**Babysitting Little Lisa**

By Lasiter

**Part 9 - Naughty Grandkids**

By Lasiter

No one bothered to get dressed after the Slip-N-Slide. It wasn't just topless now, but total nudity, and it was only Monday. I tried not to gawk and lech over my nine-year-old granddaughter, but damn, she was just so pretty and comfortable being nude. And being nude with her nude grandfather didn't dampen her affectionate demeanor. Now instead of just having Lisa curled up naked with me in one of my two Lazy-Boys, I had Meagan skin-to-skin too, with one on each side. It was a struggle to keep my hands from wandering off of their backs.

When it was time for Lisa to go home, Staci appeared in the house unannounced, finding a houseful of nudies. She had let herself in with the spare key she had purloined from under my front door mat some weeks before.

"My, my," she said with a knowing grin, "gone native have we?"

"Uh, long story," I said.

"I bet," she laughed, "you dirty old man."

I made introductions. Neither Jeff nor Meagan seemed to be embarrassed in the least about their lack of clothes. Staci gathered up Lisa and put some clothes on her for the walk home across my lawn.

With Lisa gone until the morning, I told my charges to get dressed. "We're going out to eat," I informed them. They were happy to get dressed, or rather happy to be going out to eat. Returning home after eating, they were just as happy to get undressed again. I didn't want them to feel out of place or anything, so...

We watched a movie I'd picked up from a Red Box. It was a typical modern action movie with over the top special effects, gravity defying leaps and bounds, and with an equally implausible plot line. The kids enjoyed it, even if I found it ridiculous and tedious. After the movie it was off to bed, with each in their own bed.

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Tuesday morning, as I was coming out of my bedroom, Jeff was coming out of his sister's room. Whatever he was up to, he looked surprised to see me and looked guilty as hell. Did he sleep with her? I didn't want to know. Then again...

Both kids were up when Lisa arrived. None of us had bothered to dress. As soon as she came in, off went the sundress. Staci, dressed for work, looked a bit out of place.

"Bill, could I speak to you for a moment?" Lisa's mother asked.

Stepping up to her I replied, "Sure! What's up, Toots?"

"This will be in a moment," she said taking my cock in her hand. "Damn, I wish I could stay and play with you guys today."

"We won't be playing those kinds of games," I said hoping the kids couldn't see what she was doing.

"If you say so, Daddy."

She fondled me for another half minute or so, getting a rise out of me. Letting go of my now stiff prong, the prick tease laughed and said, "Well, have fun anyway, big boy," then she turned and left me with three kids and a massive woodie.

"Poppa! What's for breakfast?" Meagan called out.

"Be there in a minute," I called back over my shoulder as I tried to will my unruly prick down. To my consternation, my dick was having nothing to do with that and remained fully inflated.

"Poppa! Can we have waffles?" Meagan then asked.

Waffles? "No, sweetie, not today." I didn't add, not ever... too much work.

My grandson piled on asking, "Can I have some ice cream?"

"No!"

"Okay, I'll get it," Jeff added to goad me. "I'm hungry!"

'Oh, fuck it,' I muttered giving up on returning to a flaccid state before turning around.

"Poppa's got a hard-on!" Jeff gleefully noted as I walked into the kitchen.

"And it's a big one too!" laughed Meagan.

"He's like that a lot," Lisa unhelpfully added.

"Really?"

"Yeah, he's always like that," Lisa pronounced.

"Alright, knock it off," I demanded. "It's not like any of you haven't seen a man with an erection before."

"Not one that big!" Meagan laughed.

"Hey, we've seen bigger," Jeff said coming to my defense in a manner of speaking.

"I said knock it off! Now, who wants cereal for breakfast?" Thankfully they all raised their hands, so I pulled out the Fruit Loops and Coco Puffs, the milk and a couple of hard boiled eggs for me.

I let the kids put on a cartoon show, and the three of them, naked as Jaybirds, lay on their tummies in front of the TV and for the next hour or more, watching the worst cartoons I'd ever seen. Whatever happened to Mickey Mouse or Daffy Duck? Don't they make anything as good as Rocky and Bullwinkle anymore? Heck, I would have settled for The Raccoons. But at least they were entertained.

After watching really bad cartoons for awhile, Meagan and Lisa retired to the back to play dolls. Jeff went back to playing a game on his tablet. Me, I took the opportunity to read my book.

I feed them all lunch, then put Lisa down for a nap. Things were quiet for a half hour or so, before Jeff began picking on his younger sister... or maybe Meagan was annoying him. Whatever, they started to make a ruckus and in the process woke Lisa up. She should have napped for at least another half hour, but once she was up, she was up and ready to play. So I let them play while I caught ten or so winks.

When I woke, it was quiet. Very quiet. Too quiet.

I got up to investigate. I looked first out the kitchen window, but they weren't out in the backyard. I then went down the hallway to the bedrooms. My door and Meagan's door were open and the rooms empty. Jeff's door, however, was closed. Over the years I had had some foundation issues with the house; nothing severe, but Jeff's door closed, but wouldn't latch properly. I pushed on it and it swung open.

I was stunned as I stood in the open doorway looking in. All three kids were on the bed. Jeff was lying on his back, hands behind his head. Meagan sat next to him at the hip with her feet tucked under her butt. Lisa... Lisa's head was buried in Jeff's lap. I watched for a moment to be sure of what I was seeing.

"Lisa! What are you doing?"

Jeff and Meagan, both snapped their heads around to me, both clearly concerned being caught like that. Lisa, lifted her head, letting Jeff's stiff prick slip from her mouth. "Noogies, Granpa. Noogies," the little girl replied to my question.

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I think here I need to translate. Early on when I began looking after Lisa while her parents were at work, she had asked me several times for me to give her a "noogie". I've always understood a noogie to mean rubbing your knuckles on someone's head. I gave my boys noogies when they were growing up, as a mild punishment for doing something knuckleheaded. They hated it, but the offenses needed discouragement, but not "punishment". Punishment, that was reserved for more serious offenses and could include a range of unpleasantries from time out, to grounding, to a measured spanking.

After being asked several times, I finally gave her one.

"Owww!" she cried. "You're being mean!" After which she ran off and avoided me for a while.

Turns out that when she asked for a noogie, she wasn't asking for a "noogie", but for oral sex. It was the term her parents had taught her, much like thingie, or kitten, so that if she said it in public, it could be easily explained away.

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"Well, cut it out!" I barked. Of course she'd already cut it out by emptying her mouth of my grandson's penis to answer me.

Trouble was, I was more aroused than outraged. I was used to Lisa or her mother getting my rocks off at least once a day, but since Jeff and Meagan arrived four days before, I had been celibate. With my cock fully erect, I ordered her to, "Come with me!" Thinking back on it after the fact, the double entendre was quite á propos.

Lisa hopped up from the bed and followed me to my bedroom and master bath.

"Noogie, Granpa? Noogie?" she asked smiling while taking my hard prick in her little hand. I should have said no, and I wanted to, but I didn't, or at least not in time to prevent what happened next.

"Oh, fuck," I muttered as she slid her little lips over the head of my needy cock. And just as she did, I caught a movement out of the corner of my eye. It was my nine-year-old granddaughter, Meagan, standing in the open door of my bathroom, her hand at her mouth stifling her giggles as she watched her Poppa get a blowjob from the little girl next door. As our eyes met, she bolted from the door. Me, my brain in idle, I just stood there and let Lisa take me to completion.

Afterwards, I rationalized that maybe Meagan hadn't really seen anything other than my bare ass, but I really didn't believe it, as I didn't exactly have my back to her. I also had to wonder if Meagan was an active participant on her brother's bed or if she was just an observer. I didn't know and I wasn't about to ask. Best if some things are left unrevealed. Still, the damage was done. Way to go, old man!

I didn't say anything to the kids about the sex game they had been playing while I was napping. Jeff was rather sheepish at first, but soon reverted to form, and like me, pretended that nothing had happened. Meagan, she just grinned every time she saw me. Lisa, I'm sure it never occurred to her that something like sucking on Jeff's dick might not be appropriate.

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After Lisa went home with her mama, I took my grandkids out for tacos and then to the batting cages at a nearby sports facility so they could practice their swings, as they were both enthusiastic about the upcoming fall baseball/softball season.

Back home they wasted no time in getting naked, whereas I kept my shorts on. We were watching some show on PBS about some Egyptian Pharaoh when Meagan came and sat on my knee. I began to bounce her on my knee like I'd done for years, the only difference was that there was nothing between my bare leg and her bare pussy. Before long, a soft smacking noise arose as her pussy became wet. Her legs began flopping about and it seemed to me that she'd soon fall off if I didn't stabilize her, so I held her by the hips.

Wondering if she was getting off on this, I got my answer when she suddenly lurched back against me and tried to curl her legs up. Her honey blond hair was matted and stuck to her wet forehead, her eyes squeezed tightly shut as she made little mewing sounds. I'd gotten her off, that's for sure... now what?

I held her to me, my hands about her tummy. I dared not move them lest one of them somehow wound up between her legs. With her legs splayed apart around my thigh, it would have been so easy. Looking down her nakedness, I said to myself, 'Yes, you do suck off your brother. Don't you, darling? Who else do you suck off?'

As soon as I had asked that question to myself, I wished I hadn't. Surely Eric and her didn't... didn't do what Lisa and her daddy did, or did they? No matter, my own cock was as hard as it could be and a big wet spot had formed on the front of my kaki cargo shorts. A hand which I had controlled so well up until then, ventured lower and onto her smooth bald pubic mound.

Realizing where my hand was and determined not to do anymore than I already had, I moved my wayward hand back up to her tummy and away from her wet pussy. She moaned a little as I repositioned her so that she wasn't straddling my leg and her pussy wasn't open. It was just too tempting otherwise. Now I had her just lying back against me as she sat in my lap, the bulge of my hard cock nestling in her butt crack. I wondered if she noticed.

To keep my wayward hands from straying too low again, I anchored one with my middle finger stuck in her deep navel and the other much higher up. As I moved my free hand higher, it brushed across her nipple. It was hard and pronounced, and my finger kept brushing across it. She didn't seem to mind, so I saw no reason to stop. Like her mother, Meagan was gifted in the nipple department. Her nipples were a sight to behold, raised and puffy with a thick stiff nip; you could almost imagine them being proto tits, and I guess they were.

Her mother, my daughter-in-law, Paula, had a magnificent rack. My wife was at first critical of the way Paula flaunted her tits, but I rather enjoyed the view. She always seemed to wear tight fitting and low cut blouses that showed a lot of cleavage and that emphasized her ample endowment. She also seldom wore a bra, so her big nipples were always prominently displayed. To assuage my scandalized wife, I made a comment about Paula to my son, Eric.

"She's got killer tits, eh, Dad?" he replied with a grin.

Well, if he was fine with it, what business was it of mine, not that I minded. Thankfully, my wife tactfully accepted Paula dress and that was that. Now as I idly and almost absentmindedly played with the daughter's rubbery engorged nipple, I wondered if in a few short years if she'd be as spectacularly endowed as her mother was.

The Egyptian Pharaoh over, Jeff got up off the floor. I stopped rubbing Meagan's nipple. "I'm off to bed, Poppa," he said with a smirk. The way he looked at me, I knew he thought I was up to something with his younger sister and he wasn't far off the mark.

"Good idea," I replied softly as I rose from chair with Meagan in my arms. "She's been asleep for awhile now," I added in a whisper.

Jeff nodded and continued on to his bedroom with me behind him carrying his naked sister to her bed. She hardly stirred as I eased her into bed and covered her with a sheet and a light blanket.

With the kids down and knowing it would most likely be a hectic day tomorrow, I too, made my way to bed.

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I was having a wonderful dream. I was naked and Staci from next door was fondling my cock. As so often happens in dreams, Staci somehow morphed into my late wife, who morphed into... I woke up. It wasn't a dream. I was being fondled. At first I really did suspect that Staci had snuck into the house and into my bed. It wouldn't have been the first time, but the hand was all wrong; much too small. Then I thought it was Lisa somehow, but Lisa's hand was much smaller. It took me several moments to realize just who it was playing with my cock. Meagan!

Lying on top of the covers, I didn't do anything, like telling her to stop it. Indeed, I didn't say a thing and pretended to be still sleeping, but I couldn't remain silent for very long.

"Oh, that feels so nice, baby," somehow escaped my lips, blowing my cover.

Meagan pulled her hand away and looked up at me for a second before taking me into her hand again. Me, I was so close to cumming that I was immobilized to do anything but let it happen. My eyes squeezed shut and I groaned, "Ugghhh," as the first pulse shot from my dick into my granddaughter's hand. That was quickly followed by the second and third pulses which splattered my chest and tummy, as I was carried away into that place where only the sensations radiating from my cock mattered.

My moans faded as the last weaker pulses forced the dregs of my orgasm into her still milking fingers. She continued fondling me even as I began to go soft. I let her continue lovingly caress my happy organ, as she wasn't torturing the head of my now very sensitive cock. I think it was at that point that I realized she knew exactly what she was doing.

Yes, she'd done this before.

As my senses began to come back, I realized the enormity of what had happened and was still happening. Gently I pushed her hand off my dick. "Sweetheart, you shouldn't have done that," I said softly.

"You didn't like it, Poppa?"

"I, uh... well, yes, I liked it. I liked it very much, but...you shouldn't have done that with me."

"Lisa says you like it a lot when she does it to you."

"Well, err... yes, I do like it, but that doesn't make it right."

In the dim light I couldn't make out her expression. There was a pause, then she said, "Do you hate me now? You do, don't you?"

"No! Not at all! I love you very much, baby. It's just that, I'm your grandfather, and..."

"You like Lisa more than me?"

"No! I don't just like you, I love you."

"But you like Lisa more?"

"No!"

"Then why is okay for her to do that and not me?"

"It's, uh... You just surprised me, that's all"

I paused trying to think where I should take this. Certainly what was done couldn't be undone. What I came up with was to ask, "Where did you learn to do that?"

"At camp."

"Camp? What camp?"

"It's really not a camp, but most people do camp there. The older kids... they make us younger kids do things. But I don't mind. It's fun."

"Do things? What kind of camp is this?"

"It's called Eden Valley and no one wears any clothes... ever."

"A nudist camp?"

"It's not really a camp, but a resort. We go there all the time."

"We, as in your parents take you?"

"They take Jeff too. But please don't tell Mom and Daddy that I told you, because I'm not supposed to tell you."

"Your parents take you and Jeff to a nudist resort? That explains a lot."

"Yeah, it's lots of fun."

"When did they start this?" I pressed.

"Going to Eden Valley? Forever. I don't remember a time when we didn't go, but I'm not supposed to talk about it. I'll get in big trouble if Mom and Daddy find out that I blabbed. It's supposed to be secret. Not even my best friend, Jenny, knows about that."

My curiosity was up, but I wasn't sure if I should purse it, so I was silent for a long moment. "Do you want me to go to my room now?" she added.

"No, but you'd better go get a towel from my bathroom."

"Okay," she said and slipped naked from my bed. A minute later she climbed back in bed with me. I took the hand towel from her and wiped myself, then wiped her hand.

"Any get on you?"

"A little, but I wiped it off already. You squirt a lot, Poppa."

"I do?"

"Yeah." She then began to slip from my bed again.

"Where are you going?"

"To my room," she answered.

"No, stay a while.

"Uh, do me a favor, Meagan," I said as I rolled unto my stomach, "and scratch my back."

I loved having my back scratched and didn't get that simple pleasure since my dear wife had passed. I tried to get Lisa to do it, and she would, for about fifteen seconds, and then she'd be distracted into doing something else. To my delight, Meagan turned out to be a good back scratcher and went at it gently, but with purpose, covering my entire upper back, lower back and even my buttocks. What a treat!

After five minutes or so I was ready to fade away when she asked, "Can I sleep with you, Poppa?"

"Scratch my back like that and you can sleep with me every night. But, I have to warn you, I snore a lot."

"Yeah, I could hear you from my room."

She stopped scratching and I rolled onto my back. With that she cuddled up to me in the crook of my arm, but not before giving me a goodnight kiss on the lips.

As my hand wandered aimlessly over her bare butt, I had to think about what had just happened and what she had told me. She hadn't come right out and said it, but, yeah, if the older kids made her do things, she probably sucked off a lot of boys at camp, including her brother. And since when was Eric and Paula going to nudist camps? I wasn't shocked about this. I was just curious. They had every right to raise their kids the way they wanted to raise them; it was for me to accept it.

I had studied up on nudism when my boys were quite young. Places like this Eden Valley were supposed to be strictly hands off with no outward sexual displays tolerated. But kids will be kids and I suppose running about naked in the woods and out of sight, there would be plenty of opportunities for kids to get into mischief. Still, I had to wonder if Eric and Paula knew what went on between the kids at that place, and concluded that there was no way that they knew any of it. What I did know was that I needed to be a responsible adult and have a talk with my son and his wife about it. But if I did, how would I explain to them what had just happened between me and Meagan? Maybe I shouldn't say anything and just pretend that I knew nothing about their life style.

For a long time I was awake thinking about these things. But I did fall back asleep.

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"Hey, Poppa! Poppa!" It was early Wednesday morning.

Groggily I opened my eyes and saw Jeff standing by the bed. He was, of course, undressed.

"Lisa's here," he said nodding towards the door.

I looked and there was Lisa and her mom standing in the doorway. It was then that I realized that Meagan was sleeping with me and that her hand was on my hard dick.

I rose, careful not to wake my still sleeping granddaughter. "Uh, she had a bad dream last night," I offered up to Staci.

"Yeah, I'm sure," Staci mused with a knowing grin. She then added, "You've got quite a harem going here." I held up my hands in protest, but didn't verbally defend myself.

"Just leave some for me, Daddy," she added with a playful swat at my morning wood. "Tonight? Please?"

"How about right now?" I countered as I pushed her back into the hallway and into Meagan's bedroom, closing and locking the door behind me.

"Don't mess up my hair or my makeup," she said with a grin before reaching under her skirt and pulling off her panties. A moment later I had her pushed up against the door, holding her open with one hand behind her knee, my cock searching out her snatch. My aim, as blind as it was, was pretty good and my cock slid up inside her on the first try.

'Thump! Thump! Thump!' filled the room as I pumped furiously into her. Of course the same sounds could be heard on the other side of the door, but I didn't consider that as I fucked Lisa's slutty mother. And a good fun fuck she was.

Within minutes I was sperming her wanton cunt and we were done. Nonchalantly, she put her panties back on and we stepped out of the room. All three kids were there waiting for us with knowing grins. Staci, on her way out, made a detour to the bathroom, where she stuffed a wad of toilet paper in her panties to absorb my leaking semen. Then with a shameless, "Thank you, Daddy," she was gone to work.

The three kids had followed me into the living room as I showed Staci the way out. I turned and the three of them were still grinning, with Jeff making a circle with his thumb and index finger and plunging away into the hole with the finger of his other hand.

"Knock it off, you three," I growled.

"How come your dick is all wet, Poppa?" my incorrigible grandson asked while stifling a laugh. I think for the first time in how many years, my face grew hot.

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After breakfast, I had the kids put on their bathing suits, tops and all, and took them to the water park. Jeff and Meagan had a blast doing all the fun water slides. Lisa was much too young for that, so we spent most of the day in the kiddie section playing in the shallow water.

Lisa could and did go with us when we all took a slide in what amounted to a blowup kiddie pool. Too lame for my grandkids, but Lisa liked that, liked it a lot. She damned near wore me out trudging up the stairs over and over to take the slide back down.

Watching how much fun the three of them were having, it struck me how they acted so normally. They were, after all, kids, and never once did Lisa try to take her swim suit off.

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We got home late in the afternoon, and once we were all settled in and out of our still damp bathing suits, we all took a nap together in my bed. Nothing happened, at least while I was there and the kids slept a long time, especially Lisa and Meagan.

I had hamburgers patties made up and ready for the grill. Everyone was up and refreshed when Mike came by to retrieve Lisa after work. I tried to hold him at the door, but he wasn't having any of that, saying, "Staci has to work late this evening," as he pushed past me carrying a six pack of cold beer.

