**Cam Girls**

by[Ex\_Wife](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1303951&page=submissions)©

My daughter Meg was turning 18, and I received hint after hint that she wanted a new laptop. Her 3 year old Dell was everything she needed, but nothing she wanted.

"Dad, the screen is so small, and the keys stick. And, the camera is so blurry." A constant complaint, but I didn't give in.

But, she was a straight "A" student, a member of the Senior Orchestra, and was able to work in playing Tennis. So, if anyone deserved it, she did. Keeping up on Facebook, playing Sims, and her homework projects all revolved around working in her "office." My office, but being divorced, I made sure to make her as comfortable as possible, giving her total control of the house.

So, I broke down and got her a new iMac with a large 19" screen, the latest software, and a camera. I had seen plenty of videos on the internet of girls, knowing what they do behind closed doors. Her mom let her have a Skype account, and I was sure she kept good tabs on what went on with her computer. Beth was certainly a hovering mother.

When I asked Meg about her Skype account, and warned her about chatting online with boys, she assured me that none of that was going on. She even showed me her account connections.

"Kathleen is the only one I chat with. Honest!"

Her close friend from the Tennis team, Kathleen was Meg's best friend since grade school. I knew how religious her parents were, and figured little trouble could come from chats with her. I could often hear her giggling in her room as they chatted, talking about who knows what. I had tried a couple of times to check her computer when Meg was away, but she had a password on it. So, I just had to trust her.

As I thought about her new computer, and the world it opened her up to, I was a bit nervous. I didn't want Meg to feel like she was being bossed around by me, or that I was giving her rules. But, I also didn't want her meeting some guy online and getting herself in trouble. Meg was a tall, beautiful blonde girl, but slow in her development. She had the face and upper body of a young teenager, but the lower body of her mom. Meg was certainly a guy's wet dream.

So, before I gave her the computer, I broke down and installed some software to let me keep up on what she was doing. Perhaps a little invasive, but I justified that she was young, in my house, and I just wanted to make sure nothing excessive went on. It was an odd feeling, installing the software. I have to admit, I began to get a little eager, curious to see what went on in her mind. Wondering what the late night chats with Kathleen were about.

Her birthday came on a Tuesday. I was almost more eager to give Meg the computer than she was to get it. She looked at the box with a knowing smile, but didn't say anything to get her hopes up. With the first Apple Logo, Meg exploded.

"Oh, Dad! You got it! Oh my gosh...."

Meg tore through the paper, quick to check out the exact model.

"The 19" iMac? Oh my God... It's just the one I wanted!"

Meg quickly came over and gave me a big hug. Her small, teenage breasts pushed into me, and I tried to remember she was my daughter. It is hard having a beautiful teenager growing up in your house as a single man.

But, I quickly moved on to helping her set it up in her room. I had even included the latest Mac version of Sims, her little way of relaxing her mind. We even recorded some video to test it out, laughing at our faces as we cycled through the different heads we could put on our bodies. The software was amazing.

Seeing Meg happy and in her element was all I needed. Despite all of the efforts of her mom, Meg and I had a fun time together over the years. I stood back and looked at my 18 year old, still in her braces, still with her soft, teenage complexion, still growing into the beautiful woman I knew she would become. I left her sitting cross legged on her bed, staring into the computer, checking out all of the cool features.

As 10:30 rolled around, I made my way back upstairs. Meg was still sitting in the same position, getting her new Sims family organized in a new home. I came by her bed and watched as she organized the house while the family buzzed around.

"So, how's your knew family?"

"Oh, dad, the screen has so much color. And the detail...it's so much better..." Meg was clicking the screen, making the people move around as she wanted.

"Well, I'm glad you like it. Don't stay up too late..."

"I won't."

I knew that tone. So many times I'd come out of my room to find the glow of her computer screen coming out from under her door. The fan in her room made it hard to tell what was going on, but I knew she stayed up late playing her games.

As I got ready for bed, I turned on my own laptop. I figured I try out the software and see if it was really worth the $100 I spent. Shutting my door, I lay down in the middle of my bed, opened up my laptop, and started the program.

There were many options, but the one I was interested in most was the Real Time Surveillance. I selected her computer from the Network, and watched as the computer tried to make a connection. At first, I thought it was just an protective little plan, with nothing more than a parents worry over their child. But, as the software waited to make the connection, I was becoming more and more aroused, excited that I was sneaking into my daughters life. I was almost desperate for the screen to appear.

And sure enough, up popped her little Sims screen. It was like I was staring at her computer, perfectly clear, without any distortion or lag. I was shocked at the simplicity of it. I could toggle back to my screen, and then, with a push of the button, I was watching her screen like a TV.

Her little Sims mom was in the kitchen, moving around. Meg was adding furniture, changing the layout of her house. I moved my mouse around, wondering if I had any affect on the program. But, I had none. I was just an observer.

I looked at the options on the bottom right. They were just a couple of icons, and I really didn't know what they were. I clicked on one, and immediately heard the sound from Meg's computer. I had just turned on the microphone, hearing everything that her computer could hear. The click of her mouse. The tap on her keyboard as Meg entered some command. The rustle of the sheets. But, as amazed as I was at the surprising capability of listening to Meg, I was floored when I clicked the other icon.

With a flash, the Sims screen disappeared, and I found myself staring at my daughter, sitting cross legged in her bed. Her deep, blue eyes, wide and round. Her soft blonde hair, hanging down over her shoulders. Her soft, red lips, slightly parted, revealing the steel of her braces on her bright white teeth. The intense face, staring at me, but unaware. I was watching her through her computers camera.

It was captivating, staring at my daughter, watching her up close, knowing that she was completely oblivious to my eyes. I had expected a simple view of her screen, being able to possibly see what she was doing. But, I had no idea that my plan involved being able to watch her, in her bed, as she used her new computer. I felt myself becoming incredibly hard. The excitement was uncontrollable.

Suddenly, a beeping noise came though my computer. I couldn't figure out what it was, and was scared that Meg would hear it and see me scrambling to turn it off. I thought it might be an alarm, or a warning, or something that would give myself away. But, Meg casually clicked a button and looked into the my eyes.

"Kathleen. Did you get my message?"

"Yea. What's it like? I'm so jealous." I could hear Kathleen speaking.

I relaxed, realizing that Meg just received a Skype call from Kathleen. God, was my heart racing. It was ridiculous to think that Meg could hear me, but then again, I never expected to see or hear her. I lay back, watching Meg.

"It's amazing. The screen is huge. And, the color is so much brighter."

"What do I look like?"

"It's like you're a hundred times clearer than my other computer. God, it's like your right here, the screen is so big."

Meg was sitting up, talking to her best friend. Talking to me. I was right in the middle of their conversation, without being seen or heard. I was truly an invisible man. Then it dawned on me. If Meg can see Kathleen, so could I. I hit the small icon that looked like a screen.

There was Kathleen. The 5'9" brunette that I watched grow up and mature over the years. And mature she did, quickly outpacing Meg as a teenager. Meg had the youthful appearance of a girl many years younger, but Kathleen had the shape and face of a twenty something. I stared at her lush, full lips. Her thick, brown hair. Heavy eyebrows, lush eyelashes, and luxurious, green eyes. Kathleen looked like a sorority girl, collegiate and mature.

I took my eyes off of her face and stared in shock at her bedtime outfit. Kathleen, the same girl who used to bake brownies in my kitchen in grade school, was sitting cross legged in a small, tight white T Shirt. She was clearly not wearing a bra as her large, brown nipples pushed against the white fabric. So many times I would watch her large C Cup breasts bouncing during a tennis match, protectively hidden behind her sports bra. Her mom, a devout Catholic, made sure that nothing was ever on display that shouldn't be.

