**Daughter's Hidden Desires**

by Ken

*Summary: A father's electronic spying unleashes hidden desires.*

"Please, Dad. It'll be good for both of you." My daughter's voice is pleading through the phone line. "Besides you always liked Connie." She's right. Connie was my daughter's roommate in college and I always enjoyed seeing her, when she accompanied Karla on her frequent visits home. Now Connie has accepted a position with a local firm and Karla wants me to rent her a room until she can get settled on her own. Karla worries about me since her mother died five years ago. She probably thinks having someone else in the house, now that she's gone, will be good for me.

"Of course, she can stay here. When is she planning on moving?" It didn't take much convincing for me to provide a room for a woman as sexy as Connie. I spent plenty of nights, after her and Karla's visits, fantasizing about her tight, young ass and her plush round tits.

"Thanks Dad. I think she's planning on moving next weekend. She's starting her new job a week from tomorrow." Karla sounds happy for Connie. I'm happy for me.

"Okay, tell her to call me. I'll get the room fixed up." I plan to fix her room up very special!

I retired earlier this year, at 55, as vice president of a large security firm. Over the years, vendors were always sending samples of surveillance equipment for us to test. If the sales reps never came back for them, we'd toss them out or let the employees take them home. I have a garage full of gadgets that I've accumulated over the years and I plan on making good use of them fixing up Connie's room.

It takes me three days to get the room ready the way I want it. I've always fantasized about renting a room, filled with video surveillance, to a sexy young coed. Connie is 25 years old and no longer a coed, but I'm not splitting hairs. I install a miniature camera behind a one-way mirror, mounted on the wall over the dresser. A sophisticated camera with zoom and panning capability, it covers the entire room. I place a stationary camera in a vent, on the other side of the room, focused on her bed. The bathroom mirror is replaced with a one-way mirror and another camera is mounted behind it. One more in the light fixture above the shower and the video is ready. I place tiny transmitters in the light fixtures for audio transmission. All the equipment is fed through a secure wireless network to my computer in my bedroom. I've been using one of the walk-in closets for storage but now I clear it out and convert it to a monitoring room. I set up a separate monitor for each camera so I can look at multiple angles simultaneously. When I'm done, I've created a voyeur's fantasy.

Saturday morning, I hear Connie's car in the drive way and go out to meet her.

"Thanks for letting me stay here, Mr. D." Connie says hugging me. "This job came up so fast and there wasn't any time to look for a place. When Karla suggested this, it was perfect!" She's wearing a tank top and shorts. I can feel her breasts pushing against my chest and I shift my legs so she won't feel my reaction. She gives me a kiss on the cheek and turns to get her suitcases out of the car.

"Here let me help with those. You're in Karla's old room, top of the stairs to the left. I'll follow you with the suitcases." I say, picking up two bags and following her into the house. I let her get a couple of steps ahead of me before I follow. My face is level with her ass cheeks and my cock stirs as I admire the way her tight shorts conform to her shape, leaving little to the imagination. First her left cheek, then her right cheek, makes a perfect bubble in her shorts as she climbs the stairs. My cock hardens in anticipation of seeing her naked.

After we unload the car, I show Connie her bathroom and give her keys to the house.

"You'll have full access to the living room, kitchen and laundry. The bedrooms have separate locks for privacy. We can fight over what to watch on TV." I tell her laughing.

"You're the best, Mr. D.!" She says. "Right now, I just want to take a hot shower and relax, that was a long drive."

"Take your time." I tell her, really meaning it. "The towels are in the linen closet. We can have dinner together unless you have plans." I say hopefully as I head back downstairs.

"That would be nice, but don't feel like you have to provide my meals." She shouts down the staircase.

"Just for tonight," I call back up to her. "Until you've had time to go grocery shopping." I give her a few minutes then quietly go upstairs to the monitoring room. I turn on the monitors and put on the headset. Connie is in her bedroom, putting her clothes away. She's still fully dressed, but a very sexy sight, bending over her suitcases. I'm surprised at what a turn on it is to watch her, when she doesn't know she's being observed.

A few minutes later she's finished unpacking and getting ready for her shower. I watch her pull her tank top over her head and marvel as she removes her bra. Her voluptuous tits bounce as she slips her bra straps off her arms. My cock responds to the sight of her firm, smooth breasts with dark pink areolas and thick nipples. As she bends over to remove her shorts, her tits hang loose with her nipples pointing directly at the floor. She slides her bikini panties down and I get my first look at her blonde bush, trimmed into a neat triangle. I already have my cock out of my pants and I'm stroking it as I stare at this beautiful naked woman in the next room. She turns to get her robe out of the closet and I stroke even harder, as I gaze at her tight, round ass cheeks. Putting her robe on, she grabs her cosmetic bag and heads down the hall to the bathroom.

I watch her enter the bathroom, close the door and reach into the shower to start the water. She slips the robe off and hangs it on the hook behind the door. Watching her move around naked, completely unaware she is being observed is making my cock harder than it's ever been. I'm stroking furiously by the time she steps into the shower. The camera is directly above her and I watch her lather her sexy body then remove the showerhead from its holder and rinse herself off. I replaced the old showerhead last week with a massaging showerhead, entertaining the fantasy of seeing her use it on her pussy to get herself off. Today she's obviously taking a quick shower. She washes and rinses her hair, pulls the shower curtain aside and reaches for a towel.

The mirror is steamed up, so I can't see much, as she towels off. Fortunately, she wipes off the mirror pretty quickly, then stands in front of it to blow dry her hair. What a sight, watching her tits bounce as she moves her arms around, one hand fluffing her hair as the other holds the hair dryer. Connie has short blonde hair and it doesn't take long for her to dry it. She moves the hair dryer down and runs it across her pubic hair, glistening wet from her shower. She fluffs her hand across her blonde triangle and I can see her pussy lips peeking out from her blonde jungle.

Watching the monitors, as she continues to stand there naked, applying her make up, I'm getting ready to cum. I grab a couple of Kleenex from a box on the desk, stand up, legs tense, stroking feverishly and shoot a huge load of cum onto the tissues. I relax back in my chair in time to see her put her robe on and leave the bathroom. I'm tempted to watch her get dressed, but having already cum, I decide to get dinner ready for my sexy new houseguest and give it a rest for now.

Connie and I settle into a regular routine very quickly. I watch her shower and dress every morning on the monitors. While she's putting her make up on, I go downstairs and make coffee. While she's at work I edit and catalogue the videos I've accumulated. The cameras are motion sensitive so I record even if I'm not there. I have dinner ready when she gets home from work, and we spend our evenings watching TV, playing backgammon or a variety of card games. Connie loves her new job and tells me all about what she's been doing. She hasn't been in town long enough to be going out with friends so we spend a lot of time together. She acts like a daughter, even kisses me goodnight on the cheek. When she bends forward to kiss me, those luscious breasts of hers hang down, sometimes brushing my shoulder.

After a couple of months, Connie starts seeing someone from work and is home less often. His name is Chris and she tells me all about him during the infrequent dinners and evenings we now share at home. According to Connie, he's handsome, mid-thirties and the most charming man she's ever met. He's also her boss. I struggle to hide my jealousy as she talks dreamily about how well he kisses. I shouldn't be jealous, but I can't help it.

After watching Connie in the bath and in various stages of undress for the past couple of months, I've found myself wanting to do more than just spy on her. When we're together, I inhale the fresh smell of her newly washed hair and revel at her touch on my arm when she talks. I long to touch her, to taste her and to smell her most intimate aroma. I want to fuck her so badly, that I sport a constant erection whenever she's around. I'm not delusional. I know it's just a fantasy, but it seemed more real before she started seeing Chris. Just the same, without her relationship with him, I might never have seen her masturbate.

Late one night, after having dinner with Chris, she tiptoes up the stairs, trying not to make any noise. I'm already in bed, but having trouble sleeping, I decide to get myself off while watching her undress. Connie is moving slowly, like maybe she's had a few drinks, leisurely taking off her clothes one piece at a time. I start stroking my hard cock, as I watch her fortuitous striptease act. I never tire of looking at her naked body, but I've never seen her watch herself like she is tonight. After stripping down to her panties, she stands in front of the mirror, appraising her breasts. She lifts them individually, and then squeezes them together, before letting them drop from her hands and bounce loosely against her chest.

Smiling directly into the mirror, she tweaks her nipples, as if enticing a lover. It's like she's looking right at me, offering them to me to suck and fondle. For a minute, I'm freaked out thinking she can see me, but I soon realize that she's playing to her reflection, fantasizing an imaginary lover. I watch her pinch and twist her nipples until they jut out like bullets from her firm, round tits. Stepping back from the mirror, she smiles seductively, as she rolls her panties down her legs. I've watched her get undressed dozens of times, but never as tantalizingly as this. My cock is rock hard and I'm stroking its full length, when she crooks her finger, beckoning her fantasy lover towards her bed.