Pulling one out and offering it to me, he said, "I thought you could use a beer." At that moment Meagan walked into the living room with Lisa.

"Daddy! Daddy!" Lisa squealed as she ran up and into Mike's arms. Deftly he passed off the remainder of the six pack to me without dropping her and brought her up for a lip to lip kiss, his fingers delving into her butt crack as he did so.

Breaking his unfatherly kiss, he turned to my granddaughter. "You must be, Meagan. I like your outfit, Meagan. Or rather your lack of an outfit. You're very pretty." Meagan actually blushed at his forward remarks.

"Lisa's told me so much about you, and how you like to play dolls with her."

"Uh, Meagan," I began, "this is Lisa's daddy, Mr. Mike."

"Nice to meet you," she said in a small voice before darting off into the back.

Turning to me he quipped, "Nice butt!"

"Off limits, Mike," I told him.

"Okay, but I can look, can't I?"

He sat Lisa down and with a playful swat to her bare butt told her, "Go play with Meagan, baby." Lisa, always compliant except when it came to keeping her clothes on, scampered off into the back in search of Meagan.

Jeff made his appearance from the kitchen. "Jeff, this is Lisa's father, Mr. Mike."

"Hi," my naked grandson said with a weak wave of the hand.

"Good looking boy," Mike said to me. "How old is he?"

"Eleven."

"Does he screw her?"

"Lisa?"

"Yes, Lisa. Meagan too," he said raising his eyebrows.

"No!"

"But he lets her blow him," he pressed.

"Mike..."

"Hey, I heard all about it. From Lisa. She's had fun playing with your grandkids.

"So... how come you haven't told me?"

"Mike, I really didn't see anything," I lied. "They were all on Jeff's bed and I walked in."

"And...."

"And what?" I dodged.

"What were they doing?"

"Nothing. They were just on the bed," I falsely reaffirmed.

"That's not what I hear," he tells me with a disbelieving gimme-a-break look..

"Look, I don't care if she sucks his dick," Mike continued. "No harm done, but don't hide stuff from me. The only thing I demand is that he doesn't hurt her. I won't tolerate that, but if they want to mess around playing, that's fine with me.

"You been making any videos this week?" he asked changing the subject somewhat.

"No, I haven't." That was a truthful statement.

"You should. I'd love to see them, especially if it's Lisa with your grandkids."

He leans into me and in a low voice says, "I hear your girl likes little girls. Love to see that, wouldn't you?" I didn't know what to say.

I wanted to be rid of him, but he persisted in hanging around. We were outside by the grill where I slapped on six burgers and a couple of hot dogs, planning to cook some extras to reheat for lunch the next day. That's when he asks if I had enough for him too. What could I say? Beat it? Go home? Hell, I was drinking his beer and I was loathe to be so impolite as to run his ass off. Maybe I should have.

So I'm grilling the burgers and scorching the dogs and he tugs at the front of my cargo shorts. "You're a bit over dressed, aren't you?" he says.

"Even if the kids are naked, I don't think it's appropriate to go about naked in front of the kids," I replied annoyed.

"That's not what I hear."

"Oh, really? Just what do you hear?"

"That you let it all hang out," he laughed.

"Not always," I dourly replied. Just about then the three kids came outside.

"Hey, Lisa, baby. Your Granpa and I want to see you give Jeff a noogie."

"Mike!" I protested.

"Kay," Lisa replied.

I tried to put a stop to it, I really did, but Lisa quickly turned into Jeff and... Jeff's eyes got really big. I thought that Meagan might be surprised at what Lisa was so openly doing, but she just giggled.

Turning to the little girl's depraved father I urged, "Mike, make her stop. Make her stop right now."

He ignored me and called to Jeff, "Jeff, do you want her to stop?" Jeff shook his head, then grabbed her by the back of her head and held her to him.

"Yeah, suck his dick, baby," Mike laughed.

Turning back to me he says, "Is this a great show or what? Where's your fucking video camera, Bill? Damn, that's hot."

"Keep your pants on, Mike or cut your balls off," I growled thinking how would I ever explain this to Eric and Paula if it should come out?

He replied, "You're burning the burgers."

Sure enough I had a huge grease flair up and needed to tend to that. By the time I had that under control, Jeff was face fucking her as he was nutting Lisa's mouth. A moment later, he was pushing her away, a long strand of goo momentarily connected her lips to his prick before it broke and swung down her chin.

"Kids. I want you all to go inside. Now!"

Mike pipes up, "Lisa, be sure and give Meagan a noogie too."

"Kay," she replied.

"Lisa, no!" I nearly shouted. "Jeff, Meagan, inside! Lisa, you stay here."

My kids disappeared, but watched from the backdoor window. I turned to Mike. "I really think you need to go. And take Lisa with you."

"We haven't eaten yet," he protested.

"Eat at home!"

"My, aren't we testy," he replied.

With that he took Lisa by the hand, went inside, got his beer and dragged her home. It wasn't until he was gone for a minute or so and the hackles on the back of my neck had subsided that I realized that he had dragged his little girl home across our front lawns without a stitch of clothing. I could only hope that no one saw them; something else to worry on.

**Part 10 - Meagan Treats**

It was a rather strained dinner Wednesday night after Mike had taken Lisa home. After all, what was I supposed to say to the kids? That Lisa's dad was crazy? As for the kids, they knew I was angry, not at them, but at Mike, but still chose not to poke the bear. Even so, by the time we had consumed our burgers, they were back to chatting away, talking about how much fun we all had at the water park that day. We did have fun, and with them gleefully reliving it for me, they brightened my mood considerably.

Clean up was a snap after dinner, with the kids pitching in and clearing the table of the paper plates and plastic cups while I washed up the few utensils we used.

"You still mad, Poppa?" Meagan asked as I put away the grilling spatula.

"No, not now, and I was never mad with either you or Jeff. Lisa's dad can be so...

”I'm sorry you had to see that."

"We thought it was pretty funny."

"You can't ever tell anyone what happened."

"I know. I know," she assured.

She stepped up to me and looked up at me. "Poppa..."

"Yes, baby."

"It kind of, kind of makes me and Jeff a little uncomfortable that you're dressed and we're not." She put her hands on the button of my shorts. "It makes us feel like we're doing something wrong."

"You're not doing anything wrong, baby." She deftly popped the button open. Zip! Down went the zipper and gravity did the rest.

"There, are you happy now?" I said kicking my ankles free. She grinned and nodded her approval. She glanced down at my droopy pecker. For a moment I thought she might take it in hand, but she just looked up grinning.

"Hey, Meagan!" her brother shouted from the family room. "Which movie do you want to see?" he asked holding up the handful of DVD's I'd gotten from Red Box.

Turning and walking away from me she answered, "I don't care. You pick it out, but nothing stupid, okay?" I wasn't sure which DVD she was referring to. I thought they would both like them all, even if I didn't.

"Okay," he replied dropping all but one on the coffee table and heading over to the DVD player.

They both took up position on the sofa with a large gap between them. I don't know if the gap was left for me or not, but I went and plopped down in my Lazy-Boy. The movie began playing, just what I don't remember. But a half hour or so into the flick, Meagan came over and got into my lap.

She settled in by wiggling her bare butt on my bare cock, then leaned back onto me while she straddled her legs outside of mine. I put my hands on her bare tummy and remained still. That lasted all but a half minute. Taking one of my hands, she brought it up and put it her nipple, moving it around as if I hadn't already gotten the hint what she wanted. I obliged and gently brought her nip to point. After a few minutes of me playing with her nipple, she took my other hand and pushed down to her open crotch, pushing it against her hairless pussy.

I looked over at Jeff who was watching us with a big grin, before returning his attention to the movie.

"Meagan," I whispered, "we really shouldn't be doing this, sweetheart."

"Please..." she whispered back while moving my hand around.

"Are you sure you want me to do this?"

"Yes. Lisa says you do it to her all the time. She says you do it better than Jeff does."

"Well, if Lisa says..."

She had just admitted that her brother diddled her cunt. Still, I was wary about doing it in his presence. I watched to see if he was paying us any attention. He wasn't.

She moaned as my finger probed between her demure nether lips.

"Mmmm, yes, Poppa. Mmmm, right there. Right there," she whispered unconcerned about the fact that Jeff, if he looked, could easily see what was happening.

Next time I looked over at Jeff, he was looking. Looking while he stroked his dick. Even with me looking directly at him, he was shamelessly masturbating. Me, I stopped briefly fingering his sister's pussy.

At that moment I had an appreciation of just what had been going on these past few days. Usually one of the kids was making his/her presence known to me while the other two were out of sight somewhere. Did he fuck his sister? Has he fucked her while they were here? Has he fucked Lisa? I had to assume that the answers to those questions were yes. Again, I had to wonder if their parents knew what I knew. Maybe, but that was just too unbelievable. The nudity, yes, but sex?

Meagan squirmed to get my finger moving again. A moment later, she moaned, moaned a bit too loudly, then she began to hump her hips. Then she got very stiff and bodily trembled as my fingers danced around in her sopping slit. I was, of course, hard as could be, my erection trapped under her and poking out from between my granddaughter's trembling legs. And all the while, Jeff and I maintained eye contact until he closed his eyes and ejaculated.

As it turns out, he made a mess on the sofa. Then after recovering, he got up and went to the half bath to clean up.

Meanwhile, Meagan had gotten off on my fingers. I stopped diddling her and let her recover before he came back.

He came back, and avoiding the big wet spot on my sofa, sat back down. Apparently the movie wasn't holding his interest more than what his sister and I were up to.

Suddenly she slid off my lap between my legs and onto the floor. Turning, she wasted no time in going down on me. Lances of electricity shot through me as her lips contacted my sensitive glans.

"Holy shit!" I muttered, genuinely surprised at what she was doing. I should have stopped her, I really should have, but I wasn't thinking with my brain.

For the next five, six minutes, she worked her mouth on my erection, caressing me with her tongue, and then she slowly withdrew, dragging her lips along the glistening trunk. When she reached the glans, she let my cock pop completely out of her mouth. She looked up at me, giggled, then with much enthusiasm evident, her pretty face devoured my hardness once again. This was completely different than when she sucked me the night before. That time I was asleep until the very end. This time I could watch her slobbering, licking and sucking on my jutting ancient prong.

Just as I thought I would erupt, she pulled off to lick and slobber all over my balls. Then after a long moment and my building urge had subsided somewhat, she slid her lips over my hot prong once again.

Saliva drooled from her mouth and I arched forward, wanting to get deeper, but she could only take so much before I was at the back of her throat which caused her to gag. She pulled off and complained, "Not so deep, Poppa," then slurped half my dick back into her mouth.

It was obvious that she'd done this many times before and not just with a few pencil-dicked boys. A vision flashed in my mind of her, out in woods at that nudist camp servicing some old grey like me.

Meanwhile Jeff sat and watched his sister suck my dick, watching and playing with his dick until he was hard again. No doubt he'd watched her do this many times before. I wondered what he was thinking with her backside presented to him, and my mental vision morphed into the naked old man lying on his back in the woods with her bending over sucking him, her brother's hands on the rounded globes of her ass, positioning himself behind her, pushing his cock into her. I nearly came with that thought, but she slid her lips off my dick, licked down the shaft and nuzzled and licked my balls once again.

While she tended to my balls again, I was trying to telepathically implant the salacious notion into her brother's horny mind to do her while she performed fellatio on me. At that point, I certainly wouldn't have stopped him, but apparently he never got the message.

My attention was drawn back to Meagan's lips running along my slippery shaft. She enveloped the oozing head in her mouth once again, her tongue swirling and swirling around it, bringing my balls quickly to a boil.

"Christ!" I muttered as I felt the sperm canal on the underside of my prick swell and I felt the burning heat as the thick, viscous liquid began its mad race along the full length of my bloated cock, the boiling eruption flooding her mouth with a geyser of incestuous geezer cock cream. I damned near passed out it felt so good. If anyone was standing outside of my front door, I'm sure that they would have heard my effusive pronouncements to heaven.

The next thing I clearly remember was looking down at her, her nostrils flaring as she began to catch her breath. That and the sight of my cum dripping from her lips as her mouth hung open with exhaustion.

"Did I do it good, Poppa?" she asked. "As good as Lisa does it?"

"Good? Oh, honey, you did fantastic. And yes, that was better than when Lisa does it." That was a truthful statement. Lisa could only manage stuffing the fat head of my prick into her little mouth, and her technique was nowhere nearly as refined as my granddaughter's.

"That was so good that..." I leaned forward and taking her into my hands, I lifted her off the floor as I rose from my chair.

Throwing her over my shoulder, like a cave man would, I hauled her naked ass into the back and plopped her down on my bed. She looked up at me with a worried look as I loomed over her. I suppose she thought that I was going to fuck her with my thick cock, but I wasn't able to get it up again anywhere near that quickly. Instead I lowered my lips to a nipple, covering it with my mouth. Tracing the outline of one of her aureoles with my tongue , I felt it immediately become pebbled as the nipple swelled and projected between my lips. Meanwhile, my hand slid down between her legs, legs which opened as if they were spring loaded. I heard her moan as my fat finger slid once again into her slippery slit.

I went slow, leisurely moving my finger around the bump of her clit. I did this for some minutes and she responded like I thought she would.

"Mmmppphhh. Mmmppphhh. Mmmmmppphhh," she squeaked as her orgasm swept over her.

Quickly I slid down her body, placing my face between her legs. Her vulva were swollen and puffy, but also so very smooth, the perfect slit glistening with moisture. I inhaled her fragrance, which reminded me of Lisa's scent more than the scent of my late wife or Lisa's wanton mother. I licked up one side, then the other before licking up the middle, gathering her dew with my tongue, savoring the delicate flavor. And as my tongue dragged up between her nether lips, I heard her gasp out loud. I smiled to myself, determined to give her as much oral pleasure as she had given me.

"Oh, Poppa!" she groaned. "Poppa, Poppa, Poppa..."

I was doing good and settled in for a long eat out. It really didn't take long before she was bucking again and her legs were squeezing my head. She relaxed, but within a minute she was bucking and squeezing again.

"Oh, god, Poppa" she breathlessly whispered before all speech was choked off once again as her orgasm crested before ebbing once again, only to crest over and over, much like the surf at the beach. On and on I licked her pussy and lashed it with my tongue.

Seeking to satisfy my own curiosity, I slowly inserted a finger up her tight vagina. She really went into orbit with that and my tongue was rewarded with a flood of pre-teen pussy sap. Just as I suspected, no hymen. With my finger deeply up her, I could feel her cuntal muscles contracting around it with every crest. Even without the contractions, it was a snug fit, a very snug fit. The lack of her maidenhead wasn't definitive proof that she'd had been fucked, but the tightness suggested to me that she hadn't been fucked by grown man yet. Indeed, she was as tight as little Lisa.

By and by, my poor old lingual digit wasn't as up for it as much as my raging libido was and I finally gave it a well deserved rest. My finger, however, went into overdrive finger fucking her. After a long moment, she lurched away from me and in doing so, dislodged my middle finger from her young cunthole as she curled up into a ball.

I rose up on my side supported by an elbow and sucked the lucky finger clean of her juices. To my surprise, Jeff was sitting there on the bed with us, watching the entire thing.

"I thought only girls did that to other girls," he said with a perplexed look.

"What? You've never licked a girl?"

"I have," he replied. "but most of the other guys think it's gross."

"They're really stupid, then," I replied.

"Yeah, they are," he grinned.

"Tell me, Jeff, do you fuck Meagan?"

His eyes got big as he replied, "Oh, no. She's my sister. Besides, we're not allowed to do that."

"You do other things with your sister, don't you?"

"Sometimes."

"She sucks you?"

"Yeah."

"You like her to suck you."

"I like anyone to suck me," he replied with a grin.

"Out at that nudist camp, do you boys suck each other?"

"It's mostly the younger boys sucking the older boys."

"I see... and are you a younger boy or an older boy?"

"I'm an older boy now," he declared.

"Yes, you are. But you were a young boy."

"Yeah."

"So was I once," I revealed.

"Did you do stuff when you were a kid, Poppa?"

"You know, I've never admitted it to anyone before, but yeah, when I was young I did stuff too."

"With other boys?"

"Good buddies. You do me and I'll do you, good buddies."

"Really? That's what Dad says too."

"Really?"

"Yeah, but I'm not supposed to ever talk about that stuff," he said looking down.

"No, I suppose you're not. Don't worry, I won't say anything to anyone and get you in trouble."

Jeff looked up and smiled as his mind was eased. The smile faded as he looked at his kid sister still curled up in a ball.

"Is Meagan okay?" he asked genuinely concerned. "I've never seen her act like that. Usually she's very happy after messing around."

"I'm sure she's fine. Just tired and exhausted for the moment."

"Poppa, tomorrow when Lisa comes over... Can I let her... Can I, you know..."

"Mess around? You can do whatever you want with that one," I replied. "Just so long as she doesn't tell you she doesn't want to do it."

"Her dad told me that I could fuck her if I wanted."

"She's awfully young, but it wouldn't be the first time she's been fucked. But, you can't make her do stuff she doesn't want to do. I won't allow that."

"Okay."

Meagan slowly uncurled and I positioned her with her head on a pillow up near the headboard. Then I straddled her chest, gripped the headboard to steady myself and lowered my renewed erection to her mouth. Being the good girl that she was, she opened up and let me push my dick into her mouth. With shallow thrusts and careful not to go too deep, I face fucked her. I don't know what it is about this position, maybe the way my cock gets rubbed, but it never takes very long for me to get my rocks off, and for the second time that night, I ejaculated into the mouth of my nine year old granddaughter's mouth. It wasn't nearly as intense as the first cum, but it was very satisfying none the less.

I moved off of her and Jeff says, "That looked pretty cool. I want to try that."

Meagan didn't protest when he straddled her as I had done and pushed his dick into her mouth. With my own eyes, I watched my grandkids have oral sex. It was then that realized that Mike was right, I should have had my video camera out.

**Part 11 - Dirty Movies**

Both kids slept in my bed that night. After Jeff had gotten his rocks off with his sister's mouth, we all fell asleep even though it was still rather early, or at least I fell asleep. The kids... who knows? I was out of it. All I know is that they were there cuddled up together when I got up around 3 AM to piss and they were still there when I woke up Thursday morning.

I wasn't in any hurry to get up that morning, so I lay there thinking about all that happened. Meagan was as sexualized as Lisa it seemed. She was, of course, older than Lisa, but she was still a young girl.

And Jeff... well, he was a boy and boys are born horn dogs, or at least I was and so were my boys... I'm pretty sure my boys messed around together too when they were young, it's just what a lot of boys do. I remember my wife expressing her concerns about the boys after she caught the three of them whacking off together while I was away on a business trip. I reassured her that all boys masturbate and it was only natural that the youngest would imitate his older brothers. I also promised her that I'd talk to them about it. I did talk to them, mostly about not letting their mother catch them again. I certainly didn't tell them not to do it.

And Jeff all but admitted that he sucked off other boys at that nudist camp his parents took them to. Did he suck off men there too? I was certainly curious as to that, but I wasn't about to come right out and ask him, thereby putting him in a position where he would probably lie to me about it. If he came out and just told me, I'd been okay with it, so long as he wasn't forced into it, as I too had some long ago history in that department.

My thoughts about long ago homo play where interrupted when I felt Meagan's cool hand slide over and lightly pet my sleeping cock. It wasn't sleeping for long! However, neither of us said anything, but remained silent during this intimate moment. With her playing with my aroused and seeping penis, I certainly wasn't in any hurry to get up.

After several minutes, Jeff stirred. He saw what was going on and joined in, playing with her ass. The way she squirmed, it was evident to me where his finger was. The fact that she didn't protest the anal play spoke volumes.

I don't know how long we were like that, when hearing a sound, I looked to the open door. I nearly came out of my skin, startled to see Mike standing there holding Lisa in his arms.

"Having fun, Granpa?" he asked with a smirk

"Mike! What are you doing here?"

