**Life with the Twins**

by Ken

*Summary: A single dad's life with twin daughters gets complicated.*

**Life with the Twins Ch. 01**

Life is often not what you plan it to be. Take me for instance. If you would have told me when I got married that in only a few short years I'd be raising twin girls as a single parent, I probably wouldn't have gotten married. Even the thought of it would have terrified me beyond words. But I did get married, and we did have two wonderful twin girls, Diane and Tabitha, and only a short ten years later that most terrifying situation became reality. I would be raising my girls alone. Life isn't always what you plan it to be, but the old saying is that when life gives you lemons, make lemonade. So I did my best to squeeze the lemons and give my best to my daughters.

Today I wouldn't trade my life for anyone's. Oh, don't get me wrong. I'd dearly love to still have the love of my life with me. But that isn't what I got. Instead I have two of the most precious things on earth to care for and help grow. It hasn't always been easy, and at times it's been quite uncomfortable for me. Things that you would always expect the mother to take care of fell on mister mom because there wasn't anyone else. Having to have talks about puberty and their periods and having to teach them about feminine hygiene products. These were less than comfortable topics for me, but they had to be talked about.

Authors note to readers: After multiple attempts to get even the most mundane non-sexual description of a typical event many single fathers have encountered through the moderators, I have been reduced to this note. The site moderators have objected to even the suggestion of any nudity in conjunction with any characters under the age of 18. Therefor it is up to the reader to self determine what transpired leading to the need of the single father to have the "sex" talk with his daughters.

An event occurred when they were fifteen the made the "sex" talk mandatory, discussing among other things, the virtues of abstinence and saving it for someone you loved and not treating it as a commodity to be traded around like so many young people did today.

The next day I made an appointment with their gynecologist for them to talk about birth control. They had me come in and listen to the doctor as they decided which form was the best for them. I left during their pelvic exams, feeling more uncomfortable about it than they apparently did. After their exams I met again with the doctor to discuss their results and their prescriptions. I'd known Sylvia for a number of years now, and even gone out on a date once at the behest of my daughters. Because of our history she felt comfortable suggesting that I get them more appropriate things to use than the handle of a hair brush, going so far as to suggest that she'd be willing to go shopping with me.

I reluctantly accepted and Sylvia and I went to an adult store to select the appropriate devices, ending up with two simple torpedo shaped vibrators. The sales clerk, a very good looking thirty something young woman, apparently sensing my discomfort, suggested that she instruct us on use as well as proper cleaning. While I was sure Sylvia didn't really need any such instruction, she seemed to revel in my discomfort as she lifted her skirt in the little classroom area in such a way that she could remove her underwear and insert the vibrating device into herself while coyly blocking my view of her pussy. The whole "class" left me feeling extremely horny and uncomfortable at the same time.

Through high school my girls became less concerned about how they covered themselves at home, often wearing things that were far more revealing than I would have allowed them to wear in public. They argued that they weren't in public, but I didn't know how to explain that the difference was that they were becoming young women not the little girls I'd bathed.

Now don't think that staying a single parent was a conscious choice. The reality was that the girls had spent many an attempt to "hook me up" with some nice woman to date. It seems that single women just can't refuse a daughter's request to take their dad out on a date. Some of those dates turned out to be okay, others total disasters. A few even turned into pleasant sexual encounters. But finding a "replacement" for my wife just wasn't happening. I was far too busy between work and keeping up with the girls and all their activities to really have time to develop a relationship with someone. Or at least that was the excuse I used, an excuse that I was about to regret using. My girls, now eighteen, would in a few short weeks be headed off to college and that would leave me alone in this house. It was a prospect I wasn't looking forward to.

After the first few years without my wife the girls and I had started taking a family vacation together each year. For the last half dozen years I'd allowed the girls to choose where we should go. Cost wasn't particularly an issue, but finding the time to plan the trips was getting more and more difficult as my business grew. The last two years I'd allowed the girls to plan the trip and this year they were determined that the trip would be a "surprise" for me. I didn't even know where we were going, except that we were taking a cruise someplace. The only reason they had allowed me to know that much was because we were going to have to go shopping.

About two weeks before our departure, the girls took me on a "shopping trip". We hit a number of stores, the girls picking a variety of light weight dresses, all of which they made me watch them model. Don't get me wrong. I enjoy getting my two princesses new clothes, but today they seemed even more interested in modeling not only things I agreed were "appropriate", but also things that were far more revealing, knowing full well I wouldn't allow them to purchase those particular items. By the time they had picked a dozen dresses, several shorts and shirt combinations, and a variety of underclothes to go with it all, I had to say, daughters or not, they had me turned on. I almost wondered at times if it weren't their intent to cause less than fatherly thoughts, especially when they insisted on modeling some of their bras and panties for me, arguing that their swimsuits would certainly show off at least that much. I should have expected what came next.

They took me to our final stop, a swimwear store. It was a little out of the way shop that didn't look overly busy, which turned out to be true. Other than the clerk, a good looking woman that seemed to be only a few years younger than myself, we had the place to ourselves.

The girls got into the task with gusto, drawing the clerk into the conversation and choosing a number of suits to try on. I settled on an offered chair, expecting a long wait while they tried on the variety of suits. I wasn't going to be so lucky. My girls quickly returned from the dressing room wearing their first selection, each a different but rather modest bikini. They turned this way and that, looking at themselves in the multi-sided mirror as well as showing me how they looked and inadvertently how much did and didn't show.

The show continued, with each subsequent suit getting smaller and skimpier. I hoped that they didn't notice how big the bulge in my pants had gotten with their twists and turns, doing my best to hide it with my hat.

"Okay. Now you can't wear that in public!" I said as Tabby stepped out of the dressing room in a tiny lime green string bikini that looked as if she wiggled too much, her 32 D cup breasts would simply pop the strings. Not that the top covered all that much anyway. The triangles of cloth held by the tiny strings looked like they barely covered her nipples.

"No?" she asked, turning to admire herself in the mirror, exposing her back side to me, and along with it her completely bare ass, only three very tiny strings breaking the expanse of soft looking butt.

"Definitely not!" I said with a frown, watching her turn to and fro. I almost gasped in shock as she bent over, her barely covered pussy pushing out between her legs at me. "DEFINITLY NOT!"

"But I could wear it at home, right? Laying out? I wouldn't have hardly any tan lines at all!" she said cheerfully as Diane came out to join her in an equally daring yellow bikini.

"Look you two. There isn't any way in hell I'm letting you wear those in public without carrying a shotgun!" I said, trying to lighten the tension I was feeling with one of our standard jokes.

"I'll get you a new shotgun if you let me wear it on the trip," Tabby said, pressing the issue.

"Absolutely not. You can go back to the last one. That's about as small as I'm comfortable letting you wear," I said sternly, letting them know that they had pushed the limit.

"But we still have more to try!"

"Not if they're smaller than these!"

"But we REALLY want to see what the next ones look like!" Diane complained. "It's just us. It's not like it's out in public, right Daddy?"

Okay. I knew I was in trouble right then. The ONLY time I got "daddy" any more was when they were about to try and convince me to do something or let them do something that I wasn't going to be happy about. "You can try 'em on, but just stay in the dressing room and you can see what they look like."

"But the mirror is out here!" Tabby said with a frown. "Isn't there something we can do?"

"You're not wearing anything skimpier than those. You might as well be naked!" I said, standing firm.

Then the unexpected happened. They had set me up so completely that even I had to admit it was masterful. Diane turned to the clerk and with an impish little grin asked. "Would you model them for my dad so he can see that they're really not that bad?"

"Well. I wouldn't usually do something like that," the clerk protested weakly.

"But there isn't anyone else here. It's only two. And you're going to be getting a good sale."

"Well. I suppose it wouldn't hurt," she said, giving in WAY too easily. So easily that I suspected that my sweet innocent angels had set this up in advance. The clerk took the suit my daughter was holding and stepped into the changing room. "I'll only be a moment," she said as her shoes popped out from under the curtain of the dressing room. Moments later her summer weight dress flew over the top of the curtain partition, followed by a pair of matching yellow lace panties and then a white lace bra. I had no doubt that the clerk was standing completely naked on the other side of the curtain, getting ready to put on the suit that the girls were suggesting.

My girls stood by me, one on each side, almost as if to make sure I didn't move from my seat as the clerk dressed behind the curtain. "It's called a cutout bikini," she said as she stepped out in the tiny pink bikini. The straps and triangles were pretty much normal sized, except that at least two thirds of the material was gone, leaving a web of straps that held incredibly tiny patches of pink over her nipples and pussy. "Some women like them, but if you're looking to get rid of tan lines, this certainly isn't the way to go," she said, before stepping back into the booth.

"Now this one," she said as she changed in the little booth, "is perfect for getting rid of the tan lines. Be just a second more."

"Holy shit," I whispered under my breath as she pushed the curtain open and stepped out. It looked as if three small patches of Leopard print material were floating on her body. She turned around several times, revealing that the tiny patch over her pussy and the small amount of her shaved mound it covered, was held in place by clear straps. From behind she looked completely nude.

"I take it you like it?" she asked sweetly, stepping closer to me as she turned herself to and fro in front of me.

"Um. Uh. Yeah. But I don't think I could see my girls in that," I stammered.

"Well. I do have two more, if you want me to model them for you?" she asked, looking down at me with a smile.

"Oh definitely!" Diane said, grinning back at the woman. "I can guarantee he's enjoying the show."

"Uh huh. Definitely!" Tabby chimed in.

"Well. Alright then," she said, stepping back behind the little curtain. "This next one is a bit more daring," she called from inside, the parts of the bikini she had just worn falling to the floor by her feet.

"How daring?" Diane asked.

"Well. Pretty daring. I'm not sure I'd be comfortable wearing this out in public," she said just before she pushed the curtain open.

"Oh damn," I practically moaned, looking up and down the woman's trim body. The suit consisted of a small string bikini sized leopard material, but that was only the outline. The material that it held in place was completely sheer, allowing her hard nipples and areola to be easily visible, as well as her round full pussy lips and what I could now see was a completely shaved mound. She stepped toward me, turning to show me the straps on her back. She bent over and pulled on the leopard print strap between her round full ass cheeks, practically pulling the material from her pussy as she bent farther.

"Like I said. Pretty daring," she said after being bent over for at least half a minute in front of me. "I have one more I'd like to show you. It's one of my favorite playful suits," she said, walking down the aisle to a set of racks near the far wall, coming back a moment later with a hanger holding what looked like a pink and black suit of some kind. "This one is really playful. It's certainly not for the beach, but at home, with the right person it can really be a lot of fun," she said as she disappeared behind the curtain again.

"I don't think we really need..." I started to interrupt.

"Dad! Come on. She's offering to show you her favorite. As long as she's been so helpful you can at least tell her how she looks in it," Diane chastised me softly.

"Fine," I answered, knowing that I might as well give in now, because eventually they'd keep after me until I did.

"Ready?" the clerk said before pushing the curtain open.

"Oh my god," I whispered.

"I'll take that as a compliment," she said with a grin as she stepped out of the booth with her breasts completely exposed, two pink straps around them in the general shape of where a modest bikini might cover, but having no material at all between the outlining straps. A black zipper attached the two halves of the top, if we can call it that, between her breasts. The bottom consisted of only a wide black zipper held in place by pink straps that matched those on the top. "What makes this so playful is that if you want, you can adjust the zipper up or down, depending on how much you want to show your partner," she said as she reached down and teased the zipper farther down, allowing it to split apart on her mound, showing her soft smooth looking skin all the way to where her pussy lips started. "What do you think girls?"

"I'd love one, but my dad would have a fit," Diane said with a giggle. "It looks so fucking hot!"

"I have to admit that wearing one like this always gets me kind hot," the clerk said with a smile. "Now, you said you also needed a suit for your father?"

"Me?" I asked, almost squeaking out the response.

"Of course Daddy! You can't wear that crunky old set of trunks you have on this trip. So what do you have in good looking men's suits?"

"Well. I'll be right back," the clerk said with a grin. She was gone only a few moments before she came back with several hangers. "I think this would most certainly be a wonderful suit for him," she said, holding out a hanger with what looked almost like briefs made out of some kind of slick material, and not even very big briefs at that.

"I really don't think..." I started to protest.

"Now Dad. You said anything we wanted, right? So right now, we want to see how these look on you," Diane said firmly.

"But sweetie!" I said. "You don't understand..."

"I'm NOT taking no for an answer. Now get up and change, or you'll force us to do it right here!"

"You wouldn't," I said with a frown.

"We would and you know it," Tabby chimed in. "Now go!"

I normally wear a leather hat that's similar to a cowboy hat, but not quite. The girls call it my outback hat from Australia. I had been carefully holding the hat in my lap for a reason, and I didn't exactly want to get up and show off that reason.

"Come on Daddy. Don't make us get testy!" Diane said, tugging on my arm to get me up.

"Sweetie!" I protested again.

"Come on Daddy!" Tabby said, grabbing my right arm and pulling on it in time with Diane's tugging on my left arm. With both arms now being pulled by my daughters, my hat slipped off my lap, revealing the significant bulge in my slacks. "Oh god. Dad!" Tabby cried in surprise, letting go of my arm and covering her mouth. "Jesus!"

"Shit. That's one huge bulge Dad!" Diane said with a giggle. "No wonder you didn't want to stand up!"

"Okay. Well, now you know," I answered with a scowl.

"Doesn't get you out of it though. Come on. Up and into the changing room!" Diane said pulling my arm again. "Come on Tab. Give me a hand!"

With both of them once again pulling on me, I stood up and let them push me into the changing room. "Here Daddy. Put this on or I'll ask the clerk to come help you."

"I don't need help!" I said testily.

"UH huh. Well, don't take all day," Tabby called through the curtain as Diane closed it on me.

"This is a bad idea." I mumbled to myself as I started undressing. I pulled off my shoes and then my slacks, my hardon pushing the front of my briefs out significantly in the semi bent position it was relegated to. I pulled my polo shirt off and then, after a moment of indecision, pushed my briefs down, letting them land on the floor, my cock sticking out and hardening further now that it was free of its confines. "HEY!" I shouted as my pants and underwear were suddenly pulled away under the curtain from outside, leaving me with nothing but the swim suit to wear.

"That's just in case you change your mind!" Diane said with a giggle. "You sure you don't want Emily to come help?"

"Emily?"

"The clerk!"

"Oh hell no!" I answered quickly, looking down at my now fully hard cock.

"Well, get it on then, because I'm going to open the curtain in thirty seconds," Tabby called through the material. "If you don't want to wear that one, I can give you the green one I have on. I'm dying to put on that leopard one."

"You're NOT wearing that one!" I answered her through the material as a lime green bikini bottom that looked an awful lot like the one Tabby had been wearing, came sailing over the top.

"Better hurry up daddy. That leopard one is looking real good right now!"

I quickly stepped into the tight spandex briefs, stuffing my cock down as well as I could before quickly opening the curtain. "You're not putting on..." I stopped mid-sentence, Tabby still wearing both pieces of the lime green suit she had on when she pushed me into the dressing room.

"WOW!" the three of them all said at once, staring at the huge bulge in the suit that my hardon was making.

"Yeah. I don't think I can go to any lower of a waistband or you won't fit in it at all," the clerk said quietly, staring at my bulge.

"Okay. Now that you all had your look, how about a real suit that I can wear?"

"You don't like that one?" Diane asked. "If you ask me, you'll get a whole lot of attention in it."

"I don't want attention," I answered her.

"How about something a little shorter yet?" Diane asked the clerk.

"I don't have to even go anywhere for that," she said as she held out a smaller multi shade blue brief.

"Oh perfect. Here daddy. Try THIS one!" Diane said, holding it out.

"I'm not putting that on," I said with a frown, looking at the material.

"Come on Daddy. You don't want us to have to make you change out here. Besides, I promise you can try something else after it."

"But you're not getting your clothes back until we pick a new suit," Tabby said a little defiantly.

"Fine!" I answered with a scowl, taking the suit and stepping back into the booth. It was almost a struggle to get the suit pulled up and tuck my thankfully slightly deflating cock into it.

"Oh Daddy? Just so you know..." Diane said as both a lime green bikini and the yellow one Diane had on, came sailing over the top of the curtain. "We decided to change our suits too!"

