**Enjoying Cassie**

by Art Martin

**Chapter 1 - Discovery**

*Eric, a single dad has a problem, his horny young teen daughter is sexually promiscuous. What to do?*

I was devastated by the untimely death of my wife, Kate. She had been complaining of headaches and when they became unbearable, she finally went to see a doctor about them. After a battery of tests over a two week period, the diagnosis was in, brain cancer. When chemo didn't work, there wasn't anything to do, but to make her comfortable. That meant painkillers, massive doses of painkillers while her condition rapidly worsened. After about two months, it was all over and she was finally at peace, leaving me and our nine year old daughter, Cassie, to grieve and to pick up the pieces.

Thinking back, I don't recall Cassie being so touchie-feelie before Kate's death. But afterwards... It was innocent enough. She began laying her hands on me and stroking me with her fingers. Mostly it was on my shoulders or my back, but sometimes if I wasn't wearing a shirt, she'd stroke my bare chest. Now this didn't just happen all of a sudden or anything, but gradually, so gradual that I didn't realize that what she was doing might be bordering upon... inappropriate. But by then, I couldn't very well tell her to keep her hands to herself. The touches were loving and truth be told, I loved it.

By the time Cassie was twelve and beginning to physically mature, it was a regular feature for me to be lounging about in the evening on the sofa in just my boxer shorts and letting her all but feel me up. She loved to play with my navel and seemed to get a charge at making my nipples stiffen. Mind you, there was no touching of my genitals, just my face, chest, back, legs, and tummy.

Cassie was an early bloomer. She began puberty early and before she had turned twelve, she had taken on curves. She was definitely something of an anomaly in her fifth grade class, being the only girl not flat chested. I noticed, but then I was buying her new larger bras every other month it seemed. We had a talk about how and why her body was changing and what to expect when she started menstruating. With her shoulder length curly chestnut color hair and sparkling light blue eyes, she was a pretty girl and a looker, but then I was and still am prejudiced. We also talked a little about boys, but not in any great detail. I certainly didn't conduct a show-and-tell session with her!

On her thirteenth birthday, we had a party at the house with all her middle-school friends. That's when I noticed that she liked to lay on the hands with guys. Nothing untoward happened, probably because the guys her age were clueless, but I knew that sooner rather than latter, the guys would see that as a positive sexual signal and act upon it accordingly. I told myself that I would talk to her about it in more detail and hoped that she wouldn't become sexually active for a few more years. I did talk to her, but she just looked at me as if she didn't understand what I was talking about.

Now, life as a single dad is tough. I not only had to look after her and the house, but make a living as well. Nothing new to single moms, that's for sure, but it was tough nonetheless. My work schedule at the local community college where I taught computer skills, required me to teach some of my classes at night. In my case, Tuesday and Thursday nights. On those nights, I wouldn't get home until well after nine PM. Cassie, who assumed the duty of cooking for us, would always have my dinner ready when I got home. Her grades were excellent and whenever I called home to check up on her, she was there, so I wasn't particularly worried about what she might be up to. Maybe I should have been.

Of course when I realized there was a problem, it was too late to do anything about it. That realization came on a Tuesday night. A dump truck or something ran into the main transformer serving the college and the power went out. With no hope of restoring electricity before the morning, all classes were dismissed. So I head home, fat, dumb and happy. Into the house I go unannounced to find my thirteen year old daughter naked underneath a naked boy who was pumping away. Well, that was a revelation! The kid, grabbed his clothes and made a hasty retreat out the back patio doors, leaving Cassie to face me alone.

I'm proud to say I kept my cool, saying nothing while she lay there naked for a few moments before scurrying off to her room. I gave her a few minutes to get something on (and let my erection recede) before I walked into her room without knocking. She was dressed, sitting on her bed, her eyes watery.

"Who was that boy?" I calmly asked.

"Troy," she whispered.

"Do I know Troy?"

"I don't think so."

"He looks older than your other friends."

"He is. He's in the eighth grade."

"Eight grade... I see..." There was a long pause as I searched for the right words. "Have you been doing this with Troy for very long."

"Not really," she replied.

"How long?"

"Once or twice."

"Once or twice? You're not sure how many times you've had sex with Troy?"

She hesitated and then said, "No, sir."

"Are you in love with him?"

"No! Not really."

"He's not your boyfriend? You just have sex with him."

"Sort of."

"What do mean, sort of?"

"He's kind of a jerk. But... I don't know, Daddy...

"Are you mad at me, Daddy?"

"I, uh, you... you're awfully young to be having sex with boys. You need to be careful. You don't want to catch something... and, uh, you should be careful of your reputation."

She then laughed and said, "I guess I just like it." She didn't have to explain what the "it" was.

"So... is Troy the only boy you, uh, do it with?" As soon as I said it, I wished I hadn't as Cassie was always honest with me, telling the truth about matters large and small.

"No," she simply said.

I'd heard all that I needed to hear for the moment, and I needed to think, so I got up and left her room. Heading directly to my stash of hard liquor, I selected a good scotch, poured me one and downed it. As usual, this really did me no good, and no harm either, but it helped dull the senses.

The burn hadn't fully abated when I heard her from behind ask me, "Are you hungry, Daddy? I made spaghetti and meat sauce for tonight. Would you like some?" The question kind of surprised me as it was so... normal, like everything was still like it was yesterday. In a way it was. She was fucking boys and I was clueless. Not about sex per se, I had always expected that, but if I had understood her correctly, she was promiscuous. There's a word for girls like that, a word I refused to apply to my sweet Cassie, and thus clueless as to how to address the matter at hand.

While I stood there with my mind chasing its own tail, Cassie put dinner on the table. She always waited for me to get home before she ate, and tonight was no exception.

It was surreal, sitting across from her and asking her all the mundane questions I usually asked... how was school today... how did you do on your math test... have you finished your homework? It was only toward the end that I asked her something important.

"Cassie, have you started your periods?" This was by no means the first time I had broached the subject.

She looked up at me with her big light blue eyes smiling and replied, "No, Daddy. I'm safe."

"When you do, you tell me. I'll take you to see Doctor Jones and have him put you on birth control. There's no excuse for leaving you unprotected. Neither of us wants you to get pregnant, or at least I don't."

"I don't want that either, Daddy. I'm too young."

"Yes, you are too young! You're too young to..."

I stopped short of saying what was obvious and instead finished with, "No more boys in the house when I'm not here! This stops today!" As if I could stop it.

We didn't talk about "it" the rest of the evening, but the next day, after I thought about it some, I did ask some pointed and intelligent questions, such as, 'Do you suck dick?' though I didn't phrase it so indelicately. She answered truthfully.

"Some of the girls at school think it's gross, but they don't know what they're talking about," she informed me.

"Then you enjoy giving oral sex?"

"Yes, I do, Daddy. The girls all say I'm a slut for doing it, but I don't care. It's fun!"

Then she tells me the first time she sucked a boy was two years ago, during a sleepover at her friend, Sophie's, house. She and Sophie had been friends for years and still are. Seems Sophie put her up to sucking off Sophie's little brother on some silly bet. Lucky little bastard has been getting regular blowjobs from his big sister's friend ever since. Damn! Cassie was only eleven and sucking an even younger boy? Where were Sophie's parents?

Over the next several days, I puzzled and puzzled over what to do. I didn't want to make a mess of things, so every day I'd just ask Cassie a question or two that she'd answer in a straightforward manner. I'd take these answers and think on them without comment for a day or so as I formulated a brilliant plan. Along the way I learned that she'd had sex with quite a number of boys. It seemed that my work schedule was public knowledge and that lots of boys knew that Cassie was a pretty girl who couldn't or wouldn't say no.

It was something of a relief when she told me that she'd started having her first period. This much of the plan I knew, to get her on birth control ASAP. With that done, I felt a whole lot better knowing she wouldn't be preggo before the summer break began. As for the promiscuity, I hadn't a clue as to what to do... so much for a brilliant plan. I did decide that maybe it wasn't such a good idea for me to lie around practically nude at night and let her all but feel me up, lest a daughterly hand wound up on my cock. I hated to give that up, but I wasn't so sure that I would resist such a move.

I did make a plan of sorts Normally, I'd teach a course or two during the summer term for the extra money, but that just didn't seem that important at the moment. What I needed to do was to remove Cassie from her circle of friends and boyfriends and give her lots of quality time with her old man. I couldn't very well watch her when I was off working, so I decided to act on a dream I'd had for many years, that is, buy a travel trailer and tour the country for an entire summer. The deadline for contracting for the summer teaching position was rapidly approaching and I knew I had to make a decision fast.

As luck would have it, I saw an ad in the local newspaper for a used trailer and a towing vehicle at a price I could afford. I called the number immediately and went out to see the rig. From the price quoted in the paper, I was expecting something rather rough. To my surprise, the trailer and diesel pickup both appeared to be almost new. The lady who was selling them said that her husband had bought them three years ago after he retired and that they had traveled all over the country in them. But then he died of a heart attack. She also said she couldn't drive the truck, much less pull a trailer with it, so she decided to just sell them and use the cash for something else. I bought the rig on the spot.

Happily, Cassie was excited about hitting the road and seeing the country. We made several weekend test runs to various state parks to gain experience in maneuvering the rig and setting up the trailer. It was a bitch at first, but by and by I gained confidence, as well as skill.

Then when classes were out for the summer, we packed up and headed off. Towing a trailer in flat lands on an interstate highway is one thing, towing a trailer on narrow, twisting mountain roads is altogether another matter entirely, but I managed.

