**Partner in Crime Pt. 01: Lexi**

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**Partner in Crime Pt. 01: Lexi Ch. 01**

"Do you like Lexi?"

I was in the car with my daughter, Brittany, returning from the soccer practice that I, in theory, coached. In reality I spent most of my time chatting with the parents while one or more of the girls from the university team my wife coached took care of the actual instruction. Lexi was one of my daughter's teammates. I'm ashamed to admit that I wasn't completely sure which one, there had been a lot of lexis over the years. "Sure, she's a good kid."

"No, I mean do you 'like' like her?"

This gave me pause. Common sense told me to shut this down immediately, but I was curious. At least half of the girls on the team were just that. Girls. But some of them had already developed into slightly miniaturized versions of the women they would become. They thought about how they looked, dressed to display their bodies more, and flirted with anything with a dick. One of them was already modeling and had a dazzling smile that made your heart skip when she turned it on you. That was Kari, not Lexi. There was no way I'd forget Kari. I didn't know how to answer, so I just said, "I haven't written her name in the back of my notebook with hearts around it, if that's what you mean."

"Dad, she's not eleven."

I wasn't exactly sure what that was supposed to mean. I wasn't completely naïve about what girls their age got up to. "I'm still not really looking for a girlfriend at the moment."

"This would be more of a fuck buddy situation."

I looked over at her with a raised eyebrow. "You're forgetting about my wife?"

"Mom's a lesbian. I'm pretty sure she wouldn't care."

While her statement about my wife's sexual orientation was basically true, I was surprised that she knew that. We'd always meant to have that talk with Brittany. It had just never materialized. She was incorrect about her not caring however. My wife, Delila, despite the arrangement we'd made about recreational lovers, still got quite jealous and would be doubly unhappy if I engaged in an affair that touched her little feeder team. Especially if it was one of the players. So, yeah, I should have said something like, "I don't need your help getting laid." What I said, instead, was, "She wants to be my fuck buddy?"

Brit smiled. "Well, not exactly. The guys she's been with have been straight garbage. She's never even had an orgasm. She won't let me help her at all. So, I figured, maybe you could coach her up a little? She has a major crush on you."

Girls on the team crushing on me was common enough. I'd been a star running back in my college days, part of what had brought me together with the soccer prodigy that had been Brit's mother. I also ruled the soccer team from a position of high authority, the young women who did the hands-on coaching deferring to me and jumping to follow my occasional instruction. So, yeah, the girls tended to crave my attention. I'd just never done anything with it. I decided to go with the truth. "There isn't a girl on your team I wouldn't love being with, under different circumstances."

The smile on Brit's face grew. She'd heard more in my statement than I'd intended, more than I realized. It would come back to haunt me later, but I'd just planted a seed that would change my life forever.

Brittany worked fast. Maybe it was all in motion already, our conversation in the car more performance than spontaneity. That Friday, a mere three days later, Alexis was staying the night. I'd looked her up in the roster. She was pretty, not gorgeous. She had a long, lean body with amazing legs and almost no breast to speak of. I don't really have a type, but Lexi would have fit well within it if I did. She wasn't a stand out on the team, but worked her ass off and always came prepared. I tended to compliment girls like that a lot, trying to teach those that would go on to play for my wife's college team the kind of work ethic they needed to succeed. Lexi was eager to please. I felt my dick twitch as I thought about it.

I'd also made the effort to make sure she wasn't under-aged. The team required that the players be at least fourteen, but few started that young unless they were truly exceptional. The bulk of the team was composed of high school juniors and seniors, and many of them, their parents that dangerous combination of soccer mom and helicopter parent, had held them back a year to improve their performance relative to their peers. We'd done that with Brit. She was still a junior, but already eighteen. Most of the girls were at least seventeen, with a few who were already nineteen. Lexi fell in the middle: a nice, legal-everywhere, eighteen.

This was still a really bad idea.

My wife was out of town. That was true a decent percentage of the time. Her team traveled all over for their games and she went on frequent recruiting trips. To be honest, I think some of her trips were just weekend trysts with her latest girlfriend, away from the scrutiny her dubious celebrity created. Either way, Brit and I spent a lot of our time as just the two of us, so having her friends over to break up the boredom was pretty common. The evening went as it normally would. I threw some money at them so they could feed themselves, agreed to watch a movie with them later, and pretended to be occupied with other things. I was a great deal more aware of the presence of her friend than I normally would have been. The evening took its first turn when my daughter walked into my office alone, something clutched in front of her with both hands.

"So, what do you think?" she asked with a mischievous smile.

Lexi had shown up in full makeup and with her long brown hair down and styled rather than in the pony tail she'd always worn at practice. It was amazing what a huge difference something like that could make. The 'girl' that had seemed too young and shy was suddenly a woman that I'd have gladly targeted had I run into her at one of my infrequent visits to a local club. But she was still 36 flavors of trouble I didn't need. I hadn't been all that excited about this prospect from the beginning. Now that the fantasy had wandered its way into my reality, I wasn't going to have the same issues saying no. "Look, Brit, I should have shut this down from the beginning. This isn't going to happen."

She rolled her eyes. "You guys are worse than trying to breed pandas. You've been eye fucking her since she walked in the door." She walked over and pressed an old ipad into my hands. "Just watch, ok?" She kissed me on the cheek and darted from the room.

I shook my head, smiling. Watching I could do. The tablet was streaming the output from the cam on Brit's computer. It showed Lexi, her face earnest as she stared at the monitor located just below the camera. She had her lower lip between her teeth on one side. There was a sound and then a knock. Lexi got up and opened the door.

"Why did you lock the door?" It was Brit's voice. "I already know you're watching porn and my dad catching you could only help your cause."

Lexi shushed her. "You are so bad. I'd just die if he caught me doing this."

"You're not getting out of this that easy."

"Are you sure about this?"

The girls finally found their way back into the frame of the camera, Lexi sitting back in the chair. "You saw the way he was checking you out. Besides, he hasn't been laid in a year and a half. He couldn't resist someone half as gorgeous as you right now."