"To what?" I asked quickly."

"You'll just have to see when you come out," Tabby said with a giggle.

"If we even put one on!" Diane added with a laugh.

"Oh geez." The possibilities jumping to mind, causing my cock to start to grow again. I was having significantly unfatherly like thoughts at that moment about both my daughters' bodies. Surely they weren't wearing those other suits, or even less! While the girls had a recent tendency to flaunt their bodies around the house, they'd never quite reached the point of exposing their private parts. Hell, the bikini's they had just tossed over the curtain were more revealing than anything they'd shown to date, and after the teases at the other store and the "show" they and the clerk had given me had my imagination in full overdrive.

"Girls. I can't," I finally answered, my cock so hard that it was impossible to get into the suit.

"You can't come out?" Tabby asked in surprise. "Why not? You have to!"

"I can't. I'm not decent in this suit," I answered.

"Tell you what Daddy. You come out in that suit and I have another you can put on that I promise you'll find more...um...decent," Tabby called to me.

"I can't sweetie."

"Then you'll miss your special surprise," Tabby said with a fake sadness in her tone. The pink and black bikini that the clerk had been wearing flew over the top of the curtain, drawing my attention. Before I could do anything else, the curtain pushed back and both girls and the clerk were standing in the doorway looking down at the blue suit and the three inches of hardon sticking out the waistband.

"Oh my lord," the completely naked clerk said as she stared at me.

"Oh god Dad," Diane said, still wearing the same yellow suit from before, the yellow suit tossed over the top clearly a ploy.

"Jesus Dad!" Tabby said, staring at my engorged cock as well, the promised suit still in her hand.

"I'll take that," I said, stepping toward my daughter and reaching for the suit. She let me take if from her hand, her eyes never leaving my exposed cock. I stepped back and started to pull the curtain closed, the clerk quickly taking two steps forward so she was inside the changing booth with me.

"Why don't you let me help you with that?" she said as she stepped toward me and reached for the suit. "I don't bite. I promise."

"You don't have to..." I started to say as she gently pulled the suit from my hand and knelt down in front of me.

She reached for the waistband of the small suit I had on and tugged it down over my ass and hips, my rock hard cock almost slapping her in the face as it sprung out of the suit. "It's alright that you're a little shy around women. A lot of guys are."

"Shy around women?" I asked in surprise.

"Uh huh. Most guys aren't lucky enough to have daughters that care so much."

"My daughters?"

"Yeah," she said as she coaxed me to lift each foot, taking the blue suit off, leaving me as naked as she was. "They really care and hoped that maybe this little game we played would entice you to come out of your shell a bit."

"Come out of my shell?"

"Uh huh," she said, coaxing me to lift both feet again, letting me step into the legs of the suit one after the other. She pulled the new suit up my legs, stopping with the waistband around my thighs. "You wouldn't mind if I..." she asked, looking up at me, one hand moving from the suit to my cock, wrapping her fingers around it. When I didn't say anything she leaned her face toward me and engulfed my engorged head with her hot wet mouth. She continued to look up at me as she slid her mouth on and off my cock several inches, her hot mouth caressing my shaft and her tongue teasing under it with each stroke.

"Oh damn," I groaned softly at the incredible sensations she was inducing with her very talented mouth. "God, you're good at that. But you keep that up and I'm going to come."

"As much as I'd like to see your hard cock in this suit, I'm having too much fun to want to quit," she answered with a grin before going back to stroking her mouth on and off my shaft. Her hand followed her lips, sliding and twisting at the same time, her saliva coating my shaft and lubricating us. On and off my cock she stroked, driving me quickly toward climax.

"Shit. I'm going to come," I grunted, trying to hold back to give her time to pull off my cock. In response she seemed to suck harder and faster, stroking her mouth on and off my cock. "OH FUCK!" I grunted, my body jerking and sending a huge gush of cum into her mouth. She swallowed it down before the second surge pumped in her mouth. All the teasing I'd gotten today had the pump fully primed and shot after shot flowed into her mouth as I stood in front of her.

"Mmmmmmm. That was one hell of a load," she said, pulling her mouth off my cock and then sliding the suit the rest of the way up.

"Yeah. Damn Dad!" Diane said, drawing my attention to the gap between the curtain and the wall where the two were watching us.

"Girls. You shouldn't have been watching," I said breathlessly as the clerk stood up in front of me.

"Why not Dad? It's not like we haven't seen your dick being sucked before. Remember when you took us shopping for our vibrators?" Tabby said with a grin. "Always wondered what it would have looked like if she would have finished you off that night."

"Oh god," I groaned.

"Took them shopping for vibrators?" the clerk questioned.

"Long story," I answered.

"Don't worry, you have plenty of time. The girls promised that you'd take me to dinner once you picked a suit," she said with a grin. "And I have a hunch you're picking that one."

"We did promise," Diane said with a grin.

"Dinner huh? I had a hunch that there was more to this than meets the eye."

"Well, there might have been a little advanced coordination," the clerk answered.

"Uh huh. So do you get naked for all your customers?"

"OH lord no. I really didn't plan it with you until the girls were trying on their suits. It wasn't lost on me how much you were enjoying the show," she answered.

"Huh?"

"Come on Daddy. Don't tell us you weren't enjoying us trying on those suits."

"But you're my daughters!" I protested.

"Didn't stop you from getting a hardon, and don't tell me it was Emily's suits, cuz you had a boner long before she came out in the first one," Tabby said with a crooked little grin.

"Look girls. You're good looking young ladies," I said, trying to figure out just exactly what I wanted to say.

"And you're not an old fart. So take Emily out to dinner and we'll see you at home," Diane said with a grin. "We'll leave the tags on the counter for you so you can pay for 'em," she said as she turned to walk away.

"Wait a minute," I called after my daughters, the two walking away with their clothes in their arms, still wearing the tiniest of bikini's they had tried on.

"For what Daddy? You have a date and we'd just be in the way!" Diane called over her shoulder.

"I seem to have been out maneuvered by my daughters."

"You have. They're pretty sure of themselves, and you," the clerk said.

"You know. I don't even know your name. It's not normally my habit of having oral sex with someone I don't know."

"Well, my name is Emily, and as far as sex goes, from what I hear from your girls, you aren't in the habit of having it much at all."

"Just what have my daughters told you?" I asked in surprise.

"Well. You're a single dad, and from what I can tell, a very devoted one. You're sweet and gentle, which I've seen for myself. And that you spend so much time between work and taking care of them that you've neglected your own chances at relationships. They suggested that if they brought you in to buy some suits that if I thought you were cute, that you might be coaxed to take me to dinner."

"And things just..."

"Let's just say that the longer you were here the more, um, interested I became. The last two suits were because I was, well let's just say that I haven't been this turned on in some time."

"Turned on? Why?"

"Well, I have a soft spot for men who take their fatherly duties seriously, and well, what woman wouldn't be turned on by that?" she said with a soft girlish giggle, reaching out to run her fingers up along the bulge growing in the swimsuit.

"You have me at a disadvantage. While my daughters have obviously given you at least some ideas about me, the only thing I know about you aside from your name is that you work at a swimsuit store, get naked for strangers and have a really good looking body."

"Well. Let's see if we can fix that. I don't work here. I own it. It's my shop. And contrary to your conclusion, I do NOT get naked for every good looking man that walks in. In fact, I think this is one of only a hand full of times I've modeled swimwear for anyone and the ONLY time I've worn anything even close to this revealing for a strange man, or any man for that matter," she said, almost a little testily.

"I guess I owe you an apology. I didn't mean to insult you."

"Well, you did. Now, how are you going to apologize for it?" I was slightly startled. I wasn't exactly sure what she meant by 'apologize for it', which must have shown on my face. "Come on." she said, taking me by the hand and leading me around through the store towards the front door. For a moment I thought she was going to take me outside, but instead she twisted the lock handle on the door and turned the sign hanging by the door to 'closed'. "There. Now we won't be disturbed," she said with a smile, reaching for my hand again. She drew me along the racks again, winding toward a back corner of the store. She stopped and took something off the rack and turned to smile at me again. "Now. I've always wanted to see what these look like on a hot guy. How about you give me a little modeling session?"

"Model for you?" I asked, clearly confused.

"You did say you wanted to apologize. I can't think of a better way than to return the favor I afforded you."

"So you want me to put this on?" I asked taking the hanger from her, which contained a small bikini style bottom. "Aren't these meant for a lady?"

"To look at, not to wear," she answered with a grin.

"Well. I don't know that I'll fit," I answered, looking dubiously at the small suit bottom.

"Maybe, maybe not. But I still want to see you try." I sighed, wondering if I should really do what she asked. "Maybe this will help," she said, pulling the straps of the pink suit, if you could call it that, off her shoulders. She let the straps slide down her arms and then pushed the entire suit off, leaving her completely naked. Her mound was every bit as shaved as it appeared in the leopard skin bikini. She had a fair amount of soft inner lips protruding between her full round outer lips, the tender skin folded and pressed up against her body from the bikini. Almost unconsciously she reached down and stroked her fingers across herself stroking her soft folds and allowing them to move free of their previously compacted position.

"Alright," I said, turning to head back to the dressing room.

"No. Don't," she said, almost urgently, reaching out and pulling my arm. "You don't have to do that. You can change right here. If you're bashful, you can step around the side of the rack," she said, coaxing me to change where she could see me.

I shrugged and stepped around the corner of the rack, slightly uncomfortable changing in the middle of the store like this. I pushed the boxy legged suit off, leaving me completely naked while I stepped into the tiny red bikini bottom. I did my best to tuck my half hard dick into the tiny bit of material, managing to get it covered as my cock lay to the side, the material trapping it pointed up toward my hip. I finally stepped out to let her see.

"Holy shit," she whispered staring at my crotch. "Now that is seriously HOT!" she finally said to me as she stepped toward me. She reached out with one hand and gently ran two fingers down my chest, letting them trace back and forth along the ultralow cut waistband several times before letting her finger slide down and trace back and forth across the slick material covering my hardon. Her touch and her obvious attention to my cock had an almost immediate effect, encouraging it to grow harder. She seemed to realize what effect she was having and began to concentrate each stroke across and around my head, pushing it to expand even faster. I looked down and could see my mushroom head outlined in the thin red material, her finger tracing around it as my hardening shaft continued to push it along toward the elastic waist band.

Both of us seemed to be breathing much more heavily than normal as she continued to tease me through the material, the waistband now gapping away from my body as it struggled to contain my growing erection. I watched her finger tease around the head and then hook in the waistband above it, gently pulling only the slightest amount before my cock, seeking escape from the tight confines, pushed up and out of the material, completely exposing my head. "Oh fuck," she practically moaned, reaching with her other hand for the material. She gently eased the waistband out and down, pulling the tight red briefs out and down. Unable to just slide them over my ass, she stepped closer, sliding both hands around my waist until her fingers slipped between the fabric and my bare ass. She let herself press toward me, her soft breasts and rock hard nipples pressing against my chest as she slowly slid the material down over my butt, coaxing the suit down as far as her arms could reach.

"You know. I wouldn't at all mind feeling that someplace besides my mouth," she whispered softly, her face inches from mine.

"Yeah?" I answered breathlessly.

"Uh huh. You wanna lay down?"

"Here?"

"Uh huh. I've always wanted to do this," she panted, gently pulling on my arms as she stepped back. She let go of my arm with one hand and grabbed the beach towel that was part of the display on top of the rack we were standing by. She dropped the towel to the floor and moved her hand back to my arm. She dropped to one knee, lowering herself down and pulling me down with her toward the carpeted floor. Only when she was sure I was going to follow her down did she let go of my hands and quickly twist to spread the towel out. She turned back and guided me to the towel, rolling me until I lay down on my back, the red suit bunched around my thighs. She moved over me, quickly straddling me on her knees, her face hovering over mine as she held herself over me on all fours.

She moved one hand reaching it between us as she lowered her face toward mine. I felt her hot lips touch mine as her hand wrapped around my cock. I couldn't see what she was doing, but it took no imagination at all to mentally see her lowering her pussy toward my engorged head. I felt her other hot wet lips wrap around my head as she gently rubbed it back and forth between her lips.

She pulled her lips from mine, staring into my eyes lustfully as she lowered herself down, my cock engaging into the entrance to her tunnel. "Ohhhhhhh fuuuuuuuck," she moaned softly as I felt my head expand her and finally slip into her tunnel. She pressed herself down my shaft farther, stopping only when her lips grabbed at my shaft. She started to move up and down, lubricating my shaft with her pussy, each stroke down taking a little more of me into her. Before too many strokes she was gliding her wetness up and down my shaft, teasing my cock from my head all the way to the base. "Oh god you feel good," she moaned as she moved faster, my engorged head caressing her walls all the way to the end of her depths with each stroke.

"Uh huh," I grunted, suddenly afraid that with all the teasing and the feel of her that I wouldn't last long enough for her to climax.

"God damn," she moaned. "That show your girls put on sure turned you on, didn't it?"

"My daughters?"

"Uh huh. They're VERY good looking, aren't they?"

"Uh huh," I grunted, trying not to think of my daughters as the sexual objects that my mind was suddenly doing.

"It's okay. A lot of daddies are turned on by their daughters, but they don't want to admit it."

"Oh damn," I grunted as she changed her motion slightly rocking her hips with each stroke.

"Sometimes their daughters are turned on by their fathers too," she moaned as she pushed herself up so that her breasts, not quite as big as my daughters, but still more than large enough to be enticing, started to swing between us.

"I don't think..." I started to protest.

"Shhhhhh. You don't have to think. Those girls have you wrapped around their little fingers and they know it. Of course they also absolutely adore you. I don't think they would have given you that fantastically sexy show if you weren't incredibly important to them, and if they didn't have an ulterior motive. Trust me," she said as she rode my cock slowly, just going fast enough to keep my impeding climax building, but not too quickly.

"Tabbitha, I think her name was, REALLY wanted to show off that leopard suit for you. She knew exactly how much of her it would show off too. It was one of the ones she picked when they were in the other day."

"They planned this, didn't they?"

"This? Us having sex? I don't know. But I think they hoped so," she said sliding up and down my shaft faster. "The way they were looking at us in the dressing room, I almost got the idea at least one of the two was wishing it was her on her knees in front of you," she moaned.

"Oh god," I groaned, suddenly thinking about what Tabby would have looked like in the green suit, on her knees, sucking my cock. My mind pictured her looking up at me with her blue eyes, her blonde hair bouncing as she thrust her mouth on and off my shaft. "Ohhh fuck."

"God that turns you on so much. I can feel your cock growing even harder in me," she panted, her body bouncing faster, her ass slapping my thighs as she jammed herself down on me. "Oh god. Gonna come. Oh gonna come soooooo fucking hard!" she squealed as her body suddenly started to tremble and shudder. She jammed herself down on me and I could feel her body jerk hard, her pussy clenching around me.

"Shit," I grunted, as she tried to continue bouncing on me, her motion now erratic and random as she tried to work her muscles in the throes of her climax. My body jerked hard, trying to jam up into her as my own climax overtook me. I felt my cock surge a gush of cum up into her pussy as it contracted around me. Again and again my body jerked, pumping the copious load of cum into her. "Oh damn," I groaned as I lay under her, the both of us panting a she held herself over me. Her heaving chest rubbed her nipples against my sweaty chest with each breath.

"Jesus!" she breathed, looking down at me. "That was worth every bit of that little show I gave you."

"It was worth it for both of us then," I agreed, still trying to catch my breath.

"Now about dinner?"

"Uh huh. As soon as I pay you for the suits."

"Tell you what. Yours are on the house, provided you take the red one too and promise to wear it again for me some time. I think your girls said you have a hot tub? I wouldn't mind spending a little time there with you wearing this."

"And what would you be wearing?"

"With everything in the store to pick from, I'm more than sure I can find just the right thing for the occasion," she giggled.

"I bet you can," I agreed.

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Emily dropped me off at my house a little before nine, after a nice dinner and a little more sex, though in an equally unorthodox location for me, the back seat of her car in a park like a couple of horny teenagers. I walked into the house, quiet except for the sounds of the TV on the back deck. I walked through the kitchen and out the back sliding door onto the screened in deck seeing the girls sitting on the wicker sofa watching some kind of movie.

