

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I pulled my F250 into the driveway, bounced up to the garage and slammed on the brakes. I threw open my door, then stopped, trying to calm my temper and organize my thoughts. Murder was illegal in Washington. "Slow down, don't go in there mad," I muttered to myself.

I hated getting calls on my cell phone when I'm in the woods, trying to put down an acre of timber before the owners get mad and parcel it off to somebody else. It really pisses me off when somebody cuts into my business like that. Especially when it's Mrs. Jefferson, and especially when she's telling me that a little geeky bastard named Phillip Marston, has been over here humping my daughter's leg again. I told the little bastard not to come around when I'm gone. I thought I'd made it clear to him. Apparently not. I told him what a chainsaw can do to a 16-year-old shithead. Apparently he didn't listen to that either. What's next, showing him? Maybe I was leaning on the wrong shithead. He wouldn't be over here unless Jill had encouraged him.

I stood with my back against my truck and looked around while thinking furiously. It was actually a very beautiful day. The afternoon sunlight lit the pines around me like an old photograph. A blackbird made its tinkling music from a tree overhead. A slight breeze moved the very tops of the trees, making them whisper in excitement. Somebody had a barbecue grill going somewhere and somebody else had recently mowed their lawn. The air was full of wonderful aromas. A dog barked down the street. It wasn't mine. Despite Skipper's upbeat name, he would bite before he barked. He could be a mean little son of a bitch. Where was that little fur ball? He should have come out to meet me.

I took off my gloves and slammed them down into the bed of my truck. I bent down and dusted off my jeans, then shook sawdust out of my cuffs. Out of the corner of my eye I peeked at Mrs. Jefferson's house. The old bat was peeking through her curtains. What, she didn't think I could see her in broad daylight?

I stood, put my finger to my nose and blew. I couldn't hear her scream of disgust, but she disappeared instantly. With a slight smile I headed into the house, feeling a little better.

It was hard, raising a daughter alone. To all the diehards out there I will tell you, get your wife insured. You are not greedy, you are not morbid, and you are not ready to raise a family alone, believe me. You'll find yourself in a hole you can't dig yourself out of. That's why I spent most of my time away. I was good at what I did, but I was doing far too much of it. It left my daughter alone most of the time. I loved the sneaky little bitch, but she's too much like me. She will fuck anything that walks and put a notch on her bedpost when she's done. But you've got to love your kids, no matter how they turn out. I could have done worse.

"Jill!" I yelled as I entered the front door. The TV was on. There was a smell of popcorn in the air and some other foul odor. I followed the stink into the kitchen. The coffee pot had boiled down to a thick tar. What used to be coffee that morning, was rank as hell now. I flipped off the switch and ran water into the pot.

"Jill?" I called before washing my face and arms in the sink. She must be out. There was no answer. Good, I was alone. I could take a nap before we argued about who was going to make dinner. Time for a shower. I needed to get the smell of gasoline and pine sawdust off my body. I left my mud-covered boots at the front door and plodded up the stairs. Suddenly my ears perked up.

"Uh, uh, ah, uh."

My bathroom usually didn't make those noises. I had a feeling I would need that chainsaw real soon.

It was time to cut down a Phillip. I tested the door and my eyes widened in surprise when I found it unlocked. They weren't expecting me? I turned the knob and threw it open.

I had found my daughter and my dog. My daughter was sitting on the toilet with her legs wide open, and my dog was between them licking the hell out of her. You wouldn't believe the look of horror which crossed her face.

"Skipper licked me, daddy," she said meekly. I thought it was a bit of an understatement.

"Yes, I can see that," I said in a calm voice. But my eyes were taking it all in. Skipper never missed a lick, and my daughter was too terrified to stop him. She just sat holding her bare knees while Skipper went to town in that sweet, young pussy. When had she grown pubic hair? Probably about the same time she grew tits, which was four years ago? I realized two things immediately. My daughter was all grown up, and Skipper needed a bath. He loved rolling in the dirt out back.

"Give Skipper a bath when you're done," I said as I calmly closed the door. I went to my bedroom and fell on the bed. Well, what a turn of events. I had a feeling that I had just reached a turning point in my life, but I was too stunned to figure out why. I would later.

Then I discovered another thing. My cock was as hard as a rock. It was so hard it hurt and the hormones were really churning in my loins. So what now, jack off? Rape Mrs. Jefferson? Cruise Mercer street looking for a whore?

"I'm sorry, daddy," Jill said as she entered the room. I nodded, looking at her in her blue flowered dress, now wet from Skipper's bath.

"You put Skipper out back?"

"Yes daddy."

God how she'd grown. She looked so much like her mother, it almost hurt. She looked at my dirty clothes, then her eyes widened as she saw my crotch. It had been almost half an hour and I was still throbbing. She turned half away with a smile.

"What's so damn funny?" I pretended to be mad.

"This situation is so ridiculous, I don't even know what to say," she giggled. "You didn't take it like I thought you would."

"The Indians used dogs to cure all sorts of infections. They swore that a dog's saliva could cure almost everything," I said significantly.

"Like what?"

"Like venereal disease, yeast infections, gunshot wounds . . ." I let my words trail off. "We are part Indian, you know?" I finished lamely. "You have any of those?"

"No daddy," she smiled. Her eyes were still on my crotch. God how I wanted to touch her. As if reading my thoughts, she moved uncomfortably on the bed beside me and her skirt slid up. For the first time in my life I noticed how fucking incredible her legs were. Long, slender, perfectly formed and tanned. I've seen her in a bathing suit, in a bra and panties, and naked and drunk once. But I never made the connection between my daughter, and a woman. Now I was. I was making all sorts of connections. My daughter was a woman. She was an incredibly sexy woman. I could still

remember her slender legs, open pussy, and that little tuft of brown pubic hair. How I envied Skipper.

"What are you thinking, daddy?" she asked in her best little girl voice.

"I'm thinking you are all grown up," I sighed. "I'm thinking that I'm glad the little Phillip punk isn't here, so I don't have to kill him," I paused, licking my lips, "and I'm wishing I could trade places with Skipper right now." The addition of the last part surprised even me. Had I actually said that?

"Really?" she gave me a slight smile, looking at my crotch again. She wet those incredible lips and I almost died. Do women know how incredibly sexy their lips are? Of course they do. That's why they spend millions of dollars each year to make them sexy.

"You have no idea how much," I said quietly. "I've got to take a shower. You'd better get out unless you want to see an old man naked," I fell into my old speech habits as I unbuttoned my shirt.

"I'll make coffee," she said, leaping from the bed and skipping out of the room. I had to admit, I was disappointed. I half expected . . . Maybe it was for the best. After all, who really fucked their own daughter? Hillbillies? People on the Jerry Springer show? Hell, I actually had an incestuous sticker on my truck. I bought it at a truck stop to piss off Mrs. Jefferson. It really does piss her off. She hides her eyes when she walks by. It was meant as a joke.

I washed brutally under the shower. I almost resorted to masturbating, but I had not done that since I was 16. I wasn't restarting now. I might go out later, have a few beers and pick up some bimbo. Anything with a pussy would work. Age and race were inconsequential.

My daughter had a pussy. I still had a picture of it burned into my mind. Sweet, delicate, starkly white, and perfect. As I washed my armpits, I realized I was driving myself crazy. I was also rubbing so hard it was taking the skin off. I turned the shower to cold, shouted and gasped, then stood with my hands against the wall while the cold water brutalized my body. She was my daughter. She was not a piece of available pussy. She was my fucking daughter! Half me, half Lisa, she was . . .

"Daddy?"

"What?" I screamed, turning off the shower.

"I brought you coffee." A slender hand appeared by the shower curtain holding a cup of coffee. What the fuck? "Yeah, thanks honey. Just set it on the sink," I said, wiping the water out of my eyes.

"Ok."

The door closed and I jerked back the curtain. There she was, sitting on the toilet. Her slender legs were neatly crossed. They looked adorable in black shoes and white socks. She still wore the blue flowered dress with a large white collar. Her breasts looked incredibly perky in it. She was so tiny. Damn those were sweet legs. She smiled and turned, picking up the coffee. I took it breathlessly and took a sip. I moaned when I felt her hands on my cock. This wasn't right. God would strike us down at any moment. Lightning would burn down the house. Mrs. Jefferson would know exactly what was going . . . oh fuck. My daughter was sucking my cock. Did a mouth normally feel that hot? When had I crossed the line? Why was she crossing it?