"What do you think? I'm dropping off Lisa," he said as he lowered his naked little girl to the floor, who ran and jumped into the bed with us.

"Don't you knock first?"

"I did knock, but no one answered." I did remember hearing faint knocking sound, but dismissed it as coming from outside. "So, I just used Staci's key. I couldn't very well stand outside your door for long with Lisa naked, could I?"

"Naked? You brought her over her naked?"

"Sure, why not?"

"The frigging neighbors, Mike! I don't believe you sometimes!"

"Ah, don't worry about it, Bill. I carried her and no one saw us.

"Now, I'm running late..."

"Wait a minute, Mike. I was a bit testy with you yesterday afternoon and..."

"No sweat, man. Gotta run."

He turned and then turned back adding, "Waste not this opportunity! And be sure and do everything with these nudies that I would do!" he quipped.

Even before her father was clear of my bedroom door, Lisa's little hand had joined Meagan's on my cock. Turning my attention back to the fun at hand, I saw that the girls were whispering together. They broke into giggles and Lisa immediately hopped up on top of me, straddling my hips and trapping my seeping cock between my belly and her pussy. Not wasting a second, she began sliding her pussy across my dick faux-fucking me.

"That's really cool, Lisa," my granddaughter gushed. "Let me try that."

Quick as a wink, Lisa was off me and Meagan was on, sliding her pussy along the length of my cock. I was sorely tempted to complete the act, right then and there, but I managed to restrain my inflamed libido and just let her take me to completion.

"Fuuuccckkk," I moaned as I began ejaculating onto my belly. I was so near when Mike had showed up that I hadn't lasted but a minute.

It took me longer to regain my senses than the actual act had taken. By then I had gone soft, Meagan had dismounted and Lisa was toying with my wet flaccid cock, having great fun flopping it back and forth.

"Okay, you girls have made a mess," I said out loud, "so, clean it up." I was expecting one of them to go get a towel, but Lisa had other ideas and began licking my tummy.

"Save some for me," my erstwhile innocent granddaughter said and joined in licking me clean. Okay, she swallowed, I knew, but...

Poor Jeff, he had a hard-on and was playing with it while watching all this unfold. I took pity on the boy.

"Girls, it looks like Jeff needs some help," said in a play to see one of them give him a blowjob.

"I want to fuck her," Jeff asserted.

"Fuck who?" I asked.

"Lisa. Yesterday, her dad said I could fuck her."

"I don't doubt that he did, but..."

I turned to Lisa who was licking her lips. "Jeff wants to fuck you, baby girl. He wants to stick his dick up your kitty like your cousins do. Do you want him to do that?"

"Uh, huh," she replied with an affirmative nod of her head. "His thingie isn't too big for me," she added as she plopped onto her back and spread her legs like the little slut she was.

Well, who was I to stop them? Besides, I'd been wanting to see her get banged ever since I first saw it on Mike's videos. Jeff, he wasn't waiting for my go ahead and crawled across me to get to her.

"Wait!" I called out just as he got between her legs.

He looked back with a puzzled and annoyed look. "What?"

"Just wait a minute, will you," I told him as I left the bed and pulled the video camera my boys had given me from the closet. It was on the tripod with the motorized base and ready to go, all I needed to do was set it up and connect it to my TV.

"It's for Lisa's dad," I explained while not mentioning my own purulent interest. I made the final connections and an image appeared on TV. Deftly I panned to them and framed them up. The little red light came on as I began recording.

"Okay. Fuck her, Jeff."

He moved back into position and found the mark. There was no hair trigger on this boy! He fucked her for a good ten minutes, her little feet and legs bobbing about in the air as his bare butt pumped into her. What he lacked in finesse, he made up for with stamina. I must admit, it was a great turn on to watch those kids screw, and by the time he finished and moved away I was hard again. Of course it helped a lot that Meagan was once again blowing me and doing an excellent job of it on the head of my dick. I felt the tingling begin to grow in my groin and knew I would soon blow when Jeff moved off the little girl.

By then I was crazed with pedo-lust and the sight of Lisa lying there with her legs sprawled out and her cute little just-fucked pussy all wet, red and swollen was too much. I pulled away from Meagan who was on her knees, walked to the other side of the bed and picked up Lisa. She looked stupefied as I held her in front of me. Then before my organ forgot what was up, I lowered her onto my big jutting dick. I didn't penetrate her fully, just slotted the head between her lips and in the mouth of her tiny vagina and unloaded up her cunt.

Sated, I gently lowered her unto the bed again, where my spunk and Jeff's spunk began to drain out of her. Remembering another thing Mike had said yesterday, about Meagan liking girls too, I looked to Meagan and told her, "Clean up her cunt." She didn't hesitate.

There were a lot of sexual acts that day and the next, including me using a slender vibrator on Meagan's pussy and ass. The only thing that didn't happen, was that I didn't fuck either girl, but Jeff put the lie to him never fucking his sister. They fucked, fucked like they'd been fucking each other for years.

When Staci called and invited us over Friday night for supper, I was a bit hesitant to go, but she talked me into it once she revealed that she had made a lasagna. Her lasagna was really, really good and the kids and I were getting tired of my cooking, so we went.

Of course Lisa was naked when we got there, even if Mike and Staci were dressed. We had a few drinks while the kids ran around playing. I was so used to seeing all three kids naked and running around playing, that I didn't notice that Jeff and Meagan had taken their clothes off too. Well, what's done was done, so I didn't make an issue of it, but I kept a wary eye on Mike.

My plan was to just drop off the clip of Jeff porking Lisa and leave it at that, but Mike insisted on viewing it right then and there. He nearly had a stroke. It was everything he wanted to see and more, especially the girl on girl cum-sucking eat-out scene at the end.

After a few more drinks, I was talked into going home and getting some of the other video clips featuring my grandkids only. That was a mistake. When I returned, I knew for a fact that Jeff sucked men, as well as other boys, as he was going down on Mike.

"Hey, Bill," he said cheerily, "have you been getting some of this too?"

"What the fuck, Mike? That's my grandson!"

"So?" he replied like it was no big deal.

"Jeff! Cut that out!" I shouted. "You and your sister go get your clothes on. Party's over, we're going home .

"Now, Jeff!"

**Part 12 - Returning the Grandkids**

Eric and Paula were slated to arrive home from their trip to Hawaii late Saturday afternoon. I was loathe to take Jeff and Meagan home. Hell, I wanted them to stay the rest of the summer, but I couldn't very well just keep them.

Before taking them home I did have a talk with Jeff about blowing Mike the night before. He was rather non-pulsed about it all. It was in fact, not a big deal with him at all. As far as he was concerned, I was just being an old fogy about it. He was rather hurt when I turned him down saying, "You always let Meagan blow you. She's your favorite!" Okay, he had a point there, but still...

On the four hour drive to take them home to their parents, I reiterated that they weren't to talk to anyone about what had happened during the past week, especially their parents. "I'll do the talking about that," I told them. "But the only thing I will be telling them will be about will be the nudity and nothing else. We were all nude almost the entire time and had fun just being together. Okay? That's all I'll tell them and that's all either of you should tell them. Otherwise some really bad things might happen."

They looked at each other, shrugged, then they both promised to not talk about any sex between any of us. I had by that time begun to question my earlier conclusion that Eric and Paula knew nothing about the sexual activities of their two kids. How could they not know? Were they that clueless? I didn't think so. Still, if they didn't know, I concluded that it was best that they should forever remain ignorant of the true facts.

Upon arrival both kids greeted their parents with hugs and disappeared inside. I shook my oldest son's hand and got a hug from my well endowed and skimpily dressed daughter-in-law. Both expressed their thanks for looking after the kids.

"Not a problem," I told them while ogling Paula's grand display of cleavage. "I enjoyed having them both. I just wish it for longer."

Eric and I then retrieved the bags from my car, including my overnight bag, as I wasn't about to just turn around and drive for another four hours, nor was I expected to.

Inside, Eric fixed drinks; a pina colada for Paula and scotch on the rocks for both he and me.

"The kids weren't any trouble, were they?" asked my son as he handed me my drink.

I took a sip and got right down to it. "Well, as you know, I've been babysitting Lisa, the little four year old girl next door, until her parents can find a suitable day care for her. What you might not know is that the reason they are having such a problem finding a suitable day care is that Lisa has issues with keeping her clothes on. And well, with Lisa running around nude, the kids thought it was okay to go nude too and I let them. It was only after I had tried to explain Lisa's penchant for total nudity that the kids told me that you guys were into nudism as a family.

"Now don't be angry with them for spilling the beans, Eric. I don't have a problem with how you raise your kids. Nor do I have a problem with your choice of lifestyles. That's your business and I accept that.

"They let me know that it made them uncomfortable with me being dressed, like their nudity was somehow wrong. So I went nude too..."

At the conclusion of my little confession my glass was empty. I looked up from my empty glass to judge how Eric and Paula were taking this confession. Paula was giggling with her eyes, her lush lips cured at the corners with a tight smile.

Eric took my glass saying, "Glad they weren't a problem, Pops," turned and promptly refilled it.

As Eric handed me the refill, the kids came out. It didn't even register on me in that they were both naked.

"Mom, Dad," called out Jeff, "Can we go swimming?"

"Of course, dear," Paula replied without taking her eyes off of me.

"Is that all they did?" she asked while the kids disappeared outside. "Just go naked or was there more to it than just that?" I remained mum.

"I trust that none of this shocks you?" she then added.

"To be honest, I was at first, but I got over it."

"Good. I wouldn't want you to think badly of us," she said.

"No, I don't think badly about you," I honestly replied."My love for all of you is unconditional."

Turning to her husband Paula said, "See, Eric. I told you he wouldn't have a problem with us being nudists. You should have just told him a long time ago."

"I honestly didn't know how you'd react, Pops," Eric responded with a sheepish grin. "You were always such a straight arrow with us as kids."

I confessed, "I thought about going to a nudist camp when you were all little, but your mom had a cow when I suggested it. I never brought it up again."

"Well, maybe you should go with us sometimes," Paula offered. "If you want to go.

"But first, I'm dying to get out of these clothes and into the pool. Would you like to go skinny dipping with us, Bill?"

"Uh, yeah, sure. Yes, yes I would," I honestly replied.

"Don't think that I haven't noticed," she said, "but you've been undressing me with your eyes for years. So, how about doing the honors," she said turning her back to me and lifting the honey blond hair from her neck.

I looked over towards Eric. He nodded for me to proceed and so I did, pulling the halter string and undoing the bow. Modestly she put her hands up to her breasts to keep the top from falling away while I went after the back strap bow. She turned back towards me and slowly lowered her hands, taking her top with them. With the top discarded, she arched her back slightly to make her hooters seem even bigger. Good god! What a rack!

"You like?" she teased.

"Damned right I like," I replied feasting my eyes on her ripe melons.

"Well, you can look all you want, but you can't touch. Those are the rules... at camp that is." Was that an invite to cup those beauties?

"Now I can't go swimming with these tight short-shorts on," she immediately added, deflecting my attention for a moment. "So will you be so kind and help a poor girl out?"

Right then Eric passed from behind me bare butt, leaving me to finish stripping his wife.

I moved in closer, eye to eye, except that she was a head shorter than I am. With my arms brushing her generous tits, I reached down and unbuttoned her shorts. Zip! Down went the zipper. With a little tug, I began working her shorts over and off her hips. I quickly ran out of arm and had to kneel to strip off the shorts. Daintily, she stepped out of them and I returned to remove her minimalist thong, not that it concealed anything. Eye level with her pussy, I saw that she was as bald as her nine year old daughter was, but there was no hint of stubble, she appeared to be a smooth as a baby's ass.

Working the thong down, I had to extract it from her labia. With it down to her ankles, she stepped out and once free, she turned and strode towards the patio, leaving me kneeling and holding her undergarment, an undergarment that quickly made it to my nose. She smelled fresh and divine.

Dropping the thong, I rose and made my way outside. By then Eric was in the pool with his kids, tossing Meagan around. Paula stood by the edge and struck a pose for me. Damn, what a knock out!

"Are you coming in, or are just going to gawk?" she asked.

"I just need some help myself," I responded.

She grinned and stepped up to me. First to go was my polo shirt. Then my cargo shorts along with my briefs. As I had worn flip flops for drive over, she quickly rendered me as nude as the rest of the family.

"Well, that certainly answers the question of where Eric got his big cock," she said glancing up at me grinning mischievously. I was as hard as I had ever been. "But you know, it's impolite in nudist society to walk around with an erection."

"Uh, sorry, I couldn't help it," I apologized.

"That's okay, Bill. You're a man and men do that sometimes. Don't they?"

With that she rose and told me that we needed to shower off before going into the pool.

"Care to join me?" she asked impishly, turned and headed for the outdoor shower. I was right behind her.

There was only room for one person under the shower head, unless you wanted to get skin-to-skin. I wasn't about to be that forward, as I was still unsure of all the ground rules with this nudism thing, so I just watched her as she put on quite a show. I was still hard as a rock when she stepped out and I took my rinse off.

We played in the pool for a long time, just having fun like any other family would have. Despite the earlier sexual tension, the sex games were kept to a minimum. I got briefly groped a few times, by Paula and the kids, and I caught a handful of tit and bare butt now and then, but overall it was relatively tame.

I had been to their house several times since they bought it, but this was the first time I had been there when the pool was open. During the warm months, they would visit me and my wife, never did we visit them, as there was always some excuse why this weekend or that wouldn't work. We'd visit at other times, but not when the pool was open.

After an hour or more in the water, we, the adults that is, were ready to take a break while the kids continued to swim and play.

Eric fixed another round of drinks and the three of us sat around the patio table, each sitting on a towel, where we could watch the kids and still talk privately. I had questions, lots of questions, plus I didn't want them asking me questions, so I got right to the point.

"So, how did you and Paula get into nudism?"

"Well, it was in my sophomore year," Eric began. "As you know, the entire frat scene turned me off and I was looking for an organization I could get involved with that was fun. Someone jokingly told me about an off campus student nudist club. I thought, 'Naked chicks! You bet!' and sought it out.

"I went to a meeting. To my disappointment everyone was dressed, and most the people there were far-out hippie types. I felt totally out of place and was regarded rather suspiciously, like I was there just for the naked women... which I was. Then this stunningly beautiful girl walks in, Paula. I'd seen her about campus, but had never approached her, thinking that she was out of my league. Turns out she was the club president.

"We got to talking and Paula then tells me that she was raised a nudist and that her dad is part owner and managed Eden Valley, a naturist resort.

"I joined the nudist club that night," Eric informed. "It was the best decision I ever made. I was already in love with a girl I'd never had the courage to speak to and the following weekend I'm naked with her, along with a gaggle of naked freaks at this fabulous resort. We hit it off big time."

In the twelve years that they had been married, I'd met Paula's father exactly once, at their wedding. After that, there was no contact between us. As for her mom, she was dead and gone before that.

Paula again invited me to join them at Eden Valley over the Labor Day weekend. It wasn't that I thought running through the woods naked would be fun, but rather it was great opportunity to get to know a side of Eric and Paula's life that I had heretofore been excluded from. There was, of course, a problem... Lisa. Then I realized Lisa wasn't a problem, as her parents would be home for the weekend to look after her. So I agreed to the invite.

I expressed my concern that I would be impolite by popping boners every few minutes. Paula reassured me that after a very short time, that I would be perfectly comfortable being nude with other nude people. "You're comfortable being nude with us, aren't you?"

"To be honest, Paula, being around you, I'm hornier than a three horned Billy goat!" Eric laughed and she just smiled.

We swam again for a while, then Eric grilled steaks for dinner. By then I was very comfortable being nude with Eric and his comely wife, despite the continued waywardness of my pecker.

After digesting dinner for a while, things got heated up again. Eric cranked up the stereo and put on mix of dance tunes. It was party time and Paula wanted to dance, with Eric, with Jeff, with Meagan and with me. I just wanted to watch, citing my age as reason to remain on the sidelines. Besides, the show was especially good watching Paula shake her lovely ass and big hooters. But she was having none of that. The first dance I was coaxed into with Paula was a fast number. I did my best not to be a goofus. Then I danced with Meagan. I sat out the next one, another fast number, besides Eric was dancing with Meagan and Paula was dancing with Jeff, leaving me odd man out.

The tempo changed. Eric now danced a slow number with Paula, skin to skin. Meagan wanted me to dance with her, so I did, keeping an eyeball on my son and daughter-in-law. To me it looked like they were engaging in coitus as they ground into each other.

The next slow number, Jeff danced with his mom, his face buried between her tits, while Eric and Meagan danced close.

It was my turn next and I was looking forward to rubbing against Paula, but the next number was a fast one and I had to settle for jiggling tits, not that I minded.

Eventually I got to dance cheek to cheek with my naked daughter-in-law. I took great pleasure in her rubbing her tits against my chest, and seeing that no one, especially Eric, took exception to my hands cupping her bare ass, I did just that. My unruly organ did its thing and rose to attention, trapped and leaking against her abdomen.

"You're a bad boy," she whispered to me.

"Sorry."

"Don't be," she replied as she ground into me further aggravating my condition.

When we broke apart, Paula had a wet spot on her tummy. Eric noticed and tested the wetness. I thought Eric might say something, but he never did and the party went on.

We took another swim in the dark, and then took a soak in the hot tub. By then I was quite worn out and after fifteen minutes or so, I excused myself to go to bed.

I went upstairs to my room. It was very nice guest accommodations, with a king sized bed and bath with a walk in shower. I brushed my teeth and hit the sack.

Lying in the relative dark, the room softly lit with the glow of a night light, I was reflecting upon the day's events when my door opened and a small figure slipped inside. A moment later, Meagan crawled into the sack and under the covers with me.

"What are you doing?" I whispered.

"Can I sleep with you, Poppa?" she replied.

"No, not with your parents just downstairs."

"They never come up here," she answered.

"Maybe not, but it's too risky," I rejoined.

"No, it's not. Jeff and I sleep together all the time and they never say anything. Besides, sometimes Daddy sleeps with me and sometimes PawPaw sleeps with me. So why would they mind me sleeping with you?"

"Really? You sleep with your dad and PawPaw? So what do you and your daddy do and what do you and your PawPaw do when you sleep together?'

"Nothing. We just sleep."

"Is that what we're going to do, just sleep?"

"Not if you want to," she answered as her hand surrounded my flaccid prick.

"Look, what happened at my house shouldn't have happened."

"But it was so much fun. We all had fun, didn't we? Can't we have some fun tonight?"

"Meagan, I..."

"Do you want me to blow you? I will if you want me too."

"Meagan..."

She answered by kissing down my chest and down my tummy. She didn't stop and was soon laying kisses on my pecker. Naturally, my cock sprang to attention and before it had fully inflated, it was surrounded by the warm wet embrace of her mouth. All further discussion of her blowing me were put on hold.

So she's pumping her lips up and down my shaft and the door opens again and another figure entered the darkened room.

"Poppa. Poppa, are you awake?" my grandson asked.

"Yes, what is it, Jeff?"

"Is that Meagan in here with you?"

"Yes."

"She's blowing you?"

"Yes."

"Cool...

"Hey, I want a blowjob too."

"Get in line, Jeff," I muttered.

He proceeded to peel off the light cover to observe his little sister performing fellatio on me. He wasn't content just to watch and buried his face between her buttocks. That did it, I felt my balls beginning to boil and all the sexual tension built over the day came to a roaring head.

"Uggghh," I grunted through clenched teeth as I spermed my nine-year-old granddaughter's sucking mouth. She didn't miss a beat and continued sucking me until I had fully unloaded my balls while nary spilling a drop.

Releasing my cock, her first words were, "Stop, Jeff. That's so nasty!" as she squirmed away from her older brother.

"Blow me, Sis," he told her.

I was okay with that, but I had my own agenda. Positioning her face up with her head on the pillow, I moved down, spread her legs and buried my face in her sweet young pussy and began scouring her cunt with my tongue. She liked that, liked it a lot. Meanwhile Jeff scooted up and straddled her head. Gripping the head board, he lowered his dick to his sister's mouth and proceeded to face fuck her. It was a repeat of one of my lurid video clips I had shot just days before.

