## Going Nova ch. 12: Back to School

## *by* [*sodapopsweet*](https://www.sexstories.com/profile1175683/sodapopsweet)

The next day, Brie awoke. She groaned to herself, realizing that it was Monday; a new week, and a new day of classes. She tossed around in bed as she attempted to sleep through multiple hits of the snooze button. There under her blanket, the miserable girl resigned to block out the world for as long as she could.  
  
Suddenly the overhead light flicked on. Her dad was at it again. “Time to get up, kiddo,” he said with his usual morning cheeriness.  
  
Brie moaned and ducked her head under the cover to escape the cruel glare of the overhead light. As she breathed in, she was hit with the smell of sex permeating her sheets, and her night came flooding back to her.  
  
*Had it really happened?* she wondered. *Did I really have sex with my dad last night?*  
  
Her unclean bed answered her unequivocally.  
  
Slowly it came back to her. All of the things she had done the previous day: with her father, with Elsie, in public on the catwalk, and in the green room with two boys she had just met. She was mortified. She didn’t know what had come over her. She could never justify it to anybody if she tried, yet it had happened all the same.  
  
She didn’t have long to ruminate, however, as she felt her covers being tugged off of her.  
  
“Da-aad,” Brie whined, quickly grabbing a fist-full of sheet in defense. “I literally want to die!”  
  
“What’s wrong, sweetie?” Warrick asked warmly.  
  
“I can’t go to school today,” she croaked out. “I can never, *ever* go back to school.”  
  
Warrick dropped his end of their tug-of-war. Brie pulled her side of the sheet back, heaping it over her head. He came over to her and sat on the edge of the bed. His mind flashed back to what had happened the last time he was sat there, but he quickly put it out of his thoughts. He rubbed his daughter’s back through her sheet. She kicked and moaned, though this time it was in frustration, not pleasure. “I know you’re embarrassed after what happened on Friday, but you can’t not go to school.”  
  
“Why not?” Brie pleaded.  
  
“Well, for one thing, it’s actually against the law,” Warrick said, “and—”  
  
Brie just harrumphed and turned away from him. She knew nothing she said would convince him he was wrong. His stubbornness about practical things like school always won him the battle over her emotional outbursts. “You always think you’re right, just because you’re my dad.”  
  
“I know it’s going to be hard, baby girl,” Warrick said sympathetically, “but tell you what: go to school and at least try. Just try it and see how it goes. Maybe nobody will say anything. If you decide you can’t make it through, call me at lunch and you can come home. I’ll come pick you up.”  
  
Brie sighed. “Fine.” She was still dreading the thought of showing her face in Mr. Ivarson’s class again, but she was surprised she even got that much leeway from her dad.  
  
“So,” Warrick probed, “how are you feeling today?”  
  
Brie scowled. “Bad.”  
  
“I gathered that much, but what about the cum—” Warrick stopped short, suddenly feeling awkward using that word with his daughter again. “Well, the medicine, I mean. Do you need any more?”  
  
Under the covers, Brie blushed. It was actually the first time her required regimen had crossed her mind that morning. After spending all of Sunday obsessing about masturbation, cum, and sex, she had been briefly free of worrying about it at all.  
  
“Well?” Warrick prodded.  
  
“Daddy, leave me alone!” Brie snapped.  
  
Warrick put his hands up. “Sorry, sweetheart, I just wanted to check up on you.” Warrick got off the bed and headed for the door. He had hoped that having sex with her the night before would have cured her, but he began to worry that he had hurt his daughter instead. He worried that his wife’s advice, based on her own anecdotal experience, was not well-informed. He cleared his throat and attempted to resume command of the situation. “Honey, get up and get ready for school, now.”  
  
Brie sat up and gave her dad a bershon death glare that only a daughter can give to her father.  
  
But it caused Warrick to break out into a smirk. Atop her head, Brie’s mane was an absolute mess, frizzy, tangled, and twisted into dreads. Her comical appearance undermined the daggers her eyes were throwing his way.  
  
“What’s so funny?!” the bedraggled girl hollered.  
  
“And wash your hair,” Warrick chuckled.  
  
Brie flung her pillow at him as hard as she could and dove back under the covers. She knew she had to get up sooner or later. If nothing else, she couldn’t stand the stale smell of her bedsheets for much longer, but she waited until she knew her dad was gone before she dared give him the gratification of doing as he commanded.  
  
Soon, Warrick did leave, and Brie got up and wandered to her mirror. Her dad was right about her hair. She wondered if she could ever recover from her bedhead nightmare.  
  
“I kind of look like Mia,” she said, managing the slightest of chuckles to herself. She thought of the wild, kinky mop that burst from her new upperclassman friend’s head. She hoped that she would be able to find her at school sometime during the day. Their burgeoning friendship was one of the few bright points she looking forward to that day.  
  
Downstairs, Hazel heard the shower start as she prepped breakfast in the kitchen. Warrick wandered in and she asked cheerily, “How’s she doing this morning?”  
  
“Hard to say. She still hates mornings.” Warrick paused, “And maybe me, too.”  
  
Hazel tisked and went over to him, “I’m sure that’s not true. She loves you very much. I saw just how much last night.” She kissed her husband on the cheek.  
  
Warrick shied away. “Speaking of… How much did you see, exactly?”  
  
“I can have one or two secrets.” Hazel turned away from him coyly before turning back and saying, “But the part that I saw made for a good show.”  
  
The part of Warrick that wasn’t worried about his daughter’s mental health swelled with pride. His pants, too, swelled a bit, thinking back on what he got to do, and the extent to which he got to do it. He still could barely believe that he got to fuck his own daughter, push her mouth and her pussy to her limits, and, on top of all that, even cum inside of her.  
  
He walked up to his wife and slipped his hands around her waist, kissing her on the neck, and pressing his hardness into her ass. “Thank you for being my wife,” he said quietly, “and for being a great mom.”  
  
Hazel turned into him. “I take it that means you had fun last night.” Warrick just chuckled and kissed his way down her neck toward her chest. Hazel took in a sharp breath, but then pushed him away with a giggle. “Okay, John Phillips, I’ve still got breakfast to make.”  
  
Warrick sat down at the table and looked at his phone while he waited for his wife and daughter to join him. Before long, the shower turned off and Brie trundled down the stairs. She wore a long, pink and orange-banded summer dress and some flat sandals. Somehow she had managed to tame her chaotic explosion of hair in the bathroom.  
  
“Morning, sweetie,” Hazel chirped.  
  
Warrick looked up from his phone. “Glad you could join us,” he repeated, as he always did. “How was your shower?”  
  
Brie plopped herself down at the table. “We need more hot water.”  
  
“Back to our normal chipper self, eh?” Warrick quipped wryly.  
  
“Speaking of which,” Hazel chimed in, “How are you feeling today?”  
  
“Fine,” Brie said, tiredly chewing on bacon.  
  
“Good. Did you have your cummies this morning?” Hazel prodded.  
  
Brie twisted her face, not in the mood to think about cum and sex things just then, “Mom, I’m trying to eat breakfast.”  
  
“I know, honey, but we need to know so that we can help you get better.”  
  
“I just forgot,” Brie grumbled, then added, “But I don’t really feel like it right now.”  
  
Hazel’s eyes flicked to Warrick, who breathed a quiet sigh of relief. “It’s okay, Brie, you only need to do it when you feel like it, okay, honey?”  
  
Brie glanced at her mom, surprised that she was free of her morning obligation. Hazel smiled warmly and nodded at her. “Okay,” the young girl answered with trepidation.  
  
“But,” Warrick chimed in, “you’re still not allowed to wear panties.”  
  
Brie rolled her eyes, uncomfortable with him talking about her underwear. “I know, Dad.”  
  
Warrick was surprised at how disappointed he was that his little girl had resumed calling him “Dad”, instead of the “daddies” she was crying out in the night.  
  
“Let’s see, baby,” Hazel insisted.  
  
Brie stared at her mother, wondering if she was serious, then huffed and stood up. She hiked her summer dress up, revealing more and more of her scrawny, coltish legs, until her little bottom and pussy were exposed. Warrick held his breath, wondering if he’d ever get tired of the sight of her puffy labia.  
  
“See?” she grumbled, and then dropped the hem again. She still felt wrong revealing her privates to her parents—she knew that other girls in her class didn’t do that kind of thing—but she admitted to herself that, after her crazy weekend, it wasn’t really a big deal for her anymore.  
  
She finished her breakfast and then Warrick drove her to school. In practice, it was just like any other school day, but he could sense his daughter’s sullen attitude. He reached over and gave her knee a squeeze. “Buck up, baby girl, nobody’s even going to remember what happened.”  
  
“Yes they will,” Brie moped. “It only happened on Friday.”  
  
“Jesus,” Warrick said quietly to himself as he realized that everything that had happened had only occurred within the previous three days.  
  
“And what if someone from school saw me at the fashion show yesterday?” Her voice cracked, small. “Everybody was there.”  
  
Her dad searched for something positive to say. “Well, Elsie will be there waiting for you. She’ll always be your friend and never leave your side.”  
  
“Daddy, I’m never going to live this down!” Tears streamed down the girl’s cheeks.  
  
“Okay, okay, honey. Be strong. Remember, like we talked about, if you really can’t make it through the day, give me a call at lunch time and I’ll come pick you up. We’ll say that you’re sick. But give it an honest try, okay?”  
  
Brie sobbed a bit more. Sick was right. She had sex with her father. And her mother before that. It wasn’t normal. The one saving grace, she figured, was that there was no way anybody saw those particular acts. Finally sniffled and cleared her throat. “Okay, Daddy, I’ll try.”  
  
Warrick tousled his daughter’s hair, gently massaging her head, which did cause her to relax a bit. He was mixed with emotion. He was happy that his daughter appeared to be cured of her nymphomania. He was also distraught that she was in for a tough day at school, and there wasn’t anything he could do to protect her from it. And, he begrudgingly admitted to himself, he was a little bit disappointed that his daughter wasn’t trying to take her clothes off in the car again.  
  
It was becoming clear that his “medicine” had indeed worked. She hadn’t masturbated at all that morning, and signs were showing that she was back in a normal mindset for a girl her age; she was more concerned with her reputation among her fellow co-eds than with finding the source of her next orgasm.  
  
They arrived at Brie’s school and Warrick dropped his daughter off. Before she left the car, Warrick asked, “Got a kiss for your dad?”  
  
“Da-aad,” Brie complained, blushing.  
  
“Okay, okay,” her father conceded, “I guess you’re not my little girl anymore.”  
  
She rolled her eyes, feeling a little bit guilty, so she said, “It’s okay, Daddy, I’m still your little girl. Just don’t say it so loud when I’m at school.” She leaned in and gave him a quick peck on the cheek.  
  
“It’s a deal,” Warrick agreed, but then added, “as long as you tell your friends that I’m cool.”  
  
“I will,” Brie giggled with one final sniffle, “but they’ll never buy it.”  
  
Warrick was relieved to see her brighten up. “Well, a guy can try.”  
  
At that, she closed the car door and Warrick drove off, leaving her to take on the day on her own. As she approached the school, she passed several of her acquaintances. One-by-one, they all turned their heads to follow her path. Most of them avoided direct eye contact, but a couple of them couldn’t help but stare in wonderment.  
  
Brie felt like she was the unwilling star of a hidden camera TV show. She heard one of them whisper, “I saw her at the pool on Saturday.” She couldn’t hear the response, but she could make out the words “fashion show,” “naked,” and “slutty”, and then giggling.  
  
The poor girl blushed deeply. Coming into the day, she knew she would have to deal with the fallout from her classroom jill-off session, but she hadn’t fully considered how her weekend exhibitionism around their small town would also make its way back to school.  
  
Brie quickly walked to her first period science class with Mr. Ivarson. Before she made it through the door, she was beet red. She could only faintly remember what had happened at the end of the previous week, but she knew that she had kissed her teacher and masturbated in class until she blacked out.  
  
As she entered the room, every head snapped to her, including Mr. Ivarson. Tittering started immediately and, as swiftly as possible, Brie made her way to a back corner of the room with her head down.  
  
Mr. Ivarson attempted to get his classroom back under his control as more students continued to file into the room behind her. “Now class, I know not everybody’s here yet, but let’s take a look at the outline of what we’re going to cover today,” he said, attempting to distract them all.  
  
The other kids in the class mostly avoided sitting in the seat next to Brie, but eventually a boy named Edward got up and switched his seat. Brie had always disliked him because he often acted up in class and annoyed the teachers, and he talked about vulgar things in the halls.  
  
Soon everyone was accounted for and class began, but Brie couldn’t pay attention. She just sat, stewing in her shame, counting the minutes until the period was over. *How am I even going to make it to noon?* she wondered.  
  
Edward couldn’t pay attention either. His gaze was fixed upon Brie. “Hey,” he whispered to her.  
  
Brie ignored him.  
  
“Hey!” he rasped louder.  
  
Brie snapped her head to him and glared.  
  
He grinned slyly and quietly mouthed, “Let me see your pussy.”  
  
Brie snapped her head back to her desk and fumed. Edward chuckled quietly to himself.  
  
After a minute she heard again, more insistently, “Let me see your pussy.” Brie tried to ignore it, but her burning cheeks gave her away.  
  
Then, louder, “Lift up your dress. Let’s see your goodies.” This time, the boy in front of Edward heard and snorted out a chuckle, throwing a quick glance at Brie, then backwards to Edward. Edward clucked out a louder laugh.  
  
Mr. Ivarson, too, noticed something going on and called on the boy. “Edward, is there something you have a question about?”  
  
“Uh, no, sir,” he replied.  
  
Mr. Ivarson peered over his glasses at him for a moment, before returning to his lecture.  
  
Edward sank back into his seat and quieted down, but Brie could still see him out of the corner of her eye. She tried not to pay him any attention as he ever-so-slowly turned his body toward hers and then spread his legs. She could feel him staring at her as he did so. Then she saw him begin to flick his hand back and forth over the crotch of his jeans in contrived female masturbation. He quietly began to gasp mockingly, his breath crescendoing such that the girl in front of Brie turned to notice him. She stifled a shocked guffaw at his actions, and at Brie’s expense.  
  
The poor girl could take it no longer. “Stop it, you bully!” she croaked. The whole class immediately turned to look at the scene.  
  
Mr. Ivarson frowned and barked, “Edward!”  
  
The boy suddenly gripped his desk and rumbled it against the floor. He cried out with a sneer, “I’m sorry sir, it’s— it’s coming from my pussyyyy!”  
  