But now, in her bed, Kathleen had none of the protective layers of clothing on. Her fresh, firm 18 year old teenage breasts were swelling against the tight fitting shirt, letting her nipples poke through and display their rough shape. Kathleen was staring right at me, smiling, letting me look at her sexuality.

As exciting as her teenage breasts were, my eyes locked on her stomach. Kathleen's white shirt had bunched up above her belly button, revealing her tight, flat, bleached white stomach. She was not allowed to wear bikini's, so it was as though I was looking at virgin snow. But, what made it so intensely erotic was that, out of the top of her underwear, poked small tufts of pubic hair.

Kathleen was not wearing any pajama bottoms. Just a pair of white panties with small pink flowers on them. The cross legged nature of her position, and the angle and distance of her screen let me see right between her legs. I could see how incredibly dense and hairy her bush was, bulging out against the tight fitting underwear. It even poked out slightly along the sides, laying in stark contrast to her white thighs, slightly tanner than her stomach.

Her voice broke my trance. "Did you try the picture yet?"

"Yea. It's not fuzzy at all."

Did she try the picture? Hell, she was looking at it.

"Good. I'm tired of the grainy videos."

"I know."

"I just gave mine to my parents yesterday, so I'll let you know when I've got something."

I had no idea what they were talking about, but just let it go over my head. I couldn't take my eyes off of Kathleen's nipples, her thick mass of hair tucked behind her underwear. Her complete lack of clothing, seemingly sitting in my bed.

"Yea. I've given you 3, and you've gotten nothing yet."

"I know. I promise, I'll get it working."

Kathleen reached up and scratched her stomach. God, I wanted to just talk into my computer and ask her to remove her panties.

"I gotta go. My dad just went to bed."

"No time for me?" Kathleen looked disappointed.

"Not tonight. I'm gonna try my new computer. I'll send you what I get though. That'll have to be enough."

"Alright, but it's your turn, don't forget."

"I know. Gotta go."

With that, Kathleen disappeared. I was in agony. She was so close to being in my bed. So close to being naked. So close to being everything that I wanted -- a young, virgin teenager to sleep with. Yes, it was completely unacceptable for me to want to sleep with my daughters best friend. Which was why it was so exciting.

Meg's computer was at the home screen. Nothing was happening. I clicked the icon for the camera, and saw that she was no longer in her bed. I listened, wanting to turn my computer as though it would let me look around her room. But of course, I was stuck with the view on my screen. I was staring right at her pillows, her computer sitting in the middle of the bed. I waited, raging hard, desperate for my daughter to get back into bed with me.

Meg returned, still in her clothes, and clicked a few buttons. I figured she was just shutting down her computer, or maybe getting her Sims game up again. Whatever she was doing, I didn't care. I was desperate to see what she would do next. Would I see her undress?

But, she just walked away. Once again, I sat alone with my hardness. I could hear the rustling in her room, the zip of her pants, the movement of her body. I imagined her firm, round but wiggling out of her jeans. I listened to what I pictured as a shirt being removed, exposing her nubile breasts, lacking all of the development Kathleen displayed. I had seen Meg in enough bathing suits to know her small breasts boasted tender, puffy nipples. My thoughts were only adding to the intense excitement.

And then, with a quick movement, Meg returned to the bed. My eyes opened wide at the incredible sight before me.

My daughter returned wearing a pajama top that was held up with small straps over her shoulder. The fabric on her chest looked like a bikini top, but with none of the tight fit. The top of her tan line was clearly visible as her shirt sagged down, Meg completely at ease with the loose clothing in her own bed. But, unlike Kathleen, her outfit had none of the sheer look to it. Her nipples were well concealed.

Meg's lower body was also well concealed. She was wearing pajama pants, light blue, with none of the obscene view that Kathleen just displayed. It was exciting but disappointing all at once. Meg put one foot around either side of the computer, grabbed the wireless mouse, and sat back.

One hand resting on her chest, Meg's other hand was moving the mouse around and clicking. Her mouth opened slightly, letting her tongue poke out slightly between her teeth. The clicking of the mouse stopped and Meg lay back, relaxed. I stared at her chest, desperately wanting the loose fitting shirt to slip to one side and expose her breast. But, I was not so lucky.

I just lay on my bed, hand son my boxers, and watched. Meg's eyes were focused intently on her screen. I was curious as to what she was watching, but I was more desperate to see what she would do, not wanting to miss anything. She couldn't have been watching anything that interesting, as I heard no sound.

Being as excited as I was, I ignored my need to use the bathroom. But, ignoring it any longer, and it would have interfered with my ability to enjoy the view. So, I quickly rolled out of bed and relieved myself as quickly as possible. I zipped back to bed and looked at the screen. She was gone.

"Damn." I thought to myself. I imagined what I missed. Meg had gotten naked, masturbated, and left, all in a matter of 30 seconds. I was pissed that I ever left my bed, figuring the show had ended and there was nothing more to see. So, I clicked the camera button, curious as to what she was watching.

I was stunned. A man lay on a bed next to a computer. He was turned on his side, facing the camera, but his head was blocked by the computer screen. It was an oddly familiar view, lit softly by a bed side table. It almost looked as though Meg was chatting with someone, but she had not said a word the entire time. I scratched my stomach, curious to the scene of a man scratching his stomach.

And then I came to the shocking realization: I was watching myself. What the hell? I stared at my computer screen, looking at my computer camera, wondering why the hell my computer looked like it was on my dresser. I looked up, trying to find a camera, seeing none, and then looked back at the screen to make sure I wasn't hallucinating.

Nope. It was me. I scrambled up, turning my screen, struggling to find the source of the camera. And then it hit me. The picture that Meg gave me a couple weeks ago. Sitting on my dresser, pointing right at me, of her hitting a tennis ball. I told her it was my favorite picture, and she made me put it on my dresser so I could be near her all the time.

My god, that little sneaky girl. She was watching me, in my bed, for the last two weeks. I pictured what she watched me do, behind closed doors, to the images on my computer screen. I tried to think of when she was over, if I ever masturbated to the teenage videos while she watched. Remembering her conversation with Kathleen, I was sure she had.

It was the strangest dilemma I could ever imagine. I couldn't confront her, because how could I explain I found out? I was watching her the same way she was watching me. I knew I shouldn't be doing it. She knew she shouldn't be doing it. But, we both were. As the initial shock swept away, curiosity took over.

I left the camera right where it was and returned to my bed. Meg was still not back yet. I heard the toilet flush and realized she was having her own little "pre love pee", a term coined by her mom, and that I didn't miss any of the show. That she didn't miss any of the show. So, I figured I'd see how things would progress.

I got back into bed and looked at the computer. There I was, lying on my bed, head blocked by the computer screen. So, I adjusted myself so that Meg was provided the best view possible, then switched back so I could watch her.

Her bed was still empty. Meg had seen none of my surprise or investigation. I sat still, hands on my boxers, desperate for her return. And sure enough, her figure plopped onto the bed again, in her same blue pajama bottoms and loose fitting shirt. She adjusted herself into a cross legged position and moved the screen so she could focus on her subject -- me.

I was fascinated by her face. Her tongue was resting on her upper lip, eager for the show she knew I usually put on. My nightly habit of lying on my bed, masturbating to various internet videos, coming into a shirt I would keep by the side. Her eyes seemed desperate for me to get the lotion I kept near by, lubing myself up, completely exposed and safe in my room. So I had thought.

I instinctively began to rub myself through my underwear to the young teenager on my screen. I stared at the fabric of her tee shirt, desperate for it to slip to the side and expose the nubile breasts that I knew lay underneath. I slowly stroked myself, imaging the tender, virginal pussy that lay behind the soft blue fabric. I stared into the wide, blue eyes, desperate for the show she was watching to progress.

