

# Allison and the Primdales

by Daddycums

(inc, MF+mf+)

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## ***Part 4***

### **Family Reunion**

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## Chapter 84

### A Desperate Plan

With a two day drive back home, Lissa had plenty of time for quiet reflection. Things were spiraling out of control, and she worried about the end result. She had managed to put it out of her mind during the farewell party with her roommates, but now with nothing to occupy her attention, her thoughts kept returning to the problems she faced when she arrived home.

She would have been happy for some company, and had tried to convince Alya to ride back with her and spend all summer there. But although her girlfriend had agreed to come visit, she was a little hesitant to show up right away until Lissa had had a chance to gauge the situation, and besides, Alya wanted to spend some time with her own family. They were quite a bit more open-minded about the whole situation. From Alya's retelling of the conversations she had had on the phone with her parents, they sounded a lot like Meg's family. Maybe later that summer, Lissa would go home with Alya and meet them.

Lissa had also considered asking Greg and Allison to drive down to get her, but they would have had to leave before Jeff's and Brit's last day of school, and there was no way that their parents would leave them alone now. So Lissa had to sit in the car, alone with her thoughts.

She had spoken with her dad on the phone a couple more times after that call that had left her crying, but by unspoken agreement neither of them had brought up Alya again. Lissa would likely need to start over with convincing him to let Alya come visit later that summer. But she had made up her mind, and she just knew that if Greg met Alya, he would feel a lot better about the situation.

Then there was the situation between Jeff and Brit. Allison had talked to her at length about it, so she had a pretty good grasp of what had been going on. She had been overjoyed at Christmas time to find out that the two of them had finally gotten over their differences and learned to love each other, even if it wasn't the most conventional kind of love between siblings. Now that all seemed to be over. No doubt in a few months they would return to their bickering and fighting, and things would be back the way they had been last year. It pained her to think of that happening; she loved both of them and wanted desperately for them to get along, even if it meant an incestuous affair.

*Especially* if it meant an incestuous affair. Lissa couldn't deny she had ulterior motives. If Greg refused to allow that kind of behavior between Jeff and Brit, he most certainly wouldn't allow it between Jeff and Lissa. She wondered how willing Jeff would be to go along with her plans when their dad had made it quite clear how opposed he was to that kind of relationship between brother and sister.

She spent the night in a motel room with troubled dreams. For all her show of bravado, of liberation, of refusing to worry about things, sometimes she was still just a frightened little girl.

She felt lonely that night; for the first time in months she slept alone, with nobody to cuddle with or make love to. She thought of Alya, and longed for the girl's company. *What am I doing?* she thought. It's just the first night, and already I'm pining like a lovesick little girl. Of course, that was exactly what she was. She loved Alya, and a little yearning was expected during their first separation since falling in love. She figured she would feel much better once she got home, and that thought took the edge off of her loneliness.

She got up the next day early and headed out. It would still be almost a full day's drive, so she would arrive home in the evening. She was anxious to see her family again. Her dad, little Brit, sexy Jeff, and especially Allison. She had a momentary fantasy of getting Allison to take Alya's place temporarily; now that Lissa had become a lesbian, she could allow herself those fantasies. But no, that might spoil their friendship, and right now more than anything Lissa needed a friend.

The hours passed surprisingly quickly, probably due to the thousands of thoughts running through her head. She stopped for a burger at noon to tide her over until dinner time, but other than that she limited her stops; if she hurried she would be home in time for dinner, and she missed Allison's cooking.

The sun was well on its way toward the horizon before she found herself in familiar surroundings. She drove down the highway toward her home, finally turning onto the road that wound up the hill. Finally, she pulled into the driveway next to her father's Jaguar.

It was not a happy group that met Lissa at front door. Sure, they put on a good show, and they were all glad to see her. But with all of the things that had happened in the past few months, they were far from the cheerful, amiable family that they had been at Christmas time. Jeff and Brit hardly spoke to each other, and Greg seemed a little distant perhaps just a little worried. Lissa knew the reasons for the melancholy. Allison had filled her in on all of the details, including the problems between Jeff and Brit, and Greg's inability to cope with the idea of Lissa's newfound sexuality. In short, it looked like she wouldn't enjoy this vacation at all.

At least she had a nice home-cooked meal to comfort her for once. It was just like the food she remembered, though it lacked the jovial conversation at the dinner table that she remembered and loved. She would have even settled for Jeff and Brit yelling at each other.

That night before bed, Jeff helped Lissa carry her bags up to her room. It was strange, she thought, to be sleeping in Jeff's old room. Greg and Jeff had done a good job of trying to rearrange things the same as they had been in her own room, and she understood the need for more of a separation between where Jeff and Brit slept. After all, there was a direct path through the shared bathroom between the two rooms.

Speaking of the bathroom, she was in the mood for a nice, hot shower. Deciding to do her unpacking in the morning, she headed into the bathroom, closed and locked both doors, stripped off her clothes, and stepped into the shower. After her long drive, the massaging warmth of the water felt incredibly soothing. Like a thousand hands running all over her body, it gently caressed her skin. Maybe she could get Jeff to massage her shoulders some time, like they used to do when she was still living at home. That thought made her smile. Yes, she would take advantage of her little brother's presence. And perhaps her little sister's too.

After her shower, Lissa didn't bother to get dressed. Ever since getting together with Alya, she always slept nude, and she wasn't about to change her ways now that she was home. She opened the bathroom doors, peeking into Brit's room to see if she was all right. There was really no reason for it, but Lissa had always felt protective of her little sister. Brit lay in her bed, mostly covered by her blanket. She smiled at Lissa, who waved and then headed back to her own room. She yawned, stretched, then switched off the light and climbed into bed, feeling again a bit of loneliness without Alya there to snuggle with.

Her loneliness was short-lived, however, when she heard Brit crossing the floor to her room. The girl climbed into bed with her, and Lissa realized that she was naked too.

"You don't mind, do you?" asked Brit. "I just want to cuddle."

"I don't mind a bit," Lissa replied, then leaned in and gave her little sister a kiss on the lips. They wrapped their arms around each other, and together they dropped off to sleep.

The next morning, the children awoke to the smell of banana pancakes, bacon, eggs, toast, and orange juice. Allison had prepared a special breakfast to celebrate Lissa's return home. They ate with a show of cheerfulness, though there was still that edge of gloom that had pervaded the home for months now. Greg sighed with frustration, but it was obvious that there was nothing he could do.

Allison seemed to sense it too, but she took a more proactive approach. "Kids," she said as they were finishing up breakfast, "we need to have a talk. Especially you two, Jeff and Brit. Greg, do you mind if we borrow your office for a while?"

"That's fine," he smiled.

"And I think maybe we need a little privacy. Lissa's welcome to join us, but it would be better if you weren't there. I'll be perfectly frank; I think it's obvious that the kids see you as kind of the bad guy here."

He nodded. "I know. I don't like it, but somebody had to do it."

"And that's exactly what I'm hoping to get over," Allison continued. "But they need to be able to talk this out without you there to scare them. You would never do it by choice, of course, but right now with the role you've adopted, you can be a little intimidating."

"Okay," he said with a forced smile. "I don't mind giving you some privacy to talk things over."

After clearing away the dishes, Allison took the kids up to the office, where they all sat down on the couches. They didn't know what she had in mind, and whether to be excited or nervous about it.

"We all know what's going on here," she began. "Brit and Jeff, you've fallen in love with each other, and despite your father's best efforts, it doesn't look like you're going to get over each other any time soon. Lissa,

you couldn't have picked a worse time to announce that you're a lesbian, at least as far as Greg is concerned. I know, I can hardly blame you for your timing. Falling in love isn't something you can schedule. But it comes right down to this. Your father loves you all, and he thinks he knows what's best for you. He just feels that you've all betrayed him."

"But we weren't--" Brit began.

"I know," Allison interrupted her. "But the fact of the matter is, you've all gone completely contrary to how he raised you. Greg thinks he can pick up the pieces of this shattered family and glue them all back together to make everything just like it used to be. He's wrong."

They stared at her in surprise. She had always been so optimistic, so carefree and happy. Now it sounded like she was giving up.

"Allison," said Lissa, "just because things are different around here doesn't mean the family can't be mended."

"Oh, I'm not admitting defeat," Allison replied. "I'm just saying that we can't go back to how we were before. We can only go forward, and that means becoming something completely new."

"What?" asked Jeff.

"I'm not entirely sure, but at the bare minimum it means Greg accepting Alya as Lissa's lover, and you and Brit as lovers."

"You're serious?" asked Brit. "You think we can convince him that it's all right?"

"Absolutely. I have an idea that will solve everything," said Allison, "but it's not going to be easy."

"Tell us what we can do to help," Jeff said.

"You, nothing. Unfortunately, there's only one person now who can save this family. Britney, it's up to you."

"Me?" asked Brit, her eyes going wide.

"Yes. I wouldn't ask this of you, but I think it's the only solution. Even so, I'm only going to tell you what I think will work. I'm not going to ask you to do it, because I don't want to put any pressure on you. This is a decision that you, and you alone, have to make. Do you understand?"

"I think so. Just tell me what I have to do."

"All right. You have to..." Allison sighed, "...seduce your father."

"You can't be serious!" exclaimed Jeff.

"I'm absolutely serious."

"But Brit... and Dad... I mean... you're really going to share your own husband with another girl? Especially his daughter!"

"First of all, I have no problem with sharing him with other women. We do it all the time. Of course, I'm always on the lookout for bisexuals so that we can do a threesome."

"Oh my god, really?" asked Lissa, delight showing on her face. She was loving this.

"Really. And as for this one being his daughter, Jeff, the reason that Greg is so opposed to you two being together has nothing to do with incest, or at least, it has nothing to do with thinking that it's wrong. Those photos we took with Lissa prove that. Deep down inside, he's just as accepting of it as we are. We just need to reach that spot."

"Then why don't I seduce him?" asked Lissa. "Everyone knows I'm the slut of this family. It would be no big deal for me."

"No, dear," said Allison. "I mean, if you want to try it I wouldn't be opposed; it might help to move things along, but not as much as you might expect. That's a road he's already started down, and we can see that it hasn't changed his attitude. Even if he began fucking you on a regular basis, he would still want to protect Britney, even from her own brother. No, it has to be Brit herself. Once he's screwed her, he won't have any qualms about screwing you, but I'm afraid it won't work the other way around."

"I'll do it," said Brit quietly.

"What? No way," Jeff insisted. "Brit, you don't know what you're saying."

"Why? Because I'm willing to fuck my own daddy? I was willing to fuck you, so why should this be a problem?"

"Because you're just doing this to help out. That's too much like using sex to get what you want."

"And that's a problem why?" asked Lissa.

"Because she shouldn't be having sex with someone she doesn't love."

"But I *do* love him," Brit insisted. "He's my daddy."

"But you don't love him in that way. It's not the thing girls do with their fathers."

"Just like it's not the thing girls do with their brothers."

"That's not fair."

"Jeff, this is my decision. I know you just want to protect me, but I think it's better for everyone if I do this."

He sighed. "All right, I'm not going to tell you you're too young, because that would be hypocritical of me. To be honest, my main argument against it is that I'm jealous. I can't stand seeing you getting affectionate with Dad; it really bothers me because I know you're not allowed to act that way with me."

"I know," said Allison with a tone of pity. "But once Greg accepts an incestuous relationship with his daughter, he can't very well keep her from having the same kind of relationship with her brother. He's said himself he would approve of it if not for the fact that you two are siblings."

"All right. Brit, if you want to do this, I won't stand in your way. Just be careful."

"I will, don't worry," she said with a smile, then kissed him fully on the lips. "Thank you for looking out for me."

"Good," said Allison.

"I don't know where to start, though," said Brit.

"I do. Now this is something we can all do. We need to create the right atmosphere here."

"Time to call Rachael?" asked Jeff hopefully. "She seems to be an expert at that."

"She sure is," replied Allison. "Ever since I started sharing my boyfriends with her, she's been pretty creative about coming up with sexual positions involving a man and two women. There's nothing quite like being brought to orgasm by a guy and your sister at the same time."

"Sounds fun!" said Lissa. "Want to try it some time, Brit?" she asked.

Brit just stuck her tongue out at her sister.

"Maybe next time she comes over, we can show you," continued Allison. "I'm sure Jeff would love to help out in that way."

"You bet I would!" he exclaimed, growing excited at the thought.

"Actually, now that I think about it, having Rachael come and visit might not be a bad idea," said Allison. "I'm sure Greg would be more than happy to let her come over. After all, he already knows I set her up to take Jeff's virginity, and he's looking for ways to keep Jeff's mind off of Brit. I'm sure he would have no problem having her 'chaperone' him."

"But we can't wait for her. We need to start working on this plan now. Besides, I can be just as good as she is," said Allison. "I've had to tread carefully because I have something at stake: my marriage to your father. But I think it's time to go all out, because I don't want to see this family fall apart."

"What do you have in mind?" asked Lissa. "Something wicked, I hope."

"All in good time. Summer's just starting, which gives us all a chance to dress down a little bit. I expect to turn this into a house full of exhibitionists before long."

"I like it," grinned Lissa. "Can we start now?" Without waiting for a reply, she took off her shirt, literally throwing it across the room. Not surprisingly, she wasn't wearing a bra. Jeff stared at her breasts. Though they hadn't really changed since he last saw them six months ago, it was always a delight to see her like this.

"Your turn, Brit," Lissa said.

"Too fast," Allison chided.

"That's what everyone keeps telling me," Lissa laughed.

"Seriously, we need to take things slow. For starters, I suggest we all spend as much time out at the pool as possible, preferably with the tiniest bikinis we can find."

"I've got the perfect one," said Lissa. "I outgrew it a couple of years ago, and I would give it to Britney, except that I still wear it," she grinned.

"Jeff, you're welcome to join us if you want, but your part in this will be minimal," said Allison.

"I think there might be times when he may need to disappear," said Lissa. "We need to have Dad all to ourselves sometimes."

"That works out well," said Brit. "Dad already said he wants Jeff to spend as much time as possible over at Kari's place."

"That gives me a great idea," said Allison. "Jeff, you should invite Kari over as often as possible. And Crystal too, for that matter. We'll get them in on the action. The more half-naked beauties he has around, the faster he'll drop his barriers. We especially want to get him thinking about Crystal sexually, because we want his mind on girls Britney's age."

"So you want me to bring over my girlfriend and her sister so my own dad can ogle them?"

"Sure. Why not? He's going to be doing just as much ogling at his own daughters, which most people would consider to be quite a bit worse."

"I suppose you're right."

"Okay. So like I said, we'll start slow. I think having him walk in on Lissa or Brit topless or naked a couple of times is our first priority. I've got a few ideas along those lines, which we can discuss later. I can gauge your father's excitement each night when I sleep with him, to speed things up or slow them down as needed."

"I've got another idea," said Lissa. "I know for a fact that dad likes lesbians. So we should all try to do some ambiguous lesbian stuff. You know, like accidentally brushing up against each other, rubbing suntan lotion on each other, hugging (innocently of course), that sort of thing. That will help get him excited."

"I like the way your mind thinks," grinned Allison.

"Hey, Brit, you want to practice?" Lissa asked.

"Fuck you, you pervert," replied Brit, but in a playful tone.

"Well, I wasn't thinking of going that far, but, okay."

"Get away from me, you pervert!" Brit giggled.

"Actually, I was thinking more of Alya."

"Your girlfriend?" asked Jeff.

"Yes. I already invited her to come visit this summer; we just haven't made any definite plans yet. I told Dad that she's coming, and although he's reluctant, he agreed to let her come. I think we need her. Not only will she add one more girl to get Dad in the mood, but it will give me an excuse to do some flirting with another girl in front of him."

"And where am I this whole time?" grumbled Jeff, not wanting to be left out of the excitement.

"Don't feel so bad, Jeff," said Allison. "Sometimes you'll be off with Kari alone somewhere, and I know you won't mind that. But sometimes you'll be right here in the middle of the action. Either way, you have no cause to complain."

He grinned, feeling much better. "No I don't. You know, I'm beginning to like this plan more and more."

After the meeting broke up, Allison called Rachael and invited her to come visit. Unfortunately Rachael couldn't make it until about the middle of July, but that would still give her more than half the summer. Allison explained the plan to her little sister, who was even more enthusiastic about it than the Williams girls, which wasn't surprising in the least.

Lissa called Alya and confirmed that she would be visiting in late June, and also mentioned the (as she called it) "devious plot." Alya wasn't as thrilled about it as the others; she had enough to worry about already just trying to get Greg to like her. Still, she agreed to do her part for Lissa's sake.

That left only the Williams girls. Jeff wanted to be the one to talk to them about it, and Brit agreed not to mention it to Crystal until Jeff did.

They didn't have to wait very long, because Jeff went to visit Kari the next afternoon. As soon as he got the two girls alone together, he explained the plan to them. It was hard for him to talk about Brit seducing his father, and just as hard to talk about the Williams girls getting involved. Frankly, he didn't like the idea of his dad getting aroused by Jeff's girlfriend. Kari and Crystal, however, took to the idea instantly.

"You mean we get to flirt with your dad?" asked Crystal with a grin.

"Well... yeah," Jeff replied.

"And Allison seems to think we'll eventually be able to turn your house into some kind of nudist colony?" asked Kari, as enthusiastically as her little sister.

"Something like that."

"Sounds fun," Kari smiled. "I can't wait to run around naked with the whole Primdale family."

"But Kari," said Jeff, "what if things get out of hand?"

"Out of hand?"

"Yeah. What if it works too well, and Dad ends up wanting to... um..."

"Oh," she nodded. "I see. You think he might try to seduce us?"

"It's a possibility."

She thought about it for a moment. "Well," she said, "there are really two questions there. First, would I be willing to have sex with him under any circumstances? The answer to that one is yes. He's a pretty handsome man, despite being forty years old. He looks a lot like you after all. And he's always been really nice to me. A little formal, I'll admit, but I understand that that's just his way. Besides, his biggest endorsement is that Allison loves him. I can't imagine her ever loving someone who wasn't extraordinary in some way."

"So what you're saying is that if the situation were different, you would have sex with him?" asked Jeff.

"Sure. I'd probably even enjoy it. Especially if he's as nice to snuggle with as you are," she added with a smile. "So that just leaves the second question. If he makes a pass at me, should I go along with it? That's a little trickier, but under the circumstances, I think the answer is still yes."

"I'm not sure I agree," said Jeff, "but that just might be jealousy on my part."

"Look Jeff, the goal is to break down all his barriers, right? Turn him into 'one of us,' if you'll pardon the science-fictiony sound of that. I just think the more girls he has sex with, the more likely he is to cross that final line with his own daughter. And especially if he seduces his son's girlfriend, then he'll be open to the idea of sharing. So then when he does have sex with Brit, he'll be more inclined to let you do the same. Jeff, I was happiest when it was you, me, Crystal, and Brit together, and I know you were too. I'm willing to do

anything to go back to that. But what if the only way to make that happen is for me to have sex with your father?"

Jeff sighed. "Okay. I'm still a little jealous, but if it means getting back to Brit, I think I can get over that."

"Don't worry, Jeff. I'll always love you more than him. It sounds like Greg's not the only one who needs to learn a thing or two about sex from Allison. After all, what is she always saying about sex?"

"That it's fun?"

"Specifically, that it's just a way for people to have fun together. Sure, it can enhance the relationship between two people who love each other, but sometimes it can just be a pleasant way to spend the time."

"Okay, I guess you're right. I'm not happy about it, but I'll go along with it. But what about you, Crystal?"

"What about me?" Crystal asked.

"I think he's just as likely, no *more* likely to make a pass at you than at Kari. Kari's already spoken for, after all."

"So am I."

"Yes, but he doesn't know that. Remember Chad? You had a bad experience, and it nearly ruined you."

"Fortunately, I had a dashing and handsome hero sweep me off my feet right afterwards," she grinned.

"I'm just wondering... I mean... what if Dad seduces you and you don't like it? It would break my heart to see you hurt again."

"That's so sweet of you, Jeff, but I don't think there's anything to worry about. Any man who raised such a chivalrous and gallant son couldn't possibly be the type of man who would treat me like Chad did."

"From the way he acts with Allison, it's obvious he knows how to treat a lady," Kari added.

"Besides, even if he used me and threw me away," said Crystal, "it wouldn't hurt me like it did the first time, because I know there are always guys like you out there who are absolutely wonderful. So in the worst-case scenario, you would just have to go out with me like you did a couple of years ago. Then I would be just fine again."

Jeff laughed. "You two really know how to stroke a guy's ego," he said. "I came in here feeling gloomy at the thought of having to share you with my dad, but now I'm feeling pretty good about myself. Better be careful, or I might get a big head."

"You've already got a big head," Kari grinned. "And I'm not talking about the one on top of your shoulders."

"Was that an invitation?"

"Of course. All this talk of seducing your dad has gotten me kind of horny. Maybe I'll get you and him to double-team me," she teased.

"Better fuck her quick," Crystal told him. "When Kari gets into one of these moods, she'll just keep going on and on until you wear her out sexually."

"You know this from experience, do you?" asked Jeff.

"Absolutely."

"Then I just might need some help to tame her. Care to give me a hand?" He glanced at Kari, who had a wild look in her eyes. "Better make it two hands," he said. "And a tongue."

"Okay!" Crystal agreed enthusiastically.

