, and will you make me feel good like you did last time?"

"Of course I will."

Chlöe flung her arms around her father's neck and kissed his lips. This time Jeff kissed her back, and as he opened his mouth and his tongue probed against her lips, her mouth opened. For the first time, father and daughter French kissed. At first, Chlöe was a little uncertain what to do. But she soon followed her father's lead. As they kissed, Jeff squeezed Chlöe's breast through her tee-shirt. Then he slid his hand under the shirt and pushed her training bra up, exposing her breasts.

"Just a minute, honey," he said.

He went to the bedroom door and locked it. Chlöe was busy removing her clothes as he returned to the bed. Her shirt and bra were already off and lying on the floor. She stood, unsnapped and unzipped her jeans and they joined the rest of her clothes on the floor. She started to remove her red, bikini-cut satin panties when Jeff stopped her.

"Lie on the bed, honey," he instructed.

Jeff sat on his haunches and put his fingers inside the waistband of her panties and drew them down. Chlöe lifted her butt allowing him to remove them. He sniffed the crotch before throwing them on top of her other clothes, smelling floral soap mixed in with the distinctive smell of her sex. He parted her legs and lay between them with his face mere inches away from her pussy.

"What are you going to do, Daddy?" she asked. She was confused as to what her father was doing with his head between her legs.

Jeff didn't answer his daughter. He parted her plump labia, exposing the bright pink folds of her vulva with its clitoral hood. The first touch of the tip of his tongue on her clit caused her to gasp loudly and her butt to jerk. After a half minute of licking, he teased her clit out of its protective hood. She gasped loudly again as he kissed her whole pussy. Chlöe was purring like a kitten as Jeff kissed, licked and sucked her small clit. After a few minutes, he brought her to her climax.

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy!" she cried as her orgasm washed over her. Her legs closed on his ears as he continued to excite her clit. Finally, after a full minute of shudders and jerks ravaging her body, she began to calm. The final tremors of her orgasm vanished; she released his head. He kissed her; she could taste her own juices on his lips.

"That was amazing," she said at last.

"I thought you'd like it. Now get dressed, it's time for lunch."

**Chapter Fifteen**

Emma was in bed by nine o'clock that evening. Jeff and Chlöe showered together, with Chlöe paying close attention to cleaning her father's cock since she had a surprise for him, and she hoped she didn't disappoint him. After drying off and climbing into Jeff's king-size bed, Chlöe took his cock in her hand and squeezed it. As she rubbed it, it soon got hard, and to Jeff's surprise and excitement she kissed its bulbous head. He moaned as at first, he felt her hot breath and then her soft lips on his cockhead.

"My God, Chlöe, I didn't think you were going to do that."

"Why do you think I washed your penis so good, Daddy?" She grinned with a cute smile.

Chlöe continued to suck his cockhead. Then when she lowered her head even further and took it into her mouth. He flinched and let out an 'ouch' as her teeth rasped across his very sensitive frenulum.

"Sorry, what did I do wrong?"

"The underside of my penis is very sensitive. Use your tongue to cover your bottom teeth."

"Like this, Daddy?" Chlöe said as she put her tongue part-way out of her mouth.

"That's right honey. And while your sucking Daddy's penis, put your fingers around my shaft and move your hand up and down."

Chlöe did as instructed. "Like this?"

"Yes, honey just like that."

After a few minutes and some more coaxing and instructions from Jeff, Chlöe was giving her father some really decent head. Jeff wondered if his daughter would let him cum in her mouth or pull off at the last minute like she had seen her Aunt Ginny do?

"You remember when you watched your Aunt Ginny sucking her boyfriend's penis, and what happened?"

Chlöe stopped sucking his cockhead and replied, "Uh-huh, he spurted his—what did you say it was . . ?"

"Semen or as most people call it—cum."

"Yeah, that's right. He spurted his cum," she replied and went back to fellating him.

Jeff decided to find out what her intentions were. "You know what, Chlöe? Watching you suck my penis, reminds me of how much your mother used to like doing that. She loved to let me cum in her mouth and swallow it."

She took his cock out of her mouth again. "I've never seen you spurt. Can I watch this time and then next time you can cum in my mouth."

Chlöe felt her father's penis spasm. "I felt that," she said.

"That's because what you just said excited me. Go ahead and watch me cum this time. I'll let you know when I'm going to spurt."