**Chapter 2 - Rocky Mountain High**

*In the dead of the night disaster strikes, leading father and daughter to come closer together...*

About a week or so into the trip, we pulled into a really nice RV camp in SW Colorado. Best of all, it was centrally located to act as a base camp for our exploration of the San Juan Mountains.

We'd been there for a few days when the weather turned bad one evening. We'd gone to bed and were fast asleep when lightning struck. I remember feeling my hair stand on end just moments before. There was a blinding flash and a deafening sound like a bomb had gone off next to my ear. Seconds later, Cassie leapt into bed with me crying, "Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!" and attaching herself to me.

"Wow! That was close," I told her with my ears ringing. "But it's over. Nothing happened. Everything's okay." No sooner had I said that and I noticed a flickering yellow light and the smell of smoke.

"Fire!" I shouted as I sprang from the bed with Cassie hanging on to me for dear life. My only thought was to get out! I bolted out the door and into a driving rain carrying Cassie with me. At a safe distance, I turned and saw all the windows glowing orange. Within seconds the glow had turned into a bright conflagration. Stunned, I held Cassie in the pouring rain and watched as the trailer burned furiously.

By the time someone arrived to help, it was all but over. The flames died down almost as quickly as they had sprung up. Luckily, it hadn't set the woods on fire. I remember a lot of shouting and people running about, but there was nothing anyone could do; the damage had been done.

"Are you okay? Are you okay?"

He must have said it three or four times before I heard him. I turned and replied, "Yeah, I'm okay."

"How about your little girl?"

"She's just scared... I think."

"You're both soaking wet. Let's get you out of the rain."

I followed and climbed into the cab of his pickup with Cassie still attached around my neck. It wasn't until we were out of the rain did I realize our predicament. I was barefoot and shirtless, wearing only a thin pair of gym shorts. Cassie had on one of my t-shirts and nothing else. What meager clothes we did have on, were soaking wet. Cassie was shivering from the cold and my teeth began to chatter. Except for a few items left inside my pickup, everything we had was in that trailer, including the keys to the truck.

"Look, there's nothing we can do until the morning," our rescuer said. I finally realized that it was Bob, the RV Camp Manager. "I've got a little camper I haul around that's not being used. It's not hooked up to the electricity or water, but at least it's dry."

"That'll be fine," I replied.

"There're sheets, blankets and towels in there," he said. "I'll see if I can round up some clothes for you and your girl in the morning." Then he stopped in front of this tiny trailer that didn't look big enough for one person, let alone two, but at that point I wasn't picky. He got out, ran over to the trailer and unlocked the door.

I piled out carrying Cassie and made it inside. Bob shone a flashlight on us and I turned to thank him. It was only then that I realized that Cassie wasn't wearing panties and with her t-shirt pulled up like it was, her bare ass was on display. Well, nothing to do about that either. Bob looked up, embarrassed by being caught looking. Handing me the flashlight, he excused himself saying he needed to be sure the fire was completely out.

There was just enough room in there for a single bunk at one end and a bench with a fold down table at the other end, but not enough headroom for me to stand completely upright. Sheets, two blankets and a pillow were sitting on top of the bare mattress. I peeled apart Cassie's arms from around my neck, put her down and quickly made up the bed by the light of the flashlight bouncing off the low slopping ceiling. We couldn't very well crawl under the covers in our wet clothes, so I pulled Cassie's t-shirt up and over her head, checking out her nicely developing tits in the process. With the threadbare towel I found, I quickly dried her off as best I could. She climbed under the covers, complaining of the cold. Meanwhile I stripped off my shorts, damp dried myself with the pitiful towel and then draped my shorts and her t-shirt over the bench to dry. Naked, I climbed in and hugged her shivering nude body to mine. After a while, skin-to-skin and hunkered down beneath the covers, we warmed up enough for her to stop shivering. I rolled over, careful not to fall out of the small bed, thinking it might be best if I turned my back to her so my dick didn't accidently poke into her.

After a short while we were toasty warm. She wrapped her arm around me and began stroking my tummy. I pretended not to notice. She stroked my chest and again I pretended to be asleep. Her hand moved back down to my tummy and wandered even lower, her fingers combing through my pubic hair. I waited to see what she would do next, conflicted by my desire to be a good daddy and my desire to have her play with my cock. The fingers brushed against my semi-flaccid member and I held my breath. They brushed against my dick again, only this time more deliberately. I should have stopped it right then and there, but... I didn't. I let her delicate fingers wrap around my cock which was surging to a full erection.

At first, neither of us spoke as she fondled me. Then I murmured, "That's feels so nice, Cassie."

"Yes, it does feel good," she answered in a whisper. "Gawd, Daddy, you're so big."

I rolled onto my back to give her better access and soon she was fondling my balls, as well as my cock. Her finger slid over the tip, picking up my slippery dew, smearing it around. Naively, I thought that would be as far as it went, but as long as I didn't object, she pushed it farther. I knew full well what was coming when she disappeared under the covers, somehow managing to contort herself so that she could take me in her mouth. I should have stopped it then, but I didn't. Instead, I scooted up in the small bed, nearly sitting upright, to give her more room to get to my cock. I felt her hot breath on my turgid member and then felt the warm wetness as her lips slid over the end of my penis. Damn!

She quickly proved her expertise, delivering her old man a most sensuous blowjob. I hadn't been with another woman since her mother had died, and the feelings were as intense as they were exquisite.

I'd been thinking of this moment ever since she told me how much she enjoyed performing fellatio. I had tried to shut it out of my mind, but it was always there in the background. Now it was a reality, my thirteen year old daughter, sucking my cock. Sucking me like she sucked all those boys while I was teaching a class. I suppose I should have felt guilty, but I didn't. I also should have felt a chill sitting up like that, but that was the farthest thing on my mind. I hadn't initiated this, she had, and now that she had, next time I would initiate it. But next time wasn't now, now she was sucking my cock, her tongue ever moving along and over it, her lips sliding up and down as she fondled my balls.

"God, Cassie," I whispered, "that feels so, so good." Moments later my balls began to boil. I briefly considered what I should do, blow a wad in her mouth or pull out and possibly hose her in the face. There were other options, I'm sure, but there wasn't any time to consider them.

"I'm gonna cum in your mouth, honey," I warned as I placed my hand on her bobbing head. With my eyes squeezed shut I felt the storm building in my groin. "Oh, fuuucccckkk, baby. Don't stop. Don't stop. Gonna cum... gonna cum... gonna... AAAHHHHHH!" I cried out as my semen surged up from my balls and blasted through my dick and into her mouth. "Aaaaahhhh!" I cried again as a second bolt of sperm laden man-goo shot through my pulsating dick. Those first two blasts simply felt so good that they hurt. My prostate continued to contract violently, sending stream after stream of my seed into her mouth until finally they abated to mere echoes, echoes that still pumped oozing semen into her sucking maw.

She continued to gently suck as I softened until the head of my dick was so sensitive that I was bodily jerking about in the bed. Not able to take it anymore, I reached down and pulled her off, still sucking away at my cock. Damn! What a suck off! She left me drained and gasping for breath. When I finally regained my senses, I found that I still had her head in my hands. Gently I caressed her hair and praised, "That was simply wonderful, Cassie. Wonderful. Thank you, Sweetheart."

"You're not mad at me, Daddy?" she asked from somewhere near my groin.

"Of course not. But..." My internal conflicts began to surface. "But maybe we shouldn't have done that."

"Why not? I've wanted to do that for you for such a long time, Daddy. You enjoyed it, didn't you? I enjoyed it."

"Because it's incest... because you're so young... because..."

"Oh, pooh!" she said cutting me off. "I don't care about all that rubbish. I've always liked giving guys a blowjob. I want to suck you again. In fact, I'm gonna suck you every night from now on. Wouldn't that be fun, Daddy?"

"Oh, Cassie, Cassie, Cassie..." My voice trailed off as she took me back in her mouth.

"Yeah, suck me, baby. Suck your daddy's dick, baby. That's a good girl. Oh, fuck yeah, baby girl..."

 She let my soft cock slip from between her lips, then she crawled up my body from my groin. "You're even big when you're soft, Daddy. I just love your dick, almost as much as I love you!" With that she laid on a most undaughterly kiss, jamming her tongue between my lips and fucking it back and forth for a moment. I tongued her back and let my hands roam over her nubile body and getting a good feel of her firm ass cheeks. Then I rolled us unto our sides and got my first handful of her young tits. She'd grown larger over the past few months since I first learned of her sexual proclivities.

I leaned into her and took a nipple between my lips, nipples I really hadn't seen, except for a few moments when I first caught her fucking. I still couldn't see them, but tried to visualize them with my lips and my tongue, nice fat nips that stood out from her generous firm tits. While I sucked and licked, she once again took my cock in her hand, a cock that wasn't so soft anymore. Meanwhile my free hand went in search of her cunt, a cunt that was given freely to me when she opened her legs for me.

From touch alone, I determined that she had rather sparse pubic hair, short and soft. Her pudenda was puffy, yet firm and her labial lips readily yielded to allow my initial exploration of her sex. Cassie was quite slippery and her various treasures were exactly where I expected them to be. Sinking my middle finger into her vagina, I felt the rippling walls and the small fleshy pad on the fore wall, while my thumb found her clitoral bump. I began strumming her clit while finger fucking her, rubbing that fleshy bump and sucking her nipple.

It surprised, even shocked me when she cried out lustily, "Daddy!!!!" and her vaginal walls clamped down on my thrusting finger. If anyone had been standing near to the tiny trailer, they certainly would have heard her, but with it still raining, that was unlikely. I continued my assault and her vagina continued to squeeze and release, squeeze and release, squeeze and release while she bodily shook and made soft gasping/gaking noises as her orgasm peaked in continuous waves. When I finally relented, she slumped in my arms exhausted and spent. She was still there in the morning when I awoke.