Had it really been that long? I thought about it. No, she'd missed one. One. Fuck me.

"Ok," Brit leaned into the frame and moved the mouse around, "here it is, try not to gush all over my chair." Lexi's attention was on the screen, but Brit turned to the camera and winked.

"Wow, is that really your parents?" Brit ignored her question. After a minute, Lexi added, "And who is the other woman?"

That's when I realized what they were watching. My wife, occasionally, would bring one of her girlfriends home to play with me. I think it was partly brought on by guilt at not wanting to fuck me, but mostly as a way to put the other woman in her place. My wife was very dominant, and I was a convenient source of cock and cum she could use on them. Being the man in a lesbian threesome is somewhat less exciting than it might sound. Delila was all about making these women bend to her will. I was actually the first man two of them had ever been with. The other woman was always desperate to please her, showing what a good little sub they could be. It was actually a problem if they enjoyed me too much.

Mind you, occasionally meant only four times since Brit's tenth birthday.

The video in question had been made by the girl that featured as the guest star in this little attraction. Their relationship had been falling apart, probably why I'd been called in to put the girl in her place. The girl had set up a camera secretly to try to earn a little leverage in the relationship. Trying to blackmail my wife had proven a very bad idea. Del would see the world burn before she'd let a woman get the upper hand on her. The film became police evidence and, apparently, had found its way into my daughter's hands as well. If there was one moment of depravity that I wanted to be known for, this was the one I'd choose. The girls summed it up well enough.

"He's being so mean to them." Lexi's eyes had a faraway look.

"I know. Isn't it great? You can just see the moment he got fed up and decided to take charge."

Lexi just nodded.

And that pretty much sums it up. I was supposed to be getting laid, not mediating a lesbian love quarrel. It turned out that I'd shown just enough anger that my much larger and stronger body triggered some prehistoric instinct that suddenly made them both want to have my babies, badly. It was a good time.

Lexi's mouth hung open slightly as the video ended. Brit leaned in and whispered something in her ear that I couldn't hear, but I watched as the girl's face turned red.

Brit stood up. "Ok, let's get you dressed for movie night." I heard her dresser drawers opening and she said, "Go change in the bathroom, I'm not sure I can handle seeing you naked right now."

Lexi sounded a little distressed. "Just this?"

Brit sat down in the chair at the computer. "Yup. No bra, either." She turned and gave her friend a pointed look. "Come on, a deal's a deal."

"Fuck. Fine. They're both going to be too small anyway."

Brit wiggled her eyebrow at me. "Exactly." After the door clicked shut, she added, "Love you, daddy." And with a blown kiss and a click of the mouse, the screen went blank.

What seemed to be an excruciating amount of time later, Brit shouted from the basement that it was time for the movie. I sighed and pushed myself back from my desk, still not sure what I would do. Going to watch the movie seemed safe enough, and my curiosity about how Lexi would be dressed could not go unsatisfied.

Our basement had a rec room that we'd set up a cozy little theater on one end of. It had been served by a projector for years, but I'd recently replaced it with a ninety-inch television. The modular L shaped couch in front of it could be repositioned to open up the room for larger parties, but at the moment was the perfect size for three people.

Brit was stretched out on the short branch of the L with her head in the corner, Lexi sitting beside her facing the screen. This left the section next to her open for me. I sat, checking out the girls briefly as I did so. Brit, as expected, wore her long sleeve flannel top over a tiny scrap of thong panties. She'd only bothered with the single button between her breasts, so it hung open as she lounged. I'd long since given up fighting her on modesty.

Lexi's pajamas did not disappoint. My daughter had put her in a tiny white t-shirt that only came down to about an inch above the girl's belly button. It had a graphic in the middle of Katara, a character from a cartoon Brit had loved when she was younger. The girl's small breasts were pressed against the fabric, their shape clearly defined with nipples protruding enough to be impossible to miss. Below, though it was hard to tell with her sitting, were the panties that went with the shirt. They were of a modest design, but, if they were as tight as the top, they would hide very little at all.

My position didn't allow me to gawk at her unnoticed, however. To look at her, I'd have to deliberately turn my head away from the movie, which to my pleasant surprise wasn't the overly erotic drama I'd feared but the latest installment in the endless stream of super hero flicks that dominated cinema at the time. Needing to turn my head turned out to not be an issue, however, as both girls were up and down constantly during the movie. Popcorn, drinks, left over Chinese, and ice cream cones. Lights on, lights off, always pausing the movie so I wouldn't be distracted from the real show.

Lexi wasn't too blatant about it, not like when the girls all started hitting puberty and decided to try out their flirting game on me. That was never hard to ignore. It had never really been serious. This was something else. Her panties were stretched tight across her ass, pulling up into the cleft in between. They didn't ride up high enough either, her cheeks forming a pleasing cleavage above them. I let her catch me looking, smiling at her with just a hint of suggestion. She blushed under my gaze, but smiled back.

I was wondering how this was all supposed to work when my daughter, quite unexpectedly, declared that she was feeling sleepy and headed off to bed. This left Lexi and I pretending to watch the finale of the movie while we tried to work up our nerve. I made a note to make sure I had something alcoholic handy if I ever had to go through something like this again.

The movie ended and we both just sat there watching the credits. "Do you want to watch another one?" she managed timidly.

I blew out a breath. She'd been brave enough just walking out here dressed like she was. It was my turn. Doing something didn't mean doing everything, I'd just see where this lead. "No." I tilted my head sideways, summoning her. "Come over here." She looked surprised, then jumped to obey. I was reminded that this girl was crushing on her coach, the guy that praised her successes and handed out instruction without a thought of being disobeyed. I took her hands and added, "Stand here. Let me look at you."

She stood there, frozen, a few feet in front of me. I let my eyes caress down her body. Her chest heaved a little as I looked back and forth at her breasts. They were perfect, just big enough to fit in the cup of my hand. My gaze drifted downward, her tummy a flat plane of muscle with soft looking skin stretched over it. I wanted to put my lips on her. Her panties stretched tight between her hips, little gaps between the band and her skin to either side of the mound above her sex. I almost groaned as I took in the way the fabric pulled into the cleft between the lips of her pussy.