The classroom erupted in a roar of laughter at his callback to Brie’s Friday incident. Brie was crimson with humiliation.  
  
Mr. Ivarson flew into a rage, shouting above the commotion. “That’s it! I warned you all not to make a big deal about this last week. Detention for you, Edward. Go to the principal’s office now.”  
  
“Whatever, man,” beamed Edward as he grabbed his backpack and slung it over his shoulder. “Less time for me to be in this shitty class.” The students broke into another bout of laughter. “Peace out!”  
  
“That’s two detentions, Edward!” Mr. Ivarson called after him. After the boy had made his exit, the teacher turned his attention to Brie. “You, too, are excused, young lady. Please go to one of the study rooms and wait for me there after class.” He held out a hall pass that he had apparently prepared ahead of class time.  
  
Brie couldn’t leave the room fast enough. She dashed down the hall toward the row of sound-proof cubicles the school had installed to let students get homework done with fewer distractions. As she rounded a corner, she nearly ran into Mia.  
  
“Whoa!” Mia shouted, “Oh hey, Brie! Jesus, you nearly creamed me.”  
  
“Mia! What are you doing here?” Brie sniffled and quickly wiped tears from her eyes.  
  
“Gotta take a leak.” Mia flashed her bathroom pass. “What are you doing?”  
  
“I got in trouble and I have to go to one of the study rooms.”  
  
“Ah, man, what did you do?”  
  
“Nothing!” Brie lamented. “It wasn’t my fault.”  
  
“Ugh, that’s the worst,” Mia consoled. “Hey, what if you just bailed?”  
  
“What, like leave school?”  
  
“Yeah,” Mia grinned, “Wanna skip out? I do it sometimes when I’ve had enough of this shit.”  
  
Brie stared into Mia’s lively eyes and considered it. She would love to spend the day anywhere but here, and especially in the company of her newfound friend. But she replied, “I— I better not. I promised Daddy—er, my *father*—that I’d at least try to get through half the day.”  
  
Mia smiled and mussed the girl’s hair, “Probably better that way. I always end up getting in more trouble in the end, anyway. How are you doing, by the way?”  
  
“Bad. Everybody knows what I did on Friday, and now rumors are flying about Saturday and Sunday, too, like from when we went to the pool.”  
  
“Oh,” nodded Mia knowingly. “Well, if it helps, those rumors aren’t from me. I’ve only told my friends that you’re cool.”  
  
Brie’s eyes widened, “Really?”  
  
“Yeah, real cool,” the upperclassman smiled. “They wanna hang out sometime.”  
  
Brie’s insides warmed at the revelation. She suddenly felt the urge to hug Mia, and she dove in. “Oh Mia, I’m so glad I met you. Thanks for being my friend.”  
  
“Yeah, kid.” She squeezed Brie in return. “Let’s get together soon. And bring your girlfriend Elsie along. She’s a firecracker.”  
  
The girls parted and Brie found her destination. She sat at a small study table in the sound-proof cubicle and waited until the end-of-class bell sounded. She could barely hear it through the study room’s seals, but it leaked through faintly. She watched students filter by the large glass door for a while until, with a whoosh of air, Mr. Ivarson opened the door and joined her.  
  
“Hello, Brie,” he said, moving the table out of the way and taking a seat across from her.  
  
“Hi,” Brie said glumly.  
  
“How are you doing this morning?”  
  
“I’m okay,” Brie answered with the stock reply.  
  
“Good, good,” he said, searching awkwardly for the right thing to say. “Um, well, do you know why I sent you here?”  
  
“No,” said Brie, “whatever it was, it wasn’t my fault, Edward—” she complained.  
  
“I know, I know,” he reassured the girl, leaning over and putting a hand on her knee. “You didn’t deserve what he was doing to you. You’re not in trouble for that.” He then cleared his throat and said, “In fact, you’re here, because I wanted to talk to you about something else. I wanted to check in on you and see if you were alright.”  
  
“Oh, okay,” said Brie, “but, isn’t that what the school counsellors are for?”  
  
The elder teacher chuckled and said, “Well, yes, they sometimes do work with troubled children. But all teachers here have a responsibility for their pupils’ well being.”  
  
Brie trembled with trepidation, “Is this about last week?”  
  
Mr. Ivarson nodded, and the two of them sat there in silence for a brief moment. Suddenly, he sat back in his chair and stared at the wilting figure before him. “Now, I want to remind you that you missed out on class last week, after your… incident.”  
  
“I know,” Brie said staring down at her lap.  
  
“I just want you to know, after they took you to the hospital, I held an important pop quiz, which you also missed.”  
  
Brie looked up at him with watery eyes. “I did?”  
  
Mr. Ivarson leered and said, “Yes, and since you missed it, you failed the quiz. And, well, that could negatively impact your grade in my class.”  
  
Big tears welled up in the young student’s puppy dog eyes. “But I— I couldn’t help it!”  
  
“I understand,” the teacher said, lightening up a bit. After some consideration, he begrudged, “I suppose I can give you a C—that is, if you can give me a doctor’s note that details your condition. Ah, which was, by the way…?”  
  
Brie blushed and shied away. Quietly, she started, “I’m super—” She hesitated to say the word to her school teacher, “orgasmic,” she squeaked out.  
  
Mr. Ivarson bent his ear, “I’m sorry?”  
  
Brie looked at her feet, “I’m super-orgasmic. It means I… c– cum a lot.”  
  
Her teacher smirked deviously. “I see. Well, if you can give me your doctor’s note for your super-orgasmic condition right now, I can mark your quiz grade up.”  
  
Brie pleaded, “I didn’t get one. I might be able to get one tonight.”  
  
Her teacher responded brusquely, “I’m sorry, young lady, I need to see one now. I won’t know if you’ve faked it otherwise.”  
  
Brie didn’t know what to do. Her cheeks burned hot and she sniffled. “I don’t have a note.”  
  
Mr. Ivarson appeared to mull another idea around. While he did, Brie could faintly hear the bell marking the end of passing time. The next class period had begun and nobody was in the halls anymore. Finally her teacher spoke again. “I suppose there are other ways you could make it up. Extra credit.”  
  
“Really?” Brie looked up at her teacher, an expression of relief washed over her face.  
  
“Oh yes,” the teacher said, “bad students do extra credit for me all the time.”  
  
“I can do that,” Brie nodded vigorously. “What can I do?”  
  
“Well,” Mr. Ivarson replied, “I think what you can do is really quite simple.”  
  
Brie nodded again, optimistic.  
  
“I don’t think you need to do extra homework. I know you’re a smart girl and you’re ill, after all. And anyway, I don’t have anything prepared. But, I suppose I could give you some extra credit for,” he paused for emphasis, “another kiss?”  
  
Brie was shocked. She suddenly felt cornered and very alone. The hallways were empty, and even if they weren’t, nobody could hear her teacher’s indecent proposition from within the sound-proof cubicle. She swallowed a large lump in her throat. She didn’t want to kiss her teacher again. She hadn’t really even wanted to kiss him in the first place. Then, her body had compelled her to do it against her own volition. Now, she was compelled to do it for a grade.  
  
Brie shook her head. “I can’t kiss you. It’s not right. We’ll get in trouble,” she said, appealing to Mr. Ivarson’s sensibility.  
  
“Look,” he gestured to the glass door of the study room, “there’s nobody around to get us in trouble. It’s just a quick kiss, dear child, and it’s over. I had such fun last time.”  
  
The idea repulsed her, but she saw no other options. Timidly she said, “If I kiss you, you’ll give me an A for the quiz?”  
  
Mr. Ivarson leered and said, “No, child, a kiss would be lovely, but it’s such a small thing, after all. The value of that, assuming it was a good kiss, would bring you up to a D-. If you want an A, you would need to do a little bit more.”  
  
Brie wilted further, crossing her arms in front of her. She avoided looking at Mr. Ivarson. He stood up from his chair and moved toward her, hovering over her. “Well, Miss Nova? This is the one chance I’m going to give you.”  
  
Brie swallowed and then, almost imperceptibly, nodded her head.  
  
It was enough for Mr. Ivarson and he quickly pulled the young girl up off the chair and up onto her feet. He bent over her and brought his face close to hers. Brie trembled with fear underneath the stature of her teacher. She closed her eyes and waited for him to come to her. Then she felt his lips against her. They were warm and firm, but at the same time rough and undesirable. She winced, but kissed back with the hope that it would satisfy him, if not permanently, at least enough that he would let her go.  
  
At last, he pulled away from her and smiled at her condescendingly. “Oh, that was very nice, my child. That was definitely worth a D-.”  
  
Brie said nothing. She merely grabbed her arm and fidgeted on her feet.  
  
“Well, Miss Nova, we can talk about getting more extra credit later, but you best be getting off to your next class.” Before she could move, he halted her with a finger. “However, since you’re already late, you’re probably going to get in trouble with your next teacher. I wonder…” he reached into his pocket and pulled out another signed hall pass, “how much this would be worth to you?”  
  
Brie’s stomach dropped at the thought. She was still trapped with this man and was now forced to negotiate her way out. She stammered, “You could kiss me again.”  
  
“That sounds very nice, Miss Nova,” Mr. Ivarson said, and then added, “and what else can you give me?”  
  
Red-faced, Brie held back a tear. She searched for an idea, then finally said, “You can touch one of my breasts.”  
  
Mr. Ivarson grinned and said, “That’s the spirit. Just remember, if I get in trouble because of you, you’ll get into more trouble, too. The school doesn’t like it when girls fool around with boys, and imagine how they will respond when they find out you’re super-orgasmic. But don’t worry, I will keep your secret.” Then he leaned over and kissed her again. With one hand, he held the back of her head, pressing her mouth against his. With his other, he reached down and pawed at the barely perceptible mound on her chest, circling his fingers around her tiny nipple. It hardened against her will.  
  
Brie was trapped, but Mr. Ivarson kept to the terms of their agreement. He fondled only one breast, though his kiss was drawn out. She felt him snake his tongue out against her lips and she reluctantly parted them, for fear of making him angry. Her legs wobbled under her as she stood, mouth agape, letting her teacher’s tongue wander inside. Finally, she could take no more and she pushed herself away.  
  
Mr. Ivarson chuckled and said, “Had enough for today? Okay. You’re a very good kisser, Brie. You should know that.”  
  
Brie didn’t care. “Can I go now?”  
  
“Very well,” the man conceded, “here is your pass.”  
  
As Brie quickly exited the cubicle, he called after her, “Let’s discuss future extra credit possibilities after class on Wednesday.”  
  
Brie ran, humiliated, down the hallway. She couldn’t believe her teacher would take advantage of her. She didn’t understand why a man his age—older than her father, even—would be interested in someone so young, especially one of his students. She knew it was wrong, but she had felt ambushed and powerless under his authority.  
  
All thoughts of Mr. Ivarson, however, slipped away when she got to her next class late. When she entered the room, every head turned to watch her and she was once again filled with a renewed sense of dread. She took a deep breath and sighed, crossing the front of the class to hand her next teacher, Mrs. Trisk, her late pass.  
  
She sat down in one of the remaining seats in the middle of the room and Mrs. Trisk cleared her throat before continuing her lesson for the day. Brie counted down the minutes until her lunch period.  
  
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At 11:30, Brie’s lunchtime rolled around. She made her way to the lunchroom as inconspicuously as possible. She wasn’t feeling hungry at all, so she skipped the food line and took her usual seat at the lunch table.  
  
Head down, she tried to concentrate on completing her homework while she waited for Elsie to show. Just when she was hitting her stride completing math equations, a plastic tray clattered onto the table, giving her a scare. “Elsie, jesus christ!”  
  
Elsie sat down next to Brie and ringed her arm around the girl in a side hug. “How’s it going today?”  
  
“Horrible,” Brie answered.  
  
“What? Why?” Elsie asked, surprised.  
  
“Elsie, sometimes you can be really thick, you know,” Brie glowered “Why do you think?”  
  
“Oh, right,” Elsie simmered down, smiling dumbly.  
  
Brie sighed, “Mr. Ivarson made me kiss him again.”  
  
“What?!” Elsie asked, suddenly cranking up her volume once more. Some heads turned in their direction.  
  
“Shh, Els, shut up,” Brie whispered, “The last thing I need is one more rumor about me for the school to spread.”  
  
Elsie leaned in and brought her voice low, “That’s so illegal. You should report him.”  
  
“I can’t,” Brie despaired. “He gave us a quiz on Friday and I missed it, and he’s going to bring my grade down unless I do… extra credit for him.”  
  
“Damn. You’re damned if you do, and you’re damned if you don’t. Next time, you should record his behavior on your phone so you have evidence against him.”  
  
“If only they didn’t ban mobile phones in school,” Brie lamented. “This sucks.”  
  
Elsie changed the subject in an attempt to cheer up her friend. “Let’s talk about something else and get your mind off of it.”  
  
“You’re right,” Brie agreed.  
  
“People have been asking me about modeling all day. They want to know how we did it and how to break in. I didn’t tell them we basically lied our way in,” Elsie snickered.  
  
“By the way,” she continued, “A guy gave me his card last night, after I got off stage, and before Ivy brought you back to get me.” She passed it over to Brie.  
  
Brie looked at the card. It was a small, crisp business card that read:  
  
SNICKER-DOODLEZ  
  
Young and Teen Modeling  
  
Boys and Girls  
  
Elsie beamed. “He said I was good! He promised me a modeling contract if I called him. He said they do work with huge brands.”  
  
“Wow,” said Brie, in wonderment. “I’m not surprised. You killed it on stage yesterday. So, are you going to call him?”  
  
“I think so, but I have to figure out how I can do it without mom and dad finding out. They would totally spoil our fun if they found out. He even said he might be able to use you, too.”  
  
“Really? I thought I did horribly. I mean, I fainted on stage. I… did other things, too.”  
  
Elsie shrugged, “I dunno. He must have missed that part, since he was talking with me back stage when it happened. Maybe you got lucky and he doesn’t know!”  
  
“Yeah, lucky…” Brie stared off into space, before snapping her attention back to her friend. “You do know what I did, right?” Brie ventured hesitantly.  
  
“Oh, I do,” Elsie grinned, “Ivy grilled me about it in the car. I can’t believe I missed it! What we did yesterday in the green room, it was so hot. Even after two cums I went home wanting more. And you were so good about not cumming, it must have been epic when you finally did.”  
  
“I guess it did feel good,” Brie admitted, “but when it’s so intense that I pass out, I have a hard time remembering. It’s almost not worth it.”  
  
Then Elsie leaned in and whispered conspiratorially, “Speaking of worth it, you wanna know what I did last night?”  
  