As I moved my fingers back and forth, Meg casually moved a hand up to her breast and held it there for comfort, slightly moving her fingers. Responding to her movement, I slid my hand from on my boxers and moved under the fabric, rubbing myself directly. Meg brought her tongue back into her mouth, curled her lips with desire, and exposed the youthful braces of an undeveloped teenager.

Meg's fingers began to gently rub her right nipple, starting the deep, inner tingle that comes from sexual arousal. My own feelings had started long ago, and I was desperate to find release. But, I was captivated by the scene on my computer. Watching my daughter transform into the state of utter sexual need. I decided to give her a show worth watching, hoping she would do the same for me.

I reached into the drawer of my bedside table and grabbed the lotion. Meg knew exactly where I was going, eyes locked on her computer screen. I lay back, propped myself up on my pillow, and paused. I wanted to check my position, make sure she had the best view possible. So, I toggled screens.

Sure enough, there I was. I had to force myself not to look at the camera. My hardness could not be mistaken, pushing firm against my underwear. I moved closer to the side of the bed, getting closer to the camera, and decided to put the computer right between my legs, giving her a clear side view. Making sure she couldn't see the screen, I was satisfied and switched the view back.

There she was, in her same position, but leaning slightly closer to the screen. She knew what was about to happen. Meg was well aware that the lotion signaled the beginning of the show. She lowered her hand from her breast and rested it on her stomach, just above her pussy. As she did, her shirt hung low from her knew angle, giving me a downward view of her breasts.

I could see the entire white skin that had been desperately hidden from view over the years. It was intoxicating to be staring at her pale, unexposed skin. She clearly had small A Cup breasts, a couple years away from completing her maturation into the C Cup breasts her mom had. But, the nubile nature of the teenage flesh came not from the soft skin, but from the puffy pink nipple that was slightly exposed, hanging free in her shirt.

Meg's nipples were small marshmallows, soft and pink, standing proud on her breasts. With none of the pressure from her youth bra, the fullness and engorged nature was allowed to bloom. She had no pointy tip, no identifying feature that indicated any type of nub existed in the center. Meg just had a soft mound of pink skin, forming around a small ball of fat. There was no texture, so wrinkle, no color change from the hormones of a mature woman. Meg was displaying her youthful innocence. She was beginning her show for me. It was time for me to do the same.

Watching her face, I pushed down my underwear. My hardness sprang to attention, free from the trappings of my underwear. Meg's eyes bulged with excitement, fascinated at the nude man in front of her. It didn't matter that I was her dad. Meg just wanted her curiosity satisfied. I was oddly happy to be the one.

As I stared at her reaction, Meg casually slipped her hand from her stomach and into her pajama bottoms. Immediately, her hand began rubbing up and down, clearly moving against the soft blue fabric. Meg squinted her eyes slightly, opened her mouth, and began masturbating to my hard penis.

How does someone explain the intense pleasure and excitement from watching a girl masturbate without her knowing? The voyeuristic excitement from invading their most personal, private moment? The arousal from watching their animalistic rubbings, their facial expressions that are meant to be seen by nobody? The fact that it was my daughter just made the depravity even more unbearable.

As her tongue rolled onto her lower lips, I began squirting liberal amounts of lotion onto my penis. I had never done this before, but I wanted my show to be over the top. Meg leaned into the computer, exposing more of her tender breasts, hungry to see me abuse myself. With a final squirt, I put down the lotion and began to slowly stroke the lotion into my hardness.

Meg let out a small gasp as I touched myself. Her hand was moving feverishly over her teenage pussy. I slowly moved my hand up and down, purposefully taking my time as I stretched out my hardness. Slow strokes, legs spread, purposefully putting my entire naked center on display.

Suddenly, Meg's computer began that familiar beeping. Meg almost jumped out of her bed, scared at the sudden noise. Quickly, she fumbled for her mouse and clicked the screen.

"Kathleen...what!?" Meg was annoyed at the intrusion.

"Are you watching your dad?" Christ! Kathleen was in on it? I was vaguely remembering their earlier discussion.

"Yea...now come on, stop calling. I said I'd send you the video..." Send her the video? Of me!?

"What's he doing?" Kathleen wasn't leaving without details.

"God. He's putting lotion on it and playing with himself." I couldn't believe Meg was sharing my activities with her best friend.

"Like the last video?"

"No, more. Right on it, not on his hands." Jesus, she was giving all the details.

"Oh, God, that's so hot. I can see in your eyes what you're doing..."

"Bye Kathleen...."

"I can tell you've been mast..." Meg hung up on Kathleen.

I didn't think I could get more shocked, but hearing that Meg was sharing videos of me masturbating with her best friend was unthinkable. Hell, I had a devious mind, and I could never have imagined sharing any video of another person with anyone I knew. But, who could understand the mind of a young teenager, curious with the sexuality around her. Frankly, it made me harder.

Meg returned to her show, not realizing that I paused when she paused. Overcome with the heat from her manipulations, Meg bent her knees and I watched as she removed her pajama bottoms. Her legs bent up, exposing the labia bulge between her legs, pressed firmly against her white underwear. A moist spot, right in the middle, could not be mistaken. Her firm, slender legs quickly kicked off her pants.

The result was, Meg was leaning back, against her pillow, legs spread around the computer, giving me a shockingly obscene view of her crotch. Her panties were damp, pushed tight against the folds of her vagina. I could see no hair peeking out, unlike Kathleen. Instead, all I could see was pale, virginal skin, having spent its entire life out of the public eye. But, there it was, spread open for my viewing pleasure.

Meg didn't return to her masturbations. Instead, she just lay back, hands on her stomach, and looked at me. I returned to stroking myself, eyes glued on the thick white panties plastered against the nubile folds of skin. I stared at the back of her thighs, the crease of her butt, the vulgarity of her spread position.

As I began to quicken my pace, Meg moved her right hand up to her chest. I could sense Meg's arousal, seeing the passion and excitement in her yes. She was watching her dad masturbate, alone in her room, enjoying her ability to visually violate me. And as I she stared at me, I watched in amazement as my daughter put a hand on the cleavage of her shirt, pushed it down, and exposed her young teenage breast.

The puffy ball of a nipple that I saw hanging down inside of her shirt was now a hard, flat layer of skin. Meg had the smallest nub in the center of her nipple, about the size of a rice crispy. I was desperate to put my mouth over it and let her nipple snap, crackle, and pop in my mouth.

With the softest movement, Meg began to rub the center of her breast, lightly toying her tender nipple. Her face began to grimace, feeling the deep pleasure from her own touches. Unable to wait any longer, Meg took her free hand and slipped it into her panties.

I leaned forward slightly, desperate for a closer view. Meg's hand was bulging against the fabric of her underwear, her hand moving up and down in short, rapid movements. I could hear the snapping of the wetness, listened to the panting from Meg. The edges of her underwear were held firmly in place, so I was given none of the little peeks I desperately longed for.

Still rubbing myself, I watched Meg's little pattern develop. After about 20 seconds of rubbing, I could see her fingers slide lower, slipping inside of her virginity, moving around, and then returning for another 20 second masturbation. Her body was beginning to lie back, getting herself comfortable for her final release.

Meg had removed her hand from her breast, but it still hung out in all of its nubile glory, exposed to the world, jiggling slightly with Meg's masturbating hand. The innocence of her nipple was even more pronounced as Meg peeled back her lips and exposed her braces. Her body was youthful, immature, but completely capable of being satisfied sexually.

I controlled myself, wanting to not miss anything from the show Meg was putting on. Her eyes were closing as her face squinted to the feelings she was generating. Meg's nose crinkled, as though she was about to sneeze. I rubbed myself harder, letting her think I was getting close to my own release point.

