**A Vacation in the Woods**

by Art Martin

We had been both working hard to make our business venture a successful venture. Anyone who has done a startup from scratch knows just how difficult this can be with the low cash flow, unreliable vendors, high rent, unsympathetic customers, and no time to spare.

For me it was stroke of good luck in hooking up Clyde, as he proved to be an absolute genius when it came to creative product development. I had the cash and business experience and he had the raw intellectual talent. Of the two, he is the more valuable to the business. Without him, there wouldn’t have been a business.

Now Clyde, with all his brainpower is a lousy businessman and couldn’t manage a lemonade stand, much less an honest-to-god high-tech business like we had. Still, he is absolutely irreplaceable, whereas truth be told, I am totally expendable… he could have joined up with any of a number of competent small businessmen with a little venture capital, but I got lucky and found him before he found someone else.

The rest as they say, is history. The business is flourishing. Eighteen hours days were cut back to twelve with a half day on Saturdays, and now it’s back down to a more reasonable ten hours on most days. As our business has grown, our debt has also grown, as we do our very best to keep up with demand and provide the best services possible. On paper everything looks smashing, but as both Clyde and I knew, if he were somehow incapacitated, the business would fold within days. Like I said, he is a creative genius and the entire reason the company existed. Without him, there is no business.

Working with Clyde everyday, I thought I knew him pretty well. He seemed to be a normal guy in every way. He wasn’t particularly handsome, but not down right ugly either. Medium height, medium build, brown hair, brown eyes, just a normal average looking guy. Okay, he rode a Harley to work, had a couple or three tattoos… an earring and was downright scruffy looking. In point of fact he looked liked he should be working in biker shop, but he really is a genius about certain things and has some ambition.

Like me he is divorced and has no life outside of work that I know of. We’ve had a few beers after shutting down every so often, a few times we’ve caught a baseball game, and a few times we’ve hit a tittie bar to celebrate some victory. Just regular guy stuff.

From all the pictures in his “office”, I knew he had a kid, cute girl named Cassie in her early teens. I only saw her once for a few minutes during some Saturday crisis; she was a little thing, maybe five foot two inches and looked awfully young… too young to have the tits she had. Clyde really didn’t talk too much about her at work either, but he seemed to be a diligent father. He only came in every other Saturday because of his weekend visitation schedule with Cassie, and he didn’t work Wednesday evenings either for the same reason.

Fortunately for me, I got rid of my cheating slut of a wife before she came up preggo, so I didn’t have a kid. Nothing against kids, mind you, but I didn’t have that responsibility. You’d think that that alone should have freed me up considerably, but alas, like a lot of single guys, for the most part my sex life seems to be centered around my hand. It’s not that I’m celibate, I just don’t have the time to devote to hustling pussy.

Which brings me to the vacation… In as much as there wasn’t any reason to have the doors open if Clyde wasn’t there, we decided to shut down completely for two weeks to get in some fishing. My dad had a buddy who owned a cabin in Arkansas on a private lake. I had been there a few years back, fishing with my dad. The cabin was great and was perfectly suitable for a couple of guys on a “working vacation” where we could relax, do a little fishing, have a little fun and brainstorm without the everyday pressures of daily business. My dad talked to his friend and as his friend had other plans, he agreed to let me use the cabin for two weeks in June.

It is a nice cabin, set in the rugged Ozark hills on a private lake. It’s very rustic in appearance, but comes with all the modern conveniences. It has a bedroom downstairs and another sleeping area in the loft. Equipped with a full bath with a walk-in shower, a full kitchen, a screened porch and spa out on the back deck, it is very comfortable indeed. Best of all, there isn’t another cabin in sight. There are other cabins on the lake, but they are all well out of sight and out of mind. There is a dock for tying up a boat and the water is clean, clear and deep enough to permit swimming.

Plans were made and everything was all set. I really needed a break and was looking forward to decompressing. All of our clients had been notified that we would be closed and out of touch for the two weeks in June. Two days before we are set to close shop, Clyde comes up and tells me, “Ron, I got a problem.”

“Okay? What?”

“Cassie. I’ve got to take Cassie for two weeks this summer. Would it be a problem if she came along?”

I’m sure I had a stunned expression on my face. Why didn’t he say something earlier, like when we first planned this thing two fucking months ago? We could’ve closed for the two weeks and gone our separate ways. He could’ve taken Cassie wherever he wanted, Disneyworld, whatever, and I could have gone to some nudist beach in Spain for the two weeks and at least get an eyeful! Now he tells me that we’re taking a kid along!

“She won’t be any trouble… I promise,” he contritely continued. “She’s a good kid and she listens well. She’s not a snotty nosed brat… not like a lot of kids her age.”

“Uhhhh, well…” What could I say? “Uh, shit… I guess,” I stammered, seething inside for being put in this situation. “Yeah, bring her along. We’ve got plenty of room.”

No sooner were the words out of my mouth than I could already hear the nonstop pissing and moaning, “I’m bored! There’s nothing to do here! I’m bored! Why did we have to come to this stupid place? I’m bored! I wanna go home! I’m bored. There’s nothing to do. I’m bored!” So much for decompressing. My much needed vacation hadn’t even started and already it promised to be a disaster.