"Oh fuck," I gasped. I tried to put the coffee on the back of the toilet, without spilling it on my daughter's back. Her lips made a wet sucking sound. I could feel the vibrations clear down to the roots of my cock. Jill smiled up at me with my cock in her mouth. I had paid for that cherry red

lipstick. It looked good around my cock. Very good. I couldn't love her any more than I did at that very moment. It was physically impossible.

"Let's go into the bedroom," I gasped.

Her lips made a wet sucking sound when she pulled her mouth off my cock. I groaned and nearly fell. She jumped up and sprinted out of the bathroom. I followed on shaky legs. She began unbuttoning her dress as she ran. I hurried to catch the first view of her breasts with my new eyes. She turned and dropped her dress as she walked backwards. My god, she was beautiful. I hadn't seen a body like that since high school. Everything about her was beautiful, from her face, to her neck, chest, and torso. She was absolutely perfect. Why hadn't I noticed that before? No wonder the little geeks took a chance on getting killed. No wonder my threats didn't stop them. Nothing would.

"You have the most beautiful ass I have ever seen," I voiced my thoughts.

"Thanks, daddy," she smiled. She fell to the bed and bounced twice as she watched me approach. She kicked off each shoe with a thump.

"Did you know I fantasize about you while I masturbate?" she asked coyly.

"No, I didn't know that," I was genuinely surprised.

"Phillip was wrong," she looked at my cock as I sat beside her on the bed.

"About what?"

"He said just because a guy is big, doesn't mean his cock is big too. He's wrong. Your cock is very big."

"Not really," I smiled. "It's just bigger than Phillip's."

"You want to touch me daddy?"

"Oh hell yes," I gasped.

"Go ahead. I'm not a virgin," she said condescendingly.

"Don't tell me that," I groaned.

We were sitting on the edge of the bed, side by side like strangers. I looked down at her magnificent breasts. They were perfect bowl-shaped breast with tiny nipples. With a moan, I reached out and pushed her gently down on the bed. Her shoulders were so soft. I kissed her left breast. It was the closest to me. God how soft the skin felt. It was like kissing butter. How wonderful her skin smelled. There was a little groove at the base of her neck. I kissed that soundly, flicking my tongue across the soft skin as I did. I moved over to the side of her neck. I turned her head and kissed the side of her neck soundly. Her breath caught. I put my tongue into her ear, then caressed the outside of it before working my way behind and down to her jaw. She was shaking now. Her breath came in fluttering hisses. I lifted my mouth from her ear and she turned, looking at me. Before I could decide whether to kiss my daughter on the lips, she pulled my head forward and kissed me urgently.

We were breathing harshly through our noses. She had her eyes closed. Mine were open. I didn't want to miss a thing. Our tongues fenced playfully. There was a horrible fire filling my body. By the way she moved, it was filling her's too. I started shaking and my eyes flew open at a distant memory.

An Army memory. One night me and the boys went down to Juarez for drinking and whoring. I ended up with cute little Mexican girl wearing a horrible blonde wig. I remembered thinking that wig felt like straw. She drove me so fucking crazy that night that I was shaking and screaming like a school girl. I never knew how she did it.

Now, for the second time in my life, I was getting so excited that it was happening again. With my own daughter.

"I need to taste you," I whispered around her lips. She released my head and I crawled up in the middle of the bed. She slid back until she sat facing me. I looked down at her perfect pussy in awe. I had never seen anything so flawless in my entire life. Some pussies were ugly, some looked deformed, and some I wouldn't touch with my chain saw. But some, like Jill's were crafted just perfectly. She had gently rounded pussy lips in the form of a mound, with just a touch of pink skin showing between them and a little tab of skin which marked the location of her clit. That was convenient.

I parted her creamy smooth thighs and slid between them with a shuddering sigh. Jill looked down at me brightly, as I inspected her womanhood. I kissed my way up 4 inches of the softest skin I had ever felt, on each inner thigh. She shuddered, but didn't make a sound. I liked the way she watched my every move. Then I realized that she was memorizing the moment like I had been. Did she really find me so attractive or was it the illicit aspect which fascinated us both?

"You are so beautiful, sweetheart," I whispered.

"Thanks, daddy."

I sniffed her aromatic box, inhaling deeply. I shuddered uncontrollably. I found myself trying to fuck the bed. That wouldn't do at all. There was only one thing I wanted to fuck. No more stalling.

I opened my mouth and sealed it over her pussy. It was all I had hoped it would be. The flavor and aroma were heavenly. Her response was noisy and explosive. She thrashed on the bed like she was being tortured. I began lapping in her pussy like Skipper. She responded immediately by throwing her legs wide and screaming. Moments later she closed her little legs around my head. I had the softest pair of ear muffs on earth. My mouth immediately filled with juices. It was sweet nectar from my daughter's loins, and I treasured every little morsel. Her wild thrashing was juicing up my face. My five o'clock shadow must have been rubbing her raw, but she didn't seem to mind. God she was beautiful.

"Lick me, daddy," she howled. The words stunned me for a moment. I had almost forgotten who I was eating. Relying on an old trick I had learned on her mother, I took the calloused thumb on my right hand and positioned it near the crack of her ass. I rocked my hand forward and inserted my thumb into her luscious pussy. She stiffened. Her eyes widened and her breath caught in surprise. There were more than 21 different ways to eat a pussy. I was teaching her one of them.

"Oh fuck," she gasped.

"Hey, watch your mouth."

"Daddy," she said condescendingly.

"Ok. Just this once." I returned to my feast. I had never felt so excited in my life. How much stress could a heart take and still survive? I was close to that point.

"Oh daddy, I've dreamed of this for so long," Jill whispered. Something about the way she said daddy made it the sexiest word on earth.

I didn't have to move my thumb. Like her mother, she was fucking herself on it. I concentrated on my tongue. I knew women liked a man to move around, touch everything. I kept this in mind with my daughter. I wanted it to be the most memorable time of her life. I licked the swollen lips on the left side of her pussy, then the little v at the top, and back down to the right side. Lisa had taught me more about eating pussy than any other woman in my life. I knew when and where to stimulate. I knew how hard, and how much. What I didn't know was how long it had been since somebody else had stimulated that pussy before me. Apparently it had been some time, because she was acting like she was heading for an orgasm, and I wasn't ready to allow that yet.

"Roll over," I said, taking my thumb out of her pussy.

"What?" she was incredulous.

"Trust me, baby. Roll over on your stomach."

She kinked her leg, touching her face with her knee, and rolled over. I didn't even have to move. Hell, if I could do that I'd suck my own dick. Suddenly I was faced with the most perfect ass in the world. She spread her legs and looked back at me over her shoulder. I think she was afraid I would ass-fuck her. I wouldn't. She was too young for that. I took a moment to take in her beauty, from her short blonde hair to her slender figure, and her white socks. She was the perfect picture of a schoolgirl about to do her homework.

I eased forward and kissed the right cheek of her ass. It was nethery soft. I kissed it gently, first in one place, then another. I knew better than to use my tongue, she was very ticklish. The thought suddenly struck me that I had diapered this ass since the day it was born. What the fuck was I doing?

"Do the other one, daddy." Ok. There was my answer. I was doing any damn thing she wanted me to do. It was time for a good reaming.

I parted those perfect ass cheeks and licked through them. The musty taste was no surprise, I was an ass man. She squealed in delight. She suddenly pressed her face into the blankets and clutched them in her fists. I licked quickly and quietly. At times I stopped and tried to burrow my way inside. But it required a stiffer tongue than mine. I mashed her ass cheeks in my hands. She whimpered into the blankets. I looked at that perfect figure and ran my hands over her back and ribs. My tongue flashed in her sweet anus. She was very animated. Like me, she liked a good reaming. I couldn't wait to see how she handled a real fuck.