"Hey girls!" I said as I stepped out, noting that they were both wearing extremely small white bikinis, somewhat smaller than I would have felt comfortable with them wearing in public. As Tabby stood up, it was clear that this white bikini was every bit as tiny as the green one she had on earlier in the day.

"Hi Daddy. Have a good date?" she asked with a smile, stepping toward me. She slid her arm around me from the side and pulled herself to me in a sideways hug. "You're not mad at us for fixing you up on a little blind date, are you?"

"You girls know how I feel about blind dates, but no, I'm not mad at you."

"Oh good," she answered with a grin, reaching for the bag in my hand and snatching it out of my grip. "So let's see what you decided to buy!"

"Hey. I didn't say..." I started to protest as she dug into the bag and pulled out the three suits it contained.

"Holy SHIT!" Tabby said as she held up the red suit. "Diane! Look at this! It's even smaller than the blue one. Damn Daddy! Did you wear this for her?"

"None of your business," I said, stepping toward her to take the suits back from her.

"Oh yeah. Look at him blush. He did. He wore it for her," Tabby giggled, stepping back to stay out of my reach.

"Tabby!"

"Uh uh. Not unless you put it on," Tabby answered back. "You GOTTA put this on!"

"No way."

"Oh yeah. Come on Daddy!"

"No way. Not in front of you girls."

"What? Like we haven't seen your cock in the last few hours? Come on Daddy. Pleeeeease!"

"Yeah. Come on Dad. Show us this sexy suit," Diane chimed in, reaching for the red brief and holding it against her own body to look at how tiny it was. "God it's perfect. You gotta wear this on the cruise!"

"No way. No way I can wear that in public," I said, following Diane around the sofa to try and reclaim the small red suit.

"You GOTTA wear it Daddy!" Tabby called as Diane tossed the suit to her to keep it out of my reach.

"Come on girls," I said shifting my motion toward Tabby again, clearly the monkey in the middle so to speak.

"Only if you put it on," Tabby said, tossing the suit back to Diane.

"Why?" I asked, giving up on the chase and hoping to reason it out of them.

"Cus we wanna see how hot and sexy you look before the cruise." Tabby answered. "You do want to look hot and sexy for the cruise, don't you?"

"Sweetie, I don't even know where we're going."

"Trust me. It'll be someplace where you can wear this allllll day long if you want," Diane said, waving the little red suit around.

"You aren't going to make me regret letting you plan this, are you?"

"Uh uh. I know you won't regret it. But you gotta help us out a little. I mean, how are you supposed to meet hot sexy women wearing...these?" Tabby said, holding up the dark square legged trunks that I thought at least looked respectable.

"You really want me to wear that? I look ridiculous in it! I feel like some kind of hormone laden teen wearing that thing."

"Oh you're just being a stick in the mud. Put it on and let US see what you look like. If you really don't look good in it we won't make you wear it again. We promise," Tabby said.

"Fine. But you'll see what I mean," I answered, taking the suit from Diane as she stepped closer to hand it to me. "Be right back."

"You don't have to go. I mean it's not like we haven't seen you basically naked anyway," Tabby said quickly.

"What? You expect me to change in front of you? What's gotten into you girls?"

"Just trying to help you feel a little less self-conscious about your body," Diane said.

"Well, I'm not changing in front of you," I said as I walked toward the kitchen door.

"Okay. We'll wait in the hot tub. Don't take too long!" Tabby called as I walked through the glass door. I walked as far as the living room, well out of sight of the girls and started undressing. I felt more than a little self-conscious, not only because of how much I felt like it showed off, but also because I could clearly see the cum stains on the material as I started to step into it.

"Bad idea George. Really bad idea." I muttered to myself as I tucked myself into the tiny brief. "I don't know how I could ever wear this in front of a stranger. Hell, I can't hardly wear it in front of my own daughters." After a deep sigh I headed across the room toward the kitchen. "Emily was right. They do have me wrapped around their little fingers." I muttered as I walked out into the warm night air.

The screen porch was large, nearly forty feet square, with a roof and screened sides to keep the bugs at bay. This end had wicker furniture and a big screen TV while the farther away portions contained the grill, a small table and chairs and of course, the hot tub, which was where the girls were at the moment. "Okay. Here I am. See how ridiculous it looks?"

"Wow Dad! You look..."

"Ridiculous!" I finished for Diane.

"No Dad. You look really hot. If I were a single woman looking for a guy, you'd sure as hell be high on my list!"

"Thanks for the vote of confidence, but sorry. I'm not anywhere close to hot."

"God Daddy. You are soooooo wrong," Tabby said from where she sat in the tub. "Did you wear that for Emily?"

"And if I did?"

"Explains the stains on the front," Tabby answered with a giggle. "She must have thought you looked pretty hot. Hot enough to fuck anyway."

"Tabby! You know I don't like you talking that way."

"I know, I know. Good girls don't talk like sluts," she said, rolling her eyes. "Come on. Come get in and relax."

"If nothing else, it'll wash off the cum," Diane said with a giggle.

"God you girls are terrible!" I said with a frown, walking the remaining distance to the hot tub. I sat on the edge, swiveled myself over the side and sank down into the water across from the girls. "Now didn't we have a discussion about what you could and couldn't wear as a swim suit?"

"Yes Daddy," Tabby said quietly.

"And isn't that the same size as the green one I said was too small?"

"Well, sorta," Tabby answered hesitantly.

"Sorta? Looked a lot more like yes than sorta," I answered.

"Well. Um. You see..." Tabby said, clearly beating around the bush.

"Just stand up and show him," Diane said with an exasperated look. "I told you he'd be upset."

"Stand up and show me what?"

"Size isn't the only thing," Diane said, as she stood up. "Come on Tabby. This was your idea."

"Holy shit," I mumbled as the girls stood in front of me. Even in the subdued deck lighting the suits were practically transparent. I could clearly see every detail of their breasts and shaved mounds and pussies, their bodies looking every bit as identical there as everywhere else. "Good god girls! You really think it's okay to wear something like that? Hell you might as well be not wearing anything!"

"We didn't get these for the trip," Tabby protested quietly. "We just got these for, you know. Special occasions."

"Special occasions? Like what, flashing your boyfriends?" I asked curtly.

"Well. Maybe," Tabby said hesitantly, expecting me to blow up at her.

I stayed silent, drawing a deep breath and letting it out slowly. I closed my eyes to control myself and then after a few moments, opened them and looked at my two girls. "If you weren't so big I'd turn you over my knee for not only disobeying me, but also for being so unabashedly exhibitionistic."

"But Daddy!" Tabby said quickly.

"Uh uh. Don't Daddy me. You had to know I wouldn't approve of these."

"But Daddy!"

"Uh uh. I don't want to hear it. You want to be exhibitionist? Take 'em off. Go on. Take 'em off. Then we'll see how you feel about a spanking like little girls get."

"Now?"

"Sure, why not. I mean, it's not like I'm not already looking at your privates."

Tabby and Diane looked back and forth and then slowly untied the little white strings holding the translucent material in place over their breasts. I had to admit that maybe this wasn't the best way to handle it, especially now that they were getting naked and it was making my body react. They handed me their tops, their now naked breasts swinging slightly as they leaned toward me. They each untied the bottoms and pulled them off as well, leaving them completely naked. I had to admit that they looked damn hot standing there thigh deep in the water, completely naked. I pushed myself up and sat back on the edge of the hot tub, trying to ignore my growing erection. "So who's first?"

"Wait! It was Tabby's idea! Why do I get spanked?" Diane asked, suddenly realizing that she wasn't getting away as scot free as she thought.

"You went along with it. You're as guilty as she is," I answered. "Come on. One of you has to be first."

"But Daddy. You haven't spanked us since we were..."

"Really little. I know. I thought you'd outgrown this kind of punishment. But somehow I think it's rather fitting. Unless you prefer I have you go walk around the neighborhood in your new suits."

"NO!" they both said in unison.

"I thought not," I said, trying to remain firm. "So who's first?"

There's always two schools of thought on getting a spanking. The first is that second one might get it harder because the spanker's hand gets numb. The second school of thought is that it's better to go second because the spanker's hand gets sore. Apparently Diane prescribed to the first, or she hoped for some mercy. Either way she moved to me and gently laid herself across my legs, her soft body pressing my cock tightly between us, her legs hanging over the right side of my legs and her upper body over my left. She held herself up as best she could, waiting for the first swat.

I didn't wait long. My hand came down on her bare ass with a loud smack, leaving an angry red handprint on her creamy ass cheek. She yelped in both surprise and sudden pain, biting her lip to keep from crying out louder. I gave her other cheek a hard swat, leaving a nearly identical print on that cheek. I hadn't had to spank either of them since they were small, and even then their swats were generally on their panty covered butts. I was almost surprised at how much it hurt my hand to give her bare bottom those two swats.

I rubbed my hand over her cheeks, trying to sooth the angry red spots as well as my suddenly sore hand.

"I'm sorry Daddy," Diane whispered just loud enough for me to hear.

"Apology accepted," I said softly back, reaching down under her chest to help her back up, accidently getting a handful of her right breast in the process. I helped lift her up and get her standing again before letting go of her. She stepped back and settled into the water, staring at me as she lowered into the swirling hot pool.

"You're turn," I said to Tabby, waiting for her to come toward me.

"Okay," she said quietly, staring at my lap as she moved closer. I looked down at my own lap as she stepped to me, looking down at where both she and Diane were staring.

My wet suit had pulled down in front from Diane being laid over my lap, my hard cock now sticking up out of the red material, held bent to one side by the elastic waistband. Tabby stepped toward me, staring at my cock as she reached one hand to the edge of the tub on my left side and the other moving to "accidently" tangle in the waistband of my suit and push it down farther, freeing my cock to stick straight up. She didn't take her eyes off my cock until the last second, brushing her fingers along the hard shaft as she moved to lay on my lap, lowering herself slowly onto my lap, trapping my hardon between her stomach and my thigh.

I had no explanation for my physical reaction. I suppose I could just say that both of them are very good looking young women and leave it at that, but I'd be lying to myself. Clearly touching their soft skin and seeing their exposed privates was getting me turned on in a very unfatherly way.

I tried to put it out of my mind as I brought my hand down on Tabby's left cheek with a loud smack. I heard her cry out for a moment and then bite the sound back. I gave her a second smack, but instead of hearing a crying wail, I heard a soft moan, and not a moan of pain. I rubbed both cheeks as I did Diane's and reached under her to help lift her up. She found my hand as it moved under her chest and guided it right to her breast, pressing my palm against her rock hard nipple, squeezing my hand so that it squeezed her breast. I shouldn't have. I mean it was a piss poor idea. But at that particular moment it was only a brief lapse in thought, or judgement. As I stroked my hand across her ass I let my fingers slide down between her thighs, the tips of my fingers stroking down her very wet lips. It wasn't water from the hot tub that I felt. It was slick, lubricating fluid. I continued to stroke my fingers up and down her slit for long seconds before I realized what I was doing and drew my hand up to her ass again.

"I hope you learned a lesson," I croaked out, my hand still squeezing her breast.

"Uh huh," she gasped softly before whispering. "I'm sorry Daddy."

"You should be," I forced myself to say as I started to lift her up, her left hand moving to press on my legs for support. She lifted herself up until she was standing and then, before stepping back, reached for my hard cock and wrapped her hand around it, stroking it several times before suddenly letting go of it and stepping back.

She sank into the water, staring at my hard cock, now pointing straight up. I looked down at myself and tried to pull the tiny red suit up over my hardon, covering only a small portion of it successfully. "I think I'll call it a night," I said, swinging my legs over the side of the tub. I stood next to the tub, pushed the red suit down my legs and then set it on the edge of the tub, leaving me standing completely naked as they had been. I turned and walked to the house, my rigid shaft swinging side to side with each step.

I picked up my clothes from the living room and walked to the bedroom, not even turning on the light as I dropped everything on the foot of the bed and then lay down. My mind was filled with a confusing convolution of Emily's body and my daughter's bodies as I stroked my rigid shaft. I felt my climax building quickly as my brain thought about the wetness of Tabby's pussy on my fingers and the hotness of her body against mine. I could feel the softness of her breast in my hand and the hardness of her nipple pressing into my palm. It was only a short leap and my brain was imagining having Tabby just turn around in the tub, instead of settling under the water, bending over and pushing her pussy and ass out at me. I came hard, squiring shot after shot of cum on my chest and stomach as I imagined how it would feel to push my cock into her hot wet pussy.

My sleep was restless and filled with images of sex. Sex with Emily in the store, not just once but in various places in the store, and sex with my own daughters. At times my dreams seemed almost real, my brain moving my hips in my sleep to the images and sensations that my brain presented. I saw first Tabby kneeling over me, sliding herself down my shaft, to be replaced moments later by Diane bouncing wildly on my shaft. In my dream I could see her breasts, bouncing and swinging with each stroke, her moans and gasps encouraging my own orgasm toward climax. I felt her soft wet tunnel stroking me, caressing my shaft and head, feeling her depths press against my engorged head at the end of each stroke. I lifted my hands to her breasts, capturing the bouncing orbs, rubbing my thumbs across each hard nipple. I could feel their weight as she bounced wildly on me, my hands barely able to keep them captured. I could tell I was about to come, her own climax squeezing and spasming her tunnel around me. I felt my cum start to flow up on its terminal trip, my hips bucking up into her sexy body.

I woke with a start, the sensations finally overcoming the discontinuities of my dream, my body bucking hard up against the weight on my hips. The groan of pleasure I heard was no longer part of the confused dream but a reality my brain was trying desperately to process. I realized I was reaching out in the dark, holding the soft skin of two large breasts. I felt a person sitting astride of me, my ongoing climax surging cum out and at the same time making it difficult to process the sudden change in conditions. No longer was I laying on the floor of the store, pumping my cum up into Tabby, but instead was laying on my bed, pumping my cum up into an as yet unidentified woman.

As my climax began to subside, I slid my hands from her breasts, easing them along the soft body on me, exploring and searching for who. I felt hair nearly down to her breasts, hanging down as she moaned softly over me. "God Daddy," I heard Tabby whisper.

"Tabby!" I said in shock, jerking myself up in the dark, only to flop back down as she leaned farther forward, her soft tits pressing to my chest. "Jesus Tabby!" I practically shouted, rolling the two of us over on the bed and pulling back, my cock sliding out of her as I pushed myself up to my knees over her in the dark.

"Shhhhh," she whispered, pressing her fingers to my lips, fingers that smelled and tasted like pussy. "You'll wake up Diane."

"Wake up Diane? God Tabby. What did you do?"

"What we both wanted. I could tell, out in the hot tub, you sticking your fingers in my pussy, your cock was rock hard from looking at our naked bodies. We both wanted this," she whispered. "God you felt good coming inside me. Better than even in my dreams."

"Jesus," I swore quietly, dropping to the bed next to her and rolling onto my back again. I felt her move my arm and then roll against me, pressing her body against mine, her leg over mine and her thigh nudging my balls. Her hot breath tickled my ear slightly as she gently kissed the side of my face, her hand sliding down my chest to my crotch, gently cupping my now softened cock. "This isn't right," I whispered.

"So who's gonna know?" she whispered back.

"I will."

"Shhhh. Just get back to sleep. It'll be alright. You'll see," she whispered, shifting her head and body, clearly getting comfortable against me. It wasn't long before her breathing was slow and steady, falling asleep as if what she had done was perfectly natural. I unfortunately wasn't nearly so comfortable, and sleep didn't come for a considerable time.

My dreams were convoluted, images of my daughters stripping before me in multiple places and situations, each time teasing my body and coaxing my cock to its full proportions before walking away and leaving me hanging. Finally, the last time, Tabby took her swimsuit off at the beach, thigh deep in the water, pushing mine down as well. She turned her back to me and bent over, guiding me into her hot wet pussy. "That's it Daddy. Fuck my hot little pussy," she whispered over the sound of the waves, my hips slowly pumping my rigid shaft in and out of her.

I woke to the partial light of just past dawn filtering in the windows. At first I thought it had all been a dream, but that thought lasted only moments as I realized I was on my side, one of my daughters curled up on her side in front of me, trying to thrust her ass back at me as I thrust my hips toward her. My cock slide in and out of her, driving deep with every thrust, her hand on my hip encouraging me to push forward again.