“Sure,” Brie answered.  
  
“Mallory and I played Truth or Dare.”  
  
“Really? Just you and your sister? Why?”  
  
“I don’t really know,” Elsie blushed. “I guess I was still turned on from…” She leaned in so close she had practically prostrated herself across the lunch table and whispered, “when you ate my pussy yesterday.”  
  
Brie grimaced. She barely recalled her actions when she was in her cum-dumb, super-orgasmic haze. Elsie’s mention of her eating Oliver’s cum out of her vagina did bring a glimmer of a memory back, though.  
  
Elsie sat back. “And, well, you know Mallory and I have been close in the past. When your mom dropped me off last night, your little incident was all my sister could talk about.”  
  
“Oh great,” said Brie wryly. She swallowed a lump in her throat, partially because, once again, her lewd behavior was Elsie’s central conversation with her sibling, but also because she was curiously interested in the Brannigan sisters’ risqué game.  
  
Elsie continued. “Recounting to Mallory what you had done made me very turned on all over again; and she’s so low-key horny all the time, I just knew I could convince her to have a bit of fun with some dares.” The young girl’s eyes flitted back and forth. “I mean even so, I still figured we would just end up jilling off together like we have in the past, not go as far as—”  
  
Brie interrupted, “You’re going to talk about this here? Now?”  
  
Elsie grinned. “C’mon, no one’s paying attention to us. Look.”  
  
Brie glanced around the lunchroom nervously. “For the first time today,” she admitted.  
  
“Okay, so do you want to hear about it, or is it going to, you know, set off your ‘super-power’?”  
  
Brie searched her feelings and was surprised to discover that Elsie’s lead-up had not flipped on her super-orgasmic switch. While she couldn’t help feeling a little turned on by the prospect of listening to her friend’s Truth or Dare story, she did sense a distinct stability in her mind and body. She hesitantly began to trust that maybe her dad’s cum last night was an effective antidote, after all, just like her mom said she would be. Maybe it was safe to talk about sexy things and her nerves wouldn’t get the best of her. “So,” she probed, “what happened?”  
  
Elsie launched into her sordid tale. “Okay, so it was pretty late and we were up in our beds, supposed to be going to sleep. We had all the lights turned off, but we keep flashlights on our bed stands in case we need to get up for a potty break in the middle of the night. Anyway, we started playing the game and I went first. Mal picked truth, of course, so I asked her if she had ever had sex.  
  
“She giggled, ‘no,’ and that was that.  
  
“Next, I picked truth, even though I was so horny, I really wanted to pick dare. But I wanted to follow her lead. So, she asked me if I had ever had sex.  
  
“I told her I had and she flipped out!” Elsie laughed. “She flicked on her flashlight and pointed it right at my face and she started asking me a million questions about it, like she was an old-timey detective. Questions like when, and who with, and how many times, but I just rolled my eyes and informed her that she could only ask one truth per round.”  
  
“She’s probably jealous,” Brie chuckled. “Her baby sister isn’t a virgin, but she still is.” Brie recalled that Elsie had mentioned that she had not been a virgin during their encounter with the two brothers the day before and the thought re-emerged about who else it was that Elsie had screwed.  
  
“Oh, she’s definitely jealous,” sneered Elsie. “She’s been wanting a boyfriend for a long time, but she’s too ugly.” Elsie laughed aloud but then her expression suddenly softened with empathy. “Sorry, I know you’re still a virgin, too. But—”  
  
“No I’m not,” Brie blurted out, then instantly regretted it.  
  
Elsie’s mouth gaped. “You’re not— since when?”  
  
Brie blushed. “Nevermind. I was just kidding.”  
  
Elsie’s eyes bored into Brie, “No, that wasn’t a joke. You’re a bad liar. Why didn’t you tell me?”  
  
“Why didn’t you tell me?” Brie snapped back coolly.  
  
“What? You fuckin’ watched me,” Elsie snorted.  
  
“No I didn’t,” Brie hissed, then whispered, “Oliver wasn’t your first. You told him you weren’t a virgin.”  
  
Now it was Elsie’s turn to blush. She didn’t dare tell Brie that it was her father who was her first. “That— that was just a joke.”  
  
“Now who’s lying?” Brie leered. “You made such a big deal about how ‘virginity is just a social construct’.”  
  
Elsie smirked, her eyes flitting back and forth.  
  
“Tell me who it was,” Brie demanded, crossing her arms.  
  
Elsie’s expression switched quickly to worry. “I can’t,” she said quietly, uncharacteristically timid.  
  
“Why not?”  
  
“Because…” Elsie trailed off.  
  
Brie suddenly felt cold. A wash of sweat broke out across her body. In the pit of her stomach, she suddenly knew. “My dad.”  
  
Elsie cowered and squeaked, “Don’t hate me.”  
  
“Whoa,” Brie was stunned. They both sat in silence for a moment. “Saturday? That’s why you were naked when we woke up.”  
  
Elsie nodded, wincing, ready for the blowback.  
  
But it never came. Brie didn’t want to start a fight and have Elsie dig in her heels and start prodding her back about her own first experience. “So then what happened? With Mallory, I mean,” she asked coolly.  
  
Elsie ventured on with her story, hesitantly at first, surprised that Brie didn’t seem to care that her best friend had sex with her father.  
  
“Oh, um, well, anyway, it was her turn to choose again and she picked truth again. I asked if she had ever done oral. She said no, she couldn’t even get a boyfriend. She seemed pretty frustrated.  
  
“So then it was my turn, and she said, ‘Who are all the people you’ve had sex with?’ and I told her a college boy and an… older man.” Elsie looked sincerely at Brie and said, “I wasn’t just going to tell her it was your dad.”  
  
“Then she asked me how old, and I said our Daddy’s age.  
  
“She said, ‘Holy shit’ and swallowed real hard. She asked me who it was, but then I realized she already got an extra question out of me and I clammed up. I heard her start to kind of fidget around, and I knew she was getting a little turned on and probably ready to take a dare.  
  
“But it was my turn again to ask and she surprised me by picking truth. I wasn’t expecting that, but I thought for a sec and then asked, ‘Would you ever want a girlfriend?’  
  
“She blushed and giggled and said, ‘I have girlfriends.’” Elsie frowned and added, “She totally knew what I meant, though!  
  
“I said, ‘No, dummy, not your friends. I mean like a boyfriend—but a girlfriend.’  
  
“She was quiet for a while and then she said in this too-calm voice, ‘No, I’m not a lesbian.’  
  
“I was like, ‘You don’t have to be a lesbian to like girls.’  
  
“Then do you know what she said? She said, ‘Well, you didn’t ask if I liked girls!’”  
  
Brie snorted. “Wow, do you think she does like girls, then?”  
  
“I dunno,” Elsie answered, “I never got to ask her, but I kinda think she might.”  
  
“Yeah? Why’s that?”  
  
“Well, let me finish my story.”  
  
Brie nodded. Her heart was beating in her chest. She was enraptured with her best friend’s tale about her racy game.  
  
“Next it was my turn, but I knew if I picked truth, she was going to ask about, you know, your dad, and I didn’t want to tell her anything about that! So, I was basically forced to pick dare.  
  
“She must have been getting antsy and said, ‘I dare you to take your pajamas off.’  
  
“That was easy, so I did just that. I had this one-piece romper on with spaghetti straps, and I shimmied out of it under the covers, yanked it out, and dropped it on the floor.  
  
“Mallory shined her flashlight on me and made me pull back the covers so she could check, and she got annoyed when she realized I wasn’t completely naked. ‘You can’t leave your panties on!’ she said.  
  
Brie threw her hands up. “Panties aren’t part of pajamas! It’s just underwear.”  
  
Elsie pointed and said, “That’s what I told her and she grumbled, ‘Well I meant all your clothes,’ so I mocked and said well then she should have said that for the dare.’”  
  
Brie smiled, “You turned the tables back on her.”  
  
“I know,” Elsie giggled, “but I don’t think she got the joke. She just whined some more until I told her to just pick truth-or-dare.  
  
“She finally stopped holding out on me and said dare! So I dared her to let me cuddle her in her bed.”  
  
“That’s it?” Brie asked quizzically.  
  
“What do you mean?”  
  
“That doesn’t sound like that big of a deal.”  
  
Elsie rolled her eyes. “You wouldn’t know this because you’re a single child. But Mallory hasn’t let me be that close to her since she started getting boobs.”  
  
“I thought you’d seen each other play with yourselves before.”  
  
“Only with covers on or with the lights off,” Elsie corrected, “But now here I am, half naked and wanting to get in her bed? It was a big deal, and you could tell, because she almost said no. It was quiet for a really long time, and finally she said, almost in a whisper, ‘Okay.’  
  
“My heart skipped a beat as I slipped out from under my covers. I grabbed my flashlight and quickly padded over to her bed and she opened the covers to let me in. It was such a thrill being close to her, and I couldn’t help but shiver, even though she was very warm under the sheet.  
  
“We shifted around quite a bit to get settled; we have small, single beds. Eventually she spooned me and draped her hand over my torso. I could feel her tits press against my back. They were warm and soft, and her nipples were hard. It was so nice.”  
  
Brie chimed in dreamily, “That does sound nice. I sometimes go to my parents in their room if I wake up from a bad dream in the middle of the night, or if it’s storming, and it’s always so warm. But they always make me go back to my own bed sooner or later.” Brie thought about her recent trysts with both of her parents and in the back of her head she wondered just how much things would change because of that. “So, is that where it ended?”  
  
“Oh no. We laid there for a few minutes, and she kind of started rubbing my back a little bit. I could feel my pussy getting real wet again and my nerves were causing me to tremble.  
  
“Mallory said, ‘Why are you shaking?’  
  
“‘Because I’m nervous.’  
  
“‘What are you nervous about?’  
  
“‘I don’t really know,’ I said, ‘but this feels nice.’  
  
“From behind me, she pressed her face into my hair and inhaled slowly, taking in the scent, then exhaled. Finally, she whispered ‘Truth or dare?’  
  
“From this point on, they’re just dares, so she dared me to get all the way naked in bed with her. I swallowed and shimmied out of my panties under the cover. I held them up to her and showed her, but she said she had to check again. She leaned down to my ankles and brushed her hands up my body, feeling her way up, and when she got to my hips, sure enough, no panty line.  
  
“Then she felt around, caressing both cheeks of my bottom. She hummed sweetly, and I think she liked what she felt. She even started to move her hands between my thighs but I wonder if she felt my wetness, because she quickly stopped and moved her hand back onto my hip.  
  
“My throat was dry, but I managed to quip, ‘Anything there?’  
  
“She laughed quietly, ‘Nope, just a baby smooth bottom.’  
  
“It felt so nice laying there with her. I wiggled my butt into her crotch and entwined my legs around hers, encouraging her to explore more. She got the hint. She felt down my waist to my hip bones, and she even got pretty close to my cunny crack, but she chickened out again and moved up to my tummy, and finally up to my boobs. I felt my nipples stiffen under her caress and then she stopped rubbing and said quietly, ‘What’s my dare?’  
  
“I liked being naked with her, but I wanted her to feel it, too, so I answered, ‘I dare you to let me take off all of your clothes.’”  
  
“She quickly agreed, and I knew I was finally getting somewhere. Even so, she wasn’t going to make it easy for me. I think she was still timid and also don’t think she really knew what to do, since she’s never had anyone else take off her clothes before. She just laid there under the covers. She was wearing a two-piece pajama set with a tight top that said ‘I’ll be in bed today’ and matching pajama shorts. I fumbled around quite a bit to get her shirt off from under the covers and she tried to help, too, but everything kept getting twisted in the sheet and all staticky. Finally I had enough and just pulled the sheet off of us and straddled on top of her.”  
  
“You were naked,” Brie reminded Elsie. “Did she see you?”  
  
“Yeah, sort of. It was dark, but we could see each other a little bit in the moonlight. I didn’t really care.”  
  
“No surprise there,” Brie scoffed.  
  
Elsie grinned. “Anyway, I grabbed her shirt and she lifted herself up enough for me to get it over her back. Even before I pulled it over her head, I could see her titties.”  
  
Brie cleared her throat. “What were they like?”  
  
“Even though she’s my sister, they looked nice. Bigger than both of ours.”  
  
“That’s not hard for me,” Brie complained, “I’m still flat, and I don’t think my chest is going to grow any bigger.”  
  
“I don’t mind my small chest,” Elsie said, “All the girls with big boobs always talk about how they’re bad for your back. Anyway, some guys might like it.” Elsie then added wistfully, “Oliver seemed to.”  
  
“Well yours are still a little bigger than mine.”  
  
“Hunter didn’t complain, either,” Elsie smirked.  
  
“Maybe I’m still hazy from my last blackout, but as I recall, Hunter only cared about my mouth.”  
  
Elsie laughed and said, “Well, from my experience, you do have a pretty good mouth.”  
  
Brie blushed.  
  
“Now, where were we?”  
  
“Your sister has nice tits.”  
  
“Yeah, not too big, not too small. After I got her top off, I reached down and squeezed one. It was pretty cool. I felt her nipple sticking out, but Mal flinched and told me that touching wasn’t part of the dare, so I had to stop.”  
  
“So next were her pants?” Brie asked.  
  
“Yep, I climbed off of her and slipped them off. It was easier, cuz she just had to lift her butt up off the mattress. She was down to just her panties at that point.”  
  
Brie licked her lips. “And what did they look like?”  
  
“It was hard to see in the dark, but they were basic. Striped. But anyway, it was time for them to come off. This time I climbed back on her and straddled her stomach, but this time facing her feet. That made her giggle and ask what I was doing. I shushed her and said, ‘I didn’t specify *how* was going to take them off.’ She reluctantly accepted, and she got a good look at my naked butt while I did it.  
  
“I grabbed her undies and pushed them down her legs. She lifted her knees toward me, and I slipped them over, and then she pulled one leg out, leaving them dangling off her other ankle.  
  
“There, right below me, was her naked cunny, about four inches from mine. It was amazing. Her two bare lips stared back at me. I was so turned on. Even though I wasn’t supposed to touch her, I caressed her inner thighs up to her vagina and brushed my fingers over her cunny lips. They were soft and hot, and kind of slick like mine was.  
  
“But she wasn’t expecting it and squeaked loudly when I did it. She covered her mouth, but I heard daddy coming down the hall. We didn’t know what to do! I started to bolt to my bed, but Mallory pushed me down between her legs and pulled the sheet over us both, hiding me under it completely.  
  
“Suddenly I had my head right up against her tummy, just above her pussy mound! I could smell her, and it made my chest tight and my head spin.  
  
