**Babysitting Little Lisa**

By Lasiter

**Part 1 - Helping the Neighbors**

I had just gotten out the shower after cutting my grass when the doorbell rang. Grabbing a pair of lose fitting gym shorts, I slipped them on and answered the door. It was my next door neighbor, Staci Higgman and her little girl, Lisa. Staci was definitely distraught and began frantically rambling.

"Slow down, slow down... What's the matter?"

Turns out she'd just gotten a call from the hospital. Her husband, Mike, was in the hospital and undergoing surgery after being in an automobile accident on the freeway. Bottom line was that she needed to get to the hospital ASAP and could I please look after little Lisa for her. Of course I would, after all, I have several grandchildren, all a little older, so I knew something about little kids. Besides, how much trouble could a single four year old girl be?

I looked down at the little four year old angel who was halfway hidden behind her mother's leg, peeking out at me. Kneeling down I greeted, "Hi, Lisa. Are you going to stay with me today?" She just batted her big blue eyes at me and retreated further behind her mother's leg.

"Lisa, say hello to Mr. Bill," her mother instructed.

"Hi," came a small voice in reply.

Her mother extracted the little darling from behind her and told her. "Now, you be a good girl for Mr. Bill while Mommy's gone." First thing I noticed was that Lisa's hair was wet. The second thing I noticed was the cute little sundress she was wearing, light blue with pink flowers, and the fact that she was barefoot.

Looking up at me Staci explained, "I was giving her a bath when I got the call. If you will, just comb out her hair and it will be fine. I really appreciate this, Mr. Bill."

"Just Bill, Staci. It's no problem. I didn't have any plans for the rest of the day." This was true, other than reading yet another book. Other than that... zilch, the bane of the recently retired. "Now, you go on. We'll be fine." With that Staci kissed Lisa goodbye and ran back home.

I took Lisa's hand and led her inside. Hmmm, first things first, I needed to do something with the child's long curly hair. I took her to my bathroom and searched around for some detangler. Fortunately I had some left over from when my youngest son and his family had stayed the last time. Picking her up, I sat her on the granite countertop, found a big-toothed comb, then proceeded to spray the detangler and comb out her hair. I was surprised by how cooperative she was, but then again I made sure I didn't yank on her hair as I combed it out. Then I took out my late wife's hair dyer and ten minutes later... What a cutie!

With the hair at least presentable, I sat her back on the floor and took her to one of the spare bedrooms where I had a stash of old toys. All considered, it was a pitiful stash, as it was all boys toys, what few I still had. I pulled down a box of Matchbox Cars and a box with some Transformers. We then went back to my den, where I sat the two boxes on the floor and let her have at it.

So, she's sitting playing with the toy cars while I sat in my Lazy-Boy watching her happily at play. All was fine and hunky dory until she put two cars between her legs facing me. Suddenly she lies on her back, flying the little cars in the air over her head and there staring right at me from under her dress was her smooth four-year-old bare pussy. My eyebrows went up, needless to say. Then I concluded that her mother, in her rush to get to her husband's side in his hour of need, had forgotten to put panties on her little girl.

I felt guilty for gawking at the little angel, but...

Just as suddenly as she had exposed herself to my gaze, she sat up cutting off the view. Next thing I know, she's on her hands and knees pushing the cars around. I'm not sure if at that moment I was relieved to see her dress covering her again, or disappointed. Whichever it was, I watched her more attentively while she played. Every so often, I caught a glimpse of her pussy or her smooth little butt cheeks, and with each glimpse, I found myself waiting, wanting and watching for more.

She was playing with the toys one moment, then I noticed that she was sitting facing away from me, rocking back and forth. It was kind of odd, but I really didn't think much of it. After several minutes she went back to playing with the toys.

She soon grew tired of the toys I had and coming up to me as I sat, asked if she could have a cookie. "Cookies?" I replied while thinking, 'Why didn't you buy some damned cookies?' "Hmmmm, let's go see what we can find. Okay?"

"Kay!" she replied brightly. She followed me into the kitchen where I looked and looked, and was rewarded for my diligence with a forgotten box of Animal Crackers. Hoping they weren't stale, I handed the box to Lisa whose eyes lit up along with a huge smile. I, of course, had to open the box for her. She held up an animal of some sort for me to see, and in a moment of grandfatherly playfulness, I bent down quickly and bit off the head.

Instantly, I regretted doing that as she looked at me, frozen in place, with a very peculiar expression. 'Oh, lord, she's gonna cry,' I thought to myself. But she burst into a fit of giggles instead. Saved! Of course she wanted to do it again, and again and I put on quite a show, and in the process determined that the cookies were thankfully still fresh. I sat her down at the table on a stack of books, and gave her a half a glass of milk. Good thing I had the sense to put a hand towel around her neck, secured with a clothes pin, for she immediately spilled the milk down her front.

Whereas before she was mostly silent and hardly looked at me, she was now a chatter box and was very interested in showing me all the things she could do, ABCs, name of all the planets, count to twenty, etc.. I was truly impressed.

With snack time over, we returned to my den. I had hardly sat down when she says, "Watch me, Mr. Bill!"

She then proceeded to do a somersault, her loose dress flying up over her head and totally exposing her. Of course one somersault wasn't enough and she did it again and again, hysterically laughing each time she found her head covered by her little dress. I guess I should have put a stop to it, but... She'd put her head between her legs and roll, ending up flat on her back with her dress covering her face and naked from the neck down.

After a dozen or so of those, she changed to doing a head stand. She'd put her head down and spread out her hands and try to rise, but only managed to expose herself briefly before crashing over.

"Can you help me, Mr. Bill?"

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Hold my legs."

So I stood and held her legs, looking down at her nakedness while her dress covered her head. Out from under the dress I heard, "Now, let go." I let go and stepped back while she balanced herself briefly before toppling over.

On the third attempt I playfully lifted her off the floor by the ankles, my view of her nakedness unhindered. Howls of delighted laughter came from somewhere under the inverted dress. I set her back down partially and then lifted her back up with her wiggling about and giggling uncontrollably. In a moment of insanity on my part, I lifted Lisa high enough to put a loud raspberry on her very exposed tummy. The giggling and wiggling increased three fold. I lowered her briefly. lifted her high and blew another wet raspberry on her tummy. She was positively shrieking by then and as she trashed about inverted in my grip, the sun dress that was hanging on by a tread, came off completely and dropped to the floor. Oops!

I put her down and releasing her ankles, she crumpled into a naked pile of flesh at my feet. She wiggled onto her back, lifted up her legs and implored, "Do it again! Do it again!" So, with her now totally nude, I lifted her by her ankles once again, only this time it wasn't her bare tummy facing me, but her bare rump. Now, I've always been an ass-man. I love a good shapely butt on a woman or a girl, and her plump well rounded ass was inches from my face. Casting caution to the wind, I blew a raspberry on one delectable cheek, then blew one on the other cheek, all to her howls of delight. I lowered her enough that she could touch the floor. "Do it again!" she managed through her merriment. Immediately I raised her again, slightly spreading he legs apart to improve the view and this time blew one right between the cheeks. Predictably she howled in delight as she wiggled like a fish on a hook upside down with me blowing raspberry after raspberry on her butt.

I sat her back down and carefully released her. Once again she was a naked pile of flesh at my feet.

"Do it again!" she pleaded.

Somewhat exhausted, and coming to my senses, I said, "You know, maybe you should put your dress back on."

"NO!" she shot back. I picked up the little sun dress and held it up to her. You would have thought I was teasing her with a live scorpion. "NO!" she shouted and then ran off.

Chasing after her, we played a kind of slow motion game of tag, where I would lumber about like a demented goofus and she would run away laughing. I caught her, put her over my shoulder and rolled her over my back where she would make good her escape only to be caught again and again until I had to say enough and went back to my Lazy-Boy to recuperate.

The game over, she went back to playing with the toys, her dress discarded on the floor. I suppose I should have at least suggested that she put her dress back on, but...

After fifteen minutes or so of playing on the floor nude, she was once again just sitting and rocking back and forth. This time she was sitting at an angle to me and I could clearly see that she had her fist pressed up against her sex as she rocked back and forth. She was masturbating! I didn't know that little girls did that sort of thing. Little boys played with themselves all the time, but little girls?

Lisa stopped and sat perfectly still for few moments before she spied a story book under a side table. Retrieving it, she came, crawled up onto my lap and asked me to read it to her. Keep in mind that I still hadn't put a shirt on. I held the book in one hand and had her turn the pages, my other hand firmly supporting her naked butt while she nestled into my bare breast. The skin to skin contact was, let's just say, memorable. A naked little girl, smooth skinned and flawless, safe and secure in the arms of a half nude man as he read a story to her about a bunny... it was enough to give me a raging hard-on, not that I wasn't hard earlier during the gymnastic exhibition.

By the time the story had ended, I wasn't just supporting her naked butt with my hand, but my fingers were lightly stroking her, going from cheek to cheek. I let the book fall away and she snuggled in and went to sleep while I molested her cute little ass. After a bit, I began to feel a bit guilty and decided that maybe I shouldn't be rubbing her like that, nor should she be naked in my arms. Careful not wake her, I stood, groaning under the dead weight, then carried her to a spare bedroom where I laid her upon the bed and covered her up.

With my angel fast asleep, I was now able to tend to my own needs. I made it to the hall bath, dropped my shorts and proceeded to unload my balls. Relief was quick in coming.

So, there I was with a handful of nut juice when I heard behind me, "I got to tinkle." She then brushed past me and climbed up onto the toilet. She sat tinkling away, smiling at me while I frantically thought what I should do... first thing was to wash my hand, second was to... She hopped off pot and came up to me holding her hands up, her face eye level with my nasty old cock, wanting to wash her hands.

"What's that?" she pointedly inquired about my semi-flaccid organ.

"Uhhhh, that's my thingie."

"Oh, okay," she replied showing not the least concern for either her own or my nudity.

"I can't reach," she says still holding her hands up, but looking right at my dick. I picked her up and held her so that she could wash her hands. With her now bent over the sink washing her hands, I was pressing up against her, or rather my semi-flaccid cock was pressing up against her butt crack, the still wet tip depositing my DNA laden goo in a place that would be impossible to explain away. Setting her back down, she went right to the towel to dry her hands.

"Read me another story? Please?"

"Okay, baby, go find another book and I'll be right there."

She wasn't having any of that and took my hand, dragging me back to the den with my still wet dick swinging in the breeze. She found another book, something about a lady bug, which gave me the chance to wipe my dick with the loose arm cover of my Lazy-Boy. Moments later she was up in my lap, only this time we were both totally naked. Once again I held the book with one hand and she turned the pages, my other with a handful of bare little girl butt. Either the story wasn't all that interesting or the funny thing between my legs was more interesting to her. I was praying that she wouldn't reach down and grab it, knowing that I had already let things go much too far... I was too old to go to prison. But... curiosity got the best of her and she reached down and touched it.

Coming to my senses, I bolted out of the chair and carried her back to the spare bedroom. "I think you need to take a nap," I told the naked cherub as I put her down.

I was expecting a fight, but she just flipped onto her tummy, looked over at me and said, "Daddy rubs my back. Will you rub my back? Please?" I was ready to get the hell out of there and get some clothes on, but...

With her mane of blond hair framing her pretty face, she had the most peaceful smile as I sat and gently stroked her back, her bright eyes looking trustingly into mine, while I rubbed her bare back. Initially I kept my hand on her upper back, but gradually its orbit took in her lower back as well. Her eyes drooped and gradually closed completely. I stopped rubbing and her eyes opened. I resumed rubbing and her eyes closed once again. Pretty soon, without me being conscious about it, my hand was gliding over her buttocks. I looked to see where my hand was and confirming its position on her rump, I looked to see if she was alarmed. Her eyes were open again and I froze. For a moment, there was an impasse of sorts, she staring at me while my hand remained on her naked butt. Then the little nymph wiggled her butt, encouraging me to continue rubbing her where I shouldn't be rubbing. Damn! So, I continued feeling up her bare ass and eventually she was went to sleep.

Easing off the bed, careful not to wake her, I went to my room and put on some clothes. For the next hour or so while she napped, I fretted about what had happened. How do explain what had happen should she tell her mother? It's not like I stuck my finger up her twat or up her butthole and it's not like I tried to get her to play with my dong, but... how in the hell would I explain what had taken place?

I must have fallen asleep myself, as I was woken by her crawling up into my lap. She was still naked and a quick glance confirmed the little blue sundress with the pink flowers was still on the floor where it had been earlier abandoned. She put her face just inches from mine and said, "I love you, Mr. Bill," then kissed me on the lips. Not a tongue grubbing kiss, just a chaste peck.

"I love you too," I replied with a warm smile.

"Can you be my granpa?"

"Well, you already have two grandfathers, don't you?"

"No, they died." I felt so bad for her. She then added in a matter-of-fact manner, "They died a long time ago."

"Oh, I see. Well, if you want..."

"Yea! I have a granpa!" she erupted excitedly. "I have a granpa!" She then kissed me again with a longer tight lipped smacker.

"Tell you what, sweetie. Don't you think you should put your dress back on?"

She blinked a few times, her nose practically touching my nose while my hands held her by the bare butt once again. Then with a big grin she said, "Kay!", hopped down and pulled the discarded dress over her head. There was a 50-50 probability that she'd get it right. She didn't. It was inside out.

"Come here," I told her. She came to me and I pulled the dress back over her head, turned it inside-inside and dropped it over her arms and head again. It felt like a triumph to have her back in clothes once again. She then wanted to watch cartoons, so I turned the TV on and with her lying on my lap, we watched a hour or so of mindless drivel. Is it my imagination, or nostalgia, that cartoons these day are so piss-poor and stupid? What happened to animators? I concluded that it was the same thing that happened to Hollywood movies and TV, a total lack of imagination and talent.

After a while, the inane drivel didn't hold Lisa's attention anymore than my son's old Transformers and MatchBox cars had. She turned her head and looked up at me asking, "Can we go outside and play?"

"Sure, baby girl." She slid off my lap and trotted off to the backdoor. I opened the door and she flew outside with me following behind.

It was early-afternoon by then and rather hot, but for the next ten minutes or so, she ran around in circles, burning off energy at a fast clip and getting red faced and sweaty at the same time. It occurred to me that with her fair skin that she would burn to a crisp if I didn't get some sunscreen on her. She wasn't at all happy that I was dragging her back inside so soon.

"I wanna go play outside!" she wailed and wailed.

Thankfully I had some sunscreen and quickly located it. It was a few years out of date, but it would have to do.

"I don't want you to get a sunburn, sweetheart," I told her as I unscrewed the bottle. "Now, I'm going to put this on you and then we can go back outside. Okay?"

"Kay."

I did her face, her arms and whatever skin the little sundress wasn't covering, including her lower legs and cute little feet.

"Okay, baby girl," I said, "that should do it. Ready to go back outside?"

"Yea!" she shouted and took off for the back door.

Nice thing about my backyard, the landscaping was mature, lush and low maintenance, with lots of shade and a nice expanse of soft grass, but best of all was the eight foot privacy fence; up until now the main benefit being that I didn't need to look at my neighbors' houses, especially the unkempt pig sty directly behind me. When I was back there in my private oasis, it was if there was no one else was around... unless someone nearby cranked up their lawn mower or a gas-powered weed eater.

Of course she wanted to explore into the deep flower beds and came out with a fistful of flowers. These she was particularly proud of, so I found a container to put the flowers and water in.

It was while I was filling the plastic container with water, that I remembered that I had bought a Slip'N'Slide when my elder son and his family were here a month or so ago. I went to the shed, found it and set it up.

"What is it?" she kept asking.

And I kept replying, "It's a Slip'N'Slide."

"What's that?"

"You'll see," I'd reply.

"But what is it?" I liked to have never gotten the thing set up with all the questions and her "help". Even after I turned on the water, she didn't get it.

"Okay, you start at this end," I explained, "then run, flop down your belly and slide to the other end."

"I'll get my new dress wet," she replied.

"Well, you don't do it wearing a dress, silly."

"Kay!" she said brightly holding her arms up for me to strip her naked. Good thing I have that high privacy fence around my property.

That of course exposed more bare skin to harsh rays of the afternoon sun, and necessitated more sun screen. I had thought to bring the bottle of sunscreen out with me, so I was able to proceed forthwith.

"Okay, baby, we need to put more sunscreen on. Is it okay if I put it ALL over you?"

"Kay," she replied holding her arms up. Such a cooperative little angel.

I slathered her back and chest, finding her skin to be incredibly smooth and flawless. Everything was going just fine and Lisa was fully cooperating. I steeled myself to do her below the waist, telling myself that it had to be done and just be quick about it. Well, that's all fine in theory, but as I worked her tummy below her cute little navel and over her dainty hairless mons, I found myself going rather slowly while she trustingly stood perfectly still. I was feeling a bit guilty at this point as as I worked her inner thighs real good, repeatedly grazing her sweet little clam shell in the process. I forced myself to work down the front of her legs to her little feet. Then it was up the back of her legs and to firm rounded globes of her naked bubble butt. I did her butt really good... better than was required.

It was over and I was a bit disappointed that I hadn't taken more time, but I knew I had already taken too much time where I shouldn't have. Finished, I was expecting her to dash off ready to play, but she stood there waiting for me to either put more sunscreen on her or to tell her I was done. Pushing aside my guilty feelings, I slid my hand on and around her cute butt applying more unscreen. Damn! Then I did a second application on her mons and inner thighs. She just stood there, looking at me unconcerned that I had perhaps (perhaps?) done more than was necessary.

