**Chaperoning the Swim Team**

by Ken

*Summary: Can a father resist his daughter's teammates? Um, no.*

**Chaperoning the Swim Team Ch. 01**

"Daddy please?" Ashley looked up at me with her big blue eyes pleading and her hands clasped as if in a prayer. Anymore she only ever called me daddy when she wanted something that she knew I wasn't too keen on. Of course, I could never resist her when she really turned it on.

"Alright, sweetie," I agreed, "We can open the cabin up for your party." The expression on her face turned to one of pure joy. "One condition, though, I get to be there as chaperon, and no boys, just the girls from the team."

"That's two conditions, dad," she said biting her bottom lip mischievously, and when I didn't react to her correcting me, "Fine, it was always going to be us girls anyway."

"Sure it was," I replied skeptically, "And don't worry, I'll stay out of your way. The cabin is plenty big enough for me stay in my own space."

As she smiled again, excited about telling her teammates the news, I pulled her into a hug.

"You know your mom would have been so proud of all of your accomplishments," I assured her, "And if she were still with us, she'd make the better chaperon to a house full of college girls."

Ashley smiled up at me a bit of her curly dark hair obscuring her misting eyes, "I'm sure you'll do fine, daddy, you always have. All the girls will love you." And with that she ran off to tell her friends.

It was the end of the swim season, winter break was coming, and Ashley and her teammates had taken first place in the team competition for their college's division. With the season over, the girls wanted to let off some steam.

It was a small college, a private school that catered mostly to wealthy kids who didn't want the experience of a large university. I had been rather fortunate in the construction business, but Ashley had been successful on her own, her grades and swimming earning a scholarship that offset the cost. I worried that with so many wealthy girls, that Ashley's middle class, albeit upper middle class, upbringing would mark her as an outsider, but she seemed to thrive there.

I was a bit surprised when Ashley suggested a weekend in the cabin. It was nice and had good square footage, lots of rooms and a hot tub. In summer the lake was perfect for swimming, but as the planned retreat was over Christmas break, it would be too cold for that. I'm sure some of the other girls might have had better options for country homes, but Ashley was insistent that we play host to the team, and who was I to deny her?

A week later, the day before we were to leave for the cabin, I happened by Ashley's room as she was packing, and noticed that she had a bikini laid out next to her small suitcase.

Knocking on the door to announce my presence I motioned to the bed with a smile and said, "I think it'll be a bit cold for swimming, don't you?"

Her face blushed as she quickly grabbed it and folded it into her suitcase, "The hot tub will still be usable," she explained, "and that always feels nice in the cold."

"A two piece, though?" I asked, "I figured you'd only wear that at a beach to attract boys, and no boys will be there."

"You'll be there," she said a bit sheepishly.

I was struck a bit dumb, not really sure what to make of that. Of course I had noticed how she had grown into a beautiful young woman, and at times thought how much she looked like her mom, but I never ogled her. At least, I didn't think I did.

She had turned several shades of red, and began to stammer when I didn't say anything. "I mean, other girls will be there, and they'll be in bikinis, because they told me they would pack them for the hot tub. And you know," she stuttered again, "I mean mom's been gone a long time, there's no harm in looking."

I ran my hand through my hair, still thick and dark, but just beginning to be speckled with grey. "Ashley," I sighed, "if I've ever done anything..."

"No," she cut me off defensively, "no, you haven't. You're perfect and I'm sorry. I just..." she lowered her eyes to the floor. "I know it must be hard for you. And when my friends started talking about wearing bikinis around the cabin, I just..." she paused, "I know that might be difficult."

I let out a slight chuckle, "I'm sure I can control myself. Besides, I'm not even going to be around except in emergencies, remember? I've got a pile of books and a stack of papers to go through. Honestly I'm looking forward to being caught up on work."

She looked at me skeptically, and I didn't blame her. There were more than a few attractive girls on her team. Girls? Young women, kept in shape by a lifetime of swimming. I admit, the team was made up of some very attractive young women, but it doesn't do to let your mind drift too far when thinking of your daughter's friends.

Of course, that's not to say it never did. The thought of a house full of college coeds in bikinis did cause me palpitations, but again, I'm not a teenage boy unable to control himself. I have a lifetime of self control behind me even if my sex life was a bit... lacking.

"Get packed," I said as I walked out of the uncomfortable conversation, "We'll leave in the morning, bright and early."

Usually I had to drag Ashley out of bed on mornings during her college breaks, but this morning she was up before me, letting me know that her suitcase was already in the car as were all of the supplies we had purchased, mostly food and alcohol.

Since Christmas was coming, Ashley had brought decorations for the cabin, she insisted that a highlight would be trimming the tree with her teammates. Of course that left it to me to procure a tree once we arrived, but in truth I didn't mind. I liked the fact that Ashley still got excited about the holidays, and I wasn't about to be a wet blanket on that excitement.

Truth be told, Ashley kept me young, energetic, and hopeful. After her mother's death 10 year's prior, I had a hard time getting out of bed. I know I should have been there more for Ashley, but if I'm being honest, she was there for me. Without her, I don't know if I could have made it through. Now that she was a young woman about to graduate college, I dreaded the coming of her full adulthood which would take her away from me. But such is the way things must go.

As we made our way up to the cabin, down winding roads through an increasingly snow covered countryside, Ashley mostly kept to her thoughts, which was a bit unusual. Typically she was a chatterbox, telling me stories about the girls on the team, or professors at her college. Now she fixed her gaze on the picturesque countryside outside her window, and occasionally hummed along with the music on my playlist that she claimed not to like.

"So," I said, breaking a long silence as I steered the car down the road, "How many did you say were coming?"

Her eyes glanced toward the ceiling indicating she was suddenly thinking about the question. "Well there's Kate," she began, "she's only a freshmen so she's a bit shy, but once she's around friends she can be a bit... wild."

I hadn't expected a full run down, just a number, but now that Ashley was going, I was happy for her overview. It would help me relax a bit if I knew the girls better than just a numbered lane in a meet.

"Then there's Jane and Janet," she continued, "They're identical twins, so physically they're alike in every way, but personality wise..." she shook her head.

"What?" I chuckled as I caught her tone of exasperation.

"Well, they're just super competitive with one another," she added. "It gets out of hand sometimes."

"Give me an example," I asked, intrigued and amused.

Ashley took a deep breath, "One time we were talking about start times and how our initial swim had a lot to do with breath control. They started arguing about which of them was better at holding their breath, until they demanded we judge a competition." Ashley rolled her eyes at the memory. "The end result was that both of them ended up passing out before giving it to the other."

"Wow," I replied in genuine surprise, "That's a little crazy."

"Yeah," she agreed, "They promised they'd be on their best behavior this weekend though, so don't worry."

"Who else?" I wondered.

"There's Erika, she's a lesbian," Ashley said matter-of-factly. "At least, she thinks she is. She told me one time that she started dating girls just because she was afraid of being penetrated."

I was proud of how I had raised Ashley to discuss sexuality so frankly, but at the same time, such a conversation with your college daughter is a bit awkward.

When I was silent for too long, Ashley continued, "That's not to say she doesn't like girls, she does, but I think she might be curious about guys too. Really that doesn't make her any different than..." She stopped herself suddenly and looked over at me before adding shyly, "Maybe that's getting into too much information."

"Perhaps," I nodded with a brief smile, trying not to react too strongly one way or another and keeping myself from asking who else might be a bisexual, but such a question would slip from the merely informative to the prurient. "So that's four, who else will be there?" I asked moving her along.

We were close to the cabin now, in fact we had just made the final turn down the partially paved, private road that led to the cabin. The snow had piled at least a foot deep, and we could hear the tires crunching over the plowed remnants of the snowfall as I slowed the car.

"Well that just leaves..." the cabin came into sight and there was already a car parked along side of it.

"Lexi," I said, both completing my daughter's sentence and identifying the young red head standing next to the parked car playing on her phone and giving us a wave without even looking up. A younger looking brunette stood next to her, a bit shorter, and I assumed rightly that this was Kate.

When I spoke before about letting my mind drift regarding my daughter's friends, it was Lexi I was thinking about. Four years of my daughter's friendship had led to several prolonged stays at our house. More than a few times I had come downstairs into our kitchen in the middle of the night or early in the morning to find Lexi, shoulder length curly red hair mussed from sleeping in the most adorable way, wearing nothing but an oversized tee shirt that barely covered her cotton panties and did nothing to cover her long lean legs. She never seemed the slightest embarrassed, and in my fantasies, I imagined that she was intentionally teasing me.

She would always smile and say, "Hi Mr. Crenshaw," in the most delightful way, looking at me with emerald eyes almost too innocent, like it was a put on meant to tempt me. If I responded at all it was always a grumble. I didn't dare risk pleasantries or else I'd end up flirting, and again... daughter's best friend, I'm not going to be that guy, so I imagine I always came off as cold or downright mean. Better that than a pervert.

As I brought the car to a halt, Ashley jumped out and rushed to give her friends a hug. There were typical young woman squeals as they brimmed with excitement for the weekend.

"Hi Mr. Crenshaw," I heard Lexi's voice. There it was, that same teasing look I'd grown to expect and look forward to.

"Hello Lexi," I replied, my tone as chilly as the December air, and then, to Ashley, "Take your friends inside and check to make sure the cleaning service made up all the beds and removed the covers from the furniture. I'll unload the car."

"Yes sir, daddy, sir," Ashley said making a mock salute followed by giggling by all three of the girls as they turned and disappeared inside the cabin.

I took a deep breath of the fresh mountain air and watched it exhale as steam. "This could be a long weekend," I thought to myself as I grabbed our two suitcases out of the trunk.

Before I could make it up the porch and into the cabin, another car arrived.

The driver, a young woman with mocha skin and dark hair cut into a bob, leaned forward and rested her forehead on the steering wheel as soon as the car stopped. It was a move of both exhaustion and relief. While the snow fall had been pretty thick over the past few days, the roads were far from treacherous, so I wondered what prompted the move.

My question was answered as the front and rear passenger doors opened and two absolutely stunning blondes stepped out mid-argument.

"Are you kidding me?" the one who had been sitting in front said, exasperated. "The reason you don't have a car of your own is that daddy thinks you're a terrible driver."

"That's such a lie!" the other immediately responded, "You know as well as I do that I don't have a car because I chose to spend last winter in Switzerland at that ski resort instead."

I cleared my throat, and they both looked my way.

"You must be Mr. Crenshaw," the first said. "I'm Jane."

"And I'm Janet," said the other immediately. "Can I help you carry things inside?"

"I bet I can carry more than you," Jane said before I could respond, and off they ran to the still open trunk of my car, collecting boxes to settle their contest.

As they ran off the driver stepped out and rolled her eyes. "Ashley said you'd be able to keep those two in line."

"Oh I doubt that very much," I chuckled. "I take it you're Erika, I'm Alex, or uh," I stuttered, "Mr. Crenshaw, I guess, Ashley's dad."

She smiled at my awkwardness. It was always difficult to decide how Ashley's friends should refer to me now that she was grown and about to graduate college. "Well Alex," she said with a slow smile as she took a box from my arms and lightened my load. "It's nice to meet you."

She walked up the stairs to the main door of the cabin and I followed, unable to help noticing the perfectly round ass concealed by her jeans as she went ahead of me.

When she reached the top of the stairs she turned to me and smiled deviously, "Alex, were you looking at my ass?"

I never had good poker skills, so I'm sure I immediately blushed with wide eyes like a kid who got caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Even so I stammered my denials, "Um... what? No, of course not."

Ashley, Lexi, and Kate emerged from the house, but when I reached the top of the stairs Erika leaned toward me and quickly whispered, "It's okay. I know I have a nice ass," then she leaned back and looked down behind me, "and I'm not the only one."

Without missing a beat she was off, welcomed into the house with the three other girls chattering away without so much as a glance back at me. It was going to be a long weekend.