At the appointed time, I was at his apartment with my Suburban loaded down with fishing rods, life vests, booze, food, beer, more food, more booze, as well as my clothes and towing my dad’s aluminum john-boat behind. By that time I had calmed down, rationalized the situation and actually convinced myself that we were going to have a good time.

Clyde came out with a single backpack and with Cassie in tow. Clyde managed a smile, but she appeared to be half asleep. She was dressed in an oversized black Harley-Davidson t-shirt with the arms cut out and wearing pink flip-flops. With her hair a mess and her makeup smeared, she looked like she’d had a hard night. Without saying a word, she crawled in the back seat, lay down and went back to sleep. With her arm lifted over her head to block the sun, I caught a tantalizing glimpse of half a tit through the large hole where the arms of the t-shirt once were; and the way the shirt rode up her hip... Jesus!

I was expecting Clyde to go back and get more stuff, but the single knapsack was all he had for himself and his daughter for the two weeks in the woods. Whatever.

We had barely gotten started when Clyde insisted we stop for coffee at a Quickee-Go. I pulled into the lot and Clyde hopped out and ran inside. Me, I took the opportunity to check out Cassie sprawled out unconscious in the backseat. I know I shouldn’t have ogled the kid, but hell, I couldn’t help but to take a look. Besides, despite my boner, I really couldn’t see anything. One thing was certain though, she was definitely braless and from the amount of hip showing, it didn’t appear that she had panties on either. I craned my neck to get a better look, but all too soon her father was back with two black coffees and bag of greasy sausage rolls.

By the time we hit the main highway, Clyde had taken maybe three sips of his coffee before he was asleep. I made the entire four-hour drive to the cabin without anyone to converse with. Thank god for talk radio! At least I didn’t have to endure four hours of, “Are we there yet? When are going to get there? I need to go to bathroom. Are we there yet?”

When I turned off the main road and onto a gravel road, both Clyde and his daughter seemed to come to life again. “Where are we?” I heard her groggily ask.

“We’re almost there, sweetie,” her father replied with a yawn. “I guess.”

“Okay, but where are we?”

“We’re going to a cabin in the woods for a few days with Mr. Ron.”

Wearily she replied, “Oh, okay,” accepting what her father told her. I thought, ‘He didn’t tell her we were headed out for the sticks?’ Apparently not. He’d just hustled her off. Surprise!

As we got closer and closer to the cabin, the road got worse and worse and both my companions were wide awake. Every time we hit a particularly rough patch of road, Cassie started screaming followed by her laughter. The road was in such poor condition, that what should’ve been a half-hour ride from the main road, stretched into well over an hour. It didn’t help that I missed a critical turn and had to back track. Later rather than sooner, I managed to find the place. We lurched to a final stop. It was just as I remembered it… isolated.

“Is this it? Are we staying here?” she asked.

‘Here it comes,’ I thought. I answered, “Yes, this is the place.”

To my surprise she gushed, “Cool!” and then launched herself from the car. Immediately she ran to the dock and then ran to the cabin. “I’ve gotta go!” she declared trying her best to get through the still locked cabin door.

I unlocked the door and she rushed in. Getting a whiff of the hot stale air inside she declared, “Pew whew!”

Clyde and I started hauling in the supplies and airing out the joint. Cassie bolts from the bathroom and declares, “The toilet won’t work!” I explained that the cabin hadn’t been used this year and that I needed to turn the water on. She frowned skeptically and grunted, “Oh,” her expression making it plain to me that she didn’t believe me. She wrinkled her nose at the funky odors still lingering in the cabin and then dashed off outside and back to the dock.

A few minutes later she was back inside. “Daddy! Daddy! Can I go swimming?”

I was about to say that we first needed to unload and the get the water turned on, but her dad interjected, “In a minute, Cassie. Why don’t you go get your new swimming suit on? And do something with your hair!”

“Where’s our stuff?”

“In the knapsack and still in the car.”

“Can you go get…”

“No, Cassie. Ron and I are busy. You do it,” Clyde replied evenly. She put on a pouty face and then headed for the car. “Kids,” remarked Clyde to me with a snort.

While Clyde unloaded the booze and groceries from the truck and boat, I went out to the pump house to get the water on. I had instructions on how to prime the pump if necessary and was very glad to see the pump kick in flawlessly. Returning to the cabin, I grabbed another case of beer and went inside to get everything stowed away properly. I was moving some frozen meat from an ice chest to the freezer when Cassie came out the bathroom in a Day-Glo orange bikini and carrying their knapsack. I noticed right away the belly piercing. With her hair combed out, she looked pretty cute.

“Daddy, where should I put our things,” she asked.

In return Clyde asked me, “How about it, Ron?”

“Well, there’s the downstairs bedroom and there’s the loft,” I began.

“Can we have the loft?” Cassie asked hopefully.

“Sure, fine with me,” I replied glad that I wouldn’t be the one who had to trudge up and down the stairs.