"Oh damn," I groaned, my brain telling me to stop but my body telling me to keep stroking into her. Her pussy felt velvety soft and firm at the same time. The hot confines caressed each inch of my shaft with each stroke, her softness almost demanding that I push back in again until my head pressed against the end of her tunnel. The sounds of her soft mews and moans seemed to push my approaching climax closer with each stroke.

"Oh god. Gonna come Daddy," she moaned as her legs started to tremble. "Harder. Oh god fuck me harder!" she begged, my body responding on its own by jamming into her harder. "That's it. Almost there. Oh fuck. Almost there!" she grunted as her body shook more, little shivers and shudders seeming to ripple through her body. "FUCK YES!" she cried loudly as her whole body went rigid, her pussy clenching around me as I tried to keep thrusting into her. The tightness of her pussy and the softness of the breast in my hand seemed to be at odds of sensations, but in the best possible way. With one more sharp jab, I drove my cock into her and drew her tightly to my chest as my body started to convulse, my cum pumping out into her pussy as my hips tried to drive deeper into her with each new surge of cum.

"Oh god," I breathed quietly, my climax retreating and the reality of what I had just done with my own daughter invading the pleasure of the moment.

"I know. It was sooooo good wasn't it?" she whispered, her fingers gently stroking my hip as she lay against me, my arm sliding to wrap around her more, cupping her other breast as I buried my face in her neck and soft blonde hair.

"It was so wrong," I finally whispered, my brain demanding that I pull my softening cock from her yet also telling me to leave it exactly where it was.

"Something this good can't be that wrong," she whispered back. "You have to know I'm not a virgin, so it isn't like you're taking something from me. You're sharing something with me that I want you to share."

"Actually, I didn't know that," I breathed, trying to cope with a suddenly new revelation on top of the fact that my dick was buried in my own daughter's pussy.

"Daddy?"

"Yeah Tabby?"

"Are you mad at me?"

"I don't blame you for this. No, I'm not mad at you," I whispered back.

"Are you mad at yourself?"

"Pretty much."

"Why?"

"Dads are supposed to protect their children, not take advantage of them like this."

"But you ARE protecting me!" she said, moving her hand from my hip to capture my arm and pull it tightly against her body. "Trust me. I feel VERY protected."

"I still don't feel right about this," I said, trying to pull my arm away from her only to have her clamp herself tighter to it.

"Don't. Please," she coaxed, getting me to relax. "I did do it on purpose though."

"What was that?"

"The swimsuits. I've known for a long time you were turned on by us, but you always tried to hide it, even from yourself. I knew if we wore tiny suits for you that you'd get a hardon."

"Yeah. Well I couldn't help it."

"I know. But that was what I wanted. I wanted you to be turned on by us. Or at least me. I wanted to feel your hard cock between my legs and slide into me. I wanted to feel you come inside me and pump your cum into my excited pussy. I wanted to come around you and feel what it was like to climax on your fat cock. I wanted all that, and I sorta had to trick you to get it."

"Well, you most definitely got it," I answered.

"I don't want it to be the last time," she whispered.

"Huh? You're telling me you WANT to have sex with your father?"

"I want to have sex with the sweetest, most caring, loving man I know," she whispered. "Just so happens that guy is my dad."

"I don't understand."

"I'm not a virgin, but, well, the guys that I've had sex with are always interested in getting it off and then they're done. They don't seem to care if I got satisfied or even want more. To them, it's always about having sex, not making love. You told us that when we grew up and got older that we'd meet a guy that would care as much about what we felt as what he felt, and when we met him that sex would be fantastic. Until then we were supposed to keep it to ourselves. Well, I didn't and now I'm wishing I did, because I know how gentle and caring it can be."

"Oh sweetie," I said softly.

"It's alright Dad. I'm okay with my choices, I just want more. I want to learn different ways to be pleasured and to pleasure. I want to explore, and I don't think these guys I've been banging are going to be the way to get that."

"And you think I am?"

"I know you are," she whispered, rolling over to face me after my softening cock slid from her pussy. She moved her face to mine, gently kissing me. "So what do we try next?"

"Who said there would be a next?"

"Come on Daddy. You KNOW I want a next and another next and another next."

"Sounds like you're assuming a lot," I said quietly.

"Uh huh. But I know you'll give in. You always do," she said with a little giggle.

"Oh lord," I said quietly, wondering what I was going to do about my daughter and her obvious desires.

**Life with the Twins Ch. 02**

*Summary: Dad has a doctor visit to help with his daughter problem.*

There was no doubt that I needed to talk to someone about Tabitha's behavior. It had only been one night, but she left me with no doubt that there would be other such encounters. As a single dad it's my responsibility to take care of my daughters, but somehow I didn't expect to have to take care of them in THIS way. I mean I did the parental job of giving them some introduction to sex so they at least understood things, but I never expected that to come back in this way.

The question was, who exactly could I talk to? Over the years I'd gone out with a number of women, but who could I trust to be discrete about this? Then it came to me. Sylvia, the girl's Gynecologist. At the prodding of the girls, Sylvia and I had gone out to dinner a couple times. Though there was some interest, things just hadn't progressed to the point of more than a little making out, almost like a couple of nervous teenagers.

I picked up my office phone, and dialed her personal cell phone. I didn't really expect her to pick up during the work day, but she said if I left a message she'd always call me back. "Sylvia. It's George. I have something I'd like to discuss. Could we get together for a little talk? Thanks. Talk to you later." I hung up the phone and went back to the mountain of paperwork on my desk.

"George," I said, answering my phone a few minutes later.

"George! It's Sylvia. I got your message. What's up? Something wrong with one of the girls?" she asked with obvious concern.

"Hi Sylvia. No, nothing wrong. Well, not in a physical sense. But I have something a little delicate I'd like to talk about."

"I see. You want to come by the office? I could work you in later this afternoon. I know I have at least one cancelation around three."

"If you don't mind. I'd prefer if we could do this a little more privately," I said feeling a flutter in my stomach from nervousness.

"Ohhhhh. More privately? Planning on continuing our last private conversation?"

"Not specifically."

"Awwwww. I was hoping you wanted to continue that little conversation like you promised. Oh well. If you want privacy, how about my place?"

"That'd be great. I'll bring some take-out. I don't want you to have to put yourself out on my account."

"Ohhhhh. Take-out. Fancy!" she said over the phone with a girlish giggle. "Tell you what. Make it Chinese and you have a date."

"Chinese it is. About six?"

" Better make it about six thirty. I'm rarely done at the office before six."

"Six thirty it is," I said with a smile, glad that I had a path forward.

"See you at six thirty. And George. I wouldn't mind if you continue where you left off last time. Let's see. If I remember right you'd just talked me out of my panties. I'll start the same way if you want too," she whispered into the phone barely loud enough for me to hear.

I chuckled softly. "You're something else."

"A good something else I hope."

"Yes. A good something else," I answered her.

"Good. See you this evening then. I better get back to my patients."

"Alright. See you tonight," I answered before hanging up the phone.

I liked Sylvia. She was a vibrant, bubbly, petite woman with an obvious hint of Asian ancestry. My girls had wrangled things so that the two of us both thought the other had made an invitation to go out on a dinner date, an obvious setup once the two of us met for dinner. We had a good laugh and an enjoyable dinner. Over the next year or so we'd enjoyed each other's company several times and gotten to know each other fairly well, leading to our last outing, dinner and a movie, followed by a little heavy making out at her place before we were interrupted by an emergency call. We'd not had a chance to continue that particular direction since, though I wasn't opposed to doing so. She was clearly not opposed to the thought.

I made sure the girls were set for dinner at home and then went to pick up take-out, as I had promised, selecting the things I thought I remembered were her favorite Chinese dishes based on our limited number of dates. I arrived on her doorstep at almost exactly six thirty, still dressed in my sport coat from work.

"Well, now don't we look enticing!" she said as she opened the door for me, wearing a thigh length dress that was obliviously what she had worn to work as well.

"Thank you, I think," I answered as she moved aside to let me in. She closed the door behind me and followed me to the kitchen where I set down the bag with our dinner. She set plates and glasses of water on the table while I pulled the little white cardboard containers from the bag.

"Don't know what it is, but I LOVE Chinese take-out a whole lot better than my own cooking. I've just never quite gotten the hang of the spices," she said as she sat down in a chair across from where I stood.

"I find it enjoyable," I agreed as I sat as well.

"So, what's all the mystery? Something you wanted to talk about but not at the office? Are the girls alright?" she asked as she dished some rice onto her plate.

"Oh. They're fine. At least I guess they are."

"Okay George. What's going on? I don't think I've seen you this evasive about anything before, except buying vibrators or when the last time you had sex was. This isn't about sex is it?"

"Well it sorta is."

"You gave them the sex talk a LONG time ago. They're both eighteen going on nineteen. What could possibly be a sex problem with them at this point?"

I silently dished some food on my plate, unsure how to start what I needed to talk about. She seemed to understand that I was searching, and remained quiet, eating her own food and waiting for me to find the words I needed. "It's Tabby. She's...um...she's. Oh god."

"It's alright. Just let it out," she said, leaning toward me and trying to coax me to breathe first.

I spent the next few minutes explaining about buying their clothes and swimwear, their little game with their disappearing bikinis.

"Well, that's not a horrible thing. A lot of girls have crushes on their fathers and want to flaunt their assets. It's not that unusual."

"Is it unusual to have them climb in bed with you while you're asleep and have sex with you?" I blurted out.

Sylvia nearly choked on her food, struggling to swallow it and then taking a long drink of her water before saying anything. "You're telling me that you woke up in the night and she was what? Playing with your dick?"

"Oh if it was only that simple. No, I woke up and she was riding me like a horse," I said, looking down at my plate.

Sylvia was silent for long seconds before she finally spoke again. "Well, it's not unheard of, but yes, that is a little unusual."

"Yeah. Not surprised."

"Obviously from your comments, you're more than a little uncomfortable with the situation."

"Understatement."

"Yeah. Well. Boy. Um. Why don't we finish dinner and then go to the living room and talk about this."

"Sure," I answered, going back to eating, even though at that moment I wasn't all that hungry.

"So has she shown any other signs of being sexually attracted to you?" she asked a few minutes later as we munched on the food on our plates.

"Well in hind sight, yes. I took them shopping for clothes for vacation and they took me to a swimwear shop and gave me an EXTREMELY sexy bikini show."

"Oh. Did you get turned on by it?"

"Embarrassingly, yes."

"And they knew that?"

"Oh yeah," I answered.

"I take it you had an erection?"

"Oh yeah."

"Okay. Come on," she said, getting up from the table. She stepped around to my side of the table and stood waiting, holding her hand out. "Come on. I don't bite."

I got up and let her draw me by the hand toward the living room. She stopped in front of the sofa and turned me to face her. "Take off your clothes."

"Huh?"

"You want my help right? Take off your clothes."

"I don't know how this is going to help."

"Trust me. I know exactly what I'm doing," she said, reaching out to me and pushing my sport coat off my shoulders. She let it slide down my arms and then tossed it onto the back of the sofa. "I am a doctor after all. I'm trained in a lot more than just women's vaginas."

"I'm sure of that. But..." I protested as she started pulling the knot on my tie.

"But nothing. I wouldn't do anything to hurt you. Just relax and trust me while I get you comfortable."

"Somehow having you undress me isn't exactly making me comfortable."

"No?" she asked, tossing my tie aside. "Nervous about getting naked in front of a doctor? Well, you wouldn't be the first man to be nervous in front of a woman doctor. Tell you what. I'd never do this at the office, but here, why not. Maybe it'll make you feel less uncomfortable," she said as she reached behind her back. Moments later she pulled her hands back in front of her and shook the dress off her shoulders, letting it slide down her arms and body. She stepped out of the dress, now pooled on the floor around her feet and bent to pick it up. She tossed it on the sofa on my coat, leaving her standing in high heels, thigh high stockings and a lacy little bra that really didn't hide all that much of her firm little B cup breasts. Her mound had a neatly trimmed mat of almost black curls, pointing like a little arrow toward the gap between her legs. "There, that's better, isn't it?"

"Uh. Not really," I chuckled, shaking my head slightly. "Now I'll just have a hard-on, which is probably more embarrassing."

"That's okay. We were going to have to get it warmed up anyway. Now you just have a head start on it," she said as she reached for my shirt and started to unbutton it.

"You want me to have a hard-on?"

"Of course. I can't evaluate what Tabitha is being drawn to if I can't see it that way, can I?" she asked, pulling my shirttail out of my pants and pushing my shirt off my shoulders.

"I suppose not," I agreed with a little frown, not entirely sure what kind of 'evaluation' she was going to do.

She squatted down in front of me and untied my shoes, coaxing me to lift each foot, pulling off my shoes one at a time. Still squatting in front of me, she undid my pants and let them slide down, leaving only my boxers covering my bent and mostly hard dick. She looked up at me and grinned. "Now. Relax. Trust me. I've seen men's penises in all kinds of shapes, sizes and states." She lifted her hands to the waist of my boxers and slid them down, my cock springing out to poke straight out at her face. She seemed unphased by it and coaxed me to lift my feet again, tossing my pants and underwear onto the sofa, leaving me in nothing but my socks. She reached her hands up toward my dick, wrapping both hands around it and giving it a few soft gentle strokes. "Very nice. Nice full girth, excellent length, circumcised," she noted almost to herself before using one hand to gently lift and cup my balls. "Nice size, no obvious issues. Overall, an extremely nice above average penis."

"Above average?"

"Well, we'd have to get it fully hard to really measure it, but I can already tell that you're probably at least an inch longer than the average penis. Maybe a bit larger around too."

"What does this have to do with Tabby?"

"Oh quite a lot actually," she said. "Why don't we get this all the way hard and see where we stand?" she asked, looking up at me. Before I could answer she leaned her face toward me and engulfed my engorged head in her hot wet mouth. She used both hands to slide along my shaft, following her lips. On and off my shaft she moved her mouth, her tongue teasing the bottom side of my shaft and head as she pushed her mouth on and off of me.

"Oh damn," I groaned softly, trying not to thrust my hips at her and the incredible sensations she was causing. If I had to judge, she was definitely better at this than Emily, though I had to admit that Emily's blow job was the first I'd had in many years.

"Well, now we have something to work with," she said pulling her mouth off my cock. "Feeling any more comfortable?"

"Not really," I said as she gently teased my cock with her hands.

"Well, maybe we need to reverse the rolls then," she said, moving on her knees to the sofa and lifting herself off the floor to sit on it. "It's kind of nice to do this at home instead of the office. It's nice to not have to be quite as clinical for a change." She spread her legs and lifted her feet off the floor, hooking her heels on the edge of the sofa to spread her pussy for me.

Her lips were full and round with a significant amount of her soft inner lips protruding. Her shaved, soft looking lips were centered in an untanned triangle of creamy white skin. Her darker inner lips protruding glistened in the harsh living room lights, wet with her obvious excitement. "So what do you think?"

"I think that you're lovely," I answered honestly.

"Well, feel free to inspect me as closely as you wish," she said with a grin. "Turnabout is fair play, isn't it?"

"I'd say so," I answered as I knelt in front of her, thinking more about sex at the moment than that we were supposed to be talking about Tabby. I reached out and gently teased a finger up and down her soft outer lips, intentionally avoiding her soft inner lips. I moved the tip of my finger closer and closer to her soft folds before ever so slightly teasing my finger across that sensitive spot between her pussy and her rosebud. I felt her stiffen slightly and then relax again as I drew my finger up between her wet lips, letting the tip dip into her tunnel entrance slightly before drawing it up her pubic bone to the end of her slit and her hooded clit. I rolled my hand slightly and added a second finger, pulling and spreading her inner folds to force her clit up and out of its hood. I lowered my face down and slowly stroked my tongue up her wet lips, spreading them as I slid up her wetness, finally drawing my tongue slowly over her exposed clit.

"Ohhhhhh fuuuuuuck," she moaned softly. "Now that's what I call an examination."

"You like?" I asked as I lowered my face for another long slow stroke.

"Oh god yes."