The rain had stopped and sunlight was beginning to illuminate the compact interior of our tiny shelter on wheels. It was chilly too, probably in the low forties, typical of an early June morning in the Colorado mountains. I needed to take a leak, but was loathe to rise from my warm bed and naked daughter. Besides, what could I do if I got up, besides slip on my wet gym shorts and go outside. So I waited and snuggled and languorously felt Cassie up as I reflected upon the night's events, my thoughts equally divided between the incestuous encounter and the disaster that preceded it.

The pressure on my bladder had become critical when I heard a knock on the trailer door. I got up and looked out the door window. It was Bob. "Just a minute!" I called out. I grabbed my gym shorts and slipped them on, still damp and ice cold. That woke me up!

"Good morning, Eric," Bob greeted when I opened the door. "I brought you some clothes. Hope they fit, but they're the best I could come up with," he said as he handed them to me.

Then he added, "My wife has coffee made, if you want some; biscuits and sausage patties too."

"Uh, thanks, Bob. I appreciate this more than you can image," I replied sincerely. "Cassie and I will be over in a few minutes."

Bob left and I looked over the clothing. Two mismatched sweat suits, one set not quite big enough for me and the other way too big for Cassie. That and two pairs of flip-flops, similarly size challenged. They would have to do. Lord knows, they were better than what we had. I slipped out of the cold, clammy gym shorts and slipped on the larger of the sweat pants and sweat shirts. I felt like a sausage. Then turning to Cassie, I woke her up.

"Sweetheart, Mr. Bob brought us something to wear. I need to go to the bathroom in the worse way, so while I'm gone, get dressed and then we'll get some breakfast."

I remembered seeing restrooms at the RV camp offices and made a beeline for them, doing my best with the too small flip-flops.

When I returned to the trailer, Cassie was still under the covers. "Come on, Sweetheart. Get up and get dressed. Breakfast is waiting for us. Then we need to see the damage to the trailer. Maybe it's not so bad."

"Can't we just hang out here for a while?"

"And do what?" I asked.

"You know what," she replied with a grin.

"Uh, yeah, uh... but after we take care of a few things first.

"Now, come on, baby. Rise and shine."

She rose, giving me my second good look at her sumptuous body. It kind of surprised me, but she wasn't embarrassed by her nudity in the least, taking her time to check out her sweats before slipping into the pants.

"You're very beautiful, Cassie," I told sincerely while enjoying her naked body.

She looked up, setting down the sweatshirt. "Oh, you're just saying that, Daddy."

"No, it's true. Damn, you've certainly grown the past few years."

She stuck her chest out. "You like my breasts, Daddy? They're not too big, are they? All the girls say I'm too big, but they're just jealous."

"I think they're perfect, baby."

"Thank you, Daddy," she beamed, then she slipped the baggy sweatshirt over her head and her firm C-cup titties disappeared from my gaze.

"You've got a boner, Daddy," she laughed.

"Is it that noticeable?" I said looking down. "These sweats are a bit tight."

Brazenly she said, "How about if I take care of that for you, Daddy?"

I didn't answer. What do you say to a daughter when she offers you a blowjob? I certainly didn't tell her, "No,", but just stood there, slightly hunched over in the tiny trailer, our eyes locked as she slid off the bed and knelt before me. Smiling up at me, she pulled my sweats down and exposed my hard cock. Then, maintaining eye contact, she leaned forward and took me in her mouth.

Last night when she blew me, I couldn't see what she was doing, only feel it. Now, with light filling the tiny trailer I could see as well as feel. She rotated her head, side to side as she worked my prick in and out between her lips. It felt divine! The girl, though only thirteen, certainly knew her way around when it came to sucking cock. Her tongue was ever in motion, flicking over the little flap of skin on the underside of the crown.

"Oh, fuck, baby," I hissed. "Hmmmmmmm, fuck yeah..."

Despite last night's sex play, I could hardly believe this was actually happening. Then I remembered something she'd said, that she was going to suck my dick every day from now on. I closed my eyes and without warning her, I came in her mouth, and event that only seemed to redouble her efforts.

With my orgasm just a pleasant echo, she rocked back and released my cock. "That should do for now, Daddy," she said before giving the tip of my dick a finishing kiss. "Let's go eat!" The change in tone was amazing. One moment she's a sultry cock sucker, next she's back to being the sweet girl I'd raised all these years. She stood, leaving me to pull up my pants.

Needless to say, without a comb or a brush, her hair was a mess when were invited into Bob's trailer. His wife immediately retrieved a brush and offered it to Cassie, who gladly accepted. While she brushed her unruly hair out, I noticed that Bob was silently watching her as he sipped a cup of coffee. I thought back to the bare butt display last night and realized that with our clothes soaked, he had to know that we had slept together naked last night. He said nothing, but I could imagine what he was thinking.

Both Bob and his wife were gracious with us, as camp managers tend to be. I thanked her for feeding us and then Cassie and I walked to the burnt out shell of our travel trailer. The fire itself was contained within the interior and I was thankful that the truck hadn't been damaged. It was too dangerous to do anything other than glance through the door. One quick look inside and it was apparent that it was a total loss and that nothing inside would be salvageable.

I refocused my attention on the truck. It was locked and the keys were somewhere in the trailer. I couldn't see my cell phone inside, as I kept in the glove box. My neighbor and his wife came out to talk and to offer us something to eat.

"Thank you, but Bob, the park manager, feed us breakfast," I explained. "But, could I impose upon you to call a locksmith, I'd greatly appreciate it."

"Of course," he said handing me his phone.

I looked up a local locksmith and explained what I needed, the truck unlocked and a new set of keys. He said he needed the VIN number which was visible through the windshield. I gave him the number and where to find us and then waited. While we waited for the locksmith to show up, several more fellow campers came by, most to gawk at our loss, but others to offer us meals, water, and even a place to stay. We had the tiny trailer, and I wasn't about to trade away that privacy, but lunch, dinner and invites for tomorrow's breakfast I graciously accepted.

It took the locksmith all of about two seconds to gain entry into my truck. He tested the keys he'd brought and they worked just fine. The problem now was how to pay the man. My checkbook was in the glove box and he reluctantly accepted my out of state check. What choice did he have? Indeed, what choice did I have?

At least I had working wheels and few items to make life more bearable, like some spare change and a spare pair of sneakers. With my phone retrieved I first called my insurance company and explained the situation, They said they'd have an adjuster to come and make an evaluation. Next, I called my bank to get a replacement credit card. Ever tried to get a bank to send you a new card when you don't know the number of the card you're replacing and then have them FedEx it to you somewhere other than your home? It can be done. Thankfully they electronically recognized my phone number and I was able to give them my bank account balances to the penny, proving I was who I said I was.

With that done, the only thing left to do was have lunch with the neighbors and then go tell Bob what had transpired. I asked him about removing the burned out trailer once the insurance adjuster had seen it. He said not to worry. He'd have it towed off to a scrap yard and would just charge my open account with him. Great! Things were looking better. Having done everything I could possibly do and nothing to do but wait, Cassie and I retired to our hideaway.

"What do you want to do, Daddy?" Cassie coyly asked once we were inside.

Gripping the tails of her baggy sweatshirt, I said, "I think you know what I want to do," and pulled it over her head and kissed her tit. Then I yanked the bottoms down, pushed her back onto the bed and pulled the sweatpants off her legs. I grabbed her under the knees, opened her up and went down on her.

Cassie squealed in surprise as my tongue bore into her. Apparently none of the boys she'd fucked had ever gone down on her. It was a first for her and she loved every loving lick I gave her sweet pussy. The more I sobered on her cunt, the more my lust raged. The more I scoured her channel, the more her lust rose. Soon she was biting her forearm to stifle her passion driven cries, and soon I had to work to keep my mouth on her pussy as she bucked her hips wildly.

I wanted to fuck her. Fuck her and enjoy her pussy like all the boys did. I knew that she'd let me, but I had prescience of mind that this might not be the best time nor place for it. Too many people walking by just outside. It was imperative that we keep the noise down to a minimum, so I kept it to oral sex.

When my tongue gave out, I stood, stripped naked, crawled astride her, rammed my dick between her lips, and fucked her mouth. It wasn't a rough mouth fucking, but it wasn't a particularly gentle one either. My dick repeatedly hit the back of her throat, causing her to gag. That told me she hadn't learned to deep throat a cock yet. I didn't want to ruin her, so I backed off trying to force my dick down her throat. She would learn, I decided, and learn before we left this RV camp.

I relented and pulled my cock from her mouth with a great glob of foamy spittle connecting dick to mouth. "Suck my cock, Cassie. Give your old man a blowjob to remember." She proved to be up for the task and before long I was cumming in her mouth for the third time.

It was quite warm in the little trailer by that time and all that activity left me drained and exhausted. We cuddled naked on top of the covers and took a long nap.

I was awakened by a knocking on the door. It was Bob, there to tell me that the insurance adjuster was over at my trailer. "Thanks, Bob," I told him through the closed door. "Be there in just a minute."

I quickly dressed and hurried over to the trailer, leaving Cassie to finish her nap. By the time I got there, the adjuster was finished. "As I'm sure you're aware, it's a total loss," he informed me. "Did anyone get hurt?" he asked.

"No."

"Good!" He looked at me kind of funny and I realized that if I could smell Cassie's pussy on me, then he might smell her too. He looked away and added, "As of now, Acme Insurance owns it. You'll receive a check in the mail, less your deductible, within two weeks." I thanked him and he was on his way. I now only had to wait until tomorrow for FedEx to deliver me my new plastic.