"Let me roll over, daddy," she begged in that voice. I didn't have the heart to say no. I pulled back and she rolled over quickly. She watched me with a coy smile. I smiled back and fell forward between her legs. Her pussy was very swollen and very juicy. I sucked the whole thing into my mouth and flickered my tongue inside her sweet womanhood. She arched and squealed, twisting herself on the bed like a pretzel. I followed her bouncing pussy and sucked the clit into my lips. I held it there while my tongue twisted and bent the little bud. She was really screaming now. My god, she was like her mother even in that.

I pulled off briefly and gave her pussy a loving kiss, then plunged back inside and tortured her pee hole for a moment, before working my way up to her clit. She was thrashing and screaming now. She was ready. I sucked her clit into my lips and nursed on it. She stiffened, her eyes grew big and she screamed. She battered my face by closing and opening her legs, while her pussy convulsed. I trust

my tongue up inside her and let her fuck herself on it, while her pussy spasmed around my tongue. I tasted a difference in her pussy and knew she had peed a little. That wasn't unusual. It added character to her flavor.

All too soon she settled down and I knew it was over. Too bad, I had been enjoying myself. With a suddenness that startled me, she sat up on the bed and pushed me back with her slender hands. As I fell on the bed, she fell on top of me. Leaning over me from the left side, she took my throbbing cock into her perfect lips and began bobbing on it. I hissed and fell back to the bed. I wanted to watch, but the thrills were so damn intense that I utterly wilted on the bed. Her hand curled around my balls. I stiffened, but she knew better than to squeeze them. She simply cupped them in her hand and warmed them.

"Oh yes, baby," I moaned. I watched the top of her head bobbing and looked down to see that sweet face concentrating on my cock. She was working hard to bring me to a quick orgasm. I needed it before I could fuck her. Otherwise, she would be disappointed.

The muscles in my cock began clenching. I tried to tighten them to hold off the orgasm just a little longer. It was no use. The mere sight of that perfect face bobbing on my cock was too much for me.

"I'm cumming," I warned her. I had to warn her, I didn't know if she wanted to drink my cum or not. My greatest wishes were fulfilled when she ignored me and continued bobbing on my throbbing member. I clenched my ass muscles in a desperate attempt to hold off my orgasm, but with the suddenness of lightning, my balls exploded. I squealed like a girl when my cock began pumping thick cum into those perfect lips. She swallowed convulsively for a moment, then easily kept up with the spurts of cum. Her hand flashed, stroking the base of my cock as her lips sucked the head. I had not had sex in quite some time, so there was plenty of cum and it was very sweet. She enjoyed it as much as I enjoyed hers. With a satisfied smile she sucked the head clean, smacked her lips and fell back to lay beside me. My balls began burning. It had been a very long time since I'd had sex.

"I made my daddy cum," she laughed.

"I take it back. Stop talking like that," I said uncomfortably.

"Daddy," she said with a giggle.

"I mean it. It makes me feel bad."

"Ok," she nodded.

"I want to make love to you, but it will take a while to get really horny again."

"Is there anything I can do to help?" she asked, looking at my cock and licking her lips.

"No, just let me rest. Come to think of it, there is one thing."

"What?" she was mystified.

"Get Skipper back in here."

"Oh, yeah," she jumped to her feet and ran for the door.

"Put some clothes on that naked ass before you go downstairs. Mrs. Jefferson can see our back door. That's how she knows when Phillip comes and goes."

"The old bitch," Jill growled as she dressed. Skipper appeared before Jill returned. He still smelled like wet dog when he leaped on the bed. His nose immediately went to my cock. He licked timidly for a moment, but my cock was too sensitive to put up with that nonsense.

"She was out there," Jill said breathlessly. "I hate her." She pulled her dress over her head and jumped on the bed. Skipper knew exactly what to do. He forced his nose between her legs and began lapping before she was settled. She hissed and thrust her legs open with her knees bent. He took a step forward and began licking heartily. Damn that dog liked the taste of pussy. His strong tongue was parting her starkly white pussy lips. His tongue made a wet, lapping sound which I would always associate with Jill's pussy. Up through the entire length of her pussy, his tongue pressed so hard it pushed her mound out of shape.

"Oh fuck," Jill screamed. "Oh, oh, uh, uh, uh," she moaned, rolling her head from side to side.

"How is it?" I asked.

"It's good, but his tongue is so rough. It hurts and it feels good too."

I laid with my face on her abdomen so I could watch closely. I leaned down and kissed her leg as I watched. This was turning out to be a wonderful day.

Skipper was really enjoying himself. I had heard that only a female dog likes to lick pussy. They were wrong, Skipper liked it too. Maybe he had been trained by a former owner.

He continued licking the outer lips for a while, then he pushed his nose up inside Jill and licked her from the inside. She giggled at first, lifting her ass to adjust her angle on the bed. In seconds her eyes widened as he pushed even more nose up inside her.

"He's licking me clear up here," she pointed at her abdomen. "Oh hell, he's big," she gasped, falling back on the bed and thrusting her crotch forward to meet his nose. I could see his mouth and throat moving. He pulled out occasionally to pant, then dove back inside. He was licking her with lightning flashes of his tongue. I didn't know how long Skipper's tongue was, but according to Jill it was incredibly long.

I was hard now, hard and throbbing. But how could I deprive Skipper after using him like this? I suddenly realized we could both do Jill at the same time.

"Roll over," I pushed her away from me. "On your side," I whispered in a shaky voice.

She hurried to comply, opening her legs so Skipper would not be interrupted. Skipper liked the new angle. Before I slid up behind Jill, Skipper cleaned her ass of the juices which had dripped down into her crack. My cock pushed him aside. I briefly considered doing Jill in the ass, but decided she was too young for ass fucking with a cock like mine. Let Phillip get in there first.

I touched the buttery soft lips of her pussy and almost came instantly. What a wonderful fucking feeling. Buttery soft and hot as hell. Jill would be a very good fuck.

I started going slow, but Jill was tired of waiting. I held still while she scooted backwards and impaled herself. My body fit neatly behind hers. It was one area where a smaller body fit better. Skipper, of course, was still going at it. With my cock inside her vagina, he was restricted to her clit. I could tell by Jill's reaction that she was being brutalized by that tongue.

Jill kept her legs open, but rested her upper leg on top of mine. I began pumping away in her pussy

slowly so I wouldn't hurt her. She wanted it rough. She began slapping her ass back against my thighs. I held still as she fucked herself on my cock. She was so tight and so damned hot. I have never felt a fuck like this in my life.

Jill was really enjoying herself. She had one hand back on my hip. She watched Skipper and me as she fucked herself brutally by rocking against me. I was more interested in what Skipper was doing. I would never grow tired of seeing his tongue flashing through her pussy. His tongue came into contact with my cock occasionally. It felt wonderful. Now I wanted to see him fuck her. But me first.

"Oh yes, daddy," Jill hissed. "Oh yes," she said again, dropping her head to the bed. I reached around her and captured one perfect breast. I mashed it out of shape, then tweaked the nipple with my calloused fingers. It was too much for Jill. She started cumming. With a scream she pelted my hips with her shapely ass. The wet sound of flesh against flesh was loud, echoing around the room. Her pussy aroma was filling the air. It was wonderful.

Skipper backed out as Jill became more violent. He licked his lips and whined, while Jill screwed up her face and panted, slapping her ass violently against me. For a brief moment she was no longer beautiful. For one short moment she looked horrible. But who was I to complain?

"Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes," she said in a decreasing voice. I watched her stop and droop to the bed. But I didn't stop. I pumped my cock slowly in and out of that hot chamber, allowing her to recover from her sensitivity while I continued my fuck. She pushed Skipper away while her clit continued throbbing. He was too powerful for her right now. She needed to calm down.

The heat and moisture were excruciating as I slowly slid all the way inside my daughter, then pulled slowly back out. The pleasure was making my hair stand on end. For the first time in my life I wanted somebody to suck on my nipples and lick my ass.

For a moment it looked like she had forgotten I was inside her, but she quickly remembered. Suddenly she perked up and began pushing back against me. I picked up my tempo until the slap, slap, slap of skin against skin rang in the bedroom once more. Skipper whined and she opened her legs for him. His shiny black face darted forward between her legs. Jill laid her upper leg back and across mine. I leaned down and kissed her shoulder. She turned somehow and sought out my mouth. It hampered my movements somewhat, but that kiss was absolutely delicious. Some people say that maturity is better than youth. Horse fucking shit. Youth looks good, tastes good, and smells even better.