I teased my tongue up her slit again, stroking across her clit at the end of my stroke and then gently teasing the hard nub with the tip of my tongue. She moaned and tried to push her hips up at me as I licked again, making sure to tease her clit at least as much as her tongue had teased my engorged head.

"Oh my god. You're making me so fucking turned on. God I want your cock in me so bad," she moaned, reaching between her legs for my head. "Come on up here and fuck me sweetie," she moaned as I stroked her pussy yet again with my tongue.

At the end of my stroke I let her coax me higher, kissing my way up her mound and stomach, spreading the juices on my face up her body as I worked higher. I stopped my kisses long enough to flick the little front catch on her bra, the cups springing apart to expose her creamy white orbs and rock hard pink nipples. I kissed my way to her breasts, teasing each nipple with my tongue before sucking it into my mouth, drawing a new moan from her lips. I reached down to my cock and aimed my engorged head at her sopping wet lips, teasing it up and down her soft wet folds before letting it engage into the entrance to her tunnel.

She moved her feet from the edge of the sofa to hook her heels on my ass, trying to pull me into her as she arched her back and pushed her pussy toward my cock. "Ohhhh god yes. Ohhhhhhh fuck yes," she moaned as I started stroking into her, working the full length of my shaft up into her as it became lubricated. In and out I stroked, her body rocking and arching with each push into her, constantly changing the sensations on my sliding cock. Her moans and gasps grew louder with each passing second, my cock sliding fully into her and pressing against her cervix with each stroke. "Oh god George. Fuck me harder. Please stop teasing me and fuck me harder! God I'm so fucking close to coming."

"Uh huh," I grunted feeling the exact same way, but not wanting to rush our first time. I stroked slightly faster, her body bouncing off my thighs, her small firm tits bouncing and wiggling like little mounds of jello with each impact. I leaned my head down and sucked one of her nipples into my mouth, gently nibbling the hard nub and causing her to cry out in surprise and pleasure. I felt her pussy start to clench and contract around me as her body shuddered, her breathing ragged and gaspy. "God. Gonna come," I grunted, not sure if she wanted me to come in her or not. Her response was to pull me harder with her heels, clearly coaxing me to climax inside her. "Uh. God. Here it comes," I grunted as my body bucked hard, jamming myself into her as far as I could go.

"YES!" she cried, her body suddenly jerking as well, the spasm seeming to be in response to the flow of my hot cum lancing into her. Her body jerked and shuddered in time with mine until we were both drained. "Oh Jesus George. Ohhhh my god does your cock feel good."

"You feel pretty spectacular around me too."

"Trust me. I'm average sized, but you, you're not a monster, like a horse, but easily two inches larger than average, with enough thickness to make nearly any woman feel full, and probably really stretch the limits of a smaller woman."

"I don't think I've ever been analyzed like that," I answered, not quite sure how to take her comments.

"Trust me. It'll be the only time. From now on all I'll care about is getting you back into me again, as many times and as many ways as you want," she said, as she slid a hand between us and gently teased her fingers around where I was still buried between her lips. "It's no wonder Tabitha wants to be having sex with you. She's probably comparing you to those young boys, most of which aren't fully developed yet. Most young men don't get their full length and thickness until at least twenty or twenty two."

"So what do we do? What do I do?" I asked as I softened inside her.

"Well. I think maybe we should have a talk with her. You know. Try to get this out in the open and see what we can work out."

"You think that's a good idea?"

"Oh definitely. I can help you with that. I know having these kind of discussions with your daughters are uncomfortable."

"They are that."

"Okay. Let me get up then," she said, gently pushing me back. She got up from the sofa, walked to the kitchen and came back with her phone. "What's her number?"

I told her Tabby's cell number and then reached for my boxers.

"No. Don't do that," she said, reaching for my boxers with one hand and pressing call with the other.

"Hi Tabitha? This is Doctor Jennings. Yes. That's right. No. Nothing serious. I wonder if you could come by my house. Well, your father and I have been discussing things, and he's concerned about what happened yesterday. I told him I'd be happy to try and help out. Oh we just need to have a discussion. No you're not in any trouble. Sure. I'll text you my address. Alright. See you soon then."

"So?"

"She'll come right over. Should be here in about half an hour or so."

"Okay. Well, that gives us time to get dressed and such. Not sure she needs to know I was having sex with her doctor."

"Actually, I think it would be a very good idea for her to find out. I mean she should know that you have an active and healthy sex life."

"Okay, so we can tell her that we're having sex."

"No. I don't think you understand. I think she should understand what that means, and being naked with me, even though I'm her doctor, seems like an excellent way to impress upon her that this is what adults that have feelings for each other do. At least I presume you have some feelings for me, at least after our last date I'm making that assumption."

"Oh. No. You're right. I do like you. Quite a bit actually. Otherwise we wouldn't have been doing what we were when we got cut short," I answered.

"Good," she said with a smile, setting the phone aside. "Now as I recall when we were cut short last time we were doing something like this," she said as she rolled herself half on top of me. She pulled one of my hands between her legs as leaned her face toward mine, pressing her lips against mine softly. I let my fingers slip between her lips and gently tease and stroke her, trying not to overly stimulate her already sensitive clit. She moved her leg farther across mine to spread her legs farther as she kissed me, occasionally sucking my lower lip and moaning softly into my mouth. "Oh yeah. This is EXACTLY what we were doing, only with a few more clothes on. It's a lot easier this way isn't it?" she asked before pressing her lips to mine again.

I could feel her hard nipple pressing into my side as she let her fingers stroke up and down my chest, occasionally worming between my body and her thigh to tease my already growing cock. I'd long since lost track of how long we were teasing each other when she whispered softly, "Someone feels like he's already getting turned on again. I know I am. I love what you do with your fingers. If we hadn't gotten interrupted last time I'd have probably ended up straddling your lap, fucking your brains out!"

"Oh yeah?"

"Uh huh," she moaned as I circled her clit with the tip of my finger. "Ohhhh god you're so bad, or so good. I'm not sure which!"

"Uh huh," I answered, feeling her wrap her hand around my mostly hard cock.

"What should I do with this?"

"I can think of a few things."

"Oh? Let's see. I could give you another examination."

"That wasn't what I was thinking," I whispered back.

"No? Hmmm. What else could I do with it?"

"I'll leave that up to your imagination."

"You're taking a lot for granted."

"Uh uh. I have a good hunch you can think of all kinds of pleasant things to do with that," I said softly with a chuckle.

"Oh trust me. I can think of plenty of things to keep us busy for a LOOOONG time!" She giggled as she pushed herself onto my lap, one leg on either side of me. She pushed herself up, shrugging off the bra that was still hanging on her shoulders, leaving her in only her stockings and shoes. She grinned at me as she reached down between her legs, finding my cock and pulling it up vertical. I moved my hand from between her legs and slid both my hands up to her firm breasts as she rubbed my head between her lips. "Let's see how you like this," she said softly as she settled her petite form down on me, her pussy expanding to take my shaft into herself. "Ohhhhhh god. You feel so damn big, and you're not even all the way yet," she moaned as she started to slowly ride up and down my shaft.

"Mmmmmm. I like this," I sighed softly, feeling no urgency and more than content to let her pick her pace. I wasn't worried about coming too soon. I always last a lot longer the second time around. She bounced on my lap, her ass slapping rhythmically on my thighs, her firm breasts bouncing lightly in my hands as I let them slide slightly, rubbing her nipples on my palms with her own motions.

"Yeah. Me too," she breathed softly. "This was how I wanted to be last time we were together. But it was worth the wait."

"Uh huh," I agreed as she used her knees to push herself up and drop down my shaft. We hadn't been this way enough for me to learn her triggers, but I was reasonably sure that she was moments away from another climax, so I changed my grip on her breasts, moving my hands to hold her nipples between my finger and thumb. As she dropped onto me faster her bouncing breasts pulled and tugged at her nipples, my fingers gently squeezing and twisting them as well.

"Oh shit. OHHHHH FUCK!" she squealed loudly, her pussy clamping around my cock as she slammed herself down hard on my lap. I felt her whole body shudder and tremble as she sat astride me, her pussy squeezing and kneading my shaft. "Ohhhhhhh god," she moaned, leaning herself toward me. "I need to rest my pussy a minute," she whispered, gently moving my hands from her tits so she could lean against my chest. I cupped her ass cheeks and gently squeezed and massaged her firm butt as she lay on me, panting for breath. "God I could fuck you all day and night," she said with a soft whispered giggle.

"I'd be inclined to let you," I agreed equally quietly, her hips moving occasionally to keep me hard inside her.

The doorbell rang, interrupting our gentle snuggle. Sylvia pushed up off of me and trotted across the room to the front door. She didn't bother to even shield herself with it as she opened it, standing completely naked in full view of whoever was there. "Tabitha. Come in!" she said, stepping back and holding the door open for my daughter to come into the room. "Come on over. We need to have a real girl talk," she said, closing the door behind her.

Tabby walked over toward the sofa, staring at my engorged cock, glistening with Sylvia's pussy juices. "You might as well take these off," Sylvia said, tugging on the small shorts and tank top that Tabby had on.

"Here?"

"Sure. You've already been naked in front of your father, and you had sex with him in bed. You shouldn't be too bashful about being naked in front of him now, should you?"

"I guess not," she said a little hesitantly. Hesitant or not, Sylvia pulled Tabby's tank top up and off and then undid her bra, letting her large round breasts hang in full view. She bent, her big tits hanging down and swinging with her motions as she pushed her shorts and the tiny panties she had on, down her legs.

"Much better. Now, come have a seat," Sylvia said, drawing Tabby by the hand over toward me. Instead of the sofa, Sylvia turned Tabby to sit sideways on my lap, pressing my cock against my body with her bare ass cheek.

"Sylvia..." I started to protest as Tabby sat on my lap.

"Shhhh," She interrupted. "Trust me George."

I opened my mouth to protest again and then closed it, not sure what I was going to argue at that moment.

"So, Tabitha. I understand you had a rather interesting day yesterday?"

"Well, we did have a little shopping trip," she answered a little meekly.

"Oh? Would you like to tell me about it?"

"I guess. Um. Is there some reason we're all naked?"

"Well, since you're clearly an adult, I don't see any reason that you shouldn't be treated as one. Your father and I were just engaging in a little adult recreation, and it wouldn't really be appropriate for you to remain dressed while we were naked, would it?"

"I guess not."

"So your shopping trip?"

"Um. We went to get some clothes for vacation and new swimsuits."

"I see. You got some really sexy suits?"

"KInda."

"KInda? From what I heard more than kinda."

"Well, we got these slick little white ones that get transparent when they're wet."

"And you wanted to wear them for your dad?"

"Yeah," she said quietly.

"Tell me, do you get excited, sexually I mean, showing off your body to your dad? Like sitting here, naked on his lap. Does that turn you on?"

"Yeah, it kinda does," she whispered back, wiggling her ass a little.

"How kinda? Are you wet now?"

"Pretty wet." Tabby admitted.

"George. Why don't you feel how wet she is," Sylvia said, looking at me, almost startling me.

"Huh?"

"Feel her vagina. See how wet she is."

"You want me to feel up my own daughter?" I asked a little surprised. I wasn't expecting her 'help' to end up going this direction.

"Sure. I mean if she's really sexually attracted to you she won't mind you touching her that way. Right Tabitha?"

"Uh. No," Tabby said, clearly a little unsure of herself.

Sylvia reached across from where she was sitting and spread Tabby's legs apart, exposing her completely shaved pussy. "Go ahead George."

"Um. Sure," I answered, moving my hand to reach between my daughter's legs and stroked a finger up her lips, spreading them and feeling her wetness.

"So is she wet?"

"Pretty wet, yeah."

"Turned on by your father, or just being naked around us?"

"I don't know. Maybe the first one."

"You know, we were having sex when you got here. Does that bother you?"

"Not really. I mean he had sex with that lady at the swimwear shop," she said, making Sylvia look over at me in surprise.

"So him having sex with other women doesn't make you feel... jealous?"

"Not really. I want him to have sex with other women. I think he needs to find someone to replace my mom in his life. He's been alone for so long both Diane and I feel kinda sorry for him."

"So you want to have sex with him so he isn't lonely?"

"Oh god no. No I want to have sex with him because he's a fantastic fuck! I've been sneaking peeks at his cock in the shower and stuff for, well a long time. I just finally decided it was time to do more than look."

"I see. So when you look at him, how do you see him?"

"I mean he's my dad. How do you mean?"

"Let me put it another way. When you think about having sex with your dad, do you think of it as oh this is nice and tomorrow I'll move on, or gee I want to have sex forever, or something in between?"

"I don't know. I hadn't really thought about it. I just, well I love my dad and I wanted to...I don't know. I just wanted to feel him that way."

"So it's not sex, just a physical connection you're looking for?"

"I guess sorta."

Sylvia slid off the sofa to kneel in front of Tabby. "Stand up sweetie. Just for a minute."

"Okay," she said with a shrug, pushing herself up from my lap.

Sylvia stepped over next to her and reached down to my lap, wrapping her hand around my shaft. "Now back down," Sylvia said, gripping my still hard cock and holding it upward. She aimed it straight at Tabby's wet pussy.

"Oh god," Tabby gasped softly as Sylvia aimed my cock at her wet pussy while she sat down, sinking down the length of my shaft until her ass rested on my legs again. "Ohhhhhh god," She breathed.

Sylvia moved back to the sofa and let Tabby sit on my lap for several seconds before saying anything. "Okay. So this is what you want? That intense physical connection?"

"Ohhhhh god," Tabby moaned, trying to sit still on my cock.

"Do you want more than that? Do you want to be having sex with him?"

"Oh god yes," Tabby moaned, her body shuddering slightly almost as if she were already having an orgasm.

"Why?" Sylvia asked quietly.

"Because it feels so damn good in me."

"Tabitha. Before last night, have you ever done anything with your father, something you kept secret, maybe even from him?"

"Oh god," Tabby moaned, covering her face. After several seconds she pulled her hands away, took a deep breath and looked at me. "Sometimes I'd sneak into his room at night and play with his cock. At first I'd just touch it and watch it get hard, then I got braver and I'd lick it and stuff. Then one night he was laying on his back and his cock was really hard, so I tried to put it into my pussy. I got it almost all the way in before he groaned and tried to roll over. I got scared and hid by the side of the bed until I was sure he was asleep again."

"So you've been doing this for a while, slowly working up the courage to finally just have sex. What if he hadn't woken up while you were doing other things? Before yesterday? Would you have told him?"

"I'm sorry daddy. No. I was afraid he'd be mad at me."

"But he isn't mad at you, is he?"

"He doesn't seem mad."

"I assure you, he's not. But he is concerned, which is why he came to talk to me about it. So, what do you think we should do about this?"

"I don't know."

"Do you think getting this out into the open will help? Make it less forbidden maybe?"

"Maybe," Tabby answered meekly.

"Well, maybe that's what we should do then," Sylvia said with a smile. "Maybe we should let you participate like an adult."

"An adult?"

"Yes," she said simply, standing up. "Come on," Sylvia added, gently tugging on one of Tabby's hands. She coaxed her off my lap, and my cock, coaxing her down onto the carpeted floor. "Come on George," she coaxed me as she got Tabby laying on her back on the floor, her knees pulled up and back to expose her pussy. "Why don't you do to Tabitha what you did to me earlier?"

"Everything?" I asked in surprise.

"Of course. It's what you would do to any adult woman, isn't it?"

"Well, yeah, but she's my daughter."

"All the more reason to show her love and tenderness," Sylvia said gently. "Come on." She pulled my hand and I slid hesitantly off the sofa onto my hands and knees.

"Are you sure about this?"

"Absolutely!" Sylvia answered emphatically.

I wasn't so sure this was the best thing to be doing, but I had asked for her help and she has a lot more schooling and experience in psychology than I do. I crawled between Tabby's legs and lowered my face to her pussy, tentatively reaching out and licking her full round wet pussy lips with the tip of my tongue.i I gently traced the soft slit between her full lips and then laid on my stomach so I could wrap my arms around her thighs. With my fingers gently pulling her full outer lips apart, I pressed my tongue between them, teasing the soft pink inner folds of her womanhood, tasting her arousal and listening to the soft moans my strokes were generating.