Since the plan required a house full of scantily-clad girls, Allison decided to take the girls shopping for swimsuits on Tuesday. She even invited Kari and Crystal along. Although Brit already had that red bikini, she came along as well. Jeff stayed home, of course; although he wouldn't have minded watching the girls try on their new swimsuits, he thought it best not to push things by going on an outing of that kind with Brit. He didn't mind; he had his computer and that website that Allison had showed him last year to keep him company. When he had browsed it with Allison, she had talked about the various girls she had met there, pointing them out in the pictures, so it brought it a little closer to home. He hadn't visited it in months, and had some time now to browse the latests photo sets.

Allison and the girls made it up to him on Wednesday though, by coming over for a swim in the pool. On Tuesday night when Brit asked their dad if Kari and Crystal could come over the next day, he was hesitant to give his permission; naturally if Kari went out to the pool, Jeff would want to also, and Greg wasn't too keen on having him too close to Brit with her in a swimsuit. But Jeff had been so good in staying out of the house the past few days, Greg decided he could compromise now and then, especially since Allison promised to be there with them the whole time, and Jeff promised to spend Thursday at the Williams house.

Kari and Crystal arrived shortly after Greg left for work in the morning. Since the early morning chill still lingered, they spent an hour downstairs shooting pool and playing ping-pong. Later they all retired to their various rooms to change for the pool.

Jeff was eager to see the girls mostly undressed, so he hurried and changed, then grabbed a towel from the bathroom and dashed downstairs to discover that in his eagerness he was the first one finished so he had to wait for the others.

Lissa was the second to appear, wearing what must have been that bikini that she said she had outgrown. It

certainly didn't do much to cover her assets. Brit, Crystal, and Kari were next, wearing equally daring bikinis. No doubt these were the swimsuits that they had just purchased, except for Brit's, who wore that same red one that had tempted him enough to make him lose control and have sex with her. Kari's had a pretty floral pattern in tropical colors that he found quite appealing. Allison brought up the rear, wearing what was for her a pretty typical swimsuit, meaning one that was hardly there at all.

"What do you think?" Kari asked Jeff, spreading her arms and slowly spinning around to give him a great view.

"I think I'm in love," he replied.

The Williams girls grabbed his hand, then everyone hurried out the back door and down the stairs to the pool deck. They were about to jump into the pool when Allison stopped them.

"I have an idea," she said.

"I like it already," Jeff grinned.

"As well you should," she replied. "Jeff, you've been so good about following your father's orders, aside from that little accident a couple of weeks ago."

"Accident?" asked Crystal. "Spelling a word wrong is an accident. Dropping a plate is an accident. Having sex with your sister is not an accident. Otherwise, he should have just told his dad, 'Oops. Sorry. I accidentally screwed my sister.'"

Jeff stuck his tongue out at her.

"Be that as it may," continued Allison, "I think he deserves a little reward."

"I've got all kinds of rewards for him," Kari grinned.

"I'm sure you do. What I'm talking about, though, is to let him watch our dress rehearsal."

"Did I miss something?" asked Lissa. "Are we putting on a play?"

"*Making* a play would be more accurate," replied Allison. "At least Brit is. For her father."

Brit giggled at that.

"But what does that have to do with us?" asked Lissa.

"We're the supporting cast in the play. I just think we ought to have a dress rehearsal, and there's no time like the present. Girls, get into your costumes."

"You mean...?" Kari grinned.

"Let me show you exactly what I mean," smiled Allison, then unfastened her top and took it off.

"Okay," Lissa agreed, then took off her top too. To be fair, it looked like it was about to pop off of her anyway. The other girls followed suit. They didn't stop at their tops, but stripped right down to their skins, to Jeff's delight.

"But Jeff," said Allison, "this reward comes with a catch. We still want to stick to the letter of the law that your father has established. So you are not to touch Brit at all. Not even incidental contact. You break this rule and I'll insist that everyone get dressed."

"What about the rest of you?"

Kari came up behind him and threw her arms around his neck, pressing her magnificent body up against his back. "I don't think there's anything wrong with a little incidental contact," she grinned.

"That's incidental?" asked Brit.

"Compared to what I'd really like to do, yes, this is incidental," she laughed.

"I'll allow that kind of incidental contact on two conditions," said Allison. "First, I don't think Jeff will be able to control himself surrounded by naked girls, so Kari, if it looks like he's about to lose control, you have to take him inside for a little one-on-one private time."

"You'll get no argument out of me," Kari said enthusiastically.

"What's the second condition?" asked Crystal.

Allison approached Jeff, and he wondered what she meant by that. It became clear a moment later when she suddenly dropped to her knees in front of him. "This!" she exclaimed, yanking down his swimming trunks and exposing his engorged cock.

Everyone burst out laughing and cheering, including Jeff. In any other situation, he would be mortified to have someone pull his pants down. But right now he was more than happy to be exposed to everyone's eyes like that.

Now that they were all naked, it was time to get in the pool. Lissa led the way, jumping off the edge into the deep end. The others followed, either descending the steps, climbing down the ladder, or simply diving in. They took a few minutes to get used to the chill of the water, a refreshing coolness in the hot sun.

"So Lissa," said Brit with a grin, "when we were plotting against Dad the other day, you mentioned about incidental lesbian contact. What did you mean by that?"

Lissa suddenly grabbed Kari, who happened to be within reach, and wrapped her arms around her, pulling her under the water. The girls came up spluttering and laughing.

"That," Lissa replied.

"I like it," said Crystal, pouncing on Brit's back and shoving the shrieking girl under.

"What about incidental heterosexual contact?" asked Jeff, lunging for Allison. Unfortunately, she was ready for him, and when he reached her she put a foot behind his and leaned forward, pushing him off balance so that he toppled over backward. He came up a moment later, soggy and drenched, to see a triumphant look on Allison's face.

"It takes more than that to conquer me," she said in a challenging tone, a moment before Lissa leaped onto her back and dragged her under.

Jeff and the girls continued their horseplay, chasing each other all over the pool. He made sure to stay away from Brit though; as much as he would have loved to tackle her, he knew that that would end the fun. Strangely enough, Allison didn't seem to mind when Lissa grabbed him and dunked him, despite the fact that for a moment there she had her whole front pressed up against him, from her shoulders to her bouncy breasts with their hard nipples, right down to her hairless thigh.

It didn't take long for exhaustion to overcome everyone, so they all gave up on their roughhousing and relaxed in the water. Crystal swam over to Brit and hugged her. "Hey Lissa," she said. "Is this what you meant by incidental lesbian contact?" Then she leaned in and pressed her lips against Brit's. The two girls kissed and caressed each other as Jeff watched with growing excitement. With their torsos out of the water, their boobs pressed together, their stringy wet hair, and rivulets of water running down their hot young bodies, it was certainly an incredible sight.

"That's a little more than incidental," said Lissa. "But don't rule it out."

Then Allison came up behind her and started massaging her shoulders. It would have been completely innocent except for the fact that they were naked and Allison pressed her chest up against her back. "Is this incidental?" she asked.

"A little better," Lissa replied with a grin. "You don't quite have it, but don't let that stop you."

"Since we're pairing up, I guess that means I get to take care of Jeff," Kari grinned.

"If you insist," he replied.

"Go over there and sit on the edge of the pool," she told him.

"Why?"

"So I can suck your dick without drowning, stupid."

He laughed, then waded over to the side, where he climbed out and turned around, sitting down on the concrete and dangling his feet in the water. The others stopped what they were doing and watched as Kari

followed him over, then positioned herself between his legs and took him into her mouth. He groaned as she started to suck, ignoring the others as they crowded around to watch.

"God, that makes me horny," Crystal grinned. "Brit, finger my cunt, will you?"

"Only if you finger mine too."

"Okay!" The two youngest girls stood side-by-side, their arms around each other and their other hands reaching between each other's legs.

"You know what I'd like to see?" asked Lissa. "That is, if Kari doesn't mind giving up Jeff for a minute."

Kari drew her head back and let his cock slip from her mouth. "What?" she asked.

"I want to see Allison do that," Lissa replied. "Ever since I found out she's been fucking him, I've been dying to see it."

Allison grinned. "You don't mind, do you, Kari?"

"Be my guest," Kari grinned. "Of course, you're going to have to let me fondle your boobs while you do it." She stepped aside and let Allison take her place. Jeff stared down at his stepmother's beautiful face, thrilled at what was about to happen to him. Allison gave him a wink, then lowered her head onto his cock, taking almost the entire thing inside. She closed her lips around it and began to suck, causing Jeff to groan again. She certainly knew how to suck dick!

Kari moved around behind her and pressed her body against Allison's back. She reached around and gripped Allison's breasts, groping them firmly yet gently.

"That looks fun," Lissa said, positioning herself behind Kari and doing the same thing to her. That set off a chain reaction as Brit moved in behind her big sister and Crystal moved behind Brit. Jeff watched in delight as the girls all played with each other's chests.

Of course, the sight of the erotic train coupled with Allison's ministrations meant he stood no chance. A minute later he froze up and groaned in supreme ecstasy as he hit his climax, sending his cum shooting into his stepmother's hungry mouth. She moaned in delight as she swallowed it eagerly.

"Wow!" Lissa gasped after it was all over. "That was sexy! Jeff is the luckiest boy alive."

"I won't argue with you there," he told her, then collapsed back onto the hard concrete, which, in his exhaustion, made a perfectly adequate bed.

Yes, he decided, he was going to enjoy this plan after all.

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## Chapter 85

### Bathing

When Greg came home from work the next evening, he found Brit and Crystal sitting in the front room watching television. Crystal waved, but Brit hopped up off the couch and skipped over to him to throw her arms around him. He wrapped his arms around her tiny, slender frame and gave her a squeeze.

He wondered why she was being so affectionate with him, not that he minded of course. Probably she just needed to hug someone now and then, and with Jeff no longer available she naturally went to her father. He really enjoyed those hugs; a lot of teenage girls wanted nothing to do with their parents, so he considered himself fortunate.

For about the hundredth time since imposing the new rules, he wondered if he were being too harsh on them. He hated to hurt them, but considering that they had already proven their inability to control themselves around each other, he had to do something. He just wasn't sure if what he had done was the right thing.

Sometimes he felt isolated, even in his own family. Everyone else had gone their own way, discarding seemingly everything he had taught them. He had tried to instill in them a certain sense of morality, an old-fashioned concept of right and wrong. Yet every one of his children had committed what he considered grievous sins.

He knew the cause of it, of course. They had seen Allison's open-mindedness, and how her liberal attitude had made her happy. Compared to that easygoing, upbeat, and fun-loving attitude, how could they possibly be expected to follow Greg's strict, conservative, and frankly boring ways?

He just couldn't bring himself to blame Allison though. He knew what he was getting into when he agreed to marry her. She had changed him too, opening his eyes to new possibilities and in fact, a whole new world that he had only dreamed of before. He had watched her seduce her sister. He had made love to both of them at the same time. He had even shared his wife with his son. And yet, the guilt that he expected from all of those horrible things he had done just wasn't there. Instead, there was a certain passion in his second marriage that had been largely missing from his first, because Allison and Greg were willing to try so many new things.

So whether he liked it or not, things were different around here, and likely to stay that way. He had lost control, and he had to accept that he could never get it back. Perhaps he had never had it. His children were independent, thinking individuals after all, capable of making their own decisions. And despite his efforts, sometimes they made the wrong ones.

At least he could protect them from some of the consequences of those decisions. Insisting that Jeff and Brit stay away from each other was a little harsh, but it had to be done. In time, they would thank him for it. He

just knew that it would be difficult for a while.

At least he had Brit's promise not to run away again. He had a backup plan if it ever looked like she was thinking about breaking that promise. He could always have a talk with Allen Williams to see if he would agree to let her stay with Crystal for a month or two. It would be awkward; Greg would have to reveal more to Allen than he would like, but if Brit just needed time away from the family for a while, it would make a good compromise.

For now though, she seemed happier than the first time he had intervened in her relationship with Jeff. That was good; it meant she was taking it better. All she needed was some time to fall out of love with her brother, and then things would be all right again. Greg could probably handle the other changes in the family, such as Lissa's relationship with Alya, as long as Brit and Jeff didn't get back together.

With Lissa being home for the summer, the mood seemed to lighten a little. She had certainly changed over the past nine months. Still only on the verge of turning nineteen, she seemed much older. Perhaps her college education had instilled in her a little wisdom. Or perhaps it was just her same mature attitude that she had had for years now. Either way, he was glad she was home.

She seemed happy and cheerful, and he had to consider the possibility, no matter how much it pained him, that being in love had done that to her. And that meant that when she broke up with Alya, as he hoped she would, it would hurt her. He didn't want to see her hurt, but it might be the best thing in the long run.

In the mean time, he liked seeing her happy. She talked and laughed with the family, playing games and teasing her younger siblings. Not that she could outdo her little sister of course; Brit had had much more practice, and she always came out on top.

Lissa and Allison seemed to get along really well too, not that that was any change from before. They had always been best friends. They chatted and talked about nothing in particular, just catching up on old times.

Just before bedtime, Allen Williams came to pick up Crystal and drop off Jeff. Kari of course had come along, and she gave Jeff one final goodbye kiss before the Williams family headed out the door to drive home. Jeff and Brit headed upstairs, but Lissa stayed down to talk some more with her stepmother. Greg didn't mind; anything to keep the mood lighthearted and cheerful in the house.

As he had started doing lately, he gave the kids a few minutes to get ready for bed, then went upstairs to tuck them in. There was a part of him that felt guilty about what had happened with his children, a part that wondered whether he could have prevented it by being more active in their lives. So now he often visited them at bedtime for a little heart-to-heart talk. He also wanted to reassure his children that he wasn't their enemy; lately he had felt like a villain for intruding on their private lives, noble though his intentions were.

Jeff was probably easier to talk to, because he could relate to him more. Greg had been that age once, and knew what it was like to have his hormones raging within him all the time. Greg cautioned him about keeping them under control, hopefully without sounding like a lecture. Jeff was a good kid who had made a couple of mistakes.

Then Greg went across the hall to Brit's room. He had to admit, he enjoyed visiting with her even more, despite the fact that he had never been a teenage girl himself and therefore had no idea what was going through his daughter's mind. But he loved how affectionate Brit had become lately. On more than one occasion in the past week, Greg lay down beside her in her bed and let her cuddle up to him for a few minutes. One time she had even fallen asleep before he left. He gently laid her on her back, tucked her in, and gave her a kiss on the forehead. She looked so beautiful asleep; with her eyes closed like that her youth really shone through; and he remembered her as a child.

Tonight he just sat by the bed and talked with her, although for some reason she insisted on holding his hand. He didn't mind that in the least. She had such tiny hands, so small in his own. He remembered what she had said about needing to hold onto someone strong and loving, so that she could feel safe and protected. Greg could be that man. He could be her guardian and protector. He was her father, after all.

He couldn't stay there all night, however. After a few minutes, he got up, gave her a kiss, and then headed out the door, turning off the light as he passed it. He descended the stairs, where he found the living room empty. No doubt Allison and Lissa had gone to bed, though he hadn't heard Lissa come upstairs.

Still thinking about Brit, he headed down the hall to the bedroom. It was empty. He noticed, however, a light peeking out from beneath the bathroom door. A bath sounded nice right about now; maybe Allison would let him join her. He knocked on the door.

"Come in," said Allison from the other side.

Greg opened it, then suddenly froze. Allison was fully dressed and sitting on the edge of the tub, but Lissa was in the bath.

"I'm sorry," he hurriedly said as he averted his eyes and turned around.

"It's okay, Dad," said Lissa. "I don't mind. Come on in. Just close the door behind you."

"But you're... you're..."

"Naked? Taking a bath? Arousing you?"

"Lissa! Don't even joke about that."

"Dad, you've seen me nude before, so it's no big deal. So are you coming in or staying out?"

"Um..."

Allison got up and walked over to him. She reached around and closed the door behind him. "There," she said. "Now what did you want to talk about?"

"I... um... I completely forgot."

Allison laughed. "Oh Greg, don't be so bashful. Lissa's just taking a bath, and she doesn't mind if you watch, do you, dear?"

"Not at all," Lissa replied. "You sometimes bathed me when I was a kid. The only difference is that I'm a little older now."

"That's a pretty big difference," he insisted. "Look, I shouldn't be standing here arguing about it. I'll come back when you're finished." He reached for the doorknob.

Allison immediately grabbed his hand. "Really, Greg," she said, "you've got to get over these inhibitions of yours. She's just taking a bath, that's all. Look, remember when Jeff was having his headaches, and you were prepared to stay in the bathroom when he took his showers? What if it had been Lissa? Would you still have been willing?"

"But I would have had you do it instead."

"Well, suppose you were the only one available. Would you do it then?"

"I suppose so. But that's different."

"Why? Because there's more of a need in one case, whereas it's completely optional in the other? You agree that it's all right for a father to watch his daughter taking a bath or shower in some cases, so why is it so wrong now?"

He sighed. Allison was right. So what if he happened to be in the room with her when she bathed? It wasn't as if he was going to do anything to her.

A little hesitantly, he turned around. When his eyes fell on his daughter, he saw that she was grinning. "Now that wasn't so bad, was it Daddy?" she asked.

"No," he replied. "I guess not."

"Good. Allison, would you do me a favor?"

"What, dear?"

"Would you wash my back?"

"Of course."

Greg watched in awe as his wife took the wash cloth and began to rub it all over his daughter's back. Lissa closed her eyes but she kept the smile on her face, as if enjoying herself. Greg didn't know what to think now. What was going on here? First she let him watch her taking a bath, and now she was letting Allison put her hands on her.

In one sense, there was nothing wrong with it. Allison was just doing her a favor. It wasn't really naughty or anything, at least, not *per se*.

He suddenly realized why it bothered him. Both Allison and Lissa were openly bisexual. Two women washing each other in the bath wasn't necessarily sexual, but two women who liked other women was something else entirely.

But maybe he was reading too much into it. Maybe *he* was the only one with dirty thoughts in this room. Allison was just washing his daughter's back, after all, nothing more. If Lissa were three years old, he would just think this was a tender moment between mother and daughter.

Finally, Lissa yawned and lay back in the tub, letting the water cover most of her body. Greg noticed, however, that her breasts remained above the surface, still exposed to his view.

Allison glanced over at him, catching him staring. He turned away in embarrassment. She gave him a sympathetic smile, then took his hand. She took the washcloth and ran it over Lissa's shoulders and upper chest. Greg wondered just how far she was going to go. She would only have to lower her hands a little along Lissa's body, and then she would be touching her in a far too intimate manner.

But she stopped just at the top of Lissa's breasts, finally handing the cloth to her stepdaughter so that she could wash herself the rest of the way. Greg almost let out a sigh of relief. He probably wouldn't have been able to handle the sight of Allison touching Lissa like that. It wouldn't be the first time he had seen it, but that incident last year had been just a single time, and all just in fun. The thought that it might be more permanent than that both bothered and excited him. He still didn't understand just what their feelings were toward each other; could there really be some sexual chemistry between the two women? It wouldn't be the strangest thing that had happened in this house.

No, he couldn't bring himself to believe that. Despite their lesbian tendencies, they had never before shown the slightest interest in each other sexually. Sure they were affectionate. Sure they were best friends. But he was no doubt projecting too much of his own thoughts and worries into it.

Finally, Lissa sat back up. "I think it's time to get out," she said. Greg felt an unhealthy disappointment at that. He really shouldn't *want* to see his daughter nude, but he couldn't deny that he really enjoyed the look of her body. And why not? She was a beautiful woman after all. It was natural for him to feel something when seeing her naked body exposed to his eyes, no matter how he was related to her. There really wasn't anything wrong with that, as long as he didn't act on it.

She rose to her feet, and Allison reached for a towel. Instead of handing it to her, though, she placed it over Lissa's shoulders and began to rub her dry. Again, if Lissa had been a child, Greg wouldn't have thought anything of the gesture. But with her almost nineteen, there was something vaguely sexual about it. Probably just his own imagination again, he decided.

There was a little more to it this time though. Allison rubbed the towel all over her body, and he noticed that she didn't have any compunction about touching her more intimate spots this time. Granted, her hands were

always separated from Lissa's skin by the cloth of the towel, but she didn't seem to mind running it over the girl's breasts or even between her legs.

He almost spoke up, but decided to hold his tongue. Maybe he would ask Allison about it later. Maybe. It could still be completely innocent; perhaps sex was the furthest thing from Allison's or Lissa's mind, and the very idea hadn't even occurred to them. He found it hard to believe that that was the case, but if so, bringing it up would only embarrass them, and if they were just being affectionate, he didn't want to ruin it for them.

He noticed that Lissa had followed Allison's example and shaved off her pubic hair. He wondered what that meant, or if it meant anything at all. Maybe she had just done it to see what it felt like. Whatever her reason, it didn't bother him; he was merely curious. And when he was honest with himself, delighted. It put her pussy right out there in the open, with nothing to conceal it from his eyes. He had to admit that she did have a beautiful one.

After Allison finished drying her, Lissa threw her bathrobe around her, finally covering herself. She gave Allison a kiss on the cheek, then did the same to Greg. For some reason, he blushed at that. Lissa apparently noticed it, because she gave him a knowing grin, but she didn't make a big deal out of it. Instead, she simply thanked Allison and then headed out the door.

Greg continued to stand there, staring at the floor and thinking about what he had just witnessed. In the end, he just decided that there was nothing wrong with it. If the girls wanted to wash each other's backs in the tub, that was fine.

By morning, he had forgotten all about it. When he entered the bathroom to take his shower, the sight of the tub brought back the memory of seeing Lissa sitting in it, but without the worries and uncertainty of last night. A good night's sleep had helped to clear his head and now he could think through it with an emotional detachment. There was really nothing for him to get upset at, he decided. In fact, he looked back on it with happy thoughts. It was just a tender moment between mother and daughter, nothing more.