I felt the first burning in my loins. Could I bring her off again before I came? No, but Skipper could. I intensified my attack on her defenseless ass. She grunted and moaned as my fleshy pole pumped up inside her, touching her cervix. Even after so much fucking, she was still skin tight around my cock. My god, she was a good fuck.

Slap, slap, slap.

"Oh yes, daddy."

Slap, slap, slap.

"That feels so good, daddy. I think I'm going to cum again."

Slap, slap, slap. I suddenly froze and grunted. I whined slightly then pumped into my daughter's pussy slowly as my cock unloaded its thick hot sperm into her inviting mound. Her ass was so hot and so fucking beautiful. She rocked back against me and ground her ass against my cock. I knew

she was close. I quickly pulled out of her pussy and crawled around so I could watch. I helped her get into position and called Skipper. Skipper quickly hopped up onto her back and began thrusting with his pointed cock against her ass. It took three tries to find her pussy.

Jill gasped and stiffened. With the speed of a jackhammer, Skipper began pummeling her sweet pussy with his pointed prick. He moved so quickly that I had to admire him. If I could do that I'd have all the girls I wanted.

"Uh, uh, ah, ah, ah," Jill grunted. Once again her face was screwed up in passion. I brushed the hair out of her face and watched it as our talented dog fucked her brains out. There was no doubt that she was enjoying herself now.

"I'm cumming, daddy," she whispered. I kissed her sweaty face and rested my face against the side of her head. I grabbed one breast and fondled it. It was so damn sexy, seeing those breasts swaying in time with Skipper's thrusts.

"Oh, oh nooo," Jill grunted. I moved down to her ass and watched Skipper pound the hell out of it. How could you tell when a dog was cumming? I didn't know. I seldom watched them.

"Oh daddy," Jill squealed. "Oh daddy, oh daddy," she said in a louder, desperate voice. She screamed long and loud. She cried softly as Skipper continued fucking her. It was nearly a minute before Skipper stopped and shuddered behind her. He whined as his own cock pumped sperm into that delicious pussy. He humped over and over as his sperm shot into her womanhood. It was getting crowded in there. He pulled his knot out of her pussy and fell on all fours behind her. He licked her ass and pussy clean, then lay on the bed to lick himself.

Jill curled up in a ball on the bed. As I lay tightly pressed against my daughter's back, things started coming back to me. Now was the bad part. Now was the reckoning. I kissed the back of Jill's neck and she snuggled back against my lips. She turned and kissed me soundly, before licking her lips and ruffling Skipper's hair.

"God that was fun," she said in a contented voice.

"It could be for you. For me the guilt will start."

"Why?" she laughed. "I'm the one who seduced you," she kissed me again.

"That's not how the law looks at it," I said sadly.

"The law can't see in here," she said, hopping up on the bed. "I need a shower and a douche. Who's making supper?" she asked as she ran down the hallway.

"You are," I shouted, continuing an old rivalry.

"Ok, but do me one favor," she called from the open door.

"Sure," I said in surprise. She seldom gave in so easily.

"Go downstairs and scrape off that bumper sticker, it embarrassed the hell out of me when you drop me off at school."

I laughed and shook my head. I guess that was fair. There were times when it embarrassed me too.

I wiped my cock on my shorts and threw them into the hamper. I pulled on my pants and shirt, then

grabbed a new cup of coffee and a knife. Mrs. Jefferson was watching out her window when I plodded outside in my bare feet. I put the coffee on the bumper and took out the knife. With a final look, I began scraping off my sticker.

"Prevent inbreeding. Have your kids spayed or neutered."

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I awoke with my daughter in my bed. I stared in disbelief, then I groaned and rubbed my face. It was real. I had stepped over the line. What a stupid fuck. I padded downstairs, made coffee, then showered and dressed before Jill awoke. I felt like shit. Skipper was bouncing around all over me. He was happy as hell. That dog didn't care what kind of attention he got, as long as he got something. He was a lot like me.

"Do something constructive," I told Skipper, "go take a chunk out of Mrs. Jefferson."

I heard tiny footsteps on the stairs. Jill skipped across the kitchen as I opened my thermos.

"Jill, I want to talk to you," I said as I filled my steel thermos from the pot of coffee.

"Morning, daddy," she stood on tiptoes and kissed my cheek. I glanced at her and my heart skipped a beat as I saw her perfect body in a see-through negligee.

"Damn!" I yelled as coffee poured over my hand. "In the first place, get dressed. Mrs. Jefferson can see everything from her bedroom window. Put some clothes on that naked ass."

"I thought you liked this ass, daddy," she smiled coyly, while shaking her ass.

"I do, sweetheart, and last night was wonderful, but it will never happen again. You hear me?"

"Why, daddy," her face fell.

"Because I feel like shit and I have to go out and face the world now. I just can't do this again."

"Ok," she was disappointed.

"And one more thing."

"Yes daddy?"

"No punks in my house while I'm gone. Phillip can come over while I'm here. Understand?"

"Yes daddy," she said, and I believed her this time.

"If he has to fuck you so damned badly, tell him to get a 69 Chevy like everybody else," I smiled as I closed the thermos and kissed her on the cheek again.

"Can I bring a girl over?" she asked brightly.

"Sure. Make her about 40 with long blonde hair and legs clear up too here," I held my hand to my chest, before I slipped my boots on.

"No problem. Ah, daddy?"

"Yes sweetheart?"

"I have to tell you something . . ."

"Don't have time now. I have to talk to Jim Reilly before he leaves for California. I think the son-of-a-bitch is cutting stove wood from my log piles."

"But . . ."

"Later," I said as I opened the door. There was Mrs. Jefferson in a white flowered bathrobe and fuzzy slippers, looking at the bumper on my truck. She made a surprised face and hurried toward her house.

"Damned kids will put anything on there, won't they?" my yell followed her into the door.

I was right. He had been cutting wood from my convenient log piles. The stupid bastard. A good thick 20 foot pine log can net me 300 dollars. If the bastard cuts the end off, leaving me with a 17-foot log, I get half as much. He finally dropped several thousand dollars from his asking price for the entire stand of timber. I made a little money before starting work. As I filled the oiler and the fuel tank, then started my saw, I was one happy logger.

My good mood carried over into the evening. I was a little pissed when my dog didn't show up to

greet me. The bastard was getting lazy. I watched the doggy door for a moment, then brushed the sawdust off my pants and stamped the mud from my boots. Mrs. Jefferson was standing behind her house, trying to see inside my back door. I could just see her around the side of my house.

"Why don't you come over for supper?" I called. She looked startled.

"Me?" she seemed amazed.

"Yeah, you," I said, striding around the side of the house. "I'll start the grill and burn some steaks."

"I... well yes," she said, holding her hand to her chest. She fumbled with the top button on her robe for a moment, then waved timidly. "I'll get dressed and be right over."

I watched her disappear into the house. She wouldn't look too bad if she'd just get rid of those thick, ugly, birth control glasses. They made her look like Urkle.

"Come on in, the back door will be open," I called.

It was a damned good day to be alive. The sun was shining, the lawn mowers were going, and I was about to prove I was the master of the grill. I had just picked up a hundred pounds of ribeyes in Marysville. Mrs. Jefferson was back in less than a minute, wearing a blue flowered dress with a six-pack of Bud in her hand. I liked her more all the time. I had the grill scraped and going. I dropped the lid and waved her over.

She handed me a beer and I twisted off the top. I started to flick it at my neighbor's house, as usual, then I remembered she was standing next to me. I rolled it across my fingers and slipped it into my pocket. As I did, my eyes went to Mrs. Jefferson and I discovered something. Mrs. Jefferson has breasts. Her top two buttons were undone. I could see a nice set of breasts in a lacy bra. Well, that was a surprise. And here came a bigger one. My dick was getting hard. She looked down at herself self-consciously, then smiled as we entered the back door. Her smile and those glasses made her look like a 50-year-old school teacher. My dick began wilting again.

"Jill must be around," I said softly. Was she asleep? No, I could hear MTV playing loudly on the TV. I would seat Mrs. Jefferson on the couch and defrost the steaks. "In here," I nodded. I closed the screen door and turned, to find Mrs. Jefferson still standing behind me, looking into the living room. I started to go around her and my heart froze.