“Daddy cracked the door open and whispered, ‘Is everything alright?’  
  
“I heard Mallory respond, ‘Yeah, I just had a bad dream.’  
  
“Then he said, ‘Are you okay, Els?’  
  
“I thought I had been caught. I wasn’t in my bed, and surely if he didn’t notice then, he would soon. Luckily, myself sister said, ‘I think she’s still asleep.’  
  
“Then he just said said goodnight and left. It must have been dark enough that he couldn’t see that I wasn’t still in bed. When I heard the door shut, I realized I had been holding my breath. I exhaled and my hot breath against my sister’s pussy caused her to moan. She pulled the sheet back down over me, and when the moonlight shone on her again, I couldn’t resist any more. I dove in to her, giving her slit a long lick from the bottom of it to her clit.  
  
“She nearly screamed again, but held it back, instead just squealing quietly into the palm of her hand. She kicked me off of her. ‘What are you doing? That’s gross! You’re my sister.’  
  
“I felt kind of embarrassed, because I guess she was right, so I tried to cover for my actions: ‘I was just trying to tickle you.’  
  
“‘Well, it doesn’t tickle, it feels… weird. And anyway, it wasn’t part of your dare.’  
  
“I laid back down next to her and said, ‘Well, it’s your turn to give me a dare.’  
  
“She said, ‘Since you’re so horny, I dare you to play with yourself now.’  
  
“I was kind of disappointed. ‘That’s it?’ I said.  
  
Brie interrupted, “What do you mean?”  
  
“Mal asked the same thing. I was like, ‘We’ve done that a lot already. It’s not really a dare-dare, you know? Don’t you want me to do something more? Something that’s actually daring?’  
  
“She thought for a short while and then she flicked on her flashlight and said, ‘Okay, you have to let me watch.’  
  
“I agreed and took a deep breath. I reached down with both hands and she followed them with her flashlight until I reached my cunny. I spread my lips apart, and Mallory leaned in to get a closer look. It sent a rush through me. I wanted to give her a better view, so I spread my legs, hooking one over hers, and dangling the other off the side of the bed.  
  
“I could hear her breath quavering, and feel her heart beating in my body.  
  
“I looked down myself and could see my inner thighs glistening in the dim light. I started rubbing my clit, and it was already super-slick and swollen. Mal was quiet, so we could hear the wetness of my slick crack as I worked it, along with my heavy breathing and soft grunts.  
  
“Every so often, I would bring my fingers up and taste myself.  
  
“She asked me, ‘What does it taste like?’  
  
“‘You haven’t tasted yourself?’  
  
“‘No,’ she said timidly. ‘It seems weird.’  
  
“I said, ‘You think everything is weird.’ I held my finger up to her and said, ‘You can try it if you want.’  
  
“She scoffed, ‘You’re so gross, Elsie. I’m not going to lick you.’  
  
“‘It’s not like you’re licking my swimsuit area!’ I insisted.  
  
“‘I don’t care. It’s still from your vagina, and you’re my little sister. You’re nuts.’  
  
“I was annoyed. I said, ‘Who cares? We’ve masturbated together lots by now. It’s basically the same thing.’  
  
“‘Yeah, but we don’t touch each other.’  
  
“I wiggled the leg I had hanging over hers. ‘You don’t seem to mind this.’  
  
“She was just like, ‘So? Just finish your dare,’ and then she was quiet, just watching me continue to work my slit. I could feel her chest rising beside me and I could tell she was getting even more turned on. Then she swallowed and said quietly, “You can give me my next dare, and we could do them together.”  
  
“I knew she was getting horny and wanted to masturbate along with me, but since it was my challenge, I figured I’d give her a dare to remember.”  
  
Elsie then leaned in closely to Brie and said with a smirk. “I told her, ‘I dare you to let me go down on you.’”  
  
Brie gasped, “You were gonna eat out your sister?”  
  
Elsie crossed her arms, “She was giving me so much shit about it being wrong, I was like, I could do it. It’s not that big of a deal, right? It’s not like I can get her pregnant. She was giving me something to prove, and I was up for the challenge. I was sure she would give in, but she’s such a chicken. She said ‘No way!’ and then suggested, ‘What if I just masturbated, too?’”  
  
“‘That’s not the dare,’ I insisted.  
  
“‘But I’m not a lesbian,’ she whined.  
  
“‘Neither am I. You can just close your eyes and pretend I’m some boy instead.’  
  
“‘But you’re family.’  
  
“Finally, I was like, ‘Fine, you don’t have to do it, but you’ll lose the game if you don’t do the dare.’  
  
“She said, ‘So what? It’s just a dumb game.’  
  
Elsie frowned at Brie. “I guess she had me there. I didn’t have anything else. She called my bluff, so I backed down. But I still hadn’t cum yet, and I know Mallory still wanted to, too. So I thought quickly and said, ‘Fine, you don’t have to let me go down on you, but, you have one last chance. If you don’t want to lose the game, then you have to do whatever I say next.’  
  
“Fine with me,’ she replied. ‘I don’t have to do anything, and I don’t care about losing the game.’  
  
“I turned on my flashlight and pointed it at her. ‘I dare you to fuck yourself… with your flashlight as a dildo.’”  
  
“OMG, what did she do?” Brie asked.  
  
“She giggled in, like, a bashful kind of way and shied away from the light. I didn’t get it, at first, but then she nodded and said, ‘Okay, but if I do this dare, then *you* lose the game. *And* I’m going to use this instead.’ Then then she leaned over me to open the drawer of her side table and pulled out this big rubber cock!”  
  
Brie was dazed. “Holy shit, Mallory has a dildo?”  
  
“I know!” exclaimed Elsie loudly, before she looked around and brought her level back down. “She said Mom gave it to her when she turned 13, after she got the sex talk. Mom said she could use it until the right boy came along.”  
  
Brie was in awe. “Wow. What did it look like?”  
  
“It was smooth on one end, like a tube full of glittery, purple jelly, and on the other end, it actually looked like a cock, like what Oliver and Hunter had, but definitely a bit bigger. Probably bigger than your dad!”  
  
Brie blushed, thinking back to the feeling of her father’s cock expanding within her. She couldn’t imagine something being bigger than that.  
  
“Sorry,” Elsie said, “I probably shouldn’t just say stuff like that to you.”  
  
“Talk more about the dildo,” Brie evaded.  
  
“I was kind of surprised Mom got her such a realistic-looking sex toy. It was flexible, bendable, but stiff at the same time.”  
  
“So, did she do the dare?” Brie asked, her voice cracking somewhat.  
  
“Yes! Mallory reached down and started sliding it up and down her crack, getting it all wet from her pussy. She started moaning right away. She was really in heat. I had my flashlight on her now, and I watched as the side with the cock split her plump lips open and got all slippery in her juices. I could see them sticking and glistening off of the dildo. It kinda looked like her pussy was giving it a kiss.  
  
“Then, once it was all slick with her girl-cum, she lowered it down to her hole and placed it at the entrance. She bit her lip and gave it a push, and it went inside. We both gasped as it did. Hers was in pleasure and mine in wonder. Slowly, her pussy got acclimated to the size, and made the whole thing slick for each inch it pushed inside of her. Finally, it bottomed out and she whispered, ‘It’s all the way in.’ A little less than half was sticking out of her.  
  
“I suddenly remembered that I could still masturbate, too, and I immediately started circling my little clitty with my finger again. Mallory started slowly pumping her toy in and out of her, and moaned into my ear.  
  
“I turned toward her and wrapped both of my legs around one of hers and wedged my hand into my cunny crack. I kind of thrust my hips at her and the motion slowly inched me closer and closer to her. Soon I had buried my head into her neck and was mewling uncontrollably.  
  
“Mallory whispered to herself, ‘Fuck, I can’t believe I’m letting my little sister watch me fuck myself with this dildo.’  
  
“‘Why is this so hot?’ I moaned into her neck.  
  
“‘You know why, Els. Because it’s wrong. You’re not supposed to like watching your sister play with herself. It’s dirty because we’re related, yet you’re watching me split my pussy open and fuck myself with this dildo. It goes against nature for siblings to have sex and that’s what’s making it exciting.’  
  
“I was already primed from jilling off before and her naughty words were enough to finish me off. I felt the orgasm rushing from deep within me, and it exploded out through my clitty. ‘Fuck, Mal, I’m cumming,’ I cried, and reached over and hugged my sister close, feeling her warm tits against my arm. My thrusting grew wild, and my mound crashed against her hips sending waves of pleasure up from my pussy.  
  
“I moaned as softly as I could while my orgasm seared through my body. I pressed my juicy cunt against my own sister’s bare thigh, smearing my cum onto her virginal body. I kissed my way up her neck and to her cheeks.  
  
“I probably would have kissed her lips, but all too soon, I began to calm down. The aftershocks fluttered through me, and it slowly dawned on me that my experience was nearing its close. I knew I was going to have to go back to my bed again, but I intended to lay there next to her as long as I could.  
  
“I sighed in satisfaction and watched Mallory pumping the fake cock more rapidly, more intently. She grunted more urgently each time she speared it speared into her. It was gliding smoothly within her now, in and out. I could hear her juices sloshing. While she frigged herself, she turned to me, eyes just slits and a dreamy smile on her face. She said softly, through her groaning, ‘You lose the game, Els.’  
  
“I couldn’t help but smile. She was right. She fucked herself according to the dare, which meant I had lost. I didn’t say anything. I nodded in acceptance of the defeat. I just watched her pump the sex toy in and out of her pussy and caressed her nipples with my hand. She didn’t care that I was touching her so closely anymore. But then she said something I really wasn’t expecting: ‘I dare you to use the dildo on me.’”  
  
“Whoa,” Brie croaked out, barely a whisper. Her throat was dry and were eyes were wide.  
  
Elsie smiled at Brie’s intense interest. “I couldn’t believe she said it. I said, ‘I thought the game was over,’ and then regretted it. I thought she would take it back.  
  
“She shrugged and sighed, ‘It’s still a dare.’  
  
“I immediately rolled on top of her and slid down her body to get between her legs. She moved her hands away and the dildo started to slip out of her. She was so wet and tight that her pussy was just squeezing it right out. I quickly grabbed it and pressed it back into her. She whined aloud as she was penetrated by something beyond her own control for the first time in her life. I had to shush her again, because I thought I could hear shuffling outside, and I was afraid that Dad might come check on us again.  
  
“Luckily he didn’t. I pointed my flashlight at her split and studied all of its details. Her labia was smooth and kind of reddish around the edges. In her slit, it was really pink and wet and it looked really soft. I saw where the dildo entered her, stretching her elastic entrance, and it was beading up with her fluids. Her scent was dizzying.  
  
“I knew she didn’t want me to eat her out, but I still wanted another taste, so I swiped some of her juice that was dripping off the dildo and licked it off my finger.” Elsie’s eyes rolled to the back of her head, signaling to Brie that she enjoyed it.  
  
“Mal was encouraging me, saying, ‘Like that, Els, that feels so good. Go faster.’ Then she started rubbing her clit with one of her hands. Since I only needed one hand to work the dildo, I brought my other one up to do that for her, too. I pushed her hand away, unsure if she would let me actually touch her, you know right on her cunny, but surprisingly, she did. Her hands reached back and gripped her headboard and she hissed out, “Fuck, Sis, fuck, fuck, fuck!”  
  
“I rubbed her clitty quickly and lightly with my thumb, occasionally slowing down to apply more pressure. Her hips started thrusting up, practically to my face, and I thought again about going down on her. I mean, I already was *down on her*, and her cunny was right there, right in front of me.  
  
“So I went for it. I leaned down an inch, stuck out my tongue, and pressed it against her slit, and suddenly I was eating out my big sister. She squealed quietly and thrust wildly into me, and I thought she was going to break my nose with her hips, so I grabbed her butt with my free hand and just held her there with her back arched into the air, as much as I could. She just rocked her hips while I hammered the toy into her and flicked my tongue up and down her gash and swirled it around her little love bud.  
  
“That’s when she came. She thrashed on the bed, covering her mouth with one hand, and gripping the headboard with the other. It startled me, but I kept at her. She kind of flooded with juices—not like you do—but they still streamed down the dildo. I mostly kept my tongue focused on her clit, but I licked up some of what came out. It was tangy and yummy. She squealed breathlessly, trying to keep the noise down, but the bed springs were pretty squeaky and she was going crazy. Finally, I thought to lay on top of her, to keep her still, so I crawled on top of her and put my whole weight on her. She was warm and slick with sweat and her bigger boobs were soft under my head.  
  
“I brought my face up to hers and she shocked me when she leaned up and kissed me, full force on the lips. With tongue, even. I was sure she’d be able to taste herself on my lips, and I didn’t think she’d like that, but she didn’t seem to care. Between kisses, she gasped, ‘I love you. I love you, Els.’ And then back into kissing.  
  
“We made out for quite a long time while she came down from her orgasm, and I was starting to get turned on again, especially watching my sister cum up close.”  
  
Brie interrupted, “Cummies that you gave her!”  
  
Elsie blushed, “Yeah, well, you know what I mean. I was pretty revved up again. I still held the dildo in Mallory’s pussy, but I had slowed down my rhythm quite a bit. I just kind of subtly pushed it in her, and her natural tightness would squeeze it back out again. Just before it would pop out, I would push it back in again until it couldn’t go any further. Feeling it going in and out of my sister’s body, I was just overcome by this sensation that I needed to get my pussy fucked again, too.”  
  
“Jesus, Els, you’re so horny,” Brie said.  
  
“That’s rich, coming from you,” Elsie retorted. “I wanted to keep it going, before my sister came down too far from her cum high. I was afraid she would change her mind, so I leaned into her ear and whispered, ‘I dare you to let me fuck you.’  
  
“This time, she didn’t protest. She turned her face to mine and said, ‘How would you do that?’  
  
“‘I have an idea,’ and I leaned back so that my butt was in between her legs. Then I positioned one of her legs so it was on top of mine.”  
  
“You were scissoring?” Brie asked.  
  
“Exactly,” said Elsie, “But Mallory still had the dildo inside her. It was long enough that the other end was sticking out of her, a little less than half way. I moved myself closer to her until the rounded point began to divide my cunny lips, and that’s when Mallory understood what I was getting at.”  
  
“Holy shit,” whispered Brie, her throat dry, “You shared the dildo.”  
  