"You look amazing." I dragged out the sentence, taking my time with it. I leaned in and kissed her above her belly button. "Why have I never seen you in a bikini?"

She looked away, clearly flustered, but managed to squeak out, "I don't exactly fill out the top."

"Your tits are fucking fantastic." Praise, then instruction. "Don't ever hide this body." I waited for her to meet my eyes.

"Okay," she nodded. It was almost a whisper.

I leaned in and tongued her belly button. "Come here and kiss me." I let go of her hand and tugged her gently to me by the waistband of her tiny panties. She complied, her knees going to either side of me to straddle my lap. Her lips dove into mine.

I hadn't really made out since college. It was always a race to get my clothing off and my dick wet. But this girl, she knew how to kiss. Her lips were so soft, her tongue a teasing fencer that slipped in for quick strikes only to dart away. My hands were all over her. That's what I'd really wanted. To touch this work of art, to take it all in. The question of whether I was willing to fuck her was quickly being decided for me, the soft roll of her hips finding my erection under my pajama's and quickly nestling it at the junction of her thighs.

I could feel her shaking, nervous despite the intimacy of our entanglement. She kissed her way down my jaw to the spot below my ear that always drove me wild. Timed with a slow drag of her hips over my cock, I let out an involuntary moan. She pulled back, panting, with a tentative smile on her face.

I returned her smile. "I think you're the best kisser I've ever made out with." She turned away again, but the grin stretched even wider. "Can I take you to my bedroom?" Her nod was slight and rapid, and she still couldn't look at me, but I'd take the yes. Even though our risk of discovery actually went up with the move to my room, I felt too exposed here.

One of my signature moves has always been carrying women. Most of them love it. It makes them feel petite and reminds them just how big and strong I am. Lexi was five-nine, five-ten, so was likely self-conscious about her height. With me she could be tiny. The real trick was to not seem winded after carrying her up a flight of stairs.

We made it to my room without a hitch and I set her on her feet and gave her a long kiss. I'd staged the room ahead of time, in anticipation of this event. The bed was made and turned down. The lights were on but dimmed, the curtains drawn. That's the only reason I noticed the change. The sliding door on my wife's closet, the one nearest the bed, wasn't completely closed.

I was probably overly suspicious, a blackmail attempt in your past does that sort of thing to you. I thought quickly and came up with a ploy to buy a little time. "Hey, I know this is a kinda shitty thing to ask, but would you mind taking your makeup off?" It probably wasn't a terrible idea. If this turned into a full out fuck session, I'd have to change the bedding anyway, but this whole thing was horribly incautious already. "I think Del has some of those makeup cleaning pads in the bottom left drawer of the vanity."

"Oh. Shit. Of course."

I smacked her ass playfully as she turned away. "Hurry back." I hoped she didn't take me literally. As soon as she shut the door I beelined for the closet and slid the door open. I wasn't too surprised to see my daughter's shocked face looking back at me.

Her mouth opened but nothing came out. Then her expression changed, the full weight of being caught setting in. She looked crushed, embarrassed. She eeked out a quiet "Sorry," and hung her head.

This was suddenly one of those moments. If I sent her away like this, she'd be all I could think about. I'd certainly done lots of stupid things when I was young and horny. I couldn't really fault her. I let out a chuckle. "You want to watch?"

She looked up at me in surprise. She tried to say something else, but failed. She managed to nod, a smile creeping over her face in response to mine.

"Ok, you owe me. We'll talk about this tomorrow." And then, because she wasn't the only young and horny person involved, I made a decision. "We're not going to have sex tonight, anyway, so get ready for some hot pg-13 action." I slid the door mostly closed, leaving her a slightly larger gap than the one that had led to her discovery.

I wasn't sure what to do next, so I took off my shirt and lay on my back in the middle of the bed. I was aware of being watched, but it didn't bother me much. I was tossing that realization around in my head when Lexi returned, her unsure smile asking me what next.

"Come over here and kiss me."

Her teeth flashed and she crawled up onto the bed to straddle me, her lips meeting mine. I loved this, my hands free to roam her body. I ran my hands down to her ass, my fingers tickling down the edge of her tight panties. It wasn't long before she had my cock pressed against her sex, her kissing becoming more urgent as she ground against me. She pulled her mouth off of mine, her voice breathy as she asked, "Do you want me to take my shirt off?"

Yes, I did. "When you're ready." And then, as she sat up, I added, "I want to take things slow with you. Just hands tonight, if that's ok?"

Her hands were toying with the lower hem of her shirt. "Coach, I'll do anything, literally anything, you ask me to." She said it like a line, something she'd rehearsed. I wondered if this was something out of her fantasy, surrendering to my control. I just wondered what the coach in her fantasy actually asked her to do.

"Nonetheless. Now, show me."

I felt her relax. Whether it was performance anxiety, fear of my larger than average cock, or just her own need to feel things out before jumping right into sex, I'd been right. She wasn't ready to fuck me quite yet. She edged the shirt up slowly, seductively. It was tight to her skin, so is turned inside out as it went, a slowing moving line that edged up the lower swell of her breasts. It popped loose as it crossed her nipples, standing hard and proud as they were released with barely a jiggle. She pulled the shirt off, setting it aside and looked at me, her hair hanging over half her face as she nibbled her lip nervously.

"God, you're beautiful." And she was. How had I missed this girl?

She giggled. I pulled her back down on me, devouring her like a hungry dog at it's bowl. I love tits, probably more than was really reasonable, but it wasn't like I could help it. Most women took this to mean I love their breasts, Lexi included. After a surprised yelp as I sank my teeth into one of them, she fed them to me. I kissed and sucked to nibbled, my hands on them both soft and mauling. She moaned in pleasure. I felt her trying to work back to my cock, so I pushed her back up to sitting. "Play with them for me."