With a quick, sudden movement, Meg pushed down her underwear. I almost came on the spot as her legs squirmed to kick off her wet underwear, exposing the tender folds of skin that lay between her legs. As her legs came to a rest, having completed the dead, I found myself staring at my daughters virginal, teenage pussy.

The first thing I noticed was the incredible pink that existed right in the center. Meg had two small lips that had poked out between her labias, lying in stark contrast to the whiteness that surrounded them. The folds were shut tight, but gave a clear indication as to the entrance point to her youthful birth canal.

Her mons were a pale white with none of the color that comes from the hormones of a mature woman. None of the deep pink or red that I remembered from her mom. It was as white and bleached as the skin on her inner thigh. Her small, teenage clit could be seen poking out at the top, about the size of a Tic Tac. Her virginity could not be mistaken.

But, after taking in my first glance, what amazed me was her pubic hair. Meg's labias were sparsely covered with faint strands of soft, curly hair. I could almost count the numbers it was so few. In fact, I had to look close to even see them. Gradually, the numbers increased up to her pubic bone, but even there, Meg displayed none of the dense piles of pubic hair I came to expect from women.

It was clear Meg didn't shave, having none of the stubble. She just hadn't developed a large mass of pubic hair. Instead, it looked like she hadn't developed much of anything over the years. The small tuft of hair that she did have was barely over one inch wide at the top, coming down in a triangle at the top of her pussy. Even here, on her mons bulging below her stomach, Meg's skin could clearly be seen behind the soft, short hairs.

The youth of my daughter could not be mistaken. Or rather, I guess it could have. Either way, staring at the naked pussy of an 18 year old, no matter where she was in her development curve, was deplorably erotic. I rationalized that she had watched me, that it was only fair I get to see her. But, staring at her nudity, all rational went out the window. I was desperate to taste her.

The 2 second moment in time came to an end when I watched as Meg slipped her fingers over her exposed vagina. She quickly began pushing them up and down into her wet slit, moving the folds of skin out of the way as she pleasured herself. I was desperate to cum, more excited than I had ever been in my life. But, I controlled myself, allowing my hand to slowly rub my own pleasure zone as I watched Meg.

She continued to stare at the computer, but her focus was clearly moving towards her own satisfaction. Meg would close her eyes for moments, letting her mind convert the images on the screen into fantasies in her mind. The sound of her fingers squishing away was unthinkably exciting.

Meg paused, letting the feelings of pleasure settle into her body. With the curiosity of a young teenager, Meg leaned forward and looked down at her vagina. She was spreading open her lips, pulling up on her skin, exposing her tender, youthful clit. Meg wanted to inspect what she looked like, examine the small nub of flesh that was the source of so much pleasure.

With a gentle finger, Meg rolled her pale pink erection back and forth. She was testing the pleasure zones. I stared in bewilderment at the exposed wet slit, her small pee hole opening up with the stretching. The moist, tight folds of skin around her birth canal separated slightly, exposing her hymen still intact. Meg was opening up her virginity as she examined herself.

With her curiosity satisfied, Meg began her masturbations again. She watched her finger move back and forth, still staring at the small nub of skin that she was rolling back and forth. Her lips curled, feeling the intense pleasure she was creating. Her braces, her friendship bracelets, her nail bitten fingers, her pale labias, her small bush, all pointing to her tender, nubile appearance. After 20 seconds of rubbing, I watched as Meg leaned back, spread her legs, and inserted her fingers into her young birth canal.

Meg's middle finger was buried in her vagina. She was pushing hard, clearly wiggling her finger against a pleasure spot that she had found over the years. Someone must have told her about a G Spot, maybe her mom, maybe Kathleen, and she had figured out what it was for. As I watched her legs open, amazed at the sexual intrusion that I was being a witness to, Meg's anus came into view.

It hadn't even crossed my mind that anything could make the sexual depravity better. But, when I saw the tender mass of crinkled brown skin, when I saw the small tuft of pubic hair that surrounded it, when I saw the center open like the mouth of a fish, I realized that nothing in the world could ever be as exciting.

My daughter was exposing her most private bodily function to me, letting me stare into the center of her biology. The pink center glistened as her body relaxed, allowing her rectum to open up. Meg was oblivious to how her body responded at her anal core, but I was watching with intense excitement. I almost wished she would push and let me watch it in action.

As I stared at her asshole, what her mom had always called "for pooping", Meg returned to her rapid movements over her clit. She was no longer looking at the screen, letting the images in her mind fulfill her final moments. Her pussy was dripping wet, swollen, spasming with her manipulations. Even her pale labias had begun to develop a small blush from all of the rushing blood.

Meg's face was grimacing. Her braces exposed as she bit at the air. Her eyes shut tight, nose scrunched up. With her free hand, Meg pushed up her shirt and exposed her breasts, rubbing them aggressively with her hand. Her body was starting to shutter, then jerk, then shutter some more. And then it happened.

"Oh...God....."

I heard Meg call out, reaching the pinnacle of her sexual release. Her anus was blossoming open, almost pushing out her orgasm. Meg's small, virginal lips between her labia's were fluttering. Her hand was a blur, desperate to rub out the final feelings inside of her nubile clit. Meg arched up, spread herself wide, and came into my computer screen.

I had stopped rubbing myself and just watched as Meg satisfied herself. The vulgar intrusion was unthinkable. Her ass, hanging just above her bed as Meg arched her back. She was jamming her hand onto her exposed, youthful breast. With a final jerk, her body collapsed onto the bed.

I couldn't control myself any longer. I began to feverishly rub myself, desperate for my own final release. I lay back and stared at the naked girl lying in bed with me, between my legs, unaware of the nudity she was displaying for me. I could feel myself getting closer, needing little physical stimulation to push me over the edge. Meg had already provided so much visual stimulus.

I glanced down at the computer, ready to explode. Meg had recovered and was on her knees, staring at me on her computer screen. She wanted a close up of my finish. Her tits were hanging down, completely free for my ogling eyes. The puff had returned to her nipples, giving her the youthful teenager appearance. As I looked into her desperate eyes, locked on the head of my penis, I exploded.

"Oh...God....Meg...." I couldn't control my outburst, staring at her on the computer screen.

Meg's eyes bulged as she watched my semen spray out of my volcanic penis. Sperm flew out of my penis, landing all over my stomach in a shotgun pattern. I don't know if Meg was wide eyed because of the huge amounts of semen - probably more than she had ever seen me release - or, at the name I called as I orgasmed.

I milked myself dry, letting Meg watch as the last drops of my seed were squeezed out of my now purple head. Her mouth was agape, eyes wide, braces gleaming. I just masturbated for my little teenage daughter, and as I watched her, she watched me. Watching me wipe up the cum on my stomach from the shirt by my bed. Watched as my penis lay deflated on my stomach. Watched as I moved the computer to the side, grabbed my underwear, and slipped them on. Watched as I got under the covers, reached over and turned out the light.

My show for Meg was over, but I still watched her. She was clicking and typing. I clicked the icon to see her monitor and saw that she was calling Kathleen. On the second ring, Kathleen appeared. She was under the covers, glassy eyed.

"Meg... what's up?"

"He just finished. You won't believe it."

Kathleen sat up, exposing her left breast. Despite everything I just went through, I could sense some deep, inner excitement. She looked years older than Meg with the nipples of a pregnant woman. Her hair was disheveled, her face flushed red.

"Better than the one I'm watching?" I could not believe I was the source of the sex I could see all over her face.

"Just wait."

With that, Meg hung up.

Her mouse moved over a couple of commands until a window popped up. She found a file, selected "Attach", and typed in a brief note.