I headed back to my loaner and found Cassie just as I had left her, naked, beautiful, and available. I pulled her legs sideways and pried her legs apart, waking her and went down on her again. She didn't object. For the rest of the afternoon, we had oral sex off and on, taking turns sucking on each other, masturbating and feeling up each other. As bad as the fire had been, it was best day I'd had since before my wife got sick.

I knew we both stank of sex, and needed a shower before we went to our dinner invite. Thankfully the RV camp had several shower facilities spread around the park. Also thankfully, we didn't run into anyone who wanted to chat on our way over to the nearest shower.

At dinner that evening, I could still smell the pussy juice that had made it up my nostrils, causing me to wonder if anyone from our host family could smell it too.

Back in our tiny sex nest, it was really too small in the trailer to do a 69, so Cassie and I took turns orally pleasuring the other. She was small enough and agile enough to get between my legs no matter how I lay, but I had to minster to her from the floor as she lay sideways or sat on the small bed. No matter, we managed until we were both exhausted.

FedEx arrived early the next afternoon. Once I activated my new card, we bade farewell to all the good folks who had so generously helped us. Bob told me that as long as my trailer was occupying a space, that he'd have to charge me, but he expected the junk yard to come get it within a day or two. I thanked him for the use of his little trailer, the clothes, and his general support.

With a nod towards Cassie, his parting comment was, "You're one lucky bastard." He knew. Thankfully he kept it to himself.

**Chapter 3 - Budget Inn**

**Cassie copulates with her dad for the first time...**

We pulled out around two PM and headed back east. It was hot, too hot to be riding around in sweats, so at the first opportunity, I stopped to buy us new t-shirts, plus some chips and other junk for the road. I really hated the fact that we had to cut our summer long vacation short before the third week had even began. Clothes we could buy on the fly and we could motel it, but with no driver's license or other identification, we just needed to go home.

After driving six hours, we stopped somewhere in Kansas to get something to eat and find a place to stay for the night. The food at the truck stop was edible, if forgettable. Next door was a chain motel. I checked in, leaving Cassie in the truck. Hassled about the lack of a photo ID, I was still able to secure us a room for the night.

With no luggage, we entered the standard fare motel room. Upon seeing the king size bed, Cassie gushed about not being cramped tonight. Lacking any deodorant, I was getting rather ripe. Kicking off my sneakers, I suggested that we take a hot shower and then go to bed.

"What do you want to do in the big bed, Daddy?" she asked with a grin.

I had been thinking about just that every moment since we left the RV camp and I had put any guilt I had to rest. "What do you think we're going to do?" I replied. "We're going to fuck. Fuck until we can't fuck anymore."

"You promise?" she excitedly asked.

"Yes," I laughed. "We're going to fuck, baby," I told her taking a tit in hand. "Provided, that is, that you're okay with that."

Rubbing my dick through my sweat pants, my daughter answered, "I think I'll like that, Daddy. But... you're kinda big."

"It'll fit. But... you realize that if we do this, there's no taking it back. Remember what you said the other night about sucking my dick every day? Well, if we fuck, I'll be fucking you every day too."

"Will that be before or after I suck your dick, Daddy?" she quipped. By that time she had my sweats pulled down enough to have taken my dick out.

I had to laugh at her audacity. "Maybe before, maybe after, maybe before and after."

"Hmmm, I think I'm gonna to like that a whole lot, Daddy."

I pulled her t-shirt up and over her head. "I'm gonna like it too. Now, let's get a shower first and wash off the grime."

"Do we have to?" she whined.

I leaned in and kissed a salty nipple, bringing it to a point. "Yeah, I want your sweet ass squeaky clean when I do you." I then yanked her bottoms down off her hips and giving her butt a playful slap added, "Now, get your ass in the shower, young lady."

She jumped at the slap. She tried to swat my butt in return, but I deftly moved away and scored another direct hit. She put on a faux-angry face and stuck her tongue out at me, then sashayed toward the bath, letting the sweats fall to her feet in the process. What a vision of loveliness!

I followed her in, stripping off my rather ripe t-shirt and shucking my sweat pants along the way. She had the water going already and stepped into the shower. She tried closing the shower curtain, but I stopped her and climbed in with her. Rather astonished, she asked, "What are you doing, Daddy?"

"I'm showering with you. Now give me the soap." Physically the tub/shower arrangement was far from sexy, but running my soapy hands all over my daughter's wet body had to be one of the most erotic things I'd ever done. We washed each other, playing and taking our time, enjoying every minute of it. But eventually we were getting water-logged and our fingertips were all wrinkly, so we climbed out and dried off.

Cassie needed to comb out her wet hair. The motel had provided a hair drier, so I sat on the bed and waited for her. This gave me one more opportunity to reflect upon what we were about to do. I had wanted to fuck her back in the tiny trailer, but it was so cramped that I was able to hold off, not wanting to make a mess of things. Then all afternoon during our drive, I thought about nothing else. That's not exactly true, I had mostly thought of the sex we'd already had, but oral sex isn't exactly the same as sex sex. Sex sex, that isn't purely recreational, there could be some serious consequences to putting a load of live sperm in her young womb. But, that was covered by the birth control, wasn't it?

'Just my luck we'd be among the 0.01% that it didn't work,' I thought morosely. 'Maybe this isn't such a good idea. Hell, I need some rubbers. But, she does give great head. Be satisfied with that...

'Hmmmm, maybe anal? She did say she's tried that, didn't she? But I don't have any lube! Besides, maybe I am too big for her. Best to leave that for when I'm properly prepared. When I'm properly prepared? Hell, when she's been properly prepared!

'But if she really wants to screw, why not? We've already crossed the incest line, crossed the sex-with-a-minor line, crossed all boundaries of decency.

'I should have never let her blow me in the first place! But... I did and she did. Damn, she's pretty good at it too. Fuck me! You're a bad, evil man, Eric ol' boy. A regular pervert! You should be put away... fuck, maybe I will be put away. Wonder what it's like being some violent dude's fuck toy.' I shuddered. 'I don't know and I don't want to find out. Just thinking about that shit makes my asshole hurt.

'Gotta be careful. No one can ever know what happened at the RV Camp. But... Bob knows, or at least he thinks he knows. Maybe he'll report his suspicions and... How do you know if you're being watched?'

"Why so glum, Daddy?" The sound of Cassie's voice snapped me out of my reverie. I looked up and gazed upon my nude daughter. Damn! What a fine piece of ass! And she was mine for the taking. But should I? My rising prick cast its vote.

Pointedly acknowledging my growing erection she teased, “Is that because of me?”

“Yes, it is, Cassie. Now, you're absolutely certain that you want to do this? There's no taking it back later.”

“You're not getting cold feet on me, are you, Daddy?”

“No, I just want to be sure, baby.”

“I'm sure. I wanted you to do me back in that little trailer, but you didn't. I've wanted you to do me even before that. Before the fire, I never thought you would, but now... If you don't make love to me, Daddy, I'll just die!”

“We can't have you dying, now can we?” I quipped while patting the bed and inviting her to climb in and give herself to me.

Cassie climbed into the middle of the bed and sprawled out on her back with her legs wide open, her freshly washed and dried chestnut hair spread out in a halo about her head. It was an invitation to fuck that I wasn't going to refuse. However, I wasn't about to just crawl on top and stick my cock into her. Tonight required finesse. Not because she demanded or expected finesse, but because she deserved it from me.

I took her ankle, raised her foot and planted kisses along her calf to her toes, then took her big toe between my lips and lovingly laved over it. Her eyes seemed especially big as she watched and enjoyed the new sensuous feelings. Then I kissed down, or rather up the inside of her leg, paying particular attention to the inside of her thigh. At the juncture of leg and cunt, I deftly bypassed her pussy, licking and laying kisses on the other inner thigh, then kissed, nibbled and licked my way to her other foot and sucked her toes. Her tits were heaving by this time and she had a lustful look in her light blue eyes.

After sucking and licking each toe, I began my descent, or rather ascent, back along her leg to her pussy. This time I licked at the creases between her vulva and thighs, and then licked over her now puffy pudenda, working on one smooth side, then the other, and then back again, teasing her slit along the way with the tip of my tongue.

She let out a mournful moan when at last my tongue penetrated those smooth lovely folds and I once again tasted her delectable sexual nectar. With my thumbs I opened her pussy up and with the flat of my tongue licked slowly up her cunt from the base to her clit, and then did it again. I followed that with tracing her inner labia with the tip of my tongue and then circled her clit. She bucked her hips upward and I inserted two fingers up into her vagina, a move that elicited a soft cry from her.

The room filled with her soft susurrations and the juicy smacking sounds from my fingers working her sopping pussy. I licked, sucked and nibbled on her clit, lapping up her free flowing juices until she began bucking vigorously. She then froze with her back arched and she cried out loudly. Her cry choked off and there was just the wet smacking sounds and choking noises as she shuddered in climax.

From the past two nights and days, I knew that I could keep her cumming and cumming with wave after wave of peaking pleasure if I kept it up. But that wasn't the purpose. The purpose was to get her ready, ready to fuck her own father who was as ready and eager to fuck her in return.

With my face and hand covered in her pussy juices, I crawled up beside her and lying flat on my back, I waited for her to recover. Meanwhile, I played with my drooling erect cock, making certain it was hard as steel.

After a minute or so she muttered, “Gawd, Daddy... that was so good!” She then turned on her side facing me, her bright light blue eyes sparkling. “Are you going to do it now?”

“Tell, you what, Sweetheart. Climb up and lie on me.”

“How come?”

“You'll see,” I replied as I pulled her onto me. “Now, sit up.”