Soon, with much help from the twins, the cars were unpacked and the fridge and cabinets were stocked. I excused myself to my study, which was upstairs and in the back of the cabin, attached to my bedroom. That left the massive front room and the entire downstairs for the girls to have their fun and be well out of my way. Aside from the occasionally audible cacophony of laughter, I was able to settle in as if I were alone.

Of course I wasn't alone. I was sharing a cabin with five gorgeous young women. Five? No, six. Ashley was as lovely as the rest of them if I were being honest. And while I tried to remind myself that despite being in decent shape myself, having a full head of thick dark hair with only a touch of grey and a relatively flat stomach, I was little more than someone's dad to them.

Except Erika was flirting with me. There was no doubt about that. If maybe I found a way to be alone... I had to stop myself. What on earth was I thinking? Not only trying to hook up with my daughter's friend, but doing so practically right under her nose? As if it were even possible. No, I told myself, focus on work, ignore those stray thoughts.

Slipping out of my room, I went quietly down the stairs toward the kitchen to get some ice for a drink, the chatter of the girls in the family room coming closer. As I all but tiptoed in across the door, I peeked in to see the girls sitting around the room in various positions, smiling and paying no attention to me. Most were wearing some form of pajamas, generally t-shirts and either shorts or sweats, a fairly decent display, thankfully.

I hesitated for just a moment and sought out Erika, letting her svelte, athletic figure burn into my mind. If she saw me, she didn't acknowledge it, consumed as she was in whatever it is that college girls chat about. But I didn't dare linger long, it was a bit too pervy as it was. Just a glance, taking in the smile in her deep brown eyes, filed away for some future memory.

I turned into the kitchen, lost in thought and admittedly still a bit flustered and as I do I almost run right into Lexi, who, deftly avoided a collision and the subsequent spilling of her drink, by taking a hop back and out of my way.

Surprised by the close call, I gasped, "Oh I'm sorry Lexi, I wasn't paying any attention."

"That's okay, Mr. Crenshaw," she said with that same exaggerated innocence that drove me crazy. "We all get... distracted."

As she said this I noticed that unlike the other girls she was dressed in lingerie. A forest green camisole top that barely reached her waistline and matching silk shorts that revealed the better part of thighs toned by youth and a lifetime of swimming. The coloring set off both her deep green eyes and ginger hair, bringing out every bit of her Irish heritage.

As I took her in, I struggled for something to say, but all that I could safely muster was a seemingly out of the blue, "Aren't you afraid you'll get cold?"

She tilted her head to the side and placed just the touch of her fingertips of her left hand on my chest, "I'm sure I can find ways to keep warm." And then she giggled and slid past me out of the kitchen, dragging her hand across my chest and arm as she went.

The kitchen was across the hall from the family room where the girls had gathered, and as I stood there for a moment, collecting myself, the drone of the girls' chatter suddenly became unnaturally hushed and the entire house stood quiet for far too long.

"That can't be good," I thought to myself, and as I did there was suddenly a kind of shriek followed by a burst of giggles. Lexi was clearly telling them about our encounter. I wondered what she had said. It had been innocent enough, but surely she embellished. "Oh poor, Ashley," I thought. It can't be easy hearing the other girls describe your father as perving on them. I suddenly felt like I had lead in my stomach.

Retrieving some ice from the freezer I poured myself more than a four finger share of the Scotch I kept hidden in the cabinets and took a long slow sip followed by a deep breath.

"Daddy?" my moment of collecting myself was interrupted by my daughter's voice. She stood in the doorway to the kitchen on one foot, the other leg bent and rested on tip toe twisting behind her. In front of her she played with her own fingers as she looked at me, chin down, forcing her doe eyes to stare up at me sheepishly. The effect was captivating shyness. And I had to remind myself that she was my daughter, after all.

"Oh hi Ashley," I said in muted surprise. "Having fun with your friends?" I hoped to God that she wasn't here to ask me why I was ogling her best friend like a fiend.

She seemed surprised by the question. "Um, yes," she hesitated, "we're having fun, I guess. But Daddy," again with the shyness, "I need to ask a favor."

I was sure this was about to be the most awkward conversation I'd ever had, and I suppose in a way I turned out to be right about that, though not as I imagined.

"The girls and I need your help," she bit her lower lip almost as a way to keep calm, "we need a judge for a contest."

I raised an eyebrow. That wasn't what I had been expecting. "What kind of contest?"

Despite her nervousness she was clearly ready for this question, "The kind of contest girls have at sleepovers." And she took my hand and pulled me out of the kitchen bringing me into the family room with a mix of curiosity and extreme hesitation.

"So he'll do it?" one of the twins asked excitedly seeing me walk into the room behind my daughter.

"Do what, exactly?" I asked again, unsatisfied with Ashley's vagueness.

"Oh, you were supposed to tell him," Lexi said giving Ashley a disapproving look.

"He's here, isn't he?" Ashley shot back and dropped my hand and moved to the other side of the room, sort of behind Lexi and in the shadow.

"Look Ladies," the use of the word 'ladies' causing a few of the girls to giggle. "Look," I started again, "just tell me what this is about. Ashley said it's a contest?"

"Well, Mr. Crenshaw," Lexi began with that same drippingly tease of a voice I'd come to expect, "We were hanging up some mistletoe and began arguing about who the best kisser is, and now," she smiled sweetly, "We need a judge."

I went slack-jawed at the implication, or should I say invitation. I didn't immediately respond; I had no words.

"We'd do it ourselves, but," Lexi continued, "we're afraid we're too familiar with each other to make for impartial judgments."

I was still recovering from the invitation to judge a kissing contest between the members of my daughter's swim team, now I had to deal with the revelation that they were familiar with each other's kisses?

My eyes glanced around the room. All eyes on me, with expressions ranging from Lexi's wicked smile to a kind of breathless anticipation from the freshman, Kate. Ashley was in the back, not making eye contact with me, and instead stared intently at the floor.

Of course I was flustered, and more than a bit taken with the idea, but at that moment, all I cared about was Ashley's opinion of me. "Look, girls, or um, ladies," I stammered, "that would be highly inappropriate." The girls booed me mockingly and I had to smile. "Seriously," I continued, "you can't expect..."

"It's just a kiss," Erika interrupted with a sly smile.

"And you'll be blindfolded," one of the twins spoke up, Jane I think, "You won't even know which one of us is which."

"I'm not sure that's the point," I protested, backing away, but as I did, Janet, who was seated in the couch next to where I stood, reached out and took hold of my hand pulling me back into the room.

"Come on, Mr. Crenshaw," Lexi added, "please?"

At that point Ashley lifted her head and looked up at me with an odd look, almost taunting me, "It's only a game, daddy. And you said you'd be here for emergencies." Then she smiled and added, "Well, let's just say this is an emergency."

Ignoring the other girls in the room I asked her, "You're okay with this?"

"Just relax, dad," she replied, "have a little fun."

Before I could raise any more objections, which, if I'm being honest, was merely a pretense to ethics at this point, a piece of cloth, most likely a silk scarf, or possibly a stocking, covered my eyes and was tied in place behind me. The girls giggled around me knowing that I was committed to playing the game.

Blind as I was, I felt unable to move without risking hurting myself or others, so I stood still, at least until two delicate hands took hold of mine and urged my forward a few steps.

Suddenly Lexi's voice was in my ear. "Ok, Mr. Crenshaw," she whispered seductively, "for this we want you on your knees." I couldn't help but smirk a little as I lowered myself per her instructions with the help of whoever's hands I was holding.

"Now," Lexi continued, obviously kneeling beside me as I could still feel her breath on my ear as she spoke, "Each girl will kiss you in turn, but we've drawn random numbers for order. All you have to do is kiss us back, and remember which number you like best."

"Can he use his hands?" another voice called out, I think it was Janet's.

"How would he use his hands to kiss?" a similar voice, probably Jane's answered incredulously.

"Like to pull us in and run through our hair and stuff." Janet replied.

"...And stuff." I could almost hear Jane's eyes roll at her sister.

"What do you think, Mr. Crenshaw?" Lexi whispered, "would you like to be able to touch us?"

I stammered in response to the insinuating question and Lexi just giggled.

"Of course he can use his hands," Ashley said authoritatively, "If he wants to. But we can't touch him any more than is appropriate for kissing."

Before I had a chance to process what that might mean, Lexi, now standing away from me from the sound of it announced. "Alright, Number One, you're up."

My heart beat madly as I waited for what would happen next. Images from middle school parties playing spin the bottle and hoping that Kathy May's spin would land on me. "This is ridiculous," I thought to myself, "You're a grown man, calm down, you've kissed plenty of..."

My thoughts were interrupted by the tentative touch of soft lips against my own. For a moment I was motionless, but I could tell the owner of the lips was bound and determined to get a reaction as she kissed the corner of my still mouth. So I began to reciprocate, meet her movements, become more assertive for my own part. She tasted of strawberry, and I reached out for her and pulled her closer and in the sudden silence of the room I heard a slight gasp as what I imaged were five sets of eyes watching us. For her part she wrapped her arms around my shoulders as our lips fed off of one another.

"Time's up," I heard Lexi say, a bit breathless but still authoritative. The girl pulled away and left me wanting. It was a good kiss, I'd definitely go back for more if given the opportunity.

A different voice, Jane's I think, announced, "Okay, number two, you're up."

Almost immediately I felt two soft hands on either side of my face followed not by lips but by slight lick of her tongue against my mouth. I instinctively opened and she plunged her tongue fully into my mouth and pressed her lips to mine. In truth it was a bit aggressive, but it had its charm. She was eager to show off how much she wanted, and our tongues entwined in a sloppy wet kiss as I held her by her slender hips.

It crossed my mind to slide my hands up and cup her breasts. I would have done that if it were a proper hook up, but before I could act, Jane called out, "Time's up." Only this time the girl didn't stop kissing me, and I heard Jane say, "If you don't stop you forfeit, and you know what that means."

Instantly she stopped. I wonder what they made the girls who forfeit do? My mind was alive with possibilities, no doubt the effect of two college aged kisses with more to come. My mind wasn't the only thing that was alive with possibilities.

Contestant number three kneeled in front of me and brought her mouth close to mine, and instead of kissing me, flicked her small tongue out and licked my lips and giggled. I can't say it was my favorite sensation, but the attitude was all committed to the contest and when I leaned forward to kiss her properly, she backed away before leaning in hard and practically assaulting my mouth with her tongue. I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her forward and she eagerly moved against my body, straddling my lap. When she began to grind against me, the girl in charge, who this time sounded like Erika, warned that grinding was grounds for a forfeit. Number three dutifully slid off my lap giving a disappointed moan as she finished the kiss.

Needless to say, after that, I was struggling to maintain my calm and dispassionate exterior, so when the next mouth to press against mine barely did so at all I wasn't having it. Number four's kiss was tentative and chaste, but after the previous three girls working me up a bit, I wasn't exactly a passive participant anymore. So I reached forward and pulled her svelte body against mine and kissed her more deeply. When I did that there was an audible gasp behind me. I couldn't help but smile into my kiss. This had to be Kate, the shy freshman, because once I pulled her to me she responded immediately, parting her lips and letting her tongue dance with mine. That's how Ashley had described her anyway, shy until she loosens up.

This kiss went on a bit longer than the others, and as it did my hands wandered the girl's body, even reaching down and grasping her firm athletic ass. I think the directing voice this time was Janet's and she must have been getting heated herself watching us because when she spoke she acted like she had lost track of time.

"Oh, um" she said, "That's time you two." And her words were a bit breathless.

I released number four a bit tentatively and smiled softly, a bit embarrassed of the show I had undoubtedly let myself put on with one of my daughter's friends. "Okay, I said, cheerfully, trying to break the obvious tension in the room, "Who's next?"