“It was a little awkward at first, but it was still pretty hot,” said Elsie. “We both started inching toward each other to push the opposite end of the fake cock up into my puss. We were both giggling softly, as it took a bit of doing to make it work. It was hard to work it in the two of us at the same time from the angles we were laying, and the damn thing was thick, so it kept not wanting to go inside me. By the time we got it, it fit very snugly. It was a little big, but it was already so lubed up with Mal’s girl-cum. That helped a lot. I sighed when I felt my insides fill up again, and Mal was enjoying the opposing pressure from her end, each time I pushed on it with my body.  
  
“I could feel the dildo going in almost as deep as it could when our pussies touched. I looked down where we connected and saw our labia locked together. I couldn’t help but giggle and I said, ‘Look, it looks like our pussies are kissing.’  
  
“Mal laughed, too, and said, ‘It does. Wanna make out with our pussies?’ That made me snort, but I nodded with a heady smile.  
  
“I started to press myself up against her and she closed her eyes and did the same thing. Our pussy lips mashed together and I couldn’t even see the sex toy connecting us. There was just a little bit of room inside the two of us that if we squeezed down with our cunny muscles, we could shift the dildo back and forth between our bodies. So we worked together in this way for a while, penetrating one another with the same cock, gasping and moaning quietly. It really felt like I was being fucked by my sibling. We were fucking each other.  
  
“I looked down at our connection and saw the thin, transparent fluid of our lovemaking seeping out, mixing together, and running down our cracks. Then I scanned up my sister’s body and watched as she undulated against me, her small tits bouncing with every thrust against me. It was sexy to see someone I was so close to engaging in the most personal act, lost in the ultimate pleasure, especially knowing that I was the one giving it to her. It was very naughty and extremely hot and we were both red and sweaty from the workout. She cracked her eyes open and saw me staring at her and blushed even deeper.  
  
“‘You’re really fucking me, Elsie,’ my sister said, panting.  
  
“‘And you’re really fucking me, Mallory.’  
  
“‘Now I can say I’m no longer a virgin. I can’t believe my own sister took my virginity. I’m so embarrassed, but so turned on.’  
  
“‘Do you regret it?’ I asked.  
  
“‘Not at all, Elsie, I’m glad it was you.’  
  
“‘I’ve wanted this since we first started masturbating together,’ I whined.  
  
“‘I didn’t know it then, but I have, too,” Mal returned.  
  
“We started humping each other faster and faster, trying not to moan out loud. I had one hand over my mouth and I moved the other to our kissing cunnies, where I pressed my thumb against Mal’s little clitty. I could feel the pleasure surge through her and she bit the back of her hand, then moved her fingers to my clitty, where she returned the favor.  
  
“Soon, the bed springs were squeaking while we were wildly thrashing against each other, whimpering as loudly as we thought we could get away with, flicking our hands rapidly across each others’ slits, and leaking our collective cum all over Mallory’s sheets.  
  
“‘You’re gonna make me cum,’ I rasped, ‘You’re gonna make me cum, Mal.’  
  
“‘Cum for me, Els!’ she cried. ‘Cum for your big sister.’  
  
“And sure enough, I did. And watching me cumming brought her over the edge, too. I tensed up briefly, then squealed aloud as the pleasure once again took hold. She followed suit. There was nothing that could hold us back now, and we laid there writhing and sobbing and cumming on each others’ pussies. We fucked the rubber cock, wildly bouncing off each others’ cunts, our soft pussy lips slapping wetly. The rims of our holes frothed with our flooding juices.  
  
“It was something I will never forget.  
  
“We came down from our orgasmic high gently. Mallory moaned and brought her fingers to her mouth, tasting my juices while I lazily continued to circle her clit with mine, coaxing out the last of her orgasm.”  
  
“That sounds incredible,” Brie wondered, entranced by Elsie’s story.  
  
“It was incredible,” Elsie confirmed, but then she frowned. “Then my dad had to spoil the fun.”  
  
“Oh my god, no!”  
  
“Yep,” Elsie said wryly. “Suddenly, we heard the floor creak outside our door. I realized how loud we must have been when we came and knew that one of our parents was coming to check on us. The trouble was that we were so tangled up with each other, and connected by the dildo, there was nothing we could do to move! I clawed ineffectually for a cover, but the door swung open and there was my dad. ‘Everything alright, girls?’ he said softly. He could see us in the dim light, our naked bodies illuminated by our flashlights, and he got very concerned. He said, ‘What’s going on in here?’ Then he flicked on the overhead light!  
  
“There we were, completely exposed; his two little girls, naked, pussy-to-pussy in our post-orgasmic reverie. ‘What are you two doing?’ he asked in shock. Neither of us could say anything. We were mortified. Finally, he said sternly, ‘Elsie, get to bed.’  
  
“I didn’t have a choice but to move. As I went to get up, I pulled myself away from Mal, and slid off the dildo. I heard Daddy choke when he realized we had been sharing the sex toy. It slipped out of Mal, too, and she covered up as soon as I left her bed, and I heard her quickly put it back in her nightstand drawer next to her bed.  
  
“I stalked over to my bed fully naked—with the overhead light still on, mind you—and crawled in. Omg, I was so embarrassed! Once I was there, Dad just said, ‘Go to sleep,’ and then turned off the light and closed the door.  
  
“We laid there quietly in the darkness for a long time. I didn’t know what to say, but I wanted to say something. Finally, I said, “I love you, Mallory.’  
  
“‘She said, ‘You can’t tell anybody about this.’  
  
“I promised her I wouldn’t.”  
  
Brie scoffed, “Nice to see you kept your promise for a whole twelve hours.”  
  
Elsie rolled her eyes. “You know I tell you everything. But it’s not like I’m going to tell anyone else.”  
  
“So what happened after that? Did your dad say anything to you this morning?”  
  
“No, I haven’t heard anything! Dad was gone in the early morning, before we even got up to get ready for school. He must have left early to go to work or something. And Mom didn’t say anything, so Dad probably didn’t tell her what he saw.” Elsie paused and considered. “Well, maybe he told her something, cuz she asked me how my night was, which doesn’t usually happen. But, maybe it was nothing.  
  
“And Mallory didn’t say *anything* to me. She avoided me the whole morning. We crossed paths a couple times, but she wouldn’t look at me. I think she’s really embarrassed by it all.”  
  
“Yeah,” Brie chided, “you’re sisters, after all.”  
  
Elsie scoffed, “Are *you* embarrassed about your mom touching *you*?”  
  
“Well, kinda,” Brie answered, “I mean, I don’t care if you know, but I don’t want anyone else to know. Everyone already knows I jilled off in class. I would literally die if one more thing got out.”  
  
Just then, the two girls heard a voice cut through the din of the school cafeteria. “Well, well, well, if it isn’t the school sluts.”  
  
They turned to look at a dark-haired classmate of theirs, Gretchen Powder, standing by with her arms crossed and a scowl on her face.  
  
Brie shrank visibly, but Elsie raised an eyebrow. “Excuse me?” she said.  
  
Gretchen sneered, “My brother said he saw you at the mall yesterday. He said he saw your boobs and your pussies.”  
  
“You’re just jealous that we’ve actually gotten laid and you’re still a virgin,” Elsie shot back.  
  
Gretchen’s face twisted in contempt. “I’m saving myself for my wedding night,” she huffed. She sensed Brie would be the weaker prey, so she turned to her. “And what have you got to say for yourself, slut?”  
  
Brie demurred.  
  
“Fuck off!” exclaimed Elsie. “Leave us alone.”  
  
Gretchen stalked behind Brie, leaned over her, and quietly stated with an evil grin, “My brother said he’s going to rape you.”  
  
“That’s it!” shouted Elsie. She sprang from her seat and over the lunch table, claws out. The entire lunchroom quieted and turned to face the commotion. Elsie dove at Gretchen and tore at the girl’s hair and scratched her face. Gretchen shrieked and ducked away. Elsie grabbed her by the shirt, stretching it, the fabric tearing audibly. Gretchen couldn’t flee far without ripping it completely away and she squealed again, this time wheeling back around and clocking Elsie on the nose with a balled fist.  
  
Elsie staggered backwards and shook out the stars. She shouted, “Wretched Gretchen, you make me retch!”  
  
“Bitch!” the girl cried in return, “I hope you do get raped!”  
  
Elsie shrieked and renewed her assault on her classmate, clobbering her to the ground, scratching her, and pulling at her hair and clothes. The rest of the lunchroom swirled around the two, now hooting and cheering at the action.  
  
Soon the school principal intervened, wading through the morass of students, and picked Elsie up by her waist, “Don’t touch me!” she cried, flailing at him.  
  
He set her down and gripped the back of her shirt, then leaned down and, offering his hand, pulled Gretchen from the ground. “My office, now,” was all he said, and pushed the two girls toward it. Elsie’s hair was frazzled and her nose ran with blood. It ran over her lips, down her chin, and dotted onto her shirt. She passed by Brie and grinned wildly at her friend, who stared back at her with wide eyes.  
  
“Thank you,” Brie mouthed. At that moment, the day had become too much for the poor girl to bear. Between stares and comments from her classmates, her teacher’s lewd blackmail, and the threats and fighting, Brie had had enough. She took her get-out-of-jail-free card and went to the main office to call her dad. He immediately agreed to pick her up.  
  
While she waited, Elsie was eventually released from the principal’s office. She noticed Brie and went up to her right away. “You waited for me?”  
  
Brie chuckled glumly. “Sort of. I called my daddy to take me home. I’ve had it with today.”  
  
“Lucky,” Elsie said.  
  
“How did it go in there?”  
  
“Pretty good! I told him what Gretchen said, and she actually didn’t deny it. She told him we were sluts and we should get raped and we were going to hell.”  
  
“God, she’s awful,” Brie said.  
  
“He basically said as much and gave her a week’s detention. She’s still getting an earful about ‘bodily agency’ in there.”  
  
“Hah, good. And you got off scot-free?”  
  
“No,” Elsie grimaced, “I got a week for fighting.”  
  
“You still have blood on your nose,” Brie pointed out.  
  
Elsie sniffed.  
  
The office assistant interrupted them. “Brie, your father is here. And Elsie, here’s your hall pass.” She leaned over the desk toward them and said, “I heard what you did for your friend, so I put a late return time on it, so you can take your time.” She winked.  
  
“Cool!” Elsie said. She turned to Brie, “Alright, see you tomorrow. The halls are calling.”

## Going Nova ch. 13: Sick Day

Warrick was at work and bored out of his mind. After the excitement he had over the weekend, he wished he would have just taken a sick day and had some time to himself to process all the events he had heard about, seen, and done.  
  
Midway through an 11 am meeting, his phone buzzed in his pocked. He pulled it out and saw a text from Hazel. Along with it was an attachment. The text said, “For your eyes only. Sound up! ;-)” The thumbnail was too small to discern, but Warrick concluded that his wife had sent him something racy.  
  
After that, he couldn’t pay attention for the rest of the meeting, so he was thankful that it ended early and with no additional work required from him, either. He dismissed himself and went to his office and closed the door, then pulled up the message. The attachment was a video.  
  
When he hit play, he was greeted with a grainy, low-light, VHS rip of an older man and a young girl. The man fidgeted with the camera for a moment and finally positioned it so that it was pointed at the girl.  
  
Warrick’s eyes slowly widened as the man began to deliberately strip his young partner of her clothing. *What is this, amateur porn?* he wondered. *Where did Hazel get this?* After he removed each bit of clothing, the man would kiss her. Something about it began to feel vaguely familiar, as if he had seen this video before. Even so, the slow strip-tease of the cute, young girl had him fascinated. While she stood there, the man in the video slowly kissed his way up her skinny, milky thighs to a pair of shorties she had been wearing underneath her skirt.  
  
Warrick thought the man was far too old to be with such a young girl—she looked to be about Brie’s age—but when he fished his large cock out of his pants, she seemed incredibly eager to start fellating him. Instead, however, he pushed her away and grabbed the camera off the tripod, bringing it closer to her, and pulling her more into focus. Warrick squinted. *Why does she look so familiar?*  
  
After a beat, the man spoke, “What’s your name?”  
  
“Hazel Williams, Mr. Avery.”  
  
Warrick balked. His breath caught in his throat. It was his wife on camera, albeit much younger than the woman he married!  
  
“And how do you know me?”  
  
“You’re my teacher, Mr. Avery.”  
  
“This is the tape!” Warrick said aloud to himself. His mind reeled. Hazel had kept her school bribery tape all those years and managed to digitize it along the way. He watched, dumbfounded, as she answered Mr. Avery’s questions and mugged lusty faces into the camera.  
  
Seeing a school-aged version of his wife naked and tarted up for her teacher filled him with confusion and dread, but it also mixed with fascination and attraction. He wanted to stop watching but found himself unable to look away. When, at last, the older man stuffed his cock into his future wife’s mouth, Warrick gasped and paused the video. It was too much for him to handle.  
  
He tossed the phone to his desk and attempted to do some work. Nothing, however, could distract him for very long from his newfound treasure. He picked it up again and watched a little bit more, then, kowtowing to the understanding that watching pornography at work was unprofessional, put it back down. Then he would pick it back up and watch some more. When the video ended with the disgraced student leaning in to turn off the camera, he started it back up from the beginning again.  
  
He wondered why his wife had sent him the video. He wondered why she had kept it all this time. He wondered if he should delete it immediately, but clearly, he figured, she wanted to share it with him. He glanced out his office to make sure nobody was watching, and rubbed himself through his pants. He gawked at his phone, watching young Hazel’s skinny legs flailing under her teacher’s thrusts, listening to her tiny grunts, and her platitudes for “Daddy”.  
  
His phone buzzed suddenly in his hand. He was so spooked, he nearly dropped it. It was a message from his wife. It said, “What do you think?”  
  
He didn’t know how to respond. He switched to his messages and just stared at her question, trying to come up with a reply.  
  
Then it buzzed again, this time the long vibration signaling a phone call. It was from his daughter. He answered it immediately. Clearing his throat, he rasped a hello.  
  
“Daddy?” came a timid voice on the other end.  
  
“Yes honey?”  
  
He heard a sniffle. “Can you come get me? It’s lunch time, and I’m ready to go home.”  
  
Warrick’s heart went out to his daughter when he heard her voice cracking. Clearly she was miserable at school. He assumed the other kids hadn’t let her hear the end of it. “Yes, honey, I’ll be right there.”  
  
Brie’s sobering phone call had calmed Warrick’s erection. He pocketed his phone and said goodbye to his co-workers. “I’ll be back after lunch,” he promised. “Gotta go pick up the kid.”  
  
Brie was waiting for him outside. She looked sullen, but seemed like she was over her tears. “C’mon, kiddo, hop in.”  
  