She lowered her head some more until the tip of Jeff's cock touched the back of her throat. Jeff saw that she had managed to get around three inches of his shaft into her mouth. She withdrew, leaving the head inside her mouth and continued sucking and stroking; Jeff could see her cheeks indent as she did so. After five minutes, he felt his orgasm rising from his bowels and spreading throughout his groin area. Thirty seconds later, his scrotum drew up tight.

"I'm cumming baby, and don't stop stroking me as I spurt," he said.

Chlöe lifted her head from his cock and continued stroking his shaft. She felt the shaft swell as the first rope of his pearly white cum spurted out of the end a good twelve inches into the air. As it splashed down onto Chlöe's fist, a second rope spurted. Chlöe watched, wide-eyed in amazement as her father's semen erupted from his penis. When he was done, her hand and wrist were covered in the viscous, pearly-white liquid. She let go of his cock and went to the bathroom where she washed her hands but not before tasting a little of his semen.

She brought a damp washcloth with her when she returned to the bedroom and proceeded to clean Jeff's cock and crotch. When she was done, she dropped the cloth on the floor and snuggled up to his side.

"That was a lot of cum, Daddy," she said. "I tasted some in the bathroom, and I liked it. It was a little salty, but I think I can swallow it next time. Will you make me cum now?"

"Sure, honey. Why don't you sit on my face?"

"Huh?" Her nosed wrinkled cutely. "Sit on your face?"

"Well not literally. Straddle my face with your knees and let me lick your pussy."

"Okay, that sounds like fun." She giggled.

Chlöe straddled her father's head with her hands on his shoulders, her open pussy inches from his mouth. Jeff raised his head a little and proceeded to suck and lick his eleven-year-old daughter's pussy. He could feel her body trembling as he worked her clitoris out of its hood. It sat there like a small pearl, the cowl its shell.

As he sucked nipped and licked Chlöe's small clit, his fingers moved in circles around her small breasts that had grown some since she had discovered them while at his brother's lake house.

Jeff could feel Chlöe's body start to jerk and tremble as her orgasm gathered strength. Then she cried out, "Gawd, Daddy!" as she climaxed. She ground her pussy into his chin, pressing her clit into his lips as her orgasm consumed her. Jeff held her breasts in his hands as she jerked and moaned. Her orgasm raged for another minute and then began to ebb. Chlöe climbed off him and lay by his side. Jeff put his arm around her and pulled her close.

"I love you, honey," he said.

"I love you too, Daddy," Chlöe replied. "Thanks, that was amazing."

**Chapter Sixteen**

The sight of Chlöe's new-found breasts pushing against the thin cotton of her undershirt caused frequent adjustments of Jeff's cock either inside his shorts or chinos. Since returning from the lake, Emma had started to notice the tell-tale bulges of his frequent erections. She had remarked to her older sister, that "Daddy's got another stiffy."

Chlöe's breasts were now the size of plums, she took great pride in walking around their house in nothing but a plain white cotton undershirt that came to her hips and a pair of panties. Since discovering her breasts, she eschewed the full-cut variety for either bikini-cut or the boyshort style. Also, Jeff noticed that she no longer wore tee shirts with Disney characters printed on them. It seemed that with breasts, Chlöe decided she wasn't a little girl anymore.

When Emma came into his bedroom one morning while he was still asleep, and saw the long bulge in the sheet, she lay there, head propped up on both hands, knees bent waiting for her father to wake up.

"But Chlöe's seen it, Daddy," Emma pleaded as Jeff refused to let her pull the covers down. A tug-of-war over the sheet ensued that Jeff allowed Emma to win. Her eyes got big as she saw his naked penis with its foreskin drawn back.

"It's so big, Daddy," Emma said. Jeff lay there wondering if his younger daughter would let him do things with her that he had been doing with her sister. He didn't resist when she wrapped her small hands around its shaft, her thumb not reaching her fingertip. When she was satisfied she had seen enough, she let go of it and ran out of the bedroom.

She ran to Chlöe's room and jumped on her bed. "I've touched Daddy's penis," she said to her sister.

"When?" Chlöe asked.

"Just now. It's big isn't it?"

"I know," Chlöe said. Both girls giggled.

Jeff now had to contend with two girls who took great delight in teasing him. Even though Emma was only seven years old, she copied her older sister parading around the house in nothing but a pair of panties. She would examine herself every morning to see if she had begun to develop breasts like her older sister, and every morning she would sigh when she couldn't feel any budding breasts. Chlöe told her that Jeff had brought her to orgasm with his tongue.