Cassie sat up and feeling my erection lengthwise on her cunt, she wiggled her hips. “What's that?” she teased with a laugh.

“It's a surprise,” I teased back.

“Now, rise up on your knees, take my surprise and slot it into your pussy.” As she did that I explained, “This way you're in control of how fast and how deep you want to take it.

“Now, press down on my cock, baby.” My glans spread her pussy lips apart and she stopped.

“It's so big,” she observed. “Will it fit?”

I'm no hung horse, but my cock is a respectable five inches in girth (that's a little over an inch and a half in diameter) and a good seven inches in length, presumably much bigger than the cocks of any adolescent pimple-faced boy she's screwed. “It will fit, baby. Just take your time.”

In our position, I could see her expression of determination as she pressed down. After a moment or two her pussy lips were stretched tightly around my thick stalk. By then I had one hand playing with her lovely tits. I then brought the other hand into play and began diddling her exposed and vulnerable clit.

She squeezed her eyes shut in pleasure and pressed further down taking ever more of me into her, whispering in an agonized voice, “Oh, Daddy. Oh, Daddy, oh, Daddy. Oh! Oh! Oh!” Suddenly she slammed down on my dick, driving the rest of it deep into her. “OHHHHH!” Her already tight twat clamped around my dick forcefully as she shook in climax. The grip on my cock eased and I quickly drew back and then punched back up. Her hips rose up and slammed down, rose up and slammed down, all the while she was screaming, “OHHHHH! OHHHH! OHHHH!” It felt as if her spasmodic pussy was trying to devour my cock. I tried to get her to hold still for a moment to let my dick cool off and not shoot off, but there was no controlling it. I unloaded deep into my daughter's pussy with an incredible rush, sending pulse after pulse of my incestuous seed into her wanton cunt and leaving me gasping breathlessly.

Equally spent for the moment, Cassie collapsed on top of me. Locked in an incestuous embrace, we lay still for several minutes with my cock still planted in her young throbbing pussy. To my amazement I was still hard, not rock hard, but still engorged. I hadn't been able to do that since before she was born. Not wanting the moment to end and not wanting to waste a perfectly good hard-on, I rolled us both over and gently fucked into her until more blood flowed into my cock to stiffen it. Then holding her hands above her head, I proceeded to drill her into the mattress.

“Yes, Daddy, yes!” she nearly shouted as she punched her hips back at me.

I lasted a good long time, repeatedly rolling us both over in the bed until I rolled too far and we fell off the bed with a thud. I wasn't finished with her yet, and simply fucked her on the floor until I came for the second time. This time my dick did deflate.

“Daddy, I never knew you were such an animal,” she quipped as we got off the floor and back into bed.

“Don't say I didn't warn you,” I replied.

“Warn me about what?”

“That I'm going to fuck you again.”

“You promise?”

“Just as soon as I can get it up again.”

“Maybe I can help,” she said as she maneuvered to suck my dick. The fact that my dick was coated with foamy cum and cunt juice didn't bother her in the least as she took me in her mouth. I lay back and enjoyed her oral ministrations and sure enough, after five minutes of loving sucking, she got me hard again. This time I put her on her stomach, stuffed a pillow under her hips and took her from behind which allowed me to play with her anus.

Leisurely pumping into her cunt and with a wiggling fingertip up her butt, I asked, “Have you been fucked in the butt yet?”

She shook her head and whispered, “No.”

“Good. Then I have at least one virgin hole I can take.”

She turned her head towards me and exclaimed, “No, Daddy, don't!”

“Not tonight, Sweetheart,” I laughed driving my finger a little deeper. “That takes some preparation so it doesn't hurt you.”

“Promise me, Daddy, that you won't do me like that.”

Withdrawing my finger I answered, “Sure, baby. I promise I won't fuck your ass... tonight.”

What a night! We fucked off and on until the wee hours. Waking now and then, I repeatedly mounted her. She never complained, never said no. By the time dawn broke, I was exhausted and fell into a deep sleep, not waking until it was almost noon.

**Chapter 4 - Home Sweet Home**

*Eric and Cassie return home where new rules were instituted...*

I mounted her one last time with my morning wood, fucked her for a few minutes and then dragged her to the shower. We vacated the motel room just before check out time and headed out, stopping first at the truck stop to fill up with diesel and grab some coffee. To get home before dark, I knew that we needed to have gotten on the road well before eight AM; no chance of that now.

It was going to be a long haul that day. Even with the AC in the truck, it was hot. I lamented the fact that I once again had forgotten to buy some deodorant as my t-shirt was already ripe from the day before and getting ripper, so I took it off and threw it into the back seat, preferring to go shirtless as well as shoeless while driving. A little ways down the interstate, we pulled into the drive-through of a burger joint, and resumed heading home.

We made our first stop to relieve our bladders about three o'clock, stopping at a rest area. Forgoing my stinky shirt, I slipped my shoes on, grabbed a handful of loose change and headed to the men's room. After taking a leak, I availed myself of the running water and rinsed my sweaty arm pits to combat my body odor.

I waited for Cassie by the vending machines and after purchasing several bottles of water, we hit the road again. Driving out of the parking area, I had an inspiration. Spying the vacant parallel parking spot at the very end where it wasn't likely that we'd be observed by anyone, I pulled into it.

Cassie, wondering what I was doing, watched as I stepped out of the truck barefoot and got into the backseat, leaving the truck and the AC running. “Climb over the seat, Cassie and come back here with me,” I told her.

“What are you doing, Daddy?” she asked as she settled into the backseat next to me. She got her answer when I pushed my gym shorts down and then completely off.

Completely naked, I said to her while fondling my soft prick words I never imagined saying to her before the fire, “Give me a blowjob, Cassie. No one's going to see us, so suck me off, baby.” She grinned and went down on me. Damn, that girl knew how to give great head. As her mouth, lips and tongue did their magic on my prick, I wondered if it came naturally or if she'd just had lots of practice and concluded that it was probably a little of both. The delay only cost us fifteen minutes, which I judged to be well worth it.

Three hours later and we pulled into another rest area to take care things. It was with luck that a car pulled out of the last parallel parking spot when we were leaving. I pulled in, got in the back seat and took off my shorts. Cassie didn't need to be asked this time, she simply got after it, enjoying the break as much as I did.

We stopped for something to eat an hour later, then when it was dark, we made our final rest stop about three hours from home. This time I had her get naked in the back seat with me and we screwed, which brought back fond memories of when I was dating her mother.

After a long screw and sperming her cunt, we cuddled naked. Naturally, I was sleepy after having sex and dozed off. When I woke, it was hours later. Cassie was still fast asleep. We must have both been very tired. I found my shorts on the floor, slipped them on and resumed driving with my daughter still naked and leaking my cum on the back seat.

Needing a cup of black coffee in the worst way, I was happy to see Golden Arches at the next exit. With the heavily tinted windows in the back, I was confident when I went through the drive-through that no one would notice the nude girl in the back seat, provided that Cassie didn't suddenly sit up. She didn't, she didn't even wake up.

Tooling down the interstate with nothing but a very late night talk show to entertain me. I really wasn't paying any attention to the radio drivel, my mind occupied with the incestuous relationship I now had with my teenage daughter. I was reliving the first time I fucked her in the motel when I realized that Cassie's birth control pills had been burned up in the trailer fire. I made a mental note to call the drug store as soon as we got home, then worried if one of her eggs were dropping down in a pool of my sperm at that very moment. I didn't think about fucking her from then on, my mind occupied with visions of the egg dividing and dividing and dividing. I didn't want to be the father of my grandchild.

We drove for another hour before I heard her ask, “Where are we, Daddy? Are we there yet?”

“No, baby, we have two hours to go. It's going to daylight soon, so you'd better get your clothes on before we get arrested.” I didn't hear anymore from her until we hit our home town. Thankfully she'd put something on when I had asked her to.

Seeing that we had nothing, literally, but the clothes on our backs, we didn't need to unload anything when we pulled into our driveway. It was good to be home.

First order of business was to turn on the AC and the hot water heater, then a cold shower before calling the pharmacy and then heading to the supermarket to replenish our pantry. There was absolutely nothing to eat in the house except for a few cans of beans and soup. I loaded up with fresh fruit and veggies, milk, frozen pizzas and pot pies, soft drinks, ice cream and cookies, eggs, bread and cold cuts, along with peanuts and two twelve packs of beer. Back home, Cassie was back in bed. I rousted her up and fixed us an early lunch/late breakfast.

With lunch finished and making sure she'd taken her pill, I set about doing what I'd been thinking of the entire way from Colorado. Well, what I'd mostly thought about. I had to trust that I hadn't impregnated her and if I had, there was nothing to do about that, so I let my dick do the heavy thinking. “Cassie, baby. Take off your clothes and leave them off until I tell you otherwise.”

“Leave them off? Why, Daddy?”

“For the next several days, we're going to do nothing but stay here in the house and fuck and then fuck some more. Fuck until we're both cross-eyed. Clothes will just be in the way. Now strip naked for your daddy, baby. Daddy's going to fuck his little girl.”

I sat her naked on the kitchen table and told her to lie back. Lifting her legs and spreading them apart, I went down on her until she was boiling, then I rammed it in her, fucking her hard and making her holler.

I was crazed, in lust with my little girl and her charms. I lost track of how many times we fucked that first week back from Colorado. I fucked her on the kitchen counter, fucked her on the floor, fucked her draped over the arm rest of the sofa, fucked her in my bed, in her bed, fucked her in the shower standing up, in the hallway standing up pressed against the wall, doggie-style, missionary, girl on top, scissors, reverse cowgirl. I fucked her pussy everywhere imaginable in the house.