He still had plenty of other things to worry about though. Jeff and Brit seemed to be getting along just fine, though admittedly either Jeff or Brit was gone from the house most of the time so there weren't too many opportunities for them to fight. And there were no wistful looks, sad eyes, or longing sighs either. Perhaps having them separated like that had already cured them of their unwholesome love for each other. He would just have to be on the lookout for another relapse.

He also dreaded the eventual arrival of Alya. With everything going on in the house, it seemed more and more like a bad idea to have her visit. But he had given his word, and Lissa had told him that Alya knew all about everything that had been going on, and it didn't bother her. Greg had to admit, it would take a remarkable person to accept it just like that, and it intrigued him to think that Alya was such a girl.

Things at work were going well. Summer was a busy time in most of the company, since that was the most common time for people to move into a new house, and since the company was based around real estate, that

tended to make things a little more lively around the office. In the upper echelons of the corporation where he worked, he was mostly insulated from it; the decisions he made were usually on a time scale of years or even decades rather than weeks or months. When he had found out about Jeff and Brit, he had considered taking some time off to deal with it; he had some vacation time saved up after all. But he didn't know what he could do at home that would help things, so in the end he didn't take off the work. He might do it some time later that summer though.

When he arrived home that afternoon, this time Jeff and Kari were there, and Brit was missing. Allison mentioned that she had called from Crystal's house and asked if she could sleep over. In Greg's absence, Allison had given a tentative yes, and Greg saw no reason to overrule her. After all, every night Brit spent at Crystal's was a night not spent under the same roof as Jeff.

When bedtime approached, Jeff drove Kari back to her house, then returned home to get ready for bed. Greg met him upstairs for his usual nightly talk, then returned downstairs, where he found Allison in the bedroom, sitting at the desk on her computer. He shut the door, then came over and stood behind her, placing his hands on her shoulders and rubbing her. She had her email program open on the screen in front of her.

"What are you reading?" he asked.

"Oh, just another email from Kristen and Roberta. The owner of the mansion ran into some problems and had to sell it, so Kristen and the girls had to relocate, but they're settling in nicely to their new place. Other than that, the site's going really well."

"Any invitations to come back?" he asked jokingly.

"Why, are you getting horny again?" she laughed. "You know, Rachael's coming to visit pretty soon. We can have our own little sex party right here."

"I think I'll take you up on that offer," he grinned, then leaned over and kissed her cheek.

He heard a knock at the door. "Come in," he said.

Lissa stepped into the room, still wearing her normal clothes. But she carried her pajamas in her hand. "Hi Daddy," she said. "Do you mind if I borrow Allison for a bit? I want to take a bath with her."

He stared at her for a second. "You mean... like last night? With you in the tub and her sitting on the edge?"

"No, this time I want her to get in the tub with me," Lissa replied, completely seriously.

His jaw dropped open.

Allison saw his expression and burst out laughing. "Lissa, maybe you shouldn't have been so blunt. Greg dear, it's not what you're thinking, really."

Lissa grinned. "Shame on you, Dad," she giggled. "Get those naughty thoughts out of your mind."

"So tell me, what *am* I supposed to think?" he asked.

"Greg, I want you to listen carefully," said Allison. "Your daughter and I are not ashamed of our bodies. We don't have any compunction about being naked together. We don't even mind touching each other. In fact, we both enjoy it very much. It's a sign of trust and affection, but that's all. But we have not, and have never been, lovers."

"I... don't understand."

"Look, to Lissa and me, hugging naked is just like hugging with our clothes on, except that there's a certain closeness that we feel when we do it nude because of that trust that I mentioned. It's not about sex, but it is about love."

"So then, you two *are*... I mean..."

"No. Get that thought out of your mind right now. Look, if you really want to understand, why don't you come in and watch us?"

"Watch you?"

"Yes. You've seen us both taking baths separately. This is the same thing except that we'll be together, that's all."

He thought about that for a moment. She did have a point; if he were to understand this, he would have to at least see it first hand. He nodded, and she took his hand and led him into the bathroom, followed by Lissa.

He watched in delight as the two beautiful women stripped off their clothes. Now that he had admitted that he thought Lissa had a beautiful body, he didn't have to feel self-conscious about looking at it. And of course, not even the most pious preacher would claim that there was anything wrong with him looking at Allison's body.

After filling the bath with hot water, two women climbed into the tub and sat down. Greg sat down on the toilet lid and watched the girls settle in. Lissa sat facing away from her stepmother, and Allison took that as a sign that Lissa wanted her back washed. Allison picked up the wash cloth and ran it over her daughter's shoulders, causing the girl to sigh.

As he watched his wife continue to wash his daughter's back, he began to understand what they meant by it not being sexual. Tender, yes. Intimate, yes. But no more so than a daughter sitting on her father's lap for instance, something that Brit had been doing increasingly frequently since she could no longer do it with Jeff. If the bathing scene in front of him were by necessity sexual, then so was Brit's affection toward him, which obviously wasn't the case.

"You have beautiful skin," Allison commented. "You've been taking care of yourself, I can tell."

"Thanks. And your hands feel really nice on my back," Lissa replied. "Alya may be a great lover, but I've been missing these massages from you. You really know how to use your hands."

"I'm glad you like it. Of course, you're going to have to return the favor some time."

"Of course. Hey Dad, does Allison ever do this for you?"

"Sometimes," he replied.

"Good. Then you know how it feels. And you know why I like it so much."

"That's different," Allison smiled. "Because with Greg it's usually a part of our foreplay before sex. And that's where I draw the line with you."

Lissa laughed. "Okay, I suppose I left that wide open. But the point is, it feels nice in and of itself. So just because I like Allison touching me like this doesn't mean I want to jump into bed with her."

"I guess I can see that," said Greg. "It just surprised me, that's all. And I'm certainly not used to seeing you without your clothes on. Add the fact that you're both at least partly lesbians, and you can see why I jumped to the wrong conclusion."

"That's okay. As long as you understand now."

"I don't think I'll truly understand," he said. "Women tend to be more affectionate with each other than men are, so I'm just going to have to file this under 'things I don't understand about women but accept anyway.'"

"Must be a pretty big file," Allison grinned.

"About a hundred times bigger than my 'things I *do* understand about women' file."

After a few more minutes of Allison washing Lissa's back, they turned themselves around. Lissa took the cloth from Allison's hand and set to work on the woman's back. Greg loved the smile of contentment and serenity on his wife's face as Lissa washed her. She had the most beautiful smile, one of the many reasons he had fallen in love with her.

Not for the first time, and not for the last, he wondered how a guy like him had been so lucky to end up with a girl like her. She was beautiful, charming, and so very fun to be with. Sure, she had her flaws. She had made some mistakes that had bothered him at first, but he realized that now it was all a part of what made her who she was, so he couldn't fault her for that. So what if she sometimes had sex with his son? That was just a manifestation of her open-mindedness about it, her tendency to push the boundaries and sometimes step right over them. Those were the parts of her personality that he loved the most. And now, seeing her in the tub with her stepdaughter, he could understand that this was just another manifestation. As a partial lesbian, she didn't feel any revulsion toward touching another woman's body. So she could be free to express her affection toward Lissa by bathing with her or washing her back.

"You know, I think sometime we ought to let Dad join us," Lissa grinned.

"Why not right now?" asked Allison. "You wouldn't mind, Greg dear?"

He stared at them in shock. "What..." he stammered.

Lissa and Allison both giggled. "Lissa, I think we caught your father off his guard," said Allison. "But seriously, Greg, why don't you get in with us? It's a big tub; there's plenty of room."

"You mean, just strip off all my clothes, right here?"

"Unless you want to get in the bath fully clothed, but that's not as fun. Look, it's not something either of us haven't seen before."

"Yes, but last time we got into a lot of trouble."

"Tell you what. I'll sit in the middle. That way you won't be anywhere near Lissa."

Greg considered. Actually, the water did look nice and inviting, and his pants at least were feeling a little tight. He always loved to bathe with Allison; it was nice and relaxing to hold her there in the hot water. And she was right about it not being anything Lissa hadn't seen before. If he believed that there was nothing wrong with a stepmother and stepdaughter in the tub together, shouldn't he also believe that there was nothing wrong with a father and daughter being in the tub together?

"Make up your mind," said Lissa. "The hot water won't last forever."

"All right," he conceded, then began unbuttoning his shirt. "As long as you don't mind that--"

--you have an erection," Allison finished for him. "I know. That's a pretty obvious bulge in your pants."

He glanced down and saw that she was right. He chuckled nervously, and Lissa and Allison both giggled at his embarrassment. A moment later he had his shirt off and unfastened his belt, then dropped both his pants and shorts at the same time.

*I can't believe I'm exposing myself to my daughter, he thought. Again.*

He hurriedly climbed into the tub, sitting down in the water in front of Allison, which unfortunately, left the tip of his cock still exposed. Fortunately, with Allison between them, Lissa couldn't see it, and he didn't mind showing it to his wife.

"Now that wasn't so bad, was it?" asked Allison.

"No, I guess not," he sighed.

She moved her feet on either side of his waist, then slid up close to him, pressing her body against his in a

warm hug. "I love you," she whispered in his ear.

"I love you too," he replied.

"And I love both of you," Lissa grinned, scooting up next to them and pressing her own body against Allison's back. She reached around with her arms as far as she could to hug them both.

"This feels nice," Allison said. "I could get used to this."

"Well don't," Greg told her. "I don't know if I'll ever do this again."

"What, you're never going to hug Allison again?" teased Lissa. "What a shame."

"You know what I meant, young lady," he said, though with a chuckle in his voice.

"I know, Daddy. I'm just glad that you're doing it this time. And just maybe Allison and I can convince you to do it again. You know, there's always the hot tub downstairs. Some time when Jeff and Brit are gone, we could get in it without our clothes. Allison and I used to get in the hot tub naked all the time when no one was around. I'm sure we wouldn't mind having you join us."

"It's an intriguing idea, but I doubt we'll get the chance this summer. The most likely place for Jeff and Brit to be when they're not here is at the Williams house, and I'm not having them there together. And of course, we'll have... visitors... soon enough." He had managed to avoid thinking of Alya so far, but he still couldn't bring himself to say her name.

"Oh, you mean my girlfriend," Lissa smiled.

Greg sighed. "Yes, your... um..."

"You can say it, Dad."

"Lissa..."

"Or would you prefer 'lover'? Or 'partner'? How about 'lesbian sex slave'?" She giggled as she said it.

"Lissa, please don't tease your father," said Allison. "He's having a hard enough time with it as it is."

"Sorry, Daddy," she smiled.

"Well, if we're not going to do this again, let's get the most out of it this time," Allison suggested.

"What do you mean?" he asked. Usually suggestions like that led to naughty fun. Did she really plan to have sex with him, right in front of his daughter?

"Turn around and let me wash your back," she said.

"Oh." That seemed harmless enough. He drew back from her, and then managed to turn his back without splashing too much water out of the tub. Allison grabbed the wash cloth and ran it over his shoulders. The effect was instantaneous. He closed his eyes and sighed as the water ran down his back and chest.

"See, Dad?" asked Lissa. "Do you understand now why I like to take baths with Allison?"

He nodded. It really did feel nice, and not even in a sexual way. Sure, it was especially fun that he was being washed by a beautiful woman, particularly one that he loved very much, but mostly it was just the relaxing warmth of the water and the softness of her hands.

He felt one of her hands lower along his back, then it reached around and grasped his cock. He gasped as she gently stroked it up and down.

"Allison!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing?"

"Just having a little fun," she replied.

"But in front of Lissa?"

"I don't mind," said his daughter. "You're a handsome man, and Allison is a beautiful woman. Why should it bother me to see you having fun like that?"

"Because you're my daughter. Isn't it disturbing to think of your father... well... having sex?"

"My very existence is proof that you have sex, Dad. It might bother me if I caught you cheating on Allison, but this is your own wife. There's nothing wrong with it."

"I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to draw the line. I think it's time we got out. The water's getting cold anyway."

The girls grudgingly agreed, so Allison released him, and the three of them stood up and climbed out of the tub. Allison wasn't about to let him off that easily though. Even before reaching for a towel, she wrapped her arms around him and hugged him, pressing her lips against his own and even slipping her tongue inside.

Lissa giggled. "Looks like Allison's getting into a frisky mood," she said. "If it bothers you that much, Dad, I suppose I can leave you two alone."

"I would appreciate that," he sighed, kissing his wife back.

"Maybe I can get Jeff to do the same for me as Allison is doing for you," she grinned.

"Oh, very funny."

Lissa hurriedly dried herself off, then dressed in her pajamas. Greg and Allison didn't bother to get dressed; by now there was no point. It made him feel a little uncomfortable when Lissa gave him a hug and a

goodnight kiss on the cheek, but then she slipped out the bedroom door, leaving him alone with his very horny wife.

"Okay, now you can do whatever you want," he told her with a grin.

"I'll take you up on that offer," she replied, taking his hand and leading him to the bed.

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## Chapter 86

### Father-Daughter Bonding

Greg worked half a day on Saturday, finishing up some last-minute work that he couldn't avoid. During the gloomy period after his discovery of his children's incestuous affair, he had tried to stay out of the house as much as possible, which often meant working extra hours. It eventually became expected, and now he was having a hard time getting back to his original 5-day schedule. Fortunately, he was caught up now and it would likely be the last Saturday that he went into the office.

Jeff had gone out with Kari, and Allison had mentioned that she was going to take the girls into town to do some shopping, which meant he would be home alone. That was fine; he felt like putting on his swimming suit and going out back to relax by the pool, maybe take a short dip, and enjoy the peacefulness of an empty house.

After parking the Jaguar, he headed inside and down the hall to the master bedroom. He quickly stripped out of his clothes and put on his trunks, then grabbed a towel. Yes, a nice cool dip in the pool was just what he needed to relax after everything that had happened lately. No doubt Allison, Lissa, and Brit would want to join him when they got home, but for a couple of hours at least, he would have it all to himself.

He left the bedroom and headed out the back door to the deck overlooking the pool. As he glanced down below, he froze. Brit lay in a lawn chair, eyes closed. But the thing that caught him off his guard was that she wore only half her swimsuit. Her breasts were completely exposed to his view. It was the first time he had seen them, at least since she had been a child and it didn't matter. In fact, he probably hadn't seen her chest for at least ten years. Now he found himself getting excited by seeing her this way. She had perky little tits, about what he would expect on a fourteen-year-old. Her body was every bit as beautiful as her face.

He cleared his throat to let her know he was there. She opened her eyes and looked up at him, putting her hand up to shade her eyes from the sun. "Oh, hi Daddy," she said, as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

"Um..." he said. "Didn't you go into town with everyone else?"

"No, I'm not in the mood for shopping today. I'd rather work on my tan."

"Yes, I noticed. Are you... are you sure you don't want to put your top on?"

She laughed. "Does it bother you?" she asked.

"Well, no, I suppose not."

"Then I'll leave it off. I don't want a tan line."

What was happening to this family? Were they all becoming exhibitionists? But then, he had seen Allison and Lissa naked before; that left only Brit. And now here she was, exposing her gorgeous little body to his eyes!

Catching him staring, she laughed. "It *does* bother you," she said.

"Well, I... yes, it does. You're not supposed to be topless in front of your father like that."

"It wasn't my fault. I didn't know you were going to be home so early. But since you've already seen me like this, there's no point in covering up now, is there?"

"I suppose not. Well, I'd better go inside."

"You've already got your swimming trunks on, Daddy. Were you planning on going swimming?"

"Well, yes, but I had meant to be alone."

"You don't want me out here with you?"

"You were here first. I don't want to kick you out."

"So you don't want to be with me?"

"Like I said, I want to be alone right now. Not that I mind your company. I just... oh, never mind. I'm going inside."

She gave a pouty little frown of disappointment. She had a way of making any expression adorable. Even her frown could charm him.

"Well, if you're going inside, would you do me a favor?" she asked.

"Sure, honey."

"Bring me out a glass of ice water?"

"Okay. I'll be right back," he smiled.

Greg headed inside and made his way to the kitchen, trying not to think of what he had seen. Brit had certainly begun to develop nicely in the last couple of years. He had always thought she was beautiful, but it had always been a childlike beauty. Today he had become aware of just how grown-up parts of her were.

He couldn't deny that seeing her like that had aroused him. Perhaps it was a natural reaction. He was a man, and she was a gorgeous, nearly naked girl. He was already aware that she had a great figure for a girl her age, but now he had seen it in all its glory, and despite the fact that she was his daughter, it was quite appealing.

He wouldn't let it bother him, he decided. So what if he was secretly excited about seeing her like that? If he were to believe what Allison always claimed, it wouldn't even matter if he fantasized about her. As long as he didn't touch her, there really wasn't any harm done.

Of course, it made him wonder if this was only the first of many opportunities to see her bare chest, and that thought pleased him. For an instant he wondered if she would mind letting him take a few pictures. After all, her older sister had modeled nude for him. But he also knew that that kind of picture would be considered illegal even just to possess. Besides, he had already insisted that no nude photos of any member of the family should be stored on any of the computers in the house, so it would be hypocritical to take more of that kind of picture.

All of these thoughts swam through his head as he followed the hall to the dining room and afterward, the kitchen. He grabbed a glass out of the cupboard, then filled it halfway with crushed ice from the ice dispenser on the fridge, and then filled the rest with water. He then headed out back again.

He tried not to stare as he descended the steps to the pool deck and his topless daughter. But he couldn't help taking a few peeks, especially when he got up close and handed the water to her. Unfortunately, just as she took the glass, a drop of cold water that had condensed on the outside of the glass dripped right into the valley between her breasts. A shiver ran through her body, causing them to jiggle in the most delightful manner. Greg had a hard time keeping from gasping at the sight.

Brit laughed, hopefully more from her reaction than from his. He wasn't sure what kind of expression he had on his face, but hopefully his lust didn't show. He couldn't believe just how sexy his little girl looked to him right then.

He hurried and headed up the stairs to the house, anxious to get his mind off of her. At the upper deck he paused for a moment to look down one last time at the teenage nymph below him. With her body all laid out to his view like that, he almost began to drool. She glanced up and spotted him looking at her, but she merely smiled and waved. Greg smiled back, then disappeared inside the house.

That was just too much. A man shouldn't be having those kinds of thoughts about his daughter. On an intellectual level at least, he had no problem with families exposing themselves to each other like that. In many places in Europe, nobody would think anything of a family outing to a nude beach. Ironically, the strictness of his upbringing was what caused his indecent thoughts; if he had been raised in a more permissive family, he might not have given his daughter's nudity a second thought.

Greg hurried down the hall and plopped down on the couch in the front room, grabbing the remote to the television. He needed to do something to get his mind off of that mental image that kept intruding on his thoughts. He turned on the TV and flipped through the channels looking for an interesting channel. Unfortunately, the most interesting thing was his own memory.

A few minutes later he heard the back door open, then Brit appeared in the hall. He stared at her in surprise; she was still topless.

"Brit, what are you doing?" he asked.

"Getting a refill," she smiled, holding up the glass of ice.

"But... shouldn't you put some clothes on?"

She walked over to him. He tried to keep his eyes from straying to her chest as she walked. It was very difficult.

"What's wrong, Daddy?" she asked. "I thought you said it didn't bother you."

"But that was when you were just sunbathing."

"And I'm going to go right back out, as soon as I get some more water. I figured it was pointless to put my top back on for all of thirty seconds, since you're the only one who would see me, and you already said you don't mind."

"I don't mind when you're outside like that while I'm inside. But if we're together... well..."

"So it *does* bother you."

"Maybe just a little."

"So do you want me to put my top back on?"

"No, it's okay. Just be careful of who sees you like this."

"You mean Jeff, don't you?"

Greg sighed. "He's at the top of the list, yes. Look, you're really a beautiful girl. Maybe you don't realize this, but you can really be... tempting sometimes. When a man sees a girl as beautiful as you wearing nothing or almost nothing, it's natural for him to get aroused."

"Are you aroused right now?" she asked.

"Brit!" he exclaimed.

"I'm sorry, Daddy," she said. "Please don't be mad at me."

"I'm not mad at you, Brit. That's just not the type of question you should go around asking people."

"But you're not just anyone. You're my daddy. I just want you to help me understand."

He nodded. In some ways she was still innocent, despite her past activities. She deserved the truth. "Okay, yes," he said. "I'm aroused. That's why it bothers me, because I shouldn't be getting aroused by my own

daughter."

"But you said it's natural."

"Yes it is, but it's still wrong. That's why you can't just go around naked in front of me. It's really more for me than for you. You have to help me out here, okay?"

"Of course I'll help you, Daddy," she nodded.

"Good girl," he smiled. "So do me a favor and either put some clothes on or go back outside, all right?"

"All right. I love you, Daddy." She leaned in and kissed him on the cheek, catching him off guard. It wasn't that he didn't enjoy when she kissed him; just the opposite in fact. With her like this, he enjoyed it *too* much. Brit turned around and skipped into the kitchen, where she poured herself another glass of water. When she returned to the hall she flashed him a quick smile, then headed back down the hall to the back door.

She stayed out another half hour, after which she returned inside. Fortunately, this time she wore the top half of her swimsuit as well as the bottom. Unfortunately, it still didn't cover much. It was a brilliant red bikini that should have been illegal to sell to a girl her age. No doubt she had bought it on one of her shopping trips with Allison; if Greg had been with her he certainly wouldn't have agreed to let her purchase it. He would have to have a talk with Allison about it later. It was too late to take it back, but he might at least put a stop to similar purchases in the future.