When number five began, she didn't kiss my mouth, but leaned forward and nibbled my ear, which, I admit, sent a shiver down my spine. This was met by a stern warning from Kate this time, saying, "mouths only number 5," and number five dutifully kissed along my chin from my ear to my mouth before pressing her lips softly against my own. It was a teasing kiss that never really teased. Somehow, in the combination of beginning with my ear and only softly kissing my mouth, I wanted more. My hands wandered her back, and her fingers ran up through my hair. It was a kiss made for film, and when Kate said "Time's Up," number five pulled away and left me kissing empty air.

I stayed kneeling for a second, collecting my thoughts and moved to stand up and pull off the blindfold, and I was met with a chorus of gasps and protests, and hands even pushing my shoulders so that I'd go back down to my knees.

"What?" I asked innocently, still blind but smiling at the attention of these college girls. "There are five of you, I kissed five of you. Why can't I take the blindfold off?"

It was Ashley who spoke from behind me. "There are six of us, daddy." Her voice soft and low and the full force of her words shot through me.

I imagine my face went pale and the room remained silent as I processed the realization that in all likelihood I had just made out with my daughter while her friends watched. What was she thinking? Were they making her do that? My stomach was suddenly full of butterflies, and I made a motion to pull off the blindfold and call and end to the game, but I felt a soft hand on my forearm.

Ashely's mouth was against my ear and she whispered, "It's okay... it's just a silly game. But if you get upset and don't finish, then it will always be something more."

I didn't really know how to respond. There was a certain logic to it, I suppose. I mean, I could always dny it was anything but a silly game, and clearly she didn't seem to mind. I took a long slow deep breath and simply nodded.

"Number 6," Ashley said moving away from me, "You're up."

Of course with the realization I had just made out with my own daughter, I was tense and not quite in the mood to play anymore, and the sixth girl seemed to understand this. She kneeled in front of me and placed her hands on either side of my face, leaned in and kissed me lightly, a sensual little peck, and then she stood up and moved away.

I was still processing my shock when I heard Lexi say, "Before you take off the blindfold, you have to tell us who won."

If I wanted to continue the game, keep it as a game, I had to pick a winner, but, my God, what if I picked Ashley? It would be terrible, just terrible, so I did the only thing I could think of that would avoid that.

"Number six," I said, "number six is the winner. She kissed me exactly how I wanted to be kissed."

"Lame," Janet whined, "He's only saying that so..."

"It's his to choose, and he chose number six," Lexi interrupted with a disapproving scold in her voice. "Number six, sit in front of Mr. Crenshaw so when he takes off his blindfold he'll see who you are."

After half a second I took the blindfold off my eyes and blinked, and when I had readjusted to the light, I saw Erika smiling sheepishly at me. Her big brown eyes giving me a kind of apologetic stare.

I couldn't help but smile back at her, and I could not resist reaching forward and taking her hand in mine and mouthing "thank you," as I did. She really had kissed me exactly how I wanted to be kissed in that moment.

The girls watched silently as I stood and I couldn't help feel as if I had been victim of some sort of conspiracy, but why would Ashley allow this? Even if Ashley had impure thoughts or desires for me, enlisting her friends seemed like a terrible idea.

"If you girls need anything else," I said as I stood in the doorway, ready to leave, "well, I'll be busy, you'll just have to figure it out." I glanced at Ashley and shot her a look that conveyed my anger at feeling like I'd been tricked into something I would never do, and her eyes immediately went to the floor.

As I walked down the hallway back to my room, I heard the den break out into a cacophony of whispers as no doubt the girls couldn't wait to process what had just happened. I set my jaw and just kept walking until the sound faded and I closed the door to my room behind me.

I was angry. Or, no, I wasn't. I mean, of course I was sort of, but I was also forcing myself to be angry, forcing myself to keep from experiencing the myriad of other feelings that were competing for my attention just as the girls had competed for my approval. Anger I could handle, but being aroused, curious, confused; those were feelings I just couldn't process, so I forced anger to the fore and stewed in it as I sat back on my bed.

Soon though, the pretense of anger gave way to reflection. As I thought through the five kisses who remained anonymous, I wondered if I could figure out who was who. I didn't really want to think about, or maybe I didn't want to admit that I wanted to think about it, but as I laid back in bed, sipping a scotch, I went over each kiss in my head.

Number three had giggled when she flicked her tongue against my lips, that wasn't Ashley, I'd have recognized her by sound, I think. The other four were all possible, but I couldn't help returning to the inescapable thought that Ashley had to be number four.

When number four had first kissed me it was barely a peck, but then I had amped it up, pulled her in, and only then did she open up and kiss me properly, like a woman should kiss a man. At the time I figured it was Kate since she is the youngest of the group and quite shy, but upon reflection... Oh god, did I inadvertently force my daughter to kiss me properly?

I couldn't help but think it through, and the way the kiss of number four had morphed from chaste and shy into the hottest of the six. What it must have looked like to the other girls, a daughter wrapped in passionate embrace with her father, the two grinding against each other... I pictured it in my head, Ashley and I, wrapped up like that with the other girls watching with slack jaws or hungry expressions as the the passion overtook the room.

My cock began to grow in my boxers and I mindlessly began rubbing myself through the fabric as I began to fixate on my memory of number four, enhanced with visions of my own daughter.

It was then, in this aroused, slightly buzzed state, that there was a knock on my door.

I left off an exasperated sigh, climbed off the bed and opened the door. Lexi was standing there doing her best impression of a shy little girl, which was quite a feet given that she was still barely covered in her deep green lingerie.

I had half a mind to pull her into the room and just take her. She had clearly been the architect of their little "contest." But cooler heads prevailed.

"Look Lexi," I said shaking my head, "just leave me alone..."

She placed a slender finger over my lips to hush me. "Shhh," she whispered, "I know you're upset and feel tricked, but please, none of us meant for things to go so far."

Taking her slim wrist firmly I pulled her hand down away from my mouth. Her eyes flared wide at my sudden forcefulness. I started to speak but then stopped, not really sure what to say.

"I want to show you something," Lexi leaned forward as she said it, raising up on her tiptoes to bring her cheek next to mine and her mouth next to my ear. "But you have to be very quiet."

Without waiting for any assent on my part she took advantage of my grip on her wrist and began to guide me down the hall and down the stairs, back to the common room. My grip on her wrist relaxed and she slid her hand into mine as I followed her. Soft moans were wafting down the hall and suddenly my curiosity peaked.

"Lexi, wha...." but she hushed me again and then motioned me forward to to edge of the door, sliding out of the way so that I could take the prime viewing spot. The lights inside had been dimmed and the glow of the fireplace provided just enough for me to see Erika's light mocha body reclined naked on the couch, leaning back into and resting against Ashley, who cradled her head almost nuturingly while at the same time wrapping her arms around Erika and squeezing her breasts, tugging her nipples hard.

Erika's legs were splayed open, one foot on the floor, the other raised and draped over the back of the couch, and in between them was another naked girl kneeling on the floor. Her mousy brown hair shimmered in the low light as she serviced Erika with her mouth. The older girl running a hand through it, gripping it, and grinding against the freshman's obscured face.

My eyes darted back to Lexi who had moved closer to me and placed her hand on my chest, right over my rapidly beating heart. She smiled sweetly then lifted up on tiptoes again and whispered in my ear, "Erika won the contest, and she chose Kate as her prize." She let her tongue dart out and flick my ear lobe, my eyes so glued on the scene in my cabin's living room that I barely registered Lexi's tongue.

When Lexi slid her hand down my chest and over my stomach, cupping my already thick cock through my trousers, I turned quickly to her, eyes wide.

"Lexi..." I breathed heavily, "this isn't..."

She cut me off by pressing her soft lips to mine, allowing her nimble tongue to dart into my mouth ever so briefly before pulling away and whispering into the hollow of my mouth.

"We were very mean to you before... just enjoy this..." her hand, far more expert than her years would suggest stroked me through the thin material and she let out a girlish giggle, "I can tell you like it..."

She kissed me again, briefly and then retreated to allow me my view. Erika lolled her head back and let out a low pitch moan, and I could tell Ashley was whispering in her ear, though I couldn't make out what she was saying. My concentration only broke when I felt my zipper lower and Lexi's hand reach into my trousers to lay bare my cock. When I glanced down, I saw that she had slipped to her knees in front of me and my thick cock jutted out toward her young, pretty face, mere inches from her lips.

She gave me an almost stern look and pointed with her free hand back to the room, telling me that's what I should be paying attention to, and without hesitation I obeyed.

As soon as my eyes were back on Erika's writhing body, I felt the warm wetness of Lexi's mouth slide down the length of my shaft. I feared I moaned a bit too loudly but if the girls in the living room heard me, they made no indication.

Lexi took me deep, and I could feel her lips slide down the length of my shaft, as far down as anyone ever had. I couldn't help reaching down and placing my hand on the back of her head as I began to move my hips gently back and forth. I glanced down to see my cock disappearing into the mouth of my daughter's best friend, and watched that for a moment before looking up and back to the room.

In the room I saw Kate back away from Erika and sit patiently waiting on her knees, lips and cheeks glistening with the older girl's ample wetness. Erika then turned over, so she lay between my daughter's legs, facing her, and then they kissed... hard. Their lithe swimmer's bodies writhing against each other, for a moment before Erika herself slid down and off the couch so she was kneeling between my daughter's spread legs.

I hadn't realized that Ashley was also nude until that moment, and though I knew I should look away, I couldn't. Ashley was beautiful, and her eyes were lidded with pure lust as she watched her friend lean forward and begin licking her. Erika wrapped her arms under Ashley's legs and pulled her forward like a rag doll, the back of her head with its dark mop of curls moving furiously as I heard Ashley let out a high pitch gasp.

My cock twitched in Lexi's mouth, but I was riveted on the scene before me. What would have been a transformational experience in itself, a blowjob from my daughter's best friend, was now little more than heightened masturbation as I watched my daughter writhe and grind under the administration of another girl's mouth.

I was getting close, having been teased earlier, and now being blown while watching something I had never imagined seeing. I let out a gasp as my cock began to swell in Lexi's mouth, as I watched my daughter's angelic face contort and twist. For a moment it seemed Ashley looked my way, when suddenly her eyes widened.

I stared back into her eyes, not sure if she saw me or not, but then her head rolled back and her body shook in violent orgasm as her thighs squeezed against Erika's cheeks. Moaning and whining as wave after wave washed over her.

Seeing my daughter cum on the tongue of her friend was too much and I gripped Lexi's red hair as I flooded her mouth with jets of my thick cum. Never taking my eyes off of my daughter's writhing body as I emptied myself into the willing vixen kneeling before me.

I stumbled back letting my cock drag out over Lexi's lips and chin before separating from her. I looked down as I heard her giggle slightly, wiping a stray strand of cum from her chin with her finger before sucking that clean as well.

"I've wanted to do that for years," she smiled as she stood up. Leaning in close she whispered in my ear, "Now... watch this."

I receded back into the shadows as Lexi walked into the living room where the three girls lay panting. I had intended to run back to my room before I was seen, but I just couldn't.

Hiding for the most part, unable to disobey Lexi's command, I watched as she walked over to my daughter, her best friend, and leaned down and gave her a full kiss on the lips, letting her tongue dart into my daughter's eager mouth.

I fell back into the hallway against the wall. "Oh god," I thought, "she's letting her taste her own father's cum... that..." but there was no word for what Lexi was doing. And even as it made me shake with unease, I couldn't help but peek around the corner and watch them continue to kiss, getting turned on again against my own will and better judgment.

Somehow I managed to force myself back down the hall and up the stairs, stopping in the bathroom along the way to splash some water on my face.

"Oh god, this is getting out of hand," I thought to myself as I looked at my reflection in the mirror. I went from blindly kissing all of the girls, including my daughter, to getting blown by her friend while I watched my daughter climax on another girl's tongue. And worst of all, after swallowing every drop of my cum, Lexi went and kissed my daughter.