Her hands went to them, cupping and squeezing. She absentmindedly pulled and twisted a nipple, her real focus on the damp spot on her underwear that she kept in constant motion against the hard lump in my pajama bottoms. We had too many layers between us. "Take off my pants." My daughter had said Lexi had never had an orgasm, so it was likely she wasn't all that focused on her own pleasure. Whether that was a cause or effect, I didn't know, but I'd be more than happy to let her worship me for a while.

She skinned off my pajamas with a little assistance from me and crawled back up a placed a kiss right in the middle of my now exposed erection. I gave her a stern look. She rolled her eyes, "Sorry," and moved to straddle my legs. She ran a finger softly down me. "You have a very nice dick."

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. I'd had, maybe, two women in my life that didn't compliment my penis on first contact with it. I guess they thought we were insecure about them, the proliferation of pornography and the billy clubs the men in the wielded somehow the new gold standard. My cock, while it would never feature in a dick slap video, was more than big enough. It was otherwise a completely normal, circumcised penis. I smiled and sucked in a breath anyway.

She ran her hands to either side of it, her thumbs lightly grazing me as she went. She cupped me between her hands as she traced them back, resting them at its base. The tease was killing me. She pulled her gaze away from it and looked up at me. "Should I get some lotion?"

I was reminded of my early experiences with girls. Their virtue still locked behind a curtain of nerves and religion, finally getting them to put their hands on me was too electric to spoil by letting them know that they were slowly rubbing me raw. It's amazing how much that stuff hurts after you cum. It always healed fast, however, and Lexi seemed a great deal more experienced than Laura or Abby had been. "Nah, you seem to know what you're doing."

Her eyes twinkled at me. "Yeah, I'm not going to hurt you." She took ahold of my shaft, her other hand sliding down between us to press against me below my testicles. And then she started to work. Her forward hand gripped firmly, moving my sheath with her hand. Pleasure rippled over me. She squeezed my taint between too knuckles, her movement there mirroring what she was doing with her other hand. Her hand went up an over the head, gathering the slippery pre-cum that had formed there. I looked up at her, but she was intent on what she was doing, her tongue curved up to toy with an eye tooth. It was probably the sexiest thing I'd ever seen in my life.

She picked up the pace, occasionally bringing her other hand up to work my shaft. She would scissor me between her fingers, twisting and squeezing in a random way that drove me wild. I was starting to really want to fuck her, her attention melting my resolve. "That feels amazing."

She glanced up at me, her face bold for the first time. "I'm pretty good with my mouth, too." Then, after dragging her teeth slowly across her lower lip, she asked, "Will you cum for me, Coach?"

If I didn't cum soon, I would end up inside her. "Fuck, yeah. Roll over."

I didn't wait, flipping her onto the bed with a shriek. I was on my knees between her legs in seconds, her hand going right back to work as she played with her breast with the other. We locked eyes, her strokes coming in a flurry now. My lids grew heavy, my eyes slipping closed as the release built in me. She sensed that I was close, her hand moving in a flurry. I grunted, letting go.

I opened my eyes as I heard her squeal with delight. The first rope of my cum had flown all the way across her body to her neck. Her attention was fixated on my cock as the next spurt exploded from me to lick across her left breast. Her hand slowed, her aim becoming deliberate as I came again and again, her flat stomach quickly dripping with the stuff. Her tongue slipped out, teasing her upper lip as she milked the last of it to drip onto the little cartoon image on her panties.

She finally looked up at me, releasing me to bring her hand to her mouth, making a show of licking my cum off the back of it. This was definitely behavior I wanted to encourage. "God, you're sexy."

She grinned, embarrassed but still warmed by the praise. "That was so lit."

We were both breathing hard. I watched her torso move up and down, my cum glistening where it clung to her. My head found its way to a more reasonable state. I still wanted to fuck her, but with less urgency. I picked up her discarded t-shirt and wiped her clean. She stretched her arms over her head, enjoying the attention. I playfully scrubbed at the thin cloth covering her pussy. "Well, these will have to come off.

I saw a flash of something on her face, reluctance maybe. It was replaced by a blank look. I wondered if this girl had actually had sex before. Either way, her panties were coming off. I'd have to be careful with her, however. I didn't think, given the nature of our relationship, that she'd actually tell me 'no' about anything. She brought her legs together, her ankles up by my face as I peeled the last scrap of clothing off her. It took a slight nudge to get her to part them, her freshly shaved pussy opening to display her dark pink lips. I leaned down and kissed her there, resisting the urge to glide my tongue up her slit. Just hands, after all.

I moved up to lie beside her, pulling her close to plunder her mouth with my tongue. She resisted my efforts to put a hand between her legs. I could feel her getting nervous again. I thought about what my daughter had said about the girl's past experiences. If she'd only ever been touched by over-eager, clueless boyfriends I couldn't really blame her for her lack of eagerness.

"Get up on your knees, legs spread a little. I want to touch you." She obeyed, but reluctantly. I kept kissing her, my hand just resting against her, my middle finger curled up between her lips ever so slightly. When I felt her relaxing, I gathered the wetness her pussy offered and moved to barely touch her over her clit. I kept it soft and light, almost accidental, my movement the natural result of our other activities.

Her hand went to tease my cock, unable to do more without changing our position. "You sure you don't want a blowjob?" she asked, clearly wanting to pleasure me again.

"Oh, I do. But let's save it for next time."

That was the right thing to say, because she smiled into the suddenly more ardent kiss we were sharing. I felt her clit, swelling outside her hood. I ran my finger over it, a touch so soft it was barely there, like I was tickling her nose. It didn't take long before she started to respond, her hips rolling downward in an attempt to intensify my touch. I was starting to really want to fuck her again, so it was time to call a halt. She whimpered when I pulled my hand away.

"Sorry, we need to stop."

She pouted. "Why?"

"Because if we don't, I'll end up fucking you."

She put her head on my chest and stretched out beside me. "That's ok."