She turned to run up the stairs and when she did, I nearly had a heart attack. The flash of her bare buttocks demonstrated that she was wearing a thong bikini! Damn!

I gawked at her exposed backside as she bound up the stairs like a gazelle. A moment later, she was charging back down and headed outside with a towel in hand. Clyde called out to her, “Don’t go in the water by yourself, Cassie!”

As she disappeared towards the dock, I turned to her father and remarked, “Kind of skimpy.”

Clyde grinned and replied, “Yeah, skimpy.”

I couldn’t believe his attitude. His teenaged daughter was parading around nearly nude and he was grinning. I guess he saw the incredulous expression on my face, because he quickly added, “You want me to tell her to put something else on?”

Of course I didn’t! But still… Well, if he didn’t mind and she didn’t mind, I sure as hell wasn’t going to mind either. “That’s up to you Clyde,” I replied. “You’re her father.”

He nodded and with a wink commented, “No harm in looking, eh?” and went back to his task of loading up the fridge with brews... Subject settled.

It was hard for me to concentrate on putting away groceries with a 96% naked girl just outside, but I stuck to it. Soon she wasn’t the only one stripped down as there was something wrong with the A/C and it was quite warm inside the cabin. We were both sweating and had stripped off our shirts. I shouldn’t have been surprised, but Clyde had a few more than just the three tattoos I had seen. He was covered with them.

With the last of the food and booze put away, Clyde asked me if there were anything else that needed to get done. “I just need to clear the water lines, get the hot water heater on and flush all the antifreeze from the drains,” I replied. “I also needed to look into the A/C.”

“Need my help?” he asked.

“No, I’ve got it.”

“Okay, I need to make sure Cassie put on sunscreen. Otherwise she’s gonna get blistered.” He headed to the loft and a few moments later he was coming back down with a tube of sunscreen in hand.

With the water pressured up, it was no big deal to clear the water lines and flush out the drains. Once the hot water heater was full, I lit the pilot light and got that going. My last task was to check out the A/C.

Going outside I caught sight of Clyde and Cassie down on the dock. She was laid out face down and Clyde was rubbing sunscreen into her. He had apparently started with her legs and worked his way up. He was doing her back. I couldn’t help wonder if he’d done her butt too. I watched and waited, but she turned over. I couldn’t see much of her, mostly Clyde’s tattooed back and her legs.

With no good show to watch, I found some spare time-delay fuses. Soon I was greeted to the reassuring hum of the compressor running. By this time he’d finished her front and was working her feet. He stood up and started back towards the cabin. I saw Cassie sit up and begin fastening her top. Damn! Did he do her tits too? I couldn’t be sure as I wasn’t watching, but damn, it sure looked that way. Son of a bitch!

Clyde immediately headed to the ice chest with the cold beer in it and extracted two cans. He popped one and offered it to me, then he popped the other for himself. Taking a swig, he said, “Cassie wants to know when we’re going for a boat ride.”

“Well, we just need to go launch the boat.”

“Where?”

“Just up the road a bit. Not far. It’s not a very big lake.”

Ten minutes later we were bouncing back down the road to the launch. I was a little out of practice, but on the third try, I managed to get the boat and trailer in the water rather than in the weeds. Clyde volunteered to take the truck and empty trailer back to the cabin. Cassie declared that she wanted to ride in the boat.

I looked around to see if anyone was nearby, but it was pretty deserted around there. Good thing because they would have not only gotten an eyeful of Cassie’s young butt, but she would have been the subject of much talk and gossip. She took up the middle seat and I took up the rear with a great view of her rear. Moments later to the soft whir of the electric trolling motor, we were on our way.

“Is this as fast as it goes?” she asked turning in her seat.

“I’m afraid so, sweetie. This is a small lake and outboard motors are prohibited due to the gasoline and the noise.”

“Okay,” she replied accepting my explanation. She was enjoying the peaceful ride and so was I, especially when she bent over to pick something up off the floor. Damn! What a fine and inviting ass! Kid or not, it took every once of will power I had not to jump up and fuck her right on the spot! I did the next best thing, by rubbing my aching hard-on through my pants. Before we found the dock, I had made a mess in my cargo shorts!

Clyde was waiting for us on the dock when we pulled in. Not waiting for me to tie up, he jumped into the water. Cassie deftly went over the side without swamping the boat to join her dad in the cool water. It was blessing because I didn’t need to stand up and display the big wet spot while I got up to get cleaned up and changed. I simply kicked off my sandals and joined the swimming party. The water felt great! Best part of was that while Clyde and Cassie horsed around, I had the opportunity to open my fly and rinse out the cum in my shorts.

Soon I was joining in the fun and surreptitiously copping a feel every now and then. How could I not? The water was a little too deep for her stand on the bottom, so she had to keep swimming. Cassie would to latch onto my neck to rest and I would support her as best I could without slipping off into deeper water where I couldn’t stand. Generally that meant holding her up by the butt. Cassie didn’t seem to notice whenever my hand moved a little or accidently found a tit. It was indeed great fun. After thirty minutes or so, everyone but me was ready to call it quits for a while.

