**Me and My Camera Ch. 01**

**by [MisterReason](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=609539&page=submissions)©**

Peter Green was a pretty normal guy who had been married for almost thirty years, and the father of two children - one of each variety. The oldest, Keith was 21 and away at college, while 18 year old Alison was going to be heading off to school come fall herself.

The neat split-level house on Milton Street looked much like the others in the development and the Green family was typical of most of the rest of the neighborhood, at least from the outside, but sometimes looks are deceiving.

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Chapter One: I've come to this.

The idea to get the surveillance camera was for protection, I reminded myself while getting ready to watch the film. Back about a dozen years ago I had purchased a camera because there had been a rash of cases where babysitters were caught abusing the children they were supposed to be caring for, and I wanted to make sure that Keith and Alison were safe when they were being watched.

That didn't explain the new, state of the art camera that I had just purchased. Keith was off at college and Alison would be pretty soon as well. My daughter leaving would make us empty-nesters, and while that idea was something that sounded good back in the days when Dawn - that's my wife - and I would have given anything for some privacy, these days... not so much.

What changed? "The change" was what some people called it. Menopause. By any name, it isn't any fun for the woman, but it stinks for the man too. All of a sudden, sex had become virtually extinct in our bedroom. OUR BEDROOM of all places!

Dawn had once been as horny as yours truly, and that's saying something. Now she's the Ice Princess, and everything has to be just right; maybe the planets have to be aligned properly, or the humidity needs to be exactly 42% or something else before I get the go-ahead. Once we do go at it, it isn't the same.

I know she's having trouble dealing with the change, but so am I. That much is obvious, because if you have ever told me last year that instead of being upstairs making love to my wife I would be hunkered down in my basement den getting ready to watch what I hoped would be a dirty movie, I would have said you were crazy.

The Labatt's was cold and soothing going down smoothly, one down and who knows how many more to go, as I turned on the TV and made myself comfortable.

The TV was brand new too, a nice 50" flat screen that I had bought last month and put it into the previously forgotten den downstairs. Dawn didn't even complain when she saw it, probably figuring that it was worth it to not have me hovering around her, hoping for a pity blow-job.

The picture was spectacular, and as the screen lit up with the movie I was about to watch, the star of the film appeared, thanks to the motion activated camera. The star was about the most unlikely movie star imaginable for many reasons, but the major one being that she was my daughter, Alison.

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Chapter Two: Alison unwrapped

I had read some stories at literotica.com about fathers having sex with their daughters, and I have to confess that they usually turned me right off even though I knew they were fiction. I didn't understand how someone could do that to their flesh and blood no matter what they looked like.

The daughters in these stories are always voluptuous vixens with breathtaking looks and jaw-dropping figures, so maybe that's why I couldn't relate to them, because although I love my Alison with all of my heart, even I would have to say that she isn't the kind of young lady that draws much attention.

My wife Dawn says that Alison is one of those girls who will "grow into their beauty" as the years pass. Suffice to say that she's rather plain looking. She's a brilliant student who looks the part of the nerd, with the requisite glasses and hangdog expression.

Like her mother, Alison's a very tall girl, just an inch or two shy of 6', and she kind of scrunches her shoulders to try and not look it but it doesn't work. Her hair is medium brown, straight and very long, reaching halfway down her back.

She's planning on donating her hair to some charity that makes wigs for sick kids, and it's been so long since she's had short hair that it will be tough to get used to that, but she's a good kid for doing this. Always thinking of others and grumbling about injustice, in that naive liberal way that kids have and usually grow out of, and she dresses the part too.

She dresses like a teenage girl in Moscow, circa 1965, usually wearing drab baggy clothing that gives her an androgynous look. Dawn used to try to get her to look more feminine, but finally gave up when Alison put up a fight.

"Do you think she's gay?" I remember asking Dawn one night when Alison's long-time friend Lois was staying over yet again.

"I don't think so," Dawn said in shrugging off my question. "She's got all those pictures of The Jonas Brothers on her walls, and sometimes I overhear the two of them talking about boys."