Brit came over and gave him another quick kiss on the cheek, then scampered up to her room to change. He sighed in relief; at least now she would have some decent clothes on, and maybe he might stop thinking of her with lustful thoughts.

When she returned downstairs, she wore a pretty little pink blouse and yellow skirt. It was a rather conservative outfit, all things considered, but now that he had seen her almost nude, he just couldn't get that sight out of his mind. Yesterday this outfit would have just seemed cute and innocent. Now she looked incredibly sexy in it. He had a feeling that after what he had seen today, she would look sexy wearing just about anything.

She plopped down on the couch next to him, immediately grabbing his hand and holding it in her own. He glanced over at her, but she simply gave an affectionate smile. Greg really wished he knew what was going through her mind. There was nothing wrong with a girl holding her father's hand, but until recently she hadn't really done it much, at least not since she was a child.

She even lay her head against his shoulder. That felt nice; he really enjoyed how affectionate she was lately. He knew that earlier in the year she had done it to make Jeff jealous, but since he wasn't here right now, it meant Brit really did want to be close to her father. That made him feel good. He loved his little angel, and hoped to continue these moments for as long as possible.

They were still in that position when Allison and Lissa returned later that afternoon. Lissa came and sat down

on the couch on Brit's other side and reached out to stroke her little sister's hair. Brit smiled at her, but kept her head resting against Greg's shoulder.

A few minutes later, Brit yawned and announced that she was going up to her room for a nap. Greg felt a little disappointed when she released his hand and rose to her feet, but he knew there would be other opportunities like that.

Jeff wasn't planning to arrive home until just before bedtime, so Greg had the whole afternoon and evening to spend with his girls. Allison and Lissa put on their swimsuits and headed out to the pool, and he decided to join them. He didn't get in himself, but just sat in a chair and watched them frolicking in the water. Allison was just as playful as Lissa, perhaps even more so. She had always been that type of girl. When she was eighty she would still probably think of herself as a child.

They stayed out there for only about an hour, and Brit hadn't even woken from her nap before they went back inside. After changing back into their normal clothes, they started preparing supper.

They maintained a jovial atmosphere during dinner that night. Greg was happy to see that Brit had recovered from the initial shock of not being allowed near Jeff much. Perhaps that explained her recent affection toward himself. It was a redirection of what she could no longer give Jeff. She just needed someone to love. Greg didn't mind, as long as she didn't cross the same lines that she had crossed with her brother.

When Jeff returned home that night, he seemed in pretty good spirits too. And why shouldn't he be? Kari was a beautiful, charming young lady, the type of girl any boy would be lucky to go out with. She had already stuck with Jeff through some hard times which occasionally, in Greg's opinion, put her loyalty to the test. She had passed that test, proving herself a rare kind of girl that he hoped Jeff would hold onto as long as possible. It was obviously too early to be thinking about the future of their relationship, but Greg kind of hoped that this would be a case of them marrying their high-school sweetheart.

Since bedtime was approaching, Jeff and Brit headed upstairs. Greg decided to give them a break tonight, so he didn't accompany them to their bedrooms for the usual fatherly talk. After the younger children disappeared up the stairs, Lissa accompanied Greg and Allison to their bedroom again. This time she didn't ask, and Greg realized that her bathing in their tub had become something of a nightly ritual. It just seemed like the most natural thing in the world.

Tonight though, he felt a little uncomfortable about it because Allison had some last minute washing up to do in the kitchen, which left Greg and Lissa alone together. Though he couldn't really explain why, he felt it was a little more inappropriate for him to be alone with his nude daughter; with Allison there it felt more like a family activity.

Lissa didn't seem to mind though. Without saying a word, she headed into the bathroom and stripped off her clothes, not bothering to shut the door behind her. Greg followed her in, wondering whether he should stay in the bedroom. But if he did, he might look like he was trying to avoid her, which might lead to her asking him about it, a conversation he really didn't want to have at this time. Besides, he had to admit that he did like to

look at her body.

It didn't bother him so much with her as it did with Brit. Part of that was because Brit was the baby of the family; to him, she was still a little girl. She was still young, impressionable, and even a bit naïve. Lissa, on the other hand, had a year of college under her belt (or lack of belt, considering her attire). Plus she had always been so mature and independent; by now she knew enough of the world that she wouldn't get the wrong impression.

As soon as Lissa finished undressing, she slipped into the tub, sighing as she relaxed in the warm water. Greg took a seat beside her on the toilet lid, just watching her bathe. She didn't seem to mind his gaze a bit, but simply closed her eyes and lay back against the side of the tub. He took the opportunity to gaze upon her lovely body. Her breasts were half out of the water, and he watched with fascination as tiny waves lapped at her nipples. Beneath the surface, he could see the clear outline of her bare thigh, half hidden by the ripples in the water.

"What's going on?" asked Brit, appearing in the doorway. Greg glanced up at her in surprise. She wore an accusing look on her face as she saw him sitting there with Lissa in the tub.

"Hi, Brit," Lissa grinned. "I'm just taking a bath."

"But Dad's in here!" she exclaimed.

"It's okay," Lissa replied. "I don't mind."

"Dad," said Brit, "I thought you said..."

Greg suddenly knew what she was thinking. He was sending her mixed messages; on the one hand he had told her that a daughter shouldn't go around naked in front of her father, and on the other hand, here was Lissa naked with him right now.

"Brit, I'm sorry," he said. "I know I'm not being consistent with you, and you don't deserve to have me confuse you like that."

"What are you talking about?" asked Lissa.

"Today we had a father-daughter chat," he explained. "She was sunbathing topless and I walked in on her. I told her it wasn't appropriate for her to be undressed like that in front of me."

"Oh, I see," Lissa nodded. "So now she sees that you really didn't mean it."

"But I *did* mean it!" he exclaimed. "I mean, I meant it at the time. Oh, I don't know."

"It's okay, Daddy," said Brit with a smile. "It sounds like you're as confused as I am."

"Maybe I am," he sighed. "I'm sorry. I want to be a good father to you, Brit, but sometimes I make mistakes."

And sometimes I don't even know whether what I'm doing is a mistake or not."

"You *are* a good father," Brit insisted. "You're the best father in the whole world!" She threw her arms around him and hugged him.

"Thank you, angel," he told her. "It means a lot to me to hear you say that."

"I think you're the best father in the whole world too," said Lissa. "You'll excuse me if I don't hug you."

All three of them laughed at that.

"So just for clarification," said Brit, "Can I or can I not get naked with you, Dad?"

"Um, that's an awkward way of putting it."

"Why?"

"Because it implies that you *want* to. It should just be something you're comfortable with, not something that you actually want to do."

"But what about Lissa? Doesn't she want to?"

"I wanted to take a bath," her big sister said, "and I wanted to talk with Dad. It doesn't mean I was actually looking forward to him seeing me in the tub, just that I don't mind if he does."

"Oh," said Brit, still a little confused. "I guess I can understand that. Does that mean that I can take a bath with you watching, daddy?"

"Why don't you get in the tub with me right now?" suggested Lissa.

"Okay," Brit agreed immediately, then put her hands to the bottom of her shirt.

"Um..." said Greg. He still wasn't sure this was a good idea. Somehow they had just bypassed him completely in this decision.

"What?" asked Brit.

He thought about it only for a moment longer. If he was going to send any kind of a clear message to Brit, he had to be consistent. And that meant that whatever rules applied to Lissa had to apply to Brit as well.

"Fine," he said. "Go ahead and get into the tub."

Brit smiled and immediately set to work stripping off her clothes. He tried not to stare as her body once more came into view, but he found it difficult not to, especially when she casually slipped off her panties. He had seen her topless today already, but not fully nude. He only caught a glimpse between her legs, just enough to

see that the last hidden piece of her was just as appealing as the rest of her. She had a healthy, though not yet particularly thick crop of hair down there, unlike Allison, Rachael, and now Lissa, who had all shaved it off. There was a certain sexy charm about that natural look, especially on a girl who was still developing.

Before he could get much more of a look, she climbed into the tub. As with her big sister, the water didn't quite reach her chest, so her breasts remained exposed to his view. He felt an erection coming on, so hurriedly shifted his position to hide it from their eyes.

Unfortunately for the growing lump in his pants, Lissa asked Brit if she minded washing each other's backs. Brit immediately agreed, so Lissa turned around, and her little sister scooted in closer. As she lifted the washcloth and ran it all over Lissa's skin, Greg almost couldn't stand the pressure between his legs. Despite having seen Allison and Lissa doing this same thing a couple of times, it still excited him more than was really healthy.

After Brit scrubbed her sister's back for a few minutes, they turned around and Lissa returned the favor. Once again Greg wondered what Brit was thinking. She knew that Lissa was a lesbian; her girlfriend Alya would be arriving in a couple of weeks after all. Greg certainly wouldn't feel comfortable sitting in the tub with a gay man, family or not, let alone let him touch him. Then again, he was still projecting his own prejudices here. Women were just naturally more affectionate with each other than men were. Especially considering that they talked as they bathed, continuing their conversation from earlier at dinner in fact, there was nothing indecent going on here at all. Probably the last thing on Brit's mind was her big sister's sexual orientation. Greg just needed to get over his own hangups.

Eventually they finished their bath, so they stood up, giving Greg a perfect view of their bodies. When it came right down to it, they were really a couple of sexy little vixens. Seeing them together like this, he could tell the difference that five years made. Lissa's body was more developed, though still with a bit of room to grow. Her hips had a nice, well-defined curve, and her breasts were quite large, though plenty firm. Brit, on the other hand, was just starting to develop those womanly curves; she was if anything a bit skinny, with thin shoulders and small breasts, along with a pretty little pussy covered by a thin bush.

"Would you hand us a couple of towels, Daddy?" she asked. Greg took the towels from the rack and handed them to the girls, almost shivering as his hand brushed against Brit's in the process. *I just touched my daughter's nude body*, he realized. Even though it wasn't on any part of her that he couldn't touch with her clothes on, just the thought of it sent delightful chills down his spine.

After dressing, the two girls simultaneously kissed him on either cheek, and this time he actually blushed. They giggled, then headed out of the bathroom. Greg followed them, seeing that Allison had already finished her chores and was sitting naked in bed.

"Good night, Allison," both girls told her, then left the bedroom to head upstairs.

Allison grinned at Greg. "So does this mean it doesn't bother you to have both of your daughters take a bath in front of you?" she asked.

"No," he replied as he crossed the room to the bed. "It still bothers me a little. I just recognize now that it's no big deal."

Allison reached out and grabbed his crotch. Greg jumped back, laughing.

"I can see that it did something else to you as well," she smiled. "Do you want me to do something about that?"

"You bet I do!" he exclaimed, hurrying to strip out of his clothes.

Wild sex with Allison certainly helped, but he couldn't get the memory of his daughters bathing from his mind. Through the rest of the week, whenever he found himself daydreaming, his thoughts went back to the vision before him in that bathroom that night. Fortunately, with work taking up most of his time during the weekdays, he didn't have much opportunity to think about it. But each night when he returned to the house and saw his daughters, the memory came back full force.

Of course, it didn't help that Lissa continued to bathe with Allison. She didn't do it every night, only twice during the week. But it was enough to keep him thinking about her with Brit. For some reason, the thought of Lissa nude didn't bother him as much, possibly because she had always been so mature for her age, and especially now that she was only a couple of months from her nineteenth birthday, she was old enough to understand things like that. But Brit was still the baby of the family. To Greg, she would always be a little girl, so seeing her in a sexual way disturbed him a little more.

He decided to have a talk with Allison about that swimsuit one night. As soon as he brought it up, Allison nodded.

"You're right," she said. "I should have asked you before buying it."

"You knew I would have said no, but you bought it anyway."

"Yes I did. Greg, you need to understand something. Brit is a teenage girl now. An adolescent. And that means she's learning to come to terms with her sexuality. I know you don't want to hear this right now, but Brit needs a certain amount of sex in her life."

"So you bought her that bikini so that she could attract boys to have sex with her?"

"You're not listening, Greg. Mostly what she needs is to learn to be comfortable as a sexual being. She needs to understand that it's natural and healthy, and yes, that there are limits. But unless we allow her to explore those limits, she'll never learn them. She latched onto Jeff for exactly the reason I told you before: to practice being sexy with someone she could trust. Now that you've taken that away from her--"

"So you're saying this is my fault?"

"No. My statement was completely neutral, not judgmental. Right or wrong, you simply removed one avenue of exploration for her. So what she has left is herself. Sometimes a girl just has a need to feel sexy, even if there's no one else around. So I bought her that bikini to wear when she's all alone. It wasn't my intention when I bought it for you to walk in on her while she was wearing it."

Greg nodded. It did make a kind of sense. Brit hadn't meant for him to see her in that swimsuit after all. His anger at Allison then was most likely a redirection of his own guilt for his unwholesome thoughts. It wasn't fair to Allison or Brit for him to get after them for it.

"Just tell her she's not to wear it anywhere but in our back yard," he said. He couldn't quite bear to insist that Brit wear it only with nobody else around, because in truth, Greg hoped to see her in it again some day.

He thought Saturday might be his chance, especially since Allison and Lissa went out again, and Jeff spent the day with Kari, leaving Brit home alone with Greg. But this time she never even went out to the pool. After breakfast she headed out back to the art studio, and spent the whole morning there. Greg didn't know whether he felt relieved or disappointed. He had hoped to spend a little more time with her, not even necessarily at the pool. He thought it would be fun to sit in the house playing games or even just talking to each other, just the two of them, father and daughter.

When he came right down to it, he felt kind of lonely. The family was big enough that usually when he was at home there was at least one person there with him. But he couldn't fault Allison and Lissa for wanting to catch up on old times, and he had all but told Jeff to stay away as much as possible, so that left only Brit. And if she wanted to be by herself, there was nothing he could do about it.

At noon he decided he could at least go see her in her studio. He fixed some lunch and carried it on a tray out back. When he knocked on the door, she opened it, and her eyes lit up with delight.

"Oh thank you, Daddy," she smiled. "You read my mind. I was just starting to get hungry."

"Anything for my little angel," he said, and she rewarded him with a kiss on the cheek. He brought the food in and set it down on the one clear spot on the large desk.

"So what are you working on?" he asked.

She pointed to a bowl of plastic fruit on a stool in the middle of the room, near her easel with her large sketch pad. "Just practicing a bit of still life," she said. "Drawing always helps me think."

"What are you thinking about?" he asked, then realized it probably sounded like prying.

"Oh, just things. Girl things."

"Ah," he smiled. "That's code for 'I don't want to talk about it, especially with an old fogey like my dad.'"

She laughed and threw her arms around him. "Don't be so hard on yourself, Daddy," she said. "Just because I need to keep some of my thoughts private doesn't mean I don't still love you."

"I know you do, sweetie," he said, hugging her back and kissing her on the forehead. "And I love you."

They ate lunch together, after which Brit said it was time for her to take a break from her drawing. Greg wondered if that meant that she now planned to go swimming, but unfortunately she went back in the house and headed straight for her room. Oh well.

He went into his office and spent some time doing work-related things on the computer in there. It helped to keep his mind off of her for a while at least. But half an hour later, he ran out of things to do, and his loneliness returned.

Suddenly, he was in the mood for a milk shake. And not just any milk shake, but one from the ice cream stand near the park. It had been there for nearly twenty years, and he remembered it used to be a family tradition to go get milk shakes from it during the summers. Like many of their traditions, it had stopped after his ex-wife left, but there was really no reason why they couldn't start it up again. Besides, it would give him another excuse to do something with Brit. He got up and headed down the hall to ask if she wanted to hop in the car with him and drive down to the park.

As he approached her door, he heard a sound coming from her room. It was a kind of moaning whine, almost a mewling like a cat. He wondered what was causing that sound, so he stepped up to the door, which was already open a crack, and peeked in.

Brit lay naked on her bed, her legs spread wide and one of her hands between them, rubbing herself vigorously. Her hips squirmed on the bed, thrusting forward and back as she writhed in the pleasure of her self-stimulation. Her other hand groped one of her breasts.

When his eyes went to her face, the image before him was one that he knew he would never forget for the rest of his life. With her eyes closed and an open-mouthed smile on her face, it was an expression of pure ecstasy. Brit was in the throes of intense pleasure.

He knew he should turn away. If he were a proper father he would leave her there and return downstairs. This was a private moment, and the last thing she needed was for someone to spy on her.

He was her father, true, but he was also a man. The sight of this teenage beauty in the midst of erotic self-stimulation was enough to keep any man's attention, father or not.

His throat was dry, and he felt a constriction in his pants as suddenly there was a whole lot more of him down there. He couldn't believe what he was seeing, and worse, the effect it was having on him.

Brit's motions suddenly became more intense, almost violent, and he recognized the signs. *My daughter is about to have an orgasm!* he thought with delight. *And I'm going to see it!*

Brit sucked in her breath, and her fingers suddenly stopped moving. Time itself seemed to come to a standstill as her body tensed up in its climax. Greg watched with erotic fascination as his daughter experienced the ultimate pleasure, the limits of what her body was capable of.

The sight almost did the same thing to Greg. Not being a natural voyeur, this was a new experience for him. The fact that it was his daughter, rather than disgusting him, made it all the more thrilling because of just how naughty it really was for him to be standing here watching her. It also didn't hurt that she was a beautiful girl that he loved more than just about anything in the whole world.

Then her body gave out, and she let a satisfied groan escape her lips. She lay on the bed panting, her body twitching in the aftershocks of her orgasm. The look on her face remained though, as she lay exhausted on her bed.

Then her eyes went to the crack in the door, and she froze up when she saw him standing there.

Greg was in just as much shock as she was. What was he thinking, watching his daughter masturbate like that? He reached for the doorknob to pull the door closed.

Brit broke down into tears, probably of shame and embarrassment. She closed up her legs and rolled over onto her side facing away from him. "Daddy, I'm sorry!" she sobbed.

Greg felt some of that same embarrassment, and knew that he couldn't just leave her like that. He opened the door and slipped into the room, then closed the door behind him. Her body shook with the sobs.

"Brit," he said soothingly as he sat on the bed. "Angel. It's okay."

"No it's not!" she exclaimed.

He put a hand out, then hesitated as he wondered just how much contact was appropriate between them. He decided that at least he could touch her in places that were fine if she were clothed. He put his hand on her arm, just below the shoulder.

Surprisingly, she didn't pull away. She just continued to cry.

"Daddy, please don't yell at me," she pleaded. "I'm so sorry."

"Britney, I'm not going to yell at you," he replied. "There's no reason for me to. Maybe *you* should yell at *me*."

"Yell at you? What for?"

"For invading your privacy. I had no right."

"But... I was the one who was... I mean..."

"You did nothing wrong."

She rolled over onto her back and stared up at him with hope. He forced himself to keep his eyes away from her body, locked on her eyes. Somehow he managed, though not without extreme difficulty.

"Really, daddy?" she asked. "But I thought this was bad."

"I was raised to think that it was bad, and I still have a little bit of an issue with it. On the other hand, I know how hard you've been trying to keep yourself away from your brother," he told her. "Without him to take care of you... well, sometimes a girl just has to spend some time alone."

She sat up, tears still running down her cheeks, but she seemed a little less afraid now.

"So it's really okay, daddy?"

"It's okay. I'd rather have you take care of your own needs than get into a relationship that could hurt you. I just want to see you happy."

She suddenly threw her arms around his neck and hugged him tightly. "Oh daddy, I love you!"

It was an awkward position, absolutely wrong in one sense and perfectly innocent in another. But before he realized it he had his hands around her back, holding her close.

"I love you too," he whispered.

"Do you love me infinity?" she asked.

He had never heard that term before, but he could guess as to its meaning.

"I love you infinity," he replied with a smile.

"Me too," she said.

"Let me just give you a word of advice," he told her. "Next time, close your door."

Brit giggled.

They held each other for the longest time. It felt so nice that Greg lost track of the time. It could have been five minutes or half an hour later when he heard her breathing slowly and deeply against his shoulder, and he realized she must have fallen asleep.

He put one of his hands behind her head for support, then slowly leaned forward to lay her gently down on her bed. As he was about to pull away, she squeezed him tightly around the neck.

"Don't go, daddy," she pleaded.

"What?" he asked.

"I want you to stay with me. Just a few more minutes, okay?"

"Brit, I..."

"Please daddy? I love you."

He found it incredibly hard to resist her when she was like this. On the other hand, he shouldn't be letting her hug him without her clothes on in the first place, much less lie down together in bed.

But they had already stepped over that line, and he knew he wouldn't take things too far, so he decided just to stay until she fell asleep. He knew that the years when she wanted to be with him were drawing to a close; in a few more years she probably wouldn't want to have anything to do with him. He was going to cherish the time he had with her. Right now she needed her daddy, and he was not about to refuse her.

He climbed up onto the bed with her and lay down next to her. Only then did she release her stranglehold on his neck. He cupped her cheek in his hand, then kissed her tenderly on her forehead. She sighed and smiled, and his heart went out to her. He loved to see her smile, especially when he was the cause of it. He closed his eyes and relaxed.

He didn't know how long he had been asleep, but when he woke up the sun was still shining, and Brit was still lying in his arms. He had rolled over onto his back, and she lay with her head on his chest, her eyes closed and her breathing heavy.

There was a knock at the door. He suddenly realized that whoever was there might get the wrong impression if they saw them like this. He glanced around the room, trying to find something to hide what was going on.

Too late. The door opened, and Allison peeked in.

"Oh, sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to wake you. I knocked, but nobody answered."

"Allison, I..." he stammered.

"What?" she asked casually. "Is there something wrong?"

"Well, no... I just thought..."