Of course having her out of the water and exhibiting that cute butt of hers wasn’t such a bad time either. Still, I couldn’t very well feel her up with her father standing close by. He didn’t mind showing her off, and letting me get a good look, but looking and touching are two different things. Like he said, “No harm in looking.”

From what I’d seen already, I was fairly sure that he wouldn’t mind. But then again, I wasn’t really sure of what I saw, or what I thought I saw when he was putting the sunscreen on. Good chance it was all innocent, a father taking care of his daughter. Best to err on the side of caution, as I can’t imagine a quicker way to ruin our business relationship forever that to have him take exception to whatever overt advances I might make towards her. She was after all, his daughter. I guess I could have taken him aside and directly asked, “Before I do something and piss you off, Clyde, would you take exception to me getting a little tittie pie?” For some reason I didn’t think that’d fly and so I chose to remain at arms length with Cassie.

Her bikini took on a most interesting new look when fresh out the water. What little fabric there was to the minimalist bikini, stuck to her skin and molded into her every curve. She was too young to be all that well developed in the tit department, but she had a nice handful without any to spare, so she wasn’t falling out of the top as much as I would have liked. What she lacked in volume, she made up for with her nipples… big nipples for such a little girl. Nipples that were clearly outlined by the clinging orange fabric. Christ, she has some nipples! Also the darkening of the fabric let it be known that she had dark brown nipples.

It was much too nice of a day to go inside and hide, so we hung out on the screened porch to enjoy the serenity of our natural surroundings without feeding the horseflies that had discovered our presence. Clyde and I naturally got into the beer again while Cassie had an orange soda. While Cassie sat on a small footstool, Clyde combed and brushed out her hair.

I was only three feet away and couldn’t help but stare. Sitting on the low stool with her feet flat on the floor made her sit with her legs splayed open. There in plain sight, her thong had ridden up and disappeared into her cuntal slit. The display of her bare camel toe was simply breathtaking. Getting an almost unobstructed view of the smooth lips of her vulva, I was hard as rock once again.

She seemed not to notice where my eyes kept going and just let her dad get the tangles out. Dad, on the other hand, knew exactly what I was looking at. He then made it a point to lean over her shoulder and look down her bikini top. I don’t know if he could see anything or not, but he acted as if he could, raising his eyebrows like Groucho Marx used to do and grinning from ear to ear, and then wagging his tongue in the air in a lewd manner.

I nearly died when he stood up and like a schoolboy prank, fished his hard pecker from his shorts and held it over her head so that she couldn’t see it. She began to turn her head to see what he was up to, but he quickly put himself away before she saw that his cock was out. He sat again, and pretending nothing untoward had happened, resumed combing her wet hair while continuing to steal peeks down her top.

Satisfied with the condition of her brown hair, she got up and announced that she going to take a nap. Longingly I watched as her delectable butt disappeared inside. Clyde and I had another beer and then headed to the john-boat to try our hand at fishing, but before I did, I had to get some relief. I went into my room to whip the lizard and got off in record time.

The fishing turned out to be great. About every three or four casts near the shore produced a small-mouth bass. Very quickly we got very particular about the size of the fish we kept, throwing back a number of very handsome specimens and just keeping the true lunkers. Had we been in a fishing tournament, we would have kicked ass! As it was, it was the single best day of bass fishing I had ever experienced.

We both hated to give it up, but decided that we had been gone long enough, and headed back to camp. On the dock I used an electric knife to filet the eight fish we kept. That night we had a fish fry. Both Cassie and Clyde thought my fish was best they’d ever had. I just admit, I can fry up a mess of fish and there’s nothing better to start with than fresh caught bass. My hush puppies were a hit too. We decided to hit the water again at first light.

The only downside was that Cassie had put on her black Harley-Davidson nightshirt over her bikini, effectively ending the show for today. I consoled myself with the knowledge that tomorrow was another day.

That night, we all hit the sack early. Thoughts of Cassie prancing about in that thong filled my mind with all sorts of salacious images, images that encouraged me to stroke myself slowly, savoring riding the cusp and endlessly protracting my pleasure. Then I heard it… a soft, “creeech, creeech, creeech.” I listened to determine the source and figure out what it might be. “Creeech, creeech, creeech, creeech, creeech, creeech.” It was coming from above, up in the loft. “Creeech, creeech, creeech.”

“Holy fuck!” I exclaimed as I realized the true nature of the sound. “He’s fucking her! By god, he’s fucking her!” That did it for my careful self-control. I blasted a wad that shot up to my neck.

“Creeech, creeech, creeech, creeech, creeech,” it went on endlessly. Then it stopped. I listened hard. A minute or so passed and started again, “Creeech, creeech, creeech, creeech, creeech.” I looked over at the digital clock, the red glowing numbers indicated that it had been going on for ten minutes since I first heard it. “Creeech, creeech, creeech, creeech, creeech.” Despite having cum three times that day already, my flagging hard-on revived as the soft sounds of what I took to be incestuous fornication drifted down to my ears. “Creeech, creeech, creeech, creeech, creeech.” For the next forty minutes the rhythmic sounds continued, interrupted every so often by a minute or so of silence before resuming.