She turns off the overhead light, but luckily for me, she keeps a mini-lamp on her nightstand burning all night. As she lies back on her bed and spreads her legs, I zoom the camera in, filling my screen with her pussy. I watch Connie caress the inside of her thighs, pushing her legs farther apart. Her pussy lips are glistening with moisture, as they protrude from her blonde bush. She slowly teases them apart with her finger, gently caressing all around them, without penetrating her pussy. I've never seen her touch herself like this!

I'm urgently stroking my hard cock, as I watch this erotic scene play out before me. God! I want to taste her pussy, so badly! I imagine myself licking her lips, pushing my tongue inside her and sucking her clit until she screams my name. Instead I hear her moan Chris' name as she slips two fingers into her wet pussy and slowly twists them around. There is nothing urgent in her slow, sensual pumping, as she presses her palm against her clit and rocks her fingers in and out of her steamy pussy.

While that camera stays zoomed in on her pussy, I position the other camera to take in her face and her chest. I watch the dreamy look on her face as she pinches her hard nipples in rhythm with her fingers in her pussy. My attention is drawn back to her pussy, as she pulls her wet fingers all the way out and begins massaging her clit. Smearing pussy juice all over it, she rubs a single finger in a circular motion on her engorged clit.

"Oh Chris." She moans. "That feels so good." She dips her fingers back into her pussy and again smears the juices over her clit. Her ass cheeks clench spasmodically, as her pleasure button sends shivers through her body. I'm pumping furiously on my cock now, as her pussy starts oozing her thick love cream and she attacks her clit more vigorously.

"Oh God! Chris, I'm cumming!" She whispers to her imaginary lover, as I shoot my load into a Kleenex and wish I were the one she dreamed of fucking her pussy. She shoves two fingers of her other hand deep into her pussy, while rapidly tapping her finger against her engorged clit. In no time at all, she's bucking against her hand and moaning loudly as her orgasm overtakes her.

Relaxing back on the bed, she keeps her fingers inside her pussy as she pulls her sheet over her and curls up on her side. I turn off the lights in my control room and go back to bed, dreaming of tasting Connie's sweet pussy.

The next night, Connie is home and after a pleasant dinner, we settle down on the couch to watch a movie. Lately, her lounging outfit has consisted of just an oversized T-shirt and panties. Without a bra, the flimsy material of the T-shirt clings to her breasts, creating a clear outline of her sumptuous nipples. She sits on the couch and tucks her legs under her. I've seen her naked on my computer, but it's not the same as seeing her in this skimpy outfit sitting next to me. My cock is on the rise and I'm trying not to let her see the bulge in my jeans. She fiddles with the remote and finds an eighties movie that we've both seen, but don't mind seeing again.

"Um, Mr. D?" Connie says, looking over at me. "Would it be alright with you, if I brought someone to the house?" She says, looking a little more sheepish than I've ever seen her. I think I know what she means, but I play dumb.

"You mean invite someone over for dinner?" I ask, keeping my eyes on her face instead of her nipples, as they try to poke through the thin material of her shirt.

"No... not dinner." She stammers. "You know, invite someone to my room... after a date." She says, her eyes on her lap, instead of looking at me.

"Oh!" I say. "Sorry, I misunderstood." Reaching over, I lift her chin with my fingers, making her look at me. "Connie, this is your home, now. You're an adult. Of course you can invite someone to your room." I smile at her, and my cock continues bulging my pants, as I think about watching her and Chris fuck in her room.

"Oh Mr. D!" She says, springing up to her knees on the couch and wrapping her arms around me. "You're the best!" The blood surges into my cock, as her breasts push against my arm, and I can't do anything to hide it.

"I would only hope you take all the appropriate safety precautions." I say, sounding uncharacteristically parental. "Is it Chris you intend to invite over?" I ask.

"Yes!" She answers enthusiastically, sitting back down on the couch, but keeping her body against mine. "He has his mother living with him, so we can't go back to his place and we don't want to risk being seen by any coworkers going into a hotel." She explains, while she cuddles up to my side. My cock is rock hard and I'm enjoying the warmth of her body against me, even if she is talking about fucking someone else. If she notices my bulge, she doesn't let on.

"Be careful of office romances, Connie." I say, smoothing her hair with my hand. "In my experience, they are never secret for very long, no matter how discreet you think you're being."

"I know." She says, leaning her head on my shoulder. "But some things are worth the risk, aren't they?" She asks.

"Yes." I answer. "I guess they are." I put my arm around her and hold her tightly against me, wishing we could sit like this every night. We watch the rest of the movie this way, though I admit that the smell of her shampoo and the warmth of her body, keep me more captivated than the plot of the movie and my cock pretty much stays hard the whole time.

The next date Connie has with Chris, I lie awake waiting to hear their footsteps on the stairs. Given that they have a place to be alone, I can't imagine they'll be very late. I smile at the accuracy of my prediction, when I hear them at the front door, a little after ten. I'm sitting naked, in my control room, my cock already hard with anticipation, when they burst into Connie's room, tearing at each other's clothing.

Connie has Chris' shirt off and is unbuckling his pants when Chris interrupts her to pull her blouse over her head. Lifting her arms, he removes her blouse and quickly unfastens her bra. Shrugging out of it and tossing it aside, she again attacks his pants, while he caresses her bare tits, lifting and squeezing them.

"God, Connie!" Chris sighs. "Do you even know how sexy you are?" He asks, pulling her against him, as he crushes his lips against hers.

"I know how horny I am." She moans, breaking the kiss and pulling his slacks and underwear down with one quick tug.

"Mmmm." Connie says. "What have we here?" Wrapping her fingers around his hard cock and leading him over to the bed.

"The physical manifestation of my affection for you, my dear." He says, pulling off his shoes and socks, and lying on his back on Connie's bed. Give me a fucking break! Physical manifestation, my ass! Connie unzips her skirt, letting it fall to the floor and then climbs up between his legs on the bed.

"I've been wanting to do this for a long time." Connie says, as she wraps her lips around the head of his cock. I zoom the camera in ultra close and watch her lips glide up and down his cock, leaving a thin coating of saliva around his hard shaft. I'm secretly pleased that his cock is about the same length as mine and not as thick. I know Connie will never have the opportunity to compare, but it fuels my fantasy, as I stroke my rigid member.

Glancing at the other monitor, I catch the smug look on Chris' face. As someone who has made their living in corporate security, I've learned to read expressions and I'm instantly disgusted with what I see on Chris' face. There is no sense of passion or intimacy in his expression; all I read is conquest. The fucking bastard! He's just using her! The smirk on his lips, as he places his hand on the back of her head and pumps his cock into her mouth, says it all.

My anger builds, as I watch him tense his legs and hold her head. The camera is still zoomed in on Connie's mouth as she swallows repeatedly, draining every drop of cum from this asshole's cock.

"Fuck! That was amazing!" Chris says, stroking Connie's hair, as she worshipfully sucks and caresses his cock back to life. In no time, he's rock hard again and Connie is pulling her thong off and getting ready to straddle his fully recovered cock. What about safe sex, I want to yell, as she impales herself on Chris' naked cock. I am fuming at his arrogance, yet mesmerized at the sight of his cock disappearing between her pussy lips, as she bounces up and down on him. I shut off the monitors, as Chris is reaching for her tits. I can't watch anymore of this.

Goddamn it! What am I going to do? I can't let her get hurt, but how do I explain my suspicions? I certainly can't tell her it was the expression on his face when you sucked him off! I lie on my bed, all thoughts of jerking off having vanished when I saw Chris' face. I focus on calming my breathing and try to analyze this like any other security breach. It only takes a few minutes of rational thinking to devise a plan of action. I need to find out everything I can about this guy. Shit, I don't even know his last name.

I'm still lying there an hour later, when I hear the shower. Turning on the bathroom monitor, I verify that they are both in there. I can't help watching for a minute and my cock stirs, as Chris lathers soap all over Connie's luscious tits. Switching off the monitor, I pull on my pants and grab a pen and my notebook.

Tiptoeing down the hall, I enter Connie's room and find Chris' wallet in the back pocket of his pants. I jot down his full name, Chris McEwan, along with his address, driver license number, and a couple of his credit card numbers. I replace everything and return to my room, just before their shower ends. I crawl into bed with only one thought on my mind: I'm going to expose this son-of-a-bitch!