Could she tell? Did she know what cum tasted like? I mean, if she could tell she'd know it was mine, her own father's. But she didn't seem to react at all. Maybe she was too blissful from her orgasm to pay attention. Maybe she's never had a guy in her mouth.

That last thought was a mistake as now I was picturing my daughter giving some anonymous guy head. No... not anonymous. Fuck, I was picturing her giving me head. "Fucking Lexi," I thought, "this is all her fault."

I resolved to lock myself into my room and just not come out anymore. I had to get away before this got any further out of hand. "Maybe I can just leave in the morning,," I considered, "they're all college girls, they don't really need a chaperon, not that I'm doing a good job of it anyway."

I splashed one more handful of water on my face and made straight for my room, despite being curious about what was now transpiring in the living room. Needless to say, despite having just cum, I was still agitated and aroused, with images of my own daughter in my head.

Of course when I opened the door to my room, I discovered it was not the sanctuary I had hoped it would be. Kneeling on my bed, wearing baby doll nighties, were Jane and Janet both, The one in blue have tied her blonde hair back in a pony tail, the one in red wearing hers in long pigtails with matching red ribbons. They smiled coquettishly.

I sighed deeply. This weekend wasn't going as planned. And while I wanted to yell and chase them from my room, instead I simply gave an exasperated, "Girls..."

"Mr. Crenshaw," Jane, the more serious of the two began, "you kind of let us down before."

I leaned back against the now closed door trying not to ogle the college aged twins. I tried to sound annoyed as I asked, "Oh yeah? How's that?"

"Well..." said Janet, "the entire point was for you to say which of us is the better kisser, and then you picked Erika with that silly little peck she gave you."

"Honestly girls," I said trying to play naive, "I can't answer your question, I was blind folded, remember?"

Janet giggled at my obtuseness, and Jane spoke, "Well, you're not blindfolded now... are you?" She lowered her chin and chewed nervously on her thumb while her eyes bore into me.

"Get out," I managed the courage to say, even going so far as to open the door to my room. When neither of them moved, I added a stern, "Now!"

Jane smirked and got up, saying, "Come on Janet, he's obviously not up to it." And I admit the insinuation cut me a little.

As they came up to where I stood holding the door open, Janet muttered under her breath, "Pretty bad mood for someone who just got blown."

My eyes went wide and I slammed the door and held it closed before they could leave, "You saw that?" I asked nervously.

"Mhmm," Jane said. "Why? You're not worried we'd tell, are you?"

I glanced back and forth between them, obviously anxious but remained silent.

Janet giggled again, leaning into her sister and saying loud enough for me to hear, "I bet Ashley wouldn't like the thought of her daddy filling Lexi's mouth... " She turned her head toward me cocking it to the side in the most suggestive way before adding, "She'd be super jealous."

My mouth went dry, but I managed a weak, "No... that's not..." but I was soon cut off as both girls took a position on either side of me, placing their hands on my chest and gently edging me back to the bed.

"If she'd be jealous of that..." Jane said, "She'd be absolutely green over what we're about to do to you..."

I fell into the bed once the back of my knees made contact with the edge of the matress, each girl sliding up beside me, one on my left, one on my right. They closed in and kissed either cheek, and nibbled their way to ear lobes as they continued pushing me down until I lay on my back, with them cooing and giggling as they nibbled each ear and nuzzled my neck.

I could have stopped them, I know. I should have demanded they leave. Truthfully their talking about Ashley had the desired effect and despite my will, I was hard again. They quickly discovered this fact as their hands met at my belt buckle and zipper and began to undo my trousers.

A delicate hand slid inside my trousers and gripped my thickening cock as I let out a moan and began giving me light squeezes and slow strokes. Another hand reached lower and expertly cupped my balls.

"He's quite... gifted," Jane giggled glancing over me and at her sister.

"Mhmmm, much better than that guy we met after regionals," her sister replied, continuing the conversation as if I wasn't even there, "And he left me sore for a week."

Janet leaned over me and lightly touched her lips to her sister's. "I'm excited," she said before leaning back in and kissing Jane deeply. I watched as the two girls' lips parted and their tongues explored each other's mouths in a way that was both shocking and exhilarating.

Breaking the kiss, Jane leaned down and covered my mouth with her own while the hand gripping my hard cock quickened its pace albeit still stifled by the presence of my boxers. Yet, as I made out with Jane, I felt my boxers slip down and over my thighs and off completely as no doubt Janet had taken it upon herself to free me of my clothing.

Jane continued to kiss me and her loose flowing blonde hair fell across my face blinding me to what her sister was doing. But I could feel the bed move as the hand left me throbbing in open air for a moment. The touch of what must have been inner thigh on either side of my hips as Janet straddled me, spreading her young thighs wide was soon followed by the pressure of her folds of wet flesh pressing down along the underside of my shaft as my cock lay flat against my stomach. She began to grind along me and I let out a low moan into her sister's mouth as she did.

Breaking the kiss, Jane lifted her head from mine and looked back at her sister. "I thought I was going first?" She said with a kind of exasperated pout.

Janet, who I now saw was fully naked as she sat atop me, was grinding her athletic hips in such a way that pushed her perfect young breasts out. Her hair remained in two braided pig tails that fell on either side of her breasts, and her hands pulled on each of the plaits as if desperate for something to hold onto.

"I never agreed to that," She breathed as she continued to grind, "you'll just have to find something else to do..." she let out a little gasp, "until I'm finished."

As both Jane and I watched, Janet lifted herself ever so slightly and reached down between her splayed thighs and guided my throbbing cock up into her entrance, and in one fluid motion she sank down and I watched myself disappear into my daughter's college teammate as she let out a gasp.

There was little resistance, but her flesh gripped me tightly as every inch of me reached into her depths until she sat flush against me. Her eyes went wide and her tongue wet her lips as her hands went from her hair to her breasts. "God Jane," she cooed, "You're gonna love it, if I leave any for you...." I could almost hear Jane roll her eyes in response.

As Janet began to roll her hips, riding me slowly, allowing herself to adjust to being stretched on my cock, Jane got up on her knees next to my head and looked down at me before informing her sister, "Well there's more than one way to have fun with a man." Before I could say anything, not that I would have, she slid her leg over my head so that I was looking up into the identical version of the young pussy that was currently milking my cock.

I instinctively reached up and gripped Jane's hips and urged her to close the distance between her sex and my mouth, which she eagerly did. I parted her folds of flesh with my tongue and began lapping at her as she ground down against my mouth. Jane's moans and squeals joined her sister's as I helped them settle into a rhythm where both girls ground down in time with one another, both seeking their own pleasure.

Even with Jane's thighs on either side of my ears, I could hear their moans muffled as Jane leaned forward and kissed her sister as the one girl rode my cock and the other my tongue.

Their moans mingled, and their voices, so close normally, now vacillating between high pitched whines and low moans, mixed together and became indistinguishable.

"Oh god... yes... so good," whined one.

"Uhghh, oh fuck.... please... fuck..." moaned the other.

Jane ground down hard on my mouth as Janet was positively slamming down on my cock as the sound of wet slaps filled the room each time she brought her hips down. I lapped at Jane's lovely young cunt, tasting the sweet and tart sex of a young woman who had just matured. It had been so long since I tasted a woman, my tongue was eager and concentrating on devouring Jane kept me from losing control as Janet fucked me.

"Oh fuck... I'm cumming..." but I wasn't sure which twin cried out until I felt Janet's already tight pussy spasm around my cock and a sudden flood of wet as she must have squirted through her orgasm. And as I was distracted by Janet's flood, her sister ground down on my mouth and tongue, so hard, nearly smothering me as she let out a high pitched whine as her own orgasm overtook her.

Jane's thighs quivered on either side of my head and her pussy, just like her sister's, let go a flood all over my my face as her whine turned into an outright scream.

Both girls spent, fell to the side of me, leaving me to catch my own breath as I lay still rock hard and now covered in their fluids, but worked up and eager for more.

I moved to my knees on the bed behind where Jane lay on her stomach and took firm hold of her hips and pulled her up to her knees in front of me. She still was panting from the orgasm she ground out on my mouth, and merely whimpered as I moved her like a rag doll into position.

Taking hold of my cock still wet with her sister's cum, I rubbed the head into Jane's swollen sex and pushed into her. She squealed at the invasion as I sank into her, but she was tighter than her sister and in order to reach her depths I had to pull back and push in a second time.

"Oh fuck, he's big!' She squealed as her head suddenly lifted off of my mattress and she raised herself onto her elbows.

"I told you," Janet laughed as I began to fuck her sister with long slow strokes, holding her slim hips up and making sure she stayed in position for me. Janet rose up behind me and draped her arms over my shoulder.

"Do you like fucking my sister?" She whispered in my ear as Jane let out squeals and moans with each thrust of my hips. "Is she as good as I am?"

There was that competitive nature I had seen all day. Still, I wasn't in any position to parse my words, so I said the first thing that came to mind. "She's tighter," I grunted as I continued thrusting.

Janet pulled back from me a little, her voice perturbed. "That's only because she's more of a prude."

"Am...Am...n...n...not..." Jane stuttered through pleasure and a series of thrusts.

Janet came closer again, her mouth nibbling my ear, "You should fuck her harder... break that little prude wide open."

Her words had the desired effect as I began pounding harder into Jane, her blonde hair flailing as she threw her head back at each new invasion.

"Yes..." she mewled, looking back at me over her shoulder through a curtain of corn silk hair, "Fuck me harder..." Her head immediately fell again as I pumped into her faster, my fingers gripping her taut hips and pulling her back to meet my now savage thrusts.

Just like before, Jane began emitting a long low whine that turned into a squeal as her body started convulsing her small fists gripping at the sheets as another orgasm rocked through her. I was too close this time to stop, and my cock began to swell as my thrusts became more erratic seeking my own release.

"Cum in her," Janet whispered, encouraging me further. "fill her tight little cunt." Being encouraged by one twin to cum in her sister was more than enough to push me over the edge and unload jet after jet of my thick seed deep into the shuddering blonde splayed out before me.

Janet let out a wicked little chuckle as her tongue darted into my ear. As my head cleared I wondered if this too was part of their game. If Janet had convinced me to cum in her sister knowing her sister was unprotected, ruining her for future swim meets if not everything else.

I leaned back and pulled out of Jane who fell forward onto her stomach. I admit I watched as between her splayed thighs my cum slid out of her well fucked pussy and pooled on the mattress. If Jane was concerned she didn't show it, instead just panting and catching her breath.

As I leaned back on the bed, Janet bent down and took my softening cock in her mouth, licking me clean of both mine and her sister's cum. While the two girls were both beautiful and sexually eager, Janet was clearly the nastier of the two. I could tell she was hoping to get me hard again, but after two orgasms already that night, I wasn't sure I had it in me.

"You two need to get back to your room before someone sees you in here," I said as reached down and lifted Janet's mouth from my semi hard cock.

"Awww," she whined, "Jane got to cum twice and I only came once. It's not fair." The braided pigtails only making her look more petulant.

"Come on, Janet," Her sister said slowly raising herself up. "We're still here for two more days. I doubt that's the last time you'll cum."

"It better not be," Janet replied, "I'm keeping score, and I'm going to beat you even though you're up 2-1 now."

Jane rolled her eyes as she gathered her clothes, moving gingerly through the room. "Masturbation orgasms don't count," she declared.

The two girls left and closed my door behind them. I wondered if anyone had seen them, or maybe even heard them. God, what if Ashley knew I had fucked two of her teammates? Rather than shame at the thought, a surge of renewed sexual energy pulsed through me. But it was late and I was exhausted and in no time, fell deep asleep.

**Chaperoning the Swim Team Ch. 02**

*Summary: Two more teammates, two first times. Not at all the same*.

Despite my various anxieties, I fell asleep almost immediately, having been worn out by the twins, Jane and Janet, after Lexi had started me off earlier in the evening with a blow job. A blow job I received while I watched my daughter Ashley being pleasured by her swimming teammate. a blow job that made me cum while clandestinely watching my daughter cum.