Moments later my yard was filled with her laughter and squeals of delight as she ran and slid down the wet sheet of plastic, over and over and over. Meanwhile, I sat in the shade enjoying the sight of the wet naked little girl having a blast. We stayed outside for quite some time while she played on the water slide. I had to get her to stop a couple of times while I retrieved a cold beer, but other than that, she was in constant motion.

Eventually she ran out of gas. I dried her off as best I could and we went inside where she once again fell asleep naked in my lap, my hand lazily stroking her ass. And once again when she was in a deep sleep, I got up and took her to the spare bedroom. I then went outside to retrieve the only clothing she had before setting about fixing us some dinner.

What do you feed a little kid? If my own grandchildren were any guide, I knew I was in trouble. Most likely, she would be as picky as they were. Fortunately, had some mild cheddar cheese, left over from my son's visit, and I could fix her a grilled cheese sandwich. What kid doesn't like a grilled cheese? All I needed to do was cut off the greenish white mold.

She didn't sleep all that long and was soon asking for something to eat.

"Do you like grilled cheese?" I asked my still naked cherub.

She nodded her approval. Good thing as my other options were very limited. Besides, I had everything ready... just heat up the griddle and... She really liked her grilled cheese and I liked watching her eat it without a stitch of clothes. With dinner done it was back to the Match Box cars for a while.

After a while she was once again happily rocking back and forth with her hand in her puss, only this time she was more or less facing me and I had an unobstructed view of what she was doing. A quick flash of light from outside caught my attention. Glancing out the window and through the nearly closed blinds I caught sight of her mother's car pulling into the driveway next door.

"Time to get dressed, Lisa," I told her after retrieving her dress.

"I wanna play," she replied ignoring me as she continued playing with herself.

"You need to get dressed," I replied.

"No! I wanna play!"

"Your mother's coming," I said with urgency.

Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong!

She was up off the floor in a flash with her arms raised so that I could slip her sundress over her head.

With the child dressed once again, I answered the door. "Oh, hi, Staci," I greeted hoping I didn't look guilty of something. "How's Mike?"

"He's okay, thankfully. A broken arm and some stitches, but other than that, he's fine. It could have been a lot worse. He should be coming home tomorrow."

"Mommy! Mommy!" little Lisa cried as she ran to her mother and gave her leg a hug.

Ignoring her little girl Staci proceeded to thank me profusely while I graciously told her that it was my pleasure... which it was.

"Mommy, Mommy! I had so much fun! I went on the slippery slide."

Staci's eyebrows crunched up. "Slippery slide? You mean a Slip-N-Slide?"

"Yeah! I had so much fun, Mommy!"

Staci looked up at me and I knew I was in deep shit trouble. "Uh, you let her go in just her panties?"

"Well... when she got here she wasn't wearing any panties..."

Staci's jaw dropped and she looked flustered. I expected her to explode in justified indignation, but she looked down at Lisa and said, "You little scamp! What did you do with your panties?" Lisa broke away from her mother and ran back inside my house like a scalded cat.

The mom looked back up me, looking mortified and apologized profusely, "I'm so sorry! I have such a hard time keeping clothes on that child. Her father lets her run around... Says it's no big deal.

"Oh, my god! This is just so embarrassing!" Poor woman looked as if she might start crying.

"It's perfectly alright," I assured. "I have three boys and five grandchildren. Believe me, four year olds are pretty much all alike. I've seen it all before. Believe me, it's perfectly normal."

"That's what Mike says."

I'm not sure who was more relieved, me or Staci. Actually I think we were both somewhat flustered.

Gathering her composure, she sternly called for Lisa and the child went to her mother. She thanked me once again and with a firm grip on her daughter, hauled her off next door.

For the next two weeks, I was in constant fear that the police would show up at my door, but nothing happened. But I did see little Lisa now and then. I'd be outside puttering around in my front yard and she's be coming or going somewhere with her mother and she'd run over to me shouting, "Granpa! Granpa!" and throw a bear hug around my leg. Her mom would wave at me and call for Lisa to leave me alone; Lisa would then run back to Mommy. I always wondered if she had panties on, but never determined that one way or the other.

\*\*\*\*\*

I had a sinking feeling when I took a phone call late one morning. It was Mike Higgman from next door, Lisa's dad. He wanted me to come over while his wife was at work to have a talk with me. I couldn't help but think, 'Oh, shit. This is it.'

Fearing the worst, I dragged myself next door to face the music. At the sound of the dead bolt turning, I had visions of being greeted with a baseball bat, never mind Mike's one broken arm, the other was still good. Mike answered the door, half dressed, wearing a cast on his entire right arm and sporting a nasty looking set of stitches across his forehead. He wasn't wielding a baseball bat. To my surprise he warmly greeted me, "Bill! Come in. Come in."

As soon as I stepped inside and front door closed behind me, I heard, "Granpa! Granpa!" and little Lisa, wearing a short tight t-shirt and nothing else, hurled herself across the room and up in my arms.

Mike explained that he had been going stir-crazy these past two weeks while he was off work healing and that he just needed some adult company. He further explained that he couldn't very well ask just anybody over, not with Lisa running about naked all the time. He then said that he hoped I didn't mind him calling.

"Uh, no not all. It's my pleasure, Mike," I said while palming his little girl's naked ass.

Interesting neighbors I have.

**Part 2 - Getting to Know the Neighbors**

My daily visits with Mike while he was in recovery from his injuries were definitely the highlights of my days. Mike was good company and we had several interests in common, like fishing. We agreed to team up once he was able and hit the water in my modest johnboat. But what I looked forward to the most was seeing little Lisa. She was a delightful charmer and almost always nude.

I remember from my own kids and to a much more limited extent, from my grandkids at that age, that the occasional nude streak through the house after a bath was not unheard of. It wasn't common either, but not totally unheard of. With Lisa, the nudity was an everyday state of affairs. Even when I was there and she happened to be clothed when I got there, it wasn't long before her clothes were shed. At first Mike gamely tried to keep his young daughter dressed, but was unsuccessful.

According to Mike, both he and his wife, Staci, were at a loss as to what to do. I assured him that I didn't mind in the least and to stop beating himself up on account of it.

Mike admitted to his permissiveness when she was much younger and acknowledged that now that she was older, it was at the root of the problem. Thankfully she was cooperative when it came to going out to restaurants, or a movie, or simply out in public, but at home, it was hopeless. The worst part was that she tended to undress when she was at daycare, and had been told by numerous care facilities that they couldn't accept her if she couldn't keep her clothes on. With both parents working, that was indeed a big problem. With Mike at home recuperating, daycare wasn't a problem for the time being.

Lisa liked to crawl up in my lap so that I could read a book to her. According to Mike, that had always been one of their favorite times, but nude or not, with him in the full cast, it was just easier to let me do it.

One day I was over and Lisa was doing her rocking game. I pretended not to notice. Mike hopped up and with his good arm scooped her up and took her to her room. I could hear him lecturing her, threatening her if she took her clothes off again. They came back out. Lisa was visibly unhappy, but dressed and she stayed dressed until I went home. But a few days later...

"What am I going to do with her, Bill?" he asked while she openly did her thing sitting naked on the floor, her fist pressed against her cunt, rocking back and forth and obviously masturbating.

"I'm no child expert," I told him, "but kids go through phases. This is probably just a phase. She'll out grow it."

"You think so?"

"Hell, I don't know." My sage grandfatherly advice given, we just let her do it. However, I was afraid to stand, lest my boner gave me away.

Of course I did more than just ogle her and hold her reading a book while she was nude. Mike needed my help with mundane things like giving her bath. The girl's mother was fine with that too, as it meant she didn't have to also do that too once she got home from a long arduous day at work. The baths were particularly enjoyable for me.

Under her daddy's supervision, I would draw the bath and then bathe the child, my soapy hands going where ever they needed to go to get her squeaky clean. More than once when I was between her legs, I glanced over at Mike, who was sitting on the toilet watching, and saw that he had major boner. He never said a word and neither did I, even though I probably took longer cleaning her little snatch than was necessary. Lisa, for her part, didn't mind me hand washing her cunt. Indeed, she always opened her little legs for me, pausing from playing with her waterlogged Barbie dolls and boats until I finished before resuming her play. Same reaction from her father when I washed her ass.

Then there were the times when she wanted to go to "Granpa's" and play on the "Slippery Slide". It was amazing, but she understood perfectly that to go to next door to my house that she needed some clothes on. This she would do without any cajoling on my part or her dad's part. But once inside my house, the garment (she usually just threw on a sundress) was left practically at the front door. She loved the Slip'N Side, darting through the old whirly sprinkler I still had or playing in the blowup kiddie pool I had bought for her. We passed many hours sitting in shade working on a six pack, watching her playing naked in the water or just running about kicking a rubber ball.

Of course being naked outside in the hot sun necessitated applying sunscreen to her bare skin, and just like with the baths, Mike let me do the honors, Keeping her from getting a sun burn was the perfect cover for surreptitiously molesting her. I was careful not to over do it with her father sitting there watching, but never once did her father object when I was getting into all the creases, nor did he object to the amount of time I spent doing so. Usually by the time I was finished Mike had a raging hard-on (as did I) that he made no attempt to hide.

And of course Lisa liked for me to toss her up in the air and blow raspberries on her bare skin. Mike just let me do whatever I wanted to do with her, watching and grinning as his little girl giggled during the sometime borderline inappropriate play.

Mike and I were talking one day and not paying much attention to Lisa when she crawled into her father's lap. He held her like he often did while we talked. Then to his surprise, she took his free hand and stuck it in her crotch. Mike jumped up and made her get dressed. She did, but the damage was done. It was now apparent to me where she learned to rub herself. Of course I said nothing.

Six weeks after his accident, the full arm cast was removed. Mike went back to work and my days of ogling and playing with the nude little darling in the presence of her father was at an end. Mike went back to work and that was that. Lisa was placed with yet another daycare facility. As far as I could tell, everything was a normal as it could be for about three weeks. Then I got a phone call from Staci, Lisa's young mom, and could she and Mike please come over.

"Sure, anytime, Staci," I told her.

"How about in fifteen minutes, Bill?"

"I'm here. Come on over."

Ten minutes later the three of them arrived. I was surprised that Lisa didn't just strip off as soon as she was inside, but I suspect her mother had read her the riot act. Turns out, they had a problem, a big problem. Lisa had been kicked out of yet another daycare because she wouldn't keep her clothes on. I wondered if that was the only reason. By then, Lisa had been sent packing by every reasonably available daycare center and now they needed to find someone to babysit her on a permanent basis. They had found a lady, and that worked for a few days, but out of frustration, the woman had quit that very afternoon. They then asked if I would watch after Lisa until they found another sitter for her. It was, we all agreed, a temporary arrangement.

I offered Mike and Staci a drink which they accepted. As we stood about my kitchen sipping our cocktails, little Lisa made herself at home, stripping off everything and happily running about. No one said a thing about her nudity.

\*\*\*\*\*

So the next morning, bright and early, my first day as Lisa's care giver began. Her mom brought her over, dressed in play shorts, a t-shirt and shoes and socks. Me, I was barely moving and only semi-dressed without having finished my first cup of coffee. Within a minute of Staci's departure, the clothes were coming off as Lisa happily went from room to room. My only request was for Lisa to gather up her things and put them all in one place.

She wanted to go outside and play with the ball I had bought for her; it was one of those multi-colored rubber balls about 6 inches in diameter. She had a great time kicking the ball around and tossing it back and forth to me, and I had a great time applying sunscreen before hand, especially on her ass. Losing interest in playing with the ball, she practiced her somersaults in the grass for a while. After a while she was tired, dirty and ready to come inside.

"I think you need a bath," I told her once inside.

"Kay!" she happily agreed.

So I drew her bath and helped her into the warm water. She played for a while with some bath toys I acquired the night before and a pitifully abused Barbie doll I had found abandoned by a granddaughter under the sink. Pretty soon with all the splashing, she had my shirt wet. Shedding the wet t-shirt, I began to wash her. As always, she was most cooperative. And like it was at her house, when I washed her pussy, she stopped playing and spread her legs for me. I washed her pussy for a long time. When I stopped, she said, "Do that again!" So I washed her pussy again. It was obvious from her contented facial expressions that she enjoyed my handy work.

"Do that again!" she asked when I had stopped molesting her.

"I need to wash your butt," I told her. Normally she would stand up or rise up on her knees for this part of the bath, but I had her get on all fours this time. My slippery soapy hand went right between her smooth hairless buttocks and to her anus where I made sure she was clean. Then I slid further between her legs to her pussy once again, my finger gliding down between her demure baby labia lips.

"You like that?" I asked as I fingered her young cunt without attempting to penetrate her. She silently nodded her head. After a moment or two, I stopped. Little bugger wiggled her ass to get me to continue, so I did.

Having gone way past anything remotely appropriate, I stopped and removed my hand.

"Do it again!" she demanded while wiggling her naked ass.

"The water's getting cold and I bet your fingers are all wrinkly by now," I told her.

She rocked back, sitting up on her heels and inspected her fingers. Sure enough they were water logged. She held up her hands to me to see.

"Yep, time to get out," I told her. Reaching up to me to lift her from the water, I picked her up, stood her on the bathroom rug and dried her. With the bath completed, she was ready for me to read her a book.

She found a story book for me to read to her and we settled in on my Lazy-Boy. It wasn't a very good book, some sort of PC drivel, and before we were finished she had lost attention and was focusing on my exposed man-nipples. I let her play with my nip while I finished the story. With the god-awful book read, I put it aside and let her explore my body, or at least that much of it that was uncovered, which was most of it. She played in my chest hair, rubbed my nipples, rubbed my tummy and drew circles with fingers around and into my navel. Generally she just felt me up while I allowed her explore to her heart's content.

Suddenly she stopped touching me and lay back in my arms with her legs spread. Grasping my free hand, she put it between her legs. It was obvious what she wanted. I didn't know that little girls could be so sexual. "Rub me, Granpa," she asked batting her baby blues at me.

I had presence of mind enough to tell her, "I don't think that's such a good idea, sweetheart."

"But it feels good," she replied.

"Your mom and dad wouldn't want me to touch you like that."

"Daddy touches me down there all the time," she replied. I nearly fell out of the chair. No wonder he didn't object to me washing her between the legs!

The only thing that came to mind for me to say was, "I'm not your daddy."

"Daddy said it's okay if you touch me like he touches me. I won't tell anyone."

"Your daddy didn't tell me it was okay," I replied.

"But you've touched me down there before and Daddy was there."

"Yes, he was," I replied, my mind having been completely blown away. "But... that was just when I was bathing you. I had to touch you then."

"Pleeeeease?" she begged as she wiggled her cunt against my hand.

Up until this point I had always told myself that the only reason I touched her pussy was to wash her. I knew that was only partially true, but it was a fiction that let me sleep at night. 'Well, if it's alright with her and if it's alright with Mike...' I now silently rationalized. My fingers began to gently caress her smooth tightly closed clam.

Watching her facial expressions, I rubbed her vulva for quite some time, resisting the urge to penetrate between her demure folds and into her silky pinkness. She liked it, having her pussy gently rubbed, liked it a lot, and eventually Lisa closed her eyes and dozed off to sleep. I then came to realize that it wasn't so much sexual pleasure she was receiving, rather it just simply felt good to her. Why it felt good didn't come into her equation, just the fact that it did feel good. I let her sleep in my arms, my hand resting on her bald baby puss, taking the opportunity to catch a quick nap myself.

I woke up with her still soundly sleeping. By then my arm had gone to sleep as I held her, her naked buttocks still filling one hand and the other resting between her legs. If my arm hadn't gone numb, I would have let her be, but I needed to change the position on my arm, so I carefully rose from the chair with her in my arms and took her into the back and lay her upon my bed.

Just as I was about to make good my escape, I heard her call out, "Granpa, come stay with me." I probably should have kept going, as she would have probably dozed off, but I stopped, turned and crawled up beside her.

"Rub me, Granpa," she said with sleepy eyes. So I rubbed her. Not between the legs this time, but her chest. Eventually I rubbed her tummy and her legs and let my hand glide up into the nexus of her legs and over her puss. By then she was sound asleep again, allowing me to make my escape.

I made us lunch, turkey sandwiches and ABC soup, then waited for her to wake up from her nap. When she woke, about an hour later, she was starving. While she munched away on half a turkey sandwich, I heated up the soup in the microwave and poured her half a glass of milk. Like every kid I've ever been around, she loved Campbell's Vegetable Soup. God help the parents of little kids if they ever stop making the stuff. With her fully served, I sat and ate my sandwich and a half, saving the remaining soup to serve to her the next day.

Of course she managed to dribble both milk and soup down her bare chest and tummy, necessitating yet another bath. When I put her in the warm water, I was anticipating a quick rinse off, but she had other ideas and took the opportunity to repeatedly drown the poor Barbie doll and sink her boats. This time I didn't think it necessary to molest her and just watched her play until the water grew cold.

After drying her, it was back to the living room where I gave her a toy car to play with, one of those that you push back to wind up, let go and it races away. She had a great time with it, but like most things, it only held her attention for a little while. Time for Plan B. I asked her if she wanted me to read a book to her. I was surprised when she wasn't interested in doing that. Go to Plan C.

I pulled out the coloring book I acquired the night before along with the new box of crayons and took her back into the kitchen to sit at the table. For the next hour or so, we colored, with me trying unsuccessfully to teach her to stay within the lines. She preferred a more free hand approach. Then it was back to the living room to play with the Transformers and the new windup car. Then it was outside to play with the ball while I set up the Slip'NSlide. Ah, sunscreen... great stuff!