"Oh, I see," she smiled. "You thought that because I caught you in bed with your daughter, I might suspect you of having sex with her, right?"

"Something like that."

"Well, did you?"

"No, of course not!"

"Then there's no problem, is there? So stop worrying."

"Really?" he asked. "You're not mad?"

"Mad? Because your daughter is taking a nap with you? I think it's wonderful that she still doesn't mind being close to you like that."

"But she doesn't have any clothes on."

"Greg, you know my opinion of nudity, especially among family members. Even if you were naked too I wouldn't think anything of it. If she wants to take her clothes off with you, so what?"

"I guess you're right," he mumbled, though he still wasn't convinced that being in bed with his nude daughter was at all appropriate. Trying to disturb her as little as possible, he laid her on the bed, then got up and followed Allison out of the room, trying unsuccessfully to purge from his mind a new image that had supplanted the one of Lissa and Brit in the bath.

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## Chapter 87

### A Not Entirely Welcome Guest

The next week was much like the one before it, with Greg trying to rid his mind of the sexy images of his daughters. He couldn't deny that they had beautiful bodies, the kind that made him think thoughts he shouldn't. No matter how hard he tried to fill his mind with business or other concerns, every so often those images would pop right back in.

With Alya arriving on Saturday, he had plenty of other thoughts to occupy him. Worries, more precisely. He still didn't know how he would manage to keep things civil when he was so opposed to Alya's very existence. She was an affront, an insult to him and everything he stood for. As the week passed and the weekend drew nearer, he found himself feeling more and more on edge, uptight and even occasionally grouchy.

Allison had a talk with him every night, trying to make him see reason. It usually helped to soothe him, but the effect was only temporary, and by morning he was as stressed as ever.

The fateful day arrived, and with the exception of Greg, most of the family looked forward with eager anticipation to meeting her. Finally they would get their chance.

Lissa insisted on driving to the airport alone to pick her up, and for good reason. She wanted some time alone with her girlfriend to explain the mood in the household, and what to expect. No one argued this point with her, so that morning Lissa left the house and drove into town, leaving the others waiting and wondering what the encounter would be like.

Allison, calm as ever, went about her usual routine as if nothing were out of the ordinary, though she got Jeff and Brit to help her do a bit of last-minute cleaning. Greg sat in silence, though he didn't look forward to the inevitable meeting. He didn't know what to expect when Alya arrived, but realized that more than likely it would end in some kind of confrontation. Maybe that was his own fault; maybe he was just too closed-minded to accept the girl as his daughter's lover. But he certainly wasn't happy that this day had arrived.

It was just after lunch time when he heard Lissa's car pull into the driveway. Jeff in particular seemed anxious to meet Alya, not surprisingly if she turned out to be as pretty as Lissa made her out to be. Not that they could really trust Lissa's opinion; when a person was in love, they tended to see only the good in the one they were in love with.

Brit skipped to the front door and opened it. Jeff continued to sit at the table with Greg, apparently not wanting to appear too eager. That was just his way; he tried to always seem casual. He did turn around, however, as soon as the girls appeared in the doorway. From the dining room table they had a clear view of the front door, and as soon as they saw Alya, Greg realized that Lissa hadn't exaggerated one bit. Though not as stunning as Allison, she was still extremely beautiful.

"Come on in," Allison grinned, and Alya hesitantly stepped into the great hall. Lissa took her by the arm and led her into the dining room.

"Everyone, this is my girlfriend Alya," said Lissa. Though her tone was cheerful, Greg couldn't help but sense a hidden challenge there, as if daring anyone to make a big deal of her sexuality. But nobody did.

Allison strode over and threw her arms around the girl. "It's so good to finally meet you!" she exclaimed.

"Likewise," said Alya.

Allison drew away. "So this is our family," she said.

"No need for introductions," Alya said. "Lissa's shown me pictures of all of you." She glanced at Jeff. "You must be the little brother that she had lots of good things to say about. If even half of the things she said are true, then I'm jealous that I don't have a brother, especially one like you."

Jeff actually blushed at the compliment.

"And you must be Lissa's little sister Brit," she said. "You're even cuter in person than in the pictures."

"Thanks," Brit grinned.

"So how was your trip?" asked Greg, perhaps a little more formally than was strictly necessary.

"A little tiring, truth be told. I'm glad it's over."

"Well come and have a seat," Allison smiled. "You just have a nice rest. Jeff, would you be a dear and go get her bags out of Lissa's car?"

"I'd be happy to," he smiled.

"Thank you, Jeff," said Alya. "You're a real gentleman. Of course, the way Lissa's described you, I already knew that."

He beamed at the compliment as Lissa handed him her keys. He headed out to the car, returning a minute later with two suitcases in his hand, making a big deal of carrying both of them at the same time. Greg couldn't fault him for that; as a teenage boy, it was just his nature to want to show off his strength for the girls, especially their new guest. She glanced over and grinned at him from the dining room as he placed them in the hall. Then he came back over and sat down at the table.

"So are you hungry, Alya?" asked Greg. "We just ate, but we can always throw together another sandwich."

"No, Lissa and I picked up some lunch on the way over, but thanks anyway."

"Well then, let's just get these dishes out of your way," said Allison, picking up some of the plates and

carrying them into the kitchen. Greg grabbed his own and rose to his feet.

"You really have a beautiful house," Alya commented.

"That's why I married Greg," Allison called from the kitchen. "That and the rest of his money." She said it with a lighthearted tone, almost jokingly; she wasn't ashamed of the fact, and she knew that Lissa had told Alya all about the situation with the family.

"Well, I'm not interested in Lissa for her money," Alya grinned. "I'm interested in her because she's such a good kisser." She leaned in and kissed Lissa on the lips.

Greg froze, a thousand emotions suddenly flooding him simultaneously and overwhelming him. He just couldn't handle the sight of his daughter kissing another woman. He put his plate on the counter and hurried out of the room, ignoring the shocked looks on everyone's faces. He managed to catch the look on Alya's face as he passed her, a frightened and even a little hurt expression. He hurried into his room, then sat down on the bed and stared at the floor, trying to piece together his thoughts.

A moment later, Lissa appeared in the doorway. She came over and sat down beside him. "Daddy," she said meekly, "are you mad?"

He shook his head. "I don't know what I feel right now. I'm just a little overwhelmed."

"I'm sorry," she said. "Would it help if Alya and I weren't so affectionate when you're around?"

"No. It's just something I'm going to have to get used to, that's all. Look, I've told you before that I don't approve of your relationship with Alya."

"So you *are* mad."

"Yes, but that's only part of it."

"Tell me."

"You want me to list them all? It's a long list."

"I know, but I have to know how you feel, Dad."

Greg sighed. "All right. I'm feeling mad, and a little bit betrayed, because you're acting so contrary to the way I thought I had raised you. But I'm also feeling guilty because of that sailing trip last summer. I wonder if maybe in part I'm to blame. I feel helpless because you're doing something that I don't want you to do, but I'm powerless to stop you. I'm feeling excited at seeing two beautiful young women kissing, and guilty again because one of them is my daughter. I'm feeling lost because I've never thought of how I would act in this situation, I'm feeling happy for you because you've found someone, but I'm worried about what people might think, and even a little jealous because, well, you're not my little girl any more. And that's just what I can think of off the top of my head."

"I'll always be your little girl, Daddy," she said, throwing her arms around his neck.

"But you're all grown up now, and falling in love."

"Yes, but this is even better. Do you know why?"

"Why?"

"Because this way you know you'll always be the number one man in my life."

Greg chuckled. "Okay, you have a good point." He hugged her back tightly. "Thank you, Lissa. You always know what to say to cheer me up."

"Does that mean you're not mad any more?"

"No it doesn't. This isn't something I can get over in just a few minutes. I'm going to need time."

"How much time?"

"Months. Years, maybe. But in the mean time, I can at least be friendly to Alya, because it wouldn't be fair to you if I went out of my way to make you unhappy. I love you, Lissa, even if I don't approve of what you're doing."

"And I love you too, Dad. I'm glad you're willing to put forth this effort. I only wish there was a way I could spare you this pain."

"I know, honey, and I appreciate it."

"Dad, can I tell you something that might help you understand what Alya means to me?"

"Of course, dear."

"Okay. You remember I wrote to you a couple of times about Matt, right?"

"Your old boyfriend?"

"Yes. And how he betrayed me. He did something to me. He changed me. And the person he changed me into... well, she scares me."

"What do you mean?"

"I thought I was a victim because I allowed myself to be hurt, and because I tried to follow the rules. I thought as long as I had negative emotions-- guilt, sorrow, hurt-- then people could take advantage of me. So I threw all of that off, threw off all of my inhibitions, and became the same thing that Matt was: a monster. I hated him, but I also realized that he wasn't a victim because he didn't feel guilt."

"What are you saying, Lissa?"

"I might as well tell you. For about a month, I was... well, I was a slut."

"I'm not sure I want to hear this, Lissa."

"Please just listen, Dad. I did whatever I wanted, to whomever I wanted. My motto was 'damn the consequences.' It felt so liberating, so exciting. But at the same time, I was becoming a horrible person. I was willing to sacrifice even my friends and family to get what I wanted."

"And then I fell in love with Alya. It only took a moment. Just one kiss. And I realized I would do anything for her. I started to care again, care about what happened to her, and therefore what happened in general to the people around me. Oh, I'm still a lot more liberated than I used to be, but now I think about the consequences of my actions, especially on the people I care about. I know it sounds so cliche, but it was love that saved me, Daddy. Love for Alya. Without her, I would be a completely different girl. You wouldn't even recognize me."

Greg stared down at the floor again, but he nodded. "Thank you, Lissa. I think I'm beginning to understand why you love her so much. Maybe my disapproval will never go away, but when I hear things like that, it doesn't hurt so much any more." He chuckled. "Now we can add one more emotion to the list." He looked her in the eyes. "Gratitude," he smiled. "If Alya has saved you, then she can't be all that bad."

"There's nothing bad about her," Lissa smiled. "If you give her enough time, I'm sure you'll see that too."

"I'm willing to make the effort, but I can't give you any promises as to the result."

"That's all I want, Daddy. Just try."

He nodded. She took his hand and led him back down the hall to the rest of the family.

By the time he arrived back in the dining room, the mood had brightened. He found Alya sitting and joking with Jeff and Brit. Brit, of course, was teasing her about her lesbian relationship with Lissa, but Alya was taking it rather well. She was fitting in nicely.

As soon as he entered the room, the conversation came to a screeching halt, and all eyes turned to him. An awkward silence filled the room. He decided the only one who could get them past it was him.

"It's all right," he said. "I was just a little overwhelmed there for a minute."

"I'm sorry," said Alya, still looking somewhat nervous.

"You did nothing wrong," he told her. "It's just something I'm going to have to get used to, that's all. I want Lissa to be happy, and I'm going to have to come to terms with the fact that you're the one who can make her happy right now."

She nodded, but still seemed a bit uncertain.

Despite his misgivings, Alya did seem to put a lot of his fears to rest. The way she immediately took to the family reminded him of Kari. He had liked Kari right from the beginning, and was delighted when she started going out with Jeff. Alya had that same friendly, easygoing manner, and fit right in with the kids.

There was something a bit mechanical, though, about how she went about it, and he noticed her occasionally glancing over at him. He thought he knew why. Of all the people in this house, he was the most her enemy, and it was his approval, perhaps more than anyone's except Lissa's, that she wanted. He stopped short of thinking she was putting on an act; if Lissa loved her, she had to be something special after all. But it looked like she was trying just a little too hard.

Despite that, he realized that overall he really didn't mind her. He would even go so far as to say that she was really likable. She had a certain charm, and not just because of her good looks, of which she had plenty. Under any other circumstances, he would love to have her as a guest in his house.

He decided that he needed to talk to her alone, to ease his apprehensions, and perhaps hers as well. Out here in front of the family, there were some things he just couldn't say to her.

"Alya, would you mind coming up to my office for a minute?" he asked at the next lull in the conversation.

She looked a little worried about that. "Um, sure," she said hesitantly. "What do you... I mean..."

"Let's put it this way. A long time ago I decided that when my girls brought home their boyfriends for the first time, I would have an interview with them. Well, this isn't exactly the same thing, but I'd still like the interview."

"Oh," she said.

"Don't worry," Greg smiled, trying to make it look friendly. "I'm not going to shoot you or anything. Let's just get this over with, okay?"

"Okay," she nodded. Lissa gave her an encouraging smile as she stood up, then Greg and Alya left the room and headed up the stairs to his office. He motioned for her to take one of the couches, and he took the other.

"Let me explain something," Greg told her immediately. "If I want to be formal or even intimidating, I sit behind my desk. The couches are for a relaxed, casual atmosphere. So you can guess the tone I want for this conversation."

"Thanks," she said, still looking a bit nervous. "The last thing I need is for you to be any more intimidating."

"I want you to understand something," Greg said. "I'm very conservative. Some would even call me prudish. So I'm bothered by the thought of my daughter being... well..."

"A lesbian?" Alya offered.

"Yes. You see? I can't even say it. But she's old enough to make her own decisions about her sexuality. I won't lie; I'm hoping that it's just a phase she's going through that will pass. Not because I don't like you," he added hastily, trying not to give her the wrong impression. "Alya, I think I know what you're doing: you're trying hard to be especially nice to us so that we'll be more accepting of you. Well, the truth is, it's working. Despite my reservations, I like you. Part of me is glad that you're a good friend to Lissa. It's the other part of me that's struggling right now."

"I appreciate your honesty, Greg," she replied. "And I can understand how hard it must be. This is my first romantic relationship with a girl, and I'm glad it's with Lissa. She means everything to me, and I would do anything for her. I know that's not what you want to hear right now. You want to think it's just a superficial relationship that will end in a couple of months, but that's not going to happen. I don't like that it makes you uncomfortable, but there's really nothing I can do short of giving her up, and that's something I'm not willing to do. I just hope that you can accept me for who I am, because I really don't want to see you as an enemy, and I hope you won't see me as an enemy either."

"Then I'm going to need your help," said Greg. "You see, I'm torn between feeling that there's something inherently wrong with your relationship, and feeling that what's wrong is with *me*. Although I was never very religious, I was brought up in a strict home with strong beliefs about right and wrong. Two women being in love was something that was quite simply beyond comprehension. So is this kind of thing bad, like I was always brought up to believe, or do I just need to get over my intolerance? I don't know. But I love my daughter, and if she's going to get involved in a long-term relationship of this kind, I'm going to have to learn to deal with it. So help me. Prove to me that this is good for her. That *you're* good for her. I think if you can convince me of that by the time you leave, I can manage the rest."

Alya suddenly scooted over to the couch where he sat, then threw her arms around him and gave him a hug. "Thank you," she said. "I've been terrified of you for months now. I was almost too scared to come visit. But now that I know how hard you're trying to accept me, I'm not frightened of you any more. Your daughter is so lucky to have a father like you. I'm going to try to make it as easy for you to accept me as possible. You'll see that my relationship with Lissa is the best thing that ever happened to her."

"I half hope you're right."

Alya smiled, and this time it was without that edge of nervousness or worry that had been there before.

"So that's it then," Greg said with a smile. "Now that the interview is over, we can be friends. Okay?"

"Okay," she agreed.

The two of them rose to their feet, and Greg impulsively put an arm around her shoulder as he led her to the door. She wore a smile on her face as they descended the stairs like that to join the rest of the family.

"So I take it everything's okay between you two?" asked Lissa hopefully as soon as she saw them.

"No," said Greg, "but at least we have an understanding. Despite our differences, we've decided to be friends."

Lissa dashed over and threw her arms around him. "Really?" she asked.

"Really," he smiled.

Alya and Lissa sat down on the couch together, taking each other's hands. Greg stared at them and gritted his teeth, but didn't say anything, even when they gave each other a quick kiss on the lips.

When suppertime came around, they sat around the table eating and talking. Alya seemed to fit right in; she laughed and joked with the rest of them. It was good to see Jeff and Brit enjoying themselves as well too; with company there, they were on their best behavior.

It wasn't that they were trying to hide anything; Alya knew all about their incestuous relationship, and it didn't seem to bother her. They didn't speak of it, but she seemed perfectly willing to accept that this was not the most conventional family in the world.

That, of everything else he knew of her, impressed Greg the most. She seemed to have a completely nonjudgmental attitude about the family.

After dinner, they returned to the living room, where they sat around and talked some more. Brit brought out one of her favorite card games and they all played and had fun with it. As time wore on, though, Alya yawned and sighed and generally looked sleepy. Lissa picked up on this, and leaned over to whisper something in her ear. Alya smiled and nodded.

Lissa took Alya's hand and they stood up. "Alya's kind of worn out from her trip, so I think I'll give her a nice hot bath to help her relax," said Lissa. Greg clenched his teeth and grunted, looking away.

Lissa obviously caught on to the gesture. "Dad," she said. "Can we talk for a minute?"

"Oh, there's no need for that," he said, trying to sound casual. "Go have a bath. I think I'll take one tonight too."

"Please, Dad?" she asked again.

He nodded and stood up. "Come on, Alya. You too," said Lissa. She led them both up the stairs and down the hall to her room. Lissa and Alya sat on the bed, and Greg sat in the chair by her desk.

"Dad," said Lissa. "I don't think it's any big secret, but it needs to be said. While Alya is staying here, we're going to continue our love life. Yes, that means sex."

Both Greg and Alya turned bright red at that.

"I'm sorry to be so blunt about it," Lissa continued, "but I think bluntness is exactly what we need right now. Let's just get it out in the open right now, and so later when we hint about it, it won't embarrass you any more."

"Lissa, maybe we shouldn't--" Greg began.

"Yes we should," she insisted. "Dad, you knew we were going to have sex. Otherwise you wouldn't have let her sleep in my room. You could have put her in the guest house--"

"The guest house is Brit's studio," Greg said.

"Okay, then the spare room."

"Rachael's going to sleep there when she comes. It seemed pointless to--"

"Stop making excuses, Dad," Lissa interrupted. "My point is that you're allowing us to sleep in the same room, the same bed even, so at least you're not entirely opposed to the idea of us having sex, because you're making allowances for it."

"I'm not--"

"Dad, there's no point trying to deny that things are a lot different around here than they used to be. Your son and daughter just got over an incestuous relationship, your other daughter is going to sleep with her girlfriend, and your wife is sleeping with your son."

"Lissa!"

"Alya knows all about it, Dad, and she's fine with it. But if she's open-minded enough to accept what's going on around here, shouldn't you be open-minded about our relationship?"

"I'm not comfortable--"

"But you do know what's going to happen tonight between Alya and me when we go to bed."

"Okay, fine," he said. "The two of you are going to have sex. I said it. Now are you happy?"

"Not quite," she continued. "There's something Alya and I discussed on the phone before she left to come visit us."

"Lissa, maybe this isn't such a good idea," Alya said.

"Oh, don't be shy. It never hurts to ask."

"But... oh, all right. But *you* ask, okay?"

"Okay."

"What are you talking about?" asked Greg.

"I'm going to ask you to do something, and your first impulse is going to be to say no. But I don't want you to answer until you've heard my reasoning, and I don't want you to be mad. You have to promise not to be mad, no matter how shocking my request is."

"Shocking?"

"Yes, shocking. Promise you won't be mad. That doesn't mean you have to say yes."

"Okay, I promise I won't be mad."

"And you have to promise not to say anything until I'm through."

"Okay, I promise that too."

"Good." She reached over and took his hands in hers. "Dad, I want you to watch Alya and me take a bath."

"What?" he demanded.

"You promised!" she said sternly.

"All right, I promised," he agreed. "Actually, I'm very interested in hearing your reasoning."

She smiled. "It's simple. You've seen me take a bath with Brit, and you've seen me take a bath with Allison. So that much at least, you're not opposed to."

"That doesn't mean--"

"Just hear me out. The girls of this family are not shy about their bodies. You know that from experience. We don't have a problem with touching each other, even in ways that are a little intimate. We've already explained this to you. It's not anything sexual; it's just girls showing affection for each other. There's nothing wrong with it."

"Now, that incident today at the dining room table, where you had to leave because you were too overwhelmed... It just seems to me that you have to get used to seeing Alya and me being affectionate in ways that *are* sexual. I'm not talking full on lesbian muff diving here, I'm just talking about hugging and kissing and things like that. They're only sexual because we're in love."

"So if you watch us take a bath together, if you see us naked and realize that it's really no big deal, then you won't be so uptight when we kiss and caress and everything with our clothes on."

"Do you mean that you're going to... well... have sex in the bathtub? Right in front of me?" he asked.

"Not necessarily."

"Not necessarily?"

"We don't always have sex when we bathe together. In fact, we've only done it in the tub... what is it?"

"Four," said Alya.

"Four times," Lissa nodded. "But we do like to get intimate. *That's* what I want you to see, Dad. We're trying to get you to accept the fact that two women in love is really no big deal. And I think this is the best way to show you that."

Greg sighed. Maybe she was right. Maybe it would help him to overcome his uneasiness.

He glanced at Alya. "What about you?" he asked.

"Me?"

"Yes. I've seen Lissa naked before, just like she said. That's okay, because we're family. But it's a little different in your case. Wouldn't it make you feel awkward to have a man see you like that? Especially since you're a lesbian."

"Actually, I'm bisexual," she explained. "I'm attracted to men too. I didn't even start liking women until Lissa."

"But still, I'm not related to you. Wouldn't it bother you to be naked in front of me?"

"A little," she admitted. "But I really do want you to like me."

"But... not like that, surely."

Alya laughed. "No, not like that. I just meant that I'll do anything I can to help you overcome your discomfort or uneasiness about your daughter's relationship with me. If that means letting you see my body, well, I'm willing to do that."