The next morning, after a few phone calls to friends who owe me favors, I have the information I need. Now I just have to figure out how to tell Connie. I can't just blurt out that instead of living with his mother, her boyfriend lives with his wife and three kids.

It seems that after graduating from college with a less than stellar grade point average, Chris took a low level job in his current firm. Not lacking in ambition, he married the owner's daughter and his career path was set. To avoid accusations of nepotism, they keep it very low key and very few people in the office know he's married. This has worked to his advantage many times over the years, with attractive, young female associates. Poor Connie!

I finally decide that a direct approach is the best and I'm waiting in the living room when she gets home. I'm not sure how I'll explain what got me suspicious in the first place, but as it turns out, I don't have to worry about it.

"God! How could I have been so stupid!" Connie says, slamming the front door behind her. She hasn't seen me yet, so I stand up and walk towards her.

"Oh! Mr. D!" She says, flinging herself into my arms and sobbing against my shoulder. "I'm such a complete idiot!" She cries.

"You couldn't have known." I say, wrapping my arms around her and stroking her hair. She pulls her head back from my chest and looks questioningly at my face. "Chris, right?" I ask.

"I talked to his fucking wife!" She exclaims, as more tears escape from the corners of her eyes.

"Come and sit down." I say, leading her to the couch. "You can tell me all about it." I sit on the couch and pull her onto my lap, leaning her head against my shoulder.

"His birthday is next month." She says, sniffling back tears. "I got these tickets for a show in New York that he's been wanting to see." She's wiggling her ass cheeks around on my lap, trying to get comfortable. I'm willing my cock to please ignore her gyrations. "Just before close of business today, I snuck into his office, to surprise him with them. He wasn't there, so I sat in his chair to wait." Tears well up again at the memory. "God! I'm so fucking stupid!" She says, pushing her face into my chest.

"No you're not." I say firmly. "What happened next?" I ask, as I soothingly run my hand up and down her back.

"His phone rang, so I answered it." She says, looking up at me. "I told the caller that he wasn't there and she must have assumed I was his secretary, because then she said, 'This is his wife, would you tell him not to make any plans for the Saturday night of his birthday, I got tickets for a play in New York.' She got him the same fucking tickets I did!"

"Oh Connie!" I say, pulling her tightly against me, crushing her tits against my chest.

"That's when Chris came back." She continues. "He looks at me angrily and asks what I'm doing in his office. 'Talking to your wife,' I say, thrusting the phone at him and storming out of the building." She starts crying again and I just hold her.

After a while she starts sliding off my lap. Placing one hand behind her knee and the other on her ass cheek, I scoot her back up. She doesn't seem to mind when I leave my hands on her ass and her thigh. I kiss her forehead, breathe in her perfume and enjoy the warmth of her body against mine.

"Now I've got these stupid tickets." She says quietly. "They were pretty expensive, too." She adds, without lifting her head from my chest. "Oh shit! I've got to cancel the hotel reservation!" She says, sitting up.

"Wait, Connie." I say, grabbing her before she stands up. "Is this something that you want to see?" I ask, thinking about helping her get past her humiliation.

"Yeah, I was really looking forward to it." She sighs resignedly.

"Then let's go!" I say enthusiastically. "Unless you're embarrassed to be seen in public with an old man." I joke. "We can change the reservation to two rooms and go to the play. What do you say?"

"You're not old and I'd be proud to be seen with you, Mr. D." She smiles. "Okay, but the room is pretty expensive. I really stretched my finances for this." She says, blushing with embarrassment. "Why don't we just get a room with two beds? I'm okay with that if you are." She says.

"Then it's all decided!" I say, wondering if we'll run into Chris, the asshole, at the play.

"Ohmygod!" Connie cries, jumping off my lap. "What if Chris fires me?" She asks.

"He won't." I answer. "He doesn't want to draw any more attention to you than he has to."

"But what about my career? Will he stymie my advancement possibilities?" She says, having recovered from the deception, she's now focused on the practical consequences. "He was talking about a promotion coming up soon."

"He won't hold you back." I tell her. "Sit down and let me tell you what I learned today." Connie sits on the couch next to me and I explain everything I found out about Chris. "So you see, he has much more to lose than you do." I tell her. "Besides, you have me on your side and I might just have a little chat with Mr. McEwan."

"Thank you, Mr. D." Connie says, kissing my cheek. "I'm going to change and then I'll make dinner for us." She says, heading up the stairs. Fuck! Overnight in New York, in the same hotel room! I resist the temptation to watch her change clothes. Instead, I reflect on the feel of her ass against my hand and her tits crushed against my chest.

My daughter calls a couple of days later and says she's coming up for the weekend. I'll be glad to see her and I tell her I can get another bedroom ready for her. She says she'll just bunk with Connie; after all they used to be roommates. Connie agrees and Karla plans to arrive late Friday night. Karla is more petite than Connie but every bit as sexy. She's shorter, brunette with smaller tits and a cute little ass. I've never thought about my daughter sexually before and I don't plan on using the monitoring equipment while she's here.

Karla arrives around 10 p.m. Friday night. Connie and I greet her at the door and we have a few beers while we catch up on what's been happening in our lives. Karla is especially excited about how well Connie and I get along. Neither one of us mentions Chris; I assume Connie wants to tell her privately. Around midnight, we say goodnight and we all head upstairs.

I hear them talking excitedly, in low tones as they close their bedroom door. As I get undressed, my curiosity gets the better of me. I figure they probably aren't undressing yet, so it won't hurt to listen in for a while. I go to my monitoring room, flip on the equipment and I'm blown away by what I see.

Karla and Connie are standing by the bed locked in an embrace, passionately kissing each other. I put on the headset just in time to hear Karla say, "I knew when you called me about Chris, that I had to come home and comfort you."

"I'm glad you did! I've really missed this!" Connie says.

"Me too! I've missed you so much." Karla is running her hands under Connie's shirt and squeezing her braless tits. Connie fumbles with the buttons of Karla's blouse and unhooks the fastener on the front of her bra, exposing her small, white mounds. I stare, dumbfounded, at my daughter's round tits, as Karla pulls Connie's shirt over her head. The two girls are crushing their bare tits together while they resume their kissing. My cock is rock hard, as I watch my daughter and her best friend grind their bodies together, squeezing each other's ass cheeks. As uncomfortable as I am seeing my daughter naked, the sex scene playing out before me is too erotic to turn off.

Karla drops to her knees, unfastens Connie's shorts and pulls them and her panties down in one fluid motion. She hugs her friend's pussy to her face, breathing in her scent, as she caresses her ass cheeks. Connie spreads her legs and runs her fingers through Karla's hair, as Karla begins licking her pussy lips.

"Oh my god! That feels so fucking good!" Connie says as she starts humping her pussy into Karla's face.

"Shhh, not so loud. We don't want my Dad to hear us." Karla says, standing up. "Come on, let's get on the bed and do this right." Karla takes off her shorts and panties while Connie lies back on the bed, spreading her legs. I zoom in on Connie's pussy and see the juices already accumulating on her lips. Karla kneels on the bed between Connie's legs and resumes licking her pussy. One monitor is filled with Karla's tongue snaking its way between Connie's wet pussy lips. The other monitor is focused on my daughter's ass, with her tight round cheeks sticking up in the air, exposing her pussy. Her lips, surrounded by dark brown pubic hair, are thinner than Connie's but protrude farther out from her pussy. I know I wasn't going to spy on my own daughter, but I can't tear my eyes away from her succulent pussy.

"Hey, no fair!" Connie says, "Turn around so I can taste you, too!" Karla shifts her body around planting her pussy over Connie's mouth in a sixty-nine position. I can't see Connie lick Karla's pussy from my vantage point, but Karla shudders and let's out a low moan before lowering her face to Connie's pussy. It's obvious they've done this before and they quickly set a steady rhythm with tongues and fingers in each other's pussies. One monitor shows them from the side and I can see my daughter straddling Connie's head, her tits pushed against her friend's stomach and her head buried between her legs. The other monitor shows the top of Karla's head between Connie's widespread thighs. I've got my cock out and I'm stroking it up and down as I watch these two girls suck each other off. All I hear for quite a while is slurping sounds as they vigorously lick and finger each other.

It isn't long before Connie starts moaning and bucking her hips up against Karla's face. Karla is swirling her sexy ass around like she's getting close, too. Then they both start bucking and jerking wildly on the bed. Karla has her arms around Connie's legs and is holding on, as she eats her to orgasm. She seems to be pushing her own pussy harder against Connie's face and I'm wondering how Connie's managing to breathe.