By the time her mom picked her up late that afternoon, I was exhausted. It didn't faze Staci that her daughter was naked nor that I was only half dressed. She just thanked me and managed to get Lisa's shorts back on. The top and the shoes and socks? Forget that. She let the tanned little angel run home barefoot and topless.

**Part 3 - Crossing the Line**

And so it went the rest of the week. By then I had bought a car seat to put my car so we wouldn't be stuck in the house all the time. I nearly choked when I saw the price of those things, but coughed up the bucks anyway.

In the mornings, Staci would drop of Lisa. Lisa would strip nude and I'd play with her the rest of the day until Staci picked her up again. I tried to keep the molesting of her cute little pussy to just bath time, but out of the bath, she was at least once a day insistent that I rub her cunt. I told myself that it was she who was intiating it, and it was. I also rationalized that she enjoyed it, which she evidently did. My boldness escalated quickly and it wasn't long before my finger was sliding deep between her labia. I'd come to my senses and stop. "Do that again, Granpa," she'd say, so I'd do it again.

Early in the second week, Staci dropped her off. I was even less up and at 'em than I was usually. I didn't even notice until the mother was gone that I was only wearing a half-open pair of thin boxer shorts. Apparently the mother didn't care. No sooner was Staci gone and Lisa was happily totally naked; which was fine with me. If there is such a thing as a natural born nudist, this little girl was it. This time she had brought with her a teddy bear that had seen better days. Turns out that she liked to take it into the bath with her.

So, we're sitting in my Lazy-Boy reading her a book with my fly still unsnapped. The book was pretty good and held her attention, but when it was done, she began to get interested in something else. Not my cock, which was still tentatively concealed, but what was partially hanging out of one leg of my shorts. "What's that?" she asked innocently as her little hand cupped a hairy ball.

"Lisa, baby, you shouldn't be..."

"It's your balls," she declared with a grin and a giggle. Now where would a four year old hear about balls? After watching her father interact with her during his recovery, it was pretty obvious to me where she heard that term and learned that physiology.

"Yes, it's my balls," I replied forthrightly. "But you shouldn't be touching..."

"Look, Granpa! Your thingie is sticking out!" Sure enough, my unruly member was making an appearance through the mostly open fly of my boxers. Her hand released my nut and grasped my hardening cock, sending it into a full blown hard-on.

"Oh, fuck," I muttered under my breath, closed my eyes and let the little girl play with my nasty old dick. She gently rubbed on it for a few minutes using both hands. Suddenly I felt a pop as she undid the last snap holding my drawers on. In the next instant I was laid bare and one hand slid over my balls while the other continued to caress my cock.

"Does your daddy let you do this to him?" I asked.

"Uh huh," she replied.

"I thought as much," I replied more to myself than to her.

"Does your mommy know you play with your daddy like this?"

"Uh huh," she answered.

'Well, that's certainly interesting,' I thought.

She began tugging at my open shorts. 'Oh, what the hell,' I thought as I lifted my butt off the chair and let her pull off my underwear. Now with me total naked as well, she resumed playing with my cock and balls. She'd be playing, pause, look up at me and grin, then look down at my dick and nuts in her hand and resume her play. I don't know how long that went on before I felt that building urge growing. Briefly I considered making her stop, but not thinking clearly and wanting to edge just a little closer...

"Uhhhh," I grunted as huge blob of spunk shot from my dick. No doubt I was making a mess, but I was far from caring at that point. "Uhhhh," I grunted again as the second pulse shot through my organ. I opened my eyes in time to see the third wad launch and splatter on the giggling little girl. There were three more good pulses, but of insufficient strength to achieve air, pulses that were generous in quantity that flowed from my dick and over her little hand.

When it was all over and my dick tingled with the aftershocks of my orgasm, I realized how big of mess I had made. Lisa had cum streaked across her flat chest and tummy as well as all over her hand and all over me and my chair.

When my mind cleared enough to form a cogent thought, I asked her, "Do you do that to Daddy?"

"Uh, huh," she answered nodding her head.

Assessing the amount of cum covering both her and me, I told her, "I think we need a bath."

"Kay!" she answered and hopped off my lap. As I well knew by then, she loved taking baths.

I drew the water. We both got in with her between my legs and facing away from me. Bath time from then on were to be together, usually without, but sometimes with a little sexual play.

Even after the bath I stayed nude with her for the remainder of the day, right up until it was time for her mother to pick her up. Only then did I put on some clothes.

\*\*\*\*\*

By the third week, not only was Lisa nude within minutes of her mother dropping her off, but so was I... Lisa was most insistent.

That weekend I found a play Doctor's kit and bought it for her. She loved it. Sometimes I was the doctor and sometimes she was the doctor. So, we're naked in my bed and she's giving me yet another through exam, which included listening to my balls with her toy stethoscope. She'd then have me flip over and she'd pry my butt cheeks apart to check out my asshole. By then, in the realm of fondling, nothing was out of bounds and I didn't stop her from poking in and around my anus. She was very gentle and I rather enjoyed indulging her curiosity. She had me turn onto my back again and she went back to listening to my balls and cock. By now I was quite hard and she played with me until I ejaculated, something that intrigued and delighted her to no end.

I was recovering and she was playing in the mess I'd made on my tummy when I asked, "What else do you do with Daddy?"

Obviously I wasn't thinking clearly yet, as I wouldn't have asked it had I known how she's answer. Actually she didn't answer, or at least not verbally. Instead she bent over and took my slimy dick into her mouth. Holy fuck! Maybe she wasn't such a "natural born nudist" after all.

As the little darling sucked my wilting cock, I began to wonder just how far her father had gone with her. I already knew she didn't have a hymen, as I had checked that out playing doctor. Was he fucking her? Surely not. She was too little and too small for that... or was she? I'd always heard that a woman's pussy would stretch to accommodate even a huge cock, but a little girl?

When she released my dick from her lips, she rocked back grinning at me, a ring of cum coated her lips like it was ice cream or something. "Okay, it's your turn to be the Doctor, Granpa," she announced laying back on my bed, legs spread.

So, I donned the stethoscope and began my through examination. I checked her ears, her nose and cum coated mouth, listened to her chest and her tummy. I ended up lying between her legs for a close up inspection of her young puss. With my thumbs, I peeled her open and studied the pink interior of her sex, noting that everything, clit, urethra and vagina were all where they should be. I hadn't planned it, but next thing I know and my tongue is scouring her. Such a clean forbidden taste. One part of my brain was crying out, STOP! But another part was enjoying it too much. So I didn't stop; I couldn't stop and for the next several minutes I engaged in oral sex with her. Never once did I hear say, "Grandpa, don't do that," or "Stop, Granpa, stop," or "Oooo, Granpa, that's dirty."

After several minutes I did stop, my better angels having taken control once again. I scooted up and over her. Looking down into her face I could see that her baby blues were glazed over. Suddenly she focused on me.

"Did you like that, Lisa?" I asked the little girl.

"Uh, huh," she replied with a grin and a nod.

"Does your daddy do that with you?"

"Uh, huh." I wasn't surprised. "Mommy too."

The latter admission shocked me. I knew full well that her father played with her sexually, but her mother too? No wonder Mike was able to get away with what he was doing!

"Do it again," she then said. "Do that again, Granpa." Well, it was clear that she wanted me to perform cunnilingus with her again, so I did. I spent a lot of face time that morning and the following days between her legs licking her sweet baby cunt.

Towards the end of the week, I considered and reconsidered the wisdom of putting it all out in the open and in the end decided honesty was the best policy, especially in light of what I knew about her parents. It wasn't hard to put myself in Mike and Staci's shoes, to appreciate the fear of discovery and the toll of their anguish. They were pedophiles, as I had surely become. I also knew they would never actually harm her, just as I would never harm our little nudie angel.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was getting late in the day Friday and moments before I had spermed little Lisa as she lay on my coffee table furiously frigging herself. The doorbell rang. Not bothering to slip on anything, I checked through the peep hole ascertaining that it was the child's mother. I let Staci in, shutting the door behind her. Staci looked at me and she showed no outward outrage at my nudity, audacity and boldness. A bit embarrassed perhaps, but not outraged.

Indeed she smiled nervously and asked, "Is Lisa ready?"

"Ready for what?" I asked in turn.

"Ready to go home."

"She's in here," I said pointing towards the living room.

We stepped into the living room where her little daughter was lying on my coffee table spread out like a little whore, her body, face and hair spattered with cum, some dry clots and others wet and fresh. Her eyes were unseeing, her hand a blur of motion between her legs.

Gazing at my handiwork I directly asked her mother, "Is she a virgin, or has Mike fucked her? She doesn't have a hymen."

"No! He hasn't fucked her... yet."

"But he will and you're okay with that?"

"He'd never hurt her."

"Nor will I," I replied.

"I think... I think that maybe we should all have a talk," she said suddenly nervous.

"That's probably a good idea," I replied. "When will Mike be home?"

"In a half an hour or so."

"You want a drink?"

"Please!"

Using the voice command feature of her cell phone, Staci dashed off a short text message to her husband, telling him to come to my house and that we all needed to talk. He immediately replied, "Okay."

After fixing and serving Staci a stiff Screwdriver, I felt a little self-conscious standing around nude, so I retired to my bedroom and put on a silk robe my wife had bought me several years before. I hadn't worn that robe since before my darling wife died, but now seemed a good time to don it. It was a very masculine robe, in a Hugh Hefner sort of way, predominately red and black with black trim. Checking myself out in the mirror, I thought I looked rather dashing.

I was only gone a few minutes, but when I returned, Staci was in the living room with her still naked little girl. She had downed her screwdriver and asked for another one, which I gladly provided. By the time the second stiff drink was made and delivered, Staci had her blouse open and was holding Lisa to her now naked breast, allowing the four year old to munch away at Mommy's ample tit. I couldn't help but notice that as Staci cradled the toddler, she had one hand between the little girl's legs, confirming that Mike wasn't the only parent who molested the girl's cunt.

I also noticed a wet gleaming on Staci's breast and realized it was cum transferred from Lisa's cum splattered body. Staci must have noticed that I had noticed and taking her finger, wiped some of the residual from her tit and then sucked it off her finger.

I was nearly speechless at this point, but managed to ask, "Are you still breast feeding her?"

"Yes, I rather enjoy having my tits sucked," Staci said with a sly grin. "Lisa enjoys it too, as does Mike." If she was trying to shock me, she did. She then guzzled the rest of the drink that I had just served her.

"Uh, you want another one?" I asked.

"I'd love to," she giggled, "but I think I'd better take it a little slower," she said slurring "slower" and wobbling her head about.

"You know, Bill," she continued, "you're a good looking man. A damned good looking man. You remind me of my daddy, and I adored my daddy." Smiling at me with bedroom eyes she added, "I lovvvved my daddy."

Clearly tipsy, she broke eye contact, looked lovingly down at her munching daughter, then back up at me. "Lisa says that you're her Grandpa. And if you're her Grandpa, then that makes you my daddy, Daddy," she giggled.

With a sudden angry expression she went off on a tangent stating, "I bet you think Mike and I are terrible people. Well, let me tell you something, Mister... you're a terrible man yourself." Her expression softened as she went on, "My daddy was a terrible man too. He walked around my sister and me naked all the time and kept us naked too. He was sooooo much fun! I loved him to death!"

She broke eye contact once again and just stared for a minute or so at my covered crotch. "You know," she resumed still looking at my crotch, "you have a beautiful cock. It's nice and big, but not too big. So why are you hiding it from me?"

"Well, I'm not trying to hide it," I replied. "I just thought..." Hell, what was I thinking?

"Then let me see it again," she said with a touch of irritation. So, I undid the belt and let my robe hang open.

"That's better, Daddy. Much better... Yes, you have a very nice cock." She looked up at me and added, "I lovvvve nice cocks!

"Come closer," she slurred. I stepped closer. "Closer." My shins were already touching the sofa, straddling her legs as she sat nursing her child. The only way I could get closer was to bend my knees. "Closer." It was obvious to me that she wanted me very close, or rather she wanted my cock very close to her, so I crawled on up and put my dick right in her face. At this point it shouldn't have been a surprise, but when I felt her lips slide over my semi-stiff prick, it was a very pleasant surprise indeed. Grasping the back of my sofa to steady myself, I punched my hips forward slightly to drive more of my cock into her sucking mouth. In this position, I could feel my bare thighs pressing against little Lisa and I had to be mindful not to crush the child.

I had cum for the third time that day just before Staci arrived, so I wasn't going to cum again anytime soon, if ever, that evening. Still, it was probably the best blowjob I'd had in thirty years or more. Man, what that woman could do with her tongue!

About ten minutes into the blowjob, there was knock at the door. "Fuck! Mike's here," I said to the wall as Staci kept slobbering all over my cock. The doorbell rang and still she sucked. Now it's not like she had a suction on me so strong that I couldn't get away, it's just that I didn't want to get away. Still, the knocking and doorbell ringing continued. I could hear Mike outside calling out, "Hey, Bill!.... Staci! .... Are you here?" Hell, I was expecting him and couldn't just leave the poor SOB outside, so I managed to extract my happy cock from Staci's wonderfully sucking maw and answered the damned door.

Mike was just beginning to walk away when I opened the door. "Hey, Mike!" I called out. He turned, stopped, and gawked at me. It was only then that I realized my robe was still open. Pulling it closed, I told him, "Come in. Come in."

"Staci said we all needed to talk," he said as he approached.

"Yeah, I guess we do," I replied taking his extended hand. "Uh, she's in here."

Little Lisa must've heard her daddy, as she came running up crying out, "Daddy! Daddy!" Mike scooped up his naked child, lifting her high in the air squealing and then gave her a loud raspberry very, very low on her exposed abdomen, sending the little girl into a fit of giggles. Fortunately, the view from the street of my open front door was somewhat obscured by shrubbery. Then throwing her over one shoulder, he came inside.

Immediately he was confronted by the sight of his rather drunk comely wife, half dressed with her generous boobs exposed. He looked at me and dead panned, "You guys started the party without me?"

"Uh, Mike, I can explain..." Not really, but that's what came out of my mouth.

He brushed past me, sat Lisa down and pulled Staci to her feet.

"He knows, Mike," she slurred. "He knows evvvverything."

"Of course he knows everything," he replied. "I told you that, baby. The man's not a dunderhead. Christ, it's simple enough for anyone to figure out.

"Have you been drinking?" he continued. "You know you can't hold your booze. Now, look at you. Half dressed. You think Bill wants to see you half dressed?"

"I sucked his dick," she replied slurring as Mike steadied her on her feet while removing her blouse and her already unclasped bra.

"I'm not surprised."

"He's just like my daddy and I loooove my daddy."

"You just love cock," Mike replied.

He turned to me. "Bill, you want to see this slut naked? You want to fuck her?" This was not how I had earlier played out this encounter in my mind.

Not waiting for me to answer he sat her back down, unfastened her slacks and pulled them off, leaving her in just her panties.

"It's up to you, Bill, whether you want her panties off or not. If you do, you take them off, but before you do, let me explain... You see, we know that you know about Lisa, and we know about you with Lisa. One rule... no penetration, with your cock, that is. A finger up the twat is okay... the girl loves a finger up her twat. Got that? No penetration, she's much too young for that. In a few years maybe, but not now.

"Second, Staci and I have been talking about you. We've been looking for a younger guy or couple to have sex with us, but Staci says you remind her of her daddy. He used to fuck her all the time. Shocking, I know, but he fucked from when she was little. Fucked her often. He even fucked her on our wedding night. Fucked her up until he killed himself skydiving. You're her fantasy screw."

"You're shitting me!"

"No, I'm not shitting you. She has the hots for you, old man. Me, I think you're a terrific guy and the best neighbor we could possibly have... one who shares in our secrets and who will most likely keep them to yourself, if only to keep your own ass out of jail.

"So... do we have a deal?"

"A deal? What deal?" I asked my mind still trying get around everything he was telling me.

"You get to play with Lisa all you want and you get to fuck my wife. Me, I get to watch or get to join in at my choosing. Of course I won't always be around to choose one way or the other, but that's okay. Oh, and sometimes we might have other people involved too, like Staci's sister, her husband and their boys.

"So, what will it be? Do you want to take off Staci's panties or not?"

I couldn't believe my luck. Not only could I play with Lisa without worrying about crossing some arbitrary line with her parents and getting into hot water with them, but Mike was offering up his wife to me as a bonus. I looked down at Staci sprawled out on my sofa, naked save for the tiny panties she wore. She was some bonus too! At twenty three and pretty as they come with a set of knockers to make a man brain dead, she was mine for the taking. That is, of course, only if she wanted me to fuck her.

Testing the waters, I bent down and grasping the sides of her panties, I began to pull them off. She smiled up at me and lifted her butt off the sofa to make it that much easier for me. With her panties off her ankles, she spread herself open for me. Looking her straight in the eye, I removed my robe, carelessly discarding it on the floor.

"Ooooo, Daddy!" she cooed. "What are you going to do?"

"You know what I'm going to do, little girl" I replied as I crawled up between her legs. My erection sought out her juicy eager puss.

"Yesssss!" she hissed as I slid in all the way with the first stroke. "Fuck me, Daddy. Fuck me..."

I'd never had sex with a woman while someone was watching, much less her husband, so I glanced over at Mike. His eyes were gleaming and he had his hard cock out slowly stroking it as I continued to fuck his wife. Little Lisa was by her daddy, watching what he was doing and paying no mind to me and her mother.

Returning my attention to my moaning and groaning sex partner, I continued to saw away at her clasping cunt. I didn't cum before I had to dismount and take a breather to change up our position. I heard Lisa laughing and looking over, saw that the she was covered head to toe in a load of her father's a fresh cum. Damn!