She began squirming about and then bucking her hips. Her thighs gripped my head and I could feel her orgasmic contractions on my tongue buried in her vagina. She went limp and I pulled away. Jeff too pulled away. We settled in with them surrounding me.

Next thing I knew and it was sun up. I woke up with Jeff playing with my dick while Meagan sucked and nibbled on my nipple. That's when Paula walked in. The kids immediately stopped molesting me, but the damage was done. I was busted!

"Jeff! Meagan! What are you doing? Leave Poppa alone and let the man sleep. Now scoot, the both of you!" Meagan and Jeff scurried out of the bedroom, leaving alone with my daughter-in-law, my erection pointedly obvious. I was expecting a reaction, but not the one I got.

"I'm sorry, Pops, for them waking you up. But now that you are awake, breakfast in ten minutes." She then turned and left the room.

I got up, took a dump, shaved and took a quick shower. Ten minutes later, I was downstairs still in my birthday suit and joined the family for a breakfast of bacon and eggs. Nothing was said about the kids being in bed with me that morning.

The rest of the day went pretty much like the day before. Skinny dipping for hours throughout the day, interspersed with time out to shoot pool and play ping pong, as well as taking in a pre-season professional football game. For the most part my dick behaved quite well and remained flaccid for the most part.

The highlight of the day was when Paula and Eric informed me that my other two boys and their families also went to Eden Valley regularly. That explained a lot, as it had bothered me greatly that my boys had grown so far apart from me. That wasn't the way it was supposed to be, and now that I knew why, I was determined to rectify it.

I was the only one to get dressed that day, and that was only at the last minute that evening before I had to go home. All in all, it was great weekend and I was looking forward to joining them at Paula's dad's nudist camp for the Labor Day weekend.

**Part 13 - First Time at Eden Valley**

*Accompanying Eric's family to Eden Valley, Bill learns more about his sons' families....*

My weekend with my eldest son and his family was, for this old man, a rather enlightening weekend. Until Jeff and Meagan stayed with me for a whole week, never in my wildest imagination did I suspect Eric was raising his family as practicing nudists. Then I learn it really wasn't Eric so much, as is comely wife, Paula who grew up in a nudist camp, her father's nudist camp, or rather, her father's naturist resort. Not only that, but my two younger sons and their families were also nudists and regularly went to Paula's dad's resort.

No wonder I hardly ever saw any of them! They had better things to do than hang around an old stick in the mud like me. But had I known, I'd have been fine with it, after recovering from my initial shock. My late wife, I don't think she'd have been as understanding or accommodating, but I sure as hell would have been. But, perhaps I only say that after being around the Higgman's from next door and babysitting their exhibitionist little girl. Still, it didn't sit well that I'd missed out on so much. That was precious time that could never be recovered.

After a weekend of surprises, what surprised me the most was Paula's reaction when she found Megan and Jeff in bed with me Sunday morning. It was like it was the most natural thing that her kids, my grandson and granddaughter, would be in bed with me and with us all nude. Surely she noticed my erection. How could she not have noticed it and deduced why I was erect? But Paula didn't seem to notice and no one, not even Eric, ever commented on it. Good thing one of them wasn't blowing me at the time!

I arrived home late and even though the drive was long and in the dark, the time seemed to fly by recanting my visit in my mind. Damn, it was fun! Especially dancing with Paula and having her rub her naked tits into my bare chest. Damn! I sure liked that! And Eric didn't seem to care. Or rather he didn't mind, I sure as hell didn't mind either. Was it my imagination or was she really trying to get me to stick it to her. I bet Eric would have minded then... or would he?

As soon as I got inside the stuffy house, I flipped on the A/C, stripped off, took a leak and crashed in my bed.

Next morning I was still in the same position I was when I lay my head down. Sound asleep, I was awakened by a little girl jumping on me. My eyes flew open and there she was, her face just inches from mine, her hands holding me by the cheeks so as to keep my attention. She kissed me. It wasn't a little girl's kiss, but a full kiss on the lips, tongue and all. Her legs were straddling my body and in reaction to the sudden assault, my hands had flown up and was gripping her high on her thighs, the tips of my fingers brushing her bare sex. With just minor adjustments, I had one hand full of naked butt cheek and the other firmly between her legs, rubbing her pussy while she kissed and tongue fucked my lips.

With Lisa's face so close and blocking my view, I couldn't see if anyone else was in my bedroom, nor did I hear anyone else, but the cool hand on my cock told me that we weren't alone. Even though I couldn't see nor hear her, I knew that cock-fondling hand had to belong to the child's mother, who openly molested me while I molested her little girl. The hand was soon replaced by the warm wet carven of Staci's mouth.

What a way to wake up!

Staci sucked me for just a minute or so, before pulling off my steely prong.

"Sorry I can't stay and play, Daddy," she said. "But I'm running late as it is."

Breaking away from Lisa's lips and hands, I exclaimed, "What? You tease me like that and then leave me hanging?"

"You'll live," she laughed.

"So what do you plan to do today, Daddy? Molest my little girl all day?"

"Not all day," I replied without taking my fingers from Lisa's bald puss.

"Well, you two have fun. I'll finish what I started when I pick her up after work."

"Damned right you'll finish it, you prick teasing whore."

"Oh, Daddy, I just love it when you talk to me like that," she laughed. With that Staci was out the door.

"I hunggy," Lisa declared sitting up and in doing so removing my roving fingers.

"Your momma didn't feed you, baby?"

"Mama was running late," Lisa replied.

"Okay, so what do you want for breakfast?"

"Pancakes!"

"Pancakes? How about some cereal?"

"I don't like your cereal, Granpa."

"What? You don't like Raisin Bran?" She wrinkled up her nose.

"I know, I think we might still have some Fruit Loops, if Jeff didn't eat it all."

"Fruit Loops? Yea!!!"

She jumped up and dashed out of my bedroom. Slowly I crawled out of the sack, took a leak and then wandered towards the kitchen. Lisa was there, sitting at the table on her booster seat, waiting for me to feed her. On my way I didn't see where she had shucked her clothes, just a blanket strewn by the door.

"Where are your clothes?" I asked her as I pulled down a plastic bowl for her.

"I dunno."

"Where did you leave them?"

"I dunno."

"Well, we need to find them so we can go to the store later this morning."

"Mama didn't put any clothes on me this morning," she informed me.

"What? She just wrapped you in a blanket?"

"Uh, huh." Good thing I had squirreled away some clothes for her, otherwise we'd be stuck at home all day.

I found the Fruit Loops and thankfully there was just enough for Lisa to have a small bowl. For me, I just whipped up a fried egg sandwich on plain toast.

With breakfast done and the dirty dishes placed in the dishwasher, we settled in for the morning, with me in my Lazy-Boy and Lisa in my lap so I could read a book or three to her before I turned on the cartoons. All in all, it was an uneventful day. Play time outside in my backyard, nap time with Granpa, all the usual stuff. Even the grocery shopping went off without a hitch or incident.

When Staci arrived to pick Lisa up later that afternoon, she made good on completing the blowjob she'd started that morning, on her knees sucking me while Lisa watched her mama servicing me. Not a bad way to end the day.

With them gone home, I headed out for a bite to eat, then returned home to my book, the book I'd begun before my grandkids were dropped off the week before. I hadn't gotten too far into it when Jeff and Meagan arrived and I hadn't had time to get back into it with them being here. It wasn't a very good book and having lost my interest, I spent my time watching the pornographic videos I'd made while my grandkids were here. I really needed to cull through and edit them, as Mike wanted all the videos with Lisa in them, and I didn't want to give him the videos where it was just my grandkids. Lisa and the kids, okay, but the kids and me, no way did I want those in his possession. That plus I needed to obscure my face in whatever I gave him.

The following two weeks were pretty much like that. The only real issue that arose was when I told Staci that I planned on leaving for the Labor day weekend around noon that Friday and that she needed to pick up Lisa before then. She said she would, but come noon that Friday, Staci was a no show. I called, but she didn't answer my calls. I was rather pissed off by the time she did show up, at her usual time, to pick up Lisa. She pleaded that she had tried to get off early, but her boss wouldn't let her. I really wasn't in the mood to hear it.

Having rid myself of Lisa, I packed my car. Packed, that a stretch. How much do you need to pack for a long weekend at a nudist camp? I just needed my toiletries, a hat, sandals and a towel or two. I didn't need a change of clothes. What I had put on to drive over, I could wear driving back.

Needless to say, I was late in arriving at Eric and Paula's. Eric was rightfully miffed at me for holding everything up. Paula was a bit more understanding of why I was running late. The kids, the kids just wanted to be on the road and were in a hurry to see their cousins and PawPaw.

I sat up front with Eric while Paula and the kids sat in the back of their Tahoe. That suited me fine as there was no chance Meagan could try and sneak a hand up the leg of my shorts with her parents sitting up front. I'd thought about that possibility on the way over and was happy not to have to contend with that.

It was dark when we got to Eden Valley. Eric punched in a code at the gate and we drove inside. After a short winding drive, we were there. Or at least we were at their trailer. It was really too late to do anything other than get settled into the trailer. We only had to haul in some groceries and supplies, like beer and soft drinks, so the unloading was minimal. All that was left was to undress, something the kids had done before we ever drove through the gate.

Undressed, I handed my shirt, shorts and briefs to my naked daughter-in-law and she stowed them away for when we left three days hence.

The kids wanted to immediately go see their PawPaw. Paula nixed that idea saying that he wasn't home and they could see him tomorrow.

"What about Lyle and Ben?" the kids asked.

"Uncle Mark, Aunt Kendra and the boys are probably at the dance," Paula informed.

"Can we go to the dance?" Jeff asked.

"Not tonight. It's late. You and Megan have a snack and then get to bed. You'll have a very busy day tomorrow."

"Aw, Mom!" he whined.

"No. We're all tired. Especially your grandfather. It's been a long day for all of us."

"Can't we go outside and just walk around?"

"No, not tonight. Now get some cookies, eat them and go to bed."

"Oh, okay..."

By then I had checked out the trailer and recognized some problems, namely the limited space and accommodations. There was the central room with the kitchen and seating area, and at either end was a bedroom with a single large bed and a bath. I surmised that the usual arrangements were for Eric and Paula to sleep in the big bed, for Meagan to sleep in the other room and Jeff to sleep on the sofa. So where was I going to sleep? If I slept on the sofa, a prospect I wasn't relishing, then Meagan and Jeff would have to share a bed. I was certain the kids wouldn't mind that arrangement, but I wasn't so sure about what their parents might think. Okay, maybe I was to share the spare bed with one of the kids... Jeff? I wasn't so sure I wanted Jeff playing with my pecker all night. Sleep with Meagan? Well, she had slept with me two weeks before at their house and no one seemed concerned about that, so maybe...

"Pops, I'm sorry, but you'll have to bunk on the sofa tonight," Paula informed me. "Tomorrow night, you'll stay with my dad, he has a spare king-size bed for you. If that's alright with you."

"Uh, yeah, sure."

I wasn't too thrilled about that, as I hardly knew the man. I'd met him only twice, once at Eric and Paula's wedding some twelve years prior and again at Mark and Kendra's wedding the following year. But we were already stepping all over each other in the cramped confines of the trailer and sleeping on the rather short sofa wasn't appealing in the least. I'd make do for tonight, but for three nights?

"You know, Jeff has a good idea," Eric announced. "Let's all take a walk and stretch our legs before turning in."

So with sleeping arrangements made and cookies consumed, we headed out for a walk in the dark. It being almost a new moon, the thin crescent moon had already set when we headed out into the darkness. It wasn't pitch black, as lights from within the trailers and lights from the party lights strung out along the awnings provided a good amount of soft light once the eyes adjusted.

Now, I had become perfectly comfortable being nude all day and night within my home with and without Lisa and her parents, and I quickly became comfortable being nude with Eric and his family at their home, but to be walking around outside naked... it felt weird... like I was exposed. That was particularly true when we ran across other people out for a walk. They, of course were nude too, but still...

"Good evening..."

"Good evening..."

It was in a weird way all so normal, yet abnormal.

We stopped a couple of times to chat with folks sitting out under their awnings. Pretty soon the kids had disappeared into the darkness with other kids, while we were invited to cocktails. I did my best not to stare, especially at the tits of this one incredible woman. I'd see her again in the morning and in the harsh light of day, she wouldn't look quite as good and appealing as she did under the soft colored lights.

After a couple of highballs, we continued our walk, making a complete circle. Along the way, Meagan and Jeff appeared out of the dark and joined us. I couldn't help but wonder what those two had been up to in the dark with their friends.

Almost immediately Jeff started in on his mother, "Can Johnny and Dale spend the night?"

"No, there's not enough room, Jeff," Paula replied.

"Then can I stay with them? Mr. Tom won't mind."

"No, I suppose Tom wouldn't mind," snorted Eric. "But, yeah, go ahead. It'll save Poppa from having to sleep on that sofa."

Eric turned to me and asked, "You don't mind sleeping with Meagan tonight, do you?"

"Uh, no."

"I didn't think so," he replied. "And I'm sure she won't mind either. It's not like you haven't slept with her before." Shit! What and how much did he know?

The walk over and with a comfortable highball buzz, we made it back to the trailer. Paula and Meagan climbed the steps to go inside, but as I was about to do the same, Eric grabbed me by the arm saying, "Can I have a word with you, Pops?"

I'm thinking, 'Oh, crap, here it comes.'

"Look, I want to put you at ease," he began. "We know all about what went on when the kids stayed with you. Paula and I are just glad you're not upset about our choice of lifestyles."

"Hey, I'm good with the nudist stuff," I replied relieved that he wasn't talking about the sex.

"It's not just the nudist aspect," he went on, "but the lifestyle."

"Lifestyle? What about your lifestyle? I told you I was good with it."

"Yes, you did and apparently you're okay with it all, but before we go any farther, I want to be completely upfront with you.

"Paula was raised very differently than you and mom raised us. Same goes with Kendra. I didn't realize the extent of it until after I knocked Paula up with Jeff and married her. But the truth is, for a long time I had good reason to believe that he might actually be Paula's dad's kid. But he's not, he's mine.

"Why would you think Jeff might have been Paula's dad's kid?"

"Think about what you just said, Pops."

"Oh! Oh, shit! You mean..."

"Yeah, her old man fucks her. Been fucking her since she was Meagan age. Passed her around to his buddies too, buddies like Kendra's dad. He's going to fuck her tomorrow too."

"Kendra's dad? Our Kendra?"

"Yeah, our Kendra. Her daddy's going to fuck her too. They used to swap daughters..."

"Holy shit!"

"That's what I said too. So did Mark when he found out. But he married Kendra anyway. Would you believe that Fred went with them on their honeymoon? He did. Paid for everything and had full privileges."

"Jesus, Eric. I had no idea."

"So, just to be brief, your boys have fallen in with hedonistic libertines. And our families, at least Mark's and mine, are following the traditions of Paula's family and Kendra's family when it comes to family life.

"So now you know. And just to be clear, Paula and I don't mind you engaging a little sex play with Meagan, any more than we mind her other grandfather engaging in a little sex play with her, or even with Jeff. One exception though, tonight when you're in bed with Meagan, no penetration. She's no virgin, that's for sure, but she's a little young for a cock like yours, so stick to oral sex like you have been.

"One other thing. Paula is looking forward to you screwing her. Maybe you'll like to join us sometime this weekend for a three way. If not, just go ahead and fuck her. She'll love it. Especially if her old man is watching."

I was stunned to say the least upon hearing all that and I thought I was well past being shocked by anything, but shocked I was. Melvin, Paula's dad, banged her? Kendra's dad banged her too? What about Gwen, my youngest son's wife? Did her daddy do her too? Of course I thought of Staci Higgman with her infatuation with her daddy.

With Eric having gotten everything off his chest, we went inside.

"Paula, Pops knows everything," Eric announced.

"Everything?"

"Yes, everything," he replied.

He then turned to me and said, "Why don't you sleep with Paula? I'll sleep with Meagan."

"Are you sure, baby,?" Paula asked.

"Yes, I'm sure. Make the man happy, will you?"

"Glad to," she replied as she took my hand and led me to her bed. As distracted as Paula had me, I didn't think too much about what Eric may or may not be doing that night with his nine year old daughter. Besides, it really wasn't any of my business.

Paula left the lights on as she sprawled out on the bed offering her body to me. An offer I gladly accepted.

Crawling up on top of her, I went for her big tits, wallowing my face in the soft billowy pillows of girlie meat, capturing and feasting upon one fat nipple and then the other, my fingers searching for and finding her clit, her long fingernails lightly pulling through what little hair I still had while she cooed, "Yes, baby, suck Mommy's tits." After she said that a few times, I began to suspect that in addition to Eric and her daddy, Jeff regularly feasted on these beauties. This I would have to see!

Just the thought of Jeff nursing on her or perhaps having sex with his libertine mom had me hard as I'd ever been.

"Fuck me, baby, fuck me," she whispered as her hips undulated. I didn't need to be asked twice. I repositioned myself over her, my rampant erection searching, searching. Finding its target, I slid deep into her welcoming snatch. My balls had been recharging all day, ever since Lisa had sucked me while I waited in vain for her mother to show up on time. I felt my balls beginning to boil, and before I shot off, reluctantly I pulled out.

"You didn't cum," my comely daughter-in-law informed.

"I want this to last," I replied.

"That's what I want too," she replied.

"I want you on your hands and knees."

"Anything you want, Pops. Just do me good."

She got into position and I moved behind her. I enjoyed the view of her shapely ass and gave each cheek a kiss. Grasping her hips with my hands, I slotted my calmed down cock in her and slammed into her.

"Oh, yes!" she wailed as I began jack hammering her from behind.

Bam, bam, bam echoed through the trailer as I fucked her, no doubt Eric and her daughter could hear it. Apparently it could be also heard outside as someone playfully beat on the metal sides of the trailer, not that I paid them much attention.

I pulled out and pulled her on top of me, allowing me to play with her fun bags while she did all the work for a while. Her face twisted into mask of passion and I felt her cunt contracting around my cock as she orgasmed. I felt my balls begin to boil once again, but I was beyond caring and just let it rip. I groaned loudly as my balls unloaded in her cunt, still her hips continued to move until she dislodged my softening member.

She sort of rolled off of me and flopped down at my side. It was then that I realized that we had an audience.

"Clean up, your Poppa," Eric directed Meagan. To my shock, she climbed into bed and did just that. Meanwhile Eric crawled onto the girl's mom and put it to her while I lay next to them with their daughter cleaning my cock and doing what she had proven to me that she did so well.

Apparently Eric had gotten worked up watching me screwing his wife because he didn't last that long. Spent, he rolled to Paula's other side.

Catching his breath, he shocked me further by telling Meagan to clean his cock. Holy shit! But my surprises for the night weren't over yet. After sucking the love juices off her daddy's cock, he had her clean her mother up!

Eric sat up on an elbow to watch Meagan slurping at her mother's twice spermed cunt, then looking at me he said, "She loves having her tits sucked, Pops. Care to join me?" He then lowered his head to Paula's right tit. It didn't take a genius to figure out that I was to suck her left tit. And so there we were, my son and I sucking on his wife's generous jugs while their young daughter lapped at her cunt. Not only that, it became apparent that Meagan was very familiar with getting her mom off with her mouth, as Paula was soon in the throes of another cum.

With Paula, Eric and myself sexually sated, I thought that the sexual storm was over. But there was one more who needed to get off, Meagan. Her daddy took care of that with his fingers.

While he diddled her, I commented, "Jeff fucks her."

"Yeah, he and every other boy around here that's old enough. But, we can't fuck her, Pops. Like I said, she isn't old enough to take a man's cock."

"When will she be old enough?" I asked to satisfy my curiosity.

"Ten. I'm going to fuck her on her tenth birthday.

"Isn't that right, baby?"

"Uh, huh," grunted Meagan as her father's fingers danced in her young cunt.