I was supposed to be here as an unintruding chaperone to my daughter's college swim team get together. After one day I had had sexual encounters with three of them.

I fell into a restless sleep, unable to fully process all that had happened and all that I hoped and feared might happen. The dreams were sexual in part, my late wife grinding on top of me whispering with a wanton grin, "You want to fuck her, don't you?" In my dreams I resisted saying yes. I knew who she meant, who she was taunting me with.

When she was alive it was exactly the kind of thing she would do. Teasing me with my own obvious desires, enjoying how it made me squirm, how hard I got as she urged me to delve into my fantasies. Of course, now I was teasing myself, a victim of my own unconscious.

I woke with a start as a loud knock on my bedroom door kept the dream reaching any kind of climax.

"What?" I growled, irritated at having been woken after a night of poor sleep and agitated from the dream. The door crept open and Ashley, my daughter, walked in wearing leggings that hugged her well toned legs and a sweatshirt that hung low enough to keep my eyes from my own daughter's ass. I blinked hard clearing the cob webs from my head.

"Geez, dad, I guess you didn't sleep well." She stepped into the room and closed the door behind her. "We didn't keep you up, did we?"

She was sheepish and awkward with me in a way she wasn't normally. Maybe Lexi and the twins had told her about our adventures, or maybe it was just the kissing contest that should never have happened. I patted the bed next to me and gave out a sigh.

Hesitating with her head bowed a bit, she moved toward me and took a seat. I patted her knee and then quickly pulled my hand away.

"Look Ashley, about last night..." I started but didn't quite know where to go.

Continuing to look away she finished, "It was stupid to make you do that." Turning to me with eyes welling up she finished, "I'm so sorry."

I pulled her into a hug. "Don't worry about it, I'm sure it seemed funny and exciting to tease me that way. It's just that..."

She pulled back and looked up at me with the sweetest eyes, "It's just awkward now and I don't want us to be awkward."

"We'll be fine," I gave her a reassuring smile followed by another hug. "I'll just lay low today and by tomorrow it will be like nothing happened."

Letting out a little sigh she sat back and gave me her usual smile. "I'm glad, and the place will be quiet and you can take it easy today." Then she hugged me again and rested her head on my shoulder before adding, "After you get the tree."

"The tree?" I turned my head toward her and realized suddenly that our faces were uncomfortably close.

"Yes daddy," she affected her best little girl as she always did when she wanted something. "You can't have Christmas without a tree."

I sighed, knowing I was powerless in the face of those pleading eyes. Besides, getting out alone would be welcome. "Okay," I agreed, "I'll head out and get one. But you girls will have to decorate it. I'm not touching it."

She let out a little squeal of delight before kissing me on the cheek, "Of course, we've already started decorating the house." She jumped up and headed to the door but then stopped and looked shyly at the floor before saying, "And be careful, I told them not to, but the girls have put up mistletoe everywhere. I think..." she looked at me and blushed a bit, "I think the contest last night might have given them ideas."

If only she knew. I wondered how long it would take for one of the twins to bring up last night as part of their constant bickering. Lexi would probably keep quiet, but in some ways she was more dangerous.

In that moment in the light of the morning with a slight hangover it dawned on me that Lexi had said she'd wanted to blow me for a long time. Was this planned in some way? She certainly seemed in charge of the kissing contest. Sighing to myself I thought, I'm much too old for the ins and outs of college girls and their machinations.

After a quick shower in my en suite at the cabin I pulled on a pair of jeans and a heavy flannel shirt. I remembered seeing a homemade sign advertising Christmas trees for sale an exit back on the highway. That was likely the best bet for collecting the required tree.

Slowly opening my bedroom door I poked my head out and assessed the situation. Everything was quiet, no sign of the girls anywhere. I crept down the hallway, noticing the mistletoe that hung in every doorway in the cabin. Ashley wasn't kidding when she said they had gone a little crazy with the stuff. I felt like a rabbit trying to avoid traps.

As I moved through the house toward the front door I relaxed a bit. No sign of anyone, they must have gone out. There was a small hill nearby and we had some sleds, so maybe they went out to enjoy some snow sports.

As I passed the door to the living room, however, I learned that assertion was wrong. I glanced out, and through the living room, through the sliding glass doors to the deck, I could see the twins were getting in the hot tub and assumed that's where all of the girls were.

My conversation about Ashley's bikini came back to me when Erika suddenly came up from behind me in a revealing two piece of her own and pushed past me into the living room on her way to the deck.

She stopped a few steps in front of me and turned back, "Oh, hello Alex," She turned and smiled at me. Her hands on her hips as if she were posing for me.

I couldn't help my eyes as they traveled over her toned body mostly on display, only barely covered by a yellow bikini. Her breasts were fuller than the twins, perfectly shaped and pert. The yellow of the bikini contrasting nicely with her dark skin.

I forced my eyes back to hers. "Hi Erika," I said flatly, "Sleep well?"

She wet her lips with her tongue and my heart beat a little faster as I realized the last time I saw that mouth it was causing my daughter to orgasm.

"I was a bit restless after last night." She moved back toward me. "How about you? Are you okay?" Her hand went to my chest and lingered there as she looked up at me seductively. "We weren't very nice to you."

"You were nice to me," I said honestly, remembering how she gave me a simple peck to finish the contest after I realized that I had made out with my own daughter.

"Aww," she tilted her head to the side and batted her eyes at me. "You're so sweet. I know what it's like to need a gentle touch. But..." she trailed off.

"But?" I asked, my heart speeding up a bit.

"But I never did get a proper kiss." Then her eyes trailed up and I followed them to see that I was in fact standing under a clump of mistletoe.

"Well," I managed, "I guess now's your chance." I paused and then began to add, "If you're intere..." but she had closed the gap between us before I finished and pressed her lips to mine.

I wrapped my arms around her near naked body and she followed suit, and we stood in the doorway making out under the mistletoe. After the twins and Lexi, I guess a kiss, even a passionate kiss didn't seem so bad.

Consequently, I was startled when I heard a sudden, "Dad!" from behind me down the hallway. I pulled away immediately and turned to see Ashley watching us kiss, an expression of such shock on her face.

"Ashley, I..." and I glanced up at the mistletoe and her eyes followed mine, then shot to Erika who gave her a shrug and a smile.

Ashley let out an exasperated growl with a shake of her head and then pushed past us both heading for the patio where the other girls were in the hot tub, not paying attention to the drama inside.

I made a move to stop her but Erika placed her hand back on my chest and stopped me. "No, don't," she said, "I'll go talk to her, tell her it was my fault."

"But it wasn't, I shouldn't have..." but she cut me off with another kiss.

"Oh yes, you should have. And maybe later... I mean," she suddenly turned a bit shy, a side which I hadn't seen, "I mean you seem like a man who could be gentle."

I couldn't process all of this right now. I was completely aroused, but also terrified that my daughter was going to never talk to me again. And if she reacted like that to a kiss then the events of the night before were not going to go over well.

"I'm going to get a tree." I said noncommittally, "Please talk to Ashley, tell her I'm sorry."

I pulled on my coat and stepped into the chilled air heading for my car. I felt like I was really making a mess of things.

I was on edge as I approached my car in the cold morning air, somewhere between aroused and angry, mostly with myself. This feeling wasn't at all alleviated by the coquettish figure leaning against my car waiting for me.

"Hello, Mr. Crenshaw," Lexi said with a coy little smile that was certainly meant to remind me that I had cum in her mouth the previous night. She wore a cute black beret from which spilled her loose red curls that framed her face.

Unable to keep my eyes from wandering over the rest of her. She had on a bright white coat that stopped at her waist. She also wore an impossibly short skirt out of touch with the temperature, with black tights underneath that accentuated her shapely legs. The outfit was capped off with ankle boots designed more for sex appeal than the snow.

"Lexi," I said with an exasperated sigh, "What are you doing out here? Why aren't you with the other girls in the hot tub?"

"Well," she began, stepping close to me and taking my hands in hers as she looked up at me with doe eyes, "My favorite part of Christmas is getting the tree, so I wanted to come with you."

Pulling my hands from hers I said, "Lexi, I'm really not in the mood. And the last thing I want right now is to be alone with you."

She let out a little giggle, "Aww Mr. Crenshaw, you can't be afraid of little ole me, can you?" I just stared at her trying to effect my best unimpressed expression as she smirked up at me, completely aware of the fact that I wanted to throw her down and fuck her as hard as I could.

"Oh don't worry," she finally said to cut the silence, and just then the front door to the house opened and out stepped Kate, wearing black leggings and a tight sweater that molded her smallish breasts. She wasn't wearing a coat, but had on a scarf and knit cap over her mousy brown hair. She stumbled a bit as she came down the stairs but didn't fall. She gave a wave, and the cold combined with her embarrassment over slipping gave a flush to her cheeks. She was the consummate tag-along freshman.

Lexi pressed her case, "See, we won't be alone. Kate wants to come too. You don't mind if we both come, do you?"

I rolled my eyes at her double entendre, but opened the driver's side door and slid in. Lexi and Kate both followed suit, each of them sliding in the back seat, leaving me alone in the front. I didn't worry too much. Regardless as to what kind of temptation Lexi, or even Kate, wanted to offer, we were going to be outdoors in sub freezing weather. What could possibly happen?

The sun was out despite the cold as I steered the car back to the main highway and down to the exit where I had seen trees advertised. The girls had moved close together and whispered conspiratorily in the backseat. Every now and again I would glance at them in the review mirror, but as far as I could tell, nothing untoward was happening, despite their incessant hushed tones punctuated by giggles.

The tree lot was mostly picked over when we arrived. With only three days until Christmas, most people had already had trees, and the one's on the lot had been sitting out long enough that their needles were beginning to brown and fall off at the slightest touch.

The lot attendant, a young man in his early twenties kept eyeing the two girls. Who could blame him? I certainly kept looking them over despite myself. But he was a bit too country for them, wiry and gangly with bad skin. His look was almost hungry.

"Mr. Crenshaw these trees are horrible," Lexi said with a pout.

"Maybe they have some others in the back or something?" Kate added hopefully.

"How about it?" I asked the greasy kid tending the lot, "Is this all you have?"

"All we have that's cut," he answers. "If you want you can take an ax over there and walk through the grove. But anything you cut, you buy, and I ain't helping."

Letting out a sigh I grabbed the ax and headed in the direction of the grove. The girls followed suit; Lexi giving the attendant a dirty look at his lack of helpfulness.

We traipsed through the snow for a while, looking at various trees and debating about which one we should pick. Before we knew it, we were pretty far from where we started and the girls were getting cold, dressed more for appearance than the weather.

I noticed a cabin up on the hill. Most were abandoned this time of year being typically used in the summer tourist season. I directed the girls to follow me and we made our way to it. Luckily there was an obvious fake rock with a key in it, and we entered the cabin. It was cold, but I quickly built a fire and the three of us huddled around it.

"There," I said, "That's better isn't it? We'll warm up and then go and finish our task. Should easily get back by late afternoon.

"Mr. Crenshaw," Lexi looked up at me, her arm around a shivering Kate, "I think she might need more than the fire, she can't stop shaking."

"Just give her a minute," I knelt on the floor on the other side of the girl and wrapped my arm around her as well. We sat like that for a while, huddled together, helping Kate warm up. She leaned her head on my shoulder and then suddenly kissed my neck.

I pulled back but I heard Lexi's voice behind me, she had moved to the couch and was sitting with one foot on the floor and the other flat on the cushion, her skirt falling just enough between her thighs to cover her crotch as she looked at us. "Mr. Crenshaw," She said, her eyes lidded, "Kate has something she wants to show you." When Kate hesitated, Lexi added, "Well, go on... you know you want to."