"Be sure to listen to the end and tell me if you hear what I hear. And, I think it's your turn tomorrow after sending you this."

With that, Meg hit send. My little masturbation sessions had become the object of desire for a couple of 18 year old cam girls. I guess I could live with that.

**Cam Girls Ch. 02**

It was impossible for me to look at my daughter the same after I watched her masturbate to me. Knowing the she looked at me with sexual eyes. Knowing that she secretly watched my most private moments. Knowing that she was sharing these moments with her best friend. Knowing that she didn't know.

After the first night of my discovery, Meg spent the following night at her mom's. I replayed the video capture of my cam girl over and over, cuming hard after an hour of watching her play with herself. The visions of her virginal pussy, being manipulated by her tender hands, were deplorably exciting. I was desperate for another viewing.

Having spent Wednesday at her moms, Meg returned home after school on Thursday. She had all of the normal bounce in her step and happiness in her eyes.

"Hi Dad!" She smiled, flashing her shiny metal braces.

"Hey honey, how was school?"

And so continued our normal, every day ritual when she returned from school. But, this time, when Meg filled me in on the details of her day, I just imagined her naked. I couldn't help myself, thinking of her small puffy nipples pushing against her shirt. I'd find myself staring at her ass, burning a hole in her pants, desperate to bend her over. Unable to take the visual torment, I hid out in my office.

Meg, per usual, spent most of the evening in her room. I found myself routinely checking on her with the spy software, turning on her computers camera with my computer. Meg was just sitting at her desk, staring into the computer with a studios look. With a click of the mouse, I viewed her computer screen, watching her type away on some Latin homework.

9:00pm rolled around and when I checked on Meg for the hundredth time, I found her chair empty. Suddenly, I could hear footsteps. Quickly, I shut the window.

"Hey dad, what ya doin?" It was an innocent question, but one I certainly couldn't answer.

"Oh, nothing, just some work."

"Are you going to bed soon?" I smiled inside, knowing the true question was if I was going to be masturbating soon.

"No, I'm gonna be down here late tonight honey. Sorry." Yes, sorry I won't be playing with myself for you tonight.

"Are you sure? You seem tired, dad. I'll...I'd even give you a backrub, if you want?"

Christ, was she pulling out all of the guns. Meg would walk on my back once in a while, sometimes even giving me a massage. I had thought nothing of it over the years, but now, as I thought about it, I realized it was probably her prelude to masturbation.

"Aw, thanks honey, but not tonight. Sorry." I stood up and gave her a slight peck on the cheek.

"Alright, night dad." With that, I watched her teenage butt wiggle away.

I returned to my computer and opened up the screen showing me Meg's room, as seen through her computer. Meg's desk was opposite the bottom of her bed, with a little open area. The door to her room was on the wall to the right, and her dresser on the wall to her left, and the closet off in the distance along the wall with the door. I didn't have a full 360 view, but I saw that it would be enough. I heard her walk up to the stairs and eagerly waited for Meg to appear.

In she walked, straight back to her closet. The invasion of her private space was intoxicating. I became hard just looking at her, knowing she was on display for me. She grabbed her night shirt and pajama bottoms from the hook on the back of her closet door, and I leaned in closer, ready for her to undress.

But, Meg just turned around and walked out to the bathroom. I wanted to pick up my computer and turn the screen, hopeful for a peek. But, I had to just sit back and wait, listening to the water running, teeth brushing, and toilet flushing. Then, after 5 minutes, Meg reappeared, locking the door behind her. The show was about to begin.

Meg's outfit was the same as the previous night. Her light blue pajama bottoms hung to the roundness of her teenage butt. Meg's soft, white t-shirt with the thin shoulder straps hung delicately on her shoulders, letting her breasts push against the material, free from her small training bra. Hell, her nubile breasts, still growing, didn't even need a bra. My little 18 year old daughter had a tight, firm body with only slight hints of baby fat on her stomach.

I expected Meg to sit down at the computer, or drag it to her bed. But, she paused in the middle of her room, in front of her desk, and stared at herself in the full length mirror next to her door. With her right side towards me, Meg began her nightly beauty check.

Meg's hair was brushed, revealing a full and luscious head of blonde hair, her mom's hair. She bent her head down and flung it back, looking at how it lay across her shoulders. Meg put a hand on her hip and shifted her weight, pouting her lips, looking at her youthful teenage complexion. She watched America's Next Top Model routinely and was performing one of their standard poses.

I stared at her long lashes, the deep blue eyes of an innocent girl, wrinkle free, wide with curiosity. Slowly, Meg arched her back, thrusting out her tender breasts, working to maximize their size. Slowly, she moved her hands off of her hips, onto her stomach, and began pushing up her night shirt.

Her white stomach revealed a youthful amount of baby fat, but clearly flat and in shape. Meg ran her hands over her stomach, caressing her skin, feeling the shape of her body. As she continued to arch her chest, Meg moved her hands higher, pulling up her shirt, exposing herself in her own private room. But, it wasn't private. Her dad was watching.

With a final push, Meg exposed her nubile breasts. Despite her age and height, Meg had not developed the womanly properties most of her friends had. The small, A cup breasts were years away from maturity, displaying a white tender mass of flesh that was no larger than her fists. But, they had plenty of definition, clearly standing proud against the flatness of her rib cage.

Her immaturity could not be more apparent, though, by her nipples. They were like a marshmallow, standing out proud and puffy in their pale pink skin. Instead of a nub of flesh in the middle, Meg had completely round, spherical nipples, being pushed away from her body by the tender balls of fat that lay beneath them. Meg held her shirt above her breasts, staring at them, pushing them out in all of their glory. Her arching only exaggerated the shape and juvenile appearance.

I was bursting at the show, desperate for it to last an eternity. Meg must have felt my desires, because as her left hand held up her shirt, Meg pushed down the from of her pajama bottoms with her right hand. She was exposing her pubescent bush, barely an inch wide, standing proud against her white pelvis. Her mons pubis, from the side, arched a good 2 inches in front of her.

Meg ran her fingers through her small patch of black curls. Perhaps she was looking at them, wondering when she would grow a fuller, darker bush as so many of her friends had. It had been years since she hit puberty, and from all appearances, nothing had progressed. But, Meg was still a sexual beast, with a butt that seemed to have at least made more of an effort to mature more than the rest of her had.

As if on cue, Meg turned her back towards me, thrusting out her chest, looking at the shape of her tits from the side. Her right hand continued to massage the top of her vagina as her eyes moved their focus from her chest to her butt. With her right hand, Meg moved to the back of her pajama's and quickly pulled them down.

There she stood, pajama's pulled down to her thighs, exposing her ass to me. A beautiful round, firm, teenage ass. Her mother's ass, with dimples above each cheek on her lower back, like small vagina's. The crease in the center was fully exposed, each cheek pressing against the other. So many times I would stare at her, wonder what her ass must look like under the bathing suit. Under her jeans. And now, in her room, Meg had pulled down her pants and let me stare.

I stared at her hand, running itself over her ass, inspecting the shape and firmness. I could see the bulge of her teenage vagina, hanging down, closed tight. I was desperate for it to open and reveal her wetness. I wanted Meg to bend over, pull each cheek open, and let me inspect her most intimate bodily functions.

Moving her hand to the lower part of her back, Meg arched excessively, doing her best to repeat some pose she saw from her modeling show. The result was her butt cheeks opened slightly, revealing the dark center of her anus, surrounded by a small tuft of hair. It reminded me of her mom and the thick, dark ring of hair around her asshole that I would stare at while massaging her ass, or fucking her from behind. My teenage daughter had her mom's asshole.