Greg nodded.

"Was that a yes?" asked Lissa hopefully.

"That was a maybe," he told her. "I need to talk to Allison first."

"That's a good point. You probably should ask her permission."

"That too," he laughed. "Actually, I'm sure she'll be wholeheartedly in favor of it. I just need a little more persuasion, and she's always been very convincing when it comes to getting me to accept things like this."

"Okay, go talk to Allison," Lissa said. "We'll wait five minutes, and then we're getting into the tub. If you decide to do this, go ahead and come up."

Greg stood up and left the room, making his way downstairs. Allison and the others still sat in the living room.

"Allison, can I talk to you for a minute?" he asked.

"Sure," she smiled. She rose to her feet and followed him down the hall to their bedroom.

"Lissa and Alya want to take a bath together," he blurted out as soon as they were alone.

"Well they have my permission," she laughed.

"No, I mean, they want me to watch them."

"Oh," she said. "I see. Any reason in particular, or is it just that having you there turns them on?"

"No, it's not that. They think that what I need is to be exposed to them..."

"So you're going to get in the tub with them?"

"No! I guess 'exposed' wasn't the right word. I mean, they think that I need to see them being affectionate with each other. Lissa thinks that once I see them nude together, I won't be so bothered anymore by what they do in front of me."

"She's a smart girl," said Allison.

"Then it doesn't bother you? I mean, with Lissa it's different because she's family, but with Alya..."

"First, I agree with Lissa. Second, now that they've brought up the subject, you're bound to start wondering what Alya looks like naked. I'd rather have you take a good long look and get it over with than to mentally undress her every chance you get."

"I would never--"

"If you wouldn't, then you're not a man. Alya's a beautiful woman. Even I can see that. In fact, maybe I'd better join you up there."

"Really?" he asked. Actually, he would feel a lot better if she were there with him. It might be a little crowded in the bathroom, but it wouldn't feel so much like he were intruding on a private moment between the girls. More people meant less intimacy, and the last thing he needed was an intimate atmosphere.

They left the bedroom and headed up the stairs and down the hall. They avoided the living room, which was a relief to Greg. The last thing he needed was to have the kids ask questions that he didn't feel like answering.

They knocked on Lissa's door, and Lissa opened it, dressed in only a towel. Alya was similarly attired.

"I decided to take you up on your offer," said Greg. "You don't mind if Allison comes along too, do you?"

"Not a bit," Lissa smiled. "I've already told Alya that Allison and I like to sit in the hot tub naked when no one else is around, and Alya's keen on joining us some time."

The four of them entered the bathroom, where Lissa and Alya removed their towels and hung them on the rack. Alya wore a somewhat embarrassed look on her face, but she did nothing to cover her body from Greg's eyes, which, admittedly, were staring right at it. She really was quite beautiful, especially nude. Seeing her like this gave him mixed emotions. Since she wasn't a part of his family, it was a lot less appropriate for her to be nude in front of him. That of course, was tempered by the fact that since meeting Allison he had been exposed to quite a few nude women that had no relation to him whatsoever. Still, he felt a little guilty about seeing her in the buff, even with his wife's lack of objection.

On the other hand, since she was simply a beautiful young woman and not his daughter, he had no reason to feel guilty about his excitement and, yes, his arousal. In a situation like this, it was perfectly natural for a man to get aroused by seeing a beautiful woman's nude body.

The girls climbed into the tub and sat down in the warm water. Unlike with Lissa and Allison, or Lissa and Brit, who had just sat at opposite ends of the tub and washed each other's backs, this time Lissa leaned against the end of the tub and Alya came over to lie back against her chest. Lissa's hands immediately started working on her shoulders, causing Alya to sigh contentedly. Lissa's hands wandered lower and slipped onto Alya's breasts, massaging them gently.

Greg stared, realizing that he had one more naughty image added to the growing collection in his mind. His daughter was actually fondling another woman's breasts. Right in front of him.

Lissa glanced at him and giggled. "Hey Alya," she said, "I think my dad likes to see me playing with your boobs."

"I..." he began, then realized that there was no point trying to deny it. So what if he was getting turned on by the lesbian display in front of him? What man wouldn't?

Lissa leaned down and kissed Alya on the side of the head. Alya reached one of her arms up and placed it behind Lissa's head, stroking her hair tenderly as Lissa continued to massage her chest.

After a few minutes, Alya sat up. She moved to the center of the tub and turned around to face Lissa, who scooted in near. Lissa lifted her legs so that Alya could get her own underneath, then the two girls leaned in close and pressed their bodies together. Greg shivered as a chill went through his body at the sight of his daughter and her girlfriend in a naked embrace. When they leaned in and kissed each other on the lips, he thought he would pass out from the sight. Despite the fact that one of them was his daughter, or perhaps even because of it, the scene before him was insanely erotic.

Yet at the same time, he also found it tender and charming. The girls weren't having sex after all, and their kisses were sweet and beautiful. He had seen Lissa and Allison touching each other's bodies in a similar fashion, and had managed to recognize it for what it was, just a tender moment between two women who were very close. They had claimed that it was nothing sexual, and he could at least understand that. Now, with Lissa and Alya similarly touching, he could recognize some of that same tenderness. The sight before him didn't feel sinful or perverse, but sweet and beautiful. Perhaps that was what Lissa meant when she said he needed to see it for himself. He had to see that what they shared wasn't just naked lust, like he had assumed. There was love there, real love. As with Jeff and Brit, he just hadn't been able to see it.

When Alya leaned back and Lissa planted a kiss right on her nipple, it completely changed his mind. He stared in shock. Maybe there was love there, but what they were now doing in front of him was much more like what he had expected.

As Lissa ran her tongue all over Alya's breast, she glanced over at him, giggling at his reaction. "Oops," she grinned. "I kind of got carried away. Maybe Dad isn't ready to see that just yet."

"Probably not," Allison agreed. "Greg dear, have you seen enough?"

"I think I've seen far more than is healthy," he replied.

She nodded. "Lissa, you two carry on. I know how much lesbians excite your father, so I think what he needs right now is a good dose of wild sex."

"Have fun," Lissa nodded. "I know Alya and I will."

Still in a daze, he let Allison lead him downstairs to the bedroom.

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## Chapter 88

### Double Date

Jeff woke up the next morning to the sound of someone knocking on his bedroom door. He opened his eyes and stared groggily at the door for a moment, not sure if he had actually heard it or not, until the knock came again.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"It's Lissa."

He rose to his feet and threw on his bathrobe, then stumbled groggily to the door and unlocked it. Lissa came in and sat down in the chair by his desk. He took a seat on the bed.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked.

"Fine. You?"

"Not a wink," she grinned. "After a month without Alya, I was going through withdrawals, so I made up for lost time."

Jeff laughed. Ever since last Christmas, she had never been shy about her sex life. She was like Allison in that regard.

"So anyway," Lissa continued, "we didn't spend the whole time munching each other's cunts. We actually did some talking. I told her all about the plan to have Brit seduce Dad. So far Brit's doing a fine job, but she needs to keep it up. That means giving her plenty of opportunities alone with him."

"Right. So we all need to get out of the house."

"Exactly. But there's no rule that says we can't enjoy ourselves in the mean time. So I thought it would be fun if you call up Kari and we do a double date tomorrow."

"You mean... me and Kari, and you and Alya?"

"Unless I missed something, they're our usual partners."

"I don't know..." he said.

"Oh, come on. Are you embarrassed to be seen in public with your sister?"

"No, that's not it. I'm more... embarrassed to be seen in public with... my sister's girlfriend."

Lissa stared at him. "Well, I never expected *that* from a boy who lets his girlfriend make love to other women."

"Oh, don't get me wrong," he said. "I really like Alya, and I'm glad you two are together. It's just that Kari has kept her lesbian tendencies private; there aren't too many people who know that she's that way. So I'm just not used to going out in public with a couple of girls who are open about it."

"Okay, I think I understand. But look, Alya and I do it all the time. We hold hands, we kiss, we get really affectionate in public. Yes, the first couple of times it feels awkward because you're not used to the stares you get from people, but you get over that really quick. Besides, they won't be staring at you and Kari, they'll be staring at Alya and me. Won't you at least give it a try? You'll see it's no big deal."

He sighed. "I suppose," he said. "As long as Kari is okay with it."

Just then, they heard another knock at the door. Jeff opened it to see Allison standing there.

"Hi," she said. "We need to talk."

"What did I do this time?" Jeff grinned.

"Not just you. All of us. Lissa, go get Alya. I'll get Brit."

A minute later, all five of them gathered in Jeff's room. Jeff and Lissa sat on the bed, while Alya and Brit sat in the two available chairs. Allison stood in front of them.

"We need to talk about your father," she said.

"Is there something wrong?" asked Lissa.

"No, nothing concrete. I'm just getting the feeling that all these girls getting naked with him kind of bothers him. Jeff and Brit, you might as well know that Lissa and Alya took a bath in front of him last night."

"Ooh!" Brit grinned.

"I had a talk with him last night, and I think we need to tone down the nudity a little."

"But it's so fun!" Brit facetiously complained.

"Just until Rachael arrives," Allison qualified. "I have a feeling that she'll spend plenty of time out of her clothes in front of Greg, and the rest of us can use that as an excuse to get naked."

"So the plan's on hold for now?" asked Lissa, sounding disappointed.

"Absolutely not," Allison grinned. "Brit and I will spend as much time out by the pool as possible whenever we're alone with Greg, flaunting our bodies in microscopic bikinis. Brit, I think you ought to invite Crystal over as often as you can. Have her bring that bikini I bought her when we went shopping."

"What about the rest of us?" asked Alya.

"I'm afraid we need to get you out of the house sometimes. Your relationship with Lissa still bothers him, so any time you're here, it distracts him away from the business at hand, which is getting him thinking about Brit sexually."

"Okay, but he also needs time to get used to me and Lissa."

"That's a very good point. So let's not have you go away all the time. A couple of times a week should be enough, as long as you make sure you're not back until bedtime. Brit and I need a couple of hours after Greg gets home from the office to work on him."

"That's actually perfect," said Lissa. "It fits right into our plans. Jeff and I were just discussing it. We're going to go out on a double date. That is, if Kari is willing."

"Great!" Allison smiled. "Knowing her, I'm sure she'll be okay with it."

Kari, as it turned out, was more than okay with it. She was pretty enthusiastic about it. That was partly due to the fact that she had never mentioned her secret to her father, but she knew she would have to tell him eventually. He had always been pretty open-minded, but if she could see his reaction when she mentioned that she had gone out on a double date with a lesbian couple, it could help better prepare her for what to expect when she finally told him that she herself was bisexual.

With no further objections, Jeff decided to just relax and enjoy himself.

He talked with Lissa and Alya, who suggested they go check out the amusement park that had just opened in the next county. It would take about an hour to get there and an hour back, but nobody seemed to mind a long drive, and they had all day after all. Jeff was also secretly relieved that it would be far enough away that they likely wouldn't run into anyone they knew. He still felt a little awkward about being seen on a double date with a couple of lesbians. If nobody recognized them, however, it took the edge off of his embarrassment.

Since nobody had any firm plans for Sunday, Greg suggested they have a barbecue out on the back porch. He wanted it to be just a family event, however, something all too rare in the past six months. Besides, Jeff and Brit had been so good about staying away from each other that he wanted to give them a little break and let them enjoy themselves together for a change. He asked them if they would mind not inviting the Williams girls over, and they were fine with it. Jeff would see Kari the next day after all. Alya was the exception, but Greg came right out and admitted that part of the reason for the barbecue party was to help him get used to her in a nice, relaxed atmosphere. He seemed to be going out of his way to make concessions for her, which

made Lissa feel good.

The one rule he imposed, however, was that they not get in the pool. He didn't want Jeff and Brit together in swimsuits. Brit joked that if swimsuits bothered him, she would just go nude, but that only earned her a stern look from her father that told her he didn't approve of her joke.

Greg started grilling up some hamburgers and hot dogs, but also added shish kebabs for those who wanted to try them. As it turned out, that was the most popular food, so he ended up grilling more of those than of the burgers and dogs combined.

Mostly they just sat around talking as they ate, but after lunch they got out a deck of cards and played a couple of games. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, even Jeff and Brit. Greg was happy to see them having fun, though wary of having too many of these family get-togethers for a while. He still thought they needed some time away from each other.

They ate the leftovers from the barbecue for supper that night, then when it cooled down in the evening, retired inside to shoot pool or play ping-pong downstairs in the rec room. That night, they all went to bed and had peaceful dreams.

On Monday morning, Jeff woke up with a smile on his face, an all too rare occurrence since Greg imposed the new rules. He headed into the bathroom for a shower and a shave, then dressed in a pair of jeans and a tee shirt. He usually dressed up a little nicer when going out with Kari, but considering that they would be outside most of the time, everyone had agreed to go casual. The girls would all be in jeans too. He always enjoyed going out with Kari, and having Lissa and Alya join them this time, despite his reservations, sounded like fun. He opened his bedroom door and stepped out into the hall to see Lissa and Alya emerging from Lissa's bedroom as well, fully dressed and ready to start the day. The three of them headed downstairs, where they met Allison, Greg, and Brit at the breakfast table.

Since Jeff, Lissa, and Alya would be gone, that left only Allison and Brit in the house. If Greg were there, Allison might have schemed to leave him alone with his daughter for some more father-daughter bonding, but since he had to work, that left no time for that.

Since there was no chance for her to work on the plan, Brit asked if she could invite Crystal over. With Greg's and Allison's approval, she called Crystal and invited her over, and Lissa offered to deliver her when they picked up Kari for her day with Jeff.

With that all settled, they all sat down to breakfast, then Lissa, Alya, and Jeff climbed into Lissa's car and drove down the hill. They proceeded to the Williams house, where they found Kari and Crystal waiting for them. The two girls climbed into the back seat with Jeff, sitting on either side of him and both taking his hands in their own, to his delight. He glanced up to see if Alya saw Crystal holding his hand, then realized that it didn't matter; Lissa had revealed pretty much all of the family secrets to her girlfriend, including his relationship with Crystal and even Brit.

They returned to the Primdale mansion to drop off Crystal, then the four of them climbed back into the car. Alya grabbed the California state map out of the glove box to help navigate, since none of them had been to the amusement park before. Actually, the highway went almost right by it, so there wasn't much chance of missing it.

A cheerful atmosphere filled the car as they drove. This was the first time Alya and Kari had a chance to get to know each other, so they started talking, and as it turned out, they had enough in common that they got along great. Jeff didn't pay much attention to the conversation itself; it was mostly girl talk, in his opinion, and the important thing was just that they seemed to enjoy each other's company. That suited him well. It appeared that both Kari and Alya would be around for a long time, so he would prefer as little tension between them as possible.

He had gotten to know Alya pretty well over the past few days, but so far it had always been with Greg in the room with them, so they hadn't really been free to just talk. After Kari and Alya dominated the conversation, Alya decided to be bold and ask him about some things that were a little more personal.

"So Jeff," said Alya, "I don't mean to pry, but what's the story with you and Brit?"

Jeff blushed. "Um..." he said. "Well..."

"Don't be bashful," she told him. "Lissa told me all about your relationship with her. At least in general. I don't know any of the details."

He sighed. "Okay, I just sort of... fell in love with her. Can you blame me? She's really the most adorable girl, and once she started acting all affectionate..."

"Not to mention Crystal and I helped her to break down his resistances," Kari added. "He really didn't stand a chance."

"I've heard you're not exactly the jealous type," said Alya. "You really don't mind sharing your boyfriend with all these other women?"

"I'll let you in on a little secret. Being bisexual myself, there are certain benefits to letting my boyfriend fool around with other women."

"Yes, I'd heard about that too," Alya laughed. "If even half the stories Lissa has told me are true, it sounds like you guys really know how to have fun."

"And the whole incest thing doesn't bother you?" asked Jeff.

"When I fell in love with Lissa, I had to reevaluate a lot of things I took for granted. Until then, I never thought I would ever fall for another woman. Now that it's happened, though, I can understand how people can end up doing something so contrary to society's expectations. I think if you're in love with Brit, why should it matter that she's your little sister?"

"Exactly," he smiled. "Now if only we could get my dad to see it like that."

"We're working on it," Alya said. "All of us. I agreed to help with Allison's plan, and Lissa and I have already taken some steps in that direction. I know how uptight your dad can be, but I also know that he's slowly breaking down, getting used to thinking naughty thoughts about certain girls, even girls in his own family."

"Like Lissa."

"You bet like me!" Lissa grinned. "I've already gotten him into the tub with me once."

"Really?" Kari asked, her eyes lighting up with delight.

"It's not what you think. I'm not fucking him, if that's what you're asking. Not yet at least. Allison was in the bath with us, and it really wasn't much different than sitting in the hot tub together."

"But you were naked?"

"We were naked," she admitted.

They continued their conversation during the rest of the trip. It felt relieving for Jeff to be able to talk about his relationship with his little sister, among people who wouldn't judge him for it. Alya not only accepted it, but actually seemed to approve of it. It felt like she *wanted* Jeff and Brit to get back together. Of course, she had a good reason for that; if Greg broke down and let Jeff and Brit carry on, he could hardly disapprove of Lissa's and Alya's relationship anymore.

They were having so much fun talking that they arrived at their destination before they realized they had been driving for an hour. The park was large and full of brightly-colored yet terrifying looking structures. After parking and paying the entrance fee to get in, they wandered around for a while to get a feel for it and see which rides they wanted to go on.

Lissa wanted to try all the scariest, motion-sickness-inducingest rides in the park, but Alya, who was slightly more timid, vetoed her on most of those. Jeff was actually relieved; he didn't want to look like a coward in front of the girls, but staring at some of those mechanical horrors, he was glad he had an excuse not to climb aboard.

They did go on one of the roller coasters, though not the big one with half a dozen loops and vertical drops that looked like it was designed to serve the single purpose of making the riders lose their lunch. Jeff didn't mind the thrill of the smaller one, especially when Kari grabbed his arm in a moment of panic as they came over the highest drop. He welcomed any excuse to get his girlfriend to cling to him.

They spent a good hour ramming each other with bumper cars, though Lissa and Alya tended to come out ahead in that contest, being more experienced drivers. Lissa in particular was very enthusiastic about annihilating the competition, and Jeff thought on more than one occasion that she would do well in a

demolition derby. He didn't enjoy himself quite as much, mainly because it separated him from Kari. He preferred rides where he could snuggle up next to her, holding her hand or preferably putting his arm around her.

Of course, that also meant Lissa and Alya doing the same. At first Jeff felt a little uncomfortable being seen in the company of two women holding hands. More than one mother with several kids in tow gave them a reprobating stare in passing. But Lissa and Alya didn't seem to mind; no doubt they were used to that kind of stare by now. Since it didn't bother them, Jeff found it surprisingly easy to not let it bother him. After about an hour in the park, he didn't even notice those stares any more.

They ate corn dogs for lunch, admittedly not the healthiest food but perfectly acceptable for the environment they were in. At carnivals and amusement parks it was customary to gorge on stuff that would lower your life expectancy by a year and a half just from the single meal. As if to drive home the point, they bought four snow cones for dessert.

After their greasy meal, they didn't think it prudent to go on any rides that would shake the lunch right out of them, so they stood in line for the ferris wheel instead. Since none of them were particularly afraid of heights, it seemed like a safe choice. Plus it would let the two couples sit together looking out over a romantic view.

Alya and Lissa took one gondola, and Jeff and Kari took the next. They snuggled up next to each other, their arms wrapped around their waists as the great wheel lifted them up to the sky. He was right about the view; it was breathtaking. Of course, having a gorgeous girl like Kari to share it with made it that much more perfect. He gave her a kiss on the cheek, and her eyes lit up with delight as she hugged him tighter.

He was so wrapped up in being so close to Kari that the ride ended before he realized it. It was too bad they couldn't stay on all day; he would have loved to be able to just sit there with his girlfriend throughout the afternoon and well into evening, watching the sun go down. But there were plenty of other fun things to do, so he wasn't too disappointed.

That afternoon they tried out several of the other rides, but Jeff's favorite was the haunted house. It wasn't that he liked the ghosts and goblins and skeletons; it was more the fact that when Alya suggested it, Kari immediately wrapped her arm around his and said, "As long as you promise to protect me, Jeff," with a cute little grin on her face.

Not wanting to be shown up, Lissa grabbed Alya's arm in the same way and asked, "Will you protect me too, Alya?"

"I will if you give me a kiss," Alya replied, and Lissa responded not just with a quick peck, but with a passionate, open-mouthed kiss that lasted almost thirty seconds.

Jeff happened to notice a group of young men nearby, probably in their twenties, staring and grinning. As soon as Lissa and Alya separated, several groans of disappointment were clearly audible from the group. Someone even called out, "Do it again!"

"Sorry," Jeff told them. "The show's over."

"This kiss was brought to you by the letter 'L,'" Lissa added, giving the men a wink. "For 'lesbian.'"

"See what I have to put up with?" said Jeff. "I have to live with these two." The last thing he saw before turning away and heading toward the haunted house was a wide-eyed stare of shock, and probably more than a little jealousy, on each of their faces.

Jeff realized that he had gone from feeling embarrassed to be seen with the girls, to not minding it, to actually having fun with it. Of course, most of that was due to Lissa's and Alya's great attitude about it. They didn't let it bother them, but in fact seemed to enjoy being the center of attention. And of course, Kari didn't have any problem with it.

They stood in another annoyingly long line, then climbed into another train much like the one for the roller coaster. It entered a hole in the wall of the haunted house, plunging them into darkness.