For once, she wasn’t annoyed that he had called her that. She was just glad he had come at all. She appreciated that he had givin her an option to cut out of school. She climbed into the car, quietly.  
  
“How did it go today?” Warrick asked.  
  
“Not good,” Brie moped.  
  
“No?” Warrick wondered if the cure had failed. “Did it happen again?”  
  
“No. Nothing happened like that, but the other kids kept making fun of me.”  
  
Warrick sighed, “I guess I’m not surprised. They can be so cruel at your age. But you know what?”  
  
“What?” Brie looked up at her father.  
  
“I’m really proud of you for trying.” Warrick reached over and mussed his little girl’s hair.  
  
Brie felt loved at her father’s touch and sighed. She finally felt some peace after a long, tense morning. She relaxed noticeably.  
  
“So, how are you feeling? Do you need cummies today?”  
  
Brie shrugged, “I don’t know. I don’t think so. I feel different now.”  
  
Warrick was both glad and disappointed. He hoped his daughter could resume a normal life once again, but he already cherished the memory he had made with her the previous night when he had taken her virginity and was hoping for more. Hazel had told him about her experience with her own father, and he was impressed that they had maintained their sexual relationship for so long. He had some hope that Brie might be equally interested in doing the same, but Hazel had made it clear that it was to be left up to their daughter.  
  
“Did you at least get to see your friends?”  
  
“Yeah, I saw Mia, and Elsie and I had lunch. She beat up a girl that said she hoped I would get raped.”  
  
“That’s a horrible thing to say!”  
  
“That’s why Elsie beat her up!”  
  
“You know your friends love you, Brie.”  
  
“Yeah.”  
  
“You know who else loves you?”  
  
“Who?”  
  
“Your mom and I.”  
  
“Da-aad,” Brie blushed.  
  
The two sat in silence as the car made its way down the road. Brie pushed the button to lower the passenger side window, and leaned her head on the door, with her hair fluttering wildly in the wind. It dawned on her that in previous days, her nerves would have driven her mad. Now, she was once again just a normal girl, like the rest of her friends and classmates.  
  
She thought about all she had been through. The torment her body had given her. The embarrassment she felt in front of her friends and humiliation she endured in front of the public. But she also thought about the pleasure. Before the weekend had begun, she was inexperienced and innocent. And now she was a new girl, awakened, erotic, and hungry for more.  
  
She squirmed in her seat as her memories of her night with her father crept into her brain and mixed with the lurid details of Elsie’s story with her sister. Her heart thudded in her chest and she understood that she was now a sexual being capable of desire, and, as evidenced by her teacher’s moves on her, of being desired.  
  
A tightness grew in her chest, and a wetness formed between her legs, but it was different now. It was under control. Her control.  
  
She looked to her dad. He concentrated on the road. He had cured her. His cum had cured her. She was free of her super-orgasmic disorder because of him. She was glad for it, but as she gazed at him, she felt a sense of loss. She had only just come to experience his wild and passionate lovemaking and now it felt like it was all over. She wanted more. The logical side of her brain told her over and over that it was wrong, but she wanted it still. She wanted her daddy. She wanted his cock. She wanted his cum again.  
  
She swallowed the lump in her throat.  
  
“Daddy?”  
  
Warrick turned and saw his daughter gazing at him, a look of concern of her face.  
  
“What is it, honey? What’s wrong?”  
  
Brie paused a moment and then took a breath. “Can we have sex again?”  
  
Warrick’s cock instantly twitched in his pants. He was hoping she would ask. Hazel had assured him it would be okay, as long as she asked. “Is it your condition, honey?”  
  
Brie shivered with nerves. “No,” she croaked out, “I just want to.”  
  
Warrick’s heart pounded. It was what he wanted. Still, he could barely form the answer, simple as it was. A single word. Finally, he pushed it out. “Yes. Yes, we can have sex.”  
  
Brie grinned broadly, and happily kicked her feet against the seat.  
  
Warrick chuckled, and tousled her hair. His cock immediately started to grow.  
  
The rest of the trip home felt like it took ages. Both Warrick and Brie sat quietly fidgeting the whole time. The elder Nova had to adjust himself a couple times and his cock was already so hot that rubbing up against the fabric of his underwear nearly set him off cumming. At last they pulled into the driveway. Brie jumped out and skipped merrily to the door. Warrick watched her juvenile bouncing and beamed at her cuteness and innocence.  
  
He approached her as she wiggled about, waiting for him to unlock the front door, and then with a laugh, he lightly swept his daughter into his arms and up over his shoulder.  
  
Brie squeaked and giggled, hammering her tiny fists on his back. “Put me down!” she cried.  
  
“Who’s beating on me?” Warrick bellowed.  
  
“It’s me! It’s me! Put me down!” she wailed energetically.  
  
“I’ll show you,” Warrick said, and then flipped his little girl’s dress over her bottom and gave it a light smack.  
  
Brie shrieked at the feel of his hand against her bare ass. She felt exposed and nervous that the neighbors might see her. She wondered if they would notice she wasn’t wearing panties. She wondered if they would see her father’s flirtation for what it really was. “Daddy, take me inside,” she whined.  
  
Warrick chuckled and said, “Okay.” With her still over his shoulder, he reached down and inserted the key into the door while Brie struggled to right her wayward dress without losing her balance and falling to the ground.  
  
At last Warrick carried her into the house, swatting her round butt one more time, enjoying the sound of another squeak and a moan of embarrassment.  
  
When they got inside, he finally rolled her off his shoulder and held her in his arms. Brie frowned, red-faced at him. “Daddy, you’re naughty. What if someone saw?”  
  
“You’re right. I couldn’t help myself. I’m sorry.” Warrick hugged his daughter against him and that seemed to make things right for her. “Where do you want to do it? Your bed again? Mommy and Daddy’s bed? In the shower?”  
  
Brie didn’t know how to answer. She was inexperienced and her mind swam with options. “You choose, Daddy.”  
  
Then Warrick had an idea. He carried Brie into the living room, and then tossed her down on the couch. Then he pulled his phone out of his pocket. “Let’s watch a movie while we do this. Does that sound good?”  
  
Brie shrugged, “Okay, Daddy.”  
  
Warrick handed his daughter the phone and showed her a blurry video thumbnail, “You get this streaming on the TV, and I’ll get undressed.”  
  
While Warrick began to tear his clothing off, Brie opened up a connection between his phone and the TV. She only paused for a glance at her father when his large erection swung into her peripheral vision. But she was distracted only momentarily, for the contents of her mom’s homemade pornography began to stream on the TV.  
  
Warrick, naked, stood and watched his daughter process what was on the screen.  
  
She was confused about the grainy, old-fashioned film that played before her, but suddenly became aware that the old man in the video was slowly stripping the young girl he was with. She was shocked at the age gap between the two. The man could have been the girl’s father, or even older.  
  
The girl in the video gasped as he pulled off her tank top and kissed her small breasts and nipples.  
  
“No,” protested Brie, “she’s too young.”  
  
“She’s the same age as you,” Warrick said softly, leaning over to kiss her on the cheek. He sat down on the couch and pulled his daughter between his legs.  
  
They both faced the TV and Brie was completely fascinated by the porn her father was showing her. She barely noticed as he, too, began to skin Brie of her clothing. Since she only wore a dress that day, after it was over her head, she was completely naked, all in one go.  
  
Warrick lifted his daughter up under her arms and pressed his knees between her skinny legs, splaying them out across his lap, then sat her down in front of his cock. He reached around his daughter’s lithe body and caressed her small, barely there breasts, spending time on her little nipples, before dipping one of his large hands low to the top of her slit. His fingertips wandered up and down her puffy labia, which caused Brie to squirm her bottom up against his shaft. She pressed his stiff member between her cheeks. When she made contact, a drop of precum squeezed from the tip and ran down the crack of her ass. Warrick groaned at the sensation of his little girl’s small bottom sandwiching his rod.  
  
Brie was hooked on the screen, barely cognizant of her father’s actions. To her, it felt good, but there was something about the girl in the video that fascinated her even more.  
  
She watched as the man in the movie retreated behind the camera and then picked it up off the tripod, bringing it nearer to the little girl. Brie couldn’t figure out why the girl looked so familiar.  
  
Suddenly, the man spoke. “What’s your name?”  
  
“Hazel Williams, Mr. Avery.”  
  
Brie’s heart skipped a beat. “That’s Mommy’s name.”  
  
Warrick chuckled, “Yep, that’s Mommy in that movie, when she was your age. Do you recognize her?”  
  
Brie nodded, staring in fascination as the camera trained on the nearly naked young girl, while the man barraged her with questions.  
  
“What is she doing?” Brie was desperate.  
  
“Your mommy used to be super-orgasmic, too, just like you, baby.”  
  
Brie gasped and snapped her head to look at her father, eyes wide, “Really?”  
  
Warrick nodded, “That’s what she told me. She said her daddy cured her, when he came inside of her.” He shifted the girl around in his lap, pressing his stiff erection down so that it came up between his daughter’s legs. It nestled against her lubricating sex, smearing his shaft with her girl juices.  
  
Brie’s mind spun in wonder at the revelation of the cure to her syndrome. She realized that the reason why she hadn’t lost control once that day must have been because of her coupling with her father the night before. She wondered if it was really true, if she was cured by her father’s cum, like her mother had been.  
  
Brie turned back toward the video, “But that’s not grandpa.”  
  
“No, baby, that’s her school teacher. Before they knew the cure, he tricked her into having sex with him so that she could get a good grade.”  
  
Brie swallowed, now familiar with the notion. She recalled that her own teacher had, just that morning, propositioned her with the same threat.  
  
“But then,” Warrick continued, “she tricked him back by stealing this tape and blackmailing him. He could have gotten in a lot of trouble if Mommy had showed the principal, so he promised to give her an A if she promised not to show anybody.”  
  
Brie sat in awe on her father’s lap. She couldn’t believe her mom’s cunning, nor that she was watching her young mother having sex. She felt her father tickle the top of her pussy crack with his finger and, without looking away from the video, she reached down to put her small hand on his. She guided him into her moist folds and onto her little clit. Her heart sang and she gasped, “Daddy!”  
  
Warrick reveled in the sensation of once again being close to his daughter’s most private areas. He slid his long shaft against the bottom of his child’s pussy, lubing up and down its length with her silky fluids.  
  
Soon they were watching Hazel on screen blowing her teacher. The man worked her head roughly upon his shaft. Brie thought back to when her own father pushed her to her limits during their first time together, and moaned as she watched her mother being mishandled. She was getting turned on and knew she needed more action. Feeling her daddy’s rod sluicing along her crack, she reached down to grip it.  
  
Warrick groaned as her tiny fingers pressed into the turgid, spongy shaft and smeared her juices along its sensitive underside. He could feel her copious liquid dripping off his cock and onto the couch and floor, along with the precum flowing from his own slit. Sensing his daughter’s urgency, he asked, “Are you ready to put it in, baby girl?”  
  
“Yes, Daddy, I need cummies. I need your cock in me.”  
  
“Okay, baby. Here, let me help.” Warrick placed his large hands around her chest and lifted his young offspring up off his lap until she hovered above his risen member, her legs dangling across his thighs. With Brie’s hand stabilizing his cock against her vagina, he lined up her entrance with his bulbous head.  
  
He could feel when he was in alignment by the excessive wetness coming from her hole. Even with her super-orgasmic condition dulled to normal, Brie’s channel still ran with slippery girl-cum.  
  
Then, as he watched Mr. Avery smearing a cum-sticky hand through the hair of his naive wife, he dropped his daughter slowly down. He felt her pussy lips consume his cockhead and the stretchy elastic of her opening wrung itself over the most sensitive part of his manhood.  
  
Brie howled as she felt her tight pussy being stretched wide once again. Her eyes winced shut at the simultaneous pleasure and pain, but they snapped quickly open again so that she could continue watching the erotic video unfold. She was surprised to hear her mom call her teacher “Daddy”. Through heavy breathing, she asked, “Why did she call him that?”  
  
Warrick lifted his little girl up by her legs until she reached the top of his rod, then sank her back down upon it. “They’re playing pretend. She’s pretending that her teacher is Grandpa, and he’s pretending that Mommy is his own daughter.”  
  
“Why is he pretending she’s his daughter? I thought you said daddies aren’t supposed to have sex with their daughters.”  
  
“Well, it’s against the law, but…” Warrick thought for a moment, “I suppose if both people are okay with it, and they both keep it a secret, then it’s probably okay.”  
  
“Good,” said Brie. She looked down and watched as she impaled herself on her dad’s hardened member and hissed, “Cuz I wanna do this a lot.”  
  
“I do, too, baby girl. I love fucking your little cunny. I love watching your naked body squirm. I want to fill you with my cum every night.”  
  
Brie moaned at her dad’s salacious language.  
  
The video continued and Brie watched her young mom ejaculate a torrent of girl-cum all over the man and the bed, just like she herself was able to do. Then another question popped into her head. “What about sisters?”  
  
“Sisters? What do you mean?”  
  
“Elsie had sex with Mallory last night.”  
  
Warrick choked, “What?”  
  
“They both shared a dildo, and they made their pussies kiss around it.”  
  
Her father inhaled sharply at the mental image. He didn’t know Mallory too well, but he had met her a few times and knew what she looked like. His cock swelled, and Brie moaned as she felt it tighten against her stretched walls. He imagined Elsie, his little lover, humping her naked pussy against Mallory’s. He was close to cumming and once again slid his daughter up and back down his shaft slowly, staving off his orgasm just a little longer. He felt his cock surge at the mental image of the two neighbor girls in ecstasy and he sensed precum spurting inside his offspring. He held Brie still for a moment, for even the smallest movement would likely have set him off cumming.  
  
But, from outside of the living room, they heard a noise, and both of them froze. It was the clatter of keys against the front door as it opened. Warrick’s mind raced, wondering who it could be. It was the middle of the day, and the house was supposed to be empty.  
  
“Who is it?” Brie whispered. Warrick shushed her quietly.  
  
Then, over the sounds of the porn playing on the TV, they heard Hazel’s voice, inquisitive. “I must have forgotten to lock the door when I left this morning.”  
  
“Unless Warrick is still home?” It was Ivy.  
  
“No, he took Brie to school this morning, and I know he’s at work, because he hasn’t responded to my texts.”  
  
In the living room, Warrick was panicked. He didn’t know what to do. He was an inch away from orgasming inside of his daughter while his wife and her best friend were standing mere feet away.  
  
The noises coming from the TV were too obvious. Brie spotted the remote on the coffee table and wriggled around in an attempt to get up off her father’s thick spear so that she could silence the inappropriate video.  
  