Then, with a quick twirl, I found myself staring at Meg's lightly covered vagina. She had twisted her body around to see what the other angle provided. Her labias bulged out, completely pale, pushing together tightly. Her vagina was merely a fold, with no vaginal lips poking out. Just a faint hint of the folds of skin that protected her pubescent clit. She was virginal.

Meg reached around from her ass and put her hand back over her tender vagina. Pushing into it with her fingers, Meg began to rub it up and down, almost like she was casually scratching it. But, her focus was on her clit, rolling the tips of her fingers around it. Meg stared into the mirror, watching herself be played with, admiring her body. I stared at the fingers, pushing aside the folds of skin.

Meg was still pushing out her chest, holding up her shirt with her left hand. The show may have gone on for only 10 seconds, but it seemed like an eternity, staring at my exposed daughter, casually toying with herself. The puff of her nipples was being stretched tightly against the firm ball of fat behind them. Her skin was stretching over the ribs on her chest. Her lips were pouting, her eyes were looking. I almost thought that Meg wanted to fuck herself.

Suddenly, her computer let out an alarm. The Skype alarm, letting her know that someone was calling. She looked at it, exposed, and I almost thought that she saw me. Meg continued her manipulations, staring at the computer, almost as though she was in a trance. Then, after the fifth ring, Meg quickly pulled up her pants and dropped her shirt.

Meg grabbed the computer from her desk and plopped onto her bed. After the wobble, I found myself staring once again at my daughter, cross legged on the bed, staring at her computer screen. With a click of the mouse, Meg answered the call.

"Hey Kathleen..."

"Oh my god, Meg, tell me you're watching your dad."

"No. He's working late."

"Oh...what a BUMMER. That video was so hot...."

"Yea, I know. I even said I'd give him a back rub, but he didn't want anything to do with it..."

"Maybe you should tell him you'll give him a front rub!"

"Ha! You'd like that."

"No...YOU would like that!" Actually, I was the one who would probably like it.

"Funny... Did you get anything from your parents yet?"

I still could not believe that the two girls had placed hidden camera's, inside of picture frames, in our bedrooms.

"Nothing. They just get in bed and go to sleep. I'm so pissed."

"Well, I put gave one to my mom last night, so maybe I'll get something when I'm there this weekend." Oh my God, her mom's. I'd kill to watch that.

"You're kidding? Isn't your mom pregnant? She can't do... you know...do it,with Thomas?"

"Well, she is 8 months pregnant, but I figured I'd give it a shot."

"Wow, that would be hot."

I was so focused on the conversation that I forgot I could watch Kathleen. I clicked the icon on my screen and changed the view from Meg's camera to Meg's computer screen.

There was Kathleen, in her clothes, staring at the computer screen. I could see that she was in her room, sitting at her desk, with the door shut behind her. Kathleen's long brown hair hung over her shoulders while her deep green eyes stared intently at the screen. She displayed none of the sexy appearance from the previous night with her large chest was hidden beneath her sweatshirt.

Meg kept up the conversation.

"So, did you watch the whole video?"

"Yea. It sounded like your dad said your name at the end. Do you think he was thinking about you?" If they only knew.

"I don't know. He had a girlfriend with my name a while ago. It really freaked me out."

"Sure it did. While you watched him play with himself. I bet you liked it!"

"Ha...I can see I probably shouldn't be sending YOU any more videos!"

Kathleen quickly backtracked. "I was just kidding!"

"I know. But, what should we do. He's not in his room."

"Well...how about...it's your turn, don't forget."

"Not a chance. You've got squat for videos. It's your turn!"

I wasn't really sure what they meant by "turns," but I was certainly curious. They kept talking about it like a game of some sort, with Meg having taken the last turn. Who knows what games a couple of 18 year old minds come up with. Kathleen looked like she was thinking, wondering if she wanted to bow down to Meg's demand.

"Fine. But you go next, no matter what."

That seemed to satisfy Meg. "Fine."

Kathleen stood up and moved her computer over to her bed, pointing it towards the center of her room. As she began walking to her dresser, Meg spoke up.

"And you have to put on what I had last time." Put on? As in music?

Kathleen stuck her face into the computer, giving us a close up view of her nose.

"Fine. Give me a second."

We watched Kathleen open up the bottom drawer of her dresser and dig around in the back. After a moment, she found what she was looking for and stood up. Then, she opened the door and left her room.

I toggled back to Meg. She was lying back in her bed, getting comfortable, with the computer between her legs. Her eyes looked into the computer screen with anticipation, not wanting to miss her best friend return. Her light blue pajama pants provided no hint of what lay beneath, but her white t provided a sexy look with the thin straps. Casually, she put her hands on her stomach and waited.

Not wanting to miss Kathleen, I clicked back to the view of Meg's computer screen. I looked around her room, amazed that I was an invisible observer, as though standing in the corner, hidden. I could see the many tennis trophies on her dresser, the family pictures on the wall. I was probably the first man outside of her family to be in her private sanctuary.

Kathleen returned wearing a long pink robe. She turned to shut her door and made sure that it was locked. Then, she walked towards the camera, smiling.

"So... are you ready?"

"Yea...are you able to put on a song?" Meg asked.

"Yea, but not too loud. My parents are downstairs."

"Alright...how about Super Bass?"

"Again?" Kathleen whined?

"Hey, it's a good song."

"Fine."

Kathleen clicked a few buttons, clearly looking around her computer screen. Then, Meg and I heard the familiar start to the song. Kathleen stood up, looked at the camera, and began to slowly move her hips.

"Can you see?" Kathleen asked as she swayed back and forth in her robe.

"Yea. But not what I want to see."

Kathleen smiled as the beat of the music picked up and the singer began singing. Kathleen mouthed the words, looking into the camera, picking up the pace of her movements. She was dancing for Meg, taking what I guessed was her turn, moving to the beat of the song, no longer looking at the camera. Her hands slipped down to the tie holding her robe together, unfastening the knot. I watched in utter amazement as, with a flick of her hands, Kathleen let the robe slide off of her shoulders.

I don't know what shocked me more. The revelation that Meg and Kathleen took turns dancing for each other, clearly working to excite the person watching. Or, the outfit that Kathleen was wearing. I was staring at a well developed teenager, proudly displaying her body in a black lace bra with matching panties. Rather, a matching thong. The shock and erotic nature of her appearance was made more dramatic by the bleached pale skin that was her trademark.

Unlike Meg, Kathleen's pale body was clearly well beyond her teenage years. Her face gave the impression that she was over twenty, mature and intense. But, Kathleen's breasts were that of a fully developed woman, full, buoyant, and exotic. They pushed outwards and upwards, almost working as a reverse magnet with gravity. Hell, Kathleen, at 18, probably had the largest set of breasts I had seen in a bra. I stared in amazement at the young girl who used to make brownies in my kitchen in grade school.

But, the sheer shock and depravity of the situation lay in the design of Kathleen's outfit. Her bra had what looked like a flowered lace material, but in the center of each breast, there was just a round opening that completely exposed Kathleen's large, brown nipples. They were like bulls eyes, surrounded by a thin strip of exposed skin. And, her nipples just weren't exposed, they were pushed out of her bra, almost exploding.

Kathleen had areolas that almost looked like a small breast of their own. Hell, they were probably half of the size of Meg's nubile balls of flesh. About 3 inches in diameter, they stood out almost the same dimension, as though she was pregnant. They were dark, like anus's, standing out in stark contrast to the bleached white skin on her chest. And, in the center was a slight nub, clearly defining the center piece of her nipple.

I watched in awe as Kathleen moved to the music, pushing her hands up her stomach and over her exposed nipples. Nobody I had ever slept with displayed the kind of sexual outfit that I was staring at on this 18 year old beauty. Kathleen pushed her chest out, running her hands over herself as she kept in rhythm to the music.

