**DaDee's Girls**

by Lasiter

Joanie and her best friend Carla are in the same Sex Ed class. So how come Carla knows so much more about boy thingies than she does?

Carla Jackson is my BFF! We’ve been best friends since first grade. We never do anything without the other, whetherit’sdance lessons, Girl Scouts and Brownies, gymnastic lessons, go to a movie or whatever… we always do it together. The only times when were not together is when we have different teachers (maximum bummer) or we’re at home on a school night and asleep. Even at night we’re often together as we spend the night with each other every Friday and every Saturday night and sometimes during the week too, like when her dad has to go out of town on business, or my mom has to go out of town on business.

Carla and I agree that it would be best for everybody (especially us) if my mom and her dad got married. That way we really would be sisters! Both my mom and her dad laughed at the notion, but we’re serious! It would be the best thing in the whole world!

After all, my mom is the best mom in the world and she treats Carla just like she was her daughter and DaDee, he’s the coolest, funniest (not to mention hunkiest) dad of anyone we know and he treats me like he treats Carla. For example, Mom does Carla’s hair all the time… she’s a lot better at that sort of thing than DaDee is. Mom keeps all sorts of hair stuff for Carla for when she is over. And DaDee, he bought me this teeny bikini, one just like Carla’s, except that it was pink rather than red, to wear whenever we were swimming at their house. Mom and me, we don’t have a pool, so I just leave it at Carla’s like DaDee told me to do. Besides, Mom would have a cow if she ever saw me in it!

Both my mom and Carla’s dad go out on dates, but they never go out together. I know they like each other, but they never go out together. If only Carla and I can get them to go out, maybe they’d get married. Carla told her dad that one day and he replied, “If I go out with Joanie’s mom, who’s gonna look after you two?” He had a point, I guess, but there had to be some way.

Then I came up with a plan that would work. DaDee, that’s Carla’s dad, was over dropping some things off for Carla, as he was going out of town for a few days. I said, “I know how you two can get together and watch out for us at the same time.” My mom and DaDee looked at me with puzzled expressions. “We can all just have a big sleepover! Mommy, you and DaDee can sleep together and Carla and I can sleep together.” Mommy turned red in the face and DaDee just chuckled. I just didn’t see why that wouldn’t work… it was a perfect plan!

Well, DaDee never did sleepover with Mommy, but he should have! Of course I was just in the fourth grade when I suggested that, but now that I’m sixth grade, I now know why that wouldn’t work (actually it would have worked if only they tried it). You see, we had sex education and we talked about all sorts of things, penises, vaginas, growing breasts, having babies. Now I know that they just didn’t want to have babies, but if they had gotten married, it would have been just fine and Carla and I would have a little brother or little sister!

Oh, well, I guess Carla and I will never be real sisters, even though I consider Carla to be my sister and she feels the same way about me. And just like sisters, we tell each other things we’d never tell anyone else. If I had a secret and wanted to share it with Carla, I could and she’d keep that secret forever and ever and never betray my trust. She feels the same way about me, and she can tell me anything and if it was a secret, I’d never, ever tell anyone, anything, at any time. So it was after a particularly interesting Sex Ed class, that I shared with her that I wanted to see a boy’s penis. It was during that discussion that she said something that struck me as odd; she said, “They’re usually very soft, but get hard if you touch them.”

I didn’t think too much about it right that moment, but later that night, after I checked my Sex Ed notes, I picked up the phone and called Carla for the fourth time that night.

“Carla. Today when we were talking about boys and we were talking about penises, you said, ‘They’re usually very soft, but get hard if you touch them.’ How do you know that?”

“Uh, well, we talked about it in class. Remember?” No, I didn’t remember that at all, but if Carla remembered it, it must have happened. Where was I? Asleep? Well, duh! I don’t think so!

Next day I asked a couple of other girls who were our friends about it. I could tell by their expressions that they hadn’t heard anything like that either. “Really?” was the most common answer I got.

That night I asked my mom. She said, “Yes, they do. Why do you ask?”

I told her about the Sex Ed class and she didn’t ask any more questions other than, “Do you know all of your spelling words for tomorrow?” I didn’t, so I had to get after that before she got after me.

Next day at school I asked Carla again how she knew that penises were usually soft, but get hard if you touch it. Again she claimed it was from Sex Ed class. I suspected that she was lying… not about what she said as Mommy told me that was true, but lying about how she knew that. She didn’t learn that in Sex Ed class and I was determined to find out where she learned that and what else she might be hiding from me.

After school, we walked to her house like we do every day. I would usually stay at her house until my Mom got off work. Usually we did our homework and just talked. Today neither of us was interested in homework as the subject of Sex Ed that day was just so intriguing… masturbation.

“I can’t believe people do that sort of thing,” I said to her.

She laughed and replied, “Are you for real? Lots of people do that sort of thing.”

“Like who?” I asked in a challenging manner.

My jaw dropped when she said, “Well, I do, for one.”

“No way!”

“Yea way!” she shot back with a superior look on her face. She was smarter than I was, and always took advantage of a moment to remind me of that.

My burning question about penises getting hard was suddenly of no interest. “When?”

“What do you mean, when?” she replied.

“When did you do it?”

“Lots of times.”

“Lots of times? So how come this is the first I’ve ever heard of it?”

“It’s kind of private,” she replied defensively.

“Private? What’s private between us? I tell you everything and you tell me everything. I’ve seen you naked and you’ve seen me naked. What’s private?”

“Well, uh, it’s not something people talk about.”

“I want to know! I want to know! So talk about it!”

“Will you keep it a secret?”

“Of course I will! Now tell me. Tell me all about it!” I demanded.

Well, she told me all about it and how fantastic it felt to get a good cum. “What’sa cum?”

“An orgasm. God, Joanie, an orgasm is the best, most awesome, feeling in the world!”

Even after she explained what an orgasm is, I was still a bit skeptical about all this and seeing how she’d already told me how she plays with herself down there I had only one last request. “Show me.”

“You want me to show you?”

“Yeah! I want to try it too.”

“Hmmmm, okay, but we better go upstairs to my room.”

I followed Carla upstairs to her bedroom. It always struck me as odd that Carla’s bedroom was always immaculately neat, except whenever I spent the night with her, then it looked more like my room, a total mess. Almost immediately she began to undress, carelessly tossing her clothes here and there until she was nude.

She looked at me and said, “Well? You can’t masturbate properly if you have all your clothes on.” Well, duh! Carla is right, I am so stupid sometimes.

Soon I was as naked a she was. She crawled up on her bed and spread her legs apart. So far I hadn’t seen anything I hadn’t seen before, but then she spread herself open with her fingers! “See this?” she said as she poked around near the front of her slit. I looked and saw the little bump that she was toying with. I have one of those too, but big deal…

“This is my clit,” she said clinically.

“Your what?”

“My clit… clitoris.” ‘Clitoris’ I’d heard of in Sex Ed, but ‘clit’? “You rub your clit, like this. Haven’t you ever done this?”

“No, I haven’t.”

“Okay, then you haveto try it.”

I tried it, but it wasn’t any big deal, much less the ‘best, most awesome, feeling in the world.’ After a minute or so I stopped. “I don’t get it.”

“Gawd, Joanie, you can be so… Do I have to do everything for you?”

“I just don’t think it’s all that great,” I replied.

“Here, let me show you how to do it.”

She moved down and put her hand between my legs. The only time she ever did that was when we would shower together and she’d wash me down there. That always felt good, much better than when I washed myself. She rubbed me for a moment and then her finger slipped inside. I nearly jumped out of the bed! She told me to be still and I felt her finger gently rubbing in a circular motion on my bump.

Oh, my gawd! Now it felt great! Better than anything I’d ever felt before! But as good as that felt, as she kept rubbing and rubbing, my hips were going up and down and this really strange feeling started to build inside me.