Warrick groaned, red-faced, and gripped her tightly by the arms. “Baby no, don’t move. You’re gonna make me cum.”  
  
“What do we do?” Brie asked quietly.  
  
“Just don’t move,” Warrick answered, his breath quavering. “Maybe they won’t come in here.” They sat and listened again to hear what they could hear.  
  
Ivy’s voice came, closer than before, “I’m ready to get these clothes off.” Warrick’s heart pounded. “Where should we do it this time?”  
  
Hazel said something that couldn’t be made out.  
  
Ivy responded, “Yeah, we always do it in your bed. I thought maybe we could change it up. I could sit on the kitchen table? Maybe on the couch? Orrr… Brie’s?”  
  
Warrick’s mind reeled at the realization that his wife and Ivy had been skipping out on work to hook up during the day—and often, apparently, in their bed.  
  
In the kitchen, Hazel raised an eyebrow. “You want me to eat you out in my daughter’s bed?”  
  
Ivy admitted to herself that Brie’s lewd performance on the runway had triggered a deeper interest in the junior girl, but she wasn’t about to share that with the girl’s mother. “Don’t worry,” she assuaged her friend and mentor, “I’m not perving on your daughter, but you know, a smaller bed could be fun? It’ll make me feel like a school girl again. Especially since we’re sneaking around like this.” She wandered through the house aimlessly when her ears pricked up at a sound.  
  
“You might have a point—” Hazel started to say.  
  
“Shh,” hissed Ivy suddenly.  
  
Hazel froze and saw her friend actively listening to something. She watched as Ivy snuck down the hall to the living room. The woman paused again and then turned around with a mischievous grin on her face. She mouthed, “I think your husband is watching porn in there.”  
  
Hazel softly padded to meet her friend where she, too, could hear pornographic sounds coming from the television. Hazel never knew Warrick to skip out on work.The two women went silent and quietly approached the open door to the living room.  
  
Ivy could make out some of the dialogue: “*Yes, Daddy, fill me with your cum. I need your cum.”*  
  
“*I’m gonna fill you up if you keep talking like that to me, baby girl.”*  
  
She turned to Hazel and giggled mischievously. “Is your husband watching daddy porn?”  
  
Hazel tried to key in on the sound, but identified it only as her friend reached the threshold to the living room.  
  
“*Fill my cunny, Daddy. Show me you love me.”*  
  
“*I love you, Jazzy baby!”*  
  
Hazel’s heart dropped. “Don’t go in there!” she shouted.  
  
But it was too late. Ivy burst through the door and was greeted with a most unexpected sight. Her eyes registered the terrified faces of Warrick and Brie. Only moments later did she comprehend what they were doing together.  
  
Brie tried to cover up her split-open vagina with her hand and conceal where she was joined with her father, but with her legs spread across his naked lap, it was still apparent what was going on.  
  
The sounds from the TV cut through the dead silence and Ivy’s eyes flicked over to see video of an older man vigorously assaulting a girl many years his junior. “What in the fuck?” she spat.  
  
Warrick knew he was caught and had no words to say. Brie blushed deeply, equally silent.  
  
Slowly, Hazel approached her friend from behind, slipping her hands around her waist. She placed her head on Ivy’s shoulder and plaintively said, “It’s okay, Ivy.”  
  
Ivy jerked her head to look at her lover. “Hazel, no. No! That’s your daughter.”  
  
Hazel kissed Ivy’s shoulder. She then met her eyes and nodded toward the TV. “And that’s me.”  
  
Ivy turned back to look at the video playing. On screen just then, a freshly fucked young Hazel sat up in bed and asked to take a shower, signaling the end of their scene.  
  
“Trust me,” said Hazel, “There’s a long story behind this, and I’ll tell you every sordid detail. And… I have a hunch that you’re even going to like it, but the short of it is this: this was necessary. And it’s good.”  
  
“Necessary,” Ivy repeated, her chest growing tight as she stared at Brie’s boyish, young figure.  
  
“Brie, baby, move your hand out of the way.” The girl complied and Ivy’s heart dropped at the sight. She could see the thick trunk of Warrick’s cock speared up inside her. It dripped with gooey beads of Brie’s cum and her pussy stretched tightly around it, hugging every curve. “Is your mom telling the truth?”  
  
Brie looked up at her parents’ friend and sometimes babysitter. She nodded. “Yes, Ivy. It’s the truth. I wanted this. I needed this. I need my daddy’s cum. It makes me right.”  
  
Ivy swallowed hard at Brie’s admission. She turned again to Hazel, searching for reassurance. Hazel smiled warmly and nodded, her eyes both craving acceptance and begging for forgiveness from her friend.  
  
Ivy said, “Well…” and then paused for what felt like an age. Finally she finished her thought. “What do we do now?”  
  
Hazel exhaled and leaned into her friend’s ear. She spoke softly, “You said you wanted to feel like a school girl again. Do you want to play with her?”  
  
Ivy’s head swam at the prospect. She knew what she was witnessing was wrong. She knew that she should put a stop to it, to save Brie from her parents, the same way she had saved the wretched girl from the stage of the fashion show. But standing there, staring at the nubile, shivering form of the girl she would babysit, Ivy’s resolve crumbled and her loins goaded her onwards.  
  
A groan signaled the withering of her moral high ground. She moved toward the couch and dropped to her knees, getting a close up view of the Novas’ taboo transgression. She tentatively reached out with one hand to fondle Warrick’s balls. He moaned at her contact and, at that moment, the air started to move in the room again. Brie slid herself up her dad’s shaft, causing pent-up rivulets of her cum to drool out from her hole.  
  
Then, without further hesitation, Ivy ducked her head in, and pressed her tongue onto the base of Warrick’s shaft and gave a long lick up its length. Brie slid back down upon it and met Ivy’s tongue with her parted pussy lips. Ivy tasted the lewd mixture of their sex juices and sighed. She became more turned on than she ever expected when her tongue brought Brie’s flavor into her mouth. All of the little sexual urges she kept locked away from Brie all these years suddenly spilled from within her. She had never known what was missing, but now felt like her connection to the Nova family was finally complete.  
  
Warrick lifted his daughter up once again, and Ivy chased after Brie’s pussy, up Warrick’s cock, with her tongue, slurping up all of the sticky juices that the girl left behind.  
  
Again Brie sank down, all the way, until her cervix prevented her from going any further. “Daddy, your cock is so hot inside my cunny.” She leaned back and kissed him, open mouthed.  
  
Ivy, watching from below as father made love to daughter. Her stomach did summersaults and her mind did backflips at the sight. She gripped Warrick’s balls and gave them a tug, causing his eyes to squint shut and a moan to escape his mouth. He had been close to cumming before, and now, with the two girls attending to him, he was close once again. Ivy encouraged him, saying, “Brie, your little cunny tastes even more amazing than I imagined.” Then she cocked her head to the side and slid the sensitive bottom side of Warrick’s shaft in between her lips. In this manner, she sucked and licked as much of his cock as Brie’s pussy allowed access to. Occasionally, the little girl’s cunt would connect with Ivy’s mouth and the two of them would groan at their contact.  
  
In between gasps of ecstasy, tiny moans escaped Brie’s mouth. Her face was hot and she felt light-headed as she ever-more-vigorously impaled herself on her father’s rod. Through her carnal haze, she scanned the room and found her mother watching. Brie blushed at the attention. “Am I doing good, Mommy?”  
  
Hazel could only be described as beaming with pride. She nodded and said, “You’re doing great, baby. Are you ready to have cummies?”  
  
“I think so,” Brie said hopefully. “Daddy, I need cummies. Fuck my little pussy, Daddy. Fuck my baby cunny,” she whimpered, “I need your cum, Daddy.” Warrick increased his pace, holding Brie still in his lap while he hammered her from below.  
  
“It’s coming, baby girl, just keep squeezing your tight little pussy around my cock.”  
  
“Yeah, that’s it,” Ivy joined in. The two were now moving too quickly for her to continue her oral ministrations, so instead she pressed a thumb into the folds of Brie’s vagina and found the thick nub of the little girl’s clit. She rubbed against it and chanted, “Fuck your daughter’s little pussy. Give it to her. Split your baby girl’s cunt in two. You’re big, but she can take it. She likes it. Your daughter’s a good little girl and she wants your cum.”  
  
Ivy’s naughty words put Warrick over the top and suddenly he froze. His eyes rolled into the back of his head and a deflated sigh escaped his lungs. Then, “Fuck, I’m cumming, baby!” Warrick became animated, bouncing Brie violently on his lap as his cock pulsed, sending ropes of his seed deep inside his daughter’s womb.  
  
Brie could feel her insides warming from the bath of hot cum she was receiving. That, along with her daddy’s invading spear and Ivy on her clit, caused Brie, too, to tumble off the cliff of sanity into orgasmic bliss.  
  
Her eyes snapped shut and her insides contracted, pulling her vaginal walls tightly against the skin of her father’s cock, even as it pulsed ever larger. The little girl’s legs shook and flailed over her daddy’s thighs as each subsequent blast of his cum jolted all the more pleasure out of her. Her skinny body writhed, tossing her head weakly this way and that. If Warrick’s cock hadn’t been prodded all the way up in her, she likely would have slid off and onto the floor for all her lack of muscle control. Instead, she hung limply like a puppet atop her dad’s lap, his cock supporting her body.  
  
Warrick’s strained groans indicated that he continued to cum, shooting extensive jets of his semen, far longer than was normal.  
  
“Jesus, Hazel, how much cum does he have in those balls? I’ve never seen him shoot for that long before.”  
  
“Me either,” Hazel answered with equal wonder. “It’s something Brie brings out of him.”  
  
Ivy continued goading him on. “Fill up your baby girl, Warrick. Fill her little cunny to the brim with your cum.”  
  
“Fuck, Ivy,” Warrick rasped, as his orgasm finally subsided and he regained the ability to speak, “you’re so kinky.”  
  
“You’re the one with your cock buried deep inside your daughter’s cunt,” she laughed. Warrick liked that she was laughing.  
  
Brie, too, returned to reality. “Daddy, my pussy is sore now,” she whined.  
  
“Here, let’s get you off of there,” Ivy said, helping Warrick to lift the small girl up off his lap. As her father’s cock exited her cunny, a thick rope of his cum connected the two while he placed Brie next to him on the couch. It draped from his cockhead and down over his thigh, before it stretched its way back up toward Brie’s pussy.  
  
Brie slid herself to the edge of the couch so that the cum didn’t drip into the upholstery, and in the process, she pressed her dripping vagina out toward Ivy.  
  
Ivy was fascinated. “Brie, I love your little pussy. It’s so adorable. It’s a nice, tight little package.”  
  
Hazel encouraged her, “Go ahead and get a closer look, if you want.”  
  
Ivy kneeled in front of the girl and moved her hand toward the viscous strand of Warrick’s cum, slowly drooping out of her and onto the floor. She collected as much of the dangling jizz as possible into her hand, then, meeting Brie’s eyes, lewdly licked it off in front of her. “Your daddy has some of the tastiest cum on the planet.”  
  
Brie nodded knowingly and Ivy held up her hand to the young girl. Brie timidly reached her tongue out and licked from the pool that remained in the woman’s palm. Ivy whispered, “That’s so fucking hot. You want more of your daddy’s cum, baby?”  
  
With big, pleading eyes, Brie nodded again.  
  
Ivy dug her fingers into Brie’s pussy. Brie closed her eyes and mewled as Ivy fished around inside her, coaxing more of her father’s load free. The woman lifted her cum-dripping fingers to Brie’s mouth and Brie took them in, several at a time. She was wanton, and the gooey cum she couldn’t catch smeared across her cheeks and dripped down her chin.  
  
Then Ivy winked and said, “I want more, too,” and she ducked her head between Brie’s legs, wasting no time in delving her tongue between Brie’s succulent labia.  
  
Brie gasped as her babysitter lapped away at her slit. She reached down with both of her hands to pull her tiny opening wider for her friend. Her clit was still stiff and sensitive from her last orgasm, and she fingered it while Ivy worked her leaking opening. Soon, Ivy licked her way upwards toward the top of Brie’s crack and replaced the girl’s little fingers with her swirling tongue.  
  
Brie closed her eyes and moaned as Ivy’s tongue bathed her clit, feeling the urgency of another orgasm quickly building. Her head swam with everything she had seen and done that day: hearing her best friend’s lurid story with her sister, seeing her young mother having sex for a grade, being caught with her dad’s cock inside her, and now feeling Ivy’s oral ministrations, too. She wasn’t sure just how her life had become so exciting, but more and more she was grateful for everything she had gone through.  
  
She felt Ivy pause briefly and heard her coo suddenly and the little girl’s eyes snapped open. Brie watched her dad kneel behind Ivy and reach below to undo her jean shorts. She could see his cock was swelling large again. He then tugged the woman’s shorts down her hips as far as he could go without making Ivy stop her licking to get up and take them off. “No panties,” he observed. “Does anyone wear them anymore?”  
  
Ivy just giggled, but Hazel chimed in and said, “I’m wearing panties today.”  
  
“What are you waiting for?” Warrick asked, eyes glued to Ivy’s round ass.  
  
“I’m content to watch… and record, for now.”  
  
Everybody’s heads jerked to look at the elder Nova. Her phone was out and she was recording the steady stream of pornography being enacted before her.  
  
“Jesus, Hazel,” Ivy blushed, suddenly aware of her predicament, bridging between a father and his school-aged daughter. “What’s that for?”  
  
“Mostly for me,” Hazel smirked. She then looked Ivy in the eyes. “But also insurance, in case you feel guilty later and feel like getting us in trouble.”  
  
Ivy swallowed, realizing she was in deep. There was no backing out if her conscience ever managed to regain control. But then a wicked smile spread across her face. “Send me a copy after we’re done.”  
  
Hazel winked, “I’d be happy to.”  
  
Warrick, knowing that his family’s depravity would be available to watch later, was rock hard once again and lined his cock up with Ivy’s exposed slit. Her engorged labia shone with slickness. He entered her slowly, watching his shaft disappear, savoring the feeling of the woman’s warm, familiar folds. Once he was all the way in, he started to thrust against her.  
  
Only then did he look up to see his daughter gazing curiously at him. She was watching him fucking a woman who was not her mother and that knowledge made his chest tight. He was sure she knew a little bit about what they did when they invited Ivy over for late night romps, but up until that point, his young daughter had never seen any of the adult action with her own eyes. She’d never even seen him with her mother, yet here he was now, slamming in and out of Ivy in plain view. Bit by bit, day by day, his young daughter’s innocence was being drained away, along with every new flood of cum, and she was taking it like a champ. “Good girl, Brie. Just relax and let Ivy take care of your little pussy, okay?” It turned him on to have his little girl watching him.  
  