"I'm going to fuck her, then Mel's going to fuck her. If you want, you can fuck her too, Pops, but not until her tenth birthday. It's a family tradition I understand, banging the daughter on her tenth birthday. After that, she's for the taking. Provided, of course, that she doesn't object. No still means no, but I don't anticipate the little whore objecting."

It was rather jarring to my sensibilities to hear Eric call my sweet granddaughter a little whore, but I'd get used to it.

**Part 14 - First Time at Eden Valley**

*Bill starts to become familiar with Paula's dad's nudist resort...*

When I woke Saturday morning, the four of us were still in bed together. But not for long. Paula and Eric rolled out of the sack followed by Meagan. Me, I hung back for a moment or two trying to get my morning wood to calm down. It didn't.

"Come on, Pops," called out Paula. "Come get some breakfast."

"Poppa's got a hard-on," Meagan gleefully pointed out as soon as I walked out.

"Meagan, behave," fussed her mother who looked over at me with a slight smile on her lips.

"Sorry," I muttered as I tried to cover up, but there wasn't anything available.

"Oh, cover up, Dad!" exclaimed Eric in mock indignation.

Then with a laugh he added, "It's okay, Pops. Nothing that everyone hasn't seen before, is it? Look, inside the trailer, you can walk around with an erection all you want, but outside, you'll need to be more discreet."

"I'm not walking around," I defended as I turned my back to them. I don't know why I was embarrassed, I have no clue, but I was.

"Well, you're not sitting, are you?" my unhelpful son replied with an amused look.

"Oh, come on and eat, Pops," Paula told me.

"Just a minute," I replied.

"Oh, don't be so self-conscious," my daughter in law chided. "I rather enjoy seeing a virile man displaying a big hard cock. Now, come eat. It'll go down on its own accord when its ready. If not, I'm sure someone will be willing to take care of it for you. Now sit." Did she really say that?

Abandoning what little modesty I had, I joined my sniggering granddaughter at the tiny dinette, where I was served a toasted bagel and coffee. Sure enough, things calmed down and my cock resumed it's normal flaccid state, but not for long as my playful granddaughter stuck her bare foot between my legs and rubbed her dainty toes on my cock.

"Meagan, leave your grandfather alone," her mother said with her back to us. It was a classic example of a mother having eyes on the back of her head. The foot was removed, but the damage was done.

With breakfast done, we dressed for the day, hats, shoes of some sort and our required towel to sit upon in hand, then headed out in broad daylight. If I felt exposed walking about outside last night in the dark, I really felt exposed now. Quickly we ran into other groups of nudists. No one seemed to pay any attention to my state of undress and within a few minutes, that was that, I didn't feel so exposed anymore. I felt great, especially with the view of Paula's extra fine naked backside.

It was a short walk over to the resort headquarters. I was surprised how large it was, sort of like a hunting lodge, rough hewn siding stained to a dark brown, black trim and cedar shake roof. We didn't go inside the main entrance, but went to a nondescript side door. Eric punched in a key code, the door unlocked and we stepped inside in what appeared to be a very large living room or seating area.

Paula looked in a couple of side rooms, calling out, "Daddy! Daddy!" Daddy wasn't there.

She went through another door on the opposite wall and a moment later reappeared with her dad, Melvin, in tow. He was, of course, nude, down to the bare feet. I didn't recognize him. He was still a head shorter than I was, but the last time I saw him twelve years prior, he had a full beard; now he was clean shaven. Actually he was more than clean shaven, as he didn't have a hair on his body that I could see except for his eyebrows and eye lashes. His hairless skin was a deep bronze as you'd expect a full time nudist to be, and it seemed to glow.

"PawPaw! PawPaw!" Meagan shouted as she ran up to him. They wrapped arms about each other and he lifted her up, engaging in a protracted full lip kiss, while his hand slid around and over her bare buttocks. I glanced over at my son and his wife to gauge their reaction to this display, but neither appeared concerned in the least that he was feeling her up right in front of us. At the breakfast table that morning, I convinced myself that I had dreamed everything the night before, but now I had to face the reality that they really were okay with all of this.

Turning to me, he broke off the kiss and his groping of Meagan.

"Bill! It's great to see you," he said giving me a firm handshake. "Especially here! I've been after these two to invite you out here for ages. They gave me some claptrap about you not approving of open nudity. What's there not to approve of in a display of flesh?!"

"Take that one there," he said pointing to his daughter. "She gets the juices flowing, eh?"

"Dad! Behave!" admonished Paula who rather than be offended, took his comments in stride.

"I'm behaving!"

"No, you're not!" she rejoined.

Changing the subject Mel informed, "Mark and Kendra came by a few minutes ago. The boys are chomping to get in the water and they're going ahead to secure us a table in one of the pool-side pavilions."

Turning to me he explained, "We're really crowded this weekend, and prime hangout space is strictly on a first-come first-served basis, that includes family."

"Lyle and Ben are here?" Meagan asked excitedly.

"Yeah, I think they're going down by the main family pool area," Mel answered. With that Meagan thundered out the door from where Paula had retrieved her dad.

"Say, where's Jeff?" Mel asked.

"He spent the night with Tom and his boys," Paula explained.

"Getting his ass reamed, no doubt," Mel added with a frown, a frown that quickly morphed into a smile.

"Daddy!" Paula said indignantly.

"Did I say something I shouldn't have?" Mel asked. "It was you who told me that Bill plays with little kids." That comment made my ears and cheeks burn.

"It's alright, Mel," Eric interjected. "He knows all about everything, and he's played with Meagan, but he hasn't cornholed Jeff that I know of."

"Is that right, Bill? You only like little girls. Nothing wrong with boys, you know."

"I, uh..." Speechless I chose to remain so.

"You two, run along too," Mel told Paula. "I want to talk to Bill for a bit. We'll join you in thirty minutes or so."

"Okay, Daddy. But, please, behave. Pops doesn't know when you're putting on an act."

"Who me?"

"Yes, you."

Paula then came and kissed me, brushing her hooters into my chest. "Don't let him get you into trouble, Pops. My dad is a dirty old man, and sometimes... Never mind. We'll see you in an hour."

'An hour?' I thought. 'He said thirty minutes.' Oh well, I was here...

"Okay, first there are some rules," Mel began. "Number one, when in public, no inappropriate touching, and no openly sexual activities; that includes smooching. Most folks aren't here for the sex, or so they say, but a good portion of them are. Remember, this is a family resort and we all have to be mindful of the kids.

"In private, you can do whatever the hell you want." Waving a hand over his head in circles, he added, "In here, it's considered private. In Eric's trailer it's considered private. The other trailers and lodge rooms are considered private too, but keep your sexual activities close to the vest. You want to fuck some woman, you can do it in here where her husband isn't likely to stumbled across you. And if you see me fucking some woman on that ottoman, enjoy the show. Besides, there's nothing wrong with sloppy seconds.

"Second, sit on your towel out in public. In here, sit where ever the hell you want, just be sure you that you have wiped yourself good, or better yet, washed yourself since taking a dump.

"Third, it's okay to look, but it's impolite to stare. Along that line, no photography allowed except by the resort's official photographer. That'd be Fred, your Mark's father-in-law, and Kendra's dad. Fred and me, we go way back and he owns the photography concession here.

"Fourth... Uh, let's see... oh, yeah. If you pop a boner, don't go parading around with it. It happens to guys, you know, and no one should be offended if you do, but don't make a spectacle of yourself. Cover up or roll over until Willie behaves.

"But the main rule is to relax and have fun. That's what everyone is here for. I guarantee, after a day or two here, you will be a full blown naturist and will wonder why you didn't take this up sooner in life.

"The masses aren't given the fifth rule, but you're family. Don't mess with any of the kids, unless they're family. So if Meagan introduces you to a friend, just leave the little tart alone, unless I introduce the little tart to you.

"Now, from what I hear, your wife died a few years ago."

"Yes, she did."

"My sincere condolences...

"Well, I suspect you're in need to get laid this weekend," Melvin continued. "I will see to it that you will get laid. Okay?"

"Okay!" I laughed.

"But then again, you might have gotten laid last night."

"Maybe," replied.

"Maybe my ass. My daughter's a whore. I raised her to be a whore and I know she's been itching to get your dick in her ever since you brought the kids back home two weeks ago. Nice piece of ass, eh?"

"Yeah, real nice," I confessed while thinking, 'So that's were Eric calling Meagan a whore comes from.' I didn't like it, but at least I knew where it was coming from. Still, I was going to have to have a word with my son, whether it was any business of mine or not.

"I knew it! I knew it! You're a man after my own heart!" he laughed.

"Oh! I almost forgot," he said with a startled look. "This is a clothing optional resort, so if you want to wear pants around out on the grounds, or sleep in your pajamas, go right ahead. But in the pool area, it's strictly full nudity, hats and footwear excepted. Having said that, you will see some ladies wearing bikini bottoms, that's because it's that time of the month for them.

"Oh, and another thing. I'm sure you noticed the little springy bracelets everyone wears. That's so you can buy things and not have to carry around credit cards or hard cash. The little tag has your account number that is tied to your credit card. Bill, you're here as my personal guest, and therefore everything will be comp'd to you. But you will still need a bracelet. And for that, come with me..."

He led me through the door that he'd come in from. We hooked around a wall and ended up behind the reception desk for the resort. There was someone there, talking to the receptionist, working out some issue. Issue resolved, he left.

"Rhonda!" Mel called out. Rhonda turned and I recognized her as the woman with the fantastic tits we had drinks with the night before. Like I said, she looked better under the soft colored lights, but hell, at forty something, she still looked pretty good.

"This is Bill. Paula's father-in-law.

"Yes, I know. We met last night," she replied with a subtle arching of her back.

"You have that credit bracelet for Bill?"

"Yes, I do," she said with a smile, turned, and retrieved it from a desk drawer. It was one of those colorful springy bracelets with a bar code embossed tag. This one was an electric blue. I was thankful it wasn't fuchsia pink.

"You can wear it around your wrist, or around your ankle," she said. "Which do you prefer?"

"Umm, ankle..." She knelt and slipped it over my foot and sandal. Looking up she was eye level with my cock. Glancing up, she smiled, then slowly rose.

"Rhonda, Bill here is a widower and he hasn't had a good blowjob in a long time. Do me a favor, and take care of the man. I'll watch the desk for you."

"Love to," she replied with a sultry smile. Taking my hand, she led me behind the wall. Taking my cock in her hand, she fondled me for a moment, getting a rise out of me.

"Nice," she purred rolling my balls with her free hand. "Very nice."

She sank to her knees and looking up at me, slowly took my cock deep into her mouth. Holding it for just a moment near the back of her throat, she slowly pulled it out, gingerly caressing the length of it with her sultry lips until she had expelled the entire thing. While blowing a cool breeze onto my wet dick, she again she rolled my balls gently, smiled up at me and took me into her warm wet mouth deep. Pausing, she massaged the underside of my dick with her tongue, then slowly withdrew it once again until it was completely free. She then kissed the now seeping head, licked it and took the head into the back of her mouth, before slowly drawing my cock from her mouth where she flickered my frenum for a moment. Over and over, the exquisite blowjob continued. Let me tell you, the lady knew how to suck a man's dick! Staci gave wonderful blowjobs, but nothing like this very experienced woman.

At one point Mel, stepped around the corner to check out my progress. He grinned and gave me the thumbs up, before disappearing again.

I did my best to hold off sperming her mouth, as I wanted it to go on and on for as long as possible. Alas, I am but a man and with an out of control, take your breath away rush, I came. Refraining from cursing, I guess I still made a bit too much noise, as Mel was talking to a guest and he heard me. According to Mel, the man and his wife looked at him, the man with a startled expression and the wife stifling a laugh. They were cool with it, whatever was happening in earshot, but they just as easily could have not been cool with it.

"Thanks, Rhonda, that was terrific," I managed once I caught my breath, "Truly a monumental blowjob."

Affecting a put out expression Rhonda replied, "You lasted a long time there, big boy. What Mel said about you not having a blowjob in a long time wasn't true. Was it?"

"Back home, the young lady next door, she thinks I'm her daddy."

"How young?"

"Early twenties... married..."

"You bad boy!" she said with a wry smile. "But I forgive you this time."

"There's gonna be a next time?" I asked hopefully.

"We'll see. But with a lovely cock like that, I'll be standing in line."

"Thanks, I guess."

"You're more than welcome. And please, do come back."

When we made our appearance upfront, the man and woman were still there talking to Mel. Neither said anything about what had just happened, but the man did give me a knowing smile as they completed their business, but then again he might have noticed my dick was wet.

With Rhonda back manning the front desk, Mel asked her if there were any open reservations.

"No, everyone has checked in, all except for Paula's in-laws, Jason and Gwen. "

"Well, hold a room for them."

"Will do, boss," Rhonda replied giving Mel's cock a playful pet.

"What are you and Bob planning for tonight?" he asked her.

"Plans? What plans? Go to the dance and see what comes up?"

"That's a plan," replied Mel.

"Maybe you'll want to get together with us," she said giving his dick and playful squeeze.

"Maybe. We'll see. Paula might have other plans for me.

"How about Fred? I'm sure he'll be up for some games."

"Maybe..." mulled Rhonda. "We'll see."

Leaving the winsome Rhonda at her post, Mel took me on a quick tour of the facilities. Passing through the expansive lobby with its open beam construction he took me into the dining area where a buffet style breakfast could be had, plus an omelet station. As he hadn't had breakfast yet, he treated me. I went for a Denver omelet, plus hash browns and a toasted English muffin. He had a simple cheese omelet plus some fruit.

With my second, more satisfying breakfast completed, we made it to the central attraction of this resort, the water park. It was at the water park where all the action really took place. I was expecting a single large swimming pool, but there were several pools of irregular shape, a diving pool featuring a high dive as well as a twisting water slide, and two dedicated water volleyball pools, all of which were occupied with games going on and a big attraction for teenagers and young adults.

On one side was a cantina and a bar, plus a shop you could buy t-shirts (though none were allowed to be worn in the pool area), hats emblazoned with the Eden Valley crest, flip-flop, towels, sunscreen, candy bars, etc. My conception that this was a simple nudist camp was shattered. It was a full blown, full service resort.

And everywhere you looked there were naked people, some attractive, some not so much, some slim, some downright obese, people of all ages and sizes. There was a large percentage of Asians, a few blacks, but mostly whites, though I am including Latinos with the whites. A veritable feast of naked flesh.

Scattered about the water park were covered pavilions, providing shade and tables and chairs. I have no idea how Melvin found them, Eric, Paula, Mark and Kendra, but we did. The kids had already abandoned them and were off doing their own thing.

Mark, my middle son, greeted me rather sheepishly, like he'd been caught doing something he shouldn't have been doing. I'd seen that look all his life, usually after Eric had put him up to something. Kendra, she smiled broadly, looking genuinely happy to see me, and giving me a chaste nudist camp hug, a hug, but with some distance between the huggers, the so called A-frame hug.

Not surprisingly, my boys were already hitting the beer. Eric caught the attention of one of the beer girls who carried around buckets of iced canned beers for sale. Eric bought another bucket, lifting his foot so the girl, maybe eighteen, maybe seventeen, could charge it to his account. She wore comfortable clean white sneakers, but other than that, just a white collar with a black bow tie. A looker, she was. I found out later that some of these girls were with their families, but needing to make a little cash over the weekend, hired on for a day or two, earning tips that were automatically tabulated as a part of their sales. If you didn't want the gratuity added, you could take a hike and get your own bucket of beer from one of the bars, but why do that? Other girls, and some guys too, took orders for mixed drinks and food. They "wore" the same outfits, but with a red bow tie, rather than black.

The kids came thundering back. Mark and Kendra's kids, Lyle, who was nine and Ben, who was seven, came and jumped on me, spilling my beer. No matter, I was glad to see them both, though Ben wasn't as careful with my nuts as I would have liked him to be. Jeff announced to the parents that they were heading off to the water slide. A moment later, peace and tranquility was restored to our group.

It's funny, I had already become so inured to the nudity, that I failed at first to appreciate Kendra's nakedness. Unlike Paula with her hooters, Kendra was more moderately endowed, more than a handful, that's for sure, and with small compact nipples. She too was pretty in the face with an easy smile and outgoing personality. It wasn't until she stood to go off with Paula to the ladies' room that I got a full view of her taut ass. Mark did well scoring that one.

Mark informed me that Jason and his wife, Gwen, had been delayed. Some low life had slashed their tires during the night and they had to get the car towed to a tire shop and buy a new set. Knowing the cost of tires, it made me cringe, all the more because I knew they were strapped for cash. I made a mental note to lay some cash on Jason, whenever I could and when we were alone.

The kids came back. "So soon?" Mark asked.

"Yeah, we want to go swimming," answered Lyle.

"Can Ben swim?" I asked son number two.

"Yeah, he took to it this summer. Once he would just put his head down in the water and knew he wasn't going to drown, he took off. You should see him."

As if on cue, Ben piped up, "Poppa! Poppa! Come see how I can swim. Come on, Poppa!"

The girls were on their way back to hold down the fort and ward off squatters, so the boys and I joined the kids in the pool that was just steps from where we were sitting. Sure enough, Ben had turned into aqua-boy over the summer. And of course, Ben, Lyle and Meagan wanted to crawl all over me, all at the same time and nearly drowned me. Having ganged up and dunked me, payback was in order. I grabbed the first kid I could and launched him in the air.

"Me too! Me too!" demanded Lyle, so he went flying.

Then it was Meagan's turn, only I missed getting my hand squarely on her butt and instead caught one cheek and her pussy. She didn't notice, but I did, or at least I don't think she noticed. If she did, she certainly didn't mind where my hand was.

Jeff meanwhile hung back, letting the younger kids have all the fun, except his dad attacked him unawares from behind and nearly drowned him.

I heard a whistle blow and looked to see the lifeguard, a statuesque blonde, pointing at me to knock it off. She got down off her lifeguard stand and approached, calling me to the side.

"You put your hand in that little girl's crotch once again, I'll have thrown out of the resort."

My face burning with embarrassment I pleaded with palms out, "It was an accident. I'm her grandfather. We were just horsing around."

She gave me the evil eye and returned to her post. Sheesh!

Eric came up and asked, "What was that all about?"

"She was concerned about where I put my hand."

"Where did you put your hand?"

"I grabbed Meagan to launch her and somehow my hand ended up where it shouldn't have been."

"They're real picky about inappropriate touching," he said.

"It was an accident!"

"Okay, Pops, but they're still real picking about where you put your hands. Best just to keep the touchie stuff behind closed doors."

After that, I felt that she was watching me, like I was some perv. 'She right,' I had to admit to myself, 'You are a pervert. Do you think she can tell that just by looking at me?' I was much more careful about where I put my hands after that. Mercifully, the lifeguard was soon relieved and she headed off to another part of the water park.

After the kids wore us out, or at least wore me out, we retreated to our table while the kids did their thing in the waist deep water. We were by then out of cold beer, so I ordered up another bucket from a buxom babe. Doing as my two boys had done before, I just lifted my foot for her to scan the bar code. This of course opened up my crotch to her.

"I've seen it all before, mister," she said with an irritated look. "You don't need to be vulgar."

"I'm sorry, I just..." She left in a huff.

'God, is she going off to report me for being indecent?' I had to ask myself. If she did, nothing came of it, still I had somehow violated proper nudist etiquette twice now without ever trying.

By and by, my youngest, Jason and wife, Gwen, along with their six year old girl, Sandra, made their appearance. I was mystified how they found us until I learned that they always sat at a table in this pavilion, that way the kids, and anyone else, could easily find them.

Sandra, like my other four grandkids, was happy to see her Poppa. Crawling up into my lap, she gave me a big hug and a kiss, my hands winding up on her bare bottom. I was slow on the uptake until Eric leaned in and told me, "Watch your hands, Pops!"

"Oh! Yeah, sure," I said glancing around to see if the nudist police were watching. I guess they weren't.

I greeted Gwen, an exquisite pixie like creature, and then Jason, my youngest. Naturally he began bitching about the slashed tires, his two brothers and I sympathetic to his tale of woe.