I was suspicious though, because of the giggling I heard late at night sometimes, which was how I came up with the idea of setting up the camera in her room. Just curious, I told myself, although I admit that my interest was primarily in her friend Lois.

Not that Lois was a beauty queen either, because she was as short and round as my daughter was long and lean, but the squat little red-head had what seemed to be the biggest set of jugs possible, and I was just wondering what they would look like unwrapped.

The first time I watched what went on in Alison's bedroom, I was disgusted. Not so much at myself, but of the poor quality of the picture that my antiquated camera produced. I knew that an upgrade would have to be made, because from the moment I sat down and watched I was hooked.

I still remember vividly the first time I saw Alison undress, and I was shocked because it wasn't until then that I realized how little of my daughter I had seen. She hadn't worn a bathing suit for years, and the clothes that she wore gave no indication of how her body had developed.

So when that drab pea-green army surplus shirt came off, I felt a twinge of sadness for my baby girl. Her upper torso was so slender, and her arms so reed thin, that she looked like a refugee, which made me wonder where the fortune we spent on food went to.

She was wearing a very modestly tailored brassiere that made no effort to hide the fact that it was obviously padded, and as she took it off my heart broke a little bit. To think that Alison was the daughter of the woman across the hall with the 38 inch bust was hard to believe.

Poor Alison was flat-chested. I don't mean that she had small breasts, she had virtually no breasts at all, merely the most subtle little swells on her chest. The normal sized nipples with the silver dollar sized aureoles almost seemed to mock the sprouts they were resting on, their deep crimson hue making them stand out even more on her pale, scrawny chest.

Then Lois came into the room, and to my shock Alison not only didn't cover up, she calmly stood there without the slightest shame and took off her jeans while Lois began to disrobe.

Despite my interest in Lois, it was hard for me to take my eyes away from my daughter. There was something about her androgynous look that appealed to me even though it wasn't something that ever got my attention with other women.

Alison's body was decidedly pear-shaped, with her bottom much bigger than her top. I learned this when Alison stood there clad only in her panties, and the surprising lushness of her butt was revealed. The modestly tailored panties also revealed something that she definitely inherited from her mother, as a few hairs peeked out of the sides of the elastic, indicating that she likely had a bountiful bush on her like Dawn.

Lois proved to be as interesting as I had hoped, because when she took off her t-shirt and got out of the long-line bra that looked to be built for heavy duty, her breasts sure got my attention.

Lois's upper body was all tits; the biggest, fullest pair of breasts imaginable. They were like watermelons as they hung down to her waist, and her rose colored aureoles were as big as drink coasters, with nipples like bullets.

By the time I got to this part, I was on my knees in front of my old TV downstairs, cursing the crummy quality of the picture while trying to get the best view possible. To my shame, I found myself masturbating to the sight of my daughter's friend brushing Alison's long hair as she sat in front of her mirror, Lois's massive breasts swaying as she stood behind Alison, and I had the best orgasm I had in years.

Nothing went on that I could see, although they didn't put anything on when they climbed into Alison's bed and turned out the light. The bedding jiggled while I wondered if getting infrared cameras would let me see anything, and then the camera went dark, leaving me to fantasize what was going on under the covers.

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Chapter Three: Upgrading equipment

The next day I went and invested in a new camera, and it was money well spent. This was not only much smaller, making detection more difficult, but the picture was incredible. Once I saw the drastic improvement in the image, the upgrade in TV quality was inevitable.

Now my nightly routine was a vast improvement, although it wasn't what I really wanted. This was how I justified what I was doing, because I didn't want to be spying on my daughter. What I really wanted to do was to jump into my own bed and hump my still very good looking 54 year old wife instead of masturbating while looking at my daughter and her friend.

Instead, I became a connoisseur of my 18 year old daughter's body. I got to know her as intimately as I did her mother's, memorizing every inch of her skinny frame. The first thing I noticed with the new and improved video camera was that Alison didn't shave under her arms.

I'm not talking about forgetting for a few days either, because I was stunned when I first saw Alison raise her slender arms and saw the surprisingly thick tufts of rich brown hair that filled the deep recesses of her armpits.