Like I said before, I have interesting neighbors.

**Part 4 - An Invite**

Soon after I had fucked his wife, Mike gathered up his girls and took them home with Lisa wearing just her top and nothing else. I suppose if anyone was looking, they'd just see Mike carrying his little girl while Staci stumbled about, leaving me alone and wondering what was next. Was he serious that I could do his wife whenever I wanted and free to mess around, within limits, with his little girl... mess around however I wanted?

After I wiped up my the cum stains from my sofa where I'd fucked Staci, I fixed myself a stiff scotch and reflected on the past several weeks. I concluded that even if I did fuck the little girl while she was in my care, it was highly unlikely her parents would do anything about it, as they would have a lot to explain. Not that I'd actually do that mind you.

I pulled out my digital camera and reviewed all the photos I'd taken of Lisa during the past week. Such a cooperative little angel. I especially liked the butt shots and close ups of her demure clam shell, as well as the lewd shots of her diddling herself. And that smile! Definitely a photogenic little tart. Of course I knew that I had to be very careful with that memory card and not let it fall into the wrong hands... like maybe my own grandkids when they were visiting, or worse yet, one of my daughter-in-laws! I doubt if either of my boys would ever turn me in, but they'd be shocked I'm sure. At best such a mishap would destroy my relationships with my kids and their families, at worse, I'd spend my retirement incarcerated. Hmmm, I'd have to think this through very carefully.

As I am wont to do some nights when alone, I had one or two scotches too many, waking up the next morning sprawled out naked on the living room floor. Damn, those hardwood floors are unforgiving! I wasn't sure if I'd fallen or had been crawling around and had just lay down. I supposed the latter, as I couldn't detect any injuries. Whatever the case, I felt like shit. I managed to make it to my bed, where I remained until well after twelve noon.

Later that afternoon, I felt well enough to go next door and see what's what. No one was home. It being a Saturday, I figured that they had gone shopping or something. I watched for them to return home, and if they did, I didn't see them. I didn't see them the next day either until after dark.

Mike came over, explaining that Staci was giving Lisa her bath and that gave him the opportunity to come over for a moment. He then thanked me for looking after Lisa all the previous week. What he said next, I had mixed feelings about. Seems that they had found another day care facility for Lisa and that my help wouldn't be needed that week. On the one hand, I was disappointed that Lisa wouldn't be running about naked in my house all week, on the other hand, little kids are downright exhausting to care for... something best left to younger folks than myself. Still, I wanted to have her close, read books to her and play with her.

I must've looked crestfallen. Mike put his hand on my shoulder and offered to send Staci over for a toss. He broke out into a laugh, and said, "Or maybe you'd like to come over to our place and put on show for us."

"A show?"

"Yeah, you and Staci together," Mike said with an unmistakable gleam in his eye. "Yeah, that'll be hot!"

"You serious?"

"Yes, I'm serious. Maybe you can play with Lisa a little too."

I excused myself to throw on a shirt. "Oh, don't bother with that," Mike said, "you're dressed well enough." I shrugged and barefoot, accompanied Mike next door.

"Granpa! Granpa! Granpa!" little Lisa shrieked as she ran up to me with her hands held up for me to pick her up. I lifted the freshly bathed little nudie into my arms and was rewarded with a lip smack.

"That's not how you kiss your Granpa," her father cajoled.

Encouraged by her father, she laid one on me, plastering her lips against mine and using her tongue. In all our naughty play the past week, we hadn't kissed like that. I in turn gave her some tongue. She opened her cute mouth and let me shove as much of my lingual digit into her mouth as she could handle.

"That's it, Bill, tongue fuck her," I heard her father say.

That was immediately followed by Staci saying with a laugh, "You dirty old man! She's just four!"

Coming to my senses I pulled my head back and away from Lisa, who looking at me, was beaming brightly. Staci, who was also fresh from a bath was wearing one of those plush terry cloth robes you see in upscale hotels, except that she didn't have it closed. Putting her hands on her hips and opening her robe wider to reveal her nude body more clearly, she continued to castigate me saying, "I'm surprised you don't have your nasty old cock hanging out, you old pervert!"

Staci got in close to me, and lowered my zipper. As I hadn't put on any underwear that day, she had no trouble fishing my cock out. "Oooo, Daddy, what a nice fat cock you have," she cooed taking me in her hand. Next thing I know and she's on her knees sucking me while I held her naked daughter.

"Yeah, suck his dick, slut," I heard Mike say.

I began to turn my head towards Mike voice, but Lisa placed her hands on my cheeks, turned me back and drove her little tongue into my mouth again. Of course Staci wasn't satisfied just sucking me through my fly and popped the button to my cargo shorts. Gravity immediately sent them down around my ankles. To keep from falling due to my feet getting tangled up, I managed to step out of them altogether. I was now rendered as nude as the little girl kissing me.

Let me tell you, that Staci could suck a dick! And she was noisy about it too, making lurid slurping sounds as she worked my rod over with her mouth. Meanwhile Mike kept up a steady nasty prattle encouraging his slut wife.

Remembering what he said about doing whatever I wanted with Lisa and Staci, so long as he got to watch when he wanted to, I decided to give him a real show. Feigning that I was dropping Lisa, I grabbed her by the ankles as I flipped her upside down. Lisa, of course, was shrieking with glee at this maneuver. It also dislodged the girl's mother from my dick, but so be it. Lifting Lisa high, I spread her ankles apart and lowered my mouth onto her little bald cunt. This too elicited peels of glee from the little girl, as well as lewd encouragement from her father.

"Eat that little slut's cunt, Granpa," he said. "Eat that young pussy, old man!"

Cutting my eyes towards the voice while I drove my tongue into the little girl's splayed open snatch, I saw Mike with a video camera in hand recording the sordid tableau staring yours truly. 'Blackmail!' I thought. Breaking contact with Lisa's pussy, I turned and shouted, "Turn it off, Mike! Turn it off!" He didn't turn it off and continued documenting me sexually engaged with his toddler.

Mortified at what Mike was doing, I shoved a hand towards the camera to block the view, as I yelled and cursed at him. This, of course, necessitated me letting go of one of Lisa's ankles. leaving her dangling upside down by one leg as I lunged at her father. Mike deftly sidestepped me and continued recording.

"Give me the fucking tape!" I yelled. I had a video camera back in the day that had used tape, but once my boys got older, I never upgraded to digital.

"There isn't any tape, old man," he taunted.

"Then delete it, god damn you!"

"Put her down, before you hurt her," Mike said as he backed up still filming. He had a point. Her head was but inches from the floor and she was screaming, "Don't drop me, Granpa! Don't drop me..." I'm sure the recorded visuals made me look like a brute. Gently I let her down.

"Delete it!" I demanded again.

"No can do, Granpa," he replied. "It's been wirelessly uploaded to a remote server. I couldn't call it back even if I wanted to."

"You son of a bitch!"

"Now, now," he said lowering the camera. "No one is going to see that. That is, if you cooperate and so far, you've been most cooperative."

Suddenly it became crystal clear that I had been set up into doing something I normally would have never considered doing. Hell, he'd been setting me up from the moment he first invited me over when he was home with a broken arm. And I was being set up when I was asked to baby sit this past week. I had been so compromised that there was nothing I could do to change the situation. I was a fish on a hook and Mike was playing me masterfully.

Seething I asked, "What do you want, Mike?" fearing the answer, while Lisa wrapped her arms around my thigh, her hand brushing against my low hanging nut sack..

"Oh, relax, Bill. This all just for fun and you've been having lots of fun so far."

"What do you want, Mike?" I repeated evenly, trying not to be distracted by Lisa's toying with my balls.

"Look at you getting felt up by a four year old," he said. "Admit it, you love it." He had a point, but though he hadn't directly said so, I knew I was about to be blackmailed, so I wasn't enjoying being fondled.

"How much do you want?"

"I don't want your money, Granpa. Just your cooperation."

"My cooperation? What are you talking about?"

"I just want to watch and film you with Lisa. Is that so bad?"

"Bad? Yeah, that's pretty fucking bad... Dad."

"The pot calling the kettle black? I didn't force you to do anything with Lisa, Bill. You did that all by yourself. You're a pedophile, just as Staci and I are. We're birds of a feather.

"Now, what I said Friday night about us wanting you as a sex partner was true. You're welcome to fuck Staci whenever you want. Like I said, she sees you as the perfect substitute for her pervert daddy. You're a fantasy come true for her.

"And what I said about you doing whatever you want with Lisa was true also. Like I said, I just want to be able to watch. But not only do I want to watch now, tonight, I want to able to watch years from now. So, I'm going to be video recording you. Tonight was a perfect start. I nearly came in my pants when you held Lisa upside down and ate her out. Man, that was some fucking hot, old man. You've got star quality!"

"But there's more to it than just that, isn't there?" I asked still seething.

"Ummm, yeah, but we can talk about that later."

"No, Mike, we're going to talk about it right now!"

"Ummm, okay, but first I want you to see something. Go have a seat," he said putting his video camera down. He then picked up a DVD and popped it into the player.

Staci, who had been mostly silent was sitting on the sofa, her robe discarded entirely. She patted the seat next to her. Nude, I sat beside her. Her hands were immediately in action. One rubbing my upper thigh and the other stroking my bare chest. "You are going to be my daddy, aren't you, Daddy? I'll do whatever you want, Daddy," she said in a sexy voice. "Tie me up, spank me when I've been bad... Whatever you want, Daddy, I'll be your living sex doll." The hand on my thigh moved up to surround my cock. Meanwhile Lisa climbed up on the sofa with us. She didn't sit, she stood on the cushion next to her mother. She beamed a sweet smile at me, and I watched as her little hand began tugging her mother's bare tit. Suddenly I realized that what was abnormal in most households, was very normal in this one.

I quickly looked back at Mike. Not surprisingly, he had the video camera recording us. 'Okay, let's see how this plays out,' I said to myself.

My wilted pecker began responding to Staci's manual manipulation, my arousal aided by the fact that her little girl had begun to suckle on her mother's tit while her little hand was gripping and squeezing the other. In no time I was sticking up hard and proud.

"Fuck him, baby," I heard her husband say.

Brushing Lisa aside, Staci swung over me and began rubbing her generous tits in my face. I felt a little hand on my dick and realized Lisa was guiding it to her mother's wanton snatch. Staci sat back and slid her vagina over my cock. Holy tamoly! Certainly little Lisa hadn't thought that up on her own!

Staci buried her tongue in my mouth and slowly rose and fell on my cock, fucking herself at a leisurely pace, squeezing her pussy around my happy rod on the upstroke and then letting it slide easily down. She was milking me. She broke off the lurid kiss and forced a wet tit against my lips. I accepted the offer.

When I got a little too rough, I was expecting to hear some complaint, but instead, she moaned, "Oh, yes, Daddy! Yes! You know how I love that! Ooooo, Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!" I got a little more aggressive with her nipple. That's when I noticed just how rubbery her nipples were, toughened by years of being suckled, not only by her little girl and Mike, but no doubt by a lifetime of her tits being gnawed on by her daddy. The rougher I got, the more she seemed to like it.

Suddenly her motions began somewhat erratic. She wasn't crying out by any means, instead she seemed incapable of uttering a sound as her vagina clamped down hard on my prick, so hard that I could barely move it inside her while her body shuddered in climax.

By that time I had had all I could take as well, or at least my cock had all it could take and began spewing my seed into her clasping cunt. Releasing her tit, I cried out, "Uggghhhh! Uggghhhh! Uggghhh!" as my cock pumped my seed into my neighbor's young wife.

Staci was aware that I was sperming her as she suddenly cried out, "Cum in me, Daddy! Yes! Cum in me! Put another baby in me, Daddy!"

Meanwhile I was vaguely aware of another seemingly far away voice urging, "Knock her up, Granpa! Knock the bitch up!" That just seemed to drive her on more and more. She continued fucking me with urgency until my cock became so sensitive that it hurt. Fortunately I went limp and fell out her cunt.

However, Staci didn't get off me, but began feverishly kissing me. I managed to push her off of me and to the side. She lay back laughing, one leg flung over the back of the sofa, splaying open her cum seeping cunt to me.

Rudely I was pulled from the sofa and the camera shoved into my hands. Somehow Mike had managed to undress and pushing her legs back against her tits, he mounted and skewered her spermy twat. Somehow, despite my unfamiliarity with the equipment, I had presence of mind to start recording before he thrust into her.

Now it was my turn to add some background vocals. "Fuck that slut, Mike," I sang out. "Put it to her, buddy! Make her cum on your dick!" While I recorded the steamy copulation, I became aware of small hands grasping my upper thighs, hands that were soon rubbing my sperm-wet balls from one side, while the other hand played in my ass crack from the other side. I swung the camera down and focused close in on the small hand playing with my balls, capturing not only that, but Lisa peeking around my bare leg with a mischievous grin.

A wet "thap, thap, thap, thap," filled the room as Mike put it to his slut wife, drawing my attention back to the fornicators. Thoroughly distracted by the child, I moved around as best I could with Lisa wrapped around my leg molesting me, trying to capture the action from several different angles. I gave up when Lisa began playing with my wet limp cock. As I swung the camera back down on her, she looked up at the camera, stuck her tongue out and licked my dick. Of course it wasn't just one lick, but several and soon she had the head between her lips. Holy fuck!

"Suck Granpa's dick, baby," I heard her mother say.

Keeping the camera down on Lisa blowing me, I looked up to see the child's mother and father had completed the act and were now watching us. Mike rolled off the sofa, took the camera from me and resumed videoing the child performing fellatio on me. By then I was semi erect and past caring about what was being recorded for posterity. As they say, in for a penny, in for a pound, and I was in for much more than just a pound.

Mike handed the video camera back to me and told his little girl, "Okay, Lisa, time to clean up your daddy." Lisa, being the cooperative little girl that she was, stopped sucking my dick, turned and took her daddy's dick in her mouth and cleaning the sex juices from it.

After about six or seven full sucks on his rod, Lisa pulled off beaming. "You're such a good girl," her father praised. "Now help your mommy."

Staci was by then standing beside us. She took a wide stance and Lisa nuzzled up into her mother's dripping snatch. Nasty! I, of course, continued video recording the wildest sex session of my life.

There was a pause in the party and Mike broke out a bottle of wine. I was never much of a wino, but the red he served up had a great fruity bouquet, was very smooth, not sweet, but not all oaky. I rather liked it. He and Staci cuddled up on one end of the sofa, while Lisa cuddled up with me. Mike picked up one of several remotes on the end table next to him, and turned on the TV. A moment later, the DVD he had loaded up earlier came on. There was a rather crudely executed title, "Little Sis". The action began with "Sis", who I immediately recognized as Lisa, playing with some dolls and other toys on the floor. She was cute as could be, wearing a grass green sundress with large blue polka dots. She was several months younger than she was now.

"That's me, Grandpa," Lisa explained rather proudly. "I'm the star!"

A shaggy brown haired boy, several years older than Lisa, but definitely a preteen, came into the room. "Daddy says I have to play with you," he says.

"Kay," she answers as she continues to play with her naked baby dolls.

"I want to play doctor," he states.

She looks up and replies, "Kay."

"I'm the doctor and you have to take all your clothes off."

"Kay," she says looking down at her doll. She put aside the baby doll. Standing, she put her hands in the air. The boy lifted her dress over her head. To my surprise, she had on panties. Not surprisingly she was soon relieved of those panties by her big "brother". The boy produced a stethoscope from somewhere and there ensued a fairly standard game of doctor, with her laying upon an ottoman naked and him listening to her bare chest, her bare tummy and even between her legs. She was a most cooperative patient.

"I need to take your temperature," he stated. Using his finger as a thermometer, he stuck it in her mouth. The camera zoomed to her puckering her lips as he sawed his finger in and out of her mouth. While he was performing this task, the camera moved around showing her naked body, especially the hairless clam shell between her parted legs.

Removing the "thermometer", the doctor inspected it and declared that she had a fever and that he needed to do more tests. "But first I need to take your temperature again," he declared. He moves down and begins sliding his finger along her slit. After a moment, he put his finger deep inside her and began probing her baby pussy.

"I think you might have a baby in there," he declares.

"I do?" she asked hopefully.

"Maybe, but I need to check further."

"Kay."

He removes his shirt and drops his shorts, then his tightie-whities. "First you need to take some medicine," he says.

"Kay."

Like Lisa, he is bald around his immature genitals. He climbs over her and pushes his dick into her face. "Open wide!" he says. She opens wide and he stuck his dick in her mouth. Her dainty lips closed around the small organ and she began to suck him. After a fairly long blowjob scene, he pulls away from her.

He then declares that he needs to do one more check and opens her legs. He moves in to fuck her. The next shot was from between his legs, of his dick pushing against and then separating her smooth hairless nether lips before disappearing into her cunt. For several moments the camera records his narrow gauge dick going in and out of her bald baby snatch.

At that point I'm as hard as I had ever been, my penis having made a record setting recovery. I hadn't gotten hard that quick in years.

The camera now zooms out and catches the boy's naked butt as he trusts into her like a jack rabbit. Then around for a side shot and finally one to capture her expression. She didn't appear to be in any discomfort at all, but rather she seemed to concentrating very hard.

"What are you kids doing?" a booming male voice says off camera.

The boy stops thrusting, looks up and replies, "We're just playing."

"Knock it off," the voice says, "and get your clothes on. Your mother is on her way home."