“Stop! Stop!”I urged. Carla must not have heard me because she didn’t stop, not at all! The strange feelings just got stranger and more intense.

Abruptly I knew what was about to happen if she didn’t stop… I was gonna die! Not only that, but I was going to pee all over her bed! “Stop! Oh, gawd, stop!”

Carla still didn’t stop, if anything she was doing it harder. Unexpectedly, this intense wave radiated out from my clitoris. I couldn’t breathe, I couldn’t move, yet I wasn’t hardly touching the bed because my back was so arched. Bright colored lights flashed in my head as every nerve in my body tingled like I was being electrocuted or something. Worse, or better still, the feelings didn’t stop,they just keep coming and coming and coming until… I don’t know… something gave way, like a building collapsing or something. Then it was over, except I don’t really remember it being over, just that I had collapsed onto the bed, totally wrung out. It was real surprise to me a few minutes later to realize that I didn’t die after all!

“Oh, my, GAWD!”I finally moaned.

“How was that?” my BFF asked me grinning down at me.

“That WAS the BEST, most AWESOME, feeling in the world!” I replied breathlessly.

“Okay, now you do me!” Carla said brightly.

It was several minutes before I was ready to do anything, but at Carla’s insistence… Oh, wow! What a great afternoon! We now had a new after school activity that certainly beat doing homework. From then on, when the last bell rang, we’d hurry to her house, go upstairs, throw off our clothes and diddle each other crazy until it was time for me to go home.

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With my enthusiasm about our new after-school activity, I forgot all about penises being soft and then getting hard for several weeks, but eventually the question arose in my mind again; how did Carla know about that?

Again I asked her at her house after school. Now she just said, “Everybody knows that.”<

She was right; everybody did know it because we had learned about erections in Sex Ed. Trouble was she knew that even before we ever went over that in class. How did she know? What was she hiding? I needled and cajoled and even told her that she wasn’t my best friend anymore if she didn’t tell me.

“Well, there was this… boy and…”

“What boy? Who? Tell me! Tell me!”

“No, I won’t tell you his name, so don’t ask.”

“Okay, just tell me!”

“Well, he let me touch it.”

“You didn’t? You did! Oh, my gawd! What did it feel like?”

“Kinda strange at first. It was all soft and floppy and very warm. Then as I was touching it, it started to get harder and harder in my hand. Soon it was so big, and so hard that it felt like... I dunno, like it had a bone in it, but it didn’t. But it was still soft to the touch. It felt wonderful, Joanie.”

“Then what?”

“I played with it for a while until it squirted.”

“Squirted?”

“Yes, he had an orgasm and he squirted his sperm.”

“Sperm? You’ve seen sperm?”

“Well, not the sperm themselves, they’re microscopic, but I saw his cum.”

“Cum?”

“That’s what boys call it. It’s thick and whitish and it’s very slippery.”

“Wow!” I had just received more information than I could possibly comprehend at the moment, so I didn’t ask any more questions.

That weekend, my mom took me to visit Uncle John and his family. After everything Carla had told me about penises, I was determined to see and feel one for myself and knew just where to find one, my cousin Billy. He was a year younger than I was and we didn’t get along particularly well, but I figured he’d do it because boys are so nasty that they’ll do anything.

I cornered Billy out behind his dad’s tool shed and popped the question. “Can I see your penis?”

Billy looked at me like I was from outer space. “You want to do what, Joanie?”

“I just want to see your penis?”

“You want to see my dick?” Carla had called it a dick too, so I knew what he was saying.

“Yes. I’ve never seen one.”

“You’re gonna tell your mom, aren’t you!” he stated suspiciously. Like I said, we didn’t get along very well.

“No! I just want to see it.”

“It’ll cost you a dollar.”

“A dollar!”

“Yeah, a dollar if you want to see it.”

I had three dollars in my purse, but that was inside Mom’s car. “Oooo, wait here!”

Billy waited for me and I think he was rather surprised when I handed him the dollar bill. “Now show me!” I demanded.

Billy looked around and confident that the coast was clear, pulled down his shorts and his underwear. Wow! My first dick, I mean my first penis! It wasn’t very big at all, but it was all soft and droopy.

“Can I touch it?”

“You have another dollar?”

I glared at him and just grabbed it. He yelped, but he didn’t try to get away. Just like Carla had said, it felt kinda strange and just like she said,it started to get harder in my hand. Wow! I knew all about blood filling it to bring on an erection, but wow! It was really something else to see it and feel it happening! He got hard in about fifteen seconds, and then it felt so different than before. It was also bigger, but still not very big, as I could hold the entire thing in my hand with room to spare.

“Take it easy, will ya?” he complained and I loosened my grip. He didn’t put up any fight at all as I began playing with it.

“Do you masturbate, Billy?”

“Masturbate?”

“Yeah, play with your penis.”

“You mean beat off? Yeah, everyone does it.”

“Will you show me? I’ll give you another dollar.”

Billy shrugged and then replaced my hand with his and began tugging on it. His hand was a blur as he stroked himself. In about a minute, his expression changed and he closed his eyes and grunted as his body jerked erratically. Suddenly he stopped and let go of his penis. In a matter of seconds it went from standing up hard to drooping soft. It was almost as amazing as going from soft to hard. But I noticed something else too… nothing came out of his dick, no sperm at all.

My curiosity more or less satisfied, I thanked him and walked back to the car and got the other dollar to give to him. Then something really strange happened. He declined taking my dollar and even gave me back the first dollar I had given him.

He said, “Joanie, if you ever want to do that again, just ask me. I won’t charge you any money.”

Also instead of ignoring me the rest of the day like he always does, Billy was right with me, being real nice; he even invited me up to his room to play video games! Twice he asked if I wanted to see his dick again. I had seen what I wanted to see and told him ‘no thanks’. I think he’d been happier if I had said, “Yes.”

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The experience with Billy was enlightening, but something was wrong. Carla had said, “It was so big and it squirted sperm.” Billy wasn’t big at all and he didn’t squirt sperm. I also knew why. In Sex Ed they said that during adolescence, a boy’s penis gets larger and he begins to produce sperm in his testicles. Billy wasn’t an adolescent. Whoever showed Carla his penis, he was older than she was. I just had to find out who it was, because I wanted to see a big penis and see it squirt.

It was Friday night and I was spending the weekend because Mom was going out of town with someone to some resort. We had gone swimming and DaDee played with us for hours until we were all just about exhausted. Instead of staying up and watching a movie, Carla and I went up to her room and changed into one of DaDee’s big t-shirts to sleep in.

We were talking and I just couldn’t help but ask her again how she knew what she knew.

“I told you not to ask,” Carla said irritated with me.

“But Billy wasn’t big at all and he couldn’t squirt anything. Please Carla! You know I won’t tell anyone.”

“How about if I play with your cunt,” she replied. There she goes again, using words we never heard in Sex Ed, words she’d heard from someone, but who?

“I want to see a big dick (now she had me saying it) and I want to see it squirt.”

I whined and cajoled for I don’t know how long before Carla broke down and said, “Okay! Okay! Wait here.” Then she left her bedroom. Wait here?

I heard her dad’s voice, but couldn’t make out what he’d said. That was unusual in itself as he hardly ever raised his voice with either of us. Then she came back in and she didn’t look all that happy. “DaDee said, no.”

I figured she’d asked him if we could go out so we could go to wherever we needed to go so we could find the guy with the big dick, but then she was covering her mouth as if she’d said something she wasn’t supposed to say. It took me a minute, and even after that I couldn’t form any words. I couldn’t believe it! We just looked at each other with our mouths hanging open. Finally I managed, “DaDee?”

Poor Carla, she was too mortified to speak. Finally she whispered, “DaDee’s gonna kill me.”