I can't hold back my own release and shoot my load, at the same time as both girls orgasm against each other's mouths. As their bodies relax, Karla flips around facing Connie. They kiss tenderly while gently rubbing their bodies together. I can see Karla's tits crushed into Connie's much larger ones and Karla's ass moving in small circles as she massages her pussy against Connie's. I have never seen anything like this, let alone with my own daughter.

Once my orgasm subsides, I realize I was more aroused by seeing my daughter than Connie. I turn off the monitor and crawl into bed with my mind in a fog. I feel guilty about spying on my daughter, and confused about why I came so fucking hard. I fall into a restless sleep, vowing never to think of my daughter sexually again.

Connie and Karla come down to breakfast, dressed in nearly identical short shorts and tank tops. They are both wearing bras, but they must be fairly thin, because I can still see the outlines of their nipples, as I compare their youthful bodies. Again, I can't take my eyes off of Karla's tits.

"We're going shopping today." Connie says. "You're welcome to come with us." She adds, as she reaches for the syrup.

"Yeah, daddy, why don't you come along?" Karla says, through a mouthful of pancakes.

"Thank you, but I think you already know how I feel about shopping. Besides, I have my day planned around ESPN." I answer.

After they leave, I clean up the dishes, turn on the TV and try to concentrate on the game. It's no use. All I can do is think about my daughter's naked body. I'm lightly stroking my hard cock through my jeans, as I picture her standing naked in front of me. I try to visualize her pubic mound and her naked thighs, when it occurs to me that I really didn't get that good of a look at her from the front.

Like a man in a trance, I go upstairs and turn on the monitors. The motion sensitive cameras record whether I'm watching them or not. It's just a matter of scrolling back through the footage until I see what I want. I scroll quickly, watching the backward images flashing by in a blur, as they back into the bedroom and get undressed, their towels jumping off the floor and wrapping themselves around their naked bodies. Fuck! I didn't realize they had taken their showers together this morning. I slow the images down and watch them lather soap over each other's body. I let the scene play, while I pull my jeans down and release my throbbing cock. They kiss and caress each other, rubbing their soapy tits together.

I start scrolling back again, watching them get back into bed, the covers flying over them, as if they have a life of their own. I move faster now that they're asleep, with Karla spooned against Connie's back. I watch the time readout and realize that I'm almost back to where I stopped watching last night. I slow down and then abruptly stop the playback. The girls are lying next to each other, on their backs, with their legs spread apart. The ceiling camera picks up their full frontal nudity and the wall camera is pointed between their legs.

I scroll a little farther back to see how they got in this position and watch Karla jump over on top of Connie. It's just a few minutes after I shut off the monitors last night. I start the playback at regular speed and watch my daughter, roll off of Connie and flop over on her back with her legs spread. They lie there for a while, catching their breath, as I try to zoom in on Karla's pussy.

It takes me a minute to remember that I'm not watching this live and I have to use the playback software, not the camera, to zoom in. Once I get the right controls, I zoom in on Karla's wet pussy. I try to forget it's my daughter and rationalize that I'm just a guy getting turned on by a sexy pussy, regardless of whose it is. I pause the playback, freezing Karla in mid-air, as she rolls off of Connie and swings her leg in a wide arc. The view of her splayed open pussy, oozing pearly beads of creamy sauce, is breathtaking.

They only lie like that for a few minutes, before pulling the covers over themselves to go to sleep. I replay that few minutes of footage over and over, zooming in on different parts of their bodies, comparing their nipples, pussy lips, pubic hair, even their mouths.

I keep one monitor on Karla's pussy, while I zoom the other monitor in on a close up of her mouth. I know her lips are still wet with Connie's pussy juice and I vigorously stroke my cock, imagining what they would feel like wrapped around the head of my cock. Splitting my focus between her sensuous mouth and her dripping wet pussy, I shoot a huge load of cum onto my stomach.

What am I doing? Am I so fucking perverted that I get off watching my own daughter? This is incestuous, even if I'm not actually fucking her. Why does she have to be so fucking sexy! Again, I vow not to watch any more footage of her naked body.

It's an easy vow to keep, because the girls return from shopping and then go out with their friends. I'm asleep when they get home and then Karla leaves right after breakfast on Sunday morning.

Standing by her car, she hugs and kisses me goodbye. When she presses her small tits against my chest, I have my first sexual reaction to my daughter's touch. Fuck! I've never been aroused when she's hugged me before. Why does my cock have to betray me now?

"Thanks for taking such good care of Connie." She whispers, as I shift my hips, trying to hide my growing erection.

"It's no problem." I say, as my mind searches for something else to think about other than my daughter's sexy body pressing against me.

"You've helped a lot with the Chris thing by offering to take her to New York." She says. "You're the best, daddy." She squeezes me tightly, just as I'm backing away and my hard cock inadvertently pokes her in the stomach. She looks at me quizzically for a minute and then subtly moves her stomach so my cock is trapped between us.

"I love you, daddy." She says, breaking the embrace and getting into her car. I catch her glancing at the bulge in my pants, as I close her car door.

"I love you too, sweetheart." I answer as she puts the car in gear and backs out of the driveway.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! What was that? That was so fucking wrong! She felt my cock! She had to have felt it! And what was that little maneuver she did to shift my cock back up against my stomach? Do women just know about these things and how to avoid embarrassment? I can't believe I got aroused when my own daughter hugged me! I'm a goddamn pervert!

I avoid the monitoring room for a few days, not trusting myself to leave the weekend footage alone. But as we get closer to our trip to New York, I want to do some editing that I think might come in handy if we run into Chris, the asshole. I edit a couple of small clips of him with Connie, using the special effects tools to obscure Connie's identity, but leaving him completely identifiable and compromised. I download the clips to my IPOD the day before we leave.

We take the train up to New York and have a great time, talking and laughing about everything and nothing. As the train gets near to New York City, Connie tells me that she's tried to avoid Chris around the office, but it's difficult because she still has to work with him. He's pretty cold towards her in meetings and seems to be going out of his way to make her look bad.

"Maybe I should just quit." She says, sadly. "When he was trying to get in my pants, he was all about my great potential for upcoming promotions, but now it's like I'm tainted goods." She whispers, leaning against me with her mouth next to my ear.

"Don't quit." I tell her, putting my arm around her. "Not just yet. I have a feeling this is going to work out better than you think."

"Okay." She says, snuggling up against me. "Anyway." She adds. "I don't want it to spoil our evening."

"It won't." I tell her, squeezing her to me and breathing in her perfume.

Our first stop in New York is at the hotel, so we can drop our overnight bags, and change before going to dinner. When Connie asks the desk clerk to change our room from one king-sized bed to two double beds, he informs her that they are fully booked and there are no other rooms. Connie looks over at me, and shrugs her shoulders.

"I'm okay with it, if you don't hog the covers." She says, smiling. Oh fuck! I can't believe she's so nonchalant about sleeping in the same bed.

"I'll do my best to behave." I say, not intending the innuendo the way it comes out.

"Me too." Connie answers, raising an eyebrow at me. Turning to the desk clerk she says we'll take it.

We take turns showering and getting dressed. I'm ready to go, when Connie comes out of the bathroom, asking me to zip up her evening dress. It's a black, thin-strapped gown that barely covers her ample breasts. My hands are almost shaking, as they brush against her lower back to pull the zipper away from her bare skin. I glimpse the thin strip from the top of her thong, just before I pull the zipper up. When I'm done, she twirls around and asks me what I think.

"You are gorgeous!" I tell her, taking her hands. "A vision of loveliness." The dress looks like it can barely contain her luscious tits, and they bounce noticeably as she moves.

"Thank you for doing this, Mr. D." She smiles, kissing my cheek.

We have a leisurely dinner at a little hole-in-the-wall Italian place that a New Yorker friend of Connie's told her about. It lives up to its recommendation and I try to focus on the conversation instead of the fact that we're going to be sharing a bed in a few hours.

The play is everything we hoped it would be and as we file out for intermission, everyone is singing its praises.

"Oh god!" Connie says, turning towards me. "There they are!" She whispers. I look past her and see Chris with a very attractive woman walking in our direction. They haven't seen us and Connie seems to want to keep it that way.

"Don't panic." I tell her calmly. "This is a great opportunity to show him you're not sitting home sulking." I look her in the eye. "Walk right up and act like you're surprised to see him and then introduce us."

"You're sure?" She asks, looking panicked by the idea.

"I'm sure." I tell her firmly. "Oh, and use my first name. Introduce me as Don, not Mr. D." I smile, as I lead her on a path through the crowd that will intersect Chris and his wife, just before they get to the bar.