"With his tongue? Isn't that icky?" Emma said.

No, Emma, he likes to do it. Haven't you tasted your pussy juices?"

"No, I haven't. I thought it would taste nasty."

"It's not. Next time you masturbate, taste it."

"Okay, if you say so," Emma said warily.

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Two weeks went by, and both girls were back in school. On weekends Jeff, Chlöe, and Emma would skinny-dip in the pool. Emma had begun to pester Jeff to let her sleep with him. Jeff had a quiet word with Chlöe.

"Emma wants to sleep with me, Chlöe. What do you think I should do? Does she know what we do?"

Chlöe, happy that her father had asked her opinion replied, "I think she knows we do stuff together because she asks me what we do when I sleep with you, but I haven't told her what. I've tried to get her to lick my pussy and make me orgasm like you do, but she thinks it would be icky. I told her to taste her own juices. She did, and she said it wasn't like what she thought it would be."

"So you and Emma are having sex?" Jeff asked. Chlöe didn't know he had listened to her and her sister bringing each other to orgasm.

"Uh-huh," Chlöe replied. "Is it okay with you?"

"Of course it is, honey. It's good that you can experience sex with a girl."

"You going to go out on another date with Jessie?" Chlöe asked tentatively.

"I don't know, Chlöe. I don't want you to be upset about it."

"Can we . . . you know . . . try to have sex? I mean, I'll be twelve soon."

"You sure about this, sweetheart?"

"Yes, Daddy, I am."

"I'm not sure your pussy's big enough."

"I've been using the handle of my hairbrush, and it's quite large."

Jeff chuckled.

"What's funny?" Chlöe asked.

"Sorry, Chlöe, I wasn't laughing at you. It's just that hairbrush handles seem to spend more time inside girls' pussies than in their hands brushing their hair."

Chlöe giggled and said, "I guess you're right. So, can we at least try?"

"Okay, I'll arrange for Emma to have a sleepover at Courtney's house next weekend."

Chlöe's face lit up with a big smile. She said, "Thanks, Daddy."

**Chapter Seventeen**

Jeff stopped by to drop Emma off and talk to Jessie since he hadn't spoken to her since they slept together after their first date. Chlöe stayed in the car.

"Sorry I haven't called or texted you, Jessie," Jeff said after Emma and Courtney headed upstairs to Courtney's room.

"That's okay, Jeff. But I did wonder why. Has it got something to do with Chlöe?"

"Yes, she's jealous that's all. She knows she's being a bit silly over the whole thing."

"Girls of her age can get the craziest notions. I remember when I was eleven. I had a big crush on my uncle, and every time I saw my aunt kissing him, I was seething inside. What are you going to do since I really want to see you again."

"I don't know yet. She wants to have intercourse. I think she was more jealous that you and I were having sex and she and I aren't."

Jessie put her arms around Jeff's neck and kissed him. "Good luck, Jeff; let me know how you get on. I'll take care of Emma."

When Jeff got back in the car, Chlöe leaned over and kissed him. "I can't believe I'm going out on a date with my Daddy," she said.

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Jeff took Chlöe to an intimate French Bistro, and throughout the whole meal, she played footsie with him and gave him a lot of her shy smiles as he told her in a whisper what they were going to do later. Back home, they went to Jeff's suite, got undressed and into the shower. Jeff was thankful for the tankless water heater he had a plumber install since they dallied for a while. They washed each other with Chlöe paying a lot of attention to his cock and him to her pussy and growing breasts.

After drying off, they got onto his bed. They kissed for the longest time, fervor building, passion climbing, expectation magnifying. Jeff broke their intense French kiss and went to work on her pussy with his tongue. It didn't take long for him to coax her clit out to its shell. Slowly Jeff brought his nearly twelve-year-old daughter, his little girl, who was soon to give him the precious gift of her virginity, to a very intense orgasm. Chlöe had Jeff's head in her hands pulling his face into her pussy, grinding her clitoris into his chin, as her orgasm grabbed her and shook her. Her orgasm lasted for more than a minute. When she finally started to calm, she released his head, and he lay beside her with his arm around her shoulders.

She snuggled up to him and after a few minutes said, "I love you very much, Daddy. I think I'm ready."

Jeff kissed her. "I love you too, honey, and thank you," he said.

"What for, Daddy?"