When the first spook leaped out at them, both Kari and Jeff jumped. They immediately chuckled nervously, but he put his arm around her shoulder and held her with what he hoped was a comforting embrace. Truth be told, he was probably just as scared as her; if he didn't have her with him, he probably wouldn't have gone on the haunted house ride at all.

They rode past witches, skeletons, bats, and even through a giant spider web. Eerie shrieks and moans filled the air, which had a certain subterranean feeling about it, as if they were enclosed inside a mountain rather than separated from the bright sunlight by only a windowless wall. It really had a creepy feeling to it, as if they would never see daylight again.

But they did. Jeff blinked in the surprising brightness of it as they emerged from the tomb-like interior and the ride came to a stop. He could feel Kari shivering next to him, although he wasn't entirely sure the shivering didn't come from himself.

After a few more enjoyable rides, they realized that it was getting late. They still had to eat supper and drive home. So they left the park and climbed into Lissa's car again, then headed for the nearest town to find a restaurant to eat at.

They dined at a Chinese restaurant, having fun talking about their long day. Jeff decided that if Lissa and Alya wanted to do this again some time, he would be happy to go along with it. It really was fun double dating with a couple of playful lesbians.

After dinner, the four of them left the restaurant and climbed back into the car.

"So now what?" asked Alya.

"Let's go back to my place," Kari suggested. "We've got all the fixings for ice cream sundaes. The drive back should help to get the food settled in our stomachs so we're ready for dessert."

"Sounds good to me," said Jeff enthusiastically.

"That's Jeff for you," commented Lissa. "The way to his heart is through his stomach."

"Could have fooled me," Kari replied. "I seem to have no trouble getting to his heart through his dick."

"That works at least as well," Jeff laughed.

Lissa started up the car, and they started on the long drive back. Jeff settled into a comfortable position, meaning one in which he held Kari's hand in the back seat. They continued to talk and laugh all the way back. Eventually they found themselves in familiar surroundings, and Lissa turned off the road toward the neighborhood of the Williams home. Finally they pulled into the driveway, then everyone got out and stretched their legs for a minute before heading inside.

Kari led them to the kitchen, where she dug into the freezer for some vanilla ice cream, then went to the fridge for chocolate sauce, caramel, nuts, whipped cream, and maraschino cherries. She set these on the table and got out four bowls and spoons, and a few minutes later they were all sitting around the table eating sundaes.

"So Kari," said Lissa, "am I right in thinking that your dad's out of the house all night?"

"He is," Kari replied. "He's got basketball camp."

"Good. Then we've got it all to ourselves until it's time to go home."

"Right. But why is that important?"

"I have a confession to make. Last night Alya and I had a little talk. We know that you two have fooled around some with Crystal and Brit. And Allison and Rachael too, for that matter."

"That's true," Kari grinned. "Does everyone know about our sex life?"

"Pretty much," Lissa shrugged. "But the point is, you like to do it with others."

"Depends on the others," said Kari.

"Well, Alya and me, for instance."

Kari stared at her for a moment. "You're serious?" she asked.

"Absolutely. We think it would be fun to have sex in front of each other."

"What?" asked Jeff, astonished. "You mean, like an orgy?"

"Well, not quite. I mean, Kari and you will be together, and Alya and I will be together. We'll just be in the

same room."

Kari grinned. "I have to admit, that kind of turns me on," she said. "What do you think, Jeff?"

"You'll get no complaints out of me," he grinned.

"The let's do this," said Alya.

"There's only one bed in my room though," said Kari.

"Do you have the sleeping bags from our camping trip last year?"

"Sure. They should be in the closet."

"Get them out. We'll do it in the living room."

They were all eager to finish their dessert, and although Jeff normally would have had seconds, he made an exception in this case. They hurried and put the dishes in the sink, then Kari went to the hall closet to retrieve the sleeping bags. They all helped her spread them out on the living room floor, excited about what was about to happen.

Jeff and Kari sat down on one of the sleeping bags, and Lissa joined Alya on the other. The two couples glanced nervously at each other for a moment, then all at the same time the four of them broke out laughing.

"Okay, it seems like none of us know what to do now," said Alya.

"The first step to having sex is taking your clothes off," Jeff replied.

"Good idea," Lissa said. "You and Kari undress each other, and Alya and I will do the same."

Jeff nodded, then reached for the bottom of Kari's shirt. She lifted her arms to help him, and he pulled it up and over her head, tossing it aside. He glanced over at his sister and her girlfriend and saw that Lissa was also absent her shirt. Kari then removed Jeff's shirt in a similar fashion, then Jeff turned and grinned as Lissa reached for Alya's.

"He's peeking on you," Lissa told Alya, who turned and gave him a wink.

"Oh, I plan to do my share of peeking on *him*," Alya said. "So it's only fair."

Lissa grabbed her shirt and pulled it off. Jeff stared at her torso, bare except for a small, white, lacy bra covering her breasts. He was eager to see more, so he reached around Kari's back and immediately unfastened the clasps, pulling the garment forward and off of her and letting her tits come into view. The girls glanced at her and smiled.

"That's a nice pair you got there," Alya commented.

"Ooh, I'm getting gawked at by a couple of lesbians!" Kari exclaimed teasingly. "I feel so exposed. So... turned on." Everyone chuckled.

Since Jeff had removed Kari's bra next, the other girls decided to do the same to each other. Jeff was happy with that; he thought there was something erotic about a topless girl in jeans. Now he would be sitting here with three of them.

Lissa's bra came off first, and Jeff took a moment to admire her breasts. He had seen them plenty at Christmas time, and he had always thought his big sister had a beautiful body. Of course, he was anxious to get a look at Alya's boobs as well.

He didn't have to wait long. Lissa reached around her girlfriend and undid the clasps, then pulled off the bra, exposing her gorgeous tits to his eyes. He smiled when he saw them. They weren't actually any larger than Lissa's, despite her being a couple of years older. Rather, they looked quite firm.

"Now my boyfriend's staring at another girl's tits!" Kari exclaimed. "Whatever shall I do?"

"Fuck him so good that there will be no need for his eyes to stray," Lissa suggested.

"Good plan." She reached for Jeff's belt buckle. He rose up on his knees to give her plenty of room to operate, and soon she had his pants unzipped and was pulling them down to his knees. Lissa and Alya grinned as his boxer shorts came into view.

"Very nice," said Alya.

"You haven't seen anything yet," Lissa told her. "Just wait till he gets them off."

He sat back down to let Kari pull his pants off the rest of the way, then immediately went for hers. Meanwhile, Lissa and Alya did the same for each other, and a moment later all three girls wore nothing but their socks and panties.

To prolong the anticipation, the socks came next, then it was time to remove the last of their clothes.

"I vote Jeff gets naked first," Lissa grinned.

He shrugged. "As long as the rest of you follow, I don't have a problem with that."

"I suspect Jeff has a bit of an exhibitionist streak," Kari remarked. "You should have seen him at Crystal's fourteenth birthday party last year. Imagine Jeff stark naked with half a dozen young teenage girls."

"I don't want to imagine him naked," said Alya. "I want to see it."

"Ooh!" Lissa taunted. "Do you have the hots for my little brother?"

"Of course. Didn't you know? I've been drooling over him since I first saw him."

"Oh no," Jeff groaned. "Lissa, I don't mind you falling in love with a woman, but why did you have to pick one who teases as much as Brit and Crystal?"

"You think I'm teasing?" asked Alya. "I was dead serious."

"Okay Lissa," said Kari. "I think *you* need to fuck your girlfriend so good that there will be no need for her eyes to stray."

"I think you're right. But the striptease isn't over. Get his shorts off."

Just for fun, Jeff rose to his feet and stood in front of his sister and her girlfriend. Kari knelt beside him, then reached around, grabbed the waist band of his shorts, and yanked them down.

Alya giggled.

"Hey!" Jeff exclaimed.

"Sorry," she replied. "I didn't mean that as an insult. I was just laughing out of nervousness."

"Nervousness?"

"I'm really not used to doing something so naughty."

"Except with me," Lissa qualified, leaning over and kissing her on the cheek.

"With you it's not naughty; it's beautiful."

"Oh come on," Lissa grinned. "You can't say that an orgy with Monique, Meg, and Sandy isn't naughty."

Kari laughed. "Really?" she asked, her eyes lighting up with delight.

"Our last day together," Alya explained.

"Well, naughty or beautiful, it's your turn to get naked now," Jeff told them.

"You first," Alya told Lissa.

"No, you first," Lissa insisted. She lunged at her girlfriend, who squealed and tried to fend her off. Jeff watched with a stupid grin on his face as the girls wrestled around, grabbing for each other's panties. A few seconds later they were as naked as him.

He noticed with delight that they had both shaved between their legs. He wasn't sure why he liked the shaved look so much. Possibly because Allison was the first one he knew who did it, and everything about her was so perfect. Of course, Kari didn't shave, but he loved her more natural look too.

Speaking of Kari, she was the only one now still in her underwear. She stood in front of Jeff, and he quickly slipped her panties down. Then he leaned in and gave her a kiss right on her pussy.

"Wow, that makes me hot!" Lissa gasped. "Alya, would you mind doing the same to me?"

"Only if you do it to me afterwards."

"It's a deal!" Lissa rose to her feet and stood next to Alya. They both turned to face each other, Alya on her knees in front of her lover. As Jeff and Kari watched, Alya leaned in, but instead of just kissing Lissa, she opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, running in up and down Lissa's pussy.

"Oh god!" Lissa exclaimed. "Keep that up, and I'm bound to finish before the party even starts."

"We wouldn't want that, would we?" Alya asked. She climbed to her feet, then wrapped her arms around Lissa's back, pressed their bodies together, and kissed her on the lips. Both girls opened their mouths and let their tongues tease each other. Jeff watched with absolute fascination at the lesbian kiss. He was especially intrigued by the way their breasts touched each other, tightly together with nothing in between them to lessen the physical sensation. There was something so incredibly arousing about two nude women hugging.

Now it was Lissa's turn to take care of her girlfriend. She didn't just get down on her knees, she kissed down Alya's body as she lowered herself. Jeff couldn't suppress a gasp when Lissa slipped Alya's nipple momentarily into her mouth. But it was just a fleeting instant, and then she continued her journey down Alya's body, past her breasts, her rib cage, her stomach, and finally to her bare little pussy. She opened her mouth and took as much of it in as she could, and from the subtle little motions in her cheeks, Jeff could tell that she was running her tongue all over it inside her mouth.

"That is incredibly sexy," Kari breathed. "I'm glad I'm bisexual, because I can enjoy that kind of pleasure with girls too. Maybe I'll get Crystal to do it for me tonight."

"I hope not," said Jeff, "because I'm planning to get you so satisfied that you'll have no need to have sex for days."

"I'm going to take you up on that offer," she said, then grabbed him and hugged him tightly, kissing him just like Alya had kissed Lissa. Now it was their turn to watch as Jeff and Kari kissed naked in front of them. Jeff's cock, already rock hard, was pressed between their bodies, shoved up against Kari's hot little stomach. He could feel her swollen nipples nestled delightfully against his chest, and all the rest of her body pressed tightly to his own. As he held her in his arms, he caressed her up and down, delighting in the smooth softness of her skin.

Finally, she broke away. "Time to come up for air," she said, her face flushed and a dreamy look in her eyes.

"Well, let's get down to business," Alya suggested. She knelt down on the floor next to Lissa, slipping a hand onto her breast to gently fondle her. Jeff mimicked her motions with Kari, kneading her breast in her hand and enjoying the firm yet spongy feel of it.

Lissa lay down, spreading herself out on the sleeping bag. Alya leaned over her, and Jeff loved the way her long, brown hair fell to the floor on the other side of her face as she gazed down into Lissa's eyes, her hand still on her breast. It was quite a picturesque view, and he suddenly wished he had a camera. Maybe he could convince the girls to do this same thing out in Brit's art studio some time.

Then Alya lowered her head and kissed Lissa on the chest, just below the neck. Lissa sighed, closing her eyes and smiling. Alya certainly knew Lissa's body well. She seemed to know just what to do to make her feel good. She continued lower, moving off to the side, and Jeff knew exactly where she was headed. A couple of years ago he might have been embarrassed to stare at his sister's boobs, but ever since his affair with Brit, he had no problem admitting that his sisters were sexy. When Alya ran her tongue around Lissa's nipple, Jeff couldn't help but shiver in excitement.

"You like that, do you?" asked Kari, who had by now joined him on the sleeping bag.

"Of course. Don't you?"

"Of course. I don't suppose you'd be willing to do the same for me?"

Jeff lowered his head and flicked his tongue against her nipple, causing her to gasp. He ran it all over the areola, loving the taste and the feel of it as the nipple hardened. Once he decided that he had given it enough treatment, he moved to the other breast and did the same. Kari's breathing grew heavier as he stimulated her, and he enjoyed the knowledge that he was the one doing it to her.

After a couple of minutes of tit-licking, Kari lay down on the sleeping bag. Jeff placed his hand between her legs and began to rub.

He glanced over at his sister and her girlfriend, delighted to see that Alya had reversed her position and was in the process of putting one leg over Lissa's head to straddle her face. That lined up her own face with Lissa's pussy as well. She lowered both her hips and her head, and both girls opened their mouths to lick each other's cunts.

"Oh god, that's hot!" Kari gasped, also watching them. By now she was leaking like crazy down between her legs. Jeff gently pried her open and slipped a finger inside to get her ready. He was so horny he was about to burst, so he needed to get inside of her quick before he went off.

He lay down next to Kari and kissed her on the cheek. She turned her head so that he could repeat the gesture on her lips. As the two lovers continued to kiss passionately, Kari's hands unconsciously went to her breasts to squeeze and pull on her nipples. Jeff could feel her pussy opening up to his finger, and he knew that she would soon be ready for him.

With his head down by Kari's, he could no longer see the other two girls, but he could hear them moaning and panting, and the rhythmic swishes of the sleeping bag told him that they were moving all over the place.

"Jeff," moaned Kari, but she didn't have to finish. He smiled at her, then rolled over on top of her, placing

himself between her spread legs. He pressed the tip of his cock against her pink, feminine opening, and gently lowered himself. She was so wet and slick that he slid right in with no problem. They both groaned at the sensation.

He began to rock his hips forward, slowly at first while she warmed up to his presence inside of him. She wrapped her arms around his neck and hugged him tightly, letting her own body fall into the same rhythm as his. He thrust faster and deeper, gradually picking up the tempo. He was so excited right now that he didn't think he would last very long at all. Hopefully Kari was similarly turned on, so that he wouldn't have to leave her unsatisfied.

Across the room, he heard Lissa suck in her breath, and a moment later a strangled squeal escaped her lips. He glanced over in time to see her body tensed up in ecstasy, and he knew that she was having an orgasm.

It lasted a few seconds, then her body relaxed once more. She resumed her attack on her girlfriend's cunt, and from the sounds Alya was making, Jeff could tell that she was close to her own climax. He heard her moans increase in pitch until they became a squeal of pleasure. He loved the sound of a girl having an orgasm. There was no sound quite so erotic.

After Alya rested for a minute, she rolled off of Lissa, and the two of them lay down together, cuddling each other and watching Kari and Jeff go at it. He felt a certain exhibitionistic thrill at being watched like this, especially by a couple of girls as gorgeous as Lissa and Alya. When he glanced over at them, he could see the delight in their eyes at seeing the sexual display in front of them.

He didn't last much longer. He felt the surging pleasure as it spiked, washing through him. Through the sound of his own wailing, he heard Kari also screaming out in pleasure, and when her pussy clamped down tightly on his cock, it confirmed that she had hit her orgasm at the same time. He held her to him tightly as his cock twitched inside her, erupting with ecstasy. He mauled her lips with his own, until finally the pleasure waned and fatigue overtook him. He rolled off of Kari and lay there staring up at the ceiling, the room spinning around him.

"Oh my god," he heard Alya breathe from across the room. "That was about the sexiest thing I've ever seen. Kari, you're one lucky girl. Jeff, wow. Just wow."

"That's my little brother," Lissa said with a note of pride. "My brother the sex maniac. Our own Don Juan, right here. No wonder he's got so many girls after him."

"Add one more to the list," Alya laughed.

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## Chapter 89

### Trading Partners

With Allen Williams gone to basketball camp, Brit and Jeff both wanted to spend some time at the Williams house. Greg wasn't particularly comfortable having Jeff alone with Kari there with no supervision, but he was happy to let Brit sleep over with Crystal for a couple of nights, as long as Kari was there to keep an eye on them. Jeff thought that was a little unfair, but Brit took him aside later and said with a sly grin that she would bring her camera and let him see the resulting pictures. That immediately put an end to his objections.

He really didn't have much cause to complain; although Kari couldn't come over to visit him while Brit and Crystal were at her house, the other girls all spent a lot of time out at the pool, and they were more than happy to let him join them. It gave him plenty of time to ogle Allison's, Lissa's, and Alya's mostly uncovered bodies.

Toward the end of the week, Alya suggested they do a double date again, and Jeff was happy to agree. His embarrassment at being seen in public with a couple of lesbians was pretty much over, and the possibility of having a little get-together at Kari's house afterward meant that he was completely in favor of it.

They decided to just take in an afternoon movie followed by dinner this time. As they discussed plans, it was apparent that everyone was thinking the same thing; they wanted to leave plenty of time for another orgy afterward. That meant convincing Crystal to get out of the house for the evening. When they called Kari to discuss the plans, they decided on Friday afternoon, because Brit would still be sleeping over at the Williams house Thursday night. Crystal suggested they continue the sleepover at the Primdale house on Friday night, which seemed to be the best solution all around. Crystal joked that if she flirted with Greg hard enough, maybe he would seduce her. Allison warned her about moving too fast, but told her not to cut out the flirting entirely.

Because the date wouldn't begin until the afternoon, they wanted to spend all of Friday morning swimming. Allison, however, had Jeff help her set up the bunk bed in Brit's room so that Crystal would have a place to sleep. That cut into his swimming time, but only for an hour or so, and then he had plenty of time to have fun with the rest of the girls.

Even while splashing in the pool with the girls that morning, he found it hard to concentrate on the present, with the anticipation of the date later, and especially afterward.

They ate a light lunch, then climbed into the car. As they drove to Kari's house, Jeff noticed that Lissa and Alya kept glancing at each other, as if sharing a secret. He wondered what that meant, and if it had anything to do with him. Usually he never tried to fathom the workings of a woman's mind, but he was curious.

"Okay, what's going on?" he asked them.

"Oh, Alya and I were just thinking," Lissa said.

"Telepathically?"

"No, it's just something we discussed last night, and we were just wondering whether to ask you about it."

"What's your question?"

"It's not a question. It's a favor. It's all right if you say no, but I'd really like it if you agreed to it."

"What is it?" he asked with a smile.

"Well... Alya and I were thinking of having a little fun."

"No one's stopping you," he replied with a grin.

"That's not what I meant," said Lissa. "You know that time when you went out with Kari's little sister?"

"Sure," he nodded.

"Well, I was wondering... I was wondering if you would go out with Alya?"

"What?" asked Jeff, shocked.

"I told your sister that I thought you were really good-looking," Alya explained, "and she came up with this idea."

"So you want to go out with me?" he asked.

"Sure," she smiled.

"I'm flattered," he replied. "Really. And I'd be willing, but it all depends on Kari. I'll only do it if she gives me her permission."

Alya actually laughed at that. Jeff stared at her with a puzzled expression.

"Just like I told you," Lissa said to Alya. "He passes the Matt test."

"The mat test?" asked Jeff. "Is that like a door prize or a floor show or something?"

"Well, you remember I told you about Matt," said Lissa.

"Yeah, he sounds like a real asshole."

"He is. Well, if a girl as gorgeous as Alya were to ask him out, he wouldn't get his girlfriend's permission; he would just go behind her back."

"He did, in fact," Alya added.

"Oh, so this was all just a test."

"Yes, and the reward is that I'm going to go through with it," she grinned. "That is, if Kari is willing."

When they arrived at the Williams house and met Brit and the Williams girls, Alya asked Kari about it.

"So what am I supposed to do in the mean time?" asked Kari.

"You can be *my* date," Lissa grinned.

Kari laughed. "So that's what this is about," she said. "You're trying to seduce your little brother's girlfriend."

Lissa shrugged. "Well, now that you mention it..."

"So what do you think, Jeff?" asked Kari. "Are you up for a little girlfriend swapping?"

"As long as it doesn't bother you that I'm going out with a gorgeous college coed," he told her.

"So am I," said Kari. "Let's do it."

Despite Brit's and Crystal's nonstop teasing as they drove back to the Primdale house, they maintained a good mood, and a sense of excitement.

After dropping off the younger girls, they drove into town. The movie they chose was a comedy, a compromise between the disgustingly romantic movie that the girls wanted to see and the much more entertaining action movie that Jeff preferred. They were all satisfied with the choice, so nobody complained as they sat down in the theater to watch it.

Alya immediately took Jeff's hand. When he glanced at her, she smiled, reminding him of the time he went out with Crystal. Well, he had gone through this before, so he knew just what to do. He released her hand, but only so that he could put it around her shoulders. Then he reached across with his other hand and held hers.

Glancing over at Kari and Lissa, he could see that they were in a similar affectionate position. Kari even leaned over and gave Lissa a kiss on the cheek. He heard someone three rows back gasp at the sight, but he didn't care. It was just too fun sitting here with the girls.

Throughout most of the movie, he massaged Alya's shoulder. She was warm and soft, and nice to touch. She didn't seem to mind at all, and since they were playing this girlfriend-swapping game, he was happy to take advantage of it. He just wondered how far they were willing to take it. With Crystal, it had been months before he had gotten her in bed, and that had been Kari's idea. He wondered if the girls would want to go back to Kari's place again and have some more fun.