My eyes moved from her breasts and down to her stomach, looking at her belly button as if it was her second vagina. Kathleen never exposed her stomach in public, and it became a desperate fantasy of mine to look at it whenever I could. But, as I stared, I realized that there was something much more erotic.

Kathleen's pubic hair was exploding out of her underwear. Clearly, she had never shaved, and the outfit she was wearing was for a well groomed woman. About one inch of hair was clearly visible on both sides and the top. I slipped my hands into my pants, rubbing myself, staring at her teenage jungle.

But, the prize lay in the center of her panties. Similar to her bra, Kathleen's panties had no fabric in the center where it was needed most. Instead, I found myself staring at her engorged labias, densely covered in hair tucked into the folds of her thong, with a small flap of flesh poking out at the top. Kathleen had on a thong with no center. Just the tender moist lips of a teenager, bulging out in all of their glory from the pressure of the thong running down the outside of her vagina.

Back and forth Kathleen moved, pushing out her vagina, letting her nipples lead her body as she swayed. I didn't know what to focus on. Her stomach. Her exploding bush. Her erupting nipples. Her engorged labias. I just took it all in as Kathleen shared her body with another curious young teenager on the other side of the screen. It was the new way to practice safe sex.

The situation I stumbled into was even beyond my extraordinary imagination. Many times, I had fantasized about having sex with Meg's friends, having spent years watching them grow up to the sexual creatures they now were. The innocent young girls, swimming in the summer, on the starting blocks, bent over, tender vaginas bulging against the fabric of their swim suit.

I had even masturbated to images of Meg, having routinely seen her walking around the house in her towel, occasional sitting down and inadvertently exposing her youthful vagina. I don't care who the man is. Seeing your daughter, exposed, is a memory that comes back to life at some point during a sexual encounter.

But, sitting in my office, finding out that Meg and her best friend Kathleen had been sharing their bodies, finding a mutual release for their teenage curiosity, was nothing I ever expected. Yet, as I thought about her mom and the open feelings she had about sharing things with those you loved, I guess, to some extent, I had something to pin it on.

I remembered the way Meg's mom used to let her step dad, Walter, feel her belly when she was pregnant with Meg. I knew that he had become important to Beth over the years after her own dad died while she was in High School. But, seeing Beth lift up her shirt and expose her 8 month pregnant stomach, with all of the new hairs creeping up from her vagina to her belly button, was not what I would have allowed.

On a few shocking occasions while wearing a dress, Beth would just lift it up, letting Walter get a peek of her pubic hair exploding out of her underwear. Even her mom, Heidi, seemed proud of Beth's willingness to let Walter be an intimate part of the family and of her life. So, when Beth's breasts occasionally came into view as she held up her shirt for Walter, letting the dark brown nipples hang down for him to view, I was the pervert who didn't understand. Hell, she even giggled when he occasionally tweaked one.

The breast feeding was even worse. When Heidi and Walter would be over for dinner, Beth would sit in her chair, almost like a centerpiece. She would peel down the top of her dress and expose her nursing bra without any concern. Then, as her mom would bring Meg over, Beth would release her engorged breasts and let us stare as she struggled to insert her large brown nipples into the mouth of Meg.

And when her milk wouldn't let down, as Beth held Meg, Heidi would milk Beth's engorged breasts until she began to spray her milk. It didn't help that Heidi was a retired nurse, having become numb to the process. But, there was no denying that even Walter, despite the fatherly figure her portrayed, had to use the image of his wife milking his step-daughter when they would have sex. I know I did.

So, perhaps Meg developed this same approach, thinking it perfectly acceptable to share yourself with those closest to you. Who knows what Beth allowed or promoted in her house. All I knew was that whatever led to Kathleen and Meg deciding they were going to resolve their mutual curiosity with each other, I was grateful. Even if my inability to understand Beth ultimately led to our divorce, I was happy that our struggle produced one of the most exciting, sexual events I could imagine.

As my thoughts once again focused on Kathleen, I watched as her face stared at the camera, as though watching me, while she pushed her bra up over her chests. Her tits sprung out of the fabric, bouncing in their new found freedom. Kathleen bent over, letting the large teenage masses of fat hang down, as though preparing herself to be milked over a bucket. The swell of her nipples made them look like they were ready to burst.

Standing back up, Kathleen rubbed her hands over her chest, letting the black bra remain hanging above them. She squeezed her swollen nipples, letting them erupt between her fingers. Then, sliding her hands down over her stomach, Kathleen ran them over her flat abs as she thrust her exposed vagina towards the camera.

Meg and I were given an obscene view of her swollen teenage labias. Kathleen had tucked the hair into the sides of the fuck thong, letting her slit be completely visible. Wet folds of skin could be seen hanging out, Kathleen clearly displaying her excitement. The vivid pink stood out strong against the black fabric. Her hands moved down over her exposed sex and pulled her folds open. Kathleen was stretching herself out to show us her female erection.

Her clit could not be mistaken. It was at least 4 times the size of Meg's small tic tac of flesh. And, it was a hot white pink, a button in the middle of wet sex engorged with her teenage blood. Kathleen pulled so tight that even her pee hole gapped open, revealing the obscene core of the center of her slit. Kathleen didn't give it a second thought as she moved lower, spreading open her pussy lips. Clearly, she had done this before.

Having given us the briefest view of her pink, womanly core, Kathleen turned around. The straps of her thong ran across her butt cheeks, having none in the center. Her full, bleached white ass cheeks, toned and round, blemish free. I stared in wonderment as she bent over, showing how the straps joined right between her legs. And there, just above the location where her thong straps met, lay her anus.

It was much darker than Meg's, almost black. Hairs surrounded it and even rode up the inside of her butt cheeks. The walls of her ass that surrounded her anus were stained a deep, dark brown, as though her ass didn't open up enough during her years of passage. Kathleen backed up to towards the camera, giving us a closer look.

Her anus winked slightly at Meg and I as Kathleen moved her body. As she got closer, small brown balls could be seen in her anal hair, having held firm as Kathleen last cleaned herself. With so much thick, dense anal hair, it could hardly be avoided. Kathleen was completely unconcerned as she put her hands on either side of her ass and pulled herself open.

Kathleen's asshole gapped open, revealing a soft, pink core of wet flesh. Her bowels were peeking out at us, letting us view the inside of a teenager. It became even more apparent that Kathleen did not clean everything away from her last wipe as material clung to the sides of her ass. Then, as Kathleen bent over further, the pink inner core of her vagina came into view. The tight strands of pink flesh could not be ignored. Kathleen was showing Meg her hymen.

Her virginity was clearly still intact. Despite all of the sexual depravity, Kathleen was still innocent, showing Meg the clear pink rubber bands that contained her purity. She ran her fingers into the opening of her birth canal, rolling her fingers into her pussy, letting Meg watch as she fucked herself while the song came to and end.

With the background noise gone, I could hear sloppy wet sounds. Instantly recognizing it for what it was, I forced myself to end my view of Kathleen and see what Meg was doing, even though I knew exactly what she was doing.

Moving from the mature, fully developed teenager who fit the part of a young twenty year old, to a girl who looked young and nubile was shocking. Meg was lying back, eyes, closed, braces grimacing as her hand raced back and forth inside of her underwear. She had pushed her pants down below her knees, exposing the white panties that I remembered washing many times. The source of the stains and crust was unmistakable.

As her right hand raced up and down behind her wet panties, her left hand was pushing her shirt up over her chest, holding it up for Kathleen to stare at while she danced. Meg's was masturbating for her best friend in the privacy of her own home. There was no way for her to know I was lying, between her legs, watching her personal manipulations. So, I just leaned in and began to masturbate myself.