"For giving me the precious gift of your virginity."

Jeff sat on his haunches between her legs. He had placed a towel under her since he didn't know if she would bleed or not and he knew that he would fill her with his cum. His cockhead lay on her prominent bare mons. It looked way too big to penetrate her; it filled the entire width of her vulva. Jeff was glad he had purchased some lubricating gel. Lifting her legs up to bend her knees and open her legs wider, her plump pussy lips opened up revealing her thin, still-developing inner lips surrounding her clit.

Just before her buttocks pressed together by the bed, Jeff saw the seemingly too small red opening of her vagina. He trembled with excitement as he contemplated the most heinous of incestuous acts he was about to commit with his eleven-year-old daughter. Grabbing the tube of gel off the nightstand, Jeff squeezed a sizable glob onto the head of his cock. With the shaft between his thumb and finger, he pressed the head at her opening.

Chlöe shuddered. "That's cold," she said.

With the head of his cock position at the small opening to her vagina, Jeff pressed down on it with his thumb. The small ring of skin resisted any forward movement. He pressed a little harder and heard Chlöe wince.

"Sorry, honey," Jeff said. "Am I hurting you too much?"

"It's okay, Daddy," Chlöe replied and bit down on a knuckle.

Jeff looked down at his cockhead pushing aside her plump engorged labia and the tight ring of skin that surrounded its very tip. He pushed some more but was not making much headway. He resigned himself to the fact that the only way he was going to penetrate her was to tear through her hymen. With a single thrust, his cockhead entered Chlöe's vagina and tore through her hymen.

"Ouch, ouch, ouch that hurt!" Chlöe said.

"Sorry, baby. I had no choice. I'm sorry I hurt you."

"S'kay, Daddy," Chlöe replied. "The pain's going away now. Just let me rest for a bit."

"Okay, honey."

Jeff looked down and saw a little blood mixed with lubricating gel around the crown of his cock where it was being gripped by the tight ring of skin like a rubber band. Jeff was thankful he had put a towel on the bed. He just stayed there for a few minutes, not moving, allowing Chlöe to adjust to having a penis inside her for the first time.

"You okay, honey?" Jeff asked after a few minutes had gone by.

"Uh-huh," Chlöe replied. "The pain has completely gone away, and I feel really stuffed."

Chlöe put her hand between her legs and felt the shaft of his cock and the ring of skin around its head. "Wow!" she said. "You really stretched me. Did I bleed? Aunt Ginny said girls normally bleed when their hymen's torn."

"Just a little, that's all. You ready for me to make love to you or are you too sore?"

"No, I'm okay, Daddy," Chlöe replied. "Go ahead."

Jeff slowly started pushing into her, millimeter by millimeter. It took all of five minutes to get most of his six inches inside her. It was an incredible feeling; it was like being tightly gripped by a silk sleeve. As he withdrew almost all the way out and pushed back in. Chlöe gasped with pleasure.

"Gawd it feels so good to have your cock inside me. I can't believe how big you feel. I feel really, really stuffed, and my pussy is stretched more than I thought it could."

"Has all the pain gone away?" Jeff asked.

"Yes, it's all gone. Aunt Ginny said it would hurt at first but wouldn't last long."

Slowly, ever so slowly Jeff made love to his daughter. At one point she pulled him down on top of her. With his cock buried inside her, she felt so tiny under him as he pressed her body into the mattress. He could feel Chlöe's body begin to jerk and tremble as her orgasm spawned, grew and finally took hold.

"Oh, Daddy," she cried as she dropped into her second orgasm of the evening. Her first orgasm was intense, but this was more so. It was as if she was having an epileptic fit, her body shook so much. She had her arms around his neck and was pulling him into her as if she wanted to pull him inside of her. Finally, after over a minute of shaking, she began to calm. After another minute she released her grip on him and he raised back up.

"Gawd, that was incredible, Daddy. It felt as if I was going to pass out it was so intense."

"I'm glad, honey. I'm going to cum inside you now."

"Will I feel you spurt?"

"I don't know, sweetheart," Jeff replied. "Tell me if you do."

Jeff began slow in and out thrusts. He only pulled halfway out and then all the way back in, bumping her cervix.

"Ooo, that feels weird," Chlöe said after he'd bumped her end a few times. "Feels kinda nice though."

"That's your cervix; it's the end of your vagina and the start of your womb."

"I'm not sure what that means, but it feels good," Chlöe said.