"Chris!" Connie says. "What a pleasant surprise!" She's amazing, reaching her hand out towards his wife. "I'm Connie." She says.

"I'm Melanie, Chris' wife." She says, extending her hand, while her eyes roam over Connie's sexy body.

"Why Chris!" Connie admonishes him. "You never told me you were married." I can't believe how well she's handling this. "This is Don." We shake hands all around, Chris is obviously uncomfortable with this, but Connie and Melanie carry on their conversation.

"I work under your husband." Connie says, letting the innuendo hang in the air. "He doesn't always give me the most satisfying projects, but I've learned a lot." I'm glad we haven't gotten drinks yet, because I think I'd be choking on mine.

"Hey Chris." I say, putting my hand on his shoulder. "Why don't we get some drinks for the ladies." I turn him towards the bar, leaving Connie and Melanie talking.

"So what do you do, Don?" Chris asks, as we get in line at the bar.

"I ruin people who fuck with my friends." I tell him, casually, as if it's the expected answer.

"Look, I don't know what she told you, but..."

"Don't even go there, Chris. I know all about you and I don't think you'd want Melanie or her daddy to know the things I know." I say calmly. He smiles with that smug look I hate so much, as he squares off in front of me.

"Look, Don." He says, condescendingly. "Melanie believes that there are numerous women in the company who are gold diggers and who will make up lies to try and blackmail me." He says, flaunting his arrogance. "She won't believe anything you or Connie have to say and she has her daddy wrapped around her little finger, so he won't either." I'm reaching in my pocket for my IPOD, as he continues. "So, what are you drinking, Don?" He smirks, as we move into second place in line.

"Drink in this, asshole." I whisper, as I push the play button and show him the video clip of him pumping his cock into Connie's mouth.

"Where did you get this?" He demands, grabbing for the IPOD.

"It only matters that I have it." I say, pulling the IPOD from within his reach. "There's more. Do you want to watch her riding you, or you poking her from behind?" I whisper, bringing the IPOD around so I can cue up another video. He watches me turning the thumb wheel, as he tries to figure a way to explain away the videos.

"What do you want?" He finally says, apparently having failed to come up with a logical explanation that Melanie would buy.

"I'll have two Chardonnays." I say to the bartender. "What are you and Melanie drinking, Chris?" Startled, he turns to look at the bartender, waiting for his order.

"Two Chardonnays, as well." Chris says, pulling out his wallet.

"Oh you're buying? Thanks." I say, taking the wine glasses from the bartender.

As we make our way through the crowd I whisper in Chris' ear. "This is a one time deal. You do as your told, the video vanishes and you'll never hear from me again."

"Fine. What do you want?" Chris says impatiently.

"You will treat Connie with professional respect everyday at work and get her the promotion she deserves, outside of your department." I tell him and he stops in his tracks.

"You're giving me more credit than I deserve. I can't just get someone a promotion." He says.

"Don't bullshit me, Chris. You're married to the boss' daughter. Unless you want Melanie and her daddy to receive copies of the directors cut of these videos, you'll make this happen within two weeks." I lock eyes with him. "Now, we're going to rejoin the ladies and you are going to tell Connie to come see you Monday morning to discuss the promotion. Deal?"

"Yes." He says, pushing past me and almost spilling my wine. I smile at his macho posing, knowing that he's going to do exactly what I tell him.

"Here's your wine, dear." Chris says. "I guess we better be going back in. Good to see you Connie. Come by my office on Monday and we'll discuss that promotion, okay?"

"Okay." Connie says, her eyes darting between Chris and I. "It was nice to meet you, Melanie." Connie says. "We should get together sometime." She smiles.

"That would be lovely." Melanie says. "It was nice meeting you." She says, as Chris takes her arm and almost drags her away.

"What did you say to him?" Connie whispers excitedly, as we walk back to our seats.

"Not much really. He knew that he wasn't being fair to you." I answer, noncommittally. Connie loops her arm through mine, and smiles, as she kisses my cheek.

"You really are the best, Don." She says.

After the play, we stop for a drink. Connie laughs, as she tells me what an airhead Melanie is and I tell her how easily Chris agreed to get her a promotion. I don't tell her about the video, of course.

"I can't believe you said you work under him!" I laugh.

"I'm glad you made me confront him." She says. "It was easier than I thought it would be. And I'm really glad you were with me when I did it.

"Me too." I tell her.

When we get back to the hotel, I let Connie have the bathroom, while I quickly strip out of my clothes and put on a pair of pajama bottoms. I'm already in bed when she comes out of the bathroom, wearing an oversized nightshirt with Winnie-the-Pooh on it.

"You changed already?" She asks, walking to the closet to hang up her dress. She's not wearing a bra, but I can see the outline of her thong through the yellow nightshirt.

"I figured you'd be a few minutes, so I just changed out here." I answer, trying not to stare at the bumps her nipples make on the front of her nightshirt.

"You're quite the daring risk taker." She jokes as she turns out the light and slips under the covers on her side of the bed. We lie there on our backs for a few minutes, neither of us speaking.

"I had a good time tonight, Don." Connie says, breaking the silence and thrilling me by continuing to use my first name.

"So did I, Connie." I answer. "It's the best evening I've had in a long time." I tell her.

"Thank you." She says, leaning over towards me. I turn my head towards her, just as she was ready to plant a kiss on my cheek. Our lips meet instead and we just stare at each other for a minute, before Connie kisses me on the lips. "Good night, Don." She smiles and rolls over away from me.

"Good night, Connie." I continue to lie on my back, contemplating that kiss until I fall asleep.

I must have moved around some during the night, because I wake up spooned against Connie's back, with my face buried in her hair, and my arm draped over her waist. I don't know what time it is, but my cock feels like a typical morning hard-on, and it's sandwiched between Connie's ass cheeks. Fuck! I start thinking about how I can move back to my side of the bed, without waking her up. As I lay there surveying my situation, I realize my hand is on her bare stomach. Her nightshirt must have ridden up, which means my pajama covered cock is pressing against her bare ass cheeks, split by the thin material of her thong. These thoughts only manage to arouse my cock even more and I gently lift my arm and start backing my hips away.

"Mmmmm." Connie objects, covering my hand with hers and placing it back on her stomach. "It's okay, Don." She whispers." Go back to sleep." She says, as she scoots her ass back against me and wiggles around until my cock is back between her ass cheeks. She pulls my arm more tightly around her, placing my hand just under her bare breasts. I settle back against her warm body, listening to her breathe, feeling her heartbeat against my hand and trying not to hump her ass with my ever hardening cock. I've seen her naked a hundred times, never imagining that I'd ever get to touch her, even if it is somewhat chaste.

The next time I wake up, I'm alone in bed and I hear the shower running in the bathroom. I flip onto my back and wonder if I had been dreaming. A few minutes after the shower stops, the bathroom door opens. By looking in the mirror over the dresser, I can see Connie in the bathroom, drying her hair. She's wearing a red tank top and white shorts and looks like a cover model. When she sees me watching, she smiles. It's not a seductive, alluring smile, but a big, broad, happy-to-see-you smile. I return hers with a huge smile of my own.

"Do you need to get in here?" She asks, inclining her head towards the toilet, while looking at the tent my cock is making in the sheet.

"I'm okay, if you want to finish your hair." I tell her, making no attempt to hide my hard-on. I figure at this point, it doesn't really matter.

When she's done in the bathroom, I grab my shaving kit and my clothes and head that way. When I walk past her, she touches my arm and lightly kisses my lips.

"Good morning." She says. "How did you sleep?"

"Great!" I tell her. "How about you." I ask, as I continue into the bathroom.

"I slept great, too." She says. "I felt so safe in your arms." She smiles.

Safe? Safe from what? Safe because she knew I wouldn't do anything or safe because I'd protect her in a strange place? What an interesting word to use.

We leave our bags with the concierge, and walk around Manhattan for a couple of hours, before catching the train. We start out walking next to each other, then Connie loops her arm through mine for a few blocks and then we end up just holding hands.

After we get home, we settle back into our pre-Chris routine. The only difference is that Connie starts wearing less and less clothing when she comes down to watch TV or play cards. The third night after we're back, I'm watching a movie on TCM and she comes into the room wearing only a tank top and bikini panties. It's obvious she's not wearing a bra and the flimsy material of the tank top clings to her breasts, creating a clear outline of her sumptuous nipples. She sits on the couch and tucks her legs under her.

"What're we watching tonight?" she asks. I'm watching you.

"Some movie that was made before you were born." I answer laughing. "You can change it if you want."