One of our favorites was fucking on a chair. She'd sit on my cock taking it up inside deep and rocking back and forth in my lap, while I felt up her titties and diddled her clit, sending her into a mind bending orgasm time and time again. Alternately we fucked in a chair facing each other while I sucked her tits.

Cock sucking was another prominent sexual activity; I loved it and she loved doing it. What I didn't do was fuck her asshole. I just wasn't sure I wanted to do that to her, she wasn't even fourteen yet for Christ's sake.

It actually took longer for us to get cross-eyed than I had expected. But excess does breed familiarity. I offered to take her out to a movie. “Do I have to get dressed, Daddy?” she asked playfully.

“Well, if you don't want to get dressed, we could rent a movie from Netflix,” I replied only half jokingly.

“No! Let's go out, Daddy. I'll get dressed.”

We looked up the offerings on my laptop. It was the usual Hollywood drivel, half-ass remakes and mindless sequels, both long on vulgarity and short on substance. She picked out a flick and off we went. The movie was predictably mediocre, but that wasn't the point. The point was to take a break from fornicating.

As luck would have it, we ran into her friend, Sophie, on the way out of the theater.

“Oh, my god, Cassie!” Sophie squealed. “I thought you were going to be out west all summer.”

“Our stupid trailer caught fire and burned up!” Cassie explained.

“Oh, my, god! You're kidding, aren't you?” Sophie replied.

“No, it burned up along with all our stuff!”

“Oh, my god!”

The girls bounced around together making a circle, chattering away at breakneck speed. It was the first time all week I saw Cassie for what she was, a young naive teenage girl, rather than a hot assed piece of ass I'd been indulging in and in a most immoral manner by societal norms. I almost felt guilty for fucking the hell out of her over the past few days.

They yakked it up for what seemed forever while I waited a respectable distance away twiddling my thumbs, another reminder that Cassie was my daughter rather than a hot-to-trot girlfriend. When they finally broke, they both approached me with a look I was all too familiar with... I was about to get hit up for something.

“Daddy,” Cassie began in her most sweet, wrap-you-around-my-finger voice, “would it be okay if I spent the night with Sophie tomorrow? We haven't seen each other for weeks...” the rest I tuned out, my thoughts turning to Cassie blowing Sophie's little brother. Still, I needed a break in the worst way, lest my overworked pecker fell off.

“Is your brother going to be there, Sophie?” I asked without thinking.

She gave me this curious look and replied, “No, he's at summer camp. Why?”

“Oh, nothing,” I lied. “Well, if it's alright with your mom, Sophie.”

“Thank you, Daddy! Thank you!” Cassie gushed.

Back home, we fucked before going to sleep and fucked once during the following day. At the appointed hour, I dropped Cassie off at Sophie's and then went home for a deserved rest.

Everything was hunky-dory in my world until I was awaken by a call late that night from the police station. Seems Cassie had been taken into custody at a nude swimming party at some boy's house, the boy's folks being gone until tomorrow.

Moments later, Sophie's mom was calling me. Sophie was supposed to be staying with Cassie that night. Obviously we'd both been bamboozled. It was also obvious that I was needlessly worried about Cassie sucking off Sophie's little brother. That was such a minor concern now. “How many boys did she fuck tonight?” I asked myself out loud. I envisioned her spread out on a chase lounger with a line of boys waiting their turn with her while everyone else watched.

Turns out that during the raid, she was found in a bedroom with just three boys... just three. Such a relief! I put my head in my hands wondering how I was going to temper Cassie's promiscuity before she got any older. Apparently I wasn't enough to satisfy her even at the level of my Herculean efforts, efforts I wasn't able to sustain.

With Cassie wrapped in a sheet, we rode home from the police station in silence. Once inside the house, she peeled away the sheet. Yep, she was nude.

“Are you angry with me, Daddy?”

“Yes, I'm angry that you lied to me. I'm angry that you went to an unsupervised party where everyone was naked. I'm angry that you got your ass arrested! I'm angry that you fucked every boy there.”

“I didn't fuck every boy there, Daddy,” she defended.

“Just the three in the bedroom with you?”

“You said sex was natural and nothing to be ashamed of. You fuck me and I'm your daughter.” Touché!

“It's not the sex per se. It's being promiscuous and fucking and sucking every dick that comes along.”

“I like fucking and sucking! And so do you, Daddy. God, I can't believe you're being so mean!” That's when the tears and the sobbing began, expertly delivered to make me feel that I was all to blame. In bed that night she wouldn't snuggle up with me.

That night, diddling my dong, I decided what I had to do. I couldn't make her my prisoner and I couldn't watch everything she did out of my sight. But, I could monitor what went on at home when I wasn't there, something that was sure to be an issue in the fall after I went back to teaching my classes. Actually I had thought seriously about this issue after I first caught her with that boy when I came home early. I'd already researched it and knew how to set it up, so that I could monitor every room in the house from a remote location. All I needed to do was pick up the tiny cameras and supporting software at the Spy Store and install them. The problem being I needed Cassie out of the house to hide the cameras, and that wouldn't be until school let in that fall.

But even that didn't solve the bigger problem, that being her promiscuity. My sweet daughter was a nymphomaniac. There was no doubt about it, but what to do about it? Get her professional help? But to do any good, my relationship with her would have to come out and that meant prison for me. I also certainly didn't want to give up sliding between her legs or having her slide her lips over my dick, so maybe I just had to accept that she'd be fucking other guys. In the morning before we stirred from my bed, we made up and she delivered one of her exceptional blowjobs.

Something else of note happened that day. The check from the insurance company for the trailer arrived and a guy came by and bought my truck. I'd decided earlier that week that I wasn't going to get another trailer, as I could easily get over a year's worth of motel rooms at $150 a pop and still come out ahead; not to mention the maintenance expenses, storage expenses and not having the hassles of hauling and setting up the damned trailer. Without a trailer to haul around, I didn't need that beast of truck I had, so I ran an ad for it. The guy bought it on the spot and for cash. All told, I came out a little over two thousand dollars more than I originally paid for the truck and trailer. What a deal!

**Chapter 5 - The House Guest**

*Upon returning from Florida, Cassie's best friend, Sophie, comes to stay for a few days...*

With the trailer issue resolved and with over a month of off time remaining before I needed to report for classes in the fall, I decided that Cassie and I should hit the road again. This time we'd just stay in motels along the way. Trouble was that after driving the truck for a few weeks, driving my Honda seemed like driving a roller skate. It was okay for running around town, but for highway driving, I needed something bigger and smoother riding, so taking Cassie with me, I hit one of the national, big box “pre-owned” dealers and traded-in the Honda for a deluxe, low mileage minivan.

Cassie didn't think the minivan was all that cool, but she did like the roominess and the vast carrying capacity, not to mention the smooth ride. Two days later we were back on the road. I had no desire to spend several days crossing the Great Plains again on I-70, so we headed down I-77 to Florida. Our first real stop was St. Augustine, which was way cool with the ancient Spanish Forts and old town, then down the coast to Cape Canaveral and then over to Orlando and Disney World. Cassie loved Disney World and Universal Studios, but I didn't think either was really worth the big bucks they charged.

We then moved slightly south and stopped at a first class nudist resort. That was fun! We stayed two days longer than I originally planned. This wasn't a sex resort, but an honest nudist resort. I'm sure there was a lot of sex going on, but not out in the open. It's funny, I was thinking I would be self-conscious walking about nude, but after a few hours, it wasn't a big deal at all. I was also concerned that every guy would be ogling Cassie; maybe they were, but no one seemed to notice, as she wasn't the only naked teenager there.

From there we headed down to Miami. I didn't think twice about it when she wore a thong bikini and took off the top at South Beach. Next, we headed down to Key West, stopping at Key Largo and snorkeling on the reef there. We spent several days in Key West, did some fishing and took a boat out to the fort on Dry Tortuga.

In many ways, the trip north from Key West reminded me of I-70 through Kansas... monotonous, but way prettier. Then we spent some time in the Everglades taking an air-boat ride and seeing the wildlife, then up to the Tampa Bay area where we stopped for a few days at another nudist resort, this one old-school and a real naturist place with wooded trails, a golf course, and a lake for swimming and sailing. From there we went to the Ocala area and swam in a few of the famous crystal clear springs. Then it was back home, the entire trip taking a little over three weeks. No matter the accommodations, never once did anyone think it odd that I was traveling with my teenage daughter, and that includes the nudist resorts.

We weren't back home two days when Sophie's mom called me. “Eric, this is JoAnne. Hope you had a nice trip.”

“It was really good. A bit hot at times, but we had fun.”

“I'm glad to hear that. Have you started back teaching?”

“No, not for two weeks.”

“Listen, I have a huge favor to ask of you. Ralph is going to a business conference in San Diego and wants me to go with him. We'll be gone for five days. Would it be alright if Sophie stayed with you and Cassie? I know you won't allow them to get into any mischief.”

I looked out the window where Cassie was sunbathing in the nude. I wasn't so sure I wanted someone else hanging around for that long.

“What about Sophie's brother?” I asked, immediately regretting mentioning him.

“His scout troop is going on weeklong campout somewhere in Kentucky,” she replied.

Getting right back to the problem at hand she said, “I know it's a big imposition, Eric, but after their last escapade... well, word got around and quite frankly Sophie's not welcome to stay with any of her other friends. You know how people talk.”

“Well, uh...”

“Please? I'll owe you big time.”

I quickly considered what she said about people talking and Sophie not being welcome by her other friends' parents and knew the same fate awaited Cassie when school let back in. Sophie would be the only girl allowed to socialize with her. Besides, my dick needed a rest and Cassie needed to learn how to wear clothes again.