I chuckled. "Come on, let's find you something more reasonable to wear." My wife kept her pajamas in the bathroom's linen closet. I led Lexi out of the room, making a gesture with my chin that I hoped Brittany understood as her cue to escape. I fussed over Lexi a bit, finally putting her in a white baby doll with matching shorts, its little white eyelets looking adorable against her tanned skin. "Hey, no more jerseys at practice. Sport's bras only."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously. And if you show up wearing those sloppy, knee-length gym shorts I'll send you home to change."

She looked down, responding shyly, "Okay." She didn't sound thrilled about it.

I took hold of her chin, forcing her to meet my eyes. "I want everyone who looks at you to want you, even if they don't know you're my girlfriend."

Her eyes lit up. "Girlfriend?"

Shit. I should have said fuck buddy. All kinds of warning alarms were going off. I felt a desperate need to clarify our relationship, to manage expectations. But, looking into her smiling, excited face, all I could do is nod and lean in to kiss her passionately. When I pulled away, she was smiling and breathless, looking up at me with worship. Yeah, ok. Girlfriend. I squeezed her ass. "Alright, now scoot."

She bit her lip again, trying and failing to suppress the joy that stretched her face into a grin. "Yes, sir."

She left, a sway in her hips just for me. I crawled into my bed, still horny but content to bask in it until I could be with Lexi again. I would have drifted off to sleep like that had I not felt something hard under my pillow. I pulled out the tablet Brit had given me earlier, turning it on to see very little. I could make out my daughter's window, maybe the shape of her bed in the dim light. I could hear them, however.

I heard rustling and saw a flash of white as Lexi crawled into bed. "Yes. You were totally right."

"So ...?"

"It was amazing. He took me upstairs and fucked the shit out of me." That was half true, anyway. Then she added, "Why are you naked?"

Brit's voice was almost a growl. "I'm so fucking horny. I've been waiting for you for hours. Did he cum in you?"

"You're so bad. No, he pulled and came all over me. It was so hot." I could hear the smile in her voice.

"Did you taste him?"

"Yeah." Then she added in a teasingly exasperated tone, "Stop that!"

My daughter groaned in frustration. "And?"

"I don't know. It tasted like jizz. The look on his face was totally worth it, though." And then, in a more serious tone, "I'm going to the guest room if you can't keep your hands to yourself."

"Sorry. I just need it. Please?" She stretched her please out into about four sylables.

"I'll pet you, but you have to do the rest." I heard them rustling around as they adjusted positions. "Are you sure you're not a lesbian?"

"Pretty sure, yeah. I know I really wish you were a boy right now." Then, after making a sexy sound deep in her throat, she added, "I'll bet you'd go down on me if my dad told you to. He does owe me a favor."

"Don't you dare." I couldn't help but notice a hint of lust in her voice. If the girl wanted to be ordered around, who was I to deny her?

"Will you kiss me? You're an amazing kisser and I'm so close."

Lexi surrendered. "Fine."

I shut off the tablet. I wasn't sure what my daughter wanted me to see, but I wasn't going to listen to her orgasm. I probably should have been thinking about all the chaos this would bring to my life. I should have worried about what this strange new relationship with my daughter meant.

But all I thought about was this hot new piece of ass that had fallen into my lap and all the fun I was going to have with it.

**Partner in Crime Pt. 01: Lexi Ch. 02**

I didn't get a chance to talk to Brit the next day. The girls slept in most of the morning and then there was college football, retrieving Del from the airport, and the dozen other things that make Saturday, well, Saturday. I was a little disappointed and a little relieved to not get any more time with Lexi, and I was also still processing everything, so I don't know that I would have known what to say to Brit anyway.

We had a tradition of having family brunch every Sunday. Del had grown up going to church, but had never felt all that welcome and had made no effort to go since it became her option. For me it had never been more than a place to go and see women in their Sunday best and wondering which ones still had cum in them from their Saturday nights. Del did miss the time with her family where they all got together and ate afterward, so we made our worship at the table with all the various high fat, high carb foods that make America great.

It was Del's turn to cook and Brit had yet to make her appearance. She usually needed a nudge to get moving on non-school days. I was sitting at the table reading the latest pre-game news on my phone, paying just enough attention to the room to not get yelled at for neglecting family time. Brit came in and dropped a kiss on my cheek. She mostly did that sort of thing ironically, so I gave her the bare minimum response and continued reading as she took her place at the table.

"Oh, mom, I loaned Lexi your white babydoll set so she wouldn't have to run around the house in her underwear." This is when the half attention to what's going on around me paid off. I put the phone face down on the table. Brit loved mischief, which made her a dangerous partner in my dalliance with Lexi.

"That's fine, dear. I don't know that I've ever even worn it, not really my aesthetic." God forbid she let herself look soft and feminine.

"Dad thought she looked really cute in it." Brit gave me a 'gotcha' smile.

"I'll bet he did." Del gave me a wry look. I could only shrug helplessly in response. Del set the quiche on the table, already sliced into neat triangles. I grabbed one and started in, thinking Brit was done with me. She wasn't.

"What are you wearing?" Del hadn't given up the modesty fight with Brit yet. I hadn't even noticed what she had worn to the table. I looked over. It was a too tight Katara t-shirt, almost certainly not laundered since the last time it had been 'used'.

"What? I've worn this to breakfast a hundred times." She kind of jutted her chest and waved it back and forth. Her frame was smaller than Lexi's, but her larger breasts more than made up the difference. She looked like one of those porn actresses who wore something innocent and looked anything but.

"Brit, we've talked about this. That simply isn't appropriate brunch attire."

"Fine." Her voice was begrudging acceptance, but I still heard the mischief in it. I wasn't even surprised when she pulled the shirt off over her head. I think this was the first time I'd gotten a full light of day look at her bare chest since she had started wearing bras. I knew her to be a C cup, but her breasts didn't have that rounded out look you'd expect with that size. The still hung high and firm with a tear drop shape that I could appreciate even on my daughter, her nipples angled slightly upward. I know it sounds strange, but what I felt was more fatherly pride than anything else. My daughter had great tits.