Jeff carried on bumping her cervix as he slowly thrust into her. He could feel his orgasm rising, spreading warmth throughout his groin. He was so aroused from finally making love to his eleven-year-old daughter that he knew he was going to spurt a lot. Jeff thrust a little faster, bumping her rubbery end. Then he felt his cock swell. He buried himself deep inside his daughter's pussy as the first spurt of his semen hit her cervix. Spurt after spurt after spurt flooded Chlöe's womb with his teeming fluid.

"I felt you spurting inside me," Chlöe said after Jeff had come down off an incredible orgasmic high.

Jeff's rapidly softening cock slipped out of Chlöe's pussy followed by a stream of his cum tinged red with her blood. He climbed over her leg and lay on his side next to her. Chlöe wadded up the towel between her legs as he had instructed her after placing it on the bed and telling her what it was for.

"Did I bleed much?" Chlöe asked.

"Just a little," Jeff replied. "Why don't you go to the bathroom and clean up. Put the pair of panties on that I left out for you." Jeff had borrowed a pad from Jessie and had put it inside a pair of Chlöe's panties since he knew she would leak during the night.

"Okay, Daddy," Chlöe replied and kissed him.

She came back a few minutes later and snuggled up to his side. "How do you feel, honey?" Jeff asked.

"Sore, but good. We finally did it, Daddy."

"We did, sweetheart."

Chlöe was quiet for a while, and Jeff could sense she was thinking about something. She finally spoke.

"You know, I don't mind it if you have sex with Jessie. I don't feel any jealousy since we're now having sex together."

"You sure, Chlöe?"

"Yes, Daddy." She was quiet for a while, then said, "Could I join the two of you?"

That last comment really surprised the shit out of him. "Really?"

"Yes, really. I've been talking to Courtney and she says sex with her mom is really great. I love having sex with Emma, but Courtney says her mom is more experienced. And I don't think I would be jealous."

"Well, if that's what you want. I'll arrange with Jessie to take Emma and Courtney to her mother's house for the night."

Chlöe leaned over and kissed him. "Thanks, Daddy," she said. "I love you very, very much."

"I love you too, sugar," Jeff replied and kissed her on her lips.

**Chapter Eighteen**

Jeff called Jessie the next morning. "You'll never guess what Chlöe wants to do, Jessie," Jeff said when Jessie answered the call.

"No, what does she want, Jeff?"

"Well, we had intercourse last night, and as we lay in bed, Chlöe said that it was okay for you and me to have sex again since I was now having sex with her. She then asked if she could join us."

"Wow," Jessie replied. "I hope you said yes since I've wanted to have sex with her since I first met her. She's one sexy little girl. How is she this morning—sore?"

"Yes, she is. I ran a bath for her. Can you arrange for your mother to look after Emma and Courtney this coming Friday night? I'll take you and Chlöe out to dinner."

"I'm sure Mom will love to look after the two of them. God, I can't wait, Jeff. It's going to be a night to remember. And I'm going to return the favor if you will, by letting you join Courtney and me. Of course, she's still too young for intercourse, but there are lots of ways we can still have fun, and she can see first-hand what it's like for a man and a woman to have sex."

"We're a perverted pair, aren't we?" Jeff said.

"We are, but our girls love it."

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Friday evening couldn't roll 'round soon enough for Jessie. She picked up Emma and dropped her and Courtney off at her mother's house and she Chlöe and Jeff went to dinner. Chlöe kept looking at Jessie opposite, throughout dinner and kept putting her hand on Jeff's thigh. When they got back to Jeff's house, Chlöe immediately went to the master suite and got undressed. By the time Jeff and Jessie got there, Chlöe was completely nude and was lying on the bed with her legs spread and a big smile on her face.

"C'mon you guys," Chlöe said, "get naked."

Jessie couldn't tear her eyes away from Chlöe's body as she got undressed. She was naked before Jeff, so she got onto the bed next to Chlöe, put her arm around her and began kissing her. By the time Jeff got undressed and onto the bed opposite Jesse, Jesse and Chlöe were French kissing. Jessie had Chlöe's small breast in the palm of her hand and was squeezing it gently. Chlöe was doing the same with Jessie's larger breast.