Well, I doubted that, he adores her, just like he adores me. Wait a minute… didn’t he say on more than one occasion that I was just like a second daughter to him? By that time Carla just sat there sobbing because she’d spilled the beans, so I took it upon myself to find out the truth.

Everything was dark downstairs and saw a light shining under DaDee’s door. Once I was at his door, my resolve began to crumble, but I just had to do it and I knocked.

“Yes?” came his deep voice from behind the door.

“Can I come in?” I asked, then not waiting for a reply I opened the door and stepped inside. DaDee was half lying, half sitting in his bed watching an old movie. He was shirtless, his muscular arms and chest exposed, but the sheet covered him from his hairy belly down.

“What is it, Baby?”

“Uh, Carla told me, but she didn’t mean to tell me…”

“Tell you what?”

“That you, uh, let her see and touch your penis.”

For a long time DaDee didn’t say anything, he just looked at me with this funny look. “Oh, my god,” he groaned.

“You always say that I’m your second daughter. You let Carla do it.”

“Holy shit,” he hissed.

“I won’t tell. I promise. You can ask Carla.”

“Carla!” he roared. “CARLA!”

I don’t remember hearing DaDee yelling at any time. Carla poked her head in the doorway, reluctant to come into his bedroom.

“In here! Now!” he roared.

Carla stepped into the room with a worried look on her face.

“What the hell? What did you tell Joanie?” He was still yelling.

“I, I didn’t tell anything. I promise, I didn’t, DaDee. She just sort of figured it out.”

DaDee turned red in face and began sputtering. Then he put his hands to his head and groaned, “Aw, fuck! Aw, fuck!”

Boys at school use that word, but I’ve never heard DaDee say that ever! Then all the color ran out his face, he covered his eyes and made a really strange noise. I thought he might have had a stroke or something.

Carla didn’t do anything to help him, instead she started sniffling and crying, “I’m sorry, DaDee, I’m sorry! I’m sorry, DaDee. I’m sorry!”

They were both acting so weird and DaDee really seemed to be suffering, so I ran to his side, put my hand on his head and asked him, “Are you okay, DaDee? Are you okay? You want me to call 911?”

He bolted upright and said, “No! Don’t do that! For God’s sake, don’t call anyone!” Then he lay back down, covered his face again and whimpered, “I’m ruined. I’m ruined.”

With all of his jumping around in bed, the sheets had pulled away, way down his stomach. Just another inch and maybe I could see his dick. He hadn’t noticed that he was practically uncovered and I didn’t think he notice if I…

Wow! DaDee’s dick was really big! It was nothing like Billy’s. Billy was as bald down there as I was. DadDee was far from bald! I’ve never seen so much hair! And it was so curly! There was almost too much hair, so that I had a hard time really seeing his dick, but I guess I could see enough of it. I don’t think it was ruined though. It was kind of dark and the head was huge! It was a really weird purplish color, the head that is. When Billy’s penis was soft, the head seemed to hide like a turtle, but DaDee’s wasn’t hiding at all.

“Can I touch it?” I asked. DaDee was still moaning and didn’t answer, so I figured…

“What are youdoing!” DaDee yelled. “Oh, fuck!”

It was pretty obvious what I was doing, so I didn’t bother to answer him even though he was yelling again. It really felt neat in my hand and it was heavy. It was so heavy because it completely filled my hand. Then it started to get bigger and bigger. DaDee’s head flopped back on his pillow and he just kept muttering, “Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck.”

Just like Billy, DaDee’s dick started to get hard almost as soon as I touched it. As it got harder and bigger it felt different from when I first touched it. Soon it was so big that I had to use two hands to hold it all!

“You shouldn’t be doing that, Baby,” he said in a whisper.

“You let Carla touch it,” I replied.

“Oh, shit. Oh, shit. Oh, shit,” he whispered.

But I noticed he wasn’t stopping me, so I continued to feel all around it and even felt below it to that funny sack. Billy’s sack was little, but DaDee’s sack was, well it was very big and very loose. ‘Why didn’t that get hard and get bigger when I touched it?’ I wondered. It was really weird and had two small eggs inside. I found out later that they were his balls or nuts, which was a pretty good description of them. Carla said it was his testicles. Yeah, I knew that, from Sex Ed, but they sure felt like balls to me.

But I liked his dick the best; it was really something to see and to touch. I noticed some clear stuff forming a drop at the very tip. I didn’t know what it was exactly, but I guessed it was pee, but when my finger accidently ran across it, I discovered that it was very slippery and kind of sticky. I thought, ‘Is boy pee that different from girl pee?’ It wasn’t until later that I learned it wasn’t pee at all but something called “pre-cum”.

While I was playing in the clear stuff that was now seeping out like a leaky faucet, Carla had crawled up and was begging DaDee to forgive her. He said something to her, just what I’m not sure, as my attention was on his dick, when suddenly she shoved me out of the way. I was in total shock when Carla put his dick in her mouth! DaDee didn’t seem to be particularly shocked. He just lay back and whispered, “Oh, fuck, yessss. I forgive you, Baby. Yesss, suck your DaDee, Baby. Oh, yes, oh, yes.”

It was perfectly clear to me that DaDee was enjoying what she was doing, just as he was enjoying what I had done to him. It was also perfectly clear to me that what she was doing was naughty. Very naughty! Very, very naughty! No wonder she never told me how she knew about dicks.

She cut her eyes upward and with a mouthful of DaDee’s dick, she looked up at me with my mouth hanging open in shock. She slipped her lips off his dick, grinned at me and said, “You wanna try it?”

DidI! No way would I ever allow her to be naughtier than me… besides it looked like fun! She moved just enough so that I could get in there and…

Oh wow! It felt even stranger in my mouth than in my hand! It didn’t taste like anything in particular, but the texture was really cool! Poor DaDee. He said, “Oh, my god! No, Joanie, no!” But he really didn’t mean it, or at least it didn’t seem that way. He could have stopped me if he had wanted to, but he didn’t, he just sort of lay back and muttered a bunch of words that if I had said anything like that around my mom, she would have washed my mouth out with soap.

I couldn’t get much more than just the head in my mouth, but that’s the best part anyway. You wouldn’t believe how silky smooth it was and every so often I would taste something salty and that felt very slippery on my tongue. I felt DaDee large hand rest on the back on my head and he began pushing his hips up and driving his dick into my mouth. He held me tight enough so that I couldn’t get away, not that I wanted to.

That was all fine andgood, actually I thought it was very good. Then he started mumbling that he was, “gonna cum, Baby. I’m gonna cum...” I wasn’t sure what that meant, so I just kept sucking on the end of his dick. To my surprise, his dick throbbed and this thick gooey stuff shot into my mouth. I tried to spit it out, but DaDee was holding my head onto his dick and it shot more stuff. At that moment, DaDee’s hand loosened its grip and I pulled away.

“Ewwwww!”I cried as more stuff squirted from his dick and into my face. “Ewwwww!”I cried as I let the thick slimy goo drip from my mouth.

Meanwhile Carla was laughing and shouting at me, “You’re supposed to swallow, dummy!”

I didn’t know about that, but I then looked up and saw DaDee grinning at me. He wasn’t upset anymore. Then he sat forward, grabbed me and pulled me to him. Next thing I knew his big old tongue was in my mouth! I’d never kissed a boy before, only Carla, and this was nothing like I expected! His entire mouth was over mine and he was making a bigger mess than there was before. I broke away and tried to catch my breath, but he had grabbed my t-shirt and yanked it right off me! I tried to get away, but Carla was behind me, licking all over DaDee’s hairy tummy and I fell backward. DaDee grabbed at me again only this time he had me by my panties and before I could do anything to stop him, he had pulled them down past my knees. A moment later, I didn’t have anything on!