"That's it. Make her want it. Let her feel your love for her. Tease her soft young pussy until she begs for you to fill it with your big, long, fat cock," Sylvia whispered, her face near mine, her cheek almost laying on Tabby's stomach. "That's it. Lick her hot wet pussy. Can you feel her getting more and more turned on?"

"Uh huh," I grunted as I dug my tongue into her pussy again, stroking up to her now unshrouded clit and flicking across it.

"Oh god daddy! Fuck me. Please fuck me!" Tabby moaned loudly, trying to hold her hips still but being less and less successful with each stroke of my tongue.

"Yes, George. I think it's time to fuck her hot little pussy," Sylvia whispered.

"Now?" I asked, still unsure of what I was being asked to do.

"Yes. Now." Sylvia coaxed, lifting herself from the floor to help me move back to all fours. She gently reached under me, grasping my rock hard cock in her hand, using it as a handle to draw me toward my daughter's pussy. "Here you go," she said, rubbing my head up and down Tabby's wet pussy lips before reaching out with her other hand to push on my ass, forcing me to lower myself down and drive my cock slowly into my daughter. "There you go," she whispered as my rock hard cock slipped slowly into Tabby.

"Oh god. Soooooo good," Tabby moaned, looping her legs around me to hook her feet on my ass. She lifted her ass off the floor, pulling herself up toward me and helping to drive my shaft fully into her.

"There you go," Sylvia whispered in my ear, one hand on my bare ass and the other reaching out to one of Tabby's large soft breasts. "Now fuck your sweet little daughter. Let her feel your cock sliding all the way in and out of her. Make her come with your big fat cock!"

"Oh damn," I groaned as I started stroking into her, losing focus on exactly what it was we started, falling fully into the sensations around my shaft.

"Oh god yes daddy!" Tabby cried as she helped pump herself up toward me, driving us together with loud wet slaps. In and out I stroked, my engorged head caressed by her soft hot tunnel with each stroke.

"Oh fuck," I grunted, pumping in and out of her, my climax starting to build. I'd already been in both her and Sylvia a considerable amount of time since I'd come the first time, and the tightness of my daughter's pussy was pushing me toward climax a lot quicker than I thought possible.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," Tabby moaned as her body started to shudder.

"That's it. Fuck her good. She's already starting to climax," Sylvia whispered before moving away from my face. She leaned down over Tabby's chest and used both hands to capture one of her tits, squeezing it into a cone and sucking the whole areola into her mouth.

"OHHHHH FUCK!" Tabby cried as Sylvia sucked on her breast, my cock still plunging in and out rhythmically. "GOD I'M COMING!" she screamed from where she lay on the floor, her pussy spasming around my shaft and pushing me toward the point of no return.

"Shit," I grunted, trying to hold back my climax, still not entirely sure that coming in my own daughter was exactly the right thing to be doing. My body denied my mind's arguments and spasmed, jamming my cock into her hard, a massive squirt of cum lancing out into her tight little pussy.

"FUCK!" Tabby screamed as the feeling of my cock surging into her, filling the tight confines between my shaft and her vaginal walls with my hot slick cum. Her back arched and she dug her heels into my ass, pulling me as deeply into her as she could while I held myself over her, my spasming body trying time after time to jam into her deeper as I unloaded into her.

"Ohhhhhh god," I groaned softly as my body finally started to return control to my brain. "Jesus. I don't believe I just fucked my own daughter." I panted as Sylvia sat up on her knees, reaching out to gently stroke my back.

"You did, and it looked like she enjoyed it every bit as much as I did earlier," she said softly, leaning her face down toward mine. She used two fingers to turn my face to hers and gave me a long soft erotic kiss as I held myself over my panting daughter. "It looked soooooo damn hot too," she whispered as she broke the kiss. "I might have already come twice, but I know I have more in me yet tonight."

"Yeah?"

"Oh yeah. And if she wants to play like an adult, I think maybe we should indulge her."

"You think that's a good idea?"

"Oh yeah. I think it's a perfect idea," she said with a grin. "Why don't you lay down next to her and we'll let her give my pussy a little attention for a while."

"You sure?"

"Oh yeah," Sylvia answered breathlessly, coaxing Tabby's legs from around me. My softening cock slipped from her, my cum leaking from her still gaping pussy as I sat back and leaned against the sofa. "Now Tabitha. Why don't you lick my pussy?" she said as she crawled over her with her head toward Tabby's still spread legs. She lowered her ass down toward Tabby's face and her own face down between Tabby's legs. "Now sweetie. Lick my pussy. Make me come with your tongue like your daddy did to you."

"Oh damn," I groaned as I watched Sylvia lower her head between Tabby's legs, spreading her pussy lips apart and licking down her slit, collecting my cum on her tongue. The two lay there for long minutes, licking each other, the moans and gasps of each growing more pronounced. I'd of course seen this kind of thing in some of the porn I'd been using over the years to deal with the lack of female company, but I'd never seen anything like this in person, let alone between my daughter and someone I was starting to consider more than just a friend. I guess I hadn't even realized it until she said something, drawing my attention to my own lap where I was slowly stroking my again hard cock.

"You wanna come play too? I'm more than ready to have that stuffed in me," Sylvia said with a grin.

"Uh. God. Um. I guess so."

"You don't have to be so enthusiastic."

"It's not that. It's just Tabby," I said a little defensively.

"Trust me. She's doing just fine. Why don't you give me that from behind and let her watch."

"Like that?"

"Uh huh. Can you think of a better way for her to see it all up close and personal?"

"No. I guess not," I answered, getting up to walk around the two. I looked down at Tabby, looking up at me and grinning widely, her hands pulling Sylvia's ass cheeks apart to give me a complete view of her rosebud and pussy. I knelt down and felt Tabby wrap her hand around my cock, pulling it down to her mouth. She engulfed my head and used her other hand to grab my ass and coax me to slide it in and out of her mouth a few times.

"There. Now it's all wet and ready," Tabby said with a grin as she aimed my cock head at Sylvia's wet pussy.

"Oh god," I groaned softly as I slipped into her tight tunnel, her petite frame making her pussy nearly as tight as my daughter's. I held her hips and gently pushed in and out, stroking slowly at first and then working more quickly as Sylvia's moans drove my excitement higher. I could feel my balls slapping something, and expected it was a combination of Sylvia's pussy and my daughter's face as she licked and teased Sylvia's clit with her tongue.

"Oh fuck me! Ohhhhhh god yes, yes, fuck me! Fuck my hot little cunt!" Sylvia gasped over and over as I plunged into her. I could feel her pussy clenching and spasming as she climaxed around my plunging cock, moaning and gasping a continuous stream of requests and demands to fuck her harder, faster and so on. I lost track of how long I'd been banging into her before she reached back with one hand and pushed me away, pulling herself off of my cock and crawling off Tabby. "God no more. I can't take any more right now," she panted. "Jesus do I feel fucked out."

"I'm not," Tabby said, rolling over to get up off the ground. "Come on daddy," she coaxed, pulling me by the hand. I got up and followed her around the sofa, where she bent over the back, her ass pushing up in the air toward me. "Fuck me more daddy. I want to feel you come in me again."

"You do?"

"Oh god yes," she groaned as I rubbed my cock head up and down her wet pussy lips. "OHHHHHHH FUUUUUUCK!" she groaned loudly as I pushed into her, my cock expanding her tight little tunnel. I started pumping my hips, driving my cock in and out of her as she lay over the sofa. "Oh fuck yes. Sooooo fucking good! Give me all of that cock daddy! Fuck my hot little cunt with that big cock!"

"I think we're going to have to have a talk about your language," I grunted as I plunged in and out of her pussy, drawing a giggle from her.

"First we have to make you come," she said, looking back at me.

"That won't be a problem in a few minutes," I grunted in response.

She lifted her legs off the floor and spread them wide, nearly laying her knees on the back of the sofa as I held her hips so she didn't fall off the sofa, pounding into her. "That's it daddy. Fuck me. Come in my hot little pussy. Come in your daughter's hot wet pussy!"

"Oh shit," I groaned as my body responded to the new position and her dirty talk. I could feel the tingle racing through my body and my balls tightening up in preparation for what was to come. "Here it comes," I grunted as my body felt like it was going to explode. My body suddenly jerked, jamming my cock into her and nearly knocking her off the back of the sofa. I felt my cock pulse a jet of cum into her before jerking and sending another where the first had gone. Half a dozen times my body pumped into her before my climax started to wane.

"Oh yeah," Tabby moaned as she held herself up on the sofa cushions.

Sylvia got up from where she was sitting and walked around the sofa. She wrapped her arms around me, pressing her bare body against my back and ass, her arms gently teasing up and down my chest. "You know. I think you two are going to have to come over and have these little father daughter talks with me every so often."

"More? I thought this was supposed to teach her NOT to want to do this."

"I don't think that's possible. I think that until she gets tired of it, she's gonna be just like me. Begging for it every chance she gets," Sylvia giggled. "You've just shown you can handle two of us just fine," she said softly. "And if Tabitha wants to explore other positions and styles, well, I can't think of a safer place to do that than in her own father's arms."

"Oh lord," I groaned, realizing that my life had just gotten so much more complicated.

**Life with the Twins Ch. 03**

*Summary: The girls' trip begins for them and dad.*

Four days had gone by since my "talk" with Sylvia. I had to admit that I doubted that her rather unorthodox methodology would actually translate into getting Tabitha to back off, but so far it had seemed to do exactly that. Not that Sylvia wasn't somewhat insistent that I come back over again soon, but at least my daughter wasn't appearing in my bed in the middle of the night.

It was Friday and both girls were out on dates, leaving me to my own devices. I'd already been down in my shop for an hour or so working on a project and was quite covered in sawdust from sanding when the doorbell sounded. Feeling a little frustrated at the interruption I put the sandpaper down, pulled off the dust mask and goggles and trudged up the stairs, trying to brush off as much dust as I could before walking across the living room carpet, listening to the doorbell again.

I pulled the door open to see Sylvia standing on the front porch in a short blueish dress that highlighted her blue eyes and tall spike heels that made her already sexy legs look even more stunning. The dress was strapless, her breasts holding the slinky blue material up as it flowed down her body in tantalizingly translucent layers that looked almost like you could see all the way through the short tapered skirt portion to her panties.

"You weren't coming back over to my house, so I thought I'd take matters into my own hands," she said with a bright smile. "I even brought along a little liquid refreshment," she added, pulling a wine bottle from behind her back.

"Oh. Wow. Um. Hi," I said a little stupidly as stepped back and let her into the house, barely able to rip my eyes from her wiggling chest as she stepped past me.

"Looks like you've been busy," she said without the smile leaving her face. "I like a man that's handy with his hands," she said with a soft, little giggle. "Wanna show me what you're working on?"

"Sure," I answered, turning to lead the way across the room toward the stairs. She carefully started navigating down the stairs in her heels, stepping down them much more slowly than me as I bounced down them.

"You know, I don't wear heels this high very often. I'm nervous that I'll fall down these stairs on them," she said, stopping several stairs down and holding out a hand. I turned back to her and stepped back up the dozen stairs to where she stood and took her hand. I chuckled to myself, thinking that only a woman would wear something that made her feel uncomfortable, just because of how she looked. I half turned and swung my free arm under her legs, scooping her petite form into my arms. "OOOOO!" she cried in surprise as I finished twisting and carried her the rest of the way down the stairs.

"There you go," I said softly as I gently set her down, letting her slide from my grasp, her short dress, still hooked over my arm, pulling up over her nicely rounded ass.

She grinned and smoothed the dress down over her practically bare butt. "Trying to sneak a peek?" she asked with a girlish giggle.

"Honestly, I wasn't," I said a little defensively.

"No? Why not? Don't like looking at my tush?"

"You're tush?" I asked, almost laughing at the look on her face and the way she turned and pushed her butt out at me.

"Yeah. That's the medically correct term isn't it? My cute little tushy?" she said playfully, reaching behind her back and flipping up the hem of her dress to flash me her practically bare cheeks, only three little white strings breaking the perfect smoothness of her skin.

"Medically correct or not, I have to admit, it's a good looking tush," I answered, still looking at her butt, even though the dress was covering it again.

"Oh you do like my tush then?"

"I'd be lying if I said I didn't."

"Oh? Well, in that case you can touch it if you want," she said, pulling her skirt up again, this time leaving it held up, exposing her round creamy cheeks.

I chuckled and stepped the short half step toward her, reaching out to cup both firm globes. "You could just say you want to have sex."

"I could, but that wouldn't be nearly as much fun, would it?"

"As much fun as what?"

"Going slow. Teasing a little. Building that anticipation. Last time we just kind of jumped into it. I thought maybe we'd slow the game down a little this time."

"You won't hear me complain," I said with a smile, shuffling a little closer, her bare ass almost touching the quickly growing bulge in my pants as I slipped one hand up and around her body to cup one of her breasts through the slick material of her dress. I stroked my thumb back and forth across her hard nipple, noting the apparent lack of bra.

"I won't complain about you doing that either," she said with a sigh, letting go of the hem of her skirt and slipping her hand between us, her palm pressing against my throbbing hardon. "Mmmmmm. Seems like you won't complain either."

"Uh uh," I answered quietly. "But if we stay down here we'll get a bit dusty."

"So?" she asked with a giggle, abruptly pulling away from my grip, her dress sliding back down to cover her butt again. "So what are you making?"

"A new dresser," I answered as she walked toward the long, eight drawer dresser I'd been sanding on in preparation for staining.

"Looks pretty sturdy," she said as she walked around it, sliding her hand across the dusty top.

"It is," I answered.

"Sturdy enough to hold me up?"

"I don't see why not."

She grinned and turned to look at me. "Tell you what. Why don't you go up and get a couple wine glasses."

"If you want," I answered, turning and heading toward the stairs.

"And a cork screw!" she called after me as I bounded up the stairs.

I returned a few short minutes later with two long stemmed wine glasses and a cork screw. As I walked down the stairs I was treated to a view of an extremely sexy looking woman, reclined across the top of the dresser in a very sexy pose, the nearly see-through lower half of the dress seeming to be even more so now as she lay on her side. "Wow!" was all I could say as I surveyed up and down her body, noting for the first time the little white thong panty peeking out at me through the thin material.

"I'll take wow," she said with a grin. "As long as wow turns into oh wow."

"Hmmmm. And how does that happen?"

"Some time after you take your pants off and let me see that hardon that's trying so hard to escape."

"Hands are full," I answered, holding the two glasses in one hand and the cork screw in the other.

"And you don't think I can find a solution to that?" she asked, raising her eyebrows. "Just step over here a bit closer." I took the few steps to get over to where she was reclined, watching her reach out for the front of my pants with one hand. She struggled with the belt for several seconds and then lay on her back on the dresser she had been posing on, using both hands to undo the front of my pants. The baggy work pants slid down my legs moments later, my briefs being pushed down after them. "Ohhhh wow," she whispered as she smiled toward my now hard cock sticking out at her. She wrapped both her delicate hands around my fat shaft and pulled me toward her, drawing my engorged head toward her face. She moaned softly in pleasure as she closed her lips around the end of my shaft, her tongue teasing my head as she slowly licked and slurped me like some kind of cold treat.

"Oh wow," I groaned softly as she pressed her face closer to my body, slowly pushing my hardon deeper into her mouth. I stared as she took more of me into her, my head pushing down her throat as my length exceeded what would obviously fit in her mouth. I set the glasses and cork screw on the dresser near her head and then let my now free hands roam over her dress covered breasts, rubbing and kneading them gently before finally letting my fingers work inside the top to reach her firm little B cup tits. Each full, round mound felt wonderful in my grip, her hard nipples pressing against my palms as she pulled her mouth off my cock for a few moments to catch her breath.

"You can push that top down if you want," she said quietly before engulfing my engorged head once again.

"With pleasure," I answered, sliding my hands out of her top long enough to ease the material over her sexy little breasts. I gently stroked each now bare mound, teasing my fingers over and around her hard nipples, drawing a soft moan from her lips.

"Oh damn. I could do this all day," she gasped as she worked to catch her breath. "But I wouldn't at all mind having you return the favor."