Jeff lay there stroking his cock watching the incredible sight of his eleven-year-old daughter and his lover making out. Jessie and Chlöe broke their kiss, panting hard. Jessie shuffled down the bed and got between Chlöe's open legs. She looked over at Jeff who was slowly stroking his cock and smiled, then proceeded to suck, kiss and lick Chlöe's pussy. Jeff could hardly believe he was having a ménage à trois with two beautiful women—one of whom was his eleven-year-old daughter.

Jessie slowly brought Chlöe to her orgasm, and Jeff knew it wouldn't be her last of the evening. As Chlöe climaxed, Jessie, with Chlöe's creamy secretion on her lips, smiled at Jeff. With Chlöe in the throes of her orgasm, Jessie moved next to Jeff and lifted his cock off his stomach and lowered her mouth over it. As Chlöe opened her eyes, she saw Jessie giving head to her father and smiled. She leaned her head in close and Jessie offered Jeff's cock to her.

"You want to suck your Daddy's cock, honey?" Jessie asked.

Without saying a word, Chlöe took Jeff's cock from Jessie and began to suck it. Jessie looked on, enjoying the sight of Chlöe fellating her father. She hoped that her own daughter, Courtney, would do the same for Jeff when they made love to him. The thought that someday, Jeff would take Courtney's virginity while she watched caused a nice tingle in her pussy. She leaned in and took each of Jeff's testicles into her mouth in turn and sucked them gently.

"My goodness, girls, I think I've died and gone to heaven," Jeff murmured as his daughter licked from the root of his cock to its tip.

When Jessie said, "Why don't you straddle him, Chlöe and I'll help put his cock inside you." Jeff groaned with pleasure.

Chlöe straddled Jeff's hips, hovering over his cock that lay flat on his stomach. Jessie grasped it and raised it up and, looking between Chlöe's legs, positioned its head at the base of her cleft.

"Okay, honey," Jessie said, "lower yourself onto your Daddy's cock."

Jessie held Chlöe's outer labia apart as Chlöe lowered herself, feeling the large head of her father's cock slowly penetrate her. She winced a little as she took the head inside her. It hurt a little but nowhere as bad as when he penetrated her for the first time.

As Jessie sucked on Chlöe's nipples, making them harden, and her areolas puff up, Chlöe moved back and forth a little, letting her clit dip and kiss his wet shaft. After just a minute she climaxed again. She dropped to his chest, and he held her exquisite buttocks in his hands as he felt her body jerk and shake.

Jeff looked over at Jessie who had three fingers of one hand inside her pussy fucking herself while she diddled her clit with the finger of her other hand. He counted himself one very fortunate guy. He heard Jessie climax, moaning and crying out.

"Oh my gawd, oh my gawd, oh my gawd!"

Chlöe's orgasm passed, and she lifted up and got off Jeff; his still hard cock slapped back down onto his stomach. Jessie, now calmed, climbed on top of Jeff taking Chlöe's place. With his cock now fully ensconced inside her snug pussy, she began to make love to him while Chlöe lay beside her father with her arm over his chest.

It didn't take Jessie long to climax. She dropped on top of Jeff, and her whole body went taut like a violin string. Jeff held her firm buttocks in his hands as her orgasm took hold and began to shake her entire body. This went on for several minutes as Jeff held her. Then her orgasm began to wane and released its grip on her. After another few minutes, Jessie had calmed; she pushed back up and smiled at Jeff and Chlöe.

"Wow! That was a good one," she said.

Feeling Jeff's hard cock inside her, Jessie began to make love to it. He was so aroused at having made love to Jessie and his daughter that it didn't take long for his orgasm to find him.

"Oh, God, Jessie!" he cried as he felt his cock swell. He began thrusting into Jessie's pussy as he spurted his seed inside her. His orgasm was over too soon, and he collapsed back onto the bed as Chlöe hugged and kissed him. He lay there panting hard until his breathing slowed. Jessie lifted up, cupped her pussy and got off the bed.

"Daddy?" Chlöe said after Jessie had gone into the bathroom.

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"It would be really, really nice if we could all live together."

"Yes it would, wouldn't it, honey."

Epilogue

Jeff and Jessie were out to dinner one Friday evening three months later. Chlöe, now twelve years old, was acting as a sitter for Courtney and Emma, although Jeff had his suspicions that the three of them would probably end up in one of the girls' queen-size beds.

"I want to run something by you, Jessie," Jeff said.

"Sure, I'd love to hear what you have in mind," Jessie replied.

"You know I love you very much and I absolutely adore Courtney."