I'm a child of the seventies, so seeing a woman with unshaven armpits was nothing knew to me. Heck, even Dawn let her pit hair grow during the winter a few times, but even as furry as she was she was no match for Alison, whose underarms were as hairy as any I had ever seen, male or female.

The armpit hair did make Alison look more mature, however, and made me feel less guilty about enjoying looking at her small breast buds. When I got to see Alison without her panties, my theory about her pubic hair proved correct, as my daughter had a very expansive triangle of chestnut brown hair that looked as thick as it was wide.

Alison had turned on the TV and was engrossed in something, just laying on her back naked, and I was preparing to do something to get rid of the cramped condition of my pajama bottoms, or else I would never get to sleep.

Just then, Alison rolled over onto her stomach and reached for something in her night table. As I looked at her, I was struck at what an strange shape she had. Her measurements had to be something like 32-26-42, and the pear shape of her body was never more apparent then when I viewed it from behind like that.

I thought for a second that when she began to return to laying on her back that I saw hair in her ass crack when her ass cheeks had briefly opened up, but it might have been shadows. All that was forgotten when I saw what Alison had fished out of her night table.

It was a vibrator, much like the one Dawn had, only hers was purple and was undulating and vibrating when Alison went up to her knees and plunged it into her pussy.

My daughter knelt on the bed and straddled the vibrator that she clutched upright in her fist, humping it as she eyes rolled back in her head. I had gotten to my feet during this, although I didn't remember doing it, and was standing in front of the TV, ejaculating into the sock I had slipped over my erection to contain the mess while Alison gyrated on the bed.

It all seemed so right; Alison alone and lonely, with no boyfriend and her girlfriend who may or may not be her lover not around, and me, a man equally alone and lonely, pleasuring myself.

It took Alison almost ten minutes to orgasm, and by that time my 56 year old cock had actually come back to life a little bit, so aroused was I by the show my Alison was giving me. The way her lithe body contorted on that toy was so erotic, and when her free hand came up to massage those tiny sprouts my knees were shaking.

Then she fell backwards onto the bed, wildly working that thing into her pussy, and with her legs spread wide for the camera I could see that her bush did extend way down into the crack of her ass. The sight of that made my groin tingle and I actually shot out a little cum as my Alison came herself, her lithe frame thrashing wildly about before her body went limp on the bed.

I turned off the TV and cleaned up after myself, hoping that Lois would pay a visit soon so that my new equipment could really shine.

**Me and My Camera Ch. 02**

Peter Green has his wish fulfilled when Lois, his daughter Alison's best friend, ends up spending the night.

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Chapter One: Lois and my daughter.

I had planned on taking my wife Dawn out for dinner the following Saturday, and when I announced that as a special treat we would be spending the night at the inn we were dining at, Alison asked if we minded whether Lois came over to spend the night.

"Of course not," Dawn said. "That way you won't be alone."

"Sure," I added as calmly as I could, while my cock stiffened in my briefs.

It was what I had been hoping for, and with us out of the house I was confident that the two girls would feel free to do what they wanted in as relaxed an atmosphere as possible. Of course, they very well might just be friends, but for whatever perverted reason I hoped not.

The dinner at the inn was delicious, but all the while we ate, all I could think of was what Lois was doing with my baby. Was that busty redhead going down on her? Was she rubbing those massive jugs of hers into my daughter's tiny buds while they necked?

To spice up our conversation, I posed the question to my wife, suggesting over dessert that maybe the two of them were more than just friends, but Dawn poo-poohed it like always.

"Men," she said, shaking her head in disgust. "Is that all you ever think of? No, I doubt it, and besides, I think Alison may have a boy friend."

"Really?" I replied in shock, not having seen many of them around the house over the years.

"She was talking about some guy named Will who had called her up. Seems they met at the library last week and she seems pretty excited about it. Good for her. She's got to learn to me more open around people," Dawn declared.

I hoped that the sexual suggestions would light a fire in my beloved wife's pussy, but it hadn't. Despite my best efforts, I learned what I was going to get in return for this romantic getaway.

"Really not in the mood," Dawn declared, but out of pity decided to take care of me.