I squealed as he grabbed at me again. I wasn’t scared, as much as surprised. It was like he was wrestling with me, only he caught me by the ankles. I tried to kick away, but he just pulled me to him. Then I realized he could see everything right between my legs! It was so embarrassing to have him see me that way up so close, but I didn’t even have time to blush as he pulled me closer and closer until he put his face and mouth right against my pussy! It really tickled as he rubbed his face into me down there, but then I felt his big old tongue lick me down there. That really got my attention! He was kissing my pussy like he kissed me on my sperm coated lips, only this time his tongue felt way better digging into me.

My hips twisted and bucked, but not because I was trying to get away from DaDee, but because what he was doing to me felt so good! Soon I felt that feeling building inside like when Carla played with my pussy, only this time it felt better. Way better! Carla said I squealed like crazy, but I don’t remember that, I only remember the bright exploding lights and this feeling that I was being, I don’t know, being sucked down a hole, even though it was actually DaDee who sucking on my hole.

All I remember was that I couldn’t catch my breath for the longest time. Finally I came to realize that even though my legs were draped over DaDee’s big shoulders, he wasn’t licking, kissing, nibbling and sucking me between the legs anymore. When I could open my eyes and focus, I saw DaDee grinning at me and his entire face was wet. He leaned in and kissed me on my pussy once again, but he didn’t attack it like before; if he had, I don’t think I could have lived through it.

After making a big show of kissing me down there, he let me slide down to rest a while. I kind of scooted away and rolled up into a little ball. That’s when I noticed his dick was big and hard once again and neither Carla nor I had touched it!

Carla pushed her daddy onto his back and stripped off her sleeping shirt. She wasn’t wearing any panties… she never wore panties at night and naked she climbed on top of DaDee, sitting in his lap, pinning his hard dick against his tummy and her pussy. She began sliding back and forth, working his big old dick into her slit and then sliding along it. Wow! I knew that it must feel good doing that and after my own pussy wasn’t tingling so much, I asked her if I could try that.

She kind of looked at me with a mean look as if to say, "Go find your own dick," but then she beamed and hopped off. I climbed on board, straddling DaDee’s hips and trapped his dick between his tummy and my pussy like Carla had done. I began rocking back and forth, working that big fleshy tube between my 'down there' lips.

Oh, my gawd! You wouldn’t believe how good that felt! DaDee liked it too! In fact, he liked it a lot and wouldn’t let me stop until his dick squirted all over his hairy tummy! Unfortunately I was squealing again and really didn’t see anything, but I did feel it when that big tube on the underside of his dick pulsed several times when he squirted.

I was pretty wrung out after cumming on DaDee’s dick like that. I kinda went slack and slumped over, falling off to the side of DaDee. When I had regained my senses, or at least enough to sit up, Carla was sitting on DaDee’s face with her knees on either side of his head. She was squirming around and he had both hands on her butt with a finger up her poop hole. I knew that boys can be nasty, but I didn’t realize men like DaDee could be so nasty too! One thing about it though, Carla didn’t seem to mind, even when he pushed his finger into her deeper!

It was very interesting to watch what they doing, as they never said anything in Sex Ed class about what I was witnessing or experiencing that night in DaDee’s bed! As interesting as it was, it still wasn’t as interesting to me as DaDee’s dick that now lay flopped down in his hair and tummy, or the globs of white stuff that had shot out from it. His dick was still kind of large (larger than my cousin’s Billy dick even when that was hard), but it was all limp and lay bent at a funny angle. I decided to straighten it out for him, and too my surprise, it was very soft and very flexible. I couldn’t tie it in a knot or anything, but it just flopped around like it was filled with jelly or something. His balls were pretty interesting too. The hair-covered sack was all loose… there’s nothing like that on my body! His balls were just hanging around inside, or so it seemed, as I could move them around with ease; they felt heavy too.

I examined the white stuff on his tummy. It was actually grayish white and seemed to be swirled rather than uniform. It was slippery too. I played in it for a few moments and tasted it off my fingers. Like the stuff he’d shot into my mouth, it didn’t taste bad at all; in fact it was rather bland. But then I had an idea… boys are nasty and DaDee was certainly nasty or he wouldn’t of had his finger up Carla’s butt and he seemed to like licking us between the legs. I figured that he might really like it if I was nasty too, so I licked at the cold goo pooled in his navel. It wasn’t bad at all, so I started to lick it up and off his skin. I was really beginning to enjoy doing that when I ran out of goo to lick.

I then decided DaDee liked it when he had his dick in my mouth and I liked it too. I wondered how it would feel now that it was all soft and limp, so I sucked up into my mouth; head first like it was big noodle. It was also a lot smaller now and I could get it all in my mouth. That felt really cool too! So I moved it around inside my mouth and tickled it with my tongue. Let me tell you, it didn’t stay soft for long. It just started to firm up and when it did, it got bigger in my mouth. Pretty soon, I had real mouthful, but it just got harder and bigger, and longer and thicker. Wow! That was so awesome! I had to let some of it out of my mouth or else it would have gone down my throat and if it did that, I was certain that I would gag and maybe even choke to death on it. But before I could get too much out of my mouth, I felt DaDee’s hands on my head, holding me on his dick while it continued to grow. It only had one way to go… to the back of my throat and I starting gagging. Thankfully DaDee let go of my head so I wouldn’t choke!

I bobbed up for air and when I did, I looked up at his face. Carla was off his face and he grinned at me, put his hand on the back of my head and pushed my face into his dick again. It was obvious what he wanted me to do and seeing that it was what I wanted to do too, I swallowed his dick, or at least part of it. After that it seemed to be the most natural thing in the world to lick and suck his dick and I had fun doing that. But he didn’t squirt anymore. I kept it up until my jaw was too sore, then I let him go. He pulled me up to him and he kissed me, sticking his tongue into my mouth.

“That was fantastic, Joanie! It was the best treat you could give to me, but you must never, ever tell anyone what we just did or what we might do in the future. You understand? Your mother wouldn’t like it all. I could go to jail and Carla would wind up in a foster home; you don’t want that to happen, now do you?”

“No, DaDee! I won’t tell. I won’t tell anyone, I promise!”

“Good girl. Now you two girls have worn me out tonight.” Carla was already fast asleep next to him. “So let’s get some sleep and if you want… we’ll have some fun tomorrow. Okay?”

“You promise?”

“You really liked that,” he laughed.

“I sure did. It felt better than anything else in the world! I love you, DaDee. I won’t tell, I promise.”

“I love you too, sweetie.”

He pulled me next to him, cradling me into the crook of his arm with his hand rubbing my bare butt for a minute or so. The butt rubbing stopped… he was snoring and he snored loudly. I’m surprised I could sleep with all that racket he was making, but I felt so safe and secure in his arms, and his smell…. I loved his smell. I too went to sleep quickly.

I’m not sure what woke me up the next morning… his hand playing with my butt or the hot, musty air I was breathing as my nose was buried in his arm pit. I liked the butt rubbing and I sort of liked the aroma. It wasn’t too strong of an odor, just a little funky and very masculine. What roused me from my position were the sounds I was hearing. Pulling my face from DaDee’s armpit, I saw Carla licking and kissing DaDee’s big hard dick.

Deciding, ‘Why should she have all the fun?’ I moved to join her. Carla grinned at me as she took one side of DaDee’s dick and I took the other, licking and kissing it all over.

I looked up and saw that DaDee had his eyes closed. He still had his hand gripping my butt and I noticed that he had Carla’s butt in his other hand. After a few minutes, DaDee began to squirm about a little. Carla grinned at me and a moment later, I finally got to see a guy squirt his stuff. As he squirted, Carla pulled away quickly and put her face where his stuff would get all over her… she was a mess!

Carla then abandoned his dick to me, and moved up to kiss DaDee. His hand left my butt and he grabbed her bottom with both hands. As I sucked his softening dick, I had a clear view between Carla’s legs. DaDee was pushing his middle finger up inside her from behind, not her butt hole this time, but into her pussy! Later I learned that was called finger-fucking… something else they didn’t teach in Sex Ed!