He got his answer after the movie ended and they sat in a restaurant eating supper. Kari brought up the topic of ice cream sundaes again, and from the sly grins on everyone's faces, they knew exactly what she meant by that. Nobody came right out and said it, but Jeff had a suspicion that once they got back to the Williams' place, sundaes would be the last thing on anyone's mind.

He was right. After supper they climbed into the car again and Lissa drove them back. When they arrived back at Kari's house, the four of them sat down in the living room to talk. Still maintaining the illusion, Alya snuggled up next to Jeff on the couch and slipped her arm around his back. Kari and Lissa were a little bolder. Lissa sat down in the reclining chair across the way, and Kari plopped down on her lap, to everyone's amusement. She then shocked them all by turning and planting a long, drawn-out kiss on Lissa's lips.

Neither Lissa nor Alya seemed to mind, so Jeff didn't speak up. Truthfully, he wouldn't have minded doing the same thing to Alya right then. He just wasn't sure if she would go for it.

"Jeff, dear," she said, as if reading his thoughts. "You haven't kissed me all day. I'm getting a little impatient."

"You're serious?" he asked, his eyes brightening up with glee.

"What's wrong with giving your girlfriend a little kiss?"

Jeff glanced over at Kari, who grinned and nodded. That was all the encouragement he needed. He leaned in and kissed Alya, at first a little hesitantly but relaxing as he got into it. She was very nice to kiss. No wonder Lissa had turned into a lesbian, with someone like this to tempt her.

He glanced over at Lissa and Kari, and saw that they were still kissing. They were really getting into it, pressing their bodies together and running their hands all over each other's backs. Both girls seemed enthusiastic and eager about it, and why shouldn't they? Since they were both at least partially lesbians and both gorgeous, it was natural for them to get turned on by each other. He even thought he caught a glimpse of one of their tongues.

Alya seemed to be getting into the spirit of things as well. He could sense her body starting to squirm a little as he kissed her, as her excitement took its toll on her. He wasn't doing much better, as he could feel a tightening in the front of his pants. It wasn't that there was anything special about Alya; sure she was pretty and soft and nice to hug and especially nice to kiss, but it was more just the thrill of doing something new. It was the first time he had kissed her, after all.

When they drew back, Alya smiled and licked her lips. "That was really nice," she said. "Now I'm getting jealous of Kari."

"Get in line," Kari laughed from across the room.

"From what I've heard, that's a pretty long line," Alya grinned, giving Jeff another peck on the lips.

"Depends on your definition of 'long,'" said Jeff. "Compared to those lines at the amusement park the other day, only in my dreams."

"So you want to have sex with an amusement park full of women?" asked Lissa.

"No. I'll just settle for the occasional volleyball team."

Alya laughed. "So the story's true," she said.

He shrugged. "It was Kari's idea."

"That's right," she said. "I had to drag Jeff kicking and screaming into it. He hated every minute of it, didn't you, Jeff?"

"Absolutely," he grinned. "I just wanted to spend some nice, relaxing time with my girlfriend, and she had to bring over the whole volleyball team to perform oral sex on me. It was a nightmare."

Kari had no comeback for that, since she had returned her attention to smooching with Lissa. Lissa's hand had gone to Kari's hips and was caressing them gently. As Jeff watched, Kari removed her lips from Lissa's, and began kissing her on the neck. She reached up and started to unbutton Lissa's blouse.

Jeff glanced at Alya, who watched the proceedings with undisguised excitement. He wondered if she would be willing to do the same. He would be happy to go as far as she wanted to take it, since Kari was here to put a stop to it at any time.

Soon Lissa's blouse came off and dropped to the floor, and Lissa went to work on Kari's. Jeff realized that the two girls probably had no intention of stopping any time soon.

Alya pulled her gaze from the lesbian show and met Jeff's eyes. A grin spread across her features, and he knew in that moment that she wouldn't mind at all if he took things in the same direction. He leaned in and kissed her, letting his own hands reach up to the top button of her blouse. As soon as it came undone, he spread the collar and planted a kiss on her chest right at the base of her neck. She moaned in delight, which he took as a signal to continue. He reached for the second button and unfastened it, then the third, then the fourth. Soon, he had the last button undone, and opened her blouse to reveal her glorious torso. He slipped his arms around her back under the blouse, and leaned in for another kiss. Alya wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back. He let his lips wander lower again, but this time he kissed all the way from her chin right to her cleavage, causing her to blush and giggle.

By this time, Lissa and Kari were down to their underwear. Jeff slipped a hand under Alya's skirt, caressing the inside of her leg just above her knee. She smiled and sighed, and so encouraged, he let his hand inch gradually higher. He continued his ascent, kissing her as he continued rubbing her thigh, until his finger brushed against her panties. He wasn't sure whether he should be surprised to find them slightly damp.

"Enough of this," said Alya. She reached down, opened the snap in front of her skirt, and slid it down off of

her legs. Jeff glanced down at her panty-clad thighs and grinned at the thought of what he was about to do.

Lissa and Kari, still ahead of them, had each other's bras off by now and were rubbing their chests together as they kissed each other. Jeff grew even harder as he watched the sapphic display going on across the room. Lissa noticed him staring, and gave him a wink. It was hard to believe that just a few years ago, Lissa was an uptight girl who didn't know how to have fun, and Kari was just the object of his fantasies. How things had changed in the past few years! Ever since Allison had walked into their lives, the world had become very different.

"We'd better catch up," Alya said, nodding to the two girls who were now in the process of removing each other's panties. Alya grabbed Jeff's shirt and lifted it over his head. Then she enthusiastically attacked his belt buckle, and soon she had his pants completely off. In return, he reached around her back and found the clasp to her bra, which he immediately released. She grinned as he pulled the garment off of her body, exposing her chest to his view.

It wasn't the first time he had seen it, but the thought of what he was about to do with her made it especially exciting. Until now, he had just thought it was fine that Lissa was a lesbian. Now he was excited that she had fallen in love with a girl who was every bit as open-minded as herself. He was about to have sex with a gorgeous college coed.

Before he got to her panties though, she reached for his shorts. He was fine with that; it didn't matter in what order they undressed, as long as eventually they would both be naked. He even stood up to make it easier for her. Alya grabbed his boxers and yanked them down. Her eyes lit up with delight as his rock-hard member came into view, just inches from her face. She reached up and took it in one of her hands, stroking it gently.

"How do you like that?" she asked, smiling up at him.

"That feels fantastic!" he exclaimed.

"Hey Kari," she said, "you don't mind that I'm jerking off your boyfriend, do you?"

"Right now Lissa's making me so horny I'd almost be willing to make a permanent trade."

"Me too," said Lissa. "How about it, Alya? Do you want to take Jeff off Kari's hands and leave her all to me?"

"Sorry to spoil everyone's fun," she replied, "but I'm still madly in love with you, Lissa."

"Oh well," Lissa shrugged, then turned her attention back to Kari. "At least we still have tonight, darling."

As much as Jeff loved the feel of Alya's hands on his cock, there was much more that he wanted. He sat down next to her and reached for her panties. Sensing his intentions, she rose to her feet to let him strip her the way she stripped him. He wasted no time, but dropped her panties to the floor, staring at her gorgeous bare pussy. He reached out and stroked it gently with his fingers, loving the softness of the lips and the

indented crease in the middle. Feeling bold, he leaned in and gave it a lick, causing her to both blush and squeal in delight.

"Don't put that pussy in your mouth," Kari grinned from across the room. "You never know where it's been."

"I do," Lissa replied. "Mostly it spends its time in *my* mouth."

"Ew!" Kari giggled. "That's like kissing your sister on the lips second-hand."

"For the opportunity to taste such a sweet pussy, I'm willing to overlook that," he said, then gave Alya another lick. He would be happy to continue, but she sat back down on the couch next to him.

Since it was obvious by this time that they were going to go all the way, the four of them agreed to spread out the sleeping bags like last time. Not bothering to get dressed, Kari went to the hall closet to retrieve them, then the four of them set to work laying them down. Once they had the floor covered, the two couples sat down on them.

Alya appeared to be quite eager to go on, as she lay down and spread her legs. Jeff was more than happy to oblige her. He kissed her again, letting one of his hands go to her breast to fondle it. He found it every bit as delightfully soft yet firm as Kari's. He toyed with the nipple until it hardened in his fingers, then moved his hand to the other one to give it the same treatment.

He glanced over at the other girls. Lissa lay on her back, and Kari reclined by her head, her lips eagerly devouring Lissa's as her hands massaged the girl's boobs. Jeff loved the sight of them making love in front of him, especially with a cute college coed like Alya to take care of his own needs.

She grabbed his cock and began to stroke it as he groped her boobs. Her enthusiasm proved that she wasn't completely a lesbian; she still enjoyed fondling him, and she was doing a really good job. It didn't take long before he was groaning in pleasure at the stimulation. She reacted similarly to his own ministrations; her breathing deepened as she smiled up at him. He thought the face of a beautiful girl lying beneath him with her head spread out on the floor and a smile on her lips was the greatest sight ever. While he preferred it to be Kari, or perhaps Brit, he certainly didn't mind Alya in that position.

He lowered his head again, but this time he aimed for her chest. His lips sought out one of her nipples, which he sucked into his mouth and teased with his tongue.

"Oh Jeff!" she cried out in delight. He smiled, happy and even a bit proud that he was able to give her such pleasure. Plus she certainly tasted good. He was almost jealous that Lissa got to do this to her any time she wanted.

With his mouth on her chest, it freed up his hand to explore other parts of her body. He caressed her stomach and hips for a moment, rubbing her gently and causing her breathing to grow even more heavy. Then he slid it down lower, rubbing her thighs for a minute until finally letting it come in contact with her pussy. She gasped and tensed up for an instant when he touched her there, then relaxed. Jeff used his three center fingers

to fondle her, running the left and right ones along her smooth outer lips while the middle finger pressed into her groove. He touched her only lightly at first, not wanting to delve too deeply until she was ready for him. Soon though, he felt dampness down there, and used it to coat his fingers and make them more slippery. Then he pressed one of his fingers inside, causing her to cry out. It was a cry of pleasure though, not pain, and he knew it wouldn't be long before he was ready to go on to the next step.

But there was something else he wanted first. He scooted down along her body, which unfortunately meant she had to let go of his cock. That was fine; if she kept up her stroking much longer he would have gone off in her hand.

"I want another taste of what Lissa seems to love so much," he told her. She nodded with excitement, and he moved his head down to her pussy. Sticking out his tongue, he touched it to her slit.

Her whole body convulsed at the first contact, and he knew he had done the right thing. He let his tongue run all over her pussy, enjoying the feel and taste of her. Although he still preferred Kari, he loved the taste of just about any girl. There was something about the taste of pussy that just drove him into a frenzy. He attacked her almost violently with his tongue, drilling it inside her or flicking it against her now exposed clit. He separated her lips with his fingers and licked all over the pink tissue inside. Alya's body reacted by wriggling and squirming, and she even reached down to grab his head and hold it tightly against her, mashing her thigh against his face.

He didn't want to give her an orgasm with his mouth though. She could have that pleasure any time she wanted with Lissa. Tonight, that privilege was reserved for his dick. He lifted his head, eliciting a groan of disappointment from her. But he gazed up at her and smiled, and her eyes lit up as she realized what he meant by that smile. She nodded, and he crawled forward on his hands and knees on top of her.

He took a moment to glance over at Kari and Lissa, who by this time were locked in a sixty-nine position eating each other out. They seemed to have forgotten all about Jeff and Alya, not that he blamed them. When he got wrapped up in sex with a beautiful woman, he lost track of time and space, forgetting that there was a whole world around him.

"Take me now, Jeff," Alya whispered, and he pressed the tip of his cock against her pussy. Then he lowered his hips, letting it slide inside. She gave a loud moan as he penetrated her.

"Oh god, I've missed having a cock in me," she said, more to herself than to him. It made sense; he understood that sex felt different depending upon what was pleasuring his cock, whether it be a hand, a mouth, a pair of tits, or a cunt. While he knew from experience that a tongue could drive a girl to orgasm, no doubt it wasn't as fulfilling as being deeply penetrated.

He lifted his hips back up, the pressed into her again, causing her to cry out again. Over and over he thrust, keeping it gentle to make it feel especially good for her. She held him to her chest, which felt absolutely wonderful. There was nothing like the feeling of a woman's nude body against his own, skin-on-skin contact as he buried his cock inside her pussy.

For what felt like forever, he continued to thrust into her, hard and deep. Alya was screaming by this point, lost in the savage ecstasy of their lovemaking. She had her legs wrapped tightly around his hips, squeezing him with every thrust and helping to drive him deep inside her.

He could hear the girls to the side of him crying out in orgasm, but that barely mattered right now. The only thing he cared about was the feeling of Alya's body wrapped around him, the heat of her pussy engulfing his cock.

He didn't last long. Soon he felt his own impending orgasm, and welcomed it. The pleasure built to the point of bursting, then exploded from him. His cock jerked rapidly inside of Alya's pussy, and from the sounds she was making he could tell that it had triggered her own orgasm. The two of them held each other tightly as together they rode of the waves of their ecstasy, which pulsed electrically inside their bodies.

After it was all over, Jeff rolled off of Alya, who curled up in his arms. Like Kari, she apparently loved to cuddle after sex. He wasn't about to complain; she was soft and warm, and very nice to cuddle with.

"You know, this has been fun," said Kari. Jeff glanced over and noticed that they were finished too, and Kari lay with her head on Lissa's chest, watching Jeff and Alya.

"It sure has," Alya agreed. "Now I have even more of an incentive to hold on to Lissa, if I get to spend time with Jeff now and then."

"Speaking of which, I just had an interesting idea," Kari grinned.

"Uh oh," said Jeff. "When Kari has an interesting idea, look out."

"I was just thinking, doing it with my boyfriend's big sister was kind of exciting, but I think it would be fun to swap again tomorrow."

"I don't have a problem with that," said Jeff, giving Alya a smile.

"No, you don't understand," Kari told him. "I meant we would *swap* one more time."

"You mean, back to our original partners?"

Kari shook her head, a grin on her face.

The others stared at her for a few seconds, then Lissa's eyes grew wide. "Oh!" she exclaimed. She glanced at Jeff, who was just beginning to realize the implications of Kari's words.

"Oh my god," Alya breathed, and Jeff could tell she was excited by the idea. He wondered whether that was for the thought of doing it with Kari, or for the other result of the trade.

"What do you think, Jeff?" asked Lissa.

"I don't know. I mean, it's one thing to go out with my sister's girlfriend, but what if someone we knew caught you and me holding hands?"

"There's an easy solution to that," said Kari. "We just won't go out."

"Well somebody ought to come right out and say it," Lissa said. "She's talking about you and me having sex, Jeff. Brother and sister. Incest. Come on. It's not anything we haven't done already. Remember Christmas?"

She was right about that. Christmas vacation had certainly been fun, and it was no secret that he had no problem doing it with his sister. There was one problem though.

"I'm not so sure it's a good idea," he said. "I mean, I'd love to continue our little affair from Christmas vacation, Lissa, but Dad went ballistic when he found out about Brit and me. This would feel too much like going behind his back."

"That does make a kind of sense," she said. "But I talked with Dad, and I know why he doesn't want you having sex with Brit. Because he thinks she's too young to be having sex with *anybody*. But he knows about Alya and me, and he even lets his own wife fuck you, so since he at least accepts that we're both having sex with different people, I don't think he would have too much of a problem with us having sex together."

He had to admit, she had a point. He felt a little guilty about it still, but not nearly as much as he had before she explained it to him. There was still a little flaw in her logic, but for the chance to have another fling with Lissa, he was willing to overlook it.

"To tell you the truth," said Alya, "when Lissa mentioned her little indiscretions with her family, my first feeling was disgust, but my second was... well... arousal. I'd love to see it first hand. Especially if I get a cute little teenage girl like Kari in the trade."

"Okay," Jeff shrugged. "I'm in."

Jeff could hardly get to sleep that night, back in his own bed at home. He was too excited for the next day to arrive. He thought back on those times, years ago, when Lissa and he had fooled around as teenagers, experimenting with their sexuality. And then when she had returned home for Christmas vacation a completely different girl, so wild and uninhibited, not to mention damn sexy. And now it looked like they were going to continue where they left off.

In the morning he awoke to find Crystal curled up in bed with him. That surprised him; she was taking a big risk sneaking into his bed like that. What if Greg happened to come up to check on her?

"Brit thought you might be feeling a little lonely," she explained, "and since she's not allowed to come herself, she sent me instead."

Actually, he wasn't feeling particularly lonely at all at the moment, but that didn't mean he couldn't enjoy her company. He slipped off his boxer shorts, then Crystal lay down on top of him, facing in the opposite direction. "After we're done here," she said, "I think I'll go back to Brit's room and kiss her. She's been longing for a taste of your spunk for months now, and at least she can have it second hand."

With that, she slipped his cock into her mouth. He opened his own mouth and ran his tongue against her slit. The two of them pleasured each other until they both climaxed hard. Crystal swallowed most of the evidence, but she made it clear that she kept just a little in her mouth as a treat for Brit. Crystal threw on her clothes, which she had wisely brought with her, then left the room to return to Brit's.

He showered and dressed, then met everyone downstairs for breakfast. Lissa and Alya kept giving him knowing glances throughout the meal, but fortunately Greg didn't pick up on it, or he might have asked about it. And despite Lissa's logic yesterday about how he shouldn't be opposed to it, there really wasn't a good way of explaining to him what they were about to do.

After eating breakfast, the four of them climbed into the car and set out to Kari's house. Jeff couldn't stop grinning the whole time, which Kari thought was hilariously amusing. As soon as they reached their destination, he was the first one out of the car.

"My, Jeff, you sure are eager," Alya teased. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say you're horny for your sister."

"Oh, I am!" he exclaimed, and Alya laughed.

They entered the house, and this time Kari immediately went for the sleeping bags in the closet to lay them down on the floor. Alya and Kari sat down on one, while Lissa and Jeff took the other.

"Okay, now for the moment we've all been waiting for. At least, the moment *I've* been waiting for. Lissa, I want to watch you kiss your little brother."

Lissa leaned in and gave Jeff a peck on the cheek.

"You know what I mean," Alya grinned.

Lissa turned to Jeff, gazing into his eyes with a mischievous look. She leaned in, and Jeff met her lips with his own, kissing her the way he often kissed Kari. He let his hands slip around her waist to hold her to him. She opened her mouth, and he knew exactly what she wanted. He let his own mouth open, and a moment later he felt his sister's tongue touch his own.

"Oh my god!" he heard Alya gasp from across the room. It was the sound of a girl excited by what she saw.

Then Lissa slowly drew away from him, their mouths regretfully separating. The two of them glanced over at the other girls, who were watching in awe.

"Wow!" Alya commented. "Lissa told me about the fun you two had during Christmas break, but to see it is

something else entirely."

"I hope you mean that in a good way," said Lissa.

"Oh, I do," she smiled. "The thought of incest always disgusted me. The reality of it, I have to admit, kind of turns me on."

"Well, there's a lot more where that came from," Lissa grinned. "Come on, little brother. Let's show these girls a thing or two about sex."

Jeff, who already had his hands on Lissa's hips, grabbed the bottom of her shirt and lifted it up. A moment later, she sat there in front of him with only her bra covering her tits. Jeff leaned in and kissed her at the top of her cleavage, to the delight of the onlookers.

"You're really going to go through with it," Alya breathed.

"You bet we are," Lissa replied.

"Come on, Alya," said Kari. "Let's not let them have all the fun." She kissed the girl on the lips, mimicking Jeff's and Lissa's earlier kiss. Now it was his turn to stop and watch in excitement.

That didn't last long, because Lissa immediately attacked him, grabbing his shirt and pulling it off of him. She pounced on him, knocking him to the floor and lying on top of him. In the last few years he had gone through several growth spurts and was now quite a bit bigger than her, so if he wanted to, he could easily overpower her. But it was so much more fun to lie back and let her attack him with her lips, especially with the heat and softness of her body against him. He did, however, reach around and unfasten her bra. She didn't even bother to take it off, but just let it fall off in the course of her onslaught. Soon though, he felt her pointed nipples against his chest as she kissed him all over the face.

He was so wrapped up in the feeling of his sister's lips and topless body that he barely noticed the girls going at it to the side. They had also begun stripping each other, and now all six boobs were plainly visible. Jeff was in heaven, surrounded by such a quantity of girl flesh and especially with his sister rubbing against him.

He wrestled around with her, grabbing for her skirt in an attempt to take it off. She fought back by reaching for his pants. He had to pause for a moment to let her unfasten his belt, but they resumed their stripping game, fighting to be the first to get the other one completely nude.

Alya and Kari had adopted a different strategy. They were working more slowly, taking time to feel each other up in the process. Jeff glanced over at them and saw Kari's hand down the front of Alya's panties, rubbing her there as Alya sucked on one of Kari's tits. If Lissa's body against his own wasn't enough to get him hard, seeing the two girls groping each other across the room certainly made up the difference. When Lissa managed to get his pants off, the tent in his boxers was plainly evident.

By this time, he had her skirt off, so now it was down to their underwear. Jeff tried to snatch Lissa's panties,

but she was too fast for him, and she slipped out of his grasp. He wasn't quite so fortunate, because a moment later she had hold of the waistband of his shorts, and started tugging them down. He probably could have escaped if he tried hard enough, but this type of game was just as much fun to lose as to win, so he only halfheartedly struggled against her