While Jason told of his misfortunes, Fred, the resort's official photographer and Kendra's dad, made his appearance. Like Paula's dad, the only time I ever saw him before today was at Mark and Kendra's wedding. After that, it was just contact by Christmas cards, at least until my wife died. Then I stopped sending out Christmas cards and soon thereafter, so did he.

Naturally, Fred had a very large professional looking camera in one hand and another hung around his neck. I had seen him earlier, at a distance, snapping photos of the resort's guests. I'd also seen his photo board right outside the hotel lobby where souvenir photos for purchase were posted.

Fred immediately greeted, "Bill! It's great to see you here with the rest of the family." Then he snapped a photo of me with little Sandra in my lap.

Next thing I know and he's taking photos of me with each of my daughter-in-laws, with me and my daughter-in-laws with their husbands, me with all three daughter-in-laws and finally a group photo of me with my entire brood with me holding Sandra in my arms, my hand holding her naked butt, the other naked grandkids scattered around in front of the adults. Photos taken, they were then sent via WiFi to his studio. Those photos would be up on the photo board within a hour. All you had to do was punch in the number on the photo proofs, select photo size, scan your bar code and the finished print(s) would be ready for pick up in another hour. What a racket!

I chatted with Fred for a few more minutes with him asking how I was enjoying myself. What could I say? That aside from knocking up my wife with my three boys, this was the best thing I'd ever done, and it was still Saturday morning!

Fred then excused himself, saying he needed to get back to work and that he'd be seeing me later that evening. Then he handed one of his cameras to Kendra and they were both off working the crowd.

As soon as he was gone, the kids, all except little Sandra, were off doing their own thing again. Jason suddenly stood up and excused himself, his two brothers and his wife, asking me to look after Sandra until they got back. Gwen looked a bit distraught, but didn't voice any objections as she was led off.

I asked Paula what was up, but she just smiled and replied, "What do you think, Pops?"

"Are they going to..." She nodded. "The three of them?" She nodded again. Holy fuck!

A moment later Mel shows up. He whispered something to Paula and she got up and headed off. Mel leans into me and whispers, "You ready for some pussy?" as he jerks his head towards his daughter. His meaning was clear.

"I'm supposed to be watching Sandra," I replied.

"Oh, okay. Gwen doesn't like involving her with any adult activities. Speaking of Gwen, you got to be sure and get some of that before the weekend's over. A real howler that one.

"Well, if you don't mind, I'm going to dip my wick." He didn't specify where he was dipping his wick, but I assumed he wanted some daddy/daughter time.

Suddenly I was alone in a crowd of naked people, alone except for my six year old granddaughter. I was content to just sit and look, but Sandra needed to be entertained. "Can you take me to the Squirt Park, Poppa?"

"Sure, why not? Where is the Squirt Park?"

"I'll show you, Poppa!" she said hopping off my lap. "Come on, Poppa! Come on!"

The aptly named "squirt park" was filled with little kids hooting it up. In the center were three nozzles that rotated around hosing down all within reach. The nozzles themselves nodded up and down insuring a greater coverage. The kids all squealed in delight every time they were momentarily hit. But the real attraction I realized were the water jets that randomly shot up from the floor. Sometimes straight up, other times at a random angle away from the vertical. No doubt without a bathing suit the things tickled when they shot off between your legs. Some kids ran about trying to guess which one would go off next. Others, like my granddaughter, just waited until her pussy was tickled with a brief shot of water, dancing about squealing, then waiting patiently to be squirted in the crotch again. What a kiddieland!

After having her cooter squirted several times, I noticed that despite her all over tan, that Sandra was flushed. Suddenly she announces that she had to go potty. My attention for last few minutes had been distracted from Sandra by this boy, maybe nine or ten who was sitting on one of the squirters just a few feet away. He'd hoot when a jet of water would shoot between his legs, arching over his feet and landing some foot or two away. A few minutes later another jet of water shot out towards the back, looking as if it had shot out of his ass. Just as I'm leading Sandra away towards the adjacent open air "restroom" he hoots, and jumping up declares, "That was a good one!" and darts away towards the restroom.

Like every other public shower facility at Eden Valley, this one was unisex. It had showers to be sure, and urinals and stalls for squatters. Each stall had a standard toilet plus a bidet along side of it to wash your butt. Other than the walls between the stalls, they were open. No doors.

When I get there the boy who I had been watching was in one of the stalls, emptying his bowels with a loud watery whoosh. Outside of his stall was a man, whom I presumed was his father, looking in on him.

I took Sandra past the boy and his father several stalls. As she mounted the throne, I noticed the sun-block dispensers near the exit with a sign overhead saying, "Do Not Burn! Use Sunscreen!" By the size of the reservoirs mounted above the dispensers it was apparent that the resort bought the stuff in 55 gallon barrels. I noticed because some kid was getting slathered down by a man who appeared to be openly taking liberties with the kid's dick. Next to them was a mother doing the same to her young daughter and being even more thorough than I usually was with Lisa.

Having tinkled, Sandra wiped herself and was ready to go. Before leaving I stopped at the sun-block dispensers deciding that I'd better protect Sandra from the harmful effect of UV rays. There were 15 SPF and 30 SPF to choose from along with the recommendation to wait 15 minutes before entering the water to prevent it from washing away. There wasn't a tan line anywhere to be seen on my six year old granddaughter, but just to be safe I selected 30 SPF and proceeded to apply it generously, and like the man and woman next to me, making sure I coated every nook and cranny of her naked body with nary a peep out of her. Fuck me... I got wood doing that.

The man next to me saw my growing erection and it didn't help matters when he started jacking the kid's dick, obscuring the view from everyone but me. I in turn gave him a show, turning Sandra this way and that so he could see where my wandering hand went. By the time I was finished I had coated Sandra all over at least three times.

The man, who was now also sporting wood, leans into me and whispers, "She's a cutie. How about if we take these two for a little walk in the woods?"

"Uh, I got to get her back to her mother," I replied knowing exactly what he was suggesting.

"We won't be too long," he countered.

"No, we're already running late. Maybe some other time." Why did I say that? There wasn't going to be another time.

I beat a hasty retreat back to our table where I hoped to find either Gwen or Jason, Sandra's parents. Instead I encountered Rhonda there, the woman who had blown me earlier that morning in the resort office.

"Oh, there you are," she greeted with a big smile. "Mel sent me to find you.

"Enjoying your stay so far?"

"Uh, yeah. This place is great."

"We think so."

Looking about she then asked, "Now where did those two go off?"

"Who?"

"Your boy, Mark's two boys. They were here just a minute ago. Oh! There they are!"

Waving her hand and setting her hefty tits to bouncing she called out, "Boys! Boys!"

Amazingly they both looked in our direction. Abandoning the kids they were playing with, they popped out of the pool like a couple of penguins and ran up to us.

"No running! You know the rules," she scolded.

"Yes, Ma'am," they answered in unison without a hint of contrition.

Rhonda turned to me and said, "The boys are supposed to take this little doll to see their grandfather over at the photography studio. And you, you handsome stud, are being summoned to Mel's lair for some noon time fun. That is if you're ready to dip your wick."

**Part 15 - Eden Valley Adventures**

Rhonda escorted me into the lodge, past the resort reception desk, which was now manned by a well endowed girl who might have been eighteen, and into Mel's private quarters. The first thing I saw was my daughter-in-law Paula, on her knees honking on some man's dick while her husband, Eric, was entertaining with his cock a girl who looked to be the twin sister of the girl out front. My other two sons, Mark and Jason were seated, drinking beer and waved to me. Meanwhile Mel was sitting in a plush chair with Gwen, Jason's pixie wife, straddling him, head thrown back, rising and falling on his thick prong while he sucked on her tit. Damn!

Rhonda introduced me to the man getting the blowjob from Paula as Bob, her husband. He actually reached out to shake my hand while Paula sucked on him. Paula pulled off long enough to look back at me and said, "Hi, Pops! Come join the party," then turned back to her business at hand.

Rhonda excused herself and returned to the reception desk. Moments later the girl who had been taking care of things for her, came into the room. Sure enough, she was the twin of the girl my son was fucking. Jason hopped up and introduced her to me, explaining that she and her twin sister were the daughters of Rhonda and Bob. The name went in one ear and out the other as she took my dick in hand. I had been invited to an orgy.

"Miss Paula says you really know how to use this thing," the teen beauty said with laughter in her eyes. But I really wasn't looking into her eyes so much as at the firm C-cup tits she sported.

She then added, "Would you care for something to eat?"

I was hungry and there were trays of food scattered here and there, as well as a well stocked bar, but that's not what she meant. She made that perfectly clear when she commented on how she had heard that I used my tongue to good effect and then led me to an empty chair next to Mel and Gwen, sat and lewdly spread herself open for a cunt sucking. Happily I obliged.

What an afternoon! Munching away at this teen's cunt, I only had to glance to the side to see Gwen rising and lowering herself on Mel's prong. Bye and bye, I heard him say, "I'm cumming in your cunt, slut. I'm cumming in your cunt, you fine little whore."

Gwen moaned and whimpered as Mel unloaded his balls in her, and in doing so triggering her orgasm. She didn't yell or call out, but the way her body was jerking on his throbbing cock, it was pretty clear what was happening. She stopped moving for a moment, then slid off his lap and onto the floor between his splayed legs where she proceeded to take his slimy semi-erect prong into her mouth. Of my three daughter-in-laws, Gwen was the least likely I thought to be a wanton slut, but I had thought wrong.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw someone come up behind her. I stopped munching pussy long enough to see that it was Bob, the father of the girl I was eating. Bob lifted Gwen's hips and skewered her from behind, pumping into her for several minutes while I returned my oral attention to his teen daughter's pussy.

"You want some of this?" I heard from the side. I looked over at Bob who was grinding into Gwen.

It was a dilemma. Did I want to fuck Gwen or did I want to fuck the girl I was eating. I was like a dog who had a choice between two bones. As tempting as it was to skewer Gwen once Bob moved out of the way, I quickly and correctly surmised that I could have Gwen anytime, but I might not have the same opportunity with Bob's daughter.

"No, I think I'll fuck this one," I replied rising.

"Help yourself," Bob laughed as he pulled his cock from my daughter-in-law's pussy with a lewd sucking sound. "But pace yourself. These cunts will wear us all out sooner than we'd want."

"Speak for yourself, old man," laughed Mark, my middle son, before replacing Bob.

Good lord! What an afternoon! No way could I get to all five women before my pecker gave it up permanently for the day. And that was before Kendra and her father joined us to fornicate and photographically memorialize this Memorial Day weekend orgy for his website. Fred's website, that was another thing I wasn't aware of until I was brought up to speed with my family. But I did my best, and following Bob's suggestion that I pace myself, saved my cum until I couldn't hold back any longer, managing to do four out of the six available women. I didn't do Paula nor Bob's wife, Rhonda, that afternoon, but later that night I managed to get it up again for Rhonda and Bob for a DP.

It's funny how the dynamics worked. For several hours there was sexual excess and then everyone seemed to run out of gas all at the same time. Between the sex and the booze and the funny cigarettes that were passed around, I'm surprised I had any cogent thoughts about much of anything. But, I guess it was the dad in me, when I realized that if my three boys and their wives were here, where in the hell were the kids? Last time I saw any of them, little Sandra was being led away by two of her boy cousins and taken to Fred's on-grounds photo studio.

Figuring the boys could look after themselves, I asked Kendra about Sandra's whereabouts, seeing that Sandra's mom was passed out.

"Last time I saw them was after the photo shoot. But don't worry, my boys will look after her."

"Photo shoot? With Sandra?"

"Of course. She's quite photogenic."

"Doing what?"

"What do you think, Pops? Two young boys and little girl?"

"Oh... Oh, Jesus..."

That evening, it was remarkably easy to round up all the kiddos, as they knew to check in at 5 PM. All seemed to be okay, though I had to wonder what they had all been up to all afternoon. It was a case of speak-no-evil hear-no-evil. The kids were all mum and the parents appeared to be quite uninterested in what the kids had been doing.

I took my oldest grandson, Jeff, aside and asked him.

"You're not supposed to ask, Poppa," he told me.

"Well, I am asking," I replied a bit annoyed.

"You're not supposed to ask," he repeated. "And we're not supposed to tell. But, I can tell you that I had fun."

"Uh, has Aunt Kendra's dad taken pictures of you."

"Sure, lots of times,"

"Doing what?"

"Just playing around."

"Outside or inside his studio?"

"Both."

"What kind of photos?"

"The same kind you took of Meagan and me with Lisa at your house. Dirty photos" he added with a grin.

"Oh, okay. And your mom and dad, they know about these dirty pictures?"

"Sure. They'll show them to you if you want."

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We all had dinner together in the lodge dining room, occupying several tables with the kids at their own table. Like breakfast that morning, it was a dinner buffet. And as the rule was that a parent had to accompany kids through the buffet line, my three daughter-in-laws spent as much time on their feet as sitting at a table.

After the orgy, you might expect that the discussion would have centered on sex, but as we were out in public, football was the main subject with lots of speculation on which team would make it this year to the playoffs and to the Super Bowl, not that anyone had the foggiest idea that early in the season. Still, there was lots of talk about this team and that team and who had the best quarterback and who had the best defense, etc. etc. etc. For the most part the girls ignored us and had their own conversation. It was just like real life!

After dinner, I needed a nap in the worst way. Mel offered me his bed, which I readily accepted. To my surprise he crawled in with me. "I like guys as well as girls," he told me with a grin, "but if you're not into that, I'm okay with it."

"Uh, I'd rather not, Mel," I told him.

"That's okay, but if you change your mind..." With that he rolled over and also immediately began snoring.

We napped for about an hour, with me hardly sleeping at all, expecting at any minute his hand would accidently end up on my pecker. It didn't. He woke and hopped up fresh and ready to go. Me, I lingered and alone, I managed to get in twenty winks.

When I woke, I was alone in Mel' quarters. Rising, I wandered out into the lobby where I found him chatting with guests.

Seeing me he said with a smile, "There you are! Feeling better, Bill?

"Bill, I want you to meet..." The names went in one ear and out the other. They were an older couple, though a few years younger than me. I picked up that he was a doctor, an orthopedic surgeon and had been coming to Eden Valley for twenty years or more. The woman was nice looking for a woman of her age, no doubt with the help of a good plastic surgeon.

The doctor and his wife(?) excused themselves and headed upstairs to their room.

"Nice fuck, that one," commented Mel once they were out of earshot.

"His wife?" I asked watching her taut flexing ass as they walked away.

"She's not his wife. She comes here with different men and he comes here with different women. Hell, they may both be here with a different partner.>"

Chuckling he joked, "I guess they're going up to check on a passage or two in the Gideon Bible."

Changing the subject Mel asked, "You up for a tour of the grounds?"

"Well, not counting the walk over here this morning from Eric and Paula's trailer, I've only really seen the water park and the lobby of the hotel."

"Well, come on then. We just might catch someone fucking out in the woods," he laughed.

We headed out passing a group of small cabins. Mel saw one of the cleaning ladies just finishing up in one of the cabins. Unlike everyone else, except for the food service staff, she was dressed in a white uniform.

"Jaunita!" he called out.

"Senor Mel," she greeted with a smile.

"Anybody home?" he asked pointing to the open doorway.

"No, senor.

"Sorry I'm so late in getting to this," she apologized.

"It's a busy weekend, and I'm sure you had lots to do," he replied giving her a pat on the ass.

Turning to me he offered to show me the inside of the cabin. It was appropriately rustic for the woodland setting of the resort with walls and ceiling of tongue and groove yellow pine. There was a single king bed, freshly made, a small sitting area up front looking out the large windows and in the back a nice bathroom with a walk-in shower. A small refrigerator, microwave oven and coffee maker, as well as a TV, rounded out the amenities.

As we began to leave, Juanita blocked our way momentarily. Looking down at Mel's low hanging cock, she looked up and asked, "You want me to..."

"No, not today," he replied. "My pecker's plum wore out for the time being, honey. But my friend here...

"Bill, you want her to suck your cock?"

"No, that's okay," I replied taken back by the encounter, "but... uh, thanks for asking." With that we went on our merry way, leaving Juanita to her duties.

We walked past the sand volleyball pit where a group of twenty-somethings along with some sand covered kids were having a friendly pickup game.

Gesturing over to our left, Mel commented about the new RV area which was obscured with the trees. Soon we were cutting through the tent camping area, where families, all nude, were eating or cooking on Coleman stoves or on the charcoal grills with naked kids running about everywhere it seemed.

From there we passed through some woods and down a hill until we came upon a pond. In addition to the ducks, there were a few kayaks on the water, as well as several beached. On the far side, a couple of teenagers were playing in the waist deep water.

We stopped and Mel began telling me of his childhood here. "I grew up here. My great grandfather bought the place at a tax sale during the Depression, and opened it up as hedonistic nudist camp. The pond is spring feed and was dammed up when he bought it. It was the original swimming hole.

"He and my grandmother were not only into public nudity, but into free sex. To cover expenses they sold memberships. Anything went. Folks coming here back then weren't particularly squeamish about kids having sex with each other nor with adults. From what my grandfather tells me, it was quite common to see some kid being buggered out in the open. Blowjobs hardly merited notice. It wasn't like it is today with all the rules of nudist etiquette, no touching, no kissing, no sex out in public. The open sex went by the wayside in the 1950's.

"My grandfather put in the original RV area back in the fifties, but we didn't get a pool here until the 1970's when I took over from my grandfather. Before then, everyone swam here in the pond.

"My grandfather raised my mother in the original spirit of the place, as was I. As to my father, who knows? It could have been any of a number of men. All I know is my birth certificate lists my father is listed as unknown.

"You know Fred, Kendra's dad? He and I grew up here. His father was a pornographer. My grandfather gave him permission to shoot films here out in the woods and gave him permission to use me in those films. God only knows how many times Fred and I were featured in his movies, running around naked, sucking each other out in the woods. When we got older, we'd fuck girls. I think I was five years old when I starred in my first movie. Ahhh, those were the days...

"It's nothing like that anymore. The mores of society changed and we had to change with them. With better facilities, joining a nationwide nudist association and with an acceptable code of conduct, business picked up. It really picked up when I put in the trailer area and started renting out the trailers to guests. Next came the cabins and about fifteen years ago, I was able to raise some capital and put in the water park and the lodge. Business has been booming ever since.

"Some of the old school families still come here, bring their kids and pass them around like they were passed around as kids. But that's all out of sight and behind closed doors. But of course, kids being kids, they don't follow the rules when they are not under Mama's thumb and lots of kiddie sex happens out in the woods. Every so, often we'll get a complaint about what happened to little Johnny out in the woods, but the parents are responsible for supervising their own kids. If they let them run wild, well... things do happen."

"So what about our kids?" I asked.

"You mean Jeff and Meagan?"

"Yeah, what about them?"

"Well, that's Eric's and Paula's responsibility, isn't it?"

"I suppose...

"Our Meagan, she's just like her mama... a cum dump little whore." He then added with a laugh, "But that's not entirely her fault. That girl's a cock sucking pro, as is her brother.

"You ever see those two fuck?" he asked expectantly.

"Uh, yeah, as a matter of fact..." I answered.

"Hell, I don't know what those two are waiting for."

"Who, Meagan and Jeff?"

"No, no, no... her parents."

"Waiting for what?"

"Waiting for her tenth birthday. The girl fucks every boy here, but do I get a chance to stick my cock in her puss? Noooooo, I've got to wait until she's ten.

"Say, they didn't let you fuck her, did they?"

"No," I replied not believing that I was even having this conversation.

"I hear you've got a little cutie back home that you keep naked," he stated.

"Lisa? I don't keep her naked, she just likes to be naked... all the time," I replied.

"And her parents are okay with that?"

"Yeah. She won't keep her clothes on, so no day care will take her. So I babysit for them."

"And you mess with her?"

"I don't mess with her, Mel. I play with her."

"And you make her blow you?"

"No, I don't make her blow me."

"But she does blow you."

"Okay, yes, she blows me, but I don't force her to do it or anything, she just does it. Her dad taught her..."

"A man after my own heart," Mel laughed. "You ought to bring them here with you sometimes. They'll fit right in."