"Uh, oh yes," a voice cried softly. I could hear the familiar sound of sloop, sloop, sloop, the unmistakable sound of Skipper licking my daughter's pussy. I was going to die. I was going to kill. I pushed my way past Mrs. Jefferson and looked over her shoulder. I got an even bigger surprise. Skipper was not licking my daughter's pussy, a girl was. Skipper was licking the girl.

"Oh my," Mrs. Jefferson said from the corner of her mouth. Her eyes turned to me and I reluctantly met them. I was surprised to see humor and excitement in them. Was she excited about picking up some new gossip, or excited by what she saw? I suddenly realized that I was touching her left buttock. I could feel it against my right hip. It was hot and firm.

We stood watching from the darkness of the hallway, fascinated by what we saw. It was very beautiful, in a way. Jill's face was one of complete rapture. She was sitting on the couch with her legs spread wide. The girl had a hand on each of Jill's thighs, lapping like there was no tomorrow. Jill was mashing her own breasts with her right hand, and pulling the girl's face into her crotch with the left. The girl was kneeling before Jill on her hands and knees. She was naked and well built, from what I could see. Skipper was standing behind her just licking the hell out of that sweet young ass. Damn, that boy liked pussy.

"Yes, Tina, do me," Jill whispered. Tina? Tina was damn hot. She looked like that Richards girl, the actress. I suddenly wished I could see better. We were too far away and they were in a dark corner near the entrance to the kitchen. Damned, I can't count the number of times I've fantasized about seeing those young breasts. Maybe next time. Well, there was one place we could watch, without being easily seen. The stairs.

"Oh God!" Jill yelled.

My eyes went to Mrs. Jefferson. My cock was rock hard and throbbing, just six inches from a pussy. I laid my hand on her shoulder. A surprised look crossed her face, before she laid a hand over mine.

"Should you be watching this?" she asked in a harsh whisper. I almost died, confronting those thick black framed glasses from so close. I had the urge to rip them off her face.

"No," I said with a shrug. "Want to leave?"

"No," she gave me a shy smile.

"Let's go sit on the stairs," I nodded down the hallway. We hurried down the passage with exaggerated care. They wouldn't have noticed us, nothing could have torn their attention away from what they were doing. Well, almost. I forgot Skipper. As we took a seat on the stairs, watching the action through the elaborate iron railing, Skipper noticed us for the first time and started wagging. Faithful old fur ball. He came bounding across the livingroom. He rushed up to us and went right up to Mrs. Jefferson. She ruffled his shiny black hair while he whined softly. His tail was going a mile a minute.

"We're old friends," she explained.

"Yes, I can see that," I was hurt and surprised. My eyes went back to the girls. It was obviously Tina. I could see her well now. What a magnificent set of breasts. She had the breasts which were always bulging from a sweater. Now I could see why. They were swinging under her chest as she ate my daughter. Suddenly she stopped and looked around.

"Skipper's gone," she objected.

"Let's 69," Jill said eagerly. They positioned pillows on the couch to prop up Jill's head, then Tina crawled on top of her. I vowed to fuck the hell out of Tina at the very first opportunity. She was the sexiest girl I have ever seen. I looked down and to my horror I saw Skipper's nose go under Mrs. Jefferson's dress. I started to slap him away, but Mrs. Jefferson opened her legs and scratched his back, as he sniffed and began licking. Suddenly my cock grew an inch longer.

"I want to fuck you," I said suddenly. I had planned on saying something clever, but I was dying.

"Ok," she said.

"Can . . . Can I fuck you in the ass?" I asked nervously.

"How big are you?" She asked, reaching out and grabbing my cock.

"Oh fuck," I shuddered, "about six or seven inches."

"Take it out," she ordered, suddenly anxious. I leaned back on the stairs and undid my jeans. With her help I had them off in seconds. She yanked down my shorts and took my cock in her hands like it was a precious gift. Even to my eyes it looked like somebody's arm. Damn I was hard.

She turned on the stairs, going down on her hands and knees. She hiked her dress up to her back and yanked down her panties. Skipper went crazy. He looked like he owned that pussy. Mrs. Jefferson looked at my cock, then smiled up at me greedily. I couldn't help it. I had to yank off those glasses. They were making me sick. She blinked a few times and I found myself looking into a nice set of brown eyes. She wasn't beautiful, by any standards, but she sure wasn't ugly.

Time seemed to stand still as she licked her lips, opened her mouth and moved down toward my cock. I held my breath, waiting for that first wonderful moment. It was heavenly. I shuddered and almost came. My wife used to cum while I played with her ears or breasts. Now I knew how she felt. I was close. It was all I could do to tighten the muscles in my ass and thighs to contain myself. That damned hound lapping in Mrs. Jefferson's pussy, didn't help much either. Even from that angle I could see his tongue going from the bottom of her pussy to the top of the crack in her ass. He stopped and licked his lips, looking at me with that tail just a going. He shook his head, snorted, and went back to eating Mrs. Jefferson. She hissed and slammed into my stomach. I reached beneath her and found those interesting breasts. It was a very nice bra. I had seen that bra before. My wife used to wear one. It was a lace underwire. White lace. I loved white lace. Her breasts were good sized. I've seen worse. I fished her breasts out of her bra and began tweaking her nipples. I thought she would choke on my cock.

"Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes!" Jill suddenly screamed. I looked toward the couch. Jill was bouncing around all over the place. Tina was holding her thighs apart and trying to follow the bouncing pussy. She was getting knocked around a bit. God what a beautiful sight. I don't think there is anything more beautiful than two teen girls going down on each other. The fresh skin, silky hair, and figures to die

for, make a perfect picture. Two girls just seemed to fit nicely together. Man they were hot.

"Oh," Tina suddenly screamed. She was finished with Jill now so she could just lay there and enjoy it. Jill was eating her with a serious attitude. She seemed to be biting and mashing like there was no tomorrow. Her hands were firmly clamped into Tina's perfect ass cheeks. Her mouth was sucking and shaking between those sweet nethery thighs. Tina hissed repeatedly. She humped her ass forward, driving her mound into Jill's wet face. She grunted each time her pussy smacked Jill. Then it all stopped. As they both lay panting, I realized I was cumming. I had wanted to cum in her ass. Too late, the liquid fire began spurting from my balls, down my cock and into her sucking lips. She drank quickly, her eyes widening slightly as I filled her mouth with thick cream.

I gasped, trying to restrain my cries. My cock emptied its heavy load into Mrs. Jefferson's greedy lips. She was milking my cock and sucking like a calf on its mother. She was one greedy bitch. She smiled and released me. Skipper was still eating her pussy. She turned and sat one step below me, between my legs. Opening her leg wide, allowed Skipper free access to her pussy. I reached down and massaged her shoulders. She leaned against me. I slid my hands into her bra and returned to her nipples. She moaned and laid her head against my abdomen, looking up at me. She was too far away to kiss. I simply watched as Skipper did an excellent job of eating her pussy like an old pro. I wondered again where he had learned that. Most male dogs swipe at a pussy once or twice, then try to stab it with their cocks. Skipper was the most patient male dog I had ever seen.

The familiar sloop, sloop, sloop of his tongue was a very distinctive and erotic sound. It was getting me hard again.

Jill giggled and I looked up at the girls. Tina was using a swiffer duster on her body. Tina had just reached Jill's neck. She was ticklish there, like her mother. Tina began dusting Jill's breasts. Jill suddenly took on a serious expression. Tina had hit her mark. Jill took the duster from Tina and leaned close for a kiss. As they kissed passionately, Jill ran the duster over Tina's back and ass. In moments they were going at it again. This time Jill was on top. Jill had Tina's legs beneath her arms so she could gain access to her ass. That was a new one on me. I'd have to remember that.

"Mark!" a harsh voice woke me from my daydream.

"Huh?" I asked in surprise.

"You're hurting me," she said, holding one breast.

"Sorry. I was carried away."