"It's okay." She says. "I'll watch it with you." I haven't spied on Connie since we've returned from New York. Our relationship changed during that weekend and it seems like a betrayal of her trust to keep spying on her. Of course, I haven't stopped recording her, just in case I change my mind. I'm still trying to figure out if her skimpy outfits are meant to entice me to take our relationship to the next level, or just a reflection of her level of comfort around me.

"I'm going to get a beer." She says, standing up and walking across the room. My eyes are on her panty-clad ass and I'm adjusting my cock as she turns around and says, "You want anything?" I swear she's staring right at my cock when she says it, standing there with her nipples pointing at me through her flimsy tank top and her blonde pubic hair barely visible through her panties. Yes I want something, I think, but don't say. Instead, I just stammer.

"Yeah, I'll, uh have a beer. Thanks." She smiles and heads into the kitchen. Nothing else happens the rest of the evening except I watch her more than I watch the movie and the bulge in my pants is as obvious as the bumps on her top.

The following weekend Karla comes home and my cock surges when I see her. I try not to think about how beautiful she is or how her lips feel when she kisses me hello. When she and Connie retire for the evening, I cave into temptation and almost run to the monitoring room. It's been a while since I've jerked off and my cock is rock solid as I watch them undress each other and bury their faces in each other's pussies. It is almost an identical performance from the last time and as Karla flips around to lay her body over Connie's, I'm stroking my cock like a madman. Just as I shoot my load, I hear Connie say the most unbelievable thing imaginable.

"I want to fuck your dad." She says. She and Karla are just lying there holding each other, not moving.

"Really?" Karla asks, lifting her head up to look Connie in the eyes.

"Yeah, I've done everything except grab his cock, to try to get him to make the first move." She says. I'll be damned! She has been trying to entice me. What a dumb fuck I am.

"I told you how nice he felt pressed against my ass when we were in New York. I wanted so badly to just pull him over on top of me and have him fuck my brains out."

"Why didn't you?" Karla asks. Yeah, why didn't you. I can't believe she told Karla about that.

"Two reasons. One, I think I would have freaked him out." She says. "And two, I wanted to check with you first."

"Me?" Karla says. "You're consenting adults. You don't need to check with me."

"Well, we're best friends, part time lovers and he is your father." Connie smiles. "I just figured it be nice to have your blessing before I fuck him."

"Do you really think he'll do it?" Karla asks. Fucking A, I'll do it. What have I been waiting for?

"You should see how he looks at me." Connie answers. "The other night we were watching TV and I had on this thin tank top and panties on. I mean it left nothing to the imagination. I thought he was going to cum in his pants." She says laughing. "Of course, I got pretty wet myself."

"You got wet, teasing my dad?" Karla asks, moving hips, rubbing her pussy against Connie's mound.

"I need to get laid!" Connie says. "And I love your dad, he's the greatest! Besides, I bet it's been a while for him too." She's right about that!

"Wow! I want to hear all about it when you do." Karla is getting all excited and leans up giving me a clear view of her perfect tits with their taut pink nipples ringed by quarter sized areolas. I feel my cock stir again looking at my naked daughter. As she lifts her leg to move off Connie, I zoom in on her puffy, wet lips, with her pussy juice still oozing out.

"How big do you think his cock is?" Karla asks. I can't believe that while I'm staring at a close-up of my daughter's pussy, she's wondering about the size of my cock.

"He's got a pretty good package." Connie says. "It makes a large bulge in his pants and it felt nice against my ass."

"Do you think he's bigger than average?" Karla asks, as she starts rocking faster on top of Connie.

"You interested for yourself, Karla?" Connie teases. "Maybe we should think about a threesome."

"Don't be silly, he's my father. I was just wondering that's all." Karla doesn't sound very convincing and I'm certainly not behaving very fatherly, rubbing my recovering cock, as I stare at my naked daughter.

"Hey, Karla. Do you want to see how big his bulge is?" Connie asks, mischievously. She's looking at Karla, but doesn't give her a chance to answer. "Tomorrow we'll wear the skimpiest outfits we have and you can see for yourself. No bras, hell no panties either! Let's give your dad a real show. What do you say?"

"I don't know. It seems kind of weird." Karla says and I wonder if she's thinking about how my cock felt against her stomach, the last time she was home.

"What's weird? Didn't you used to go around the house half naked when you lived here? It's no different than that." Connie argues, persuasively.

"You're right. And if you're going to get him to fuck you, we need to get him really horny." Karla agrees. "Okay, it's a deal." She says, bending down and kissing her friend on the mouth. They start touching each other again, and I'm wondering if they're going to resume their love making, when Connie turns off the light and they both get under the covers. I shut down the monitors and go to bed.

My cock is rock hard, as I think about what Connie and Karla are cooking up for tomorrow. I'm glad I'm on to their plan, so I can respond appropriately. This could get very interesting. I know I could never actually fuck my own daughter, but I can't deny how much I enjoy looking at her sexy body.

The next morning I wake up to the sound of the shower and make it to the monitoring room just in time to see the girls lathering soap on each other. They are standing face to face, soaping each other's tits, massaging and squeezing as they work up a lather of body wash. My cock stiffens, as they move their hands around to each other's ass cheeks, pressing their bodies together and kissing passionately. I watch their nipples harden noticeably as they slather their soapy tits together. Suddenly, they pull apart and I can't hear what they're saying over the sound of the shower, but they quickly finish, dry off and go into the bedroom to get dressed. My cock is rock hard as I watch them try on a variety of sexy outfits. Connie finally decides on a very short, v-neck sundress with spaghetti straps and large cut-outs for the arms. Karla puts on a short tank top that stops just below her breasts and the tightest, short shorts I have ever seen. Neither girl is wearing a bra or panties.

"You ready?" Connie asks. "I bet we're not in the room two minutes, before you get to see the size of the your dad's cock." Connie says, smiling at her former roommate.

"Yeah, I'm ready. These shorts are so tight, their riding up into my pussy and my ass." Karla answers.

"That's the idea, sweetie. They look great. They look like you painted them on. I can see everything and it's making me want to eat you. Imagine what your father will want to do." I don't have to imagine what it's making me want to do. Since they are set on seeing my bulge and I don't want to disappoint them, I tuck my throbbing cock back in my pants. I want to be ready for these two hot girls when they make their move.

"Now remember the plan." Connie continues. "We parade around for a while in these skimpy outfits, giving him an eyeful of tits and ass. Then we go out for a while and leave him to wonder what's going on."

"Right. Got it." Karla sounds nervous and excited at the same time. She leans up and gives Connie a kiss on the lips. "Good luck."

I watch the girls leave the bedroom, and then shut down the monitor and leave my room to join them downstairs. When I walk into the kitchen, Connie is bending over to get a skillet from the bottom cupboard. She holds the pose longer than necessary, while I stare at her sexy round ass cheeks and puffy slit visible below the hem of her sundress. I can see a hint of her blonde hair circling her pussy lips and my cock reacts immediately.

"Good morning, daddy." Karla says from the other side of the kitchen. "Connie and I are going to make some eggs and sausage. Do you want some?" I tear my eyes from Connie's ass and look over at Karla. Her hard nipples are pushing against the thin material of her tank top and her flat stomach is visible to well below her navel. The outline of her pussy lips is obvious behind her form fitting shorts. Karla is staring at the bulge in my pants, smiling.

"Sure, whatever you girls are having is good with me." I stammer. Connie has stood up and turned around. The v-neck of her sundress comes down to the bottom of her tits, leaving most of her breasts exposed around the flimsy material. I can see the sides of her breasts through the armholes and I watch them bounce as she moves around the kitchen.

"You go get your newspaper, we'll get breakfast ready." Karla says, reaching up to get coffee cups from a top cupboard. As she stretches her arms over her head, her tank top rides up revealing the bottom half of her small round tits. She turns to put the coffee cups on the counter and I get a look at her firm, tight ass cheeks inside her painted on shorts. Reluctantly, I turn toward the front door and go outside to get the newspaper.

I sit at the table, attempting to read my newspaper, as they continuously move about the kitchen bending and stretching to expose themselves. We eat breakfast, talking about the day's news and I can't hide the bulge I've developed from staring at these two scantily clad women.

I catch Connie winking at Karla as she picks up a link sausage with her fork and slowly slides the end of it in her mouth. Karla does the same thing and I can easily imagine my cock sliding into either or both of their mouths. Karla is setting next to me and I watch her glance at my cock as she sucks on the end of the sausage before taking a bite. Somehow I manage to finish my breakfast and offer to clean up the dishes.

"We're going out for a while." Karla says. "We've got some shopping to do." They go upstairs and get dressed, while I straighten up the kitchen.