I could only guess that the pauses indicated a change of position. Sometimes the sounds were louder, and sometimes the pace was faster. Finally the sounds were both louder and faster. A faint, “Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,” joined the creeching sounds. Then the sounds abruptly ended and silence descended over the little cabin in the woods, leaving me wondering and endlessly abusing myself.

Finally I convinced myself that maybe I had it all wrong, but twenty minutes later the sounds began again. Slipping out of my bed, I silently went out into the main room of the cabin. The sounds continued. They were definitely coming from the loft. Silently I crept up the stairs to get a peek and maybe debunk my basest thoughts.

Near the top of the landing and peering cautiously over the landing lest I be discovered, I saw in the moonlight what I had imagined downstairs. Christ! Clyde was indeed fucking her! His bare buttocks rose and fell between the hiked legs of his daughter. He paused and the sounds naturally quit until he was repositioned behind her and resumed fucking her. I watched for several minutes before they broke apart and reformed in another position, this time with Cassie on top in a reverse-cowboy. As soon as she mounted him, I ducked for cover and crept back down the stairs to room.

‘Clyde’s fucks his own daughter,’ I kept saying to myself over and over in the dark while holding my poor pecker. ‘The bastard is fucking Cassie. What should I do? What should I say? Encouraging a little exhibitionism is one thing, but actually fucking her… Whoa! What have I got myself into?’ I fretted over this quandary into the night. About 1 AM I heard the “Creeech, creeech, creeech, creeech, creeech,” begin again. “Holy smokes!” I whispered into my dark room.

I don’t know how long the third round took, as I must’ve dozed off. The next thing I knew, the alarm clock was buzzing. It was time to go fishing. I pulled myself out of the sack and shut the damned alarm off. Then I remembered… what I heard and seen during the night. What on earth was I going to do? I certainly couldn’t report him to the police. If I lost Clyde to jail, I would lose everything I had sunk into the business. Talk to him? What could I say? ‘I heard you fucking your daughter last night?’ I don’t think so. I wished I could just go back to bed and forget about the whole thing.

Putting a brave face forward, I slipped on my clothes and went out into the kitchen to turn on the coffee pot. I wasn’t trying to be quiet, but I wasn’t clanging things together either. While the pot began to brew, I walked over to stair landing. I was about to call out for Clyde to get up, but I heard whispering. “Hmmm, fuck….Hmmmm, yeah baby, hmmmm. That’s feels so good baby. Hmmmm.” And heard wet smacking noises. “Hmmmm. Suck it, baby.” Shit, he was getting a blowjob! I listened for a minute or so, trying to think of what I should do, if anything. “Hmmmmm… Oh, fuck yeah…”

My cock was hard once again and demanding attention. I could either jack off right here on the spot while listening to the sounds of the illicit sex act taking place a mere few feet away or I could…

“Hey, Clyde!” I called out. “Hurry up, up there! It’s time to go!”

“Uh, yeah, Ron,” he called down. “Be down in a minute.”

I snickered to myself for busting his balls like that. Serves him right.

Five minutes later, he trudged down the stairs, dressed to go fishing. How long does it take to slip on shorts, a t-shirt and flip flops? He grabbed a cup of coffee and a Danish and we were gone.

The early dawn light revealed an overcast sky. Silently we motored away from the dock and began working the shoreline like we had done yesterday evening. Compared to yesterday afternoon, the fishing was slow. Despite the slow pace, neither of us said much of anything, but I knew I had to say something.

Still there was the question of how to broach the delicate question of what to do about the 600 pound gorilla in the room. Ignore the incestuous sex with his under-aged daughter? Unwittingly I had allowed myself to be a part of it, a fact that didn’t sit well with me.

First with the near nudity games of yesterday, and now I was facilitating his overtly open sex with her by allowing it. I had already decided that I couldn’t turn him in as it would be my financial ruin. What could I do? Finally I decided to just plunge in and get it over with.

“Clyde, I heard you last night and then again this morning.”

“Do I snore that loud?”

“I’m not talking about snoring. I’m talking about you… you and Cassie.”

“Oh? What did you hear?”

“Last night it was the bed creaking upstairs. This morning… Sounded like you were having sex with her. Were you?” Clyde was stonily silent. “For Christ’s sake, man, she’s your daughter.”

“I know, I know,” he said in a near whisper. “It’s complicated and…”

“Complicated? Fucking her is complicated?”

“Hey, if it makes you feel any better, Ron, I didn’t start it. Honest, I didn’t start any of it.”

“Cassie started it?”

“Yes and no… Look, it’s really no big deal, man. Cassie likes it and I like it. Its just sex.”

“Just sex? She’s a minor! She’s your daughter!”

“I know, I know… Like I said, I didn’t start it. What can I say? The girl loves to fuck!”

I sat there staring at him incredulously.