Our conversation was interrupted by a man who was out walking with a little girl. Not little, little, but obviously not close to puberty. Mel introduced me to the guy, but I was distracted by the sight of something running down the girl's thigh. Did he... out here? Mel noticed too.

"For Christ's sake, Jack! You're running down her legs!" Mel nearly shouted. "Take her in the god damned pond and wash her off before someone sees that!"

The man did just that while Mel and I continued our walk with Mel cursing the guy for stupidity. When he finally calmed down, I asked if he was the girl's father.

"No, he's not. No relation what so ever, other than they both starred in one of Fred's porn flicks a month or so ago."

"Fred shoots porn flicks here?"

"Yeah, but don't be repeating that. The girl's stepdad ran into some financial difficulties and Fred helped him out. They'll be making a part two sometime this weekend. I guess she's going to be one of Fred's stars from now on, but the less I know about that, the better."

We ended up in the RV area where Mel chatted it up with several people before he brought me back to Eric and Paula's trailer. This was good thing, for by that time I was completely turned around.

Apparently everyone was back as Eric, Paula and the kids were sitting under the awning. It was cocktail hour so we joined them for a drink. Of course I was asked what I thought about resort.

"It's really beautiful here," I answered honestly. "The facilities are first rate."

"But are you having fun?" Paula asked with a sly smile.

"Are you kidding? I'm having the time of my life."

"You have any problems or issues with any of it?" she pressed.

Well, this was as good a time as any. "Yeah, I do have one problem. I don't like to hear anyone calling Meagan a little whore, and that goes for you too, Eric."

Turning to Paula I added, "I know it's none of my business, but you asked."

"It's really not meant to be derogatory or disparaging," Paula defended. "I've been called a whore all my life and it doesn't bother me, because I am a whore. I love sex. Lots and lots of sex. Meagan is just like me and she enjoys sex too. The only time anyone calls her a whore is in private. Never in public. As far as Meagan is concerned, it's a term of endearment."

"I still don't like it. Not at all. So when I'm around..."

"Okay, Pops," Eric interjected, "we hear you."

Looking around he continued, "Hear that, Melvin? Hear that, Paula? Pops doesn't like to hear it, so let's cool it. Okay?"

"You're the boss when it comes to your kids," Melvin said with a frown.

Mel turned to me. "I apologize, Bill, and I respect where you are coming from. Don't think for a moment that I don't adore her."

With that he turns to Meagan and asks her, "Sweetie, I know you've been busy today, but do you have any energy left for some grandpa time?" Meagan smiled, stood up and walked to the trailer door.

"How about it, Bill?" Mel asked with a grin. "Girl gives a great blowjob for a nine year old."

"Like I said, Pops, you just can't fuck her," Eric said. "Not until she's old enough."

"She's old enough now," snorted Mel.

"Daddy, be good," castigated Paula. "That matter's been settled."

"Okay, okay. No harm in lobbying," he answered standing before he followed Meagan into the trailer.

"How about it, Pops?" Paula asked. "We'll be heading over to the dance in a little while, so if you up for it..."

Even after all I knew and had experienced, my granddaughter's own mother asking me if I wanted a blowjob from her daughter still astonished me.

"Yeah, go on, Pops," Eric urged grinning. "Enjoy yourself."

My conscious clear and having gotten the green light from her parents, I finished off my scotch and joined Mel in the trailer for a blowjob from our granddaughter. Even knowing what was to take place, I was still taken aback momentary seeing Mel sitting on the sofa with Meagan between his knees slurping on his prick.

"Hey, glad you decided to join us," Mel said looking up from the pre-teen girl fellating him while patting the sofa beside him to indicate where I should sit.

"That's a good start, baby," he said as he lifted her head and mouth off his hard cock. "Now give your Poppa a warm up."

Meagan looked up at me smiling and scooted over on her knees to between my spread legs. She grasped my hardening prick, licked it while looking me in the eye with a sly smile and said, "I am a whore, Poppa. So it's okay if you call me one," then took the head between her lips.

"No, it's not okay," I replied. "You're too precious.

"Oh, yeah, baby, suck it," I said as she took more into her mouth. "Damn, you're really good at this."

Dreamily I looked over at my partner in crime and saw him lustfully watching. Not watching me, but watching Meagan as she sucked my dick, his own randy dick hard and ready. At that moment I realized that there wasn't a wits bit of difference between him and me. We were both dissolute perverts. Whether he called Meagan a whore and I didn't, didn't change that fact. That was proven when she left my dick to suck his dick and I lustfully watched his substantial prong sliding in and out of her mouth as she knelt naked between his legs.

Back and forth she went. Sucking Mel for a minute or two and then sucking me a moment or two before returning to Mel's dick. This went on for more than a half hour. We could have gone on for hours doing this before either of us blew his load down her throat, but Eric interrupted us, saying it was time to go and to wrap it up.

'Screw the fucking dance,' I thought. 'I'm not finished here.' But being the dutiful daughter, Meagan listened to her daddy and abandoned our ancient prongs in favor of going to the dance.

Needless to say, it literally took no time to get dressed for the dance. Leaving my hat behind, I joined the small group that had gathered under the awning. Mark and Jason were grinning ear to ear as I stepped out of the trailer. Kendra and Paula were huddled in conversation. The boys were off goofing around in the roadway. Gwen, with Sandra wrapped around her leg, blushed red as I made my appearance and looked away. Right then and there I decided that if I could get it up, I was going to get between that one's legs again tonight.

As we left for the dance as a group, Meagan came and took my hand. "Are you my date tonight?" I asked her. She just grinned at me and I realized that she just might be determined to finish tonight what she had just left unfinished. Gwen could wait.

We had two tables reserved for us up close to the band stand. Then again, all of the tables had been reserved. The dance was free to all guests, but the tables came at a price.

As we were seated, the young waitress dressed in just her white shoes and white collar with black bow tie took our orders and scurried off. I'd seen her earlier that day hustling buckets of iced beer and had to wonder how many hours did these girls work in a single day.

The band was already playing and it surprised me that they were clothed. The lead guy made comment about what a pleasure it was playing for a crowd that let it all hang out. The crowd in turn began to shout, "Take it off! Take it off!" As the band struck up a ZZ Top tune, he began doing just that, stripping for a crowd of nudists. It was pretty damned loud, but they were also pretty damned good. By the time the stripper anthem closed, he was a bare as everyone else, maybe even more so as he was barefoot. And as far as the resort rule of no sexually suggestive moves went, apparently he hadn't gotten the memo. He was as lewd as any pole dancer I'd ever seen, the kids be damned. Interestingly, no one objected; not to that nor to dance partners touching while dancing. Don't get me wrong, there wasn't any tit groping out on the dance floor, but skin-to-skin and hands on butts seemed to be okay. Everyone had a good time.

Paula, of course, wanted me to dance with her. Even though I would have much preferred a nice slow tune, I was game. She suggested that I lose my sandals, so as to spare toes, so I did. Lots of bouncing titties out there and hip/butt bumps. Kendra too wanted to dance with me, so we did, to a slow number. Meanwhile Mel had Gwen out on the floor, while Jason danced with little Sandra, lifting and holding her by her butt.

Bob and Rhonda joined us at our table, along with their twin teens. While Bob danced with one of his daughters, I danced with the other. Which one I have no clue. Along with all of my daughter-in-laws and the well endowed Rhonda and her daughters, I danced with a number of naked women, none of whom seemed to be concerned with skin-to-skin contact with an old fossil like me. If this is what they mean by "social nudity", count me in! It was a great time, the one of best times I'd ever had since my dear sweet wife died.

When the dance broke up around eleven PM, Jason informed me that Sandra was spending the night with Meagan and as such I'd lost my place in Eric and Paula's trailer. He then invited me to spend the night with Gwen and him at the Lodge. I guess I could have taken Mel's spare bedroom, but why do that?

It had been a long day for this old man. Indeed it had been a long day for Gwen too. Jason, however, was feeling frisky.

"Suck my dad's dick, baby," he requested of his wife once we all in the sack. Without complaint, she did just that while Jason mounted her from behind and pounded her until he came. I don't know if she was disappointed that I didn't cum, but I was still depleted from the afternoon excesses.

As we lay in bed, side by side, I had to ask Gwen while groping a tit, "I understand perfectly why Paula and Kendra are like they are, but how did you get into group sex?"

"You'd better ask Jason," she replied giving me a kiss.

Not waiting for me to ask him and not waiting for his wife to break her lip lock on me, Jason replied, "Well, as you know, Gwen was brought up in a very religious family. Her dad is the head deacon in our church. Before we married, her dad and the pastor sat us down and explained what we should expect from each other. I was told that it was my duty to provide for my family and provide for the church at the tune of 10% of whatever I earned. She was told that as my wife that she was to obey me in all things without question.

"Now I had come here to Eden Valley any number of times by then and stayed with either Eric or Mark and was invited to have sex with them and their wives. So when we were married, I gave to the church 10% of everything I made, before taxes. I'd already taken her virginity before we were married, and she enjoyed sex as much as I did, so I told Gwen what I expected of her. She wasn't real happy about becoming a nudist at first, but she did. She also wasn't real happy at first about swinging, but after a few trips here, she got into that too."

"Does your mom and dad know about all this?" I asked her.

"No, and it's none of their business," she said. "And my dad would be the first to say that. I belong to Jason and that is that, and as long as we paid our bills, took care of Sandra, went to church and supported the church, he and Mom are happy.

"But how do you feel about all this?" I asked.

"If Jason wants me to have sex with other men, I'm fine with that. Besides, it's fun."

"But what about Sandra?"

"She loves it here. All the kids do."

"But what about the sex?"

"Well, we've tried to keep her away from that, and everyone knows that she's off limits."

"But she's spending the night with Meagan and probably with Jeff."

"With Jeff and Lyle and Ben," she corrected. "Kids will be kids, but we don't want her having sex with adults and everyone knows that and respects that. And Jeff knows to keep his dick out of her."

"It's none of my business," I continued, "but are you aware that this afternoon Sandra went with Mark's boys, Ben and Lyle, to Fred's studio?"

"Yeah, Pops, we know," my youngest answered. "My credit cards are maxed out, so I had to write a check for the fucking tires. Depending on when some other checks hit the bank, there was good chance that the check for the tires would bounce come Tuesday morning. We needed the money, pronto, and Fred offered to wire money into our account in exchange for a photo spread with Sandra and the boys. I know it's not right, but we didn't have any choice."

"You could've asked me," I told them. "I'll give you the money if you're caught short. I've told you that before."

"I know, Pops, but we needed to get the money in the bank today, not next week."

"We're not happy about doing that, Pops," Gwen added, "but the boys would never do anything that would hurt her. Besides, we had guidelines established with Kendra's dad. No vaginal penetration."

"Well, maybe the boys' fingers," Jason added. "But that's not anything new."

"I'll still give you the money," I told them. "How about if I give you a check for two thousand before we go home Monday?"

"You don't need to do that, Pops," my son protested.

"Yes, I do. You two need the money. Now if you need more than that, it'll take me a day or two to gather it."

"No, we don't need any more than that, but yeah, the money will come in handy," my son said.

"Now if you can get it up, how about if we flip for a double fuck?" he asked.

"Gwen had me up a few minutes ago," I said.

"Okay, babe. Get to sucking his dick and get him hard." Gwen didn't hesitate to scoot down and go down on me again.

While my daughter-in-law sucked me to a hard-on, her husband explained, "I'll flip this quarter. If it's heads, you get her pussy. If it's tails you get her ass." Jason flipped a coin.

"Heads it is.

"When he's hard, babe, I'll put it up your ass, turn us both over and let Pops climb on top," he said.

I don't know if it was Gwen's oral skills or lewdness of what Jason was suggesting, but in no time she had me up and took up a face down position for Jason to enter her ass. Like a hot knife through butter, he slid into his wife effortlessly and without even a grimace or grunt from her. With Gwen impaled he rolled the two of them over with practiced ease and hooking his ankles with hers spread her open for me to mount and enter her cunt. With her husband's dick up her ass, her well used pussy was very tight fit for my prong. Jason humped into her and I felt his cock move through the walls of her pussy. Holding my weight off of her, I was more or less eye to eye with her. The burning lust was evident in her eyes and her face. She really dug this shit.

Within a minute or so, my son and I had established a rhythm and Gwen's cunt was squeezing my poor cock even more than it was already squeezed. Within two minutes, Gwen was howling her pleasure. No doubt she could be heard in the adjacent rooms, not that anyone gave a damn. At least no one beat on the walls or anything. After ten minutes or so, my prostate contracted and I came in cunt, making a small deposit of squiggliers from my depleted balls in her already cum saturated cunt.

I rolled off and the next thing I knew it was a bright and sunny Sunday morning.

**Part 16 - Eden Valley Adventures II**

Once up in the morning we all took a quick shower in the large walk-in shower, with Gwen fussing about keeping her hair dry while Jason humped her for a good morning fuck. That was fun to watch from inches away, and I was surprised that I got it up. Jason offered me a turn at his pixie wife, which I gladly accepted. After only a minute or two of me sawing into her while she braced herself in the corner, Jason wanted to finish off in her. Knowing it could be a long day, I elected to get out and let them be, saving my powder for later. By the time Jason was done with her, her hair was soaking wet.

Wet hair at nudist resort is nothing unusual, so with the three of us squeaky clean, we had a quick breakfast downstairs. To my surprise, Gwen and Jason then dragged me off to a church service on the Eden Valley grounds. If she couldn't make it to her own church, Gwen wasn't about to miss the non-denominational Christian church service held in the open air chapel if she could help it. To my astonishment the service was packed and everyone lustily sang all the hymns familiar to anyone brought up in a Protestant church. Even more jolting was the nude pastor standing on a rock platform conducting the service. They did everything except pass the plate and hold communion.

Church service over, we headed for the water park where Paula had secured a table and was riding herd on all of my grandkids. Not that they needed any close supervision.

The morning was spent pretty much like yesterday morning, mostly in the pool or drinking beer poolside with one or more of my grandkids in my lap. Sandra was particularly frisky, standing in my lap and giving me kisses on the lips while I firmly held her by her bare butt. I was expecting a rebuff from the nudist police, but none was forthcoming. And if either Gwen or Jason were concerned about Sandra's open affections for me, neither said anything about it.

After lunch, our group scattered, with my sons taking the kids down to pond to feed the ducks and take the kids kayaking. After that, they were going to the stables to let the kids ride the ponies. After a morning of taking photos of the guests, Kendra was off helping her dad at the studio. Paula and Gwen claimed that they were going to take a nap (why did I doubt that?). That left me with Melvin who wanted to take me over Fred's studio so Fred could photograph me in the buff, you know, a professional photo for the family.

Fred was ready for me the moment I got there. Against a black background with strong lighting only from one side for shadowing, he had me pose standing, twisting this way and that, showing off my cock and looking over my shoulder to show off my butt.

In fifteen, twenty minutes he was done and ready for his next appointment, a young couple who wanted some racy photos of themselves to memorialize their youthful bodies. For this Fred gave me a second camera to do what I could do with it while he posed them and snapped frame after frame of them embracing, kissing and even fucking. Neither of them were shy nor embarrassed about what they were doing. Me, I struggled with a hard-on for most of the lurid shoot.

Fred held me over for his next client, a couple who Fred had paid to do a photo spread of their seven year old daughter. Fred dressed her up in a soccer uniform, complete with shin guards and soccer ball. Sitting on a bench with a plain unadorned green background, she was to slowly strip off all her clothes. Shoes went first, one at a time, then the shin guards one at a time and then the socks. Bare below her shorts, she smiled and hammed it up for the camera. It was apparent that this wasn't her first visit to Fred's studio. She slowly peeled off her jersey leaving her chest bare. Then went the soccer shorts. Last were her frilly panties, which she removed slowly, with the final shots with her panties dangling by one foot as she displayed her bald pussy to whoever bought the set. I thought that was would have been it, but I was wrong. With the panties discarded on the floor and the squirrel shots made, she climbed off the bench to model her smooth ass while she looked over her shoulder and smiled at the camera. One knee went up on the bench and she stood on one leg displaying her ass. Then she did stretches which opened her ass cheeks up enough to show her anus. Then came the standing spits, holding one leg up over her head and opening her pre-teen pussy lips enough to show the wet pink interior. The girl was quite flexible!

The shoot completed, the proud parents gathered up her up and left with her nude. I don't know why that surprised me. The parents were nude, Fred and I were nude, and the girl was nude. What else did I expect at a nudist resort?

Next was a man with his teenage daughter. He wanted some professional photos of her, so we shot a set. She was quite lovely, had a sultry look about her and her pussy lips were engorged. Obviously freshly fucked, she was first class hard-on material that one. No one seemed to mind my cock's positive assessment of her.

By the time the man and his daughter left, I was horny as a three-horned Billy goat. Thankfully, Mel came back to take me somewhere else. Where we went was to the trailer area. He knocked on a door and naked young boy with a buzz cut answered.

"Is your daddy home?" Mel asked. Before the boy could answer, a man showed up behind him.

"Mel! Come in! Come in!" he greeted enthusiastically.

Inside, we were offered a seat on the cum stained sofa and a cold beer. I was ready for a beer by that time.

"Tom, this is Bill, Paula's father-in-law," Mel introduced.

"Bill, Tom's dad and I go way back," Mel then explained. "A few years back, Tom took up with a twelve year old fat girl whose mama passed her around like she was party favor or something. She got with child, to no one's surprise. Tom here offered to take the kid and put his name on the birth certificate, providing she bore a boy.

"There's another guy I'll introduce you to who wanted girls.

"She dropped a boy and promptly got preggo again. Dropped another boy. Next one she had was a girl. Followed by another boy and then a girl. After that, the girl and her mama disappeared, which was too bad as the breeder girl was real milk cow, if you get my drift.

"Tom here collected all the boys and Carl got all the girls. All of them are available for some rough sex. Not to just anyone, of course, but for kiddie club members. Membership does have its privileges. There are annual membership dues, 100% of which go to support these kids.

"Interested?"

That sounded like sex slaves to me. Kiddie sex slaves? Holy tamoly!

"Maybe you'd like a free sample?" Tom asked as he held the young boy while openly molesting him. Tom whispered something to the boy. The boy nodded, walked up to me, went to his knees between my knees and took my semi-erect cock in hand and smiled at me.

"Uh, I think I'd better go," I said as I stood.

"You'd rather go see what Carl has to offer?" Mel asked.

"Uh, no. Not particularly," I replied.

Mel said, "You just want your own grandkids to wet your dick." It wasn't a question.

"Perhaps you misconstrued what I was saying. In this exclusive private club, you're not allowed to harm any of these kids. Not them or any other kid on the grounds.

"If you did, I wouldn't have you arrested. That would led to too many questions, questions we'd rather not have to answer. But what I would do is have your ass hauled off into the woods and taught a lesson. A lesson you just might not ever recover from, if you get my drift. It's our way of self-policing. 100% effective, I might add.

"Now this blowjob is on me. There's no commitment on your part letting this boy do what he does so well. Of course if you'd rather sodomize him, you can do that too.

"Whatever you decide, Bill, stays right here. How about it? From what I hear, you let Jeff suck your dick. So why not this boy?"

The saying, "In for a penny, in for a pound," came to mind. I sat back down. The boy took hold of my dick again and brought it quickly to an erection.

Just then there was a pounding on the door. Tom jumped up and answered it. Another man entered the trailer and as he did so, his eyes fell upon the boy stroking my cock and on me. "Is Teddy available, Tom?" then intruder asked.

"Yeah, matter of fact he was just finishing up," Tom answered.

"Sorry, Mel, but Teddy here has a date. Maybe some other time?"

"Yeah, that sounds like a plan," Mel said.

"Come on, Bill. We'll have to come back later, if you want."

It's funny. With the opportunity gone, my qualms about letting this kid blow me vanished. Maybe it had more to do with having an audience than with having the kid suck my dick. Either way, I was off the hook, thus giving me time to consider Mel's dissolute proposal. It then occurred to me... were my grandkids included in this club's kiddie harem?