This wasn't a time to ogle, however. "Brittany, stop antagonizing your mother and go put a bra and a real top on." I tried to give my voice that long suffering father lilt. Brit smirked and pushed back from the table, her hips swaying in the too small panties that rode up between her ass cheeks. "And some pants."

I watched Del, her calculating gaze following our daughter out of the room. I knew that I was the one Brit was fucking with, but I didn't want Del to think so. It wasn't that, however. "She's really developed a nice body." Female body insecurity. This I knew how to deal with, I've been married a long time.

"She has exactly the same body you do." Del was in great shape for her late thirties, her active profession and diligence keeping her competitive with the young women she spent most of her time with. It wasn't a lie either, Brit did have her body. It was just the eighteen-year-old version.

"Hardly. I didn't have that kind of muscle tone even when I was her age. She gets that from you." Despite her argument to the contrary, the compliment had hit home. "I wonder what's gotten in to her?"

I wouldn't pass up another chance at deflection. "She's figured out you're a lesbian."

"I'm not a lesbian." In my book, being willing to fuck a man doesn't make you bi. You have to actually want to do it. But it wasn't an argument I needed to win. "Well, she's convinced you are. Maybe time we actually had that talk with her." We'd been putting it off for years.

"I suppose." Del really didn't want to. Despite everything, her upbringing still lent a feeling of shame over her sexuality.

"I have some other things I need to talk to her about anyway, do you want me to take care of it?"

She scoffed. "You'll make it sound so sorted."

"No, I'll be sure to tell her how lovingly you make them beg to eat your pussy and send them home without an orgasm if they don't do it right."

She blushed. "That's exactly what I mean."

"Look, Del, I know what's important to you. I'm not even sure you need to worry about how she'll react. She didn't put Lexi in that lingerie for my benefit." A little more deflection couldn't hurt.

"Ok." She shook her head. "It's silly how nervous this makes me."

Brit returned dressed in a polo and kakis, looking more ridiculous than she had in her childhood underwear. We all laughed, but the rest of the meal still felt kind of tense. Del was the first to crack, dashing off to deal with some made up crisis.

"We need to have a talk."

"Yeah." Her tone said that she thought she was in trouble.

"Not like that. Want to go for ice-cream?" We used to do that a lot before she'd given up sweets in favor of the high protein diet she adhered to now.

She smiled, a big genuine one. "Sure. Can I go change first?"

I laughed. She wouldn't want to be seen in public with so little skin showing. "Fine. Why do you even have those clothes?"

"Debate. I think it's so we can't sway the judges with sex appeal, to be honest. I'll be right back." True to her word, she was sitting beside me in the car in gray leggings so tight you'd be able to identify the brand of underwear she was wearing, if she'd bothered to wear any. She'd added a Chief's tank top, both an acknowledgement that I was missing football to spend time with her and a fuck you. I hated the Chiefs.

I didn't waste much time on chit chat. The confines of a moving car are about the most private place you can have a conversation. "Ok, for starters, stunts like the one you did today absolutely cannot happen. While your mother and I officially have an open marriage, she really struggles with it and would be very hurt if she found out about Lexi."

"How's that fair? She's been fucking Casandra for six months."

I hadn't known that. They'd spent a lot of time together, but Cassie really wasn't Del's type. I couldn't help myself, "What makes you think that?"

"Are you kidding? Haven't you noticed how happy she's been acting lately? The way she loses her shit when she calls?" I hadn't noticed any of that. It was football season, after all.

"Regardless, we'd both be best served if you made a point of making me look like I'm not interested in Lexi, unless you want to explain to her why she's not getting any dad-gasms. She's gorgeous, but she isn't worth the risk if I can't count on your help."

"I'm sorry. I know you're right. I just saw those clothes in my hamper this morning and couldn't resist. I'll be good."

"Ok, second, your mother is officially bi, not lesbian. It's bullshit, but it helps her accept who she is. So, to whatever degree it comes up, your mom, friends, whatever, she's bi."

"Noted. Why does she care so much?"

"The worlds a very different place now than the one she grew up in. I keep hoping she'll make her peace with it, but maybe that will never happen." And with that, we got to the sticky part. "So, you like to watch?"

She blushed. "Dad."

"You know we're going to have to talk about this. I didn't mind you watching, I might even have liked it, except it was you and I worried. Did you enjoy watching us?"

"Yes."

"So, what did you like about it?" I looked at her trying to be encouraging. This was a very awkward conversation.

"I don't know. I'm kind of a freak, I guess. I just, I don't know, I like to see what people are like when they aren't pretending for me. Like, you knew I was there. Were you nice to her because that's who you want me to see, or because you're actually nice? Lexi was really shy about letting you touch her, but would she have let that show after all the boasting she'd done with me? She told me you fucked her. Even knowing that is a lie is kind of a turn on."

"I heard her tell you that. Do you think she's a virgin?" I was ok either way, but it would impact how I progressed with her.

"I'm pretty sure she's had sex. She didn't enjoy it, but got some of the details right, if you know what I mean." I didn't, but I'd trust her. "Then there's the video of you and mom. The way it seems to everyone is that she's the alpha, you're just a simp or something." She thought about what she'd just said, "Sorry, I mean-"

"I know what you mean."

She smiled, a little embarrassed. "Anyway, then I see you telling her to lick your cum off her friends face, and she doesn't even hesitate. It totally changed how I saw you guys, how I thought about your marriage. You're the alpha, and so confident in it you don't even care what anyone else thinks. You let her have it in public because it's what she needs. She isn't taking advantage of you. You're taking care of her, just like you do of me."

I'd never thought of it that way, but what she was saying wasn't inaccurate. Her mom had to be strong in front of everyone, but I knew the insecure girl I'd fallen in love with.

"That's why I fixed you up with Lexi. I wanted to take care of you and knew you would take care of her."

I had one more concern, the most awkward of them all. "How do you feel about me? Did you like watching me specifically? Why did you want me to watch you with Lexi after?"