“Look,” he said, “right after Wanda and I split, Wanda hooked up and moved in with a guy who had a couple of boys a few years older than Cassie. Every afternoon when they all got home from school, she and the boys played doctor. They played doctor a lot, from what I understand, and included some other boys as well. Then Wanda’s boyfriend caught them. Well, he showed the budding doctors how to use their thermometers and take her temperature rectally. Eventually Wanda found out and moved in with another guy, who just so happened to be a friend of the first guy. Wasn’t long before they were both fucking Cassie regularly along with their beer buddies.

“Then I finally got the court to enforce my visitation rights. That first night, Cassie crawled in bed with me. I always sleep nude and pretended to be asleep. Cassie found my cock and started playing with me. Soon she was going down on me. The rest, as they say, is history. I didn’t start it, Ron. But… I didn’t stop it either.

“I admit it. I fuck her. I fuck her every chance I get! And why not? Wanda’s boyfriends all fuck her. Wanda just looks the other way. Cassie loves a stiff cock doing her, so why shouldn’t I? Just because I’m her old man? One other thing… she not as young as she looks.”

“Just how old is she? Thirteen?”

“No, fourteen, I think. Maybe she’s fifteen… No matter, that’s old enough in this state.”

I tried to recall just what was the age of consent in Arkansas, but before I had a chance to sort it out he began again. “Look, it’s really none of your fucking business, pal.” The sudden hard edge in his voice took me by complete surprise. “But I’ll tell you this… I have her ass for two whole weeks. I plan on fucking her three times a day at a minimum. If you’ve got a problem with that, then take us back home and I’ll see you in a few weeks.”

Clyde left me no room for any rebuff, no matter how gentle. I also had no doubts that if I did take them home, I wouldn’t see Clyde in two weeks or four weeks. He’d be gone and I’d be left holding a bag of shit.

The wind suddenly began to gust and soon thereafter, it had started to rain. There was a rumble or two from old Thor and it began raining harder. It only took one close lightening strike to really get our attention. Our retreat back to the cabin was painfully slow with the electric trolling motor, while the lightening flashed around us and the rain got heavier and heavier. Back at the dock, it slackened up considerably. Still we were drenched to the core, but luckily no worse off for the experience. But to make matters a little more trying, the ground had become quite muddy and by the time we made it to the porch our shoes were a disaster.

Clyde immediately kicked off his flip-flops and stripped off his dripping wet shirt. “No need to track all this mud in,” Clyde remarked sensibly. I agreed and shed my shoes and shirt, only to discover that Clyde had shed his shorts and skivvies as well.

“Are you going inside like that?” I asked while wondering to myself why anyone would get his butt tattooed.

“Why not? It’s not like Cassie’s never seen me naked.” He wiped the mud from his feet and ankles with his wet shirt and then strode into house.

I followed behind still in my wet shorts. Immediately I was hit with the aroma of bacon frying. Cassie was at the stove cooking us breakfast, dressed in her oversized black Harley-Davidson t-shirt. Clyde took her in his arms and hugged her from behind. Looked to me like he had two handfuls of tit.

“Breakfast will be ready in a minute,” she announced. “Daddy, you and Mr. Ron go take your seats. I just need to scramble the eggs.”

I excused myself to go change into some dry clothes. Returning with a dry shirt and shorts, I saw that Cassie had the table set and was dividing up the scrambled eggs between the three of us. She directed me to sit next to her dad at the square table, while she took the seat next to me and opposite her father.

First thing I noticed was that Clyde was still sans pants. It was obvious that he had little regard for my sensibilities, so I ignored him as best I could. (Turns out he didn’t have any dry shorts available to him.) As we ate the breakfast so thoughtfully prepared for us, I felt a foot rubbing up against my foot. I looked up at Cassie and she gave me a devilish grin as she continued playing footsie with me. It was decidedly difficult to ignore the foot rubbing up my leg. The game was interrupted when Clyde asked Cassie to freshen up our coffee.

As Cassie stood at the corner of the table between her father and me, pouring us a fresh cup of coffee, Clyde brazenly ran his hand up under the hem of her t-shirt and began rubbing her ass. Watching my reaction, he slowly lifted the hem of the shirt until he had her bare buns exposed.

“Nice butt, eh?” he asked with that toothy grin of his. “You were practically salivating all day yesterday looking at this fine ass. Now admit it, Ron, you really liked seeing her tight ass.” His brazen behavior had me speechless, but the growing cock in my pants answered his question. He nuzzled his face into her crotch and then pulling away commented, “I love the aroma of sweet pussy. Don’t you, Ron?” I didn’t answer, but just blinked in disbelief.

“Turn around, Cassie, so Mr. Ron can see that pretty pussy of yours.” Cassie turned while Clyde held up the hem of her shirt to expose her. Without prompting she spread her legs apart so that I could get a better view. I must admit, from six inches away, it was a very pretty pussy, hairless and as smooth as a baby’s behind. The lips were flanged opened, glistening with sexual juices. Erect and throbbing slowing with desire, her clit was poking inviting from between her swollen lips. It was evident from her arousal that she’d just been fucked… while I was changing into dry clothes.

I glanced up to see if she was distressed by being exhibited in this manner. She smiled sweetly at me and began to slowly rotate her hips. If she were embarrassed, she didn’t show it. It was during this lewd encounter that I subconsciously crossed the line. No longer was it a question of if I would fuck her, but merely when.