They kissed and finger-fucked for several minutes while I attended to his dick and then his balls. He smelled even stronger and funkier between the legs than his arm pit did and I nuzzled between his balls and thigh to enjoy the rich heady smell.

I was still rooting around deep under his balls when DaDee suddenly sat up. He pulled me to him for a deep kiss, but he didn’t stick his finger into me. Breaking the kiss he said, “That was best good morning a man could hope for!” He then rolled out and stood by the bed. With his hands he signaled for us to come to him. Carla and I both stood. We both hugged him about the neck and gave him a quick kiss, then he scooped us up, one in each arm and carried us off to his bathroom where he has this large walk-in shower.

Let me tell you, taking a shower with someone else is a lot of fun, but showering with my best friend and her daddy is simply awesome! DaDee eagerly washed us both with his soapy hands and we in turn washed him and each other with our soapy hands. As good as it was washing between his butt cheeks, the best thing was when he washed me between the butt cheeks. He played with my hole for a while and then I felt him pressing against it. I had a pretty good idea what he wanted to do, but nothing prepared me for the moment his soapy finger slid up inside my butt! The only thing I could do was to hold onto Carla while he finger-fucked my butt. Wow! Boys and men are so nasty, but they’re a lot of fun too! He leaned into me, licked into my ear and asked, “Does that feel good, baby?” My mouth was hanging open, but I couldn’t speak at that moment; I nodded my head that it did feel good. Oh, Lord, he switched from short strokes to long strokes!

If that wasn’t great enough as is, he then told Carla to, “Rub her clit.” Oh, my gawd! Carla knows how set me off and boy did she! I don’t know how long Carla and DaDee fingered me like that, all I know is that I saw stars, gloriously bursting stars, going on and on like a Fourth of July fireworks display.

The hot water finally gave out breaking us up. DaDee shut off the water and towel dried us both before drying himself off. Of course, Carla’s and my hair was soaked and we each wrapped a towel around our head. I tried to wrap one around my body, but DaDee yanked it right off explaining, “I want you girls naked.” Gawd… it was only Saturday morning and I was staying with Carla and DaDee until my mom got home sometime late Sunday afternoon!

Leading me back to his bed, DaDee instructed Carla to go make him some coffee. Once we were alone (not that it mattered) he sat me on the bed and then had me get on my hands and knees with my knees right at the edge of the bed. DaDee knelt on the floor behind me and spread open my butt cheeks. I felt his hot breath and then to my shock, his tongue pressed against my butt hole. For several minutes I don’t think I breathed as he licked me back there! I know I’ve said it before, but boys are so nasty! And like all the other nasty things DaDee did, it felt wonderful! Long before Carla returned with a cup of coffee for DaDee, he was sticking his tongue up inside me and sliding his finger over my clit.

When Carla did return, she acted as if it was quite normal for her dad to have his tongue up someone’s behind. DaDee stopped tonguing my hole and took his morning coffee from Carla while I was left sprawled out on the bed gasping for breath. They never talked about this in Sex Ed either.

While DaDee drank his coffee, Carla sat on the bed rubbing my back. She asked me, “Are you okay?”

“Okay? No, I’m not just okay… I’m great!” I rolled over and looked her in the eye. “Is there anything else you haven’t told me about?”

“Like what?”

“Do you and DaDee do this sort of thing very often?”

“Yeah, all the time. You know that.”

“I didn’t know that until last night!”

“Well, you know it now. Fun, isn’t it?”

“Fun? I’ll say. This is the best! You know, they’re always telling us at school to report ‘bad touching’. I guess that means we should report ‘good touching’!”

“You keep your mouth shut about all this, Joanie” Carla scolded. I knew from the look on her face that she really meant it too.

“I will, I will! I don’t want to mess up things. Tell me, do you and DaDee... do it?”

“Do it?”

“Yeah.”

Carla turned to her dad and said to him, “Joanie wants to know if you fuck my pussy.”

DaDee looked over the lip of his coffee cup and then sat it on the bed stand. “Now don’t start on that again, Carla.”

“I’m not, but she wants to know if you‘do me’.”

DaDee leaned forward and lay next to me, his hands roaming freely all across the bare skin of my body. “Both you and Carla are too young to engage in full vaginal sex, but there are lots of ways to fuck.”

“When will we be old enough?”

“For pussy fucking? When your tits get bigger and you start to bleed…”

I thought about that for a moment and then asked, “What if my tits don’t get bigger?”

DaDee snorted a laugh, “Don’t you worry about that, Joanie. Just relax and we’ll have all sorts of fun, not just this weekend, but whenever you come over to play.”

He then ran his fingers over my lips and said, “Now I want you to do to me what I just did to you.” DaDee then scooted over until his hairy butt was at the edge of the bed.

Lying on his back, he pulled his legs back and told Carla, “Show her.”

My eyes nearly popped out of my head when Carla got off the bed and put her face in DaDee’s butt. While she licked his bunghole, DaDee looked over at me and grinned. After a minute, Carla turned to me and said, “It’s really not bad, Joanie. But we only do this after a good shower or after soaking in the hot tub. Come on, give it a try. You know how good it feels.”

She had a point, it did feel good, very good and we had all just gotten out of the shower. I had washed DaDee’s butt real good, so I knew he was squeaky clean.

Still unsure about all this, I replaced Carla. DaDee held his butt cheeks apart and through all the hair, I could see his butthole, all brown, wrinkly and wet. As I got closer and closer, I expected to smell something awful, but the only smell was that of the body wash we used in the shower. I tentatively touched his anus with my tongue, expecting to taste something awful, but it wasn’t bad at all. It was nasty, what I was doing, but he wasn’t nasty at all. I kissed his hole and then licked at it. His balls were touching my forehead and looking up I saw that he was hard again. Looking up past his balls and erection, I could see DaDee looking at me, grinning from ear to ear.

“That’s it, baby. Lick my asshole,” he said. “Lick it.”

This was fun (even though it was WAY nasty) and DaDee seemed to really like it as much as I liked it, so I licked and licked and licked.

“Eat my ass, baby. Stick your tongue inside me.”

I was expecting it to be hard to stick my tongue up inside him, but it wasn’t. I was looking down, concentrating on my task, when I felt some additional movement on the bed. It was Carla and she positioned herself over DaDee’s head to grind her asshole into his face. This was all so wonderfully wicked; I wished that Carla had spilled the beans sooner about how she knew all about dicks.

After we all had fun eating each other’s ass, DaDee told us to get dressed as he was taking us out to get something to eat (other than each other). And I added rimming to my vocabulary, another word they didn’t teach in Sex Ed.

It was still fairly early, around ten thirty, so we had breakfast at iHop. Carla and I both had their pancakes made up with whipped cream and fruit into funny faces, while DaDee had a big breakfast with bacon, sausage links, sausage patties, eggs, hash browns and a stack of pancakes. He said he’d need his strength today to take care of his two sexy foxes. Then looking right at me, he took one of his sausage links and sort of put it to his lips and kissed it before sliding it into his mouth. I never knew he was so bad!

After breakfast he took us to the mall. I thought that maybe he was going to take us on a shopping spree, but he only went into one store and he made us wait outside while he was in there. It was Frederick’s of Hollywood and I guessed that he was buying us something naughty for us to wear. Boy,did he!

Once we were back home, DaDee asked if we wanted to go swimming. I love swimming and so does Carla so… He reached into his bag from the mall, and pulled out another bag. Handing the bag to me, he said, “Here, go put this on.” He didn’t give a bag to Carla.

He saw my concern and added, “Carla has one just like it already. Different color, but exactly the same.”