After the girls leave, I go upstairs and scroll back to the footage of them just before they went shopping.

"I am so wet!" Karla exclaims, as they enter the bedroom.

"Getting daddy hard, turns you on!" Connie says, as she pulls her sundress over her head. "I'm not surprised. It's every girls fantasy at some point in her life."

"It's never been mine." Karla responds, as she peels her tight shorts off and tosses them aside.

"Oh really?" Connie says, sliding her hand between Karla's legs and bringing her wet finger up in front of her face. "Then what's this all about?" She asks.

"I don't know." Karla says quietly. Connie wraps her arms around Karla, holding her tightly.

"You're as horny as I am for a hard cock." Connie says. "Maybe more so, I at least had Chris that one night." Connie says. "You should really think about fucking your dad, Karla." I hear Connie whisper. "I think you want to."

"Even if that's true, and I'm not saying it is, I can't imagine my dad ever agreeing to anything like that." Karla says. "You don't know him."

"I might know him better than you do." Connie says and before Karla can answer she adds, "Okay, maybe not better, but differently. I know him as a man, with a man sized reaction to women." Connie says, squeezing Karla's ass cheek. "And you can't deny your reaction to his reaction." Connie laughs.

"No, I can't." Karla says quietly. "I've never gotten this wet without being touched." She sighs.

"Okay." Connie steps back from Karla. "How about this. I'll come back here alone and tell your dad that you ran into some high school friends. You can sneak back in through the kitchen door and watch me seduce him. If you think it makes sense, you can surprise us and join the fun. If not, you just sneak back out."

"Okay." Karla's nodding. "That sounds good. I'll probably just watch. I can't imagine having sex with my father." She says.

"It's up to you." Connie smiles. The two girls get dressed and leave the bedroom. Goddamn! My cock was already bursting with anticipation of fucking Connie, but the idea of Karla watching us has me oozing precum. I quickly tuck it back in my pants, not wanting to diminish my ability when Connie comes home.

I'm in the living room, watching a football game when Connie walks in carrying some shopping bags from the mall.

"Hi Don." She says, setting her packages down. "Karla ran into some friends from high school. She'll see us later this evening and the three of us can do something together." She says smiling. It sounds innocent, if I didn't know that the something would be Karla watching me fuck Connie.

"Wait 'til you see what I bought!" She says, excitedly. "Stay right here and I'll go put it on." A few minutes later Connie comes down the stairs wearing a sheer, rose-colored, baby doll nightie. The top consists of thin straps connected to two transparent triangles covering her opulent tits. A bow connects the two triangles together just below her breasts, with more see through material flowing down to her hips. Her hard nipples and dark areolas are conspicuous through the sheer material and she's wearing matching thong panties stretched tightly across her pussy lips. My cock jumps at this erotic vision.

"Well, Don." Connie says. "What do you think?" She's standing there, nearly naked in a baby doll nightie, staring at the obvious bulge in my pants and smiling seductively.

"Wow! You look amazing." I say, returning her smile. She slowly turns around and gives me a look at her ass, naked except for the thin strip of material disappearing between her firm, round ass cheeks.

"What do you want to do until Karla gets home?" She asks, facing me again.

"I don't know, Connie." I say, staring at her tantalizing tits. "What are our choices?"

"Karla says you give great back rubs." Connie says, sitting on my lap and wrapping her arms around my neck. "I've been wanting a good back rub for a long time." She says, wiggling her ass around on my hard cock. "Do I have to plan another overnight trip to New York, to get you into bed with me, Don?" She asks, kissing me on the lips.

"No." I whisper. "I'll give you a back rub that you won't forget." I say. "Let's go upstairs to your room?" I suggest her room because the motion sensors will start the cameras recording.

I follow her, staring at her tight, young ass a few inches from my face. Her ass cheeks are swinging in an exaggerated fashion and she seems to enjoy knowing that I'm looking at her bare cheeks, as we climb the stairs.

"Why don't you lie down on your bed, while I'll get the massage oil." I grab the massage oil from the bathroom and when I enter her bedroom, Connie is lying face down on the bed, naked, her discarded outfit lying on the floor.

"I don't see any sense in getting massage oil on my new nightie, do you?" She says, looking over her shoulder at me, as I stare at her sexy ass.

"No, that wouldn't be good at all." I say, sitting next to her on the bed pouring massage oil on my hands, trying to keep them from shaking.

I begin with her shoulders and work my way down her back, rubbing the oil in as I go. I'm trying to go slowly and give her a real massage, but I'm too anxious to get my hands on her ass to linger very long. When I finally start massaging oil on her ass cheeks, she moans softly and spreads her legs wide apart on the bed. Her ass feels wonderful and I spend a lot of time just running my hands up and down, kneading her cheeks and sliding my oiling fingers between them, teasing her asshole. I move my hands down her legs, rubbing oil along her thighs and calves.

A soft sigh escapes her lips, as I run my hands along her inner thighs, lightly brushing her moist slit. I keep massaging her inner thighs, letting my fingers just lightly graze her pussy, until she is pushing her ass up trying to make stronger contact with my hands. I oblige and rub up and down her moist slit before slipping two fingers inside her pussy.

"Mmmmm." She says, dreamily, pushing her ass up against my hand. "That's nice."

I finger fuck her while continuing to massage her ass cheeks with my other hand. She's humping her ass up off the bed pushing my fingers deeper into her hot, slick pussy. I pull my fingers out, slap her playfully on the ass and tell her it's time to turn over. I catch my breath as I feast my eyes on her sexy young body. Her bountiful tits bounce lazily as she rolls over. Her hard nipples stick up like miniature silos on top of her creamy white mountains and I immediately lean over and take one in my mouth. I nurse at her breast, sucking and biting her nipple while she holds my head tightly to her. She's moaning softly as I move to her other breast and suck on it the same way.

"That feels so good." She murmurs, stroking my hair. I let her nipple slip from my mouth and plant kisses down her stomach. When I reach her pubic hair, I breathe in her sent and lick all around her mound. Kneeling between her legs, I put my arms behind her knees and bend my face down to her waiting pussy lips. God! I've imagined myself doing this a hundred times, as I've watched her on the monitors, never believing it would actually happen!

I continue to tease her, by licking her thighs, then all around her pussy, without touching her lips. She's squirming on the bed trying to push her lips against my tongue. Finally, I flatten my tongue and take one slow stroke from her ass to her clit.

"Oh god! Yes!" She yells. "Eat my pussy, Don. Please eat my pussy!" I push my tongue inside her hot, wet opening and begin lapping up her juices. Her taste is arousing and my cock is rock hard, as I tongue fuck her and eat her delicious nectar. She's pushing her ass off the bed and spreading her legs wider, trying to get my tongue deeper inside her nectarous pussy. I slide my tongue up to her hooded clit and lick gently around it, before sucking it into my mouth.

"Oh fuck! That's incredible!" She breathes, as I slip two fingers deep inside her steamy, wet pussy and continue to suck her clit. She's thrusting her pussy up, and bouncing her ass off the bed, as I finger fuck her and eat her to a powerful orgasm.

"I'm cumming!" Connie yells, "Just keep doing that! Don't Stop! Oh fuck!" She clenches her pussy around my fingers, jerking wildly, her whole body shaking. Her head and shoulders come up off the bed as her orgasm overtakes her and she gushes creamy juice all over my fingers and down her ass cheeks. I move my mouth from her clit and start hungrily lapping up her delicious flow of syrup. I watch her chest heave and her tits bounce as she gulps air into her lungs. I lick her clean while she catches her breath. Sitting up, I remove my clothes, and then slide my body up over hers. Slipping my pussy soaked tongue into her mouth, I kiss her deeply while positioning my cockhead against her anxiously awaiting pussy.

"Oh yes!" She says, raising her legs up, welcoming my cock into her pussy. "Fuck me! Fuck me hard, Mr. D! I really need to be fucked hard!" She cries, and I momentarily wonder why I'm back to being Mr. D, but I am surprisingly aroused by it.

I slide into her in one long stroke, burying my cock completely inside her hot, wet, hole. Pulling all the way out, I plunge in again causing her to moan loudly. I pump into her using long hard strokes, slapping my balls against her ass on the down stroke. She wraps her legs around me, pulling me deeper into her and raises her ass off the bed, meeting me halfway through the down stroke.