“Look sweetie, you’ve got Mr. Ron all excited.” Excited? I was as hard as I think I’d ever been in my life.

“Mr. Ron wants to see your titties, baby,” said her lecherous daddy as he pulled the t-shirt over her head and discarded it on the floor. “What do think, Ron? Aren’t those the most suckable nipples you ever laid eyes upon?”

Her nipples were indeed a sight to behold. Yesterday I was treated to mere alluring glimpses, but now they were fully revealed to me. Her brown aureoles were like rounded puffy cones capping the mounds of her white tit flesh. On top forming the summits projected a pair of fat nipples. Suckable? I’d never seen anything more suckable in my life.

I was snapped back to reality when Clyde swatted her butt and told her to, “Clean up the dishes, baby. Mr. Ron and I have a few things to discuss.” She set about clearing the table in the buff, my eyes glued to her every move, my dick throbbing and aching in my shorts. In some ways it promised to be another day, like yesterday, with my cock painfully hard almost every minute, except that today held the promise of primal release.

Clyde suggested that we go sit on the sofa and get out of the way while she took care of the dishes. While I gawked at her, Clyde continued to tempt me. “How do you like her best, Ron? In that t-shirt, in her little bikini or just completely natural?... Me, I like her bare, completely bare… What’cha say we just keep her naked the rest of the two weeks?”

“Bet you’d like to touch her,” he continued. “You want to touch her, don’t you, Ron? Run your hands all over her. Feel those young titties and suck on those sweet, meaty nipples. You do, don’t you, Ron? It’s okay by me if you do. Be fun to watch… It’ll be okay with her too. What do you say?”

I have no idea how long it took her to wash the dishes, but I watched her every move, soaking up every glimpse at her nudity. Suddenly she was standing before me. I was engrossed in studying the curves of her tits and the inviting slit between her legs when her father handed me a bottle of lotion saying, “It’s raining and not much else to do, but uh… play games. Want to play some games, Ron?” I nodded as if in a trance.

“Ron, Cassie’s skin is kind of dry. For our first game, would you like to rub her down with some lotion, or do you want me to do it?”

Games? I was up in more than one way to play games. I already had the bottle of lotion in my hands and with an invitation like that, I squirted a big glob onto my hands, and warmed it up. Cassie helpfully sat on my knee so I wouldn’t have to reach. I went straight for her tits, lubing them both up at the same time and rubbing the lotion into her already silky skin. I didn’t ignore her shoulder or arms, but I did spend an inordinate amount of time doing her tits. The feel of her nipple and tit sliding across my hand was divine.

The way she was sitting with her knees together and all, prevented me from getting to her pussy, but I did manage to get all of the topside of her thighs, calves and feet. Then she stood with her back to me. I started at her shoulders and worked my way down her back, slathering on more and more lotion as I went.

Upon reaching her delectable ass, I took almost as much time with each glorious globe as I did with her tits. Boldly I penetrated between her ass checks to rub lotion into her anus. I was rewarded by a gyration of her hips, grinding herself against my hand as I probed and explored.

I made quick work of the backside of her legs and quickly returned to toy with her ass, but she had other ideas. She sat in my lap and sprawled out, her hands over her head and caressing my head while I continued to feel her up.

One lotion-laden hand was rubbing a tit, while the other lotion-laden hand found it’s way between her open legs. While her pervert father watched grinning and sipping a morning beer, I mauled his little girl’s tits and began to finger fuck her, alternating vaginal penetration with massaging her clit.

Moaning in pleasure, she ground her ass into my hard cock. Her moaning increased as her pleasure built towards an orgasm. I felt her body begin to tremble and she tried to close her legs, but I locked my ankles with hers and held her wide open. “Oh, gawd!!!!” she moaned as the body tremors of a good cum seized her. Her orgasm lasted a good two minutes, before she pleaded with me to stop. As much as I didn’t want to stop, I did. Her body went limp and with my newly freed hand, I soon had two handfuls of teen tit.

While she coasted down, I held her and waited to see what was next. I looked over at Clyde and saw him slowly stroking his cock. I had no illusions, in a few moments she going to get fucked. If not by me, then by her father. Hell, why not by me?

I moved her up a little and began unzipping my shorts. She slid off onto the floor and then turned to assist me. I watched as she pulled my shorts and drawers off and cast them aside. Then kneeling before me, she took my drooling cock in her dainty hand.

“You have a nice cock, Mr. Ron,” she said gently stroking me. “It so big. I love big cocks.” Then with her eyes locked onto mine she dipped her head and mouthed my glans. I nearly came right on the spot. Then she licked down my cock stalk and lapped at my ball sack, giving me a chance to calm down just a little. The crisis passed and she was nibbling her way back up my dick. Her sensuous mouth once again engulfed the broad head of my cock and lashed it with her velvet tongue. Each stroke brought her lips further down my thick shaft. I in turn, encouraged her with my hands while her father encouraged her with his words.