"Sit down here," she patted the stairs beside her. I brought a leg over her head and slid down the stairs. I tried to watch Skipper licking her pussy, but she wouldn't wait that long. She pulled my face all out of shape to kiss me. I changed positions to get comfortable and returned her kiss. I had to admit, it was a hot kiss. She was surprisingly good at it. In a few moments I was getting a lot hotter. I broke the kiss, slid down another stair, and leaned down to suck her breast. She liked that. She held my head to her chest while I nursed and tongued her nipple. I could tell by her ragged breathing that she was getting close. I didn't want to miss the show. I tried to watch Skipper from the corner of my eye, but that hurt. I finally broke contact with her nipple and sat up to watch. She didn't seem to mind. She was really close now. She had her eyes closed as she leaned against me and panted harshly. I could see her involuntarily pushing her pussy toward Skipper's mouth. I leaned forward and found Skipper with his nose pushed up inside her pussy. I could hardly see his eyes. I started counting to see how long he could hold his breath, but he pulled out suddenly and began licking her clit, while breathing quickly.

That was all it took to bring Mrs. Jefferson to her first orgasm. She mashed her face against my shoulder and held my arm in a death grip. She humped her pussy against Skipper's nose, while the distinctive sloop, sloop, sloop, continued. Damn, that was a sexy thing to see.

With the words, "I don't give a damn, I don't give a fuck," coming from my TV to mask the sounds, Mrs. Jefferson sat beside me and had a massive orgasm, the likes of which I have never seen before. I don't know what kept her from having a massive heart attack right there on my stairs. Her face turned red, then purple. She gasped, trying to get her breath, and she clutched my arm shutting off all blood to my fingers. She sat shuddering like that for a good minute, before she clamped her legs

together with a slap, evicting my happy, perverted hound.

Skipper's black face was even shiner now. It was coated with Mrs. Jefferson's juices. He licked off what he could reach with his tongue, then with a whine he lay on the floor and began licking his own cock.

"I wish I could do that," I mumbled. "He sure does like the taste of pussy," I said, shaking my head.

"It's the honey," she said, sitting up for the first time. "Boy, he's good."

"He loves his job," I nodded with a chuckle.

"Are you hard again?" she asked in excitement.

"Oh hell yes," I pulled my shirt aside so she could see. My cock was throbbing in time with my heartbeat. The veins were standing out all down its length. The circumcised head looked like a nuclear missile.

"Oh my," she sank to her knees again. "I'll get it wet for you," she whispered. Her lips went to my cock and I whined like Skipper. He looked up in surprise. When he did, he found Mrs. Jefferson's pussy facing him. He leaped to his feet and the sloop, sloop, sloop, started all over again.

Those lips felt so damn good on my cock. I almost begged her to finish me again. But I was an ass man. I love the intense warmth and friction of a good firm ass. And she had a tiny ass just perfect for fucking. I could really penetrate a tiny ass, with a cock like mine.

"Now," I whispered. She turned and stood while I slid down the stairs. When my feet were firmly planted on the floor, she leaned back over my throbbing penis. The first heavenly touch nearly made me scream. Not only was my cock lubricated, but Skipper had done a good job of juicing up her ass. She found the hole for me and sank on my shaft without hesitation. I nearly screamed like a bitch. She stopped, just an inch from the base of my cock. I adjusted my legs and held her ass to keep her from taking too much. I didn't have to do a thing. She began rocking on my knees, fucking her own ass on my cock, while Skipper happily licked her pussy.

"Owe, that hurts," Jill yelled. I looked at the girls and found Jill eating Tina, while Tina thrust the handle of the swiffer duster up inside my daughter's pussy. I had a good view of Tina's firm breasts again. I just had to feel those breasts for myself.

Mrs. Jefferson was really hot and really tight. She hadn't had a lot of cocks in her ass. I could tell that. At least not many like mine. She felt like a virgin. I was getting really, really hot. I didn't want to cum yet, I wanted to draw it out and make it last. I grabbed her ass in my hands and held her still for a moment. She tried to mash her ass down on my cock, but then understood my actions. She held off while Skipper licked her pussy, then moved down to my fragrant cock. His harsh tongue almost pushed me over the edge. Luckily he moved up and concentrated on her ass, then went back into her pussy. She was shaking. I didn't know if it was strain, or if her own orgasm was getting close. How much stimulation did a cock up the ass cause? I didn't know and probably wouldn't find out real soon.

I released my grip on her ass and she eagerly pushed that tiny ass down all the way on my cock. I had never felt my cock all the way up an ass before. It was fucking great. She sat and rotated slightly on my cock, while Skipper lapped her pussy. This was perfect. It was hot and sexy, without being so strong that it pushed me over the edge.

Suddenly Mrs. Jefferson changed and I grew frightened. She began sliding gently forward and back on my cock. I was afraid she would rip it out by the roots, but she seemed to know what she was doing. I was really churning her peanut butter now. I could feel my cock bouncing around inside her ass like the paddle in a butter churn. Man this was great. I held her ass to make sure she didn't get too carried away. Seconds turned into minutes and I still didn't cum. This was going to be big. It took a moment to hear her pants and slight cries. I paid attention when she began rocking harder. I was afraid she would break my cock. I held her in a death grip. She turned and gave me a sexy, determined look, letting me know she was cummin.

"Oh yes," she gasped, closing her eyes and leaning closer. Her face was sweaty. Her eyebrows were a little too thick, but who was I to complain? She opened her eyes and sought out my mouth. We kissed passionately. I released her ass and she began bouncing on my lap. She breathed harshly,



wetly through her nose while restraining her moans. Her eyes flew open in surprise when her orgasm struck. I started cumming at the same time. As I pumped liquid fire up her ass, she mashed her lips against my mouth and sucked urgently. I held her close as we shared the moment of climax, then jerked and shuddered, relaxing together on the stairs. It wasn't long before those legs slapped together again and my poor hound was excluded. Once again he lay on the floor and licked his cock. We were wet and messy. I badly needed a shower. "What to share a shower?" I asked, nodding toward the stairs.

"No, I should go home and change. Skipper has me all messy."

"He likes pussy," I chuckled.

"It's the honey."

"I call it juices."

"No, real honey."

"Yeah," I agreed, not understanding. "Hey, why are you always watching my house?"

"Oh, sorry. I didn't think you'd notice. I used to get mad when Skipper laid on my back porch sunning himself. One day I came out to sunbathe and there he was. I decided to just ignore him. I bent to adjust my chair and his nose went into my ass. I almost died. I had a bikini on and it had slipped. After that I tried to get him to lick me on purpose, but he would stop after a few minutes and want to fuck. I like being eaten. So I bought a few little honey bears and I used honey to train him to lick my pussy. He went wild. Soon he learned that if he licked long enough, he would get natural juices from my pussy. Well you see, ever since I taught Skipper to eat pussy, I couldn't wait for him to come over to my house. So I would watch and wait. When I saw him alone, I'd call him over. I don't even need honey now. I have about 16 jars left, do you want some?"

"I'll be damned," I gasped. "That explains a lot. Honey," I laughed shaking my head.

"I'll run home and wash this stuff off, then come right back. We can race," she said, slipping into her dress. She grabbed her glasses and put them on. Boy, what a transformation. She turned to leave, but I called her back.

"Do me a favor," I whispered. She nodded listening, then tiptoed away with a giggle. I grabbed my clothes before I hurried up the stairs. I stopped at the head of the stairs listening.

"What the hell is going on here!" Mrs. Jefferson's voice screeched at the top of her lungs. I dodged into the bathroom laughing as the screams began, followed by the sound of running teenage feet.

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I measured off a 10-foot log with my 10-foot pole, then began sawing. The chain saw made light work of the 30-inch log. I delimbed my way up the tree, surveyed the next length of log and decided I could get a straight 14 footer out of it, without losing much width. I changed to the longer pole and cut the last log of the day. As the sound of the chainsaw died, I looked around the small clearing. It was churned up mud and struggling grass. The mud was from my tractor, which I used for skidding the logs into piles. That wouldn't matter soon, because there would soon be houses growing here. The topsoil would be hauled away and sand put in its place.

Near my foot were a bunch of morel mushrooms. I bent and picked a dozen, sliding them into my pocket. Morels were rare and valuable, about 40 dollars a pound.

As I began loading equipment into my truck, I thought about how good morels would taste in the pasta primavera tonight. Morels were the best tasting mushrooms on earth. But Morels only grew near Mother's Day, not a happy occasion around our house. How was my ex-bitch doing, anyway? She lived in Los Angeles now. The last I'd heard, she was dating a doctor.