I got her to drop the shoulder off of her nightgown, exposing her full right breast to me. My hand cupped the doughy globe, which didn't seem as big as it used to, the result of having seen Lois Angelo's whoppers.

My wife's plump nipple didn't even come to life as I played with it briefly before I was told that it was sore, so I went back to massaging her tit gently while wondering about what size bra Lois wore. If Dawn wore a 38D, what ungodly size did that outrageously busty teen wear?

Dawn's mouth slid up and down my cock, performing what she probably considered her obligation, and she sucked my cock with just that kind of passion, obviously trying to get me off as fast as possible. When I didn't cum after a minute or so, she began using her fist, and when I still didn't cum she reached over for some hand lotion and greased my cock.

"You used to ejaculate right away when I did this," Dawn said - or was it a complaint, as her fist spun around my erection.

"Times change," I explained, not mentioning that she hadn't jerked me off since we dated decades ago, and while I was tempted to hold off as long as I could, I relented, letting an image of Alison cross my mind.

I thought I saw my wife shudder as I came, spurting cum all over myself as well as her hands and arms, and she quickly wiped off the offending spunk before kissing me goodnight and rolling over.

That's what I got for a five hundred dollar wining and dining weekend at a luxury inn. A hand job. I could have done that at home, and suspected I would when we returned back home and I took a look at the film.

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**Chapter Two: Father knows best.**
The next day, the girls had already dressed and headed off to the mall, so while Dawn went outside and played around in the garden, I went downstairs and set up my entertainment. My original plan was to just take a peek to see what I had and then saving the rest for later that night, but that was like taking one cashew out of the jar and walking away.

"I knew it!" I exclaimed to myself as I scanned forward through various dull interludes of them coming and going before something good happened.

The two girls were now naked, walking around Alison's bedroom like it was a nudist colony, and with the sharper picture I got a much better look at Lois's tits, the enormity of which was truly spectacular. My daughter Alison must have agreed, because there she was, standing behind Lois, hunched over the much shorter girl with her arms reaching around the redhead.

Alison's hands found what they were looking for, and as she cradled the huge jugs Lois leaned back into Alison, their height difference accentuated by her head resting against Alison's collarbone.

My daughter was a lesbian. A hairy lesbian who was squeezing her lover's tits just like I would have if I had the chance. What did I think of that? My ejaculation told the story, as I barely got my cock out of my pants before I came, the mere contact of my fingers getting me off.

On the screen, Lois was reaching up over her head, grabbing Alison's head in her hand while thrusting her massive mammaries out even further. Two hairy lesbians, I suddenly noticed, when Alison's hands slid over and played with the little wisps of red hair under Lois's chubby arms, fur that was barely visible because of the color and sparseness.

This led to the two of them tickling and playing around with each other, wrestling on the bed before things got serious enough for my daughter to take off her horn-rimmed glasses. Soon my Alison was on her knees, her plump ass up high, and Lois was going down on her from behind, but her mouth wasn't working on her pussy.

No, Lois had Alison's vibrator busily working inside her pussy, while her mouth was somewhere else. The camera angle didn't give me a good look, but where her tongue was licking left no doubt that she was eating out Alison's asshole.

It didn't take my daughter as long to cum this time, and while she writhed and squirmed, the chubby redhead followed her with her mouth, jamming her face into that furry crevice as far as she could until Alison finally collapsed on the bed, and probably sending the vibrator deep into her pussy in the process.

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**Chapter Three: Alison as a man.**
They rested on the bed for awhile before disappearing briefly. When they returned to the bedroom, Lois was holding a bottle of that revolting cheap wine, the kind that was so sickeningly sweet that it was something only young people could drink.

My Alison took a swig of the wine before going back to what she was doing. Lois helped her adjust it, and after she got it all hooked up she threw herself back on the bed and spread her legs wide.

What they had been doing was putting some kind of belt around Alison's hips, and sticking out from the front of it was a very realistic looking cock. Now Alison was rubbing the dildo with some kind of lubricant and looking down at her lover with a lewd grin.

"She looks just like a man," I heard myself saying as I looked at Alison with the camera looking from over her right side.