“Suck him, Cassie. Suck his dick, like a good little whore. Show him what a good cocksucker you are, baby. Suck his dick, baby.”

While Cassie labored away sucking and licking, her father moved in behind and lifted her hips. I was expecting him to skewer her, but instead his head dipped down and disappeared between her ass checks. Clyde’s head began moving in circles as he noisily lapped at her backside.

Cassie obviously liked that because she started moaning around my dick. I was just about to blow again, when she pulled off my cock and laid her head in my lap to enjoy her father’s oral assault.

Suddenly Clyde’s head popped up. “Suck him, Cassie. Suck his dick.” Cassie’s mouth surrounded my cock once again as her father positioned his cock for penetration. She moaned again around my cock as her father slid into her young pussy from behind. Soon he was pounding into her, causing her buttocks to quiver and shake with the repeating thudding impacts of his groin against her.

She began to squeal in salacious delight as her father continued to plunge in and out of her young and experienced cunt. Once again I was brought to the brink when she suddenly pulled off my dick. “Ah, ah, ah, ah,” she grunted in time with her father’s pleasuring strokes. “Ooooohh! Ooooohh! Ooooohh!” her cries became louder. “Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck me! Ooooohh! Ooooohh! Oh yesssss, Daddy, yesssss! Ah, ah, ah, ooooooooooo, yes! Ah, ah, ahhhhhhhhh!” Swallowing my dick once again her cries muted into “Mmmmphh! Mmmmphh! Mmmmphh! Mmmmmmmmmmphh!” Then she began to shudder in my lap as her father continued screwing her. “Mmmmphh! Mmmmphh! Mmmmphh!”

“Oh yeah, slut baby! Squeeze my dick! Milk it, baby, milk it!" Clyde threw back his head and began to jerk about as well. “Ahhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhhh!” he grunted as he launched his sperm into his little girl’s spasmodic cunt.

I too was now past the point of no return. My prostate had been fully charged and with a joyful groan I let loose a hot flume of cum deep into her voraciously sucking mouth, my body jerking as each rope of ejaculate was pumped down her throat. My orgasm seemed to last an exceptionally long time until at last the final pleasurable twinges were but a memory.

Clyde rocked back and with a loud sucking “plop!” he pulled his semi-erect cock from his daughter’s pussy. We all pretty much remained motionless for several minutes, each basking in the afterglow of a good cum.

The lethargic impasse ended when Clyde swatted his daughter’s butt. Her head popped up and she swung around. A long strand of cum hung from the head of Clyde’s still oozing cock. Greedily she lapped it up and began cleaning her father of the combined product of their incestuous copulation.

It was easily the lewdest thing I had ever witnessed and despite having just cum, new life lurched into my cock. It was the shortest refractory period I could remember. I was amazed to see my organ growing again so soon.

Clyde pushed away and she turned back to me. Seeing my renewed erection proudly standing, she straddled me, pushing her tit into my mouth while lining up my cock with her freshly fucked cockway. She sank down on my throbbing tool. She was surprisingly tight and I felt every rippled nuance of her ribbed cuntal canal.

She began to pogo on top of me, fucking me with an urgency I found hard to believe. I lost my suction on her tit and was then pummeled about the face with her tits. Clyde was right, she loved fucking and needed a cock inside her cunt to sooth the insatiable sex drive she’d developed at the hands of so many boys and men. As she fucked me, I slobbered all over her nice little titties, capturing a fat nipple every now and giving it the sucking that they were designed for.

Wet, squishing sounds filled the room as my cock plowed in out of her young cunt filled with her father’s cum, churning his cum into a frothy butter. Her cunt began to squeeze around my rod until the pulsing vessels of my cock were near bursting against her oh, so tight pussy.

“Cum on his cock, Cassie. Cum on his cock, you little slut,” her father urged.

This time she didn’t play my cock like the sex-queen she was and as her climax tore through her, my own orgasm quickly built until I was shooting my own armada of little swimmers into her needy cunt. All too soon my ardor was sated and my cock quickly wilted in her pussy. As it softened, she stopped her desperate drive to fuck my cock up into her. The ensuing calm was in stark contrast to the sex storm of fucking that had just occurred. Holding her naked body against my body, I felt cum running over my balls, cum that was seeping from her twice spermed cunt. With just a subtle shift of her position, my soft cock fell from her hot pussy.

She smiled sweetly and dreamily at me and then slid off onto the floor. Clyde handed me a cold brew as Cassie began cleaning my cock like she’d cleaned her father. Taking a sip of his beer, Clyde quipped, “Nice fuck, eh?”

I could only nod my head in agreement. He was understated though; Cassie was an exceptionally nice fuck.

“How about a round of paper, rocks, scissors to see who wins her cream pie?” her lecherous father suggested. My scissors beat his paper and moments later he had her lying on the sofa with one foot on the floor and other foot resting on the sofa backrest, his young daughter’s freshly fucked pussy, wet and seeping; the froth-speckled lips swollen, open, throbbing and ready for more.

Gazing at the delectable treat spread out for me, I couldn’t help but mutter, “This is going to be a wonderful vacation! Absolutely fucking wonderful!”