As I pulled out of the clearing, I took the morels out of my pocket and laid them on the seat beside me.

"Mothers' day, what a fucking joke," I mumbled looking at the mushrooms.

"Jill! Jill, this is Lilly, your wayward mother," a beautiful blonde woman said, while sitting her

suitcases next to the door. Skipper came bounding down the stairs and nearly bowled her over. She laughed and ruffled his hair, then noticed the sticky stuff in his fur.

"You smell like dead fish," she complained. "Are you the only one home?" she asked, not expecting an answer. She checked the fridge and found little in the way of snacks. That was a change from the old days. She broke a piece off the block of cheese, then frowned at the ten bottles of honey all lined up on the counter. Now what on earth would they be used for?

She bent and took a shirt, panties, and jeans from one suitcase, as she chewed on the cheese, then picked up the small suitcase and headed for the stairs.

"I'm taking a shower, Skip Dog, you guard my luggage," she said, giving Skipper's hair one final ruffle as he pranced beside her to the bottom of the stairs.

She stopped and looked around the house. It was much the same as when she had left it two years before. Her old furniture was still there. Mark had upgraded his TV and computer. They were both newer and bigger, she noticed with a spike of jealousy. She began disrobing as she climbed the stairs. She dropped her clothing just inside the bathroom door before locking it. A corner of her shirt kept the door from closing completely.

I stopped by 7-11 for a dozen eggs and a bottle of olive oil. As I paid, I noticed Jill across the street by Wendy's, heading toward Walmart with a friend. It was that little Phillip asshole.

"Home in one hour," I yelled to be heard above the traffic. She turned and looked as I opened the door to my truck.

"I know, daddy. We're just checking out the new CDs."

"Ok," I waved, putting the groceries beside the mushrooms. I noticed Phillip talking urgently to Jill as I pulled away. A smile curled my lips. I could almost tell what he was saying.

("Your father hates me.")

("No, he doesn't. He just doesn't know you well.")

"No, I don't hate you, you little prick," I mumbled as I turned a corner and they disappeared from my mirror. "I envy your skinny ass. You get all the teen age pussy you want. I haven't had any since . . ."

I stopped, thinking of my daughter. "Yeah, ok," I said aloud with a sly smile.

But to be truthful, Jill on her best day could not compare to Lilly, her mother, on her worst. The fucking bitch. Damn how I missed her, even after all the arguing and backstabbing. She was one hot woman. Some women had sex, and others, like Lilly, were sex. There was a huge difference. Everything Lilly did was sexy, and every man on earth noticed. That was probably our greatest problem. I'm not a jealous guy, but I can only go so far before I start swinging something, and of course she stands up for the other guy. I guess that's what really pisses me off, a woman should stand by her man no matter how wrong he is.

I got the shock of my life when I pulled into my driveway and found a red mustang convertible parked there. I knew the car well. I had bought it three years before.

"Now what the hell does she want?" I mumbled as I gathered up my groceries.

Lilly finished her shower and wrapped a towel around her perfect, naked body. She wiped the mirror dry and threw a new towel over the shower door. She ran water in the sink until it grew warm, then shook out her long blonde hair. It was time for a touch-up or her hair would become long and black. That wouldn't look right for her grand reunion. Did Mark hate her? What about Jill? She had left her when a daughter needed her mother the most. But her middle age crisis didn't include a family. Not then, at least. Now she ached for what she had left behind.

Lilly applied Vaseline to her hairline, then put on the rubber gloves. She began touching up the roots of her hair. In a moment she touched up her patch of pubic hair with gentle, careful fingers. It did no good to fix the attic, if the basement needed work, she thought with a smug smile.

After drying her hair she dunked her head in the warm water and filled her hand with shampoo. She lathered her hair as she hummed a happy tune.

Skipper liked the familiar smell of Lilly in the house. His childlike mind knew this was proper. Her smell should be there. It had been there since the day he was born. He wanted to get a better whiff. He found a hint of moisture and perfume in the air. That meant the shower in the bathroom. Skipper climbed the stairs silently, on the thick carpet. He stood at the door wagging his tail at Lilly, who was washing her hair in the sink. Since she said nothing, he assumed it was ok to come in. He pushed the door aside and stood behind her, wagging his tail strong enough to sweep a piece of toilet paper across the floor. He stepped forward and sniffed the paper, then looked up beneath the towel surrounding Lilly's body. He found long sexy legs, the golden orbs of her ass cheeks, and that delicious hairless pussy which resembled Jill's so closely.

Lilly was bent over the sink with shampoo in her hair and eyes. She massaged the shampoo vigorously, completely unaware of Skipper standing behind her. Skipper had never learned that people had to look at you, to know you were there. People could not smell or hear as well as a dog. Skipper put his nose close to Lilly's ass and took a good sniff. That was better. He found her healthy, slightly older, and not yet in heat. He sniffed in other areas and soon concentrated on her sweet pussy. He sniffed several times, then reached out with his long tongue and bathed it liberally. He liked the taste immensely, and before she could blink an eye his tongue had snaked into her swollen pussy lips 11 times. With each lick her pussy tasted better and more fragrant. He ignored the squeal of surprise, and his shouted name. He had heard Jill shouting his name many times. It usually meant that she wanted him to lick harder. He licked harder, parting her nethery lips with strong strokes that moved her forward, banging her head into the mirror. She slapped at him ineffectively. He knew she was just playing. Lilly would never try to hurt him.

"Skipper, no! Oh no," she moaned, holding the edges of the sink to steady herself. She endured several seconds of furious licking before she tried to slap him away. She missed.

A tremendous fire spread from her legs to her ass, and eventually her chest. Gasping for breath she endured his loving caresses. His tongue snaked well up inside her in an impossible feat, licking her loins and touching places which had never been touched before. Once inside her his tongue curled and touched the walls of her vulva. She shuddered, unable to stand the electrical impulses shooting through her loins. His tongue was rough and harsh, but it was so harsh that it numbed her pussy slightly, like the brutal spray of the shower massage which so many women knew so well.

"Oh Skipper," she gasped. "What are you doing to me?"

Skipper ignored her words. He didn't understand them anyway. He knew he was doing a good job. The fluids were now flowing freely from her pussy. He drank her abundant juices happily. This was his reward. Even though he wanted to fuck her badly, this reward was good enough to keep him satisfied, for now.

The gentle sound of a tongue rasping through pussy lips was soft and erotic in the quiet room. It echoed off the walls, along with Lilly's rasping breath. Lilly could smell the wonderful aroma of her own sex. Skipper's senses were so inundated with her scent that he could smell nothing else. He loved the smell of Lilly. He loved her taste. Lilly had always been fresh and healthy to his keen senses.

Lilly's pussy was on fire now. She tried to wipe her eyes, because the shampoo was burning her. She spread her feet so she could bathe her face under the running water. Too late, she realized that opening her legs wider was an open invitation. His nose slid up inside her and he licked her from the inside out, pushing brutally until her pussy stretched to the breaking point. She could feel his long tongue touching her cervix. The fire in her pussy intensified to an unbearable level.

"Oh, Skipper," she whispered in horror. She gritted her teeth and endured his oral attack on her sweet pussy. Only the harshness of his raspy tongue kept her from having an orgasm long before. Her boyfriend in California had become bi-curious several months before. She realized as the months passed with no sex, that it was more than a mere curiosity. He had turned gay. She had gone without sex all that time, something new in her life. If it had not been for that she might have convinced Skipper to stop. But she was too horny to even try.

"Skipper," she moaned. The bathroom was echoing the sloop, sloop, sloop of his tongue in her moist pussy. She shuddered and made little kitten cries as she leaned her wet hair against the mirror and

let Skipper have his way. Her pussy was really burning up now. Every touch of his harsh tongue brought even more fire to her loins. It would just be a moment now. A few more strokes.

"Oh Skipperrrrr," she squealed, humping her pussy back against his nose. He pulled his nose out of her and licked furiously. His tongue seemed to be everywhere. He licked the moisture on her legs, ass, and pussy. She squealed as his tongue returned to her sensitive pussy. She fell back against the tub and sat, while she wiped the shampoo out of her eyes with the towel. And that's when she saw me, sitting on the stairs and smiling like hell.