I wasn't sure what was coming, but I figured it was something sexual. And sure enough Kate pulled off her sweatshirt to reveal a pink bra covering her firm breasts and revealing her toned stomach. I glanced at Lexi and rolled my eyes, but she just giggled mischievously and nodded back for me to watch Kate.

When I looked back, Kate was leaning back into a bridge, her flexible form nearly making a circle as she leaned backwards before throwing her legs up and over and landing in a split.

Kate smiled broadly as she looked at me, her arms out in a finishing pose. Somewhat confused and not sure what else I should do, I applauded.

"Kate's going to try out for gymnastics even though she hasn't really competed before," Lexi said matter of factly.

"Well I thought it was impressive." I added. "You seem, um... very flexible."

Kate smiled coyly and then turned her abdomen away from me, and her legs, which had been one out in front and the other behind suddenly jutted out to either side of her, nearly perpendicular to her body leaving me with a nice view of her tight and shapely ass in her leggings. She leaned forward and rested on her elbows and then looked back over her shoulder at me through her hair which hung in her face.

"Do guys like this kind of thing?" She asked with a naivete that was much more sincere that Lexi's false innocence. "It makes me hot to think guys get turned on watching me."

Before I could say anything, Lexi spoke from where she watched on the couch, "Why don't you check and see how turned on Mr. Crenshaw is."

I gave Lexi a sudden look that was meant to be reprimanding, but turned out to be a bit fearful. Standing up I said. "No, that's okay Kate, we really should be..."

But Kate had turned her self around and was crawling toward me in the most seductive way, her mouth turned in a hungry, crooked smile, and as she reached where I stood , she ran her hands up and over my thighs.

"You see Mr. Crenshaw," Lexi announced suddenly standing and walking behind me, resting her chin on my shoulder as she looked up at me, "Kate is a bit young, but... well, as you saw last night, she's quite experienced with her mouth."

Kate lowered my zipper and undid my trousers, eagerly fishing out my rapidly hardening cock. She begin stroking it in her small hands as she looked up at me from her kneeling position.

"He saw that?" Kate asked her eyes going wide. "Does that mean he also saw...?"

"Mhmmm," Lexi purred.

I knew what they were talking about. I couldn't get the image out of my head. My daughter Ashley laid back, legs spread while her teammate Erika brought her to orgasm with her tongue.

"Oh my god," Kate said, suddenly bobbing her head down on my cock before pulling off, "I'd explode if I thought my dad ever watched me cum like that." And then she began sucking me in earnest.

"Kate..." I groaned, unable to form the will power to force myself away, "We shouldn't..."

"Shhh," Lexi hissed and then nibbled my ear, "Just enjoy her, Mr. Crenshaw, she's got a quite talented mouth... everyone on the team knows that." She tugged at my ear with her teeth and helped undo the buttons of my shirt as Kate bobbed up and down on my cock. "And I do mean everyone."

I moaned at the implication and my cock twitched in Kate's mouth eliciting a muffled giggle. As Lexi backed away from me and went back to observing from the couch she added, "I mean, what do you think freshman girls are for... we all take our turn on our knees, Mr. Crenshaw."

For a girl of 18, Kate had a talented mouth, and she licked and sucked and swallowed my cock with an eagerness I'm not sure I had ever seen. Her tongue was ever present, rolling over and around my cock, lapping at the underside of my shaft.

She cupped my balls in one small hand and gave them just the right amount of pressure as her other hand firmly held the base of my cock. It was wet and slippery, and she made lewd slurping and sucking sounds as she got me as hard as I had ever remembered being.

I heard a moan from from the couch and saw that Lexi had peeled off her tights and had leaned back, one leg up and draped over the back of the couch, the other foot on the floor as she languidly rubbed her bare and glistening pussy watching her younger friend giving exquisite head.

"Okay," Lexi said slowly, "That's enough, I think he's ready." Kate sat back on her folded legs as Lexi motioned me to her. "Kate's been getting boys ready for us all year... not that I mind doing it myself... bu then you know that already... don't you Mr. Crenshaw?"

I moved toward her spread legs leaving Kate and my trousers behind. The freshman was nice, but it was the redheaded vixen I wanted, and apparently she wanted me.

As I knelt between her lithe, spread legs, I hovered over her, holding myself above her with one hand, and guiding my cock into her wet folds with the other.

"I've been wanting this..." she mewled as I slid into her, "forever."

I had wanted it forever too, and the feeling was overwhelming as her body welcomed me like it had been designed to accommodate my cock. Her young cunt gripped me with perfect pressure and just as I sunk the last measure of my cock inside her, I felt my head brush her cervix.

She hooked one leg around my waist, keeping the other on the floor and locked her deep green eyes on mine with an intensity that told me she wanted to know every moment that it was her best friend's father fucking her.

Biting her lower lip, Lexi moaned and then whined, "Mr. Crenshaw..." in that seductively innocent way she had always teased me with. And I pressed harder into her, thrusting my hips at a quickening pace as she ground herself up into me.

"Is this what you've wanted?" I grunted as I looked into her deceptively innocent eyes, "Is this what you've been trying to coax out of me?"

She gave the faintest of nods as if she were a shy little girl, but the whimpers and moans were building in intensity and her eyes were having trouble keeping focus as they rolled back again and again.

"Please," she whimpered, "don't stop... I'm so close."

I hooked her leg with my arm and nearly folded her in half as I began pounding down into her with my full length and strength.

"Yes, yes, just like that, fuck me harder," She began to cry out, "Harder, make me your little bitch. I wanna be your little bitch."

And then her eye lids fluttered and her eyes rolled back and her body quaked beneath me as I pinned her in place. I felt her cunt convulse around me, milking me as she spasmed through her orgasm.

The look on the red head's face as she slipped into ecstasy was too much for me to bear, and her young, ripe body got what it wanted as I emptied thick ropes of cum deep inside her while pinning her beneath me.

As the last of me emptied into her, I tried to gain control of my breathing which had become labored as I fucked her harder in search of release. She smiled up at me and almost purred, "Better than I imagined, and I imagined it a lot."

The idea of her masturbating to thoughts of me, even though I was currently still inside her made me shudder. Leaning down I kissed her full on the lips and let my tongue explore her mouth as her tongue explored mine.

I pushed myself up and off, leaving her legs spread, her obscenely open sex on display and oozing my cum. I couldn't look away from the sexy image until I heard Lexi say, "Okay Katy girl, come here."

Kate, who I had forgotten about, but was kneeling on the floor completely nude with her hand between her spread thighs, crawled toward Lexi and licked the length of the red head's thigh before covering Lexi's mound with her eager mouth and feeding on my deposited cum like a newborn at a milky teat.

It was the sexiest thing I think I had ever seen.

Lexi draped her hand on the back of the freshman's head and let out a little moan. "Kate is very oral," she explained smiling at me letting out an occasional gasp, "we put that to good use."

Kate moaned and continued to finger herself as she cleaned the older girl's well fucked sex. I couldn't believe what these girls did behind closed doors. I would have never expected. Would anyone? And while I watched the younger girl service the senior, my cock twitched and began to grow despite the abundance of use.

Lexi ground her pelvis up into Kate's mouth, holding her in place with a hand on the back of her head. When she saw that I was watching intently and slowly stroking myself, Lexi patted the arm of the couch next to her and said between little moans, "Come sit over here, and I'll help you."

I moved to Lexi's side of the couch, and she reached over with her svelte hand began stroking me as Kate continued to feed on her. With a moan Lexi leaned over and swallowed my semi hard cock and cleaned what remained of our combined juices.

I slowly grew fully erect in her mouth, her moans vibrating through me and helping me along. In all honesty, she wasn't as good as Kate, but she may have been distracted by the younger girl's tongue swirling in her folds of flesh.

"Kate's saving herself," Lexi panted as she obviously approached a second orgasm, "Her pussy anyway, but if you want, you can fuck her ass."

Suddenly Lexi gripped the back of Kate's head with one hand and gripped my cock tighter in the other. I watched in fascination as she ground hard against the freshman's mouth and cried out into the room in thick grunts. Her stomach muscles tensing as she rode the wave of what looked like an almost painful orgasm.

Falling slack, Lexi shivered and looked up at me with a giggle. She then guided Kate up from between her legs and over to where my cock stood erect and pulsing in Lexi's hand. Without a word, Kate took over responsibility for sucking my cock as Lexi recovered herself.

Sitting up Lexi ran her hand over Kate's bare back as I relaxed into the luxurious treatment of the talented girl's mouth. "Good girl," Lexi said, petting her friend as she repeatedly swallowed my cock, "You keep him hard and ready. I'll be right back."

I watched Lexi disappear into the next room, reminded that she was still dressed despite it all, a fact which marked the younger, completely naked girl as even more submissively obedient. When the red head returned, she held up a bottle of Olive Oil that had obviously been stored in the empty kitchen's pantry and gave me a wink.

"I think," Lexi said as she sat on the couch beside where her friend was blowing me and poured a bit of the oil into her palm, "This will work perfectly." My cock was rock hard but I was nowhere near cumming after having just cum so soon.

In truth I had never taken a woman's ass before and I watched in fascination as Lexi rubbed her oil laden hand into the crack of Kate's ass, spreading it with her delicate fingers. Kate simply moaned, but otherwise was not distracted from tending to my cock. Even when I saw Lexi slide her middle finger into the apparently virgin Kate's tightest hole, the freshman just gave a sort of squeal, but kept licking and sucking my cock.

"I think she's ready," Lexi looked up at me as she worked her slippery finger in and out of Kate's ass. "Kate, sweetheart," she said gently, "Why don't you kneel on the floor and put your head in my lap so Mr. Crenshaw can fuck your ass. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

Kate finally lifted up from my cock and nodded, giving a slight, "uh huh," as she moved into the position Lexi commanded.

The freshman girl's tight round ass glistened with the olive oil Lexi used to lubricate her. I knelt behind her and held out my hand to Lexi who poured some oil into it, and I too greased my cock before leaning forward and pressing my now slippery cock to Kate's tightest hole.

Her body naturally resisted, but the oil made quick work of any such tension as I slid into her. Kate grunted and took labored breaths as she took the head of my cock into her now stretched ass.

Kate gave a whimper that stuck in her throat and looked up at her older teammate, "Lexi," she said, almost pleading, looking for the older girl to reassure her. "Lexi, please, I think he's too big." She panted, "I don't think..."

For her part Lexi petted the girl's brown hair and hushed her. "Just relax, he's almost all the way in. You can do it." Then Lexi looked with eager eyes at where I had begun to obscenely open the girl, and then up to me and nodded, "Keep going."

I pressed forward gently, Lexi and I both lost in the fascination of seeing this petite 18 year old sodomized by my cock despite Kate's whines and grunts that indicated her struggle to take it. Suddenly, its like her body opened and stopped resisting and most of my cock slid deep into her.

Kate gave a howl at the violation, but otherwise said nothing. Instead she lowered her head and actually pushed back against me, forcing another inch of my cock into her ass. I took the bottle of oil from Lexi and when I pulled back I poured more oil into the crack of her ass and over my cock before sliding back into Kate's depths.

"Oh God," she whimpered, taking hold of Lexi's hands with her own and holding them tight. "it's not like fingers." She managed to pant as I pulled back and pushed forward again.

Lexi gave me a sly smile that seemed to say, "Aren't virgins cute?" but then leaned down and kissed her friend softly. "You're doing great, he loves how tight you are."

"Does he?" she almost whined, looking back at me over her shoulder through dark tresses that showed signs of sweat.

"Yes," I reassured her, and bit my lip as took hold of her slender hips and started pumping in and out of her stretched ass, "you're perfect."

She lowered her head, resting her head,face first, in Lexi's thighs, whimpering and grunting as she concentrated on making herself available to my thrusts. Lexi leaned forward and I met her half way across the freshman's bare back and we kissed passionately.

Breaking the kiss, the redhead looked down and watched in awe as my thick cock split the young girl wide open over and over again. Looking back at me, she mouthed, "oh my god," with a look of wild eyed lust. She kissed me again and then whispered, "That's so sexy..."