"I bet I can," I answered, pushing the dress down her body, letting her roll all the way on her back to lift enough of her body off the dresser top for me to slide it down her body. I pushed it off and let it slide to the floor, leaving her in only the tiny white thong, which I pushed unceremoniously down while she lifted her legs again for me. "Much better," I said with a grin as I looked down at her now naked body and completely shaved mound.

"Why don't you take those pants all the way off and come up here?" she coaxed as she lay on the dresser.

"Really?"

"Oh hell yeah," she answered as she reached for my cock again, wrapping her hand around it and stroking me. I let her continue to play with my cock while I worked my shoes and pants off, leaving me naked from the waist down except for my socks. I gingerly crawled up onto the unfinished dresser, my head toward her feet. I worked closer to her legs as she pulled my cock toward her mouth, the both of us letting out a small moan as she engulfed my engorged head again with her hot mouth.

I lowered my head between her legs as she spread them and pulled her knees up, giving me access to her already wet pussy lips. Her shaved pussy looked a lot like my daughter's, full round lips with only a small amount of inner lip protruding. I slowly licked down her lips from the juncture toward her rosebud, drawing another moan of pleasure from her. I wrapped both arms around each thigh, working my fingertips toward her pussy to spread her and reveal her pink depths.

"Oh god George, I love that," she gasped as I stroked my tongue up and down her now spread pussy, tasting her tangy arousal. I didn't bother to stop and answer as I teased my tongue from her tunnel entrance to her now exposed clit, making her squirm on the smooth wood with each lick. "But now I want to feel you pumping this cock into me!"

"I can't argue with that," I answered as I pulled my face from between her legs, my engorged cock twitching in her hand after having pulled her mouth off of it. I carefully crawled off of her, standing by the side of the dresser while she scooted closer to me, her creamy white skin framed by the slightly darker natural oak planking she was lying on. She lifted and spread her legs, her hands hovering between her thighs in obvious invitation. I stepped the half step left between us, my glistening head aiming for her pussy as I moved. I felt her hand close around my hard shaft almost the same time as the tip of my head bumped into her full round pussy lips.

"Push baby," she cooed softly as she pulled on my shaft, having worked the tip of my tool right into the opening of her depths. I leaned in toward her, letting my weight slowly spread her before finally slipping into her teenage tight tunnel. "Ohhhhhh fuck yes," she moaned loudly as my shaft slid slowly into her well lubricated tunnel.

"Oh god you're so damn tight," I grunted as I pulled back a little bit before pushing into her again, working my fat cock deeper into her.

"No. I think it's that you're so damn big," moaned. "But who cares? The way this feels, all I care about is feeling it driving in and out."

"Uh huh," I grunted in agreement as I increased my pace to plunge into her more rapidly. Her whole body shook each time I slapped my hips into her firm little ass, making her tits wiggle and shake on her chest as she lay holding the wooden top. Her moans and cries filled the basement shop as did the rhythmic slap, slap of our bodies.

"My god George! I'm going to come!" she squealed as I pounded into her. "OHHHH FUCK!" she cried as her whole body started to shake and tremble before me. I could feel her pussy contracting around me, squeezing my cock and trying to hold me deep inside her. "Okay. Okay. You gotta stop a minute," she panted as her climax finally started to fade from her, her hands reaching out to my hips to stop my strokes. She gently pushed me back before sliding herself off the dresser. She stood, her arms reaching around my neck, pulling herself up and against me, her lips reaching for mine. "Mmmmmm. Kiss me," she whispered, her soft hot lips brushing mine before she pressed them tightly to mine.

I kissed her back, letting her tongue slip into my mouth and tease mine in a little game of unseen hide and seek. I held her to me, my hardon trapped between us as she ground her mound gently against it.

We broke the kiss breathlessly and she gently pulled me down as she lowered herself toward the hard concrete floor. She smiled at me as she gently coaxed me onto my back, her legs straddling mine as she settled on top of me. Without a word she reached between us, found my hardon and pushed herself upright again, lifting herself on her knees to guide my cock toward her pussy. "Here we go," she moaned as she lowered her weight onto me, driving my cock slowly up into her.

"Ohhhhhhhh.' I breathed quietly as she sank down over me, her tight pussy engulfing me once again. She began to lift herself up and down, sliding her tight tunnel up and down my shaft, teasing my head with her insides as she coaxed me back to full hardness. I slid my hands up her chest to her firm little boobs, squeezing and playing with them as she bounced herself up and down, stroking me in and out of her hot wet pussy. I was totally engrossed in what Sylvia and I were doing to each other and what the impending outcome was about to be, ignoring my surroundings as well as the hard cold concrete floor so I was more than a little surprised when a naked body stepped across my head and directly in front of Sylvia, pushing her pussy into Sylvia's face. After being startled I settled back down again, the tight little ass hovering a few feet above me was more than familiar by now.

I heard Tabby moan softly as Sylvia, apparently not at all disturbed by having a young pussy pushed in her face, began to lick and stroke Tabby's slit and lips. Sylvia stopped riding up and down my shaft as she pushed a single finger up into Tabby's clearly sopping wet pussy, driving it slowly up into her. I lay there watching as she began to stroke her finger in and out while her tongue teased and licked Tabby's clit, Tabby arching her back and bowing her legs more to give her more access.

"Why don't you sit on this?" Sylvia said in a very matter of fact tone as she pulled her finger from Tabby and lifted herself off my cock. "I don't think either of you have far to go from the feel of you two."

"Wait," I protested momentarily as Tabby turned around to face me and lowered herself down over me. She reached between her legs to capture my cock and then settled down on me, slowly sinking down on my well lubricated cock with her sopping wet pussy.

"Ohhhhhh fuck yes. I can never get enough of this," she moaned softly as she started to bounce her ass up and down, sliding herself up and down my shaft a few inches.

Sylvia knelt down next to me and leaned over me, bringing one of her tits to my mouth. "Suck on this sweetie. I don't mind sharing, as long as I'm getting some attention too!"

"You sure?" I asked before she pressed her tit into a cone and pushed it between my lips, both cutting off anything else I might say and answering my question at the same time. I moved one arm to reach up between her legs and started to gently stroke her pussy in time with Tabby's strokes up and down my cock. Not lasting long was going to be an understatement very quickly with all the stimulation I had.

"OH FUCK!" Tabby screamed suddenly, jamming her pussy down on my shaft. I felt her convulse around me, her squeezing pussy pushing me over the last little edge that was holding me back. I grunted around the tit in my mouth as my body bucked, trying unsuccessfully to jam up into her as I spouted shot after shot of hot cum up into her tight pussy.

"Oh god," I groaned as my body bucked over and over, pumping the seed that Sylvia had enticed into Tabby. I finally lay back, little tremors and jerks occasionally hitting me as I lay below the two women panting.

"Well, looks like we all got a nice happy ending, though I was thinking I might want to spend the night for a few more of those marvelous climaxes you're so good at giving me. But I think you're going to be busy with someone else," Sylvia said as she pushed herself up and stepped around me to find her dress where I'd dropped it.

"Oh. I don't think so," Tabby offered up quickly. "I mean I heard you guys down here and couldn't help but watch, well at least until I couldn't help but join in. Anyway, we have a really early day tomorrow, so I doubt my dad would be much company."

"Oh? Early day?"

"Yeah. We leave on vacation tomorrow."

"Where you going?" Sylvia asked as she stepped into her slinky blue dress.

"Can't tell you. It's a secret."

"So George, I mean, your dad doesn't know where you're going?"

"Nope. Total surprise. Diane and I planned it all out."

"Well. Now that is interesting," she said as she pulled the dress up over her breasts. She stepped over and squatted down next to me and reached out to stroke my face. "When you get back you'll have to tell me all about it."

"Oh he will!" Tabby answered quickly with a huge grin.

"See you when you get back lover boy!" Sylvia said before heading for the stairs, carrying her high heels. "And you can keep the bottle until I come back next time!" she called as she bounded up the stairs.

"Why do I get the feeling I spoiled something?" Tabby asked looking down at my frowning face.

"Because I was kind of thinking it might be nice to spend a few more hours with Sylvia."

"Don't you think it's a little weird fucking my gynecologist?"

"No more than you walking up and stuffing your muff in her face," I answered. "Come on. Since I'm not getting any more we might as well get cleaned up and ready for bed."

"You can have more with me, if you want that is."

"Tabby. As good as you feel around me, and as hot as you look to me, don't you think it's a little weird fucking your dad?"

"Depends on who's asking," she answered with a grin. She lifted off of my cock, our combined cum leaking from her and dribbling to the floor as she stood next to where I lay, her hand held out for me. I took her hand and let her pull me up from the floor before she walked away, picking her clothes up off the stairs before heading up and out of view.

"Damn," I said quietly, wishing that she would have understood what I was driving at instead of brushing it off the way she did. I mean it did feel good to have her, but the feeling of wrongness just wouldn't go away. I collected my clothes and headed up to the main floor, turning off the light on the way.

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After nearly a whole day in airports or planes we could finally see our destination out the windshield of the eight seat seaplane we had spent the last hour in. We'd be into the small island before the sun finished its trek down toward the horizon behind us. After pointing out the island, which was shaped a lot like an irregular dinner plate with a bite taken out of it, the pilot started our descent toward the large bitten out segment, which he explained was the lagoon we were to land in. I had to admit I was more than ready to be done with traveling for the day.

The pilot made a surprisingly smooth landing on the choppy ocean surface, touching down onto the wave tops just on the land side of what appeared to be a reef providing a natural breakwater for the lagoon. A number of blue dressed, well-tanned young men secured the plane to the large pier as the pilot idled up to it expertly. "Here we are folks!" he said cheerfully as he shut off the engine, the propeller coming to a stop moments later.

The door behind me was opened from the outside and the young men who secured the plane eagerly held out their hands toward my daughters to assist them out and down while I extricated myself from the copilot's seat.

"Welcome Mister Sterling!" a tall dark haired woman said as I stepped down from the plane.

"George, please," I answered, taking her offered hand for a brief handshake.

"And these must be your daughters, Diane and Tabitha?" the blue bikini clad woman said, turning toward my daughters. "We're so glad you could join us. The boys will have your luggage loaded in a few moments and then I'll drive you to your bungalow," she said with a charming smile.

"Just the one bag," Tabby said quickly. "We won't need all that much to wear!"

"You'd be surprised how many people over pack to come here."

"That would have been my dad, so we didn't let him pack at all!" Diane quipped.

"Sounds like a good move," the young woman answered with a smile, looking me up and down. "It would seem to me he'd look quite attractive in nothing but some swim trunks."

"We think so," Tabby answered before I could say anything.

"Well, there are a lot of single women his age here this weekend, so I'm sure he'll get plenty of attention!" she added as she slipped into the driver's seat of what looked like a hopped up six seat golf cart with big knobby tires. "If you will join me, I'll take you to your bungalow," she said in a more business like tone.

We climbed into the cart, the girls giving me the seat next to our bikini clad guide.

"So this is an all-inclusive resort. Anything you need is yours for the asking, except of course love. That you have to find for yourselves. This is an exclusive singles event, so you need not worry about unintended entanglements. Our motto is 'enjoy what you see, but be respectful'. We are an island nation and our security staff is never complacent about complaints of harassment or other untoward behavior," she said as she started the cart out down the long pier. "The lagoon beaches are family friendly, as are the public areas around the resort. The beaches on the north are more private and secluded for those romantic moments, and the ones on the east side are clothing optional. The restaurant is open 24 hours and the night club and bar are open till three. If you'll notice the yellow pole we're just passing, you'll find those around the island. Feel free to press the button for any needs you may have, from needing assistance to having drinks delivered to your romantic beach location. The lagoon is obviously walking distance from your bungalow, but the other beaches are some distance away. Your bungalow package includes a cart something like this one for your exclusive use," she told us as we drove up a winding sand and crushed rock path. "The staff are trained to meet your every need, from food to drinks to entertainment and more. We have the bar, restaurant, night club, pool, hot tubs, sauna, and full service spa. You have but to ask," she said smiling widely at me.

"This is your bungalow. The shower is outside on the side," she said pointing to a bamboo cubicle attached to the side of a small round grass hut. She stepped out of the cart and pulled our suitcase off the platform on the back, wheeling it inside the curtained doorway of the small structure. "Of course this bungalow has twin king beds, a sitting area and the bathroom," she said pointing to a bamboo cubicle on the inside wall opposite where the shower was on the outside. The small round structure, still looking like a grass hut to me, had two large king sized beds with a roll up bamboo curtain between them, providing the only real bit of privacy. The sitting area was populated with two rattan chairs, a table and a love seat, as well as two what I think are called gorilla chairs hanging from the ceiling. The engineer in me wondered how they were held up, finally deciding there was more structure in the hut than it appeared with the design intended to create the appearance of a little grass shack. Over each bed was a draping of fine netting, obviously intended to keep the night time bugs away.

"Well, I'll leave you to freshen up and I'm sure you'll want to get some dinner. The restaurant is just down the path to your left. Can't miss it!" she said brightly. "Anything else I can do for you before I go?"

"I don't think so," I answered her.

"Yeah. You can show my dad your boobs. He's been like staring at them since he got off the plane," Tabby said quickly.

"I have not!" I protested.

"I'm afraid there are some services that we don't provide," she said, winking at Tabby. "But my top does seem to need some adjusting," she added, reaching behind her back, and pulling the string holding the navy blue triangles over her clearly substantial breasts. In moments, her top was completely off leaving her in nothing but the skimpy bikini bottom and her sandals. Her breasts were easily the size of small cantaloupes, each with a large dark areola covering much of the front of each fully tanned orb. "Would you help me get this knot out?" she asked, stepping toward me, holding the top out in front of her. I took the top from her and easily untied the bow while she whispered, "You know I wouldn't invite just anyone, but I like to tan on the northern most beach on the east side. I don't have to be to work until noon, so I'd probably be there by nine anyway, if you're interested that is."

"I don't think..." I started to respond, only to be cut off by Tabby.

"I think that's a great idea. We definitely need to start working on our tans, don't we dad?"

"And that was one of the clothing optional beaches, wasn't it?" Diane chimed in.

"It would seem my daughters are making plans for me already," I answered as I held the top out for her to take. She was already close to me, but stepped even closer, taking the top from me and tossing it on the bed.

"Seems like they're concerned that you have a good time," she said with a smile. "I think you need to start by getting more comfortable. Would you like some help?"

"I don't think..."

"Yes he would!" Tabby interrupted.

"My name is Malaya," she said as she reached out for the buttons on my shirt. She slowly undid them one at a time, working her way down the front and exposing my bare chest. She pulled the shirt tail from my pants and pushed the shirt off my shoulders, bearing me above the waist. She squatted down and untied my shoes, coaxing me to lift each foot in turn to pull off my socks and shoes.

"You know we're strictly prohibited from having sex with the guests," she said quietly as she began undoing my pants. "But there's no rule against giving massages. In fact we're encouraged to make each guest as comfortable and relaxed as possible," she said as she pulled my pants and briefs down. "So if it'll help relax you, I'd be more than happy to massage you," she said as she wrapped both hands around my unsurprisingly hard cock. She stroked her hands along the length of my shaft, teasing it sexily and rubbing her hand over and around my engorged mushroom head. "You do seem a bit stiff and tense," she said quietly as she let go with one hand. Moments later she stood up, her bikini bottom falling to the floor as she got up. She stepped closer to me, her tits pressed to my chest as she pushed my cock down between her legs. "I've found this technique frequently eases this particular kind of stiffness."

"Oh?" I asked a little breathlessly.

"Uh huh," she grunted as she started to rock her hips, sliding her thighs and wet pussy along my shaft. "Oh yeah. Definitely," she groaned as she worked her body faster, my hands finding her firm ass and squeezing it in time with her strokes.

"This isn't having sex?" I practically gasped as her pussy and thighs stroked me, working me quickly up the slope toward climax.

"Oh. No. This is just a very intimate massage. It wouldn't be sex unless I did something like this," she moaned, reaching behind herself and sliding her fingers under her butt and between her legs. I could feel her fingers find the underside of my shaft and push up, her pelvis tilting as my head slipped between her lips. She continued to press me up with her fingers until my head pressed into her tunnel entrance and she forced her sopping wet pussy over my well lubricated cock. I felt my head expand her tunnel and drive deep into her. "See if I did something like that it would be having sex."