"Okay, Daddy," the boy says as he moves away. A pair of bare hairy legs, legs much hairier than Mike's, appear next to "Sis" who stays where she is looking up as large gouts of cum begin splattering all over the toddler's naked body. The camera zooms in on her playing in the cum and smearing it into her skin before the camera fades out.

When the film clip was over Mike paused the video. I turned to Staci and said, "You said she hadn't been fucked yet."

"I said, Mike hadn't fucked her," she said in all seriousness. "Jimmy, that's my sister's boy in the movie, he's fucked her. If you want, Daddy, maybe I can get them to come over some time," she laughed. "You'll like my sister. And you can watch the kids fuck. You'd like to see that, wouldn't you, you dirty old man." My rising pecker told Staci everything she needed to know about my level of interest.

Mike poured us another glass of wine, polishing off the bottle. He hit play on the DVD and another "Little Sis" clip began to play. Interesting neighbors for sure.

**Part 5 - Day Care Tribulations**

Be careful for what you wish for, the old adage goes...

We watched several more "Little Sis" video clips. There was one where she's sitting on the floor naked playing with a toy. She stops playing and puts her fist against her snatch and begins rocking back and forth masturbating. The camera zooms in to show her knuckles clearly within her demure lips. She never looks at the camera until she's finished, then she looks up, gives the biggest smile and then resumes playing with the toy.

Another was a bit more graphic. She climbs naked into the lap of a naked man. His face isn't shown, but I presumed him to be Mike, except he looked to be stockier than Mike. She sits with her legs straddling his legs, giving a clear shot at her smooth hairless baby pussy. The man, begins to stroke her bare legs and soon is rubbing her pussy, then penetrating her and fingering her. Before the molestation began in earnest, she was obviously very happy and alert. As her pussy is played with, she takes on an increasingly faraway look until she looks like she's been drugged. The fingering stops and for a moment the camera focuses on her expression. Suddenly, as if she'd been hypnotized and the hypnotist snaps his fingers, she comes out of it beaming. She looks up over her shoulder and says, "Do it again, Daddy. Do it again." Once again the man's hand goes to her crotch, his middle finger sliding into her now swollen gash and disappearing to the second knuckle; the camera fades out.

Another featured her older "brother," Bubby. "Little Sis" is again playing with her dolls on the floor naked. Bubby comes in also stark naked.

"I had to clean up your mess, Sis," he says, "so Daddy won't be mad and spank you."

"Kay."

"You owe me."

"Kay." She puts aside her doll and rises to her knees while he steps up to her. She grips his slender pecker and takes it in her mouth. Again the camera moves around to view the two kids from different angles and zooms in and out to capture the blowjob. Lisa who has been cuddling with me the whole time, lifts up and kisses me, blocking my view. Not that I minded her sticking her tongue into my mouth while I massaged her bare buns. Besides, as far as blowjobs go, the videotaped one wasn't a very interesting one, except for the ages involved. Besides I figured I was about to get a live one from the little angel any moment now.

"We'll save the rest of it for later," Mike said stopping the DVD.

"Lisa, tell Granpa goodnight. You have to go to school tomorrow," her mother said.

Lisa broke her not-so-childish kiss, turned to her mom and replied, "Kay."

She turned to me and , "'Night, Granpa!" Hopping off my lap, she dashed into the back of the house. Damn!

With Lisa out of the way, Staci moved in on me. She kissed me much like Lisa had been doing, but then began kissing me lower and lower and lower. Just as she was about to get to my dick, Mike pipes in and says, "Let's take this to bed." Damn!

\*\*\*\*\*

Sleeping with the Higgmans was a new experience for me. First of all, I'd never gone to bed with a man and his wife before. There was plenty of room in their king size bed, but someone had beat us to it; Lisa. They made no attempt to get the child to go to her own room, nor did they make any attempt to shield her from what was to take place on that bed. Actually, what took place was pretty straightforward. Staci sucked me for a little while and then we fucked.

Meanwhile Mike had his video camera going. I wasn't quite used to that yet, but what was really uncomfortable for me was Lisa in bed with us and watching everything we did. Well, if her parents were alright with it...

I lasted a good long while, changing positions frequently... missionary, cowboy, doggie, spooning, scissors, reverse cowboy. The woman wore me out. By the time I had cum and we were finished, Lisa was out cold. I suppose she'd seen quite a lot of that sort of thing by then. It was just what her parents did. I was pretty wasted by then too, rolled over and went to sleep myself.

\*\*\*\*\*

I was surprisingly refreshed when I woke up the next morning when the alarm clock went off. Lisa was snuggled up in the crook of my arm, her face buried in my hairy armpit. Mike and Staci rolled out of bed and hit the shower. I extracted myself from Lisa, plodded into the living room and finding my shorts, slipped them on. I was about to leave when Mike came out still drying his hair with his towel.

"Don't leave yet. We need your help," he said.

"You want me to watch Lisa today?"

"No, no, no. She's going to day care, so you get a break. But what we need is, uh, for you to go with Staci and drop her off. That way you'll know where the place is so you can take her and pick her up some days."

"You want me to take and pick up Lisa from daycare?"

"Or you can keep her with you all day. But we figure you could use a break from that all day every day."

"Oh, okay."

"You will take her and pick her up when we need you to, won't you?"

"Uh, yeah, sure." I really didn't have anything better to do, but spending all day with Lisa was exhausting.

"Well, then come and get some coffee. Staci and Lisa will be ready to go shortly."

So I went and had a cup of black coffee and waited around. Finally Staci makes her appearance in the kitchen with Lisa. By that time I was working on my second cup. Staci really was a looker, especially since she hadn't gotten dressed yet and was still nude, as was Lisa.

Ogling the young mother I stammered, "Uh, Mike says you want me to go with you to drop off Lisa at day care."

"Oh, would you, Daddy? That'd be so much help." She really had this Daddy thing in her head. I briefly wondered what she might think if I just bent her over the kitchen table and...

"Would you like some cereal?" she asked interrupting my train of thought which had been focused on her fine naked backside.

"Uh, no thanks. I never eat that stuff.

"I'm just going to pop over to my house and get a shirt and some shoes," I stated, my eyes following the shapely naked woman as she went to the fridge to get the milk. It was still hard for me to believe that I was now having a carnal relationship with her and with her husband's blessings.

"Oh, don't bother," she replied. "I'll just get you something of Mike's."

"It will only take me a minute..."

"No. I know it doesn't look like we're ready to go, but I promise I won't be but just a minute. I'm already running late."

I shrugged and said, "Okay."

I should have known better. Whereas Staci was nothing like my late wife, she was at the same time just like her. Five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes passed and I was still drinking coffee in just my cargo shorts. Hell, I could have gone home, shit, showered, shaved and still had time to scarf down a boiled egg or two, but here I was waiting for a woman to get her act together.

Mike came in dressed for work. "Staci said you needed a shirt and shoes. Hope these will do. See ya, I gotta run, Bill."

Now I'm a bigger guy than Mike. Not taller, but bigger in the chest and the waist. I examined the wife-beater shirt he'd handed to me and slipped it on. It was a tight fit. So tight that my nipples clearly poked out. Not only that, but chest hair was sprouting from the neck and arm holes. The "shoes" he gave me were cheap flip-flops and at least a size too small. I slipped into the half-bath adjacent to the kitchen and had a look. Not a pretty sight! Besides being dressed like some backwoods hick, I had a day old beard and my hair was unruly, completing the look.

"Daddy, are you ready?" Staci called out.

"Yeah, I guess," I replied.

I carried Lisa out to the car and put her in her car seat, fumbling around with damned straps for a minute or so before I had her secure. She was dressed in purple shorts and a lavender Hello Kitty t-shirt, along with white sandals, but I wondered how long that would last.

It had been raining off and on that morning and it was starting to rain again. "Come on, Daddy, get in. You're going to get wet and we've got to go."

"I'm coming. I'm coming."

I barely had my own seat belt on and we were backing out of the driveway. On our way, I asked, "So where is this place?"

"Just outside of town," she replied. "It's over here," she said gesturing forward, "but my work is back there," she said gesturing with her thumb towards the back. "I'll practically have to go past the house after I drop Lisa to get to work."

We lived fairly close to the edge of town, so I figured a ten minute ride there, ten minutes back to the house and another ten minutes for her to get to her job. Thirty minutes, that wasn't too bad. Turns out it was nearly twenty minutes to the day care as it was well out of town and in the next county. That made it closer to an hour each way, every day. No wonder they wanted me to take Lisa and pick her up.

I followed Staci into the new day care faculty carrying Lisa, who was visibly agitated. New is a misnomer, as this place was so run down and smelly it made my flesh crawl. Staci went to the front desk and engaged the rather gruff looking older woman sitting behind the desk. I tried to keep Lisa occupied while her mom took care of business. In the background you could hear several kids screaming or crying.

"I don't wanna go here," Lisa whined softly hugging me tightly around the neck. "I wanna stay with you, Granpa..." I couldn't blame her, I wouldn't want to stay there either.

After Staci paid the fees and signed Lisa in, we followed the gruff old lady into a room crowded with little kids. I handed Lisa off to one of the workers with Lisa now in full blown cry-mode. Staci and I then beat a hasty retreat. We went back to the front desk where Staci identified me as someone whom the day care could release her to. The woman regarded me contemptuously. Unshaven and dressed as I was, I must admit I looked like a bum. Ignoring her disapproving looks, I gave her my phone number as another emergency number. With that done, Staci and I headed out.

"Oh, I do hope we've made the right decision," Staci said on the way back to my house.

"She didn't seem very happy about it," I unhelpfully added.

"Once she settles in and makes some friends, she'll be fine," Staci rationalized.

'The place is a dump,' I thought to myself. 'God, I need a bath!' "So where did you find that place?"

"It's been on the bottom of our list for quite some time," Staci admitted.

"So, if you had that place on your list, why have me babysit her for three weeks?"

"We like you. And Lisa adores you. You know, you really do remind me of my dear pervert daddy. And you seemed to like Lisa... a lot, and we figured that if you baby sat for her for a few days, you'd... you know..."

"You thought that I'd molest her."

"You said that, I didn't. But yes, and you, ah... you played with her, didn't you, you bad, bad man!" She laughed. "And now you can't keep your hands off her, can you? Or," she giggled, "your mouth... or keep her mouth off you!

"My daddy was like that with my sister and me. Couldn't keep his hands off. Nor could he keep his dick out of us, not that we ever wanted him not to. Lisa's just like me, and I'm fine with that. And you, you handsome devil, are just like my daddy, Daddy. So Mike and I thought... perfect! And best of all you live alone next door!"

Having confirmed for me that she and Mike had played me, she started her car and drove away. We chatted on the way back in, with me asking questions about her real daddy. Boy, did I get an earful! And a few kinky ideas!

\*\*\*\*\*

After Staci dropped me off at my house, I made it around back to the back door which I never locked. I was almost starving by that time, so my first order of business was to fix me some scrambled eggs and toast, along with a glass of orange juice.

After stripping off the too tight wife-beater shirt and discarding the ill fitting flip-flops, I took stock of my upcoming day as I ate my breakfast. I needed to shower and shave, but decided I would hold off on that until I went to the gym for a workout. Then, before leaving for the gym, I threw my dirty towels into the washer, along with a few shirts and shorts, and started a load of wash.

What can you say about going to the gym and working out other than you did it? Back home and clean from my post-workout shower, I shaved. Then remembering the towels, I moved them from the washer to the dryer. My "must do's" for the day complete, I found a book I had started the week before.

I'd no sooner settled in when my cell phone rang. I didn't recognize the number and dismissed it as a junk call from some pesky telemarketer. I let it ring until it stopped. Then a moment later to my surprise, the call went to voicemail. Telemarketers usually didn't bother leaving a message, unless it was some obnoxious robocall, so I checked it out.

"Mr. Bill, please call Happy Days Day Care as soon as you get this message," the voice said adding, "it's urgent."

"Oh my god, she gotten hurt!" I said out loud. Immediately I dialed the call-back number."

"Happy Days Day Care," the disinterested voice answered.

"Uh, this Lisa Higgman's grandfather," I said.

"Her mother said for us to call you about this. Come get her right away!" the voice said.

"Is she hurt?"

"No, she's most uncooperative. She won't put her clothes back on! We can't have that sort behavior here and we won't tolerate it! Come get her now or we'll call someone with the county to come and get her!"

"I'll be there in twenty minutes."

"I'll give you fifteen minutes!" the unpleasant woman replied.

I hung up, gathered up my keys, wallet and glasses and hoofed it back out to Happy Days, making it there in a little under twenty minutes.

Seeing me walk in, the gruff old bitch behind the main desk huffed, "Well, it's about time you got here!"

"Uh, okay... So Lisa's being a problem?"

"We want her gone."

"What did she do?"

"Well, she's naked for one thing and refuses to put her clothes back on. But before that she was pulling her pants down and showing off. Then she was getting two of the boys to pull down their pants and showing off! We just can't tolerate that behavior. I suggest you get her in to see a child psychologist!"

"Uh, okay. So, where is she?"

The woman got off her fat ass and lead me to this little room. There all by herself, looking sad and pitiful, was Lisa in her natural state, her clothes in a pile on the floor next to her. Seeing me, she leaped up, ran to me and hugged my leg.

"I'll take it from here," I told the woman, who promptly left, leaving the door open. I'd liked to have never pried Lisa off my leg, and only after promising to take her home after she put her clothes back on, did she relinquish my leg.

With her dressed, I carried her out with her hugging me about the neck tightly. As we passed the desk, the woman, said, "You have to sign her out." I signed her out.

"We'll be sending her mother a refund," the woman added, "in a week to ten days."

"Yeah, I'll be sure and let her know," I replied.

Lisa hadn't eaten and as it was past lunch time, I hit the drive thru of the first McDonalds I came to and bought her a chicken nugget Happy Meal. Of course she was more interested in the toy than the food, but by the time we got home, she'd eaten most of it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Pulling into my garage, I stopped my car, got out and unstrapped her as the garage door closed. As soon as she was free, she bounded through the door to my kitchen. By the time I got there she had her shorts halfway down to her knees.

"Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Did I tell you that you could undress?"

"No," she replied holding her shorts halfway down.

"Well?"

She looked at me and said, "I don't want to wear any clothes, Granpa. I wanna be nakki."

"Pull them back up, young lady."

"Do I have to?" I just gave her the look and she pulled her shorts up.

"That's better," I praised.

"Now, put your hands up above your head. All the way up and touch the sky." She stood there with her hands stretched upward looking at me questioningly. I then lifted her shirt up and off. She started to lower her hands.

"Did I say you could lower your hands?" Immediately her hands shot upward again.

Topless she waited for me to tell her what to do next. I didn't make her wait long before I slowly worked her shorts down. Again she started to lower her hands. I corrected her and with her hands held high above her head, she stepped out of her shorts. I hadn't bothered to put her shoes or panties on at the day care, so she was now naked.

Again I waited a moment until she started to put her hands down. "Hands up!" I ordered and she shot her hands upward.

I was kneeling before her looking her straight in the eye, holding my gaze for a long moment as she waited and waited.

"Ckckckckckckckck!" I loudly clicked with my tongue while quickly reaching out and grabbing her by the pussy. She jumped back and shrieked at the same time at my unexpected attack, ending up nearly doubled over with laughter.

"Hands up!" I told the giggling little girl. She held her hands up. I looked her in the eye for a moment before suddenly goosing her between the legs again accompanied by my loud tongue clicking sound. Again she jumped back and shrieked at the same time at my unexpected attack.

"Hands up!" This time she could barely raise her hands at all. Half bent over, she was doing her best to stay in place, but the anticipation of the next attack was almost too much to bear. I feigned an attack, she shrieked with glee and took off running.

"Come back here! Did I say you could leave?" Bless her heart, she came back and held her hands up, doing her best to keep her giddiness under control.

I reached out, slowly getting closer and closer until she couldn't stand it anymore. "Now be still... stand up straight... hands up.... Ckckckckckckckck!" She squealed loudly, but this time she stood her ground and let me cup her smooth bald pussy.

I withdrew my hand without molesting her too much, pulled her to me and sniffed around her. "Poo woo!" I exclaimed. "You're all stinky."

"No, you're the big stinky!" she countered.

"No, you are! Tell you what. How about if we go take a bath and then you'll smell all sweet again?"

"Kay!" The girl loved her baths.

We headed off to the bathroom. As I drew the hot bath, she rummaged around under the sink and pulled out some bath toys. By this time I had quite a collection of bath toys. She chose a rubber duck, two boats and a Barbie doll that had seen better days. "Where's Teddy?" she asked.

"I put him in the dryer last Friday. I'll go get him. You stay right where you are, Lisa. Don't you dare get in that water until I get back."

"Kay."

Teddy had gotten a bit moldy, so I washed him with Clorox over the weekend when I was alone. The Clorox didn't help his appearance very much, but at least he didn't reek. I grabbed him off the top of the dryer and hurried back to bath.

"Good girl," I praised when I saw that she hadn't climbed into the tub in my absence. "You listen very well. For that you get a kiss." I scooped her and delivered a raspberry to her navel, sending her into a fit of squirming giggles. I flipped her around and delivered another raspberry to her cute little butt, which only heightened her merriment. Then I plopped her down in the warm water.

"Granpa! Granpa! Come play with me," she asked with a mischievous grin.

"You just want me naked," I accused.

"Yeah!" she replied. "Get nakki, Granpa. Get nakki with me!" Well, how could I refuse?