With Lexi holding my concentration, my strokes in and out of Kate were rhythmic, methodical, albeit labored given the tightness of her ass.

Whining and whimpering, a thin sheen of sweat covering her entire body, Kate managed, "What... what's sexy?"

Lexi slipped down in front of the belabored girl and kissed her again. "You are Kate... you're sexy, the way you're taking his cock." Lexi lingered in another kiss with her younger friend. "Would you like me to rub you off while he fucks you?"

"Yes please," the freshman girl asked far too politely for the situation, and Lexi obliged, moving beside her and reaching under Kate with her hand. Immediately my daughter's youngest teammate became more vocal, moaning and grunting, as she tried to grind against Lexi's fingers while continuing to take my cock.

Suddenly Kate threw her head up and cried out, "Oh fuck, it's like... nothing... fuck..." and her entire body shook as a violent orgasm washed over her small frame before she went so limp she rested her head on the floor and it was only my hands gripping her hips that kept her ass in the air.

She lay there limp, moaning a low monotone as I continued fucking her, not entirely sure she was conscious.

"Cum in her ass, Mr. Crenshaw." Lexi almost demanded, kneeling up beside me, one hand wet with Kate's cum, resting on my chest, the other giving my ass a squeeze. "I wanna see it..."

I pounded the poor girl a bit harder, needing a bit more to find release as she lay moaning, face pressed to the floor, ass upturned and spread. But when I felt Lexi's slender fingers slip from behind me between my legs and squeeze my balls it was just what I needed to flood the young woman's rectum with my seed, and I cried out as I did so.

Stretched and filled as Kate was, Lexi and I watched as thick white cream overflowed from her stretched ass and slipped out around my cock and dripped down her thighs. And when I had finished emptying myself for the second time, I slipped from what was her now gaping ass and a torrent of fluid poured from her as she collapsed on the floor, almost shivering from the orgasm and the ordeal.

Lexi kissed me hard as I leaned back panting and then lay along side the freshman with an arm draped over the brunette's naked body in a gesture of comfort.

"You okay sweetie?" Lexi asked softly into the mop of brown hair that hid Kate's face.

Kate nodded without saying anything and then suddenly rolled over onto her back, small breasts appearing even smaller, but nipples jutting up in the chill air. "Fuck that was intense," She said dramatically, staring up at the ceiling, "I don' think I'm going to be able to walk straight for a week."

She raised her head and looked to where I was kneeling near her feet. "Thank you Mr. Crenshaw, that was incredible." Her face beamed.

"You're not hurt, I hope," I said, not knowing how else to respond.

"Oh, I'll be sore, but," she moved to sit up and groaned a bit and then shivered and turned to Lexi. "Oh god, the pain is like a constant reminder that I let him fuck my ass. It's so hot."

The older girl giggled and rose up off the floor, reaching down and offering to help Kate up. "It's your fault for insisting he couldn't fuck you right."

"You know I want to be a virgin on my wedding night," Kate took the offered help and rose up gingerly. Lexi just rolled her eyes at the weirdly puritan notion of such a sexual girl.

The girls found the bathroom to clean themselves and dress, and I did the same, extinguishing the fire and making sure everything, even the bottle of olive oil, was back where we found it as we headed out and made straight for the Christmas Tree camp. Lexi and Kate walked arm in arm, the older girl helping the younger in her soreness.

"Forget something?" The skinny young kid attending the lot said as we walked up. When we looked confused he added with exasperation, "A tree? You were gone awful long to not come back with one."

Fuck, a tree, right. The girls giggled and headed for the car, no longer caring too much about the outcome. And, of course, Kate was a bit worn out.

"Nothing worth the trouble," I avoided his eyes. Scanning the lot I picked out one that didn't look too bad and handed over the money before securing it to the roof for the short drive back to my cabin.

As we made our way back, I glanced in the mirror and saw that Kate was laying across the back seat with her head in Lexi's lap as the red head played with strands of the brunette's hair. It was clear Kate was still sore and maybe a little shaken after being taken like that. And suddenly I felt guilty.

Did I really want to end up in Kate's memories as her friend's dad who sodomized her on Christmas break freshman year? And would she remember it fondly or blame me, and possibly Lexi, for taking advantage of her? What if she broke down and told her parents about it? I mean, she's of age, but it wouldn't be good.

I glanced in the mirror again, Kate was looking up at Lexi and giggling as she whispered something I couldn't make out. That made me feel better. I took a deep breath and Lexi caught my eye in the mirror and smiled at me. Her smile told me that she wasn't done with me yet, and if I were honest, I'd have to admit I was glad of the thought.

"Where've you been?" Jane was at the front door yelling down to us as we got out of the car.

"Seriously, how long does it take to get a tree?" Her twin sister piled on from over Jane's shoulder.

Kate blushed and lowered her eyes as she walked toward the house, and I ignored the question altogether as I busied myself with unfastening the tree.

Lexi took it on herself to answer, "We ran into some car trouble." She lied as easily as she seduced.

Janet immediately started babbling, "Was it the battery? Because when it's really cold like this the battery dies sometimes. At least, that's what the maid said when she didn't show up like she was supposed to and Daddy seemed to accept that, and he's a car guy."

Jane, caught Lexi's eye, however, and noticed Kate's blush. A smile crept over her face as she hushed her sister and said, "Let's get inside, I'm sure we'll hear all about it."

Setting the tree up into the living room, the conversation quickly turned away from where we had been and what our trip had entailed to what the girls were going to make for dinner, and whether it was worth waiting until later that evening to decorate.

"Frozen pizza is not very Christmasy," Jane complained as three trays of the stuff was removed from the oven, "We should have turkey with all the trimmings."

"Ugh," said Erika, "I don't eat meat. And besides, Christmas is still a few days away."

Glancing in my direction Janet smiled, "I like eating meat. Especially sausage."

I admit I blushed as I secured the tree in place. I glanced at Ashley and she was leaning back into the couch and rolling her eyes at the obviousness of the sexual innuendo. She had been quiet since we returned with the tree, not making eye contact with me. Had she and Erika talked while I was gone? Had the twins?

Once the tree was in place I clapped my hands together and announced that my work was done, and that I was heading into the back to read and relax.

Jane stood in front of me batting her pretty blue eyes coquettishly, "You're not going to stay and help decorate?"

The other girls, except Ashley, moaned their disapproval.

"It really doesn't seem right for you to miss all the fun, Mr. Crenshaw," a sly smile spreading over her lips, "But you may be a bit tired after your... car trouble." She glanced at her freshman teammate and Kate blushed deep crimson.

"I tell you what," I compromised, "Once you girls get it all decorated, I'll come out for the big reveal." I grabbed a few slices of pizza and moved toward my office on the other end of the cabin. "Just send Ashley back to get me when you're ready."

Honestly I was getting very nervous about my relationship with my daughter. After all, by this point I had, in some way, fucked four of her five teammates and she had caught me making out with the fifth right before I left for the tree. I didn't know what I was going to say, but I needed to check in with her.

Some time passed before I heard a knock on my door. In between I had eaten and showered and settled into a book in the quiet part of the house.

Occasionally my thoughts drifted back to the afternoon, but it was so surreal that rather than cause me anxiety, the thought of sex with Lexi and ass fucking Kate felt like I was remembering a very pleasant dream. Still, I worried about Ashley. I was already losing her to college graduation, was I making it so that she would walk out my door and never come back?

There was a slight rapping on my door, and I put my book down. When I openned the door, there was Ashley, looking at me a bit sheepishly. "The tree's ready, we all want you to come see it."

"All of you?" I probed. "Even you?"

She let out a sigh and stepped into my room and closed the door behind her. "I..." her words stuck in her throat. "I tried to tell you ahead of time, but..." She trailed off and broke down in tears. "I'm so sorry, Daddy."

Confused, I took her in my arms and hugged her as she sobbed. Why was she apologizing to me? What was I missing?

"Ashley," I was near tears myself, though I didn't really understand why, "what's wrong? What's going on?"

"It's just horrible the way they tease you," she bawled. "Especially Lexi," her voice turning angry at the mention of her best friend, "She thinks I don't notice, but I notice. But it's all my fault."

I must admit I gave a bit of a chuckle as I guided us both to a seat on my bed. "What are you talking about?"

"So..." she began with the guiltiest of looks on her face as she got her tears and anger under control. "I mean, you never date. I've never seen you, since," she paused and didn't finish the sentence. "I was telling them that I was worried about you, that I wanted you to be happy. That you're an attractive guy with a lot to offer."

I offered a kind smile, "Ashley, honey, I am happy."

"You know what I mean, Dad." She gave an exasperated grunt. "But then Lexi sent around your pic, the one of you at the pool party from my high school graduation party, where you're at the grill, bare chested. And they were all like, 'Your dad's hot.' and 'I'll make him happy for you.'" Her voice slipped into mocking tones when she mimicked her friends.

I was beginning to understand where this was going. "And so I'm here," I said slowly, "And your friends are all flirting with me?"

Her voice become very soft and she almost whispered, "And hoping for more. I told them not to do that to you" Suddenly becoming more animated, "But they're all in some kind of contest to see..."

"Oh Ashley," I said again pulling her into a hug, "and I'm playing right into it. That must be horrible for you. I'm so sorry."

"No Dad," she pulled away and stood up turning toward the window, "You don't understand. I mean, I want you to be happy. And I know that, well, it must be torture. So I'm saying, just..."

I looked at her and raised an eyebrow. "Just what?"

"God dad, you really are dense sometimes," She sighed, "Just... be happy. Don't let them torture you. I know how great a guy you are and well, they're all over 18 and... sexy. So just... it's okay."

I could tell she was bright red despite having her back to me as she said it. Standing up, I squeezed her from behind. I really couldn't believe she was giving permission to fuck her friends, but it did let me breathe a sigh of relief since I had already.

"It's been more difficult than I imagined," I admitted without filling in any details. "But they'll be gone in a few days and it will just be us for Christmas." I kissed the top of her head before letting her go.

"I think Erika really likes you," she said straightly, "I mean, not as just some stupid contest, but really likes you."

I gave a chuckle and a shrug, "What's not to like?" And I saw my daughter smile for the first time all day. "I never want to hurt you, Ashley, but your friends are making it very difficult, and I am still a man."

"I know, dad," She said, "Believe me, I know."

That seemed like a strange response, but I let it go as I hugged her again before following her to the other part of the house to see the newly decorated Christmas tree.

The girls had really outdone themselves. In addition to the meager amount of ornaments we kept at the cabin, there were clearly others brought for the sole purpose of making this tree festive. Also, someone had popped popcorn and, in a very traditional move, had turned it into strings of homemade garland.

The lights were out, but the dim glow from the roaring fire gave everything an especially magical air. The others were obviously waiting for me and Ashley before turning on the tree lights in a big reveal.

"It's about time, you two," Lexi gave a fake air of exasperation, "we thought you might never come back." Lexi's green eyes shifted from me to my daughter, but Ashley ignored her and whatever she was implying.

"So let's get on with it," Jane said, heading to the power switch. "I mean, most of us leave tomorrow afternoon, so all this work was for one night.

"No," corrected Erika glancing up at me, "It was for Ashley and Mr. Crenshaw, who are planning to stay through Christmas."

"Besides, it was fun," added Kate, who I noticed was laying on her stomach on the floor.

"Alright," said Ashley, "Let's light it, and then we can sing some carols. We have spiced rum and an egg nog mixer."

The girls counted down to give some suspense and anticipation to the reveal and Jane flipped the switch at the countdown's end. To my surprise, not only was the tree lit, but the girls had strung multi-colored twinkle lights through the rafters and around the door ways, making a display of the entire room.

In the dark it was quite impressive and there were many Ooos and Aahhhs as the girls and I took it all in. Ashley came over to where I stood and gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheek and said, "Merry Christmas, daddy. I hope you like it."