She thought for a while before answering. "I don't think it's about you. I mean, yeah, I get turned on, but its sex, you know? As far as the other, I guess I felt like I owed you for letting me watch."

"Well, I think we're good then. I kind of like the idea of you watching. I love the power I have over women and outside of coaching I always have to hide it." And then, just on a whim, I added, "You still owe me, though. If I asked you to sleep with someone, I expect you to do it and enjoy it."

I looked at her to see her reaction. She gave me a huge smile, her voice low as she answered, "That's so hot. God, I can't believe we're doing this. I'm such a freak."

"We don't choose what turns us on. It chooses us. Your mother tried so hard to not be into women, but she was helpless to it."

"Is that how she ended up with you? Trying really hard to be straight?"

I laughed. "Yeah. She was such a firecracker, and her body was like yours back then. I had no chance."

Brit, of course, only really heard one part of that sentence. "You like my body?"

Oh well, I thought. It wasn't like she didn't already know. "You have an amazing body, Tanny. Your mother was raving about it. But stop teasing her with it. If she starts feeling attracted to you, she'll end up having herself committed."

"Ok, daddy." She hadn't called me that in a long time, but then I hadn't called her Tanny in a while either. She unbuckled and leaned over to hug me. "Thank you. Now let's get that ice-cream." She sat back down, looking as pleased as could be.

Intense conversations always have this let down feeling. Brit and I had defined a whole new relationship, but ten minutes later we were back to treating each other just like we always had. Nothing happened for a couple of days. Then, after our evening practice on Wednesday, Brit announce that she and Lexi were going to a basketball game at the high school that night and would be getting ready at our house. I had mixed feelings. I was obviously excited about the prospect of getting my hands on Lexi again, but it would be a short window and Del would be there. Maybe they really were just getting ready for the game.

Lexi had made good on my demand. She'd worn a sports bra, but since she didn't need much support it was brief and sexy. She'd pared it with a pair of compression shorts that only covered what they had to. She was really self-conscious at first, but Brit ran the team and made sure they all had nothing but good to say about the change and about the girl's body. She played better too. Maybe the whole team would benefit from a dress code change?

I liked watching her practice and she liked being watched. She tried not to smile and look at me when she caught me looking, an attempt at discretion that was mostly failing. I made a point of watching the other girls, too. Lexi having a crush on me wasn't going to turn many heads as long as it didn't look like the reverse was true. Kari was dressed similarly and looked amazing in it. I'd just watch her.

We entered the house from the garage, coming into our kitchen where Del stood at the counter eating cottage cheese out of the container. Lexi bee lined to her. It was always funny to watch the girls with Del. For all of Lexi's interest in me, soccer was first. This was recruiting for Del, so she would give the girl all the time and attention she could afford. Brit rolled her eyes. "I'm going to hit the shower."

I set about making a snack, mostly just hanging out in the kitchen to keep an eye and ear on Lexi. I needn't have worried; it was a hundred per cent soccer talk. Finally, Brit called Lexi away for her turn in the shower.

"Thank you, Mrs. Dillon."

"Any time, Lexi. And, please, call me Del." Her eyes followed the girl all the way out of the room and continued watching the hall she'd disappeared into for several seconds.

"You're totally not a lesbian." I teased.

"Fuck you," she said good naturedly. "Something has lit a fire under that girl. Was it too much to hope that she'd have been a good influence on Brit?"

I thought about the conversation I'd had with Brit. "You know Brit's the alpha, just like her mother. I think this is a good change." Del gave me a look, thinking I was teasing. "I'm serious. She played better today, more aggressive and confident. Do you think she and Brit ...?"

Del shook her head. "No. Brit has a little crush on her, maybe, but Lexi isn't interested in girls at all. This is a boy and, if I have my guess, he plays on the basketball team they're going to see tonight."

So much for that diversion. I'd been seriously horny over the last few days for obvious reasons and the glazed look Lexi had put on Del's face gave me an idea. "After the girls leave, how about I give the cock loving side of you a little attention?"

"I would, but I've got a lot of film I need to get through tonight."

"Oh, come on. It will take ten, fifteen minutes. Hour and a half, tops."

And then I saw it, the real reason. She sighed, "Sorry."

It was an old fight, one not worth hashing over again. I hated condoms. I'd pass on sex before wearing one most times. It seemed a simple enough thing for her to maintain birth control, to at least pretend she was interested in sex with me. She'd let it lapse again. "You know, we've only had sex once in the last year and a half." Her expression told me she hadn't known that. "Maybe it's time to bring Cassie by for a little sub training?"

She blushed. "I didn't know you knew about her."

"It's kind of obvious." To our daughter anyway. "You kind of go all sappy when you think about her."

"She's not really the 'share-with-your-husband' type." She looked at me closer. "You're upset."

I shrugged. "Just horny, I think."

She came over and hugged me. "It really is ok if you fool around."

I kissed her on top of the head. "And you're a bad liar."

I went to my office to enter a few notes on the practice that day while I still had them fresh in my head. I mostly thought about Lexi and whether I should go and try to find her. That question was answered soon after. The message alert on my phone beeped. The team used discord groups to stay in touch, share video, announcements, etc. The girls knew way more about how it worked than I did, so I wasn't surprised to get an anonymous message to my id. It was a profile picture of a mouth, the lips shiny red with a fresh lacquer of carefully applied cosmetics, open enough to show her tongue and a hint of white teeth. Lexi's mouth. "The door's unlocked, come feed me."

That seemed like a really good idea. "Be right there," I responded.

I heard music playing from the bathroom as I approached. I'd always known she was smart. The bathroom was the ideal place for this. It had two exits, one into Lexi's room, one into the hall. Locked doors would seem normal. Music would cover any sound we made. I wondered if Brit chose her for me for this reason. Lexi was no dumb girl to expose me accidentally. I locked the door behind me.

She knelt on the floor, a thick towel folded under her knees. She wore nothing but makeup and a smile, her skin still pink from the heat of the shower. Her chest rose and fell like she was slightly winded.