Carla and I looked into the bag and she started to giggle. It was a white bathing suit, if you could call it that. We ran up to Carla’s room to change. I took the swim suit out of the bag and examined it. It was just a bunch of strings. Carla dug around in a drawer and found her set of strings, they were pink.

“How do you put this on?” I asked.

“Here, I’ll show you,” she said.

In a way it was just like the string bikini that DaDee had bought me for swimming, but good lord, as skimpy and revealing as that bikini was, this was… Once I had it on, it covered absolutely nothing, nothing at all. I felt more naked wearing it than I would if I was totally nude!

“I can’t wear this,” I protested looking at myself in her floor length mirror.

“Oh, don’t worry. You probably won’t have it on for long!” she giggled.

What she said didn’t really strike me until we walked through the glass sliding doors out onto the patio and pool deck. There I was, standing outside wearing less than nothing! Suddenly I had a new appreciation for the eight foot high privacy fence that surrounded the back yard. There was no one who could see me, unless they were up on the roof of the house next door.

DaDee was already in the water, standing in the shallow end. He had us model our bathing suits, walking around and turning this way and that. He seemed pleased with his purchase.

Finally we went into the water and swam up to DaDee. They have a salt water pool that doesn’t require the use of chlorine. It’s really not salty either, but the best thing is that the water is crystal clear and doesn’t burn your eyes. I swam up to him underwater and noticed (how could I not notice), that he was wearing nothing at all. After all that had happened, I don’t know why that surprised me, but it did.

As usual, Carla and I hung onto him around the neck with our legs wrapped around him while his hands supported our butts, only this time he wasn’t just holding me, he was worming his finger under the string to toy with my anus. I didn’t mind though. As always told us that we were his two “beautiful girls” (I’ve always liked that), but then added that we were his “sex girls” or “sexy girls” (either way it means the same thing, doesn’t it?…Whatever!)

Anyway, DaDee gave us each a kiss, driving his tongue into our mouths and then he dunked us. That started the games where we tried our best to gang up on him, but he just threw us about like he was tossing little babies around, only much more aggressively. I realized that we had a new weapon available to us, we could grab his dick or grab him by the balls… That evened things up a bit, that is until I got a little too aggressive, leaving him immobile and in a lot of pain. How was I supposed to know that boy’s balls are so delicate? By that time, my new swimsuit was lying on the bottom of the pool along with Carla’s.

Once DaDee recovered, he told me, “Easy on the nuts, baby,” but other than that, he wasn’t angry with me at all. The games resumed, though not as rambunctiously as before. Tamer games like Submarine where we swam between each other’s legs… then there was Shark, the object of which was to swim underwater and bite someone on the butt; not hard of course, just a playful bite. DaDee cheated and bit in some other places too and soon anything and everything was game. DaDee lost that game, big time!

We were paddling about, resting up when Carla said, “Watch this.” DaDee was standing in the shallows conserving his strength when Carla swam up to him underwater and stopped. DaDee just stood there and grinned. After a moment, Carla surfaced right in front of him.

‘What’s the big deal,’ I thought. Then Carla went down and stayed down for nearly a minute before she surfaced. She took a breath and went underwater again. I swam up to see what was going on. When she went under I followed. She was sucking his dick! That seemed to me to something fun to do, and Carla and I alternated sucking DaDee and coming up for air.

Suddenly he tired of the game. He grabbed me by the arm and hauled me up the steps. He took me to a chase lounge under the patio cover and had me lie on it, face up with my head hanging slightly off the end. I tried to adjust, but he stopped me. Then he straddled my head, bent down and put his hard dick to my lips. Believe me, it’s a lot easier to suck on a dick if not underwater, or at least you can suck on it longer without interruption. By that time I was quite used to opening wide to take him. While I sucked and tickled him with my tongue, he moved his dick in and out of my mouth. That’s when I realized what he meant by, “there are lots of ways to fuck.” Last night when we slid our pussies over his dick was one way; this was another way… he was fucking my mouth.

He pumped his hips and pushed his dick in and out… that was really cool! But then he was pushing deeper, pushing more and more of his dick into my mouth until he hit the back of my throat. I gagged, he pulled back and hit the back of my throat again. He did that several times and every time I gagged. I know he knew I was gagging, but he kept on doing it! Just as I thought I might choke to death, he pulled his dick all the way out of my mouth. Great globs of saliva hung from it. I caught my breath and he rammed his dick all the back into my mouth. Again I gagged, but he kept hitting the back of my throat. Again he pulled out and I had a chance to catch my breath, the amount of stuff hanging on his dick seemed to be a lot more. Again he drove his dick into me. I gagged. He said, “Swallow.” I swallowed and next thing I knew his dick was down in my throat!

“Swallow, Joanie,” he told me. I couldn’t breathe at all, so I swallowed. Of course I didn’t swallow his dick, it stayed right there in my throat until he pulled it back into my mouth. I caught a breath and he did it again. I gagged and he told me to swallow… down he went. He moved back and forth a little and I kept on swallowing.

“That’s it, baby,” he told me, “You’re doing realgood. Fuck that feels great!” It might have felt great to him, but to me, I was thinking that I was gonna choke to death. I didn’t, but he kept pulling out and pushing back in. After a few times, I didn’t gag anymore and didn’t need to swallow to take him into my throat!

All this time he’d been holding my head back over the edge of the chase lounge and is nut sack was banging against my forehead. By this time I knew I needed to keep my head back as far as possible. He let go of my head and starting pinching and pulling on my nipples. My tits aren’t all that big, but my nipples are, especially when I’m excited. Then he told Carla to, “finger her cunt.” Oh my! Oh my! He was making me hold my breath longer and longer. Intense doesn’t quite describe it. Stars! Beautiful bursting stars!

Suddenly I could breathe again. My nipples were still tingling and so was my pussy. DaDee helped me to sit up and then told Carla to take my place. I had to scoot over to give her some room, and then I watched him do to Carla what he’d been doing to me, only he didn’t have to tell Carla to swallow or anything, he just went right down her throat. I could see her throat bulge out whenever he was in deep.

He started pulling on her nipples (she has small pink nipples, while mine are fat and puffy and a medium brown).

“Joanie, play with her pussy,” her father told me.

Carla immediately spread her legs wide and boy was she wet! It didn’t take her long either. Her back was arched and her entire belly was rippling as she came. When Carla collapsed back onto the chase lounge, DaDee pulled his dick from her mouth, moved over and grabbed me, pushing my face into his dick. I figured he wanted to be sucked some more, and I was game for that. But he didn’t ram his dick down my throat, he just kept in my mouth and a moment later, I felt his dick pulsing and felt his stuff squirting into my mouth. I swallowed and he pulled out, squirting me all over my face.

He grabbed me by the hair and pulled my head back so that I was looking up at him. “You are so beautiful,” he said, “simply beautiful.” How could I be beautiful? I’m sure I looked a mess, but DaDee bent over and kissed me, smearing his stuff all over both our faces.

We were all pretty tired after that and went inside to lie around and take a nap. We napped on the sofa with Carla and I lying on top of DaDee and he holding us in his strong arms. I just love snuggling into the bare skin of his muscular chest.

We all slept for a while, maybe thirty minutes or so, and then DaDee made us get up so that he could work out. He has a spare room in the house with one of those Bowflex machines. For a good forty five minutes he went after it. It was fun watching him… you could see every one of his muscles flex as he worked out in the nude. By the time he was finished, he was covered head to toe in sweat. Both Carla and I together tried to get the machine to move, but it wouldn’t budge. Then he did his pushups and as usual, he had Carla sit on his neck with her feet sticking out as he knocked off twenty or so. Then it was my turn. He is so strong!

With his workout complete, DaDee said he had to take a shower. Our hair was already a mess and even though we really didn’t need to, we joined DaDee in his big shower. He let us pamper him and every so often he pulled one of us to him and he’d kiss us on the tummy, on the butt or somewhere and everywhere else.