Her flat chest, her full butt and the hairs sticking out from the fold of her arm combined to make her look like a very skinny guy with long hair. Without the womanly nipples Alison could easily pass for a guy.

Alison sank to the floor and began going down on Lois's pussy, which had a very light dusting of red hair around the lips of her sex. Alison had Lois squirming almost instantly, her head bobbing between Lois's pale chubby thighs while her hands slid through my daughter's long hair.

Then Alison was climbing onto the bed, her hand wrapped around the thick cock that was held in the support over her pussy, and then slowly sank into Lois. Her mouth opened wide as she was impaled by my daughter.

The dildo was tough to keep attached, which took a little of the steam out of the coupling in the beginning, but when Alison got on her back and Lois straddled her, they did much better.

Lois humped Alison, her body writhing with each downward thrust, and as Lois moved, those gigantic tits rolled from side to side, the sheer volume of them causing her body to nearly topple over. That situation was corrected by Alison, who held onto Lois by the tits until she came, her mouth open in what had to be a scream of delight.

That was only the beginning, as the two of them cavorted like the wild and passionate lovers they were, and probably had been for some time. I stood there and watched for the longest time, and my viewing was only stopped by Dawn, who had come down to find me and tell me that dinner was ready.

"Pornography?" Dawn said with a sad voice and a shrug, not paying any attention to who was on the screen as she went back upstairs while I clumsily turned off the TV too late. "That's why you're always down there."

"Oh, the girls are back from shopping, and Lois is going to stay for dinner," Dawn added before returning to the kitchen.

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**Chapter Four: Lois goes home.**
Lois finally went off to her own home after dinner, but her presence at the meal certainly made things more interesting for me. As we ate, I found myself looking at the two girls and was unable to see them any way other than nude.

Funny how that happens after you've seen somebody naked, or at least that's the case with me. Even though my Alison was wearing a dumpy old sweatshirt I could see right through it to those tiny titties.

Lois usually dressed in a similar drab manner as my daughter but today was wearing a yellow blouse that actually showed off her best features. It only made me recall those huge breasts rolling around on her as she humped that strap-on that Alison had worn.

I went to bed with Dawn, and planned on sneaking back downstairs to watch more of the antics of Lois and Alison, but my wife seemed to be in a very talkative mood.

"I swear," Dawn said as we looked up at the bedroom ceiling fan, the moon providing us with a small degree of illumination. "Every time I see Lois, her bust seems to get bigger and bigger."

"A growing girl," I suggested, surprised that my wife would be saying this to me.

"She just turned 19 so it isn't a case of puberty," Dawn said. "She's such a short thing too, but I think that her breasts must be as big as mine."

I rolled onto my side and looked over at Dawn, and when I put my hand on her breast over her nightie, to my surprise she didn't brush it off.

"Hard to believe that anybody could have breasts bigger than these," I suggested, resisting the urge to tell my wife that not only were Lois's breasts as large as hers, they were way bigger.

"Well, that girl in that dirty movie you were watching downstairs before sure did," Dawn informed me, not realizing that the girl in question was Lois herself. "We should get a DVD player in here. Maybe if you showed me some of those movies it would get me feeling like my old self again."

"That's a thought," I said, but I certainly wouldn't be bringing the surveillance footage up.

"I know I've been a wet blanket lately," Dawn said. "I don't mean to be. I mean, I still love you at all, it's just that..."

"I understand," I said, and felt Dawn's hand sliding over my thigh and finding my cock.

"You're hard, Peter," Dawn exclaimed, actually sounding shocked. "Was it for playing with my breast or from talking about Lois?"

"You, of course," I assured her.

"I don't know," Dawn said, unsnapping my pajamas and grabbing my cock. "I did notice you checking out Lois at the dinner table."

"She was sitting right in front of me," I reminded my wife.

"I don't mind," Dawn said, her hand sliding up and down my erection. "She's got a very big bosom. Besides, she's not a child anymore, and you are a man. A man who deserves better than he's been getting."

We didn't make love, but I was pleased when Dawn ducked under the covers and gave me head. A much better job of cock-sucking than she had done the night before at the inn, and after she swallowed every drop of my load, we ended up snuggling in bed until both of us fell asleep.