“Sure, JoAnne. No problem. When are you leaving?”

“Oh, thank you, Eric! You're such a gem! Let's see, day after tomorrow? Is that okay?”

“Yes, that's fine,” I agreed though I really wasn't sure I wanted to agree to any of it.

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Cassie and Sophie had talked on the phone incessantly since we'd gotten back from Florida, but Cassie hadn't actually seen her best friend since the nude swimming party. Naturally, she was very excited to hear that Sophie would be staying with us for a few days. I explained the rules required for Sophie's visit: Number 1, no sex between Cassie and me, and Number 2, Cassie had to dress appropriately. She wasn't too happy with these restrictions, as she was now used to having her Daddy's dick whenever the urge hit her and her urges seemed limitless; that and the fact that we were both now more comfortable being nude around the house than being encumbered with clothing.

Sophie's mom dropped her off with enough clothes to last for two weeks. Upon seeing each other, the two girls squealed and hopped about in an exuberant celebration typical of girls their age. JoAnne thanked me again and then she was off to do her last minute packing before her husband picked her up for the airport.

Confident that the two girls would be absorbed in conversation for the next several hours, I headed off to buy a few things at the supermarket, get a haircut, and run several other errands.

Upon my return I was putting away the groceries when I looked out the kitchen window and was reassured when I saw the two girls out sunning themselves on the two chase lounges facing away from the house. Actually I couldn't really see them, just their bare legs, enough to confirm their presence.

With everything put away, I popped a cold bottle of beer open and went outside to let them know I was home and to check out Sophie in her bikini. I took a swig of beer just as I stepped between the two lounge chairs and nearly choked as I spit it out. They were both nude! Seeing Cassie nude was one thing, but Sophie nude was another thing altogether!

“What are you two doing!?” I exclaimed. They both looked at me with that 'what-do-you-think-I'm-doing' look. “You can't do this!” I declared while checking out Sophie's tits and shaved pussy. “You both go put some clothes on right now!” Sophie just smiled at me, making no effort to move. I looked for as long as I thought I could get away with it and retreated into the house.

I drank down the rest of my beer in seconds flat and pulled out another from the fridge. When I closed the door, she was there, in the kitchen, her red hair in a wild mane and wearing absolutely nothing.

“You don't really want me to put on clothes, do you Mr. E?” she said with a come-hither smile and turning slightly to give me a better look at her.

“Yes! Get dressed. Cassie too! Jesus Christ! What would your parents say?”

“Who's going to tell them?” she replied with coy smile. “I'm not. Cassie's not. Are you going call them, Mr. E? They're haven't left yet, so... you could call them.

“I think it's really cool that you and Cassie get naked together," she continued. "My dad would have a cow! Is it really true that you took her to nudist resorts?”

Holy, fuck! What has Cassie told her? “Cassie!!!!” I shouted. “Get in here, right now!”

“She tells me that you keep her nude.”

“I don't keep her nude,” I defended as she stepped closer.

“You keep her nude and have sex with her. Several times a day.”

Holy fuck! I was screwed! If Sophie knew I was fucking Cassie, then everyone would know it, if not sooner, then later. That I was certain of. It was now only a matter of time, a few weeks, maybe months, before the police arrived and hauled my ass away. While I fought the panic welling up within me, she took several more steps towards me. Despite my panic, I couldn't take my eyes off her bare rose-capped naked tits.

Drawing ever closer to me she continued, “Cassie's a lucky girl to have a daddy like you. My daddy would never do what you do with Cassie.”

She was almost in my face at this point. I felt her hand on my thigh and felt it rise and slide up inside the leg of my shorts. I wasn't wearing any underwear and I held my breath as she touched my cock. “Hmmmm, nice hard cock, Mr. E!” she declared.

“You want to know a secret?” she purred. “I like sucking cock as much as Cassie does.” With that she unbuttoned and unzipped my shorts whereupon they fell to floor and she sank down on her knees.

I know I should have told her no, but I was helpless (or unwilling) to prevent it. She fondled me for a few more moments, rubbed my cock on her face and then slid her lips over my unruly organ. Grabbing her about the head, I proceeded to fuck her mouth, damn the consequences. I soon found out, and not to my surprise, that she liked to fuck as much as Cassie did too. Again, I didn't initiate it, Sophie did, not that that would matter one wit in a court of law. She rose from sucking me and hiking her left leg, she impaled herself on my dick as we stood in the kitchen.

"Daddy!" I heard Cassie shout. "What are you doing?"

"Fucking your friend," I replied as put it to my daughter's best friend balancing her with a hand under her left knee.

"Gawd, Sophie!" she then exclaimed. "You're such a slut! He's my daddy, not yours."

"Get in line, girl," Sophie shouted back. "I'm getting some of this too. Gawd, he's big, just like you said.

"That's it, Mr. E, fill my little pussy with your big ole hard nasty dick!"

I also discovered that my cock didn't need a rest after all, as the next five days proved to be a repeat of the weeks following our return from Colorado, only I now had two nubile teenage girls to service me and to keep me hard.

I don't know which of those two girls enjoyed a good hard fucking the most, same goes for a mouthful of dick. But Sophie did let me know that she wasn't an anal virgin, whereas Cassie was still untouched. I tested that out with a new toy I'd bought just after returning from Florida... a set of graduated butt plugs. Sophie could take all but the largest one easily. As for the largest, she took that too, but only after I sampled her young ass bareback. Once I fucked her, she could take largest just as easy as the rest.

Of course Cassie, with Sophie's encouragement, wanted to try it out and I started her off with the smallest but plug. Over the course of a day, I had worked her up to take my cock. Not that she didn't squeal a lot as I drove it into her for the first time, indeed she was quite vocal about it, to the point that I thought I was hurting her. I wasn't, she was just being vocal.

"Ahhhhh! Oh, gawd, Daddy!" she hollered into the mattress. "Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck! Ahhhhh!" I stopped fucking her.

"Don't stop! Don't stop!"

Gripping her by the hips I resumed the old in and out taking it slow.

"Ahhhh! Oh, shit! Fuck!" I stopped again.

"Don't stop," she pleaded. I adjusted my position to get better leverage and let her have it. She continued to squeal and holler, but I didn't stop until I spermed her young ass. She was a sweaty mess and I left her lying face down on my bed while I went to shower off with her nubile friend.

Once my dick was soaped up and clean, Sophie went down on me while the water beat down on us. Soon Cassie joined us and from then until the hot water ran out, there was jostling as to who had me in their mouth.

Whereas I needed a break now and then, the girls seemed to be constantly horny and insatiable. If I couldn't get it up, they went after each other. Until I saw them in my bed with my own eyes, I never imagined that Cassie was into girls too. Of course I could use a vibrator on the one doing the pussy licking, and they seemed to like that a lot.

By the time I dropped Sophie off at her house after her parents returned, I was some whipped out. So was Cassie, at least for a few days, then she wanted what I wanted and I was once again balls deep in my baby girl.

**Chapter 6 - Discovered**

*To his dismay, Eric learns that Sophie has talked...*

School started, but before I began teaching my first class that fall, I found time to discretely install a number of little motion-activated HD cameras throughout the house, so I could monitor Cassie's activities while I was at work.

I had it set so I could turn the system on or off, so I wouldn't be recording what Cassie and I were doing when at home. For the first few weeks that worked out just fine, and I was pleased to see that she wasn't entertaining boys while I was I work. Problem was, life got in the way, I began forgetting to turn the system on or off.

Sitting at my desk between my classes, I'd remotely access the video footage and scan through it. Usually all I'd see was Cassie puttering about, and sometimes masturbating. But other times there wouldn't be anything there at all. Then one day when I made my appearance on screen from the night before, I knew there was a real problem with this set up. It just wasn't a smart thing to have Cassie and me imprinted on a hard drive fucking, much less on an internet feed, so I tore the system out. At least I tore out the cameras inside the house; the outside cameras I kept. No sooner had I done that when various boys began showing up on the front door camera.

Oh, well, at least I tried. The best I could do was buy big boxes of rubbers and insist that she and her various partners use them. From then on I bought lots and lots of condoms, bought them by the gross.

One bright spot was that on the weekends, Sophie spent the night on a regular basis, providing me with some variety. I almost felt guilty telling her mom, "Oh, she's no problem. None at all. Glad to have her." At least I was being honest, as I was glad to have her.

Even so, life wasn't all roses. I harbored a constant fear that either Cassie or Sophie would say something to someone and bring about a disaster for me. They were after all, young teenage girls and young teenage girls like to blab about this or that without considering the consequences. But I was hooked on young easy pussy and all my efforts at self reform were for naught.

Thus it wasn't totally unexpected that someone would find out. Cassie hadn't yet gotten home from school when there was a knock on the door. Answering the door, I was immediately uneasy to see Sophie's father there.

"Can I come in, Eric?" he asked without a smile.

'Oh, shit,' I thought. "Sure, Ralph!" I replied with a forced cheerfulness.

Ralph came in and immediately cut to the chase. "You've been fucking my daughter," he stated without preamble. I nearly wet myself.

With that opening statement, his next words weren't at all expected. "Do you have a beer?"

"Uh, no, but I do have some scotch."

"Scotch? That's even better."

"With soda or water?" I asked.

"On the rocks. Make it a double," he replied and we headed for the kitchen. My hands were shaking as I poured two stiff ones and handed him one.

Looking me straight in the eye, Ralph took a sip and said, "I understand you fuck your daughter too." I took that as an accusation, and my stomach turned over again, but that's not what he meant.