I stripped off. Standing before her, I took my cock in hand and wagged it at her. This amused her greatly. I stepped in and sat with her between my legs. For the next several minutes she happily played with her boats and naked Barbie doll while I gently washed her back, shoulders and reaching around, her chest. I then wet her hair down and shampooed her. Using a cup I kept handy, I dipped up the bath water and poured it over her head to rinse her hair, giving her plenty of warning to close her eyes. As for her lower extremities, I just let her soak clean. All too soon, the water grew cold and bath time was over.

After I dried her off, she ran off while I finished drying myself. I had a good idea where she had gone. Sure enough, she was in my ever unkempt bed. I crawled in next to her and she snuggled up in the crook of my arm. Her little hand began wandering across my chest and settling upon my nipple, where she tweaked it to a hard point. I remained very still and soon she stopped playing with my nip. There is nothing more beautiful than a naked sleeping child. I too took a nap.

\*\*\*\*\*

I dozed for about fifteen minutes, then woke up. Slipping out of bed without waking her, I went to fix myself a sandwich for lunch.

I was about forty minutes into my book when Lisa came bounding in and crawled up in my lap. "You're nakki!" she declared looking me in the eye as she knelt in my bare lap.

"So are you, little girl," I rejoined.

"Yeah!" she replied with that infectious smile of hers.

She then scooted back, straddling my knee. "Horsey! Horsey!" she demanded. We'd done this before and I knew exactly what she wanted. I'd bounced my own boys on my knee and bounced all of my grandkids too. They all enjoyed it, but not nearly as much as Lisa enjoyed it. As I started bouncing her, she held on to my thigh facing me. I wondered if my two granddaughters got off on doing this as much as Lisa did. With Lisa, it was more than just a game, much more. With Lisa, it was another way for her to masturbate.

After a few minutes, her cheerful demeanor was replaced by pronounced slack jawed expression. She was in a daze as her bald baby pussy was vibrated and stimulated. After a few more minutes, I had watched her long enough to know that she couldn't focus her eyes, nor did she want to, lost as she was in the sexual sensations welling up from her groin. I don't know if she actually had an orgasm, or if she was even capable of that, but she sure as hell got pleasure from it.

When I stopped bouncing her pussy on my knee, she sort of leaned forward, which put my dick right in her face. Her little hand reached forward to gently fondle me. I was already semi-erect from watching her get off, but with her playing with my genitals, that sent me into a full blown hard-on. "That's funny," she commented as my cock rose. She'd said that many times before over the last few weeks. She was always amused with a growing erection.

Knowing how much she delighted in seeing me ejaculate, I was anticipating that she might try to get me off. But, she didn't. She abandoned my lap in favor of rummaging through a basket of toys I'd bought for her. With her off my leg, I immediately noticed the wetness she left. I ran my fingers through it and brought it to my nose for the delicate smell of little girl pussy. As soon as the scent filled my nose I knew I wouldn't be satisfied with just that.

"Lisa! Come here, baby."

She looked back at me, smiled that smile and abandoning the toy she'd retrieved, came back to me.

"I want to hold you," I told her.

"Kay," she replied and crawled into my lap again.

I had her sit so that she was leaning back against me, her legs to either side of mine, my hard cock rising between her legs and lying flat against her little cunt lips. Holding her about the chest and her tummy, I looked and watched over her shoulder as I began to hump, rubbing my nasty old cock against her pristine little pussy. She made no effort to get away, nor did she protest my molestation. Indeed, just as I was, she was looking down, fascinated at what was happening between her legs.

After a minute or so, I lifted her up just a bit, so that the fat head of my seeping cock was rubbing along her tiny slit. I reached over to my end table and picked up a bottle of lubricant that I had placed there previously to aid me when I masturbated. Adding a few drops to the wet swollen head of my cock, I humped her slit a few times and her labia parted. My glans was now partially encased by her little pussy lips.

The lurid sights and forbidden sensations of my cock head sliding to and fro between her diminutive pussy lips were too much to take for very long, my ardor quickly building to the bursting point. "Ugghhhhh," I groaned into her still damp blond hair as I began ejaculating; ejaculating to her delight, as well as my own. Several times my cum shot up and splattered her chest and tummy. The last pulses of semen, now merely flowing from my cock, was smeared along and into her four year old trench, the excess man-milk flowing down her vulva and onto the base of my cock and my balls. It was a most satisfying cum!

Sated, my cock slowly began to soften until it fell away from her sticky cum laden puss. I held her tight for several minutes as I struggled to catch my breath and come to my senses.

My better nature restored, I was aghast at the crime I'd just committed. True, no one was harmed, but I shouldn't have done what I did.

"Lisa, baby," I whispered by her ear. "Best we not tell your mommy or daddy about our new game."

"Kay," she replied. "Can we play it again sometime, Granpa?"

"Would you like to play like that again?"

"Yeah! That was fun!"

**Part 6 A Whole New Experience**

Let me tell you, you're kidding yourself if you think that a four year old can keep a secret. Lisa was home just twenty minutes that evening before she told her Daddy all about the new game Granpa had taught her that day.

"Bill, Mike," said the now familiar voice over the phone. "What's this Lisa's tell me about you putting your dick in her pussy?"

"I didn't put my dick in her pussy, Mike," I explained to the little girl's father, "I just, uh, rubbed it along her, uh, slit."

"Oh, okay," he replied. "Then you won't mind showing me exactly what you did to my little girl, will you." He didn't sound all that happy to me.

"Well, uh..."

"What's the problem, Bill?" he asked.

"Well, if you want to watch..."

He laughed, "Damned right I want to watch. Fuck, my poor dick is so hard it hurts."

Relieved, I moseyed over next door. Staci greeted me at the door. "Daddy, I'm so glad you could come over," she said with a smile and fire in her eyes while she rubbed my dick through my shorts. I don't think I'll ever get used to how forward that woman can be. The door wasn't even fully closed yet and zip, my shorts were down around my ankles leaving me standing there in just my t-shirt with my dick in the warm embrace of her hand.

"Leave the poor man alone, Staci," her husband admonished her.

Releasing my cock she whined, "You never let me have any fun, Mike."

"You can fuck him later, baby."

"I'd like that," she replied with a wicked grin. Did anybody ask me if I wanted to fuck Staci? No, they didn't, but I'll forgive them for that breech of etiquette. At that point it was hard to tell who I had the hots for more, the mother or the daughter. Not that it mattered, as I could have both, so long as Mike could watch!

Mike offered me a chair, not a plush chair, but one from the dining room. I damned near fell on my ass when I tried to free my feet of my cargo shorts, the shorts having gotten hung up on my sandals. I managed not to make a scene, which was a good thing as it would've been difficult to explain how I had hurt myself to the paramedics.

I sat in the offered chair in just my shirt and sandals while Staci fetched me a beer.

"So you were sitting in a chair like this?" Mike asked with his video camera in hand.

"No, I was sitting in my Lazy Boy," replied.

"Oh, would you be more comfortable in my recliner?"

"That's alright, Mike. This will do," I replied. Even after all that had happened the past few weeks and days, I still couldn't believe what I was about to do, or why I was doing it. At home earlier today, it just happened. Now I was going to perform like some trained dog for the immediate amusement and salacious pleasure of the little girl's perverted dad and for Lord who knows who in the future.

"Granpa! Granpa! Granpa!" I heard my little sex toy call out. She burst from behind her daddy and leapt into my naked lap.

Leaning into her I whispered, "You weren't supposed to tell your mommy or daddy." She didn't say anything, but cut her eyes to the side and away from me. A few seconds passed and she looked me right the eye smiling, stood in my lap and kissed me on the lips. My hands lightly gripped her bare buttocks to hold her to me as we dueled with the other's tongue for a long moment.

Leaning back, safely held in my hands, she broke the kiss, batted her baby blues and said, "Sorry. Are you mad at me, Granpa?"

"I should be, but seeing that it was your mommy and daddy you told, I'm not. But you can't ever tell anyone else about the games we play. Okay?"

"Kay," she replied with an impish smile, then leaned into me and kissed me again. After a good tongue fuck and butt massage, she pulled back again and began tugging at my t-shirt. As I well knew by then, she liked me nude too when she was with me. I leaned forward slightly to help her strip it off my back, and while doing so, I saw that Mike was busy videotaping the encounter.

Staci delivered my beer and I told her, "I'm going to need some lube."

"For my butt?" she teased.

"Yeah, for your butt later on."

"Promises, promises," she said teasingly. "You'll be so tired you won't be able to get it up for me," she added with a pout.

"Oh, I'm sure you'll be able to get it up," I replied.

While she went to get some lube for me to use with her little daughter, I took the time to feel up Lisa for her father and his video camera.

By the time Staci got back with a bottle of Astro-Glide, I had Lisa positioned in lap facing away from me, her little legs outside my thighs splaying her open, my hard cock jutting up between her legs.

"Just stay there and hand it to me when I ready," I told the mother of the child. Staci stood by my side, her part the molestation of the little girl documented.

I really didn't have to do much once Lisa began rubbing her cunt, back and forth, against my cock. Having practiced this game a few times earlier that afternoon, she was quite astute at the new game.

"Squirt some of that on my dick," I told the mother nodding towards a bottle of lube she held. She did and Lisa applied more pressure, forcing my now slippery cock into her folds. Grasping Lisa by the thighs, I spread her wider open and lifted her slightly so that the head of my dick plowed the length of her furrow. From where I was sitting, it was quite the show. From Mike's standpoint...

"Fuck!" he muttered. "This is fucking great!

After several minutes her husband barked, "Staci, take the camera." Staci quickly moved to take the camera from her husband who proceed to unzip and take his cock out.

The assistant cameraman showed her experience, moving around so as to keep her daughter's cunt and my dick in the frame while her husband moved in close, furiously flogging his cock. He let out a grunt and cum flew from his prick, spattering on his daughter's chest and tummy where it ran down to be smeared by my dick into the depths of her bald cunt.

Having already cum twice that afternoon, so I wasn't sure if I'd be able to cum again, but the whole scene was so perverse that I was able to muster up a load from my balls. I shot it up onto the little darling's tummy, where it mingled with her father's cum and promptly ran down into her slit.

I began to soften and soon had slipped from the embrace of Lisa's labia, leaving them red, swollen and glistening with goo.

Mike took the camera and ordered his wife, "Lick them clean, slut," which she promptly did, scouring the cum from her daughter's skin and then going after her pussy. By then Lisa was practically cationic as her mother licked her cunt and my wilted soggy dick.

After that, I knew I'd had it for the evening and made my excuses. "Oh, no you don't, Daddy. You promised you'd fuck me!" Staci declared. I made no such promise, but Staci was adamant.

"Just stick around, Bill," Mike added. "You never can tell."

"Look, my dick is done for the night. I'm not as young as you guys."

"Oh, don't worry about it, Bill. The evening's young."

So, I agreed to stay a little longer thinking that I might get to see Mike fuck his wife's ass, and knowing that they wouldn't mind if I did.

Lisa had run out of gas, and like all little kids, crashed. I watched as her mother picked her up from my lap and carried her to bed. While she was gone, Mike handed me another beer. For several minutes while Staci was busy in the back, we drank and talked about mundane things.

Staci came back nude, which left only Mike dressed. She made a great show of showing off her body to Mike and me. She came up close and shoved her callipygian buttocks in my face. There was something there, a string it appeared. "Pull on it," Mike told me. I pulled and out came a string of anal beads that must have been three feet long, with each bead a little bigger than the last, with the final bead slightly larger than a ping pong ball. I'd never seen anything like that before. The way she was moaning while I pulled the beads out, I knew she had enjoyed it. I was then invited to stuff them back up her backside. That was even more fun than pulling them out!

While I was stuffing his wife's ass with the beads, Mike slipped away for a moment, bringing back a small bag with some sex toys. With the last bead stuffed up her butt, I slowly pulled them out again.

Rotating her ass as I pulled them out one at a time, she purred, "Mmmmmm, that feels so good, Daddy."

When the last bead popped out of her asshole, Mike dug into the bag and pulled out a faux cock. This he invited me to use on his wife's ass. He lubed it up and I slowly inserted it into Staci's anus. "Mmmmm, yes, Daddy, yes," she moaned. "That feels divine. But what I want is your dick, Daddy. Please, Daddy, can I have your dick up my butt? You know how much you like that too."

The few times I'd suggested anal to my now deceased wife, she had thrown a fit. The days following my indelicate suggestions were the low points of my marriage. I'd always wanted to try it, and here was this fine young woman who wanted it and was begging me to sodomize her. My mind was all for it, but my depleted pecker remained insufficiently impressed to muster up another hard-on.

"I'd love to fuck your ass, Staci," I told her while working the dildo. "But I just can't. Tomorrow maybe, but not tonight."

"Please, Daddy! Please!" Fuck me...

"Frig her clit," Mike advised. I did. She gasped and then shook as if being electrocuted. Then with a swoosh of air, she lurched forward away from me and in doing so, yanked the dildo from her ass. She curled up in a ball at my feet and continued to shake and shudder for a moment. She lay still for several more minutes before uncoiling, her hair now matted with sweat. After a few more minutes she was up and recovered.

"I know," she said. "Let's play a little game."

I'm not much on games, but what the hell. She had me stand, then she blind folded me. I'm thinking, 'Okay, someone's going to blow me and I'm supposed to guess who.' With that thought, I became a little nervous, not knowing if Mike would actually suck my cock. And if he did, then what? Then she tied my hands loosely behind my back.

"Alright, games over!" I declared. Whatever this game was, I wasn't playing it.

"Oh, be still, you big baby. I'm not going to hurt you," she said. "Now, just relax."

So I stood there blindfolded with my hands tied behind my back while Staci played with my dick. Okay, so far so good. Suddenly Mike wraps his arms around me from the back. Naturally I tried to free myself, but with my hands tied and now my arms locked to my sides...

Then I felt it. Something had been shot up my piss tube!

"Okay, god damn it! That's enough, that's a enough," I shouted while fruitlessly struggling against Mike holding me in place. Then my dick began to burn. "Oh, son of a bitch!"

Mike released me and then untied my hands. As soon as my hands were free I ripped off the blindfold, ready to fight, but by then the burning sensation had passed. Staci was naked kneeling before me, looking up at me with a smile.

"Okay, what the fuck was that all about?" I asked still broiling.

"Relax, Daddy," she said. "It was just something to help you out."

"Help me, how?"

"Give it fifteen minutes or so and you'll have the best erection of your life," Mike interjected.

"What are you talking about?"

"Well, some guys who have ED..."

"I don't have ED."

"But some who do, put a little medicine up the old piss hole," Mike explained. "In a few minutes, you'll be hard as steel. You'll be able to fuck for hours. How about a beer while the med takes effect?"

He brought me another cold brew and sure enough, in ten minutes I began to get a rise. In fifteen, I was in fighting trim. In twenty, I don't remember ever being that hard and I was buried to the root in Staci's ass. I fucked her solo for a good twenty minutes, adding lube every few minutes to ease the way. My balls depleted, I wasn't cumming anytime soon. Still, I was fucking this fine young woman's ass. Hell, she was young enough to be my daughter, if I had a daughter.

Mike video recorded it for a while, then set his camera up on a tripod so he could join the action. He had me enter his wife from the rear and then roll us both over onto my back. I hooked her ankles with my ankles and spread her open. Mike came at her from the top. It was incredible to feel his cock sliding into his wife's pussy through the thin membrane of her ass. It was tight, needless to say, incredibly tight and I could hardly move. Still I could feel him thrusting in and out of her cunt. Over the next two hours we fucked her, taking several breaks. Never once did my prick begin to flag. Whatever it was they put up my dick was a miracle. As for Mike, he was wearing a cock ring to keep himself stiff. I even managed another ejaculation, it wasn't much, but it sure felt good. By the time we were through with her, she was begging us to stop.

I now began to worry about my steely erection. For one thing, I had rubbed it raw. More concerning, it had been erect for two hours, something that had never happened to me before, not even close. Remembering those adds for Viagra, the warning about erections lasting over four hours and the damage that could cause, I began to seriously worry that I might need to seek medical help.

Mike told me to relax, that it would soon go down. I dressed and went home, still with a stiffie. But ten minutes later as I came out of the shower, I noticed it was drooping. Soon it was semi-flaccid, then flaccid. Relived and thoroughly stated, I got the best night sleep ever.

**Part 7 Learning a New Trick**

As much as I enjoyed having Lisa with me all day, especially playing naughty games with her, it was still a bit of a hassle. Really, even on good behavior days, little kids are a lot of work and I have more to do than just babysit every freaking day... even if it does have its upside. But with the "new" day care out of the question and with Mike and Staci really needing my help, I needed to find a way to accommodate what I needed to do while caring for Lisa. She certainly demanded a lot of attention, but she really wasn't much of a headache at home, but taking her out somewhere, that could be rather vexing.

She was okay going to the grocery store. She sat in the basket and ogled all the goodies, especially the decorated cakes in the bakery section and the live lobsters were always fascinating to her. Of course it helped if Staci delivered her with shorts on rather than a sun dress, as the little girl could inadvertently flash some unsuspecting patrons and cause a scene. But, as I was right there all the time, I could quickly intervene if she got antsy, and thus I could take her to the store.

But the real problem came when I wanted to go to the gym and workout. I was dedicated to keeping in shape and not letting my body go to hell in a hand basket, so the gym was priority for me. Luckily, the gym I belonged to had a supervised kiddie play room for when a kid's caretaker was working out. The question was, could I trust that she'd keep her clothes on while I was working out? The fiasco at the day care told me no, but I was tired of missing my workouts or doing it at night when she was home with her parents.

I decided to lay down the law to her, and was prepared to back it up with certain punishment. Spanking her might do it, but what I had in mind was taking away something she enjoyed doing.