Brie, too, was getting more aroused by watching her father’s movements. It was the first time she was able to watch anyone having sex up close. She had seen Elsie getting fucked by Oliver the previous day, but at the time, she was more focused on servicing Hunter and getting his cum. Now, having recently achieved an orgasm, she was more lucid and able to observe and enjoy the show her father and Ivy were putting on directly in front of her. The small girl could even feel his movements. His powerful strokes against Ivy brought her mouth crashing into Brie’s young pussy with every thrust.  
  
Together, father and daughter gazed into each others’ eyes as they coupled through their surrogate. Brie’s face twisted with the building pleasure and a moan escaped.  
  
Warrick spoke, not looking away from Brie’s small, smooth body. “That’s it, Ivy, eat my cum out of my baby girl’s pussy. I’ve marked her with it. I’ve filled my daughter’s pussy with my own cum. I was her first and Brie will always be mine now.”  
  
Ivy groaned into Brie’s pussy and then came up for air. “Fuck, Brie, your sloppy little cunt tastes so sweet. And your daddy’s cum makes for a delicious filling.” She craned her neck toward Warrick, her mouth glistening with his daughter’s juices. “I love tasting you and your little girl at the same time.”  
  
Warrick reached out and pushed Ivy’s face back down between Brie’s legs. “Lick it all up, baby. That’s my baby’s cunny. Don’t let it go to waste.”  
  
Ivy licked for a while more, slurping and sucking noisily and drooling all over Brie’s snatch. Brie huffed and moaned as Ivy worked her over with her tongue. Soon, Ivy pushed herself up from Brie’s split. She grasped the ends of her tee-shirt and said, “I need this off of me.” Her breasts spilled out and Brie’s eyes went wide, taking in the sight of the topless family friend.  
  
Warrick said, “Time for these to come off, too,” and flipped the woman around onto her back, tugging her shoes off and yanking her jeans the rest of the way down her legs. Ivy giggled and gasped, suddenly naked on the floor of the den. Warrick kneeled again and pulled the woman up and onto his lap, spearing his cock back into her.  
  
Brie fingered herself, keeping her orgasm climbing within her while she watched her father rhythmically fuck Ivy in front of her and her mother. The woman’s breasts bounced with each thrust and she continued her stream of dirty talk: “Your cum is dripping off my tongue, baby, and my belly is full of your daughter’s juices, too. You’re such a naughty Daddy for letting me do such disgusting things to her. That’s it, Daddy, make me cum while I think about eating your baby girl’s little pussy.  
  
Brie blushed at being the subject of Ivy’s lewd commentary and glanced toward her mother to see if she would do or say anything about it. Instead, she noticed that Hazel was aiming her phone straight at her husband as he cheated on her with another woman, recording every word.  
  
Warrick dug his fingers into Ivy’s hips and moaned, “You’re an irredeemable slut, Ivy. You think you’re so pure, but how long did it take you to get on your knees for a school girl?”  
  
Ivy thrashed her head back wantonly and noticed Brie watching them. “Your daddy’s right, Brie. I’m a slut for your school girl pussy. Come down here, baby. I’m not done with you yet.”  
  
Brie’s chest heaved and she slipped off the sofa. She approached Ivy and began to sit next to her, but Ivy said, “Stand over my face and sit down.” Brie straddled the woman’s head, facing her father, and crouched, lowering her tiny pussy for a reunion with Ivy’s mouth. As her young pussy lips parted, she felt her moisture dripping out of her. She heard Ivy groan as viscous beads of fluid, mixed with more of her daddy’s copious sperm, dripped freely from her opening and into the woman’s mouth.  
  
She cooed sweetly when her cunny lips made full contact with Ivy’s lips, but her girlish moans soon turned pornographic when Ivy reached up and grabbed the cheeks of her little bottom and resumed eating her out in earnest. The girl’s legs gave way to Ivy’s control and her light and slender body pitched forward. She leaned her hands on Ivy’s breasts, kneading into their pillowy softness. Ivy moaned in response. Brie felt the woman’s nipples stiffen under her attention and instinctively she tweaked and twisted them lightly, causing Ivy to swear into her open hole.  
  
Warrick enjoyed watching his daughter play with Ivy’s tits while she faced him, her pussy smearing her babysitter’s face with all of its wetness and disappearing regularly beneath Ivy’s flicking tongue and champing lips. While he plowed his hard cock into the woman’s frothing channel, he reached down to thumb her stiff clit. Ivy squealed all the more at the added attention to her sensitive spot, her noises driving Warrick ever closer to his next cum.  
  
He gazed at his daughter as she leaned forward over Ivy, eyes closed and mouth agape, moaning at the woman’s oral assault. From the other side of Ivy’s body, Warrick, too, leaned in closer to his daughter. While he thrust in and out of their family friend, he ducked towards his daughter and caught her lips with his.  
  
Brie’s eyes snapped open as she felt her father mash his face against hers in a passionate, open-mouthed kiss. His large tongue caressed her diminutive one, and she pushed hers back against it, tasting his spit. She moaned in agony as the triangle of bodies undulated in unison, pleasuring each other, one after another and back again.  
  
Warrick could feel his cum boiling in his balls, but he sensed that Ivy was close, and he hoped that he could maintain long enough to see her through her orgasm. To speed things along for her, he broke his kiss with Brie and, with his hand on the back of his daughter’s neck, pulled her face down to Ivy’s gash.  
  
As the small girl neared the junction where Warrick’s cock pistoned in and out of Ivy, Brie’s eyes flicked up to her father’s, unsure what he wanted her to do.  
  
“Give Ivy’s clitty a suck, baby.”  
  
Brie gazed down at the woman’s bared pussy, watching her father mate with the woman who was not her mother. She smelled the strong aroma of Ivy’s cunt wafting up with each thrust; it was not unlike her mother’s, but it was also different. It was familiar. It was Ivy’s scent.  
  
Ivy’s labia were already splayed open over her father’s meat, but Brie used her fingers to pry them apart further, revealing her glistening pink insides all the more, and the glossy, bulbous nub of her clit.  
  
Ivy could feel Brie playing around with her vagina, and she moaned hoarsely at the sensation. Brie was too small for them to sixty-nine effectively, but when the little girl’s pussy slid off her chin, Ivy reached her fingers to Brie’s gash. She attempted to plunge two inside, but Brie was too tight and Ivy settled for one. “Jesus, Warrick, I can only get one finger inside the little slut. How did you manage to fit that thick slab?” Before Warrick could answer, Ivy cried out, feeling Brie’s tiny tongue begin to lash at her swollen clitty.  
  
Brie savored the woman’s taste while Ivy made herself familiar with the girl’s insides. Brie’s pussy responded to the churning finger with ever more lubrication. It drooled out of her and on to Ivy’s tits.  
  
As Brie licked up and down her babysitter’s gash, she was face-to-face with her daddy’s churning cock. She pulled back momentarily to observe his movements. He was rapid and forceful and his shaft was white and foamy with their combined fluids. Each time he plunged into her, Brie could see the outer rim of Ivy’s hole push in, and when he pulled out, he pulled her tight, clinging cunny along with.  
  
Then she leaned in again and took Ivy’s love nub between her lips. She nibbled on the sensitive bundle of nerves and licked up the swirl of juices seeping throughout her slit.  
  
Suddenly Ivy squealed and thrashed. She gasped out, “Oh fuck, Daddy, I’m cumming!” She thrust her hips hard against Warrick’s cock while her orgasm tore through her. She moaned and wailed, still running her finger wildly into Brie’s spit-slicked snatch as she weakly attempted to continue giving pleasure to the young girl laying atop her. “Fuck my pussy, Daddy, while I’m inside your baby girl.” Ivy thrashed her head back and forth, her eyes rolling to the back of her head, her legs flailing limply across Warrick’s torso.  
  
Soon her cum high subsided, but Ivy wasn’t done yet. She pulled Brie by her hips back onto her face and resumed wildly licking out the girl’s slit and sucking on her clit while she continued her finger-banging. Brie was so dazed by the unexpected pleasure that she cried out and her body went limp.  
  
Warrick, having given Ivy what she wanted, pulled out and moved himself closer toward his daughter. He straddled Ivy’s hips and prodded his raging hard-on into Brie’s open mouth while her jaw hung slack, and she took to it readily. Her tongue lolled around his shaft and she tasted the worked up melange of his pre-cum and Ivy’s cum juices on his shaft.  
  
“Open up that little throat of yours, kiddo,” Warrick grunted, thrusting himself deep toward the back of her mouth.  
  
Brie knew what her daddy desired. He wanted a retry of the night before when he attempted to deep-throat her, and she wanted to satisfy him this time. She craned her neck up, attempting to make the way as straight as possible, and opened her mouth as wide as it would go.  
  
Warrick pushed himself onto his daughter’s face, pulling her by the back of her head. He saw Brie’s eyes roll up to meet his, and he read them perfectly: pleasure tinged with the worry that he might break her. “It’s gonna be okay, baby,” he assured her, though he didn’t really know if he could guarantee his promise.  
  
Brie nodded, her mouth stuffed with the giant rigid rod slicked with Ivy’s tangy cum. She took a deep breath through her nose and closed her eyes, signaling that she was ready for whatever was coming. Warrick pressed himself forward slowly, straining against the small opening of his daughter’s throat. But sure enough, he pushed through. Brie’s entire body tensed as the invading member crushed its way into her body. She might have tried to fight back, but in that moment she was helpless, trapped, strung up between her father and Ivy. She had nowhere to go and nothing to do but to act as a vessel, used for their ignominious pleasure.  
  
She gagged, but her father stayed lodged inside her. Her face reddened. She snuffled air through her nose to keep from blacking out, but the lack of oxygen enhanced her own pleasure all the same. Ivy pumped her slender finger in and out of the girl’s burning pussy, massaging against her G-spot while her tongue swirled circles around her clit.  
  
Warrick let out a long groan of pleasurable agony, feeling his daughter’s tight throat constricting around his engorged cock. He could feel his orgasm rushing onward, and he knew there was nothing more he could do to stave it off. He grabbed his baby girl’s head with both hands, and proceeded to rapidly fuck his cock down Brie’s throat. With her head pushed back, her eyes opened as little slits, and he could only see the whites. Teardrops occasionally spilled from the corners. His daughter was completely checked out. She was, in that moment, nothing but her daddy’s sexy little fuckdoll.  
  
Finally, he felt his cock begin to surge. He knew his orgasm had arrived in full force. He waited in Brie’s throat to send the first jet directly down into his little girl’s belly. She grunted as her neck strained to take her father at his biggest. Then he pulled himself free, slithering his spit-soaked cock out of her face.  
  
Brie gulped for air as globs of bubbly saliva spilled from her mouth and down her chin, and fell onto Ivy’s tummy below. Before she could spit any more out, she felt her father roughly grab her hair and pull her head back to splatter her face with another stripe of his cum. “Yes!” she choked out desperately, “Cum on me, Daddy. Cum all over me!” Warrick’s cock continued to leap and spurt in his fist.  
  
Ivy cheered him on, too, “Paint your darling little daughter, Daddy. Give Mommy’s baby slut what she’s earned.”  
  
The euphoria of oxygen, the feeling of her father’s climax raining upon her, and Ivy’s fingers thrashing inside her pussy finally brought Brie to her second orgasm. Where normally, her cumming had started from her pussy and spread outward, this time, it started in her brain. She liked being used and controlled—not told what to do, but simply acted upon. The entire weekend she had felt unhinged and she loathed it. She felt humiliated by her lack of self-control. But now, at her daddy’s whims, she understood what her body was trying to tell her and she savored it. Her head swam with ecstasy and her body roiled with pleasure. It moved from her head into her chest and tits, then finally down her spine to her pussy. Her hips bucked upward, and a spray of her cum escaped, dousing Ivy beneath her.  
  
“Holy shit, Warrick!” Ivy exclaimed. “Your little girl can really cum!”  
  
Brie writhed in orgasm, rolling her narrow hips into the air and slamming them back down onto Ivy’s cum-slicked body. High pitched moans filled the air as her orgasm ripped through her. She humped back against Ivy’s invading fingers, trying to wring as much pleasure from her quaking form as she could.  
  
Soon, the world came leaking back, and her orgasm slowly faded until her body merely twitched where once it lewdly humped. Her burning nerve endings cooled to a sizzle and then faded. All that remained were memories and shivers. Brie at last rolled off of Ivy and onto her back on the floor. Only then did she realize her face was coated in a thick film of her father’s cum. It cooled against her skin, but she was too exhausted to wipe any of it off.  
  
Finally, Ivy was able to sit up. It was the first time Warrick had seen her face since she had gotten under Brie. She was filthy with the young girl’s ejaculate, and her hair was soaked through; it dripped from the strands in fat droplets. Her mascara ran down her face, but she wore a smile. She turned to Hazel and remembered that her friend had been filming the whole encounter. She cheekily flashed the V-sign at the lens.  
  
“What did you think?” Hazel interviewed her.  
  
“That was fucking nuts,” she giggled, then gestured to Brie, “Look at your baby girl now.”  
  
Hazel turned the camera toward her daughter. Brie panted heavily, but smiled meekly, as if she had just finished a marathon. Her body glistened with the combined fluids of her partners and her face was spackled white, coated thick with her father’s excessive jizz. She rolled bashfully away from the camera and curled her body up. Hazel lingered on her girlish bottom a moment longer.  
  
Ivy said, “Not so innocent anymore,” and then Hazel ended the film. Ivy crawled up to the couch and slouched upon it. She turned to Hazel and said, “So, you said there was a long story to tell?”  
  
Hazel smiled. “There is, and I can tell it.” She paused and looked around the room. “But first, who’s going to give me cummies?” Both she and Ivy looked at Warrick.  
  
Warrick looked down at his tender cock, hanging limply, then back at Hazel. “Sorry honey, I’m gonna need a bit more time before I’m back in the game,” he said apologetically.  
  
“Um,” the small voice of Brie piped up. The group all turned to face her, her cheeks glowing red behind her cummy veil, “I can do that, Mommy.”  
  
Ivy slowly turned from the girl to face her mother, and with a smirk she said, “Fuck, I love your family.”  
  
Hazel broke into a wide grin as she gazed at her filthy little girl. “I love my family, too.”  
  
“Give me the camera,” Ivy urged, “I’m gonna film the sequel.”  
  
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**The end.**