"I was proud of you, today."

She nodded. "I was really feeling it today."

She was still thinking about soccer. I'd let her take the compliment she wanted. "You looked really sexy, too. I had to force myself not to spend the whole time watching you."

That earned me a blush. "I was so nervous. You liked the way I dressed?"

"Yes. And I liked that you did as I instructed." I walked over to her, standing a foot away. "Are you hungry?"

She nodded, looking up at me. "So hungry."

"This might mess up your makeup."

She nodded again. "Yes, please." She lifted her hands to my waist, pulling down my track pants and boxers together, her eyes fixed on my erection as it popped out in front of her. She took ahold of it in her hand and looked up at me. This was all visually stunning. It was a shame that Brit was missing it.

That gave me an idea. "Can I film you?"

She looked at me hesitantly. "Why?"

"Because you're the sexiest fucking thing I've ever seen."

She thought about it, nodding. She could barely find the breath to answer, "Ok."

I pulled my phone out of my pocket where she'd left my pants at about mid-thigh. I pulled up Brit's id on discord. I sent, "You free for a stream?"

"Fuck, yes," came back almost immediately.

I turned on my camera. "Show me what you can do with that mouth."

"Yes, sir." She leaned in, her tongue curling out to run up the underside and up over the head to gather the precum there, letting a long string of it stretch out as she pulled back. I already knew this was going to be great. "I love the way you taste." I was watching her through the camera, so she fixed her eyes on it as she took the head in her mouth, suckling it like a teat. It felt really good. It looked really good. I moaned. I saw the edges of her mouth curl up in a smile.

She took me into her mouth and slowly withdrew, her swirling tongue doing most of the work. She repeated that, over and over, in no hurry. She was performing for me and for the camera. And she was very good. I could have watched her give a blowjob and almost cum, but with the added benefit of her touch, her hand on me stimulating me with the same slow, soft motions of her mouth, I wasn't going to last long at all. I've never worried about cumming too quick from a blowjob, it made the woman feel powerful and avoided the discomfort a long session would cause. However, I wasn't ready for this to end quite yet. I gave a sharp breath as I almost lost it.

She pulled off. "Are you going to cum for me coach?" It wasn't really a question. She smiled and put her mouth on the base of my cock, kissing and sucking just above my balls. Her hand had gone completely still on me. She teased me like that, giving my balls a little distracting attention. I moved the phone to get a side view, hoping Brit was recording this so I could watch it later. I gave another sharp breath. I was going to cum anyway, even from this light attention. Lexi looked up at me, clearly pleased, and engulfed me. It was like liquid pleasure as I sank into her, her throat no barrier as she sank her lips all the way to the base.

"Oh, fuck, Lexi."

She pulled off, looking at me while biting her lip, then leaned her head back, mouth wide, and started jerking me rapidly. It only took seconds, my cum boiling up to erupt onto her face and into her mouth. I was barely able to keep the camera on her, my legs wobbling under me. She was still performing, making sure to liberally cover her cheeks and nose before taking me back into her mouth to suck the last of it from me.

She was looking up at me, a kind of happy worship showing through the wet white glaze. I looked around, seeing her neatly folded clothing on the counter. I picked up her thong, using it to wipe her face. It wasn't a lot of cloth and had been slightly damp before I started, so it served more to smear that to clean. I tossed the now soaked and lipstick smeared panties into the nearby hamper. "Stand up."

I put the phone aside as she stood up, still streaming a nice shot of the ceiling. I turned her toward the mirror, standing behind her with one arm snaked around her to hold her chin, forcing her to look at herself, her face a sexy mess. I don't know where this was coming from. Maybe I was performing for Brit. Maybe it was all the talk about alpha's and dominance. "Do you see that girl, Lexi? How incredibly sexy she is? When I see her, I don't just think I want to fuck her. I don't want to just use her body in every way she can imagine. I want to possess her. I want to own her. I want to tattoo my fucking name on her perfect skin. Is that what you want, Lexi? Do you want to belong to me?"

We locked eyes in the mirror. "Yes. Very much."

"Ok. No more panties. Not when you don't need them."

She nodded. "So, like ...?"

"Tight jeans, at practice, on your period, wear underwear. You know better than I do when you need them. But when you're sleeping, at school, wearing a short skirt to a basketball game, I want you bare. Understood?"

She actually smiled at this. "Yes, sir."

"Good girl. Now spread your legs and lean forward." I almost had her pick up the phone to continue the show, but realized that she'd know the difference between making a video and streaming. I grabbed it and put it on the floor between her feet, kneeling down behind her. I parted her with my hands and ran my tongue along the parts of her pussy I could reach.

It wasn't an easy position to eat her, so I added a hand to tease her. She still seemed jumpy about it, so I used a very light touch. That was until I followed my nose up the crack of her ass to run my tongue over her rosebud. She made a sexy, high-pitched noise. I smiled and poked her little asshole with my tongue. She liked that. She liked it a lot.

I, up the that point, had almost zero experience with anal play. It wasn't the big thing it was now when I was younger. While most people eventually crossed it off their list of things they hadn't tried yet, when you got married and became largely celibate at twenty, it was an opportunity lost. Del had never had a desire to be penetrated, so it had mostly been a nonstarter with her.

But, as I wriggled my tongue in Lexi, her almost chanted 'fuck, fuck, oh fuck' on my ears, I knew I'd be crossing a whole lot of things off my list soon. The only reason I stopped was that I didn't want her to have an orgasm yet. I wanted that to happen with me buried balls deep in her hot, pink pussy.

There was one more thing of note that happened that day, one that gave me pause even as my cock hardened at the sight. Brit sent me a ten second video, panting and clearly in the aftermath of her own orgasm. She had the gusset of Lexi's thong between her teeth, sucking as she tugged at it until it snapped out of her mouth. She held up two fingers for the camera, shiny wet with a string of thin lubricant connecting them. She put the fingers in her mouth, pulling them out clean.

"Thank you, daddy."

My screen went dark.