When he was finished showering, he just picked us both up and hauled us to his bed still dripping wet. Plopping us on the bed, he immediately went for my pussy, licking and kissing me between the legs. He only did it for a brief minute before doing the same to Carla.

He sat up, smiling at us both and said, “I am very lucky man to have two fantastic girls like you two. You’re both so yummy! Now, show me your pussies…”

Side by side we shamelessly spread our legs so that DaDee could see our pussies. “Beautiful,” he said, “simply beautiful.”

After he gazed at our pussies for several moments he said, “I want to see you play with yourself.”

I didn’t know who he meant, but Carla immediately began fingering herself. DaDee looked at me and said, “You too, baby.”

Here was yet another thing they didn’t tell us in Sex Ed, that guys liked to watch girls playing with themselves, but I could tell that DaDee liked it a lot! What else haven’t they told us?

It was really naughty doing that, playing with ourselves while DaDee watched, but heck, we’ve been doing nothing but naughty things ever since Carla spilled the beans last night. DaDee moved in between us, sort of kneeling where he could watch both of us. Then he started rubbing my leg (he was rubbing Carla’s leg too). As he rubbed he came closer and closer to our pussies. He didn’t stop with just being close, with a slow deliberateness that drove me crazy, his middle finger slipped between my lips and then slowly went into my vagina.

I’ve never had anything in my vagina before, not even my own finger. Well, that did it! I was cumming again like crazy! I don’t know what he was doing with Carla, but he just put his finger inside me and held it there, wiggling it around a little, while I was sent into orbit.

When I finally stopped thrashing around and had regained my senses a little, he still had his finger up inside me. Carla was all curled up in ball, so his other hand was now free. He took his wet finger that had just been up inside Carla and wiped it across my lips. By now I was used to him being nasty. I figured he wanted me to suck on his finger, so I did. It certainly didn’t taste nasty or anything, just kind of salty.

He began moving his finger in and out and looking down at me and said in low voice, “I ought to fuck you both.” He paused and then added, “But you’re both too tight and too young, and I don’t want to hurt you.” Then he pulled his finger from my pussy and had me suck on it too. My pussy tasted different than Carla’s pussy, not dramatically, but… I don’t know, just different.

I noticed that he was all hard again and the tip of his dick was oozing that clear slippery stuff. He sort of crawled over me to get away from Carla, but he was carrying me with him. He sort of rolled until he was flat on his back, positioning me so that I had his dick was trapped between his belly and my pussy. We did this last night, so I didn’t need to be told what to do, I just humped my hips and moved my pussy over his dick. DaDee’s hands fell away and he lay back to enjoy the ride.

Of all the things we’d done, I think that sliding my pussy across his dick was my most favorite. It simply felt wonderful. I could have done this for the rest of the day, but no… Carla wanted her share. Darn her, she gets to do this anytime she wants, but me… Reluctantly I gave up DaDee’s hard dick to my best ever buddy and let her ride on it for a while. Carla and I can read each other’s mind from across a room, or so it seems sometimes. She knew I was eager to ride him again, so she slipped off and I slipped on. We did that for I don’t know how long. It wasn’t all day, but it was long time before DaDee squirted and went soft.

“Help me clean him up,” she said after he had made another mess. I took his wonderful, but wilted dick, while she licked his belly clean.

We spent the rest of the afternoon down in the pool, just swimming and playing. I wanted to do more and tried to get DaDee interested, but he told me that he needed to rest up a bit. I didn’t understand why he couldn’t just make his dick get hard, you know like raising your hand or something, but he told me it just didn’t work that way. I offered to suck him even if he stayed soft and he let me do that while he sat on the edge of the pool, but he didn’t let me do it for very long.

Night came and DaDee ordered a pizza for us. He stashed a pair of gym shorts and a twenty dollar bill by the front door for when the delivery arrived. As soon as he shut the front door with pizza in hand, it was off with the shorts. That was first meal I ever ate where everyone was stark naked!

Once the sun had set, we soaked for while in the hot tub. DaDee held us both, one in each arm and just hugged us, telling us again what fantastic girls we both were, and how much fun we were. I told him that he was pretty fantastic himself and that we were lucky to have him for our dad.

“You think of me as your dad?” he asked genuinely surprised that I’d say something like that.

“Yes. As far as I’m concerned, you are my daddy.” He just laughed and didn’t say much more about it. There was no funny business, only mutual affection… at least up to that point.

Suddenly he said, “How would you girls like to go upstairs and fuck?”

My pussy tingled at the thought of him putting his big old dick in my little pussy. It was a little frightening too. I mean, how could that thing possibly fit inside me? How would it fit in Carla?

Carla kissed his cheek and answered him, “That sounds like fun, DaDee.”

I thought, ‘Have they really done it that way too?’ Or maybe he just wanted us to slide around on his dick… that was fun. But the way he said “go upstairs and fuck,” I didn’t think pussy sliding was what he had in mind.

Anxious as I was about him sticking his big dick into my little pussy, I willing followed along with DaDee holding our hands as he took us upstairs to his bed to fuck us. When we entered his room I noticed the funky smell and his bed was a total mess from all the games we had played in it.

Carla jumped in the bed and I followed her led. DaDee grabbed my ankles and pulled me on my back towards him at the side of the bed. I was giggling and carrying on, trying to get away, but not too hard (actually there was no way I could get loose from DaDee’s grip). Suddenly he stopped pulling and instead, pushed my legs back and nearly folded me in half. I squealed when my entire pussy was covered by his mouth with his tongue jabbing inside me. He shook his head like a dog with a toy and licked me from hole to hole until I wasn’t giggling anymore. Suddenly he stopped licking and rose up over me. I felt something poking at my pussy. I just knew he was going to do it and didn’t know how I could possibly take him inside me. I waited for the moment, but he just prodded my pussy with his dick and then began sliding the head of his dick up and down my slit. I thought I would go crazy!

Just when it was feeling really, really good, he rolled off to side and let go of me completely. Well, I wasn't ready to put an end to the pussy rubbing, so I climbed up on top of him, trapped his dick between my pussy and his tummy like we’d done before and began pushing my hips back and forth. I was already feeling the tingling building up inside me and I guess I really got after it while DaDee put his hands behind his head and let me have it.

Well, I guess I got carried away and pushed my hips too far forward, and when I jerked my hips back, I saw stars… not the fireworks and rocket stars that went with feeling really, really good, but the stars that accompanied pain. It was a sharp pain that crossed my eyes. As the pain eased I felt very funny, like something was terribly wrong in my tummy. DaDee wasn’t smiling anymore either; his eyes were wide with surprise. Then I realized that the throbbing discomfort I was feeling was because something was up inside me, something big, something that was maybe too big.

“Oh, shit! Oh, shit! I’m sorry, baby, I’m sorry,” he kept saying over and over. I didn’t know why he was saying that, he hadn’t done anything to hurt me.

“Oh, my god, Joanie!”Carla cried out with a laugh.

Afraid to move I remained motionless until I figured out that DaDee’s dick was up inside my pussy, deep inside my pussy. Once I realized what it was, I was still afraid to move.

“Are you okay, Baby?” DaDee asked me several times before I could answer him; even then, I could only nod my head. But I was okay and I knew it. It really didn’t hurt anymore, but I felt so full. Gawd, I’ve never felt so full in my life! Then my hips began to move and I felt his dick moving inside me. Oh wow! I knew I was really going to like this! DaDee’s hands grasped me by the hips and directed me to move up and down and soon we were fucking, really fucking.

It had started to feel really, really good when stupid old Carla started pushing me to get off her daddy. I didn’t want to get off, but she shoved me so hard that she dislodged me. Boy, that made me mad! It made DaDee mad too, or so I thought as he was yelling, “No, no, no, Carla, no!”