"Pull your panties down..." Kathleen directed.

She must have turned her focus on to Meg, realizing that Meg was no longer watching her. Sure enough, without opening her eyes, Meg pushed her panties down to her thighs. And there, just like before, lay Meg's sparsely covered pussy.

After watching Kathleen and seeing the maturity of her body, Meg's vagina looked pubescent. Her labias were perfectly pale. Her pubic hair was a small patch lying on her mons, at most an inch wide, that tapered out to the small blonde hairs on her stomach. Meg's fingers were moving up and down, rubbing her clearly excited clit, small but proudly erect.

Meg's legs were flatly resting on the bed, providing none of the wide open view that I was privileged to see the other night. Instead, I just sat and watched a young girl, legs spread slightly while she held up her shirt, masturbating for her captive audience. But, as I watched the grimace on her face, her tongue resting on her lower lip as she growled silently, it was clear she was enjoying it more than anyone else.

Suddenly, her hand began moving much faster. Meg's lips pursed out as she slowly began to arch her back, legs held together by the panties around her thighs. Moaning, Meg began to open her mouth wide, leaning back into her bed, Meg's orgasm began to take over her body. Back and forth she rolled, letting the wet sounds of her masturbation fill my computer. Her fingers began to push into her vagina, penetrating her sex to push her over the edge.

Leaning forward abruptly, Meg jerked her head off the pillow. "Oh....God...."

"Meg...open your eyes..."

And, as the final passion overtook her body, Meg opened her eyes, letting us watch her eyes explode with her orgasm. They were a brilliant blue, brighter than I had ever seen. Her pupils were full, glassy, and unfocussed. It was a sight I remembered frequently as I looked down at her mom, lying with her legs pushed up to her shoulders, letting me penetrate her biology.

As the feelings settled down, Meg let out a deep sigh, laying back on her bed, closing her eyes. Her hand gently rubbed the final feelings out of her virginal pussy, moving between the slick folds of flesh. Meg's mouth had closed, and as she relaxed, it almost looked like she had passed out with her breasts and vagina exposed.

"Wow....don't fall asleep on me..."

Meg opened her eyes and instinctively pulled up her pants while letter her shirt fall back down.

"God... That was one of my best yet..."

"Did I do good?" Kathleen knew she did, but wanted to hear the answer.

"Man. I can't believe you bought those for us."

"Yea. I have to be careful and make sure I don't put them in the laundry. Mom would KILL me." Kathleen was certainly right about that. Her mom was a catholic pain in the ass.

Slowly, Meg began to sit up. "So, are you going to?"

"Of course. But, how about you pose for me?"

"I'm not getting out of bed. But, how about this...."

Meg turned over, being careful not to kick over the computer between her legs. She got on her knees, bending her head down to her bed, looking back at the computer. Then, reaching behind her back with surprisingly little reluctance, she put her thumbs on the inside of her pajama bottoms and slipped them down.

There, beautifully round and full, white as the day she was born, was Meg's ass. Her moms ass, actually, with all of the round shape and defined creases that I would stare at for years. But, in the center, lay the softness of a young juvenile.

Meg's anus was not nearly as dark as her mom's or Kathleen's. It was a faint light brown, with deep creases defining the wrinkled folds of sensitive skin. Her asshole was surrounded by a small tuft of pubic hair, like her mom, but not nearly as dense. The brown center of her biology was closed tight, as though it was blinded by the unexpected light shining on it.

Beneath her poop hole, between her spread legs, lay the swollen and engorged lips of Meg's vagina. What generally lay hidden between her labias was now swollen and extended, hanging out around her birth canal. Clearly, she was wet, her vagina glistening from her recent orgasm. And there, in the center of her open sex, was the protector of her virginity. Her own tight and intact hymen.

As I watched Meg open herself up, allowing Kathleen and I to stare at her obscene display, I masturbated harder, feeling my own intense release building up. I watched as her asshole began to wink while Meg relaxed, letting the tension out between her legs. Even her vagina seemed to expose more of the deep, pink core. Knowing that it was my daughter, that I was viewing something personal, private, and something not to be shown to a father, I exploded into the bottom of my desk.

I couldn't control it. Even Beth would never let me stare at her like this, exposed and open. Lights were off for my explore time, with possibly a few candles. Yet, here I was, cuming to the spread ass of my daughter, while her best friend Kathleen watched in her own bedroom. Fuck. Kathleen. I had to see what she was doing. As my own intense feelings were being released, I toggled over to her screen.

Leaning on one elbow, sitting up, Kathleen was feverishly masturbating her exposed vagina while wearing her open crotch panties. Her computer was right between her legs, giving Meg an excellent view of her mature, bulbous vagina that was swollen with passion. Kathleen had less of the whole hand rub like Meg and more of the desperate middle finger wiggle.

Kathleen's eyes were glued to Meg's ass. I began to wonder if she ever saw it in person, or got a chance to taste it. Clearly, Kathleen wanted nothing more than to climb through the computer and smother Meg's anus with her mouth. But, as her face grimaced, as her eyes squinted, she was happy to just have a visual to get herself off.

Words can't explain the excitement from watching the little girl I knew lying in her room, playing with herself. I stared at the breasts of a woman, nipples exposed by the opening in the center. Kathleen's large areola's hard returned to their full puff, at least 3 inches wide, and equally tall. She looked like a breast feeding mother, with dark anus's on each breast. I watched as they jiggled from the movement of her masturbations.

Kathleen must have built up quite the excitement from her erotic dancing. Her body was already shuttering after barely 2 minutes of self pleasure. Clearly, she was as excited and turned on by my daughter's ass as I was. Squeezing her eyes shut, Meg and I watched Kathleen's body began to convulse, much more violently than Meg.

Her ass raised off of the bed, exposing her hairy asshole as she arched back. The wet anal hairs clung to her white cheeks, having been soaked from the juices leaking from her pussy. Her vagina looked like it was exploding out of her thong, pushing into the opening that surrounded her teenage vagina. Her pussy lips seemed to be quivering as her body shook.

"Push it open....Meg...."

Kathleen needed one final image to complete her orgasm. I toggled over, desperate myself to see Meg respond to the request, not quite certain what Kathleen meant. But, as the screen came into focus, Meg was leaning her ass into the camera, pushing open her anus. The pink bulbous flesh in the center of her asshole made it seem like Meg was breathing out of her rectum. I almost thought she was going to shit right on her computer.

"Oh....fuck...Meg...."

I listened to Kathleen orgasm as Meg pretended to poop. Even her vagina seemed to gap open. But, listening to Kathleen wasn't enough. I toggled back, wanting to watch her final moments.

And sure enough, Kathleen was lying back on her bed, letting her orgasm wash over her. Clearly, the final show by Meg was too much to handle. She held her hand in comfort over her thong, as though snuggling with her teenage pussy. Head back on her pillow, Kathleen opened her eyes and looked down at her computer.

"God...Meg...what the hell...."

"Yea...I know..."

"I couldn't stop thinking about, you know...seeing your dad...with his lotion..."

"God...I know..."

I toggled back to Meg, wondering what her new position was. There she was, lying down, pants pulled up and recovering from the events of the night.

"I'm going to my mom's this weekend... I'm so pissed..."

Kathleen sounded equally exhausted, desperately ready for bed.

"Well, maybe I'll finally get something from my parents...."

"Yea, or me from my mom and Thomas... But, I wouldn't count on it..."

"Alright...I'm going to bed... I'll see you in French class."

"Yea...thanks for the show...."

With that, Meg leaned forward and my screen went black. If the show tonight from the cam girls was any hint of things to come, Meg's computer was the best investment in my sex life that I ever made. Even if it was just sex with myself.