"Okay, Lisa, get your clothes on, we're going out for a while," I told her one morning.

"Kay," she replied and set about pulling on her shorts (backwards) and slipping on her t-shirt. I fixed the shorts and put some shoes on her.

"We're not going to the store today," I told her. Her smile evaporated. "We're going to my gym." She scrunched up her brow. I'd never taken her to the gym before.

"Now, I'm going to work out," I explained while imitating lifting weights, "and while I'm doing that, you are going to the play area." He face brightened. "While you are in the play area, you are not to take your clothes off." She frowned. "You understand me, Lisa? Keep your clothes on. If you don't, then I will have to punish you!"

Her eyebrows lowered as the gears turned in her head. Suddenly she smiled brightly. She had a plan, I knew, a plan to test me.

"Here's what's going to happen if you disobey me, Lisa. When we get home from the gym and if you've taken your clothes off, there will be no playing outside in the sprinkler, the Slip 'N Slide nor the pool." As she loved running around outside playing in the water, that got her attention. That was always the highlight of her day. "I will spank your bare butt, spank it until it hurts and then you will be inside, locked in the spare bedroom by yourself for the rest of the day. No cookies either!"

Her lower lip rolled down. "Why are you being so mean, Granpa!"

"I will only be mean if you take your clothes off. Be a good girl for Granpa and we will play in the water outside, have cookies and play games. Okay?"

"Kay," she whispered with a defeated look.

So, I took her to gym. Just before getting out of the car, I reiterated what would happen if she took her clothes off, then went inside, paid the extra fee and took her to the play room. There was another little girl there about her age, and I figured that they'd play together and all would be fine.

The entire time I working out, I was expecting someone to come find me and tell me to deal with her. I rushed through my workout, cutting corners here and there and taking only just under an hour to squeeze everything in. Finished, I went to the play room to pick her up. To my relief, she was still dressed and engaged with another little kid who had recently arrived.

Dropping what she was playing with, she ran up to me, "Granpa! Granpa! I have my clothes on! I have my clothes on!" I picked her up and shushed her. Looking about, I didn't think anyone overheard her. That was relief too. I signed her out and hustled her out of there.

"Can I go nakki outside, Granpa?" she asked as I carried her to the car. "I kept my clothes on."

"Shhhhhh!"

"Can I go nakki outside?" she asked again louder.

"Shhhhhh! Yes, now be quiet before someone hears you."

"Kay."

By the time I pulled into my garage, she had escaped from the car seat and had shucked off everything. With the garage door safely shut, I opened the car door. She was ready to jump out, but I stopped her. "Just a minute, Lisa. In the car, you are to keep your clothes on and you don't ever get out of your car seat."

"Kay," she replied as she squeezed past me to dash to the door to the kitchen in her birthday suit. I really couldn't be angry with her as she had done exactly what she was told to do at the gym, but what if a cop had stopped me on the way home? How would I explain the unrestrained and naked little girl with me?

"Cookies, Granpa! Cookies," she demanded as soon as we were inside. Well, she had been good... mostly. So, I set her up at the table with a sippy-cup of milk and two cookies. Then excused myself to take a shower.

Probably the best home improvement project I ever undertook was to rip out the stupid bath tub and replace it with a walk-in shower in our master bath. There was room for two, something my wife and I both enjoyed when she was alive.

So I was showering when Miss Nosey popped in with me. It must have been the first time she'd been in a shower before, for she got it face first. She squealed covering her eyes and danced about until she had her back to the spray. Not missing the opportunity this presented, I wasted no time in soaping her up with my bare hands, paying particular attention to all those places that were the most fun to touch.

"You were such a good girl today," I praised sliding my soapy fingers through her butt cleft. "I think you deserve a special treat."

I shut the water off and dried us both off. Picking her up, I carried her to my living room, and sat with her in my Lazy Boy. Reaching for the bottle of lube I kept handy, I told her, "Open wide!" She opened her mouth. "No, not that way, silly," I jovially scolded and then spread her legs apart.

I added some lube to my middle finger and slipped it into her slit. One, two, three slow trips along the length and on the fourth, I ran my finger up into her vagina. I'd never actually finger fucked her before, but today I did. Not surprisingly, her fuck tunnel was very short before I bottomed at her cervix.

"You like that, baby?" I asked softly as I moved my finger in and out.

"Uh, huh," she nodded.

"I'm not hurting you, am I?"

"Unh, uh," she intoned with a shake of her head.

"Does your daddy do this for you?"

"Uh, huh," she nodded.

I kissed her head and said, "Good, I wouldn't want to do anything that might upset your mommy or daddy."

For the next several minutes the only sounds made were the wet smacks from my finger and her puss, that and some low whimpering from the little girl I was molesting. I was hard the entire time I molested her, my cock rubbing against her blemish-free smooth skin, leaving wet pecker trails upon it.

I stopped plunging my finger into her cunt hole. Added more lube and just slid my finger inside and along her girly gash, occasionally taking a deep trip inside her.

Not wanting to overdo it, I removed my finger. Lisa curled up in a ball on her side, presenting me with another target for exploration. I added more lube, then went between her butt cheeks seeking out her little puckered hole. Finding it, I rubbed for a moment, then penetrated to the first knuckle. She squirmed about in my lap, but didn't complain. Still, she was really tight back there, so I didn't press it into her any farther. For the next few minutes I just ran the tip of my finger in and out of her anus thinking, 'One day, she'll be an ass whore like her mother.'

Coming to my senses, I stopped playing with her asshole as it was just too tempting not to go deeper. Still curled up, she snuggled into my arm and dozed off. Yeah, she liked it, liked it a lot. Me? I liked it a lot too, perhaps a little too much.

Without waking her, I carried her to my bed where I crawled into the sack with her. It was nice having her asleep in the crook of my arm. It didn't last very long. I had just about dozed off myself when suddenly she pops up announcing, "I'm hungry!"

Glancing at the clock, I ascertained that it was indeed lunchtime. "Okay, little one, let's go find some grub."

"What's grub?"

"It's food."

"Kay," she replied, hopped out of my bed and ran to the kitchen. A minute or so later I made it. Looking through my fridge, I spied a plastic container with the remains of a can of Spaghetti-O. A forty five second nuking in the microwave and it was warm enough, but not too hot, for her to eat. Me, I fixed myself a ham and cheese sandwich. We both had a glass of milk.

With lunch over and the mess cleaned up, she was ready to go outside and play in the water. As much as she loved doing that, I loved rubbing her down with sun screen. I always took my time and did an excellent job of protecting her from the UV rays, not that she needed much protection with the tan she'd developed these past weeks. Still, I was going to do the responsible thing and enjoy every moment of it!

I squeezed out a big glob in my hand, warmed it up and slathered it on and as always, she stood there letting me feel her up to my heart's content. As impatient as she could be about some things, with this she didn't seem to want to rush.

"You like me doing this?" I asked.

"Uh, huh," she nodded.

"I thought so," I replied as I ran my oily hand between her legs and over her smooth clam shell. Smiling, she batted her blue eyes while I molested her again. Yeah, she liked it, liked it a lot. So, for a long while I fingered her little pussy while she stood before me until her eyes became glassy with a faraway look in them.

"I think that's enough for right now," I said withdrawing my hand and greasy fingers from her bald cunt. "Later, I'll play with you like that again. Okay?"

"Kay," she replied with a grin.

"Now, let's get that sprinkler going."

"Yea!" she shouted as she excitedly bounced naked before me.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was later that afternoon. I had bathed her to get the excess sunscreen off of her and had taken her to my bed for nap time. But, she wasn't particularly sleepy. She wanted to play... with my dick. I certainly didn't tell her no. Delighting in my stiffing cock, it didn't take her long to get me hard, nor did it take long after that before a bead of clear precum formed at the tip. She ran her thumb across it and smeared the natural lube over my glans.

I was enjoying nap time when she suddenly sprang from the bed and ran into the bathroom. "Damn," I muttered annoyed by the interruption. A moment later I heard the toilet flush. She bounded back into the room, up on my bed and on top of me. She sat up straddling my hips and in doing so, trapping my hard cock between my belly and her cunt.

Seemingly oblivious to what she was doing, she smiled down at me. For me the possibilities were obvious. I reached for the bottle of lube on my bed stand and squirted some on the portion of my dick that was visible. Carelessly dropping the bottle of lube beside me, I hunched my hips, driving my cock forward, then quickly drew back. Her labia parted and partially wrapped around the stalk of my cock. I thrust forward and the sensitive underside of my cock slid along her slit. Instantly I knew this was a better way to faux-fuck than from a seated position with her facing away from me. She figured it out too, once I began pulling and pushing on her hips. Soon, she was doing all the work, humping her hips and sliding her cunt along my cock. I glanced to the side towards the mirrored sliding closet doors. What a sight! It looked very much like we were fucking! And in a manner, I suppose we were.

"You like that, honey?"

"Uh, huh," she nodded with a smile.

Her smile soon faded as a look of concentration came upon her pretty face. Whatever she was feeling, she wanted it to continue and was willing to work towards it. Me, I just lay back and enjoyed the ride.

I had been edging all day, ever since I first finger fucked her on my Lazy Boy. Fingering her twat outside while applying sunscreen only kept me on the edge. For hours now I'd had a tingling sensation in my groin, and with the exquisite feel of her cunt rubbing the sensitive underside of my cock, I quickly built to an incredibly intense orgasm.

I heard what sounded like a sick dog moaning, only I knew it was me and not some dog. As the lights dimmed, I let loose with a forceful ejaculation of semen, which despite the low trajectory, got at least four inches past my navel. To Lisa it might have sounded as if I was dying, but she didn't stop thrusting her little hips forward and back as my moaning and fountaining display continued. Even when I stopped the moaning and stopped ejaculating, she kept up her hip motion, even as my cock deflated until it got so sensitive that I had to grab her by the hips to hold her still.

Back down from the dizzying heights of my exquisite agony, but still lost in the residual sexual fog, I could hear her giggling. Forcing myself to focus on her face full of wonder, I couldn't help but think how preciously delightful she was. It was then that I realized she was studying the large globs of cum on my belly. She always delighted in seeing me ejaculate and today was no exception. Indeed, she'd had a clear unobstructed view of it shooting from my dick.

She had stopped giggling, her mouth was partially open, her lips slack and pouty. I scooped up some cum from my belly, reached upward, and painted her lips with semen. She just stared down at me. I scooped up another fingerful and stuck it in her still open mouth. She closed her lips around my finger and slowly pulled it free. Raising another scoop of cum to her face, she leaned forward, opened her mouth and sucked it clean. For a long time I lay there with her still sitting on my now squashed dick, cleaning the semen from my belly and feeding it to her.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next day Fed-Ex delivered a package. We had just returned from the gym and luckily I still had my gym clothes on. Lisa, I had her hide in the back while I answered the door. My birthday was in a few days and I was expecting the package, as my oldest had called and told me that he and his two brothers had gone in together to get me something special.

Opening the Amazon box, I was surprised to find a very nice digital video camera, a tripod, and a rather bulky looking thing that I had no idea what it was for. I'd had a first generation black and white video camera that used tapes when my boys were young. It had died years ago and I never bothered to replace it. I supposed my boys were thinking I'd shoot videos of my grandkids when they were over.

This video camera was light years ahead of my old point and shoot. For one thing, instead of tape, it used standard USB thumb drives to record to. And it had a zoom lens and a remote control. Why the remote?' I asked myself. As I examined things further, and actually glanced over the instruction manual, I discovered that the bulky thing was a motorized and remotely controlled base which allowed you to pan the camera left and right, up and down using the remote, as well as zoom in and zoom out. The camera you could plug into a TV and use it as a real time monitor.

"What is it, Granpa?" my little nudie asked.

"It's a video camera."

"Will you make a movie with me?" she asked with a coy smile.

"Would you like to make a movie?" She put the tip of her index finger in her mouth and twisted about pretending to be unsure like little girls do sometimes. "Would you like to make a dirty movie?" She actually blushed and giggled.

I was ready to use it right away and make a clip of her sitting on the floor masturbating, something I always found to be erotic. But the batteries needed to be charged first, so I plugged the thing in. Reading further, I discovered that I could record with just the battery charger attached.

I had her sit on the floor in front of my Lazy-Boy and do her thing while I video recorded it from the comfort of my Lazy-Boy. She put on quite a show for her Granpa! Such a cooperative little tart!

That was all fine and good, but I had an inspiration. I took everything and assembled it in my bedroom, hooking it up to my flat screen TV, which was mounted on the wall facing the foot of the bed for easy viewing. I set the camera, tripod and motorized base off to the side of the bed, opposite of the mirrored closet doors.

To my surprise, everything worked as I thought it would. Using the joy stick, I could pan left and right, up and down. With a simple toggle, I could zoom in and zoom out. Another button controlled record or standby. With standby, you could set up your shot without recording what the camera was seeing. So simple, even I could use it.

I needed to shower, but that could wait. I shucked off my gym clothes and crawled into bed with Lisa. I played with the remote, immediately determining that the camera angle was wrong. I got up and moved the camera a foot or so, and climbed back in. It took a few more tries before it was perfectly placed.

"Okay, baby. We need to get out of bed. Then when I call for you, come get back in bed with me."

"Kay!"

A moment later, standing off out of the frame, I clicked the record button and the red light came on confirming that the camera was recording. I crawled into bed and got in position lying on my back. Checking the TV, I could see me, but more importantly my cock was clearly visible.

"Sissy, baby. Come to Granpa!"

"Little Sis" crawled into the sack nude with her nude grandpa, sitting by my hip. From there she really didn't need any direction. "Can I play with your thingie, Granpa?" she asked out loud without prompting.

"Sure, baby. If that's what you want to do."

Checking the TV, I was rather pleased to see that our reflection in the closet door mirrors was clear.

She took my flaccid cock in her little hand, looked at the camera smiling, then back down at her play toy. I zoomed in on her little hand playing with my nasty old dick, then zoomed out. Soon she had my cock at full attention. I zoomed out just in time to catch her lower her head to lick and suck on the tip of my dick. She looked back towards the camera with a naughty grin. Meanwhile I squirted some lube on my cock.

She then climbed up on top of me, straddling my hips. She began thrusting her hips. I swear, on the TV it looked like she was actually fucking me. I zoomed in on her young face... such concentration! For the next several minutes she rode me, sliding her cunt back and forth over my trapped dick.

When the time came, I'm afraid I overacted a bit as my orgasm swept over me. However, the camera captured the money shot of my nut juice shooting up onto my tummy.

Opening my eyes after a most satisfactory climax and looking at my happy baby lover, I had an inspiration. Reaching forward, I grasped her by the waist. Pulling her toward my head, I turned her around for a 69 and buried my face between her legs. Of course she was much too short to suck my dick, but she could and did lap up the puddles of cum on my tummy.

The video complete, we watched it several times. She wasn't as nearly impressed as I was, but then females of any age when aroused, aren't as obvious as males. That evening, I brought the thumb drive next door. Mike and Staci loved it.

**Part 8 Visiting Grandkids**

Everything was going fairly smoothly with me and Lisa. We had fun with my new video camera making an entire series of Lil' Sis & Gramps movies. Well, they weren't exactly movies, just short kiddie porn clips. Fun stuff to watch at night before going off to sleep! I got very good using the camera with its remotely controlled motorized base and zoom capabilities. Of course there was a lot of things I couldn't do with it, such as move around changing the perspective, but overall my results weren't too bad.

Within two weeks, I had hours of video of her running around inside and outside naked, of her playing with my dick, me playing with her pussy, feeling her up, of me licking her and she licking me everywhere. Really dangerous stuff to have in my possession, particularly when Mike wanted copies of everything, copies he probably shared with his brother-in-law and sister-in-law, who may have shared it with... I really didn't want to think about how many people might ultimately see me and Lisa doing the most depraved things.

About the only major issue, which I deftly turned into a minor one, was at the grocery store one day. Staci had dropped Lisa off in a sundress and nothing else. That was no problem, as I had my own supply of panties for her just for these occasions.

We didn't have any incidences at the gym, so back home, I wasn't particularly concerned about going to the grocery store. I should have checked before we left, but I didn't. So, I have her in the kid seat of the shopping cart doing my shopping. A woman comes up to me and says, "You should be ashamed of yourself!"

"What? What's your problem, Ma'am?"

"You should have panties or shorts on your little girl!"

I looked and was aghast that Lisa had her dress pulled up enough that it was clear that she wasn't wearing anything under her sundress.

"She soiled her panties, and I did the best I could," I quickly explained. "You're not offended, are you?"

The woman, now clearly embarrassed that she'd made an issue out of an innocent "accident", replied with a nervous laugh, "Oh, no, not at all. I'm sorry. Please forgive me."

A few minutes later on another aisle, an older man was hanging very close. I had noticed him some minutes before, but didn't think anything of it. I found what I was looking for, took it from the shelf, and turned to place it in my basket. As I turned, he looked away. I continued shopping and he kept close by, always looking away anytime I turned towards him. It was obvious to me what he was up to, he was trying to glimpse her bare pussy.

I suppose I should have been angry, but I wasn't. Once I realized what he was up to, I made it a point to give him what he wanted by pushing Lisa's dress up and exposing her even more. I spent a lot more time shopping than I normally do.

After that, it was strictly sans panties for Lisa when we went grocery shopping. I also made sure that she was always wearing a sundress too. Most times, no one ever said anything or acted abnormally, but every so often, I'd have some guy lurking close by. I don't know if Lisa suspected anything or not; she never mentioned anything about it. But one day, Lisa was being Lisa and pulled up the front of her dress to play with her navel, giving this guy a totally unfettered look at her girlie parts. Poor fellow, he nearly had a stroke! Me, I pretended that I didn't notice and let her play with her belly button for several long moments.