I turned and saw that Carla was on top of DaDee and saw when she sat down abruptly and rammed his dick up her cunt. Carla let out a scream. She tried to get off, but DaDee grabbed her hips and kept her in place. “It hurts DaDee, it hurts,” she cried.

“It will only hurt for a moment,” DaDee reassured her.

“Let me up, let me up.”

DaDee growled, “What’s done is done, Baby. You wanted this, not me. Now it’s too late. You’ve been wanting to fuck, now we’re really gonna fuck!”

DaDee pulled her down onto his chest and rolled over with her. I watched as his hairy buttocks began to move up and down. I’d never seen anyone fuck before, really fuck, but I knew that DaDee was fucking Carla. I also knew that he’d fuck her until he was finished with her.

Carla’s heels dug into his butt and she was really yelling now, but not for DaDee to stop or anything, but urging him to, “Fuck me, DaDee! Fuck me!”

“Cum on my dick, Baby, cum on my dick,” he urged as his haunches moved faster and faster.

The bed was bouncing and they were both talking nasty to each other while they fucked up a storm. Suddenly Carla made noise like a sick cat and her legs flew up into the air and shook like crazy for a minute. Then just as suddenly, her legs flopped down on bed and DaDee stopped fucking her. Pushing himself off of her, he rolled off the bed. That’s when I saw the bloody mess on the bed between Carla’s splayed out legs. I guess I must have been holding myself because I looked at my hand and saw that it was bloody too. I looked up at DaDee… he was rubbing his head with hands as stood by the bed looking down at Carla.

Then he looked at me with a funny expression on his face, reached for me and grabbing me by the ankle, he roughly pulled me to the edge of the bed. Spreading my legs wide, he gazed at my bleeding pussy. I watched as the head of his big cock nestled into my folds and then watched as it disappeared inside. I was a little sore, but it didn’t hurt at all this time, it just felt wonderful as he fucked me to the best orgasm of my life.

Men are really funny. One minute they tell you that they can’t do it anymore, at least for a while, and then the next minute, you can’t get them to stop. Not that Carla or I wanted DaDee to stop. He went from me to her and back to me, fucking us and fucking us until he squirted his stuff in Carla’s cunt. Then he just flopped onto the bloody sheets and went to sleep, just like that, but by that time he had been fucking us for well over an hour, putting it to me for five minutes and then putting it to Carla for five minutes, before he fucked me again. Back and forth he went until we were all exhausted.

I woke up sometime during the middle of the night to go pee. The lights were still on and bed looked like an axe murderer had been there. I really didn’t want to crawl into that mess, but once I turned out the light, I wasn’t so squeamish anymore.

When I woke Sunday morning, I was lying on my side and DaDee was on his side, rubbing the head of his dick across my lips. It was already big and hard and I had a pretty good idea what he wanted. It felt so deliciously wicked to slide my lips over the slippery smooth head and at that moment I knew that I would be doing this a lot from now on. What I didn’t know was just how sore I would be all day; Carla too.

DaDee didn’t seem to mind that neither of us wanted to fuck, so we spent the morning lounging about and sucking his dick whenever he wanted us to, or he would lick our pussies and assholes. We went out for a seafood dinner that afternoon.

It was late afternoon when we returned, he made it clear that until I went home, we were both to remain nude and available to him. That was okay by me, because being naked with DaDee was the most fun in the world. We took a nap on the sofa with Carla and I lying on top of DaDee as he held us one in each strong arm. I was awakened by his finger toying with my anus. I was used to that by now, so it didn’t alarm me, I was rather enjoying it. Then I realized he was doing the same thing to Carla with his other hand.

His hand left my butt and he reached under the sofa. A moment later he had a tube of something in his hands. Whatever it was, it was very slippery and his finger slid easily up my butt.

The ass fingering woke Carla up too because she squirmed around a bit and then crawled over the back of sofa to go pee leaving me with DaDee’s full attention. He sat up and draped me over his lap, his hard cock pressing into my belly.

“Spread your legs, sweetheart,” he told me. “Spread them more!”

I spread wide with his finger up my ass while his other hand slid under and into my poor pussy. His thumb wasn’t nearly as thick as his dick, so it really didn’t hurt me and his index finger diddled my clit as he finger fucked my ass. That was beginning to feel real good when I felt my asshole stretching as he probed me with two fingers. I came with a shudder and he stopped diddling my two holes.

Next thing I knew, he rose, picking me up effortlessly and then he laid me face down on the double ottoman. I felt him slather on more slippery stuff over and into my asshole, then he spread my ass cheeks apart. I felt the big spongy head of his dick press into my butthole.

“Relax,” he reassured me. “You’re going to like this. Now push like you’re taking a shit.” I pushed and he pushed and my head shot up as the head of his dick popped into my ass. I knew he wouldn’t hurt me, so I pushed back some more and I felt him slide up my into my pooper.

“You like that, baby?” he asked as he held his dick motionless in my ass. I nodded… I did like it, just as he said I would. “I thought you would. You’re a natural born fuck slut, Joanie.”

Slut? What’s a slut? He told me later that a slut was a girl who especially enjoyed being fucked. I certainly enjoyed being fucked, so… That was two more things they never explained in Sex Ed class, what a slut was or that men liked to fuck girls in the ass or for that matter that sluts liked being fucked in the ass. I was also happy to realize that Carla was a slut too and that DaDee loved sluts.

It was almost dark, my pussy was still a little sore and so was my ass. I knew Mom would be home soon and I’d have to go home. At that moment I hated Carla… she got to stay and play sex games with DaDee while I had to go home and play with myself. Sure enough Mom called a little while later and told me that she would pick me up in an hour.

DaDee took us upstairs and into his shower again and cleaned us up. He washed me all squeaky clean and I washed him. Then he told me to lean into the corner.

“I want to give you something to think about tonight after you go home, Joanie.”

I felt him nudging my ankles apart and then I felt his big old dick slide down my butt crack until it nestled into me between the legs. He pushed up and pushed into me. Suddenly all the soreness in my pussy disappeared as he filled me with his dick. Gawd, I felt so full! Then he began to move it back and forth. His hand wrapped around me and he began diddling my clit. Those wonderful feelings rose up and swept me away… Gawd, I love fucking!

My knees gave way, but DaDee held me upright as he continued to pump his dick in my pussy. I don’t remember much after that, other than it felt so wonderful. Next thing I knew, my feet weren’t touching the floor anymore. DaDee held me on his dick and moved me up and down like I was a rag doll. The intense feelings swept over me again,and again until I was delirious.

He sat me down enough so that I could stand, then he crouched lower until his dick came out of me. He took my hand and shoved it between my legs. I was shocked when my entire hand went up inside me! “This is what I want you think about tonight, Baby,” he told me. Then he led me out and dried me off.

I was ready when Mom rang the doorbell. DaDee answered it and invited her in. She thanked him for watching out for me. DaDee said it was always pleasure to have me over and that I was no trouble at all. They talked in private for several minutes. The only thing Carla and I could make out was DaDee saying “That’s no problem. No problem at all.”

Mom then came to me and told me, “I’m sorry, Joanie. My boss called me right after I talked to you. I have to go out of town on business, tonight. I have to catch a plane in two hours. I know it’s a big burden on Carla’s dad, but he agreed that you could stay over until I returned.

“Now I brought you some school clothes for next week. Do you need anything else before I go?”

I already had my toothbrush and had all my school books from Friday. “No, I don’t think so.”

“Good, now you do what Carla’s dad tells you to do.”

“I will, Mom. I will.” Mom kissed me, thanked DaDee again and was out the door.

DaDee then turned to Carla and me. “Joanie, you heard your mother. You do as I say, girl. So… get your sweet ass naked and get it naked now!”

Carla and I squealed in joy, jumping up and down. Oh, we were going to have so much fun!