"Oh Ashley it's lovely." I answered her but then added so everyone could hear me. "Thank you, all of you, for helping decorate our small cabin. It makes the season really feel special."

I was about to turn back to my room and settle in for some more reading and a night's rest when Erika, who was lounging on the love seat, asked, "You're not leaving are you, Alex? The fun is just beginning."

I smiled uneasily, "Well, I'm a little worn out from the afternoon, so..."

"You mean the car trouble?" Erika asked, a bit of skepticism showing through in her tone and facial expression. She glanced to where Kate lay on her stomach and the freshman turned her head and blushed.

"Yes, that's right,. The car trouble," I tried to affirm never being great at lying.

"Come on, Mr. Crenshaw," Janet jumped in, "It's more fun with a man around."

"Yes, daddy," Ashley said looking over to me, "You should stay. Have a seat next to Erika and I'll get you an egg nog." She gave me a shy smile. Added to her words in my room, I felt like she was more than just giving me permission to hook up with Erika, but was encouraging me to do it.

"Are you sure?" I asked her skeptically.

Ashley nodded, but Jane added, "Of course she's sure. You're a great guy, Mr. Crenshaw, we all like having you around. "

Janet jumped in with a coy expression aimed at her sister. "Even if we have to share."

"Come on, Alex," Erika said as she languidly lounged on the love seat, reaching over and giving the space next to her a little pat, "come sit next to me and keep me warm. I won't bite."

Much like earlier in the day, any pretense to disinterest was thinning, and without more hesitation I gave in and sat next to the lovely young woman. Ashley handed me a rum soaked egg nog, strong enough that I could smell the alcohol through the spices of the holiday drink.

"None for you?" I asked Erika who had leaned into me and placed her hand on my knee.

"I don't drink," she said simply.

"You don't drink, don't eat meat," I laughed, "Aren't you the pure one?'

She smirked up at me, "I just choose to find my vices elsewhere."

Soon enough the girls and I all were in good spirits as Ashley and Lexi led the room in singing. Christmas carols at first, but then songs that had nothing to do with the season at all. And finally enough of the girls had drunk enough that when Janet loaded up the karaoke app on her phone and connected to our speakers, everyone, excepting me and Erika, were eager to participate and put on a show.

It was innocent enough... at first. Ashley sang Lorde's "Royals" and the twins did an overly dramatic duet of "I Will Survive." But then Lexi and Ashley sang Katy Perry's "I Kissed a Girl" and were obviously teasing each other through the song, bringing their lips close together before pulling away. It was all very funny, but also, not, and I began to wonder if my daughter was even still aware I was in the room as I sipped my drink.

Eventually the singing was replaced by Ashley putting in a movie. Kate fell asleep on the floor almost immediately, and before too long the pair of stumbling twins helped her back to their shared bedroom and none of them returned.

The film was "White Christmas," one of Ashley's favorites, a taste she learned from her mom, and Ashley and Lexi snuggled in together on the couch as they had so many times in our home over the past four years. Both girls on the couch, leaning into each other under a blanket. It had always been so innocent, but as I watched them together now, I wondered.

I didn't pay too much attention though since I was distracted by Erika, who had rested her head on my chest with my arm around her. Her hand, however ran up and down my thigh. Light touches at first, not obvious enough to even be counted as conscious, but soon her movements were clearly more intentional and sliding higher up the inside of my thigh.

Honestly, after the past two days and sex with multiple girls I was beginning to worry that, to paraphrase a better writer, my mind was willing, but my flesh would be a bit... soft. I wasn't a teenager anymore and as exciting as it was to have college aged girls so actively pursuing me, the body has limits.

It seemed, however, that Erika was prepared for this, and as Ashley and Lexi watched the film from across the room, Erika held out her hand with a little blue pill in it.

She whispered in my ear, "Here, take this. Lexi said you might need it after your... car trouble."

I took the pill out of her hand and looked at it. I'd never taken anything like it, and frankly never needed to, but maybe I should. It hadn't quite dawned on me how forward a move this was, or how prepared Erika was. Or even that Lexi and Erika had discussed giving me such a pill for the purpose of enhancing my ability to fuck Erika.

No, after the last two days, Erika handing me the pill at Lexi's instruction seemed about the most logical thing in the world. I glanced across the room to the two other girls, and while Ashley kept her eyes on the movie, Lexi was watching me intently. We made eye contact and she gave me her devilish smile as I put the pill in my mouth and swallowed it down with the aid of my drink.

Ashley seemed to be nodding off, so Lexi, having seen me swallow the pill said, "Okay sleepy girl, let's go to bed."

"But the movie's not over," Ashley said, glancing over where Erika was snuggled in with me. Lexi leaned over and whispered something that made Ashley blush. And in a moment both girls were standing.

As they walked to the hallway leading to the bedrooms, Ashley looked back with an almost forlorn look on her face, "'Night, Dad."

"Goodnight, Ashley," I replied. As soon as they turned the corner, Erika's hand went from my thigh to my crotch and began massaging me through the material of my trousers.

She looked up at me and smiled while her hand continued to work. "Looks like we're alone now."

Leaning down I kissed her as I felt myself growing harder against her hand. Pausing for a moment she lowered my zipper and undid my trousers as our tongue explored each other's mouths. Suddenly her hand was on my bare cock which had sprung free of my boxers.

"We don't have to do anything you don't want to do," I whispered into her mouth, remembering what Ashley had said about Erika's fears of penetration.

Her big brown eyes smiled up at me as her hand stroked me, "No, Alex, I'm ready. I..." she kissed me cutting herself off before continuing, "I've never trusted the boys my age... but I trust you."

We kissed again, making out on the couch as her hand worked over me, the pill obviously having its intended effect as I was growing harder than I'd ever remembered being.

Turning towards her I cupped her firm and ample breast feeling her nipple harden through the fabric I gave it a little tug and twist and she moaned into my mouth.

Trailing kisses from mouth to her ear, and then along her neck, I slid lower, leaving her hand unable to keep up its ministrations. Truthfully I could tell I didn't need the constant contact.

As I lowered I lifted the hem of her shirt, and she obliged, removing it the rest of the way, revealing her mocha torso as I unclapsed the front clasp on her lace bra, releasing her breasts.

I covered her dark brown areola and sucked her erect nipple into my mouth. She moaned and writhed beneath me as I teased her breasts which were clearly sensitive. Alternating between both with my mouth, she ran her fingers through my dark hair and held me close to her chest.

Trailing down over her flat stomach I hooked my fingers in the waist of her leggings and pulled both them and her panties down her athletically toned legs and off, leaving her fully naked on the couch. On my knees in front of her I put a hand on each of her knees and pushed her legs wide apart and kissed the inside of her thigh.

"Oh Alex," she purred, her hips already grinding up even though nothing was touching her. "I didn't think it would be different... but it is."

I licked tentatively at the folds of her young flesh, already wet, her scent filling my nostrils. She let out a little moaned, and tried to force more contact by scooting down lower as I teased her. Suddenly I covered her mound and pushed my tongue hard into her against her swelling clit and she let go a gasping cry of satisfaction as she ground against my tongue.

Her hands still entwined behind my head she pulled me hard against her and writhed as I held my tongue still, letting her do the work. But I wasn't about to let her cum, for her first time, I wanted her on the edge, eager and desperate for more.

Just as her breathing became ragged and her moans more intense I forced myself from her and stood in front of her, pulling my shirt off and stepping out of my trousers and boxers.

Erika whined in protest as I pulled away from her, but when she saw I was standing naked in front of her, she sat up, leaned forward, and sucked my cock into her warm, wet mouth.

I don't know what experience she had, but she was very talented, offering a nice wet blow job with lot of pressure from her tongue. I reached down and gently lay a hand on the back of her head, gripping a fistful of her hair that had been relaxed and lightened into loose curls highlighted with blonde streaks.

The vibrations from Erika's moans rippled through me and I would have been content to receive a blow job from her to completion, but that's not what she was hoping for, and honestly, I was excited to be the man she chose to take her virginity.

I reached down and lifted her to her feet, kissing her as our two naked bodies embraced. Guiding her down to lay on the couch, my hips parting her thighs as her smooth brown legs raised up and wrapped around me.

I ground against her for a moment, my hard cock sliding along the folds of her very wet pussy as I looked down into her big brown eyes.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

She bit her lower lip and nodded, tensing in a way that was both unhelpful and unavoidable. I pulled my hips back and reached between us, wetting my head and finding my mark.

I pushed forward and began the process of opening her, going slowly into untouched territory. She gasped as she felt me slide in a few inches.

I pulled back and pushed a little further into her. She rose up to meet me, which was a good sign, so I pulled back again and thrust hard and deep into her, sinking most of the way in.

I watched her eyes the entire time and as I pushed deeper than anyone had been her eyes shot wide and she gasped, "Oh God, Alex..." But it was done, and she was no longer a virgin.

I smiled down at her as she tried to control her breathing, remaining deep in her, letting her adjust. "Are you Okay, Erika?" I smiled softly.

She nodded as her breathing slowed and she relaxed. Still her tight young cunt gripped me and spasmed as it strained to accommodate the invasion.

I pulled back, and slid forward, and again. Moving slowly, short movements, letting her get used to the sensation. Of course I had to be gentle earlier in the day when I took young Kate's ass, but this was different, and it had been a very long time since I had sex with a virgin.

Erika moaned under me as I gradually picked up the pace, each thrust forward feeling her relax and let more of me slide into her. Deeper and and deeper I went, faster, her hips thrusting up, eager for more.

"Oh God Alex," she moaned, "this is so much better than I imagined. I don't know what I was afraid of."

Her lithe legs wrapped around my waist and encouraged me to fuck her deeper and I obliged. We must have looked a sight, her mocha legs wrapped around my mostly pale waist as she pressed up into me, both of us moaning and grunting as we began to fuck in earnest as her fear and discomfort vanished.

She breathed, "I wanna be on top, can I be on top?" Some combination of command and request, but I nodded and pulled out of her and sat on the couch with my thick cock sticking up and glistening, ready to re enter her. I noticed there was no sign of blood, which I knew to be an indication of her arousal and my gentleness.

She straddled me and reached between us, guiding me back into her as she lowered down. Sinking all the way until I was as deep in her as I could go. She bucked her hips back and forth as I filled her, riding me.

I now understood. Despite her hesitation about penetration, Erika was a girl who knew what she wanted, knew what she needed, and as she ground down with my cock reaching her depths, I knew that she already understood how to get herself off.

Grabbing her ass with two hands, I encouraged her to grind and fuck my stiff cock, as we both moaned into the empty room. She started a mantra of, "oh fuck... oh fuck... yes... yes," becoming increasingly needy, higher and higher pitched as she neared her release.

For my own part, I was doing my best to hold back, the grip of her tight, previously virgin pussy milking me was becoming too much for me to resist. Even after the weekend, my balls were tightening as my cock swelled inside the young woman. I just needed her to get off and I knew that I would release into her.

She began to shudder, spasms slowly rippling up her body as her movements became erratic. "That's it, Cum for me," I breathed, encouraging her.

But even as I said it, something caught my eye, movement in the doorway. As Erika ground down hard, I glanced and saw the shadow of one of the girls peeking around the corner, watching us. But couldn't tell who.

Erika let out a guttural cry as her orgasm overtook her, which brought my attention back to her and my own impending orgasm. Her cunt milking me as it contracted around my thick cock lodged deep inside the young black girl riding me. But it was only when I felt her push down hard and my cock head press against her cervix that my own orgasm triggered, pumping her full of my seed as she wound down her own climax.

When I had finished, still catching my breath, Erika slumped forward as I held onto her. This gave me a better view of the doorway, but there was no sign of whoever it was that had been watching. And even as I cradled Erika, still inside the freshly fucked girl, I wondered more hopefully than I'd care to admit: Could it have been Ashley?