"Harder, Mr. D! Fuck me harder!" Connie yells, clawing my shoulders, as she bounces her ass off the bed sucking my cock deeper into her burning snatch. I'm pounding into her and shoving her ass back down on the bed with the force of my strokes. Our faces are next to each other, our cheeks touching and I'm holding her shoulders with my hands. I catch movement out of the corner of my eye and turn my head slightly, as I continue to pummel Connie's insatiable pussy. Looking through the door, I see Karla in the hallway watching us. Her face is flush and she's urgently trying to strip out of her clothing. Wildly excited at the idea of my daughter watching me fuck her best friend, I kiss Connie, pushing my tongue deep into her mouth, while our bodies continue to buck wildly on the bed.

"I'm cumming again!" Connie yells, breaking off the kiss. "Oh my god! Oh fuck! I'm cumming!" Bucking wildly, she locks her legs behind my ass and her pussy muscles clamp down on my cock. Her eruption of juices, and the thought of Karla watching us, puts me over the top and I explode, shooting my load deep inside Connie's quivering pussy. Our bodies are entwined in jerky spasms as we ride out our waves of pleasure. Connie's pussy is pulsating around my throbbing cock as we start to settle down and try to catch our breaths.

"What have we here?" Karla says huskily, walking into the room naked. "A little lesson in landlord tenant relations?" She laughs, walking up next to the bed. I start to move off of Connie, but she puts her hand on my ass and stops me. I'm surprised but not disappointed that Karla decided to join us.

"No, don't get up and don't pull out, just yet." She says, smiling. "I liked watching you fuck Connie, daddy." She's rubbing her hand over my ass cheeks and down between my legs. "And you have a great ass." She's massaging my ass and running her hand down over my balls. I'm feeling my cock stir inside Connie's warm pussy.

"Hi" Connie says, dreamily. "Did you get wet watching us?" She asks, reaching her hand out and cupping Karla's pussy. Karla nods, spreading her legs to let her friend slip her fingers between her pussy lips.

"Oh my, you are dripping wet, girl!" Connie runs her fingers along Karla's pussy lips, and then brings them to my mouth. "Have a taste, daddy." Connie whispers. I suck her fingers into my mouth, for my first taste of my daughter's pussy juice, while Karla plays with my balls. Fuck! It's like an erotic drug or an aphrodisiac.

Connie moves her hand back to Karla's pussy and pushes two fingers deep inside. Karla starts humping against Connie's fingers, while she runs one hand lightly over my ass cheeks and continues massaging my balls. The taste of my daughter's pussy on my lips, while I watch her being finger fucked a foot from my face, makes my cock recover extra fast. Before I know it I'm pumping my cock in and out of Connie's drenched pussy.

"Mmmm. You're working some magic on your daddy's dick." Connie says, pumping her fingers faster into Karla's pussy. "He's recovering already. Do we get to go again, or do you want some of this?" She asks. My cock is hard again from the ass massage and the sight of my daughter's wet pussy.

"I don't know." Karla says, panting from the finger fucking her pussy is getting. "What do you want, daddy. Do you want to fuck Connie again or would you like to try me?"

The moment of truth has arrived. Do I want to fuck my daughter?

"I don't know either, honey." I say softly, looking at my daughter, staring at her hard nipples jiggling up and down as she humps her pussy against Connie's hand. I lick my lips, tasting her sweet nectar. "Are you sure about this?"

"Of course she's sure!" Connie exclaims, pushing me off her. My nearly recovered cock plops out of her soggy tunnel, as I roll onto my back. Connie moves off the bed, gently pushing Karla onto it. Karla kneels between my legs and our eyes lock on each other. She wraps both hands around my pussy-soaked cock, gently squeezing the base of it. Without breaking eye contact, she bends forward and, as if bowing to worship it, she licks the head. Flicking her tongue like my cock is an ice cream cone she washes off all of Connie's juices, before surrendering her mouth to the inevitable invasion. Her eyes alive with desire, she slowly, tantalizingly slides my cock deep into her mouth.

"Oh God!" I cry at the feel of my daughter's warm mouth engulfing my hard cock. I break eye contact to look at the erotic sight of my daughter's naked body as she kneels between my legs. Her firm, young tits are hanging like small cones on either side of my cock; her pink nipples jutting out nearly a half an inch from her slightly darker areolas. Her moist lips are sliding up and down my fully recovered cock while she flicks the sensitive underside of it with her tongue. My hips start moving of their own accord, thrusting my cock deeper into my daughter's mouth, trying to intensify the already fervent pleasure her warm, wet mouth is rendering. I glance to the side and see Connie sitting spread-eagle on the floor, leaning against the wall, feverishly fingering her pussy, as she watches Karla deep-throating my cock.

Karla's extraordinary blowjob coupled with Connie's exhibitionism and the idea that it is all being recorded on video nearly drives me to climax, except Karla stops. She slides her lips all the way off my cock, leaving me humping the air as she sits up and says, "I want you to cum inside me, daddy."

She moves forward straddling my hips and slides her hot, juicy pussy down over my throbbing shaft in one quick motion. Settling down on her knees, she rocks her hips in slow rolling motions, massaging my cock with her lush, velvety pussy. The feeling is exquisite! My senses are on overload. Our eyes are again locked on each other, as she rocks her hips faster, sliding her pussy lips farther up my rigid cock.

As she closes her eyes and leans her head back, I move my hands up for my first touch of my daughter's tits. Her small mounds feel better than I imagined, the fleshy sides conform to my hands, as I gently squeeze and caress them. Her firm tits are bouncing in my hands and she lets out a low moan as I pinch her erect nipples. She leans farther back and I slide my hand down her stomach, through her pubic hair and brush her clit with my thumb.

"Oh god, Daddy!" She breathes. "Keep doing that!" I rub my thumb in a circular motion over her clit as she bounces up and down the entire length of my shaft. Like Sharon Stone in Basic Instinct, she is leaning back with her hands on the bed thrusting her hot pussy down around my cock. We are both bucking feverishly and I'm getting painfully close to shooting my load.

"I'm cumming. Oh Fuck, daddy. I'm cumming! Cum with me! Cum inside me!" Karla has lunged forward tightening her pussy muscles around my cock and is jerking wildly through the first wave of her orgasm. My cock responds immediately, shooting my built up load deep inside her inflamed pussy. My cock erupting inside her unleashes another trembling wave of pleasure and she collapses on my chest, shivering. I wrap my arms around her and relish the feeling of her hard nipples crushed against my chest.

We lie there for a while catching our breaths before I realize Connie is no longer in the room. I tilt her face up toward mine and lean forward for my first romantic taste of my daughter's lips, not a father-daughter kiss, but a deep, passionate lover's kiss. As our tongues entwine, hungrily devouring each other, I feel moisture on Karla's cheeks and realize she's crying.

"What's the matter, baby girl?" I ask uneasily, wiping the tears from her cheeks.

"Oh, Daddy!" She cries, hugging me tightly. "I just didn't know I wanted you this much!"

"Neither did I, Karla." I tell her, stroking her hair. "Neither did I."

"Well it's a good thing I was here, then." Laughs Connie, entering the room carrying three beers. "I figured we could use some refreshment before it's my turn again. You guys have been ignoring me." She teases.

Connie walking in naked carrying three beers, her pussy still glistening with moisture, jolts us out of our reverie and Karla leans up, wiping her eyes. My cock is still clamped inside her pussy as she reaches for a beer and takes a drink. She holds the cold beer bottle between her tits then rubs it across her nipples.

"Mmm, that's cold." She says, pressing the bottom of the bottle against my chest. I jump and my spent cock pops out of her pussy and we both start laughing. We sit up and make room for Connie on the bed. While I'm recovering, the girls start kissing and touching each other.

"Thank you, Connie." Karla whispers. "You were right."

We spend the rest of the weekend in various three-some positions, fucking, sucking and eating each other to exhaustion. When Karla's ready to leave on Sunday night, the intensity of our goodbye kiss is almost frightening. While clenching me in a tight embrace, she tells me how much she loves me and promises to come home every weekend. Connie jokingly promises to ease off towards the end of the week so I can conserve my strength.

Connie and I sleep together every night and on weekends I sleep sandwiched between these two insatiable goddesses. Every once in a while, Connie again demonstrates the intuitiveness that made her push Karla and I together, by leaving us alone for an evening. On those evenings when it's just the two of us, our incestuous coupling builds slowly over several hours. From a slow burn, it gains momentum driving us into a frenzied, manic, crescendo that leaves us depleted, totally consumed by our unique, unconventional love.

I don't record much anymore. I don't need to. In fact, I may dismantle the monitoring room. I've erased most of the videos, keeping key clips that I look at occasionally. One video that will never be erased is that first time with Karla. I've edited out Connie bursting in with the beers and just let it end with me holding her, stroking her hair. I'm still aroused by the aggressive intensity of my little girl's lovemaking. It has to be the most erotic video ever made.