Returning to push the cart further down the aisle, I patted her dress back down to cover her. When I stopped, I let the man catch up with us. I leaned into Lisa and told her. "See that man? He's been looking at you. Let him look. Okay?"

"Kay."

I walked away and when I did, she lifted her dress again and resumed playing with her navel. We did that several more times. Finally when I turned back to the cart, he was standing very close to her, looking at what she was showing. He looked up at me, then looked back down at her pussy. "Go ahead and look," I told him, "but don't touch."

He looked up from her puss and replied, "Thanks. Don't mind if I do," then looked back down. I retrieved the last of my items and knowing I had gone too far, made it to the checkout counter. Thankfully, he didn't follow us out of the store.

\*\*\*\*\*

Later that night, I got a call from my oldest son, Eric. Seems that the following week, his company was sending him and his wife, Paula. to a weeklong business conference in Hawaii. "Dad, I have a big favor to ask," he told me. "While Paula and I am gone, will you look after the kids for us?"

It was early August and the kids were still out of school for the summer. I couldn't very well tell him no, but there was a problem, a big problem, a problem I wasn't about to discuss with him... Lisa.

I tried to beg off, suggesting that they talk to Mark, my middle son. But Eric informed me that Mark's wife, Kendra, was taking their two kids to visit her mother that week.

"Jason and Gwen?" I suggested. They too had some sort of plans that made it very difficult for them. Having no real choice, and not be a total prick, I agreed to look after Jeff and Meagan for the week.

That evening, I went over to talk with Mike and Staci. Staci wasn't interested in my problem, she just wanted her Daddy to fuck her, so I did. Then getting down to the real reason I dropped by, I heard all the reasons why it wasn't possible for them to look after Lisa that week, as neither had any vacation time and they didn't know of anyone else, but me, to look after their precocious little darling.

"If it wasn't such short notice, maybe I could find someone," Staci plead while fondling my wet soft prick for another go.

"Yeah, sorry, pal," Mike added while diddling his slut wife's cum sodden cunt, "guess you're stuck."

"What about your sister?" I asked Staci.

"She's going in the hospital for a hysterectomy that week.

"Oh, yes, Mike," she moaned. "Right there. Right there."

I let it drop, concentrating my attention on the here and now, rather than on my future problem.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Poppa! Poppa!" my nine year old granddaughter shouted as she sprang out of the back of my son's minivan. She ran to me, honey blond hair flying and her brown eyes bright, wrapping her arms about my waist in a loving hug.

A moment later, my eleven year old grandson, Jeff, was shuffling towards me, smiling, but unhurried. "Hi, Poppa," he greeted with a lazy wave of his hand. It's just shocking how much kids change in a matter of months when you don't see them every day. Like his dad, he was now wearing his hair very short. Last time I saw him, it was rather long.

Paula, my comely daughter-in-law, was next, coming over and giving me a hug and a kiss on the cheek while pressing her big tits into my chest. After his wife broke her embrace, Eric was there to give me a man-hug. As it was early Friday evening, they planned to spend the night before heading home the next morning, planning to catch their flight to Hawaii on Sunday morning.

As always it was great seeing my son and his growing family. Meagan, my granddaughter was as affectionate as ever, and true to form, Jeff, my grandson, was aloof until he relaxed and loosened up a bit. I just wished Eric and Paula could have stayed a little longer, as I was enjoying their adult company, but come Saturday morning, they were off for a fantastic trip, paid for by his employer.

The kids and I spent Saturday getting to know one another again, spending Saturday afternoon at the zoo. On Sunday I took them both fishing. We drowned a bunch of crickets and caught a mess of sunfish. Both kids loved it. Meagan wasn't so keen on baiting her own hook at first, but after a few times, she was merciless on the poor crickets, especially when it was just after pulling in a fish bigger than the last one her brother had caught. Sunday night, back at the house, we had a fish fry.

As much fun as I'd had with Jeff and Meagan, as I went to bed Sunday night, I was dreading Monday morning and the arrival of the little tart from next door. Both her parents and I had talked to her about the necessity of her keeping her clothes on while my grandkids were there, and she seemed to understand. But with personal experience with kids her age, I knew that understandings had a way of being forgotten or outright ignored, especially when dealing with a kid as head strong as little Lisa.

Jeff and Meagan were still sleeping in when Staci dropped off Lisa Monday morning. I was happy to see her dressed in shorts and a t-shirt, and that she had shoes on. Staci spoke with her again about what was expected of her that day and everyday that week. Lisa acknowledged her understanding with a short, "Kay. I will, Mommy."

"Promise me," Staci reinforced.

"I promise," Lisa replied in her innocent little girl voice. "I love you, Mommy."

"I love you too, baby. Now, you be a good girl for Granpa."

"Kay."

A few minutes after Staci departed for work, Meagan made her appearance. Seeing Lisa, she rushed up to the little girl and greeted, "Hi! You must be Lisa. I'm Meagan. I'm nine years old. How old are you?"

"Five," she answered pushing it as she wouldn't be five until October.

"Poppa has told me all about you," Meagan said. "You and me, we're gonna have so much fun together this week."

Lisa cheerily replied, "Kay!"

"Want to play dolls?"

"Kay!"

"Come on!" Taking charge of Lisa, Meagan took her by the hand and led her to the bedroom she was staying in.

'Hmmm, this might be easier than I thought,' I optimistically mused. With Lisa and Meagan taken care of for the moment, I set about fixing a big breakfast for everyone.

Just as I finished setting the table and was ready to begin serving, Jeff came in wearing just his briefs.

"Go put some pants on, Jeff," I told him. "Lisa is here."

"Where?"

"She's with Meagan in Meagan's room. When you're dressed, tell the girls that breakfast is served."

With a, "Yes, sir," he was off to don some pants and maybe a shirt. Two minutes later, the three of them came and sat down for a breakfast of pancakes and bacon. Jeff didn't have a shirt on, but I didn't make an issue of it. Why should I? Growing up, none of my three boys ever wore shirts when it was hot, and neither did I. Maybe I should have had him put on a shirt.

After breakfast, I sent the three of them outside to kick around a soccer ball and entertain themselves while I cleaned up. That lasted maybe ten minutes. I wasn't even finished loading the dishwasher when they came back inside. I shooed them off, telling them to go find something to entertain themselves with.

With breakfast finished and the kitchen clean for the moment until the next meal, I found my Lazy Boy and parked my ass in it for a few minutes. Hearing the kids laughing in the back brought a smile to my face. The smile was short lived.

I heard the hoots and then Lisa came running out bare assed naked, closely followed and being chased by my two laughing grandkids. I nearly croaked. They chased her through my living room, through the kitchen and family room and back down the bedroom hallway. I intercepted Lisa in the hallway heading out again and scooped her up.

Taking her into my bedroom I demanded, "Where are your clothes?"

"I dunno," she replied with an impish grin.

"I ought to spank you!" I threatened and sat on the bed with her over my lap. I thought better of it when I heard the giggling coming from the open doorway.

Looking towards my giggling grandkids who were watching and waiting to see what I might do, I said, "Where are her clothes?"

"In my room," Jeff answered.

"Your room? Well, go get them for me!" Jeff disappeared and a moment later reappeared with her shorts and shirt.

"Where are her panties?" I asked taking the clothes from him. Jeff just shrugged.

In short order I had her dressed again. Looking towards Meagan and Jeff, I told them I needed to talk to Lisa in private. They left, closing the door behind them.

"Just what do think you're doing, little girl? Your mother and I both made it very clear to you that you were to keep your clothes on."

"I sorry," she replied looking oh, so sad and remorseful. I knew Lisa well enough by then to see right through her transparent act.

"You will be sorry if do that again. You understand me, little girl? I'll blister your butt good the next time."

"I sorry," she said with a little more conviction.

"Okay. Just be a good girl for me. Okay? Be a good girl and next week after they are gone, you and me can play a lot. Okay?"

"Kay."

"Now go on and play. And keep your clothes on!"

She hopped off the bed and went to the door, reached up, turned the knob and she was gone.

For the next thirty minutes things were calm, with Meagan and Lisa playing with Meagan's dolls and Jeff busying himself in the family room with a video game on his tablet. The relative calm was briefly interrupted when Meagan and Lisa came to implore Jeff to go outside and play tag or hide and seek with them. After several minutes of cajoling, Jeff acceded to the girls and went out in the backyard with them. Ah... total quiet!

From my easy chair in the front living room looking out over the neighborhood, I could hear the squeals and laughter of my kids having a good time playing out back. Needing to refresh my cup of coffee, I went to the kitchen and poured myself another cup. Looking out the kitchen window, I didn't see anyone at first. Jeff ran by, closely followed by Meagan. Lisa, far behind, was running after them as fast as she could go. Then it struck me. Where was Lisa's t-shirt?

I rolled my eyes and trudged outside. "Lisa! Lisa! Come here, baby."

She trotted up red faced and sweaty. "Where is your shirt?" She looked away as she shrugged. "I told you to keep your clothes on. Why did you take off your t-shirt?"

"Sticky!" she declared.

"Go find it and put it back on."

She furrowed her brow in a scowl and snapped, "No!"

"You have to wear a shirt."

"You don't make Jeff wear a shirt," she astutely observed.

"Jeff is a boy and you are a girl."

Again she wrinkled her brow and glared at me. At that moment I knew exactly what she was thinking, 'He's a boy and I'm a girl; what does that matter?'

"I don' wanna to wear a shirt!" she spat stomping her feet. "I wanna be nekki!" With that and in a blink of the eye, her shorts were down, cast off and she took off running bare butt.

"Fuck me," I muttered before picking up her shorts and running after her.

"Lisa, stop! Come here!"

"No!"

"Come here!" She didn't come and made me chase after her. Little bugger was quick too. Just as I thought I had her cornered, she slipped past me.

"Catch her!" I called to Jeff and Meagan. They didn't move, finding the sight of me chasing after Lisa to be much too amusing.

I finally caught her and scooped her up. Kicking and flailing about, she screamed bloody murder, "No! No! No! You can't make me! No!" It was like having grabbed a feral cat, except she didn't bite or scratch. By the time I made it to the back door to take her inside, she had totally melted down. I'd never seen that side of her. I now could truly appreciate the trouble the Child Care Centers had with her.

I took her screaming and crying to my bedroom, closed and locked the door, then set her down on the bed. Immediately she tried to make her escape, but I anticipated her move towards the door and blocked it. Sobbing uncontrollably, she slumped to the floor at my feet and thrashed about screaming. Good god!

It took a few very long tedious minutes before she wore herself out. Figuring it was now safe to reengage with her once again, I picked her up off the floor and hugged her to me. "Now, now, now, sweetie. It's all over."

"I hate you!" she whimpered.

"Well, I love you," I replied.

"No, you don't!"

"Yes, I do."

"Then why can't I go without a shirt like Jeff?"

"Because he's a boy."

"That's not fair!" She had a point.

"Tell you what. Why don't we step into the shower and cool off?"

"Kay"

I took her into the bath, set her down and turned the shower on. Then I stripped off my shirt and shorts, picked her up and took her into the tepid spray. I held her, letting the water cascade over her while she buried her face in my chest. After a minute or so, I turned the water off, stepped out and began drying her off as I held her close. "Is that better?"

"Uh, huh," she replied.

"Good. I hate seeing you so upset."

"Can I go nekki?" She was certainly persistent.

"How about if I let you go without a shirt on like Jeff?"

"Kay."

"Good girl." Lisa 1, me 0.

I got her back into her shorts and she returned outside to play with the other two. By then, Meagan had stripped off her shirt in show of solidarity with Lisa. I let it pass. Kids 2, me 0.

They played outside for little while longer, then came in for a drink. Topless, it was the first time I'd had a look at Meagan's nipples since she was in diapirs. Her mother, who seemed to go braless more often than not, had big prominent nipples as far as I could tell. Meagan apparently took after her mother. Of course at nine years old she hadn't started to develop breasts, but her nips... they were a dusky brown and very puffy. It was hard for me not to stare.

Looking at my nine-year-old topless granddaughter, I told her, "Meagan, you need to find and bring your shirt and Lisa's shirt inside." I hadn't bothered to put my own shirt back on after the quick rinse off with Lisa, and so that was it for wearing shirts. From here on out it, would just be shorts for everyone.

I found an old Candyland board game, and the four of us played until lunch time. I then made up ham and cheese sandwiches for everyone and pulled out a new bag of potato chips. Everyone seemed satisfied with lunch, even though Lisa deconstructed her sandwich and ate everything separately.

After lunch, Meagan pulled out her dolls and the two girls played with them on the floor of the family room. Jeff, he directed his attention back to his video game on his tablet. Me, I sat in my other Lazy-Boy in the family room, the one I usually molested Lisa in, and just watched the kids. The momentary peace and quiet gave me the opportunity to think about possible explanations as to why I was allowing Meagan to go topless should her parents ever ask.

The calm lasted about an hour or so. That's when Lisa started agitating for me to go set up the "Slippery Slide".

"Okay, guys. Who wants to go on the Slip-N-Slide?"

"Me!" shouted Meagan and Lisa in unison.

I was surprised when Jeff looked up from his game and said, "Cool! I'll go."

"Okay, everyone go get on their swim suits," I told them. With varying degrees of urgency, Jeff and Meagan sauntered back to the bedroom to change. I took Lisa to my room where I pulled out this cute two-piece that I'd bought Lisa for just this occasion.

"Okay, off with the shorts," I told her.

With a grin she dispatched the hated shorts. I held up the two piece bathing suit. She frowned. "Okay, just the bottoms," I told her discarding the tiny top. To my surprise, she cooperated and let me pull on the bottoms.

I retrieved a brand new Slip-N-Slide from my shed, as the old one had developed some issues. As I began setting the water toy up, Jeff and Meagan came outside in their swim wear. Meagan was wearing both pieces of her new two piece, but upon seeing Lisa topless, she discarded the top. Not wishing to reignite the earlier drama about going topless, I didn't say a word.

With the Slip-N-Slide ready to go, I had the kids gather about my lawn chair so that I could slather them down with sunscreen, not that any of them needed it with their deep tans. Still, I made short work of it, taking less time than I usually spent just doing Lisa. Why I thought this necessary, I don't know, as I hadn't put any sun screen on any of them earlier when they were playing tag or whatever that game was or when we had gone fishing.

Having done the responsible thing, I turned on the water. One by one the kids made a running start then flopped on their bellies and gleefully slid towards the end. They made three runs and everything was hunky dory, or so I thought. On Lisa's fourth, she'd had enough of her bottoms and discarded them.

As I was getting up to have a word with her, she made her best run so far, making it all the way to the end. "Lisa!"

She knew what I was going to say. "I slide better nekki," she said.

"Put them back on."

"No. I can't get to the end wearing them."

I made a move towards her. She cried out, "No!" and darted off, keeping her distance from me.

I wasn't about to have a repeat of the earlier meltdown and decided to just let her be... it was easier that way. Of course I needed to explain a few things to Jeff and Meagan, things which I had not planned on revealing.

"Uh, look, guys," I began. "About Lisa. As you have no doubt noticed, she has an issue with keeping her clothes on. You see, uh... this goes no further than right here. Okay? You're not to tell anyone what I'm about to tell you, especially your mom and dad. You see, her parents are, uh, raising her as a nudist. She never wears clothes at home, neither do her parents. When she's here, she, uh, likes to be, uh, naked too. I let her. As you saw with the stupid shirt thing earlier, it's easier that way. So, to keep the peace, let's just let her be. I hope neither of you are upset about this?"

"Heck no, Poppa," Jeff replied with a grin. "At home, Mom and Dad let Meagan and me go naked. They go naked too, especially in the pool." My jaw dropped at this revelation. "But... we're not supposed to tell anyone, especially you. You won't tell them I told you, will you?"

"And she's right," Meagan added. "Slip-N-Slides work a lot better if you're totally naked." With that, she pulled down her bottoms and kicked them away. Jeff quickly followed suit.

I was so flabbergasted that I was speechless. Then I noticed something. Just like Lisa, neither Jeff nor Meagan sported any tan lines, they were uniformly deeply tanned. The evidence was there and it was plain to see that Jeff spoke the truth, despite how hard it was for me to believe.

Before I could get my thoughts together, Jeff made a run and slid all the way down the slide and out the back. He was closely followed by his younger sister.

It was obvious to me that I had little chance in getting any of them to put some clothes back on. Conceding any modesty or normal standards at all, I waved for Lisa to join back in the fun just as she was. Kids 3, me 0.

They had a blast for the next half hour or so, and I resigned myself to just watching from my shaded lawn chair. I must admit, it was a great show. While sitting there, I thought about what my grandkids had revealed to me. I marveled at how comfortable they all were being naked together. And I thought about Eric and Paula going about nude with their kids. I couldn't imagine doing anything like that as I raised my own family, but times do change.

They took a break and trotted up to me. "Poppa, come join us," Meagan said.

"No, if I flop down on my belly, I'm afraid I wouldn't be able to get back up again."

"I know," chimed in Jeff. "Lisa says you play in the sprinkler with her."

I'm thinking, 'She told you what?'

"Yeah, she says you go naked with her," my grinning granddaughter added.

"He goes nekki with me all the time," my toddler charge revealed.

"Kids, I don't think that's appropriate."

"Aw, come on, Poppa," Jeff chided.

"Yeah, it's not like we haven't seen a penis before," Meagan declared.

"You have?"

"Yeah! Come on, Poppa. It'll be fun."

Oh, what the hell...