"Mel, I have to ask," I said grabbing his arm and coming to a stop. "This club and group of kids... are our grandkids involved in all of this?"

"Oh, no!" laughed Mel. "Our kids are private stock. Tom and Carl's kids, they're available to a much larger circle of pedophiles. Our kids, and I'm including Mark and Kendra's boys, they're for family only. We wouldn't want any of them catching something from a dirty dick, now would we?"

For some reason, I didn't find his answer particularly comforting, nor did I buy into it 100%. Were Bob and Rhonda considered to be family? As I would later learn, Rhonda was family, as she was Mel's first cousin.

Back in Mel's lair, we found all the kids together playing, watching video games. We were warmly greeted by all but the two engaged in mortal combat.

While I sat on the sofa, Mel fixed us drinks at his wet bar. By the time he delivered me my drink, little Sandra had claimed my lap, but not before giving me a smack on the lips. As soon as Mel was seated, Meagan was in his lap, his hands automatically wandering across her bare flesh and settling between her legs. Sandra and I watched as his finger first diddled, then plunged in and out of her girlie parts and as he did, she was looking slack jawed and glassy eyed into my eyes.

After a few minutes of this, he pulled his finger from her pussy and made a great show of sucking her juices from his molesting finger. She began to recover from being masturbated and Mel tells her, "Be a good girl and give your Poppa a blowjob." She nodded and climbed off his lap.

"Here, let me have Sandra," Mel said as he reached over and took her from me while Meagan pried my knees apart.

"You can't do that to her," I told Mel.

"I know, I know. I respect the wishes of her parents," he said, "but she can watch and learn, can't she?"

I didn't know if that was permissible or not and chose not to think about it while my older granddaughter began rooting around in my crotch.

"Hey! Poppa's gettin' a blowjob!" announced seven year old Ben who was waiting for his turn at the video game.

When nine year old Lyle turned to watch, Jeff took immediate advantage of his inattention to deliver a mortal blow to Lyle's character. Not that Lyle cared all that much, as Jeff regularly trounced his two younger cousins. With the game won, Jeff called out, "Yeah, suck his dick, Sis!" Meanwhile Ben and Lyle gathered in close to watch their cousin's indecent sex act.

"Can I suck you next, Poppa?" my youngest grandson asked.

"No, I'm next!" declared his older brother Lyle.

"I asked first!"

"I'm older!"

Next thing I know and the two naked brothers are wrestling around on the floor at my feet while Meagan slobbered and sucked on me. Lyle subdued his younger brother and declared victory. I really wasn't ready for what happened next. Lyle straddled his prostrate younger brother and made him blow him, though Ben didn't resist. Apparently they often settled their differences in this manner and as result I suppose Ben sucked Lyle more often than Lyle sucked his little brother.

Victorious, Lyle tapped Meagan on the shoulder. "Hey, it's my turn," he told his cousin. Demonstrating that she knew how to get along and play nice with other children, she moved off my cock and before I could stop him, Lyle took her place.

Mel just laughed at my predicament, especially with Ben waiting his turn impatiently and playfully kicking at his brother while he sucked me. When Lyle pulled off and made room for Ben, what could I do? I couldn't show favoritism and deny young Ben a go at my fat prick, so I let him and ended up cumming in the kid's mouth. Ben demonstrated that it wasn't his first rodeo with an adult's cock and swallowed it all down without flinching.

Once Ben was done and I pushed him off my softening cock, Mel handed Sandra back to me and summoned Ben and Lyle who gladly gave their third grandpa a joint blowjob.

"I wanna play too," Sandra whined.

"Your mom and dad haven't given us permission to play like that, baby," I told her. Not that she had any understanding of why she had to be left out of the game. And to her, it was just a game.

"I hate you!" she declared, climbed off my lap and sought solace with her oldest cousin, Jeff who was still sitting on the floor watching what his two grandfathers were doing with his legs spread.

"It's okay if she plays with me," Jeff declared. I didn't know about that, but I didn't stop her when she crawled between Jeff's leg, lowered her head and gave him what my little Lisa would call, a noogie.

Mel spermed up the boys' faces and had Meagan clean them up with her tongue, then Lyle took her on the floor at our feet while across the room Sandra was still orally engaged with Jeff.

Playtime over, Mel fixed us another round of drinks while Ben and Lyle took up the controllers and began playing the video game again while Jeff watched. Meanwhile, Meagan and Sandra sat off to the side playing with a couple of dolls. Other than the fact that everyone was nude and ignoring what had just taken place, it could have been a Norman Rockwell scene of wholesome family life.

I felt enormously guilty about the whole thing and expressed that to Mel, who politely listened and refrained from commenting. Apparently he later on told Eric about it, as my oldest took me aside the next morning and told me, "Buck it up, old man. You've fallen in with a bad lot, so just enjoy it. Paula and I don't care, so long as you don't hurt them. Mark and Kendra don't care either.

"As for Jason and Gwen, they don't care if Sandra sucks Jeff or any other kid. The kids around here, they all suck dicks. I don't suppose Jason really gives a shit, but Gwen.... she might be a slut now, but she wasn't raised a slut like Paula and Kendra were. They just don't want men messing with Sandra. You didn't mess with her and Mel didn't mess with her, so stop worrying about it and just enjoy the rest of your stay.

"You are enjoying yourself, Pops, aren't you?"

"Oh, god damn yes!" I replied. "This has been a fabulous weekend."

"Are you coming back?"

"Damned right, I'm coming back! You know, I think I'll just sell my house and move out here."

"Really? That'd be great, Pops!

"Hey, Mel has a nearly new travel trailer he had to buy from the family of old man who was living here," Eric informed me. "He had a massive heart attack and died on the spot. The trailer comes with a F250 towing vehicle, which is practically brand new. I'm sure Mel would make you a deal on it. Used trailers and used trucks don't have much of a resale value, not compared with something brand new off a dealer's lot, and I know for a fact that the truck has less than ten thousand miles on it. As for the travel trailer, Old Joe had bought the trailer, moved it out here and while he was making his hook ups, he keeled over and died. He never spent the night in it. Of course Mel's been renting it out on the weekends, but it would be perfect for you."

"Sounds interesting. I'll ask Mel about it."

"Let us talk to him first. Paula has him wrapped around her little finger; always has. After she works him over," he laughed, "he'll probably give the damned trailer to you."

"No, I'll pay him for what he has in it," I said. "Provided I like the trailer."

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That conversation took place the morning after I spent the night with Bob and Rhonda. A threesome with those two was nothing like my threesome with Jason and Gwen. With my son and daughter-in-law it was more like two guys screwing the same girl at the same time. With Bob and Rhonda it was three way sex. After we had both busted a nut in her, Bob's dick was thrust in my face as he went down on me, the goal being to get it up again for a DP. I was either drunk enough or jaded enough by that time that I played by their rules. In the light of the morning after, I was fine with it all. It had been a fun night after a fun afternoon. Surely I was going to hell when I died, but in the mean time, I was determined to have a best time ever.

Monday morning, besides featuring my transformation into a true ogre, it was a rainy morning. Even before the breakfast buffet was over, card tables were being set up in the lobby of the lodge and more tables set up in a mostly unused banquet room. Card games, backgammon and chess were the featured games of a hastily organized tournament. Unless you wanted to stay in your room doing whatever, it was either that or walking around naked in the rain. You'd be surprised how many folks opted for the latter. Me, I wasn't about to be humiliated at chess by some eleven year old and I never really enjoyed playing bridge, but I was at one time pretty good at backgammon. I got wiped out the first two games, but then the odds of certain rolls of the dice came back to me and I did pretty damned good. I'd forgotten how much fun that game was.

After a few hours of playing and watching others play backgammon, I retired with Mel to his secluded quarters. Our kids were all there along with Kendra and Paula. My boys, I was informed, were all upstairs with Gwen.

Paula and Kendra were both excited about my earlier conversation with Eric. "Pops, is it true?" Paula asked clearly excited.

"What's true?" I answered knowing exactly what she was referring to.

"You're going to move here?"

"Well, I mentioned to Eric that I was coming back and..."

"He told you about Old Joe's trailer?"

"Yes, he did mention it."

"Well, do you want to see it? I understand that the couple who rented it for the weekend have already checked out and gone home."

"Uh, okay, but it's raining."

"Oh, pooh on that," Kendra said. "A little warm rain never hurt anyone. You're naturally waterproof."

"We'll take Dad's Mule," Paula said. "It has a surrey top. At the worst we'll just get damp."

Well, with the three of us crowed into the little bench seat for two, we got a little more than just damp as Paula tore through the resort to where the trailer was located, but Kendra got the worst of it as she was in my lap. I made sure she didn't fall off by holding onto her tits and while she squealed in delight, I playfully tweaked and tugged on her nipples the whole way.

Paula pulled under the awning. We actually made it more or less dry, or at least I did. Opening the trailer with the key, we went inside. It hadn't been cleaned yet, but it wasn't a mess by a long shot. Like the rest of the resort, there wasn't any trash to be seen anywhere and the bed was actually made. Nudists, I had learned, were very neat and tidy people. Sort of goes with the minimalist lifestyle I suppose.

It was as Eric had described it, nearly brand new and much bigger than I had expected. With the bump outs extended, it was quite roomy. It even had a Wall Away recliner. I could be quite comfortable here.

Examining the bedroom with the big king that took up the entire room, Kendra, running her hand over my bare butt tells me, "Pops, I have to get back to work at the studio. But before I go, I want to tell you how much we all enjoyed having you with us this weekend. Sorry I had to work the entire weekend, but my dad is slave driver. Daddy told me to be sure and give you a goodbye kiss." With that she pushed me onto the bed and proceed to give me that goodbye kiss, delivering it to my pecker.

While Kendra sucked me to an erection, Paula stood by the bed and just watched with a smile. Getting me up, Kendra took it to the next level and mounted me. All I had to do was hang on to her hips while she rose and fell on my overworked prong.

Paula wasn't about to be left out. More or less sitting beside us, she snaked her fingers onto Kendra's clit while leaning in and sucking her sister-in-law's nipple. Kendra's orgasm quickly built and broke upon her, her pussy clinching and releasing my cock which somehow was still working after a weekend of excess. Her orgasm fading, she rolled off to the side. Paula in turn quickly sucked Kendra's juices from my dick. It wasn't exactly a blowjob, but she quickly got me off anyway and then shared her nutty treat with Kendra during a kiss.

I could have stayed and taken a nap, but after smacking her lips, Kendra needed to get to Fred's studio, as they had several appointments that afternoon for portraiture work. So we piled out of the trailer and with Kendra in my lap, Paula sped over to the studio and dropped her off.

Back at Mel's, Eric was waiting for us and as the kids had their first day of school the next morning, he announced that he was ready to go. I thanked Mel for his hospitality and gave my other three grand kids a hug and a kiss. Mark, Jason and Gwen were still presumably upstairs, so I trekked up there to tell them goodbye.

Jason answered the door and let me. The room reeked of sex, which wasn't surprising. Nor was the sight of Gwen sucking Bob's dick. Where Mark was, no one knew.

"Sorry, Bob," I said as Gwen pulled off of him. "We're pulling out. Tell Rhonda, thank you for last night. It was fun. We'll have to do it again.

"And you, my sweet girl, it was fun getting to know you better this weekend," I said before I kissed her full on the lips while copping a last minute feel of her tit.

Turning to Jason I told him that I'd have a check in the mail for him as soon as I got home. Gave him a hug and trudged back downstairs where Eric was waiting impatiently for me.

"Will you come on, old man?" he chided.

"I don't want to go," I told him.

"You're just going to stay?"

"I'd like to, but I need to get home and make some decisions. But I'd much rather stay."

"The place will be all but deserted by tomorrow," he said. "But it won't be completely deserted."

The fact that it was still lightly raining didn't seem to faze Eric as we walked back to his trailer to gather up the kids and his wife, get dressed. Loading up the Tahoe was a snap, as there really wasn't anything to load other than our bodies. As we drove away and through the electric gate, the best weekend of my life was over. I decided then that I would indeed be back, sooner rather than later, and when I did, I would make a deal with Mel for that trailer.

I say we got dressed, the kids remained nude for the ride home. With the tinted windows, no one could see whether they were dressed or not and as long as Eric didn't get stopped by the cops, what did it matter?

Me, I rode in the back with Meagan's head laying in my lap as she slept. Jeff was in the third seat by himself, playing with an old Game Boy. Other than Jeff's occasional Game Boy induced outbursts, it was a quiet ride back to their home. Somewhere along the way, I too faded out until we rolled into town.

Refreshed, I said my goodbyes and made the four hour trek back home. The empty house hit me like a punch in the gut. It's not that it was stuffy, the A/C would take care of that in short order, but the fact that it was lifeless. An empty lifeless joyless house that suddenly felt like a prison. It had been my home for twenty five or more years, but it wasn't a home to me anymore. It was just a house.

I stripped off completely, ate a frozen something dinner and hit the scotch. Shaking off my melancholy, I sat in my LazyBoy, drank, and with a smile, reviewed the entire fantastic weekend I had with my family. No way was I staying here any longer. Even if my boys and their families wouldn't be there except on the weekends, I now had friends who lived there more or less year round. Mel had been a fantastic host and I liked the man. He had a way about him that made me feel that I'd known him for years, even though in actuality, I knew nothing about the man before going to Eden Valley. And there was Bob and Rhonda, not to mention their twin girls. They with their daughters' help, managed the Lodge for Mel. And there were other folks I'd met who lived there, friendly folks who I didn't have a chance to get to know during my short stay. And then there was Tom and his boys, boys he made available to "Club" members and that other guy with the boys' sisters who made them available to "Club" members. Then there was Fred with his "photographic" business. He was very busy making a living, so I didn't get to know him very well, but what I did learn...

Before I got shit faced snookered, I wandered off to my lonely bed. Actually it was kind of nice not having someone groping my cock, not that I minded being groped. I slept very well, having to get up only one time to take a leak.

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Waking early and refreshed, I was having my first cup of coffee when Staci delivered Lisa to me for the day. Lisa was happy to see me, calling out, "Granpa! Granpa! Grandpa!" has she ran to jump into my arms, brightening my day immediately. Her blue eyes were bright and filled with love as she kissed me like she hadn't seen me in months, even though it was just three days and on the weekends I often didn't see her at all.

Dressed for work, Staci took the opportunity to kiss "Daddy" good morning and playfully took my cock in her hand. "You be good to my little girl," she said while gently squeezing my dick. If I didn't know better, I might have thought she was encouraging me to do something to her daughter that the little girl was far from ready for.

"I put a roast on in the Crock Pot," she said. "There will be plenty, so if you want to join us for supper tonight..."

"That sounds great, Staci."

The food at Eden Valley had been good, but Staci's roasts were dynamite. Of course there was a hidden agenda, though by now I was fully aware of what an invite for dinner with the Higgman's involved. As I looked into Staci's eyes, I knew what she expected. She wanted Daddy's cock. I just hoped that Daddy would be up for it.

Lisa squirmed out of my arms and gave her mother a kiss and hug. A moment later, Staci was out the door.

Picking Lisa up, I stood her on the kitchen table. She was barefoot, so dirty shoes weren't an issue. Leaning into her, I tickled her lips with my tongue while groping her ass. Then I began removing her clothes. First I pulled her t-shirt over her head. Then I pulled her play shorts down. It didn't surprise me that Staci had neglected to put panties on her little girl, no doubt knowing that they wouldn't be on for long anyway, so why bother? With little Lisa rendered in her natural state, I kissed her pale little nipples which were merely pink dots at this stage. Then I kissed down and tongued her navel which made her giggle. Going lower, I kissed her bald smooth mons then dropped down to her right ankle and licked up her leg to her pussy. I dropped back down to her left ankle and dragged my tongue up her leg to her pussy. By then she was wiggling about and giggling uncontrollably. Grasping her naked haunches, I thrust my tongue between her legs and licked her bald cunt.

"Stop! Stop, Granpa!" she laughed. "That tickles!" Of course I didn't stop and licked her cunt again and again, holding her by her ass to my mouth while she giggled and squirmed to get away.

Releasing her I expected her to say, "Do that again, Granpa," but instead she said, "Your face tickles!"

Running my hand over my face, I felt the stubble that I hadn't shaved off that morning. I grabbed her and rubbed my stubbled face in her naked crotch which elicited a fit of giggles along with cries of, "Stop! Stop! It tickles!"

Pulling my face from her crotch, I pulled her off the table with one hand on her butt and the other gripping he ankle. With Lisa squealing, I flipped her upside down and held her by the ankle for a moment. Then grasping her other ankle, I pulled her legs apart and drew her toddler pussy up to my face where I licked and sucked on her young twat, all to her peals of laughter.

Lowering her, I then swung her side to side hanging by her feet. Lifting her feet to my mouth, I lightly nibbled at the soles of her little feet sending her into uncontrolled fit of laughter. For my climax, I lifted her higher while turning her to face away from me until I could lay kisses all over her naked buttocks, ending with a lick along her ass crack. All the while she was hollering, "Stop, Granpa! Stop!"

Gently I let her down where she crumpled up on the kitchen floor. Catching her breath, she urged, "Do that again! Do that again, Granpa!" while holding her feet in the air. So I picked up again by the feet, spread her and lifted her cunt to my mouth for a tongue fucking followed by butt nibbling and ass kissing. Throwing her over my shoulder like a Neanderthal's trophy wife, I took her to the living room where I deposited her on the sofa.

"Give me a noogie," I told her as I stuck my hard-on into her face. Like I knew she would, she did just that, grabbed my dick and put the head into her mouth. Her little tongue danced over the smooth leaking head of my cock. Grasping her by her curly blond hair, I forced more dick into her mouth. I could get in maybe an additional inch, if that and began pushing and pulling her head back and forth, face fucking her.

Coming to my senses, I stopped raping her mouth and just let her do what she already did so well, and let her just tease a big load from my recharged balls. I gave her two good shots in her mouth, then pulled out to finish on her pretty face. My ardor sated, I picked her up and kissed her, smearing my cum on her face with my lips.

Breaking the kiss, she just looked at me with her mouth slightly open with a far away expression. Suddenly she smiled brightly and declared, "I love you, Granpa!"

"I love you too, sweetheart," I replied before kissing her again. I then picked her up and took her to my walk-in shower. She wasn't used to the spray from a shower and complained mightily about it.

Having gotten us both rinsed off I said, "Would you rather take a bath with me?"

"Uh, huh!" she said nodding her head grinning while water dripped from her uncovered body. So I drew a bath and took a bath with her, complete with her "boats" and previously drowned Barbie dolls. Happily she played in the water until the water grew cold.

As I dried her she told me, "I hunggy."

"You haven't had breakfast yet?" She shook her head in the negative with a pouty expression.

"Well, let's go see what we have."

I had some Raisin Bran, which I knew she wouldn't eat. Even if she would eat it, I didn't have any milk. Nor did I have eggs nor cheese to make cheese toast, nor had I any bread, as I had depleted everything before going to Eden Valley the Friday before.

"Okay, we're going to have to get dressed and go out for breakfast."

She just looked at me like she'd never heard of such a thing before. Nor was she particularly cooperative as I tried to get clothes on her again, but I prevailed. I didn't have any shoes for her, so I carried her into IHOP, trusting that as long as her feet never hit the floor there wouldn't be an issue with "No shoes, no service."

She delighted in the Funny Face pancake I ordered for her. Me, I had one of the 55-and-older breakfasts, two eggs, two strips of bacon, and two pancakes. It had been a while since I'd been in an IHOP and I had to wonder why. The breakfast was cheap, the service punctual, but more importantly it was good.

With us both fed, I mailed the promised funds to my youngest son, Jason, and then took her to the grocery store to stock up on a few items that I'd need for the coming week, eggs, cheese, frozen waffles, milk, popsicles, ABC soup, a box of Fruit Loops, as well as a frozen lasagna, fish sticks and bananas. Lisa was as good as she could possibly be. She liked our outings to the grocery store and reminded me that "we" needed strawberry yogurt, fruit strips and cookies.