"Uh huh. Wouldn't want to do that then, would we?"

"Uh Uh. If I did and someone found out, I could lose my job, or worse," she panted as she rocked her hips, her thighs slapping mine with each stroke.

"Well then, if that were to happen we wouldn't want anyone to find out, would we?"

"Oh fuck. Gonna come," she grunted as she drove herself on and off my shaft even faster.

"Uh huh," I agreed, feeling that familiar tingle deep inside.

"Oh shit!" she gasped quietly as my cock surged inside her, pumping a gush of cum into her hot depths. I felt her tunnel clench around me, trying to squeeze and milk my spurting cock as she held herself tightly to me, her body wracked with shudders and trembles. "Oh god, oh god, oh god," she moaned as I helped hold her up. "See. My massage got rid of all that tension," she panted as my cock shrunk inside her.

"I have to admit, it was quite effective," I answered as she pulled back, my cock slipping from her.

"I'll be right back," she breathed as she walked to the little bathroom. She came back moments later with a damp cloth to wipe my cock off and then her own pussy, mopping my cum that was leaking from her. "There. All cleaned up too."

"Uh huh," I said sitting on the edge of the bed. She squatted down again and pulled my pants off, leaving me completely naked. She untangled the strings of her suit and tied it back in place while the girls sat in the gorilla chairs watching the two of us.

"Well. I hope you enjoy the rest of your stay. Is there anything else I can do before I leave?"

"I don't think so," I answered as she pushed me back on the bed. She crawled up over me as gave me a soft kiss on the lips. "If you think of anything else, just remember to ask for Malaya!"

"I will," I promised before she crawled back off and headed for the door. "Damn," I breathed as I lay there, my eyes closed, trying to gather my thoughts.

"Was kind of hot, wasn't it?" I heard Tabby say from across the hut.

"Yeah. Was. KInda left me turned on," Diane answered quietly.

"Sorry girls. You shouldn't have seen that," I said, opening my eyes and sitting up on the edge of the bed only to see both girls standing almost naked, each taking off the last of what they had worn to travel in.

"We're not worried. At least not as long as you're willing to help take care of what you started," Tabby said with a crooked little grin, her panties sliding down her legs to leave her completely nude.

"Tabby. I can't..." I started to protest, my mind already expecting that she was going to want sex, which I didn't exactly feel comfortable with, especially in front of Diane.

"Don't worry daddy. You have two hands, we have two pussies," she quipped as she walked to the bed, Diane only a few steps behind and equally naked. She crawled onto the bed on my left side, pushing on my chest to force me back down on the bed. "Don't worry. All we want is a little massage in the right places," she said with a grin as she pushed my left hand down toward the bed and then scooted up over it, lifting my hand to her pussy. "Mmmmmmmm yeah. The sooner you make us come, the sooner we can go to dinner." She practically moaned as she ground her pussy against my palm.

"Yeah daddy. You got yours, how about a little help for us?" Diane said as she crawled onto the bed on my right side, aiming my hand for her equally wet pussy.

I looked back and forth between my girls, their naked breasts wiggling as they ground their pussies against my hands. Tabby had her eyes closed and I wondered if she was picturing us having sex as she tried to coax my fingers up into her. I relented and curled two fingers up, pushing them into her tunnel while she ground herself against my palm.

"Oh yeah. So nice. God I wish it was your cock," she moaned. I looked quickly toward Diane, wondering if she heard, seeing the surprised look on her face. "That's it daddy. Fuck my hot little cunt!" Tabby moaned louder. "Oh fuck yes. God yes. Gonna come. Oh daddy. God I wanna come on your cock so bad!" she cried as she started to jerk and shudder in climax, her juices running down my fingers as her pussy clamped around them.

"God Tabby!" Diane said, looking at her sister with a shocked look. "Are you fantasizing about fucking our dad?"

"What?" Tabby panted as she sat on my hand, her body occasionally sending shudders up and down her whole length.

"You heard me," Diane said with a frown. "Seriously? You wanna fuck dad?"

"Well, he does have a pretty hot looking cock, right?"

"Yeah. But dad?"

"Why not?"

"Yeah. Why not? I mean it's not like Danny is going to fill my pussy up. Hell, he can barely keep from shooting all over before he even gets it in me, let alone fuck me long enough to get me off," Tabby answered her sister.

"But daddy?"

"Why not?" she said with a crooked grin, reaching out for my inexplicably hard cock, wrapping her fingers around it. "Try it. You might like it," she added with a giggle.

"God Tabby. No. Tell me you haven't!"

"Have. More than once," she answered. "And just between us girls, god can he fuck!"

"What? How? Why?"

"Easy. Doc Sylvia."

"What about Doctor Sylvia?"

"We had sex, her and me and dad."

"The three of you? All at once? Why?" Diane asked, her look one of confusion. "Why would our gynecologist have sex with dad and you? Or with dad at all?"

"Well, because of the hot tub. You know. That night he gave us the spankings?"

"What do our spankings have to do with having sex with Dr. Sylvia?"

"Oh yeah. You don't know. Because I snuck into bed with him and had sex with him while he was asleep, well asleep up until the end anyway."

"You had sex with dad that night? Seriously?"

"Seriously. And a whole bunch of times since."

"Oh god. Tabby. Seriously?"

Tabby reached for Diane's hand and pulled it to my hard cock and coaxed her fingers around my fat shaft. "Can you blame me?" She asked Diane quietly.

"Not really," she whispered back, sitting on my hand, her other hand slowly stroking my hardon.

"You want it now, don't you?"

"Maybe," Diane answered her sister.

"Well, you better get it now then. Cuz if this place is even half of what they advertise, you're gonna have to stand in line!"

"Seriously? You want me to... You want me to fuck him? Now?" Diane hissed.

"Girls..."

"Oh shush daddy. You know damn well you want it. Your cock wouldn't look like a fucking tree trunk if you weren't turned on by the thought, not to mention how many times we've done it and you haven't stopped."

"But..."

"But nothing. Well Diane?"

"Oh hell. Why not?" she answered as she lifted herself up and off of my hand and stretched her leg across my body to straddle me. "I mean if you've been doing it..."

"Hey. Wait. Don't I get any say in this?" I said a little more sharply than I intended.

"I guess. If you don't want me to," Diane said, lifting herself to swing her leg back over me, her face clearly upset.

"DAD!" Tabby almost shouted.

"What!?"

"You can't do that! Let me and not her!"

"The whole idea with Sylvia was to make you NOT want it with me. Not want it more!"

"Well, it failed," Tabby said, glaring at me. "Now what are you going to do?

I lay quietly for several seconds, looking back and forth between my girls and trying to decide if what I was going to do was the right thing or not. It felt a lot longer than the several seconds it probably took, but with a nervous intake of breath I rolled Diane over onto her back, rolling over onto her, trapping her under me on the big bed. "You sure this is what you want?"

"Daddy! This isn't the first time I've been fucked you know!"

"But it'll be the first time from me and there's no undoing it after it's done."

"Daddy, just shut up and fuck me!" Diane whispered as she wormed a hand down between us to find my rock hard cock. I felt her force me down between her spread legs and then felt the hot wetness envelope my engorged head. "Oh fuck!" she groaned loudly as she moved her feet to my ass and dug her heels in, both forcing and coaxing my fat shaft into her incredibly tight tunnel.

My hips, almost with a mind of their own, pushed toward her, driving my head all the way to the end of her depths. "Oh god," I groaned quietly before my body pulled my shaft most of the way out. I jammed it back in hard, driving quickly into her, little jolts of lightning racing from my mushroom head through my whole body as my head smashed into the end of her tunnel.

"Oh fuck yes! Do it again! Fuck me hard like that!" Diane cried toward the thatched roof of the little bungalow.

My chest rubbed against her rock hard nipples with each stroke into her, driving my already excited state even higher.

I lost track of time as I drove in and out of her, both of us lost to the sensations. I felt her legs begin to shake as they clamped tighter around me, but not so tightly it interrupted my rhythmic drive in and out of her.

"Oh fuck! I'm cooooommmmiiiiing!" she cried as her already tight vaginal walls clamped around my pistoning cock.

"Oh shit!" I grunted as my body, responding to the sudden change in sensation, jerked, jamming me deep into her as the first surge of cum lanced out into her, filling what little space remained. Over and over I jerked, pumping my daughter full of my seed, the two of us laying, panting for breath.

"Was worth it, wasn't it?" Tabby asked from where she was reclining against a stack of pillows, her spread legs pointing toward us, her fingers idly stroking her glistening pussy lips.

"Oh yeah. I can't believe you've been doing this and didn't clue me in!"

"I can't believe you didn't figure it out on your own," Tabby answered with a soft laugh. "Anyway. I'm hungry. If you two are done how about we go eat?"

"Good idea! Maybe daddy will see something he likes, besides food I mean!" Diane replied to her sister.

It was probably the most uncomfortable I've felt in a long time, dressed that is. The girls hadn't allowed me to pack anything but my toiletries, assuring me that they were taking care of EVERYTHING. Their version of everything included their intent for me to go commando the whole trip. In their words "you can't sell what you don't advertise". Well I felt like I'd just been put on display like a prized bull steer. The thin Bermuda shorts did little to hide the state of arousal for most of our dinner. I thought my daughters were a bit under dressed in their bikini tops and boy shorts, but as soon as we stepped into the restaurant I realized it was I who was OVER dressed. The vast majority of the women were probably mid-thirties to mid-fifties, all of them, alone or paired up seeming to be wearing outfits that flaunted all their assets, from minuscule bikini tops to sheer beach wraps with little or nothing under. It was a veritable smorgasbord of boobs and pussies, most of which seemed willing to not only display, but also touch and be touched. I was propositioned three times in the buffet line and fondled twice more. One young woman whose name I didn't catch sat right on my lap with her sheer white beach wrap pulled up so the only thing between my cock and her bare pussy were my thin shorts. She pulled my hand between her legs so my fingers were pressed to her bare pussy and suggested that we should walk down to the beach for dessert. She was extremely attractive, if not a little young for me, and at that moment it was a very tempting offer, if only it hadn't been such a long day already. She only left after I promised to let her see "the whole thing" if we ran into each other again. I guess I would have been less startled by how forward the ladies were if someone had warned me in advance that it was Sadie Hawkins night! I only found that little tidbit out AFTER I'd been hit on twice. Apparently one of my daughters stood strategically in front of the sign on our way in so I wouldn't get cold feet.

Now, walking back in the moonlight, bright enough to cast shadows, I couldn't help but wish I'd agreed with the young lady in white. My daughters' tits, unrestrained in their skimpy tops, were wiggling and bouncing with each step, leaving me wondering if the hardon I had was going to be a permanent fixture the whole trip!

After getting back to our bungalow I excused myself to the little outside shower, pulling the bamboo curtain that acted as the door to the small cubicle. I unwrapped my towel from around my waist and turned on the water, instantly disappointed in the intensity of the stream of water raining down on me from above. At least it seemed to be warm enough, though I wondered how long it might last, given the rusticness of the bungalow.

"Well! Hello there!" I heard a female voice with a distinctive Australian accent say from behind me as I stood under the water soaping my body. I spun around under the water in surprise and saw a modestly tall willowy blonde woman that was maybe forty at most, standing in the now open doorway, her towel wrapped body illuminated by the moonlight and the small single bulb on the wall above the shower head. "My bungalow doesn't seem to have any hot water, so I thought I might come borrow yours," she said with a grin.

"Umm. I guess when I'm finished," I answered awkwardly, looking down at where her eyes were staring. I could feel myself blush at the realization that she was staring at my completely exposed hardon.

"Oh that's quite alright. I don't mind sharing!" she said with a smile as she reached for the towel around her body. She tugged it off and tossed it over the rod holding the door curtain, leaving her as naked as I was. She was slightly shorter than I was, willowy thin with a modest size pair of breasts that had the size and shape of two medium oranges. "My name is Katy!" she said brightly as she stepped under the water with me, her firm breasts quickly pressed against my chest. "Cat got your tongue?" she asked after several awkward moments of silence.

"Um sorry. Just caught me off guard."

"So what's your name?"

"Sorry. George."

"George! I like that. A nice comfortable name," she said as she reached to take the soap from my hand. "I suppose we shouldn't waste too much time. No telling when the hot water might run out, then we'd have to go wash in the lagoon!"

"Oh. Yeah," I answered a little dumbly as she soaped her hands and handed me back the soap.

"How about we start here?" she asked, reaching down between us and wrapping both hands around my rock hard cock. "I was just leaving when you walked in for dinner. The fact that you're in the shower alone says neither of us found quite what we were looking for," she cooed softly as she stroked her hands along the length of my shaft. "I am surprised though," she added as she pushed my cock downward and held it that way while she pushed her hips toward me, sliding my soapy cock into the gap between her thighs, the top of my cock rubbing against her pussy. "Mmmmmm. Now this is the way to wash down there!" She practically moaned as she rocked her hips, sliding herself back and forth on my shaft.

"Katy," I almost groaned.

"Uh huh."

"You don't even know me!"

"Neither did that young woman in the blue bikini," she grunted as she rocked her hips at more of an angle, letting my head drive up between her soft hot lips with each stroke.

"You saw that?"

"Came over to say 'hi' just before she started climaxing on your cock!" She panted. I felt one hand leave where it was holding behind my neck, only to feel her fingers under my cock moments later. "Oh fuck yes!" she groaned as she pushed me up, engaging my head into her tunnel entrance and driving herself onto my shaft. "Oh my god! So fucking good! I could fuck this cock all night long!" she said more loudly. "That's it George! Fuck me! Fuck my hot little cunt!" she cried into the night.

"Damn," I groaned, my overly stimulated cock quickly pushing toward release.

"That's it. Fuck, I can feel it throbbing inside me!" she gasped as her body trembled while she continued to stroke herself on and off my shaft.

"Oh fuck," I grunted. My body jerking hard and slamming my thighs against hers to drive me deep inside her. I felt a gush of cum lance up to her as she stood shuddering against me, her body moving with each jerk of mine to keep me buried inside her.

"Daddy?" Tabby asked from the shower door, standing every bit as naked as we were, staring at us with a look of surprise on her face.

"Oh. I didn't know you were already..." Katy apologized, pulling back suddenly off my still half hard member.

"Oh. No. I'm not. This is my daughter Tabitha," I said quickly. "Tabby, this is our neighbor Katy. She just needed to borrow the shower."

"Uh huh. With you still in it? Way to rock dad!" she said as she turned and headed away, her bare tush wiggling with each step.

"Daughter huh? Kinkyyyyy," Katy said with a grin.

"It's not what you think," I protested.

"Uh huh. Naked daughter coming to join you in the shower? How not what I think is it? With a tight little body like that, you'd be a fool not to!"

"Really! It's not what you think!"

"You keep saying that. But personally, I'm not opposed to a little mixed couple action. I could see myself with my face buried between her legs very easily!"

I could feel myself blushing again at the ease which that image jumped to my mind, her face licking Tabby while I stood behind her, pumping my cock in and out of her. "Maybe another time. To be honest, it's been a long trip for all of us."

"All of us?"

"Both my daughters and me."

"Daughters plural?"

"Twins actually."

"This is getting better by the second! You sure you don't want to invite me to stay the night?"

"Not tonight," I answered, not really sure that I didn't as her hand found my softened cock and started playing with it again. "Maybe another night though.

"I'm gonna hold you to that! And if you change your mind, I'm over in 18," she said as she stepped back and away. She pulled her towel down and padded away, still naked, into the moonlit night.

Tabby and Diane were both laying naked on their bed when I walked back inside. The netting hanging from the ceiling was draped across the bed only slightly blocking my view of both my daughters' naked bodies.

"Pretty smooth move dad! I mean sharing the shower and then having sex? Go dad!" Tabby said with a laugh.

"I didn't plan that," I retorted.

"All the better!" Diane added. "I mean getting your brains fucked out for a week is pretty much the whole idea."

"Diane! You shouldn't talk like that!"

"Oh daddy! I can be as civilized or as crude as anyone my age. Don't get your panties in a bunch because I dropped the F bomb a few times!"

"I still wish you wouldn't talk like that!" I said as I turned off the single little light illuminating the bungalow and crawled under the netting on my own bed.