"Hi Mark," she said, shaking out her hair to dry.

"Hi, hon. Playing with Skipper?"

"I seem to have become his new chew toy. You've taught him some new tricks."

"Not me," I said, raising both hands.

"Who else?"

"Mrs. Jefferson."

"That old . . ."

"She's not that old, and she's a very good fuck."

"You're kidding!" she gasped. "You and her?"

"Afraid so. But I fucked her without her glasses."

"I can see why."

"Why are you here?"

"I needed a good fuck too," she said truthfully. "And I started thinking about Mother's Day, which is tomorrow, and I felt melancholy. I haven't been much of a mother," she finished her hair and tossed the towel over the divider.

"Neither have I," I said in shame. "The morels are early this year. I found a few today."

"I've missed them," she admitted, moving closer. "And other things."

"Just to be clear about this, is this a weekend thing, or something more permanent?"

"That's up to you two. I'm prepared to stay if nobody objects, or stay in the area if that would be preferable. I saw some good spots in Freeland, on the way up."

"Well I'll give my vote after I see how you preform," I said airily. "I can't rush into these things. For all I know, something could have fallen off while you were in California."

"Has it?" she asked, dropping her towel.

"No. Nope, it looks like everything is there," I said, grabbing her hand and backing toward the bedroom. "Does it all work?"

"Not lately," she said as we approached the bed. I fell across it, pulling her down beside me. I lay simply looking at her perfect face and body. My heart beat like a jackhammer. Lying next to me was the girl of my dreams, the girl I have loved above all others. She had a golden tan everywhere. Not a tan line in sight. My eyes went over every inch of her body in appreciation. She began disrobing me with hurried, nervous hands. I lay back and watched.

"You are the sexiest, most beautiful woman I have ever seen in real life," I said truthfully.

"That's possible, you don't get around much, but my daddy said to never date a sailor."

"Thankfully, you never listened to your daddy. Besides, I haven't been a sailor in 11 years."

"I haven't fucked one in 11 years. Will you fuck me, sailor?"

"Ok, I guess," I said with a huge smile. It was good to fall back into our old banter again.

She rolled into my arms and we kissed passionately. I ran my hands over her smooth body, finally resting on her gently rounded ass cheeks. They were firm and warm in my hands, just like I remembered them. I squeezed them briefly, while we fenced with our tongues. Her lips were hot on mine. The perfume of her hair filled my nostrils. My cock was throbbing against her abdomen. I wanted to go down on her like I used too, but I wouldn't accept sloppy seconds behind my dog. We were both horny enough to fuck now.

I rolled over on my back and pulled her with me. She lay atop me, then quickly repositioned her legs and slid back to impale herself on my cock. It was a sudden intense heat that nearly made me scream. I felt so good deep inside her. She was so hot and moist. I could feel her pussy clamping

around my cock. It was one of the little tricks she had learned.

"Oh yes," she gasped, slowly rising and falling on my cock. I moaned my appreciation, grabbing her hips to support and direct her movements. She looked so beautiful. This all felt so right.

I looked at her magnificent breasts and reached out to touch them. I mashed them in my hands, then remembered what she had taught me. I adjusted my grip on her breasts, supporting them as my finger and thumb twisted the nipple gently. I rolled my index finger on her lengthening nipple, making her hiss. As she leaned forward, I positioned the base of each hand at the wrist against her nipples and rotated the soft skin against her throbbing nipples. She gasped and cried as the soft skin generated erotic thrills in her burning chest.

Lilly was riding hard and fast now. Her shapely thighs bent as she bounced on my crotch. Years of workouts showed in the slender body and magnificent legs draped around me. I ran my hand over her ribs and ass. She had her eyes closed, fully enjoying the thrills spreading throughout her body from her fiery loins.

Lilly straightened her legs and leaned down over my body until she was resting on me. We kissed passionately, while we each kept up the brutal thrusts into her womanhood. Lilly was as supple as a snake in my arms. As her hair cascaded around my face, I held the back of her head and enjoyed the long, passionate kiss.

"Oh Mark, I have missed this so much," she whispered, her face distorted by passion.

"Me too. I never thought we would . . . I've missed you."

"I'm about to cum," she whispered urgently.

"Cum," I encouraged her. "I want to fill your hot body with my sperm."

"Do it," she hissed, riding faster.

I managed to hold off my orgasm for a moment longer, until I heard her begin to grunt and whine. I knew she was there so I relaxed and let my orgasm wash over my body. My ass and balls clenched and for the first time in years, I did not have to stem the flow of sperm which shot up into a woman's belly. I groaned and ran my hands over her soft back. Spurt after spurt of cum shot up between her sweet legs. Her pussy grasped and mashed my cock like only Lilly's could. Her pussy milked me until she felt I had finished and fell back to the bed in exhaustion. She relaxed against me with her hair in my face. I sniffed and petted it out of the way. She looked like a golden angel laying on top of me with the afternoon sunlight cascading over her body.

I suddenly remembered that Jill and Phillip should arrive at any moment. I had to clear my conscience.

"Lilly," I said gently.

"Huh?" she said, nearly asleep.

"I have a confession to make."

"Can it wait? I drove all night and need a nap," she said with a gentle smile. I rolled her over on the bed. The light from the window hit her directly in the eyes. She pulled a pillow over her face. I gently pulled a light sheet over her sleeping body. It was good to have her home again. I ran a hand over her sheet-covered leg in admiration, then turned and hurried from the room.

I showered and dressed, then hauled Lilly's suitcases up into the bedroom. As I started the pasta, my precious mushrooms, and the vegetables cooking, I looked outside and saw the Mustang squeezed between my truck and the hedge. I pulled it into its usual place in the garage, where it was safe from thieves. As I returned to the kitchen, I found everything ready. I combined the vegetables and spaghetti in a large bowl, then added Parmesan and olive oil. I tossed it briskly and looked out the window. Jill was late, of course. I found her and Phillip leaning against my truck, talking and kissing.

"You," I said from the front door, pointing at Phillip. "Go home. And you," I pointed at Jill, "get your butt in here and get ready for supper. We have a guest, a very special guest."

"Dad, we were going to listen to our new CDs," she said with a twisted face.

"And you will, on any other night. I told you, we have a very special guest. This is family night."

"You, go home, and you, into the house," I said firmly. Jill stomped into the house and up the stairs. I couldn't wait to unveil my surprise. I watched her storm away with a smile on my face.

I filled three plates with pasta, cut lemons, and set the Parmesan in the center of the table. I hurried up the stairs and found Skipper wagging in front of my bedroom door.

"Hi daddy," Jill said brightly from my bed as I looked into the bedroom. Lilly's sexy legs were naked and open. Her face was still covered by a pillow. That sweet, lovely face was snoring like a truck driver.

"Here is my surprise, the thing I wanted to tell you about yesterday," she said, leaning down and licking Lilly's pussy. Lilly stopped snoring and moaned as the tongue flashed between her legs. She reached down and held Jill's head between her legs as she threw them open wider. Lilly moaned and humped her pussy against Jill's working mouth and flashing tongue.

"Oh yes," Lilly whispered. Even though it had started out as a joke, Jill was really getting into eating her father's girlfriend. She sucked and licked her way from the bottom to the top of the sweet pussy. She let her tongue tickle the folds of moist flesh, inside and out, from the top to the bottom. Lilly was very animated now. She held Jill's head between her open thighs with both hands, while she moaned and twisted on the bed. In what seemed mere moments, Lilly began grunting and hunching her pussy against Jill's mouth until she squealed in delight. Skipper barked, wanting to join the action. I held him back. My surprise should be uncluttered with a wild dog licking pussies.

As Lilly finished her orgasm, Jill suddenly stopped and sat up with a smile, wiping her mouth on the back of her hand.

"I'm a lesbian," she said, in an attempt at hurting my feelings.

"No, you are bisexual like your mother. I already knew that, I saw you and Tina in the living room yesterday. And here is my surprise," I pulled the pillow off Lilly's face. "Your mother is here."

"Shit!" Jill yelled.

"Jill?" Lilly gasped, looking down at Jill's hands resting on her open legs.

"Now kiss your mother somewhere other than her pussy and let's go down to dinner," I said with a twisted smile.