Jessie put her hand over Jeff's and said, "And we both love you and Chlöe and Emma."

"What do you think about us building a custom home and moving in together?"

Jessie thought for a moment, then said, "I think that's a great idea. Funny thing is, I've had the same thoughts for a while now, but didn't say anything because I didn't want to pressure you."

"After we move into our new home, we can sell our houses and pay off the construction loan. We would then be debt free."

"I'm all for it, Jeff. Can Courtney and I be involved in the design?"

"Of course you can. And you know what? I've been watching those shows on television where they have those amazing pools with waterfalls and grottos and such. I'm sure the girls would love that."

"Now that sounds like fun," Jessie said.

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The design phase turned out great, with everyone having a say. The final design had Jessie's and Jeff's master suite on the ground floor, a large bedroom with an en-suite bathroom for each of the girls upstairs in one wing and a further three guest bedrooms with en-suites in a separate wing also upstairs. Construction took eighteen months, and at last, on the first day of school summer break, they were finally settled in.

So, with Jessie and her ten-year-old daughter Courtney, Jeff and his two girls, fourteen-year-old Chlöe and ten-year-old Emma moved into their brand new five thousand square foot architect designed home, they became one big happy family. If the neighbors in the upscale neighborhood knew what went on behind closed doors, they would be horrified, and Jeff was sure the authorities would be called in. The backyard was very private with a large lagoon-like pool with grottos, waterfalls, and slides and was their usual hangout on weekends. Everyone was naked of course, except when they had guests.

Chlöe had almost completed puberty and had sexy curves in all the right places. Their last foray into Victoria's Secret had outfitted her with all new lingerie. Her breasts were the epitome of perkiness and were a nice handful since she now wore a thirty-two B-cup bra. Jeff loved to watch her run and jump into the pool. Her firm tits would only move a little, and her buttocks would move in sexy counterpoint.

Courtney and Emma were inseparable; Jeff was amazed at how remarkable both girls' breasts were, so young and budding. Emma was glad that she finally had boobs and could now wear a bra. Courtney was maybe six months ahead of Emma in the development department. Both girls had been bugging Jessie to talk to Jeff about taking their virginity. He had agreed but only after they turned eleven.

"This is great," Chlöe said as she swam up to where Jeff was standing in chest deep water in one of the grottos. The salt water felt a whole lot better than chlorine. Courtney and Emma were using the water slide, and Jessie was lying on one of the six chaise lounges. Of course, everyone was naked.

"It is isn't it," Jeff replied. "You want to fool around?"

"Of course, I always want to fool around when I'm naked with you."

Chlöe put her arms around his neck and lifted herself up and locked her ankles behind his back. She slowly eased herself down onto his erection until it was buried deep inside her.

"God, I love it when you surprise me with these quickies," he said as Chlöe started to curl her pussy up at him.

"I can't help it, Dad. I can't seem to get enough of you. When can I have your baby?"

"When you graduate from high school."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Chlöe continued making love to her father, raising and lowering herself on his cock. It was the first time they had had sex in the pool, and it felt a whole lot different than lying down in bed. It almost felt like they were having sex in public.

"Cumming, Dad!" Chlöe cried as she stopped moving and clung to him as tight as she could. He held her two firm buttocks in his hands as she shook and jerked for a good minute. When she was finished she lifted up and swam away toward where Jessie was lying on the chaise.

"Hey, how about me," Jeff shouted after her.

"If you can catch me, I'll finish you in my mouth," Chlöe shouted back.

Jeff was a much more powerful swimmer and soon caught up with her. They got out of the pool, and he lay on a chaise next to Jessie. Chlöe went to work sucking his cock while fondling his balls.

Jessie looked over at the two of them and said, "I saw the two of you making out in the grotto. I guess you christened the pool."

"It was Chlöe's idea," Jeff murmured as Chlöe was quickly bringing him to orgasm.

"Oh, God, Chlöe!" Jeff cried as he felt his cock swell and explode in Chlöe's mouth. Chlöe swallowed every drop and then wiped her lips with the palm of her hand.

"You feel better now, Dad?" she said.

"God yes," Jeff replied.

"We are one degenerate family," Jessie said nodding to one of the three waterfalls where Courtney and Emma were lying on a chaise.

Chlöe and Jeff looked over and saw Courtney lying on her back with her legs spread. Emma was lying between her legs eating out her pussy.

"Yeah," Jeff replied. "But we're one, big, happy degenerate family."