He lifted his glass and said, "We have a lot in common... We both have wanton whores for daughters, cock-craving daughters who have a taste for their old daddy's cock. So... here's what I propose, Eric. You can fuck Sophie as often as you like, and I'll fuck Cassie as often as I like."

I was still trying to process what he was saying when he added, "How about if we double team them? You know, dual penetrations and all. I've always wanted to do that, but my wife nearly went ballistic when I first suggested it."

"You suggested double teaming Sophie to your wife?"

"Oh, heavens, no!" he said with a chuckle. "JoAnne, she'd cut my balls off for that. I suggested that because we play around, JoAnne and me that is, with other couples. She was intrigued with that, but with women, you never know what they're actually thinking."

"You and your wife play around?"

"Yeah, works for her and it works for me... we just don't play together," he said. "But with Sophie, yeah Sophie would go along with that. Cassie would too."

"You've fucked Cassie?" I naively asked.

"Yeah, but I didn't know you were balling Sophie, but now I do."

"When?"

"When? When I found out about you or when I started fucking Cassie? I found out yesterday when Sophie was sucking my cock. Cassie... whenever the opportunity arises, like when she spends the night with Sophie. But, the first time I fucked your little girl was right after JoAnne and I returned from my conference at the end of the summer."

"Where was your wife?"

"Out on a date." Then he added with a laugh, "I was playing the good daddy, staying home and watching the kids."

"And Sophie's brother?"

"Allan? He's been getting his dick sucked for over a year now. I caught them in the act, Sophie and Allan that is. I offered her something a little more substantial to chew on and well, one thing led to another. You know how that goes.

"So, do we have a deal?" asked Ralph as he cocked his head to one side.

"Deal?"

"Yeah, I fuck Cassie and you fuck Sophie, whenever and where ever. The whenever, as in as soon as possible. The where ever would be right here where we have guaranteed privacy, or maybe we could take them to a motel, but doing them here would be a lot cheaper.

"Hope you don't mind, but I sent a text to Sophie earlier this afternoon telling her that I'd pick her up here after school."

Right then I heard the front door open and then slam shut. "Daddy! I'm home," Cassie sang out fresh from school. I also heard the chattering of another girl, a chattering I recognized.

Ralph and I looked at each other. There was a searching look on his face. Six months ago, I wouldn't have considered doing anything so depraved, but that was before the trip to Colorado. Six months later my hardening dick was speaking volumes to me. A huge grin spread across my face and he grinned back. Silently, the deal was sealed. A moment later, Cassie and Sophie came strolling into the kitchen. The first thing I noticed, and presumably Ralph also, was Cassie's full tits bouncing unrestrained under the halter top she wore, her nipples clearly poking out the thin material.

"Oh, hi, Mr. Ralph!" she greeted with a smile, unconsciously fluffing up her gorgeous shoulder-length chestnut colored hair and causing her big tits to invitingly jiggle. Then coming to me she told me hello and gave me a chaste kiss on the cheek, while Sophie did the same with her dad.

"What are you guys up to?" asked Cassie.

"We were talking about pussy," I replied taking the first taste of my scotch. "Young pussy." Cassie gave me a questioning look. "Your pussy in particular," I added.

"Oh..."

"Oh, yes."

"But we were also discussing Sophie's pussy," Sophie's dad added taking another sip of his drink.

"And we were discussing tits. Naked tits," I said with a grin. Cassie's look was priceless. "We were discussing how much we both like you girls' tits."

"And your pussies," added Ralph.

"O-kayyyy," Cassie said cautiously casting a look over at her friend who looked thoroughly amused.

"So we made a deal," I said. "A sex deal... kind of a swap."

Cassie laughed, her light blue eyes sparkling, "Really? You'd let Mr. Ralph have sex with me, Daddy?"

"You already have from what Ralph tells me. Right?" Her nervous smile said it all. "So," I continued, "yeah... you can fuck him, anytime and anyplace. Provided, of course, that you want to fuck him... anytime, anyplace. And me, I get to fuck Sophie.

"Neither of you girls are on the rag today, are you?" I added.

"Daddy!"

"Are you?"

"No, I..."

"Then strip, my darling baby girl! You're gonna be fucked."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. Of course if you don't want to be fucked, and frankly I find that hard to believe, just tell us."

"I'll strip!" interjected Sophie who immediately pulled her tank top over her head.

"Oh, you know how much I like sex, Daddy!" continued my daughter. "I just never... Oh, my gosh!"

With that her hands went to the back of her neck to untie the halter holding her top up. Untied, it fell forward barring her firm naked titties, titties that over the past year that had become absolutely phenomenal to behold and a sight I never tire of.

"Nice tits. Eh, Ralph?"

The bulge in his shorts said everything that needed to be said, but he voiced his approval anyway. "Definitely nice tits," he replied.

"I think Mr. Ralph likes your tits, Cassie," I said. "Why don't you snuggle up to him and let him have a feel?" Cassie gave me a sly grin and moved within reach of Sophie's dad. As she did so, her loose halter top worked down off her hips and down her legs. She deftly stepped out of it as she got close to Ralph, who pulled her to him with her back to him and reached around to cup and fondle her tits.

"How are those tits, Ralph?" I asked enjoying the show more than I ever thought I would.

"Oh, yes, they're definitely nice tits," he replied as he mauled her. "Very nice tits."

"What about my tits?" pouted Sophie as she displayed her bare bosoms.

"You have nice tits too, baby," I said as I stepped up her.

Cassie looked me in the eye, waiting to see what I would do next. My hands went to the button and then the zipper of Sophie's short shorts, opened them up and then pushed them, along with the thong she was wearing, down to her ankles. I didn't even have to ask or tell her to step out of them, she did that herself and with a flourish, launched them across the room with her foot, a feat that gained laughs from Ralph, Cassie and me. What fun girls our baby girls were!

While I began feeling Sophie up I said, "As you know, Cassie, guests get special consideration in this house. So, why don't you help Mr. Ralph get comfortable?"

She turned and began unbuttoning his shirt. As she worked down the row of buttons, Ralph kicked off the deck shoes he was wearing and was bare foot before Cassie worked the shirt off his shoulders and arms to discard it.

Let me tell you, my dick was so hard it hurt watching my naked teenage daughter stripping her best friend's father for sex. Normally, I wouldn't get a thrill at seeing another naked man, but seeing his stiff seven inch pecker revealed was an unexpected bonus. It wasn't the seeing that thrilled me, but the knowledge of what that pecker would be doing moments from now and to whom it would be doing it to... that was a thrill. I didn't have long to wait either. Cassie followed his shorts to the floor and being in perfect position, she looked up at him and took his cock in her mouth. I nearly shot my load, then and there.

She began working her lips up and down his shaft. I couldn't see it, but I was certain that her talented tongue was dancing along that long dick as she sucked him.

I looked up from my daughter's labors and saw Ralph with the biggest grin on his face. Sophie was determined not to be undone. I grinned back and realizing that I was over dressed for this impromptu after school party, quickly helped her shuck my clothes.

I stood around watching for a minute or so, my cock copiously drooling and wetting the kitchen floor as Sophie fondled me. Ralph, not taking the blowjob to completion, pulled his salvia slickened dick from my daughter's voracious mouth and away from her.

From where I was standing, I heard her whine at not being fed a load of his cum, but once he lifted from her kneeling position to stand, he lifted one of her legs. I held my breath as he positioned his cock for penetration, then gleefully watched as his big prong slid up inside my little girl's juicy cunt as they stood.

As she was penetrated, she exclaimed, "Yes, Daddy, yes!" I'm sure her proclamation excited Ralph as much as it excited me to hear Sophie calling me Daddy when I fucked her.

I'd never seen a live sex show before, and here I was just inches away from the most salacious action in my very own kitchen and getting a blowjob to boot! Cassie clung around his neck and her firm sumptuous ass cheeks bounced invitingly as he pumped his cock into her. Meanwhile, at my feet, Ralph's naked teenage daughter slobbered all over my cock.

I needed relief in the worse way and was about to blow when a wicked inspiration hit me. Pulling Sophie off my dick and onto her feet, I dragged her over to the kitchen table and bodily lifting her, sat her on the edge, pushed her back and placed her legs over my shoulders.

Ralph saw what I was doing and with Cassie impaled on his dick, carried her to the other side of the table and laid her back, so that she was head to head with her wanton friend. By then I had already begun fucking Sophie and making her delectable titties dance.

As Ralph started plugging away at Cassie, her big tits began moving around, her nipples stiff and drawing imaginary twin circles in the air. She looked back at me while she was being fucked, her eyes glassy with that far away look I had become used to seeing. I grinned at her and tired to drive my cock deeper and harder than ever before into her best friend. Ralph was matching me stroke for stroke and fucking the hell out my baby girl. Both girls were caterwauling as they were being soundly fucked.

Then with a gasping silence, I felt Sophie's gut contract as she orgasmed. That did it, with my own cries of sweet anguish, my cock erupted and I spewed my seed deep in her sweet pussy. Ralph too was announcing his pleasure to the heavens as he came in my daughter's spasming cunt. It was the most incredible fuck I'd ever had. Indeed, afterward, that sentiment was pronounced by the other three.

Ralph and I staggered back, leaving our girls well fucked on my kitchen table, dribbling our cum from their cunts while they basked in the glow from a great fucking.

We retrieved our drinks and toasted each other. "To young sweet pussy," I said.

"I'll second that," he replied and took a deep swig. "I propose that we do them again," he added.

"Give me a minute," I laughed.

After that afternoon, whatever misgivings I had about Cassie were put to rest. She was still my precious daughter whom I loved unconditionally, but she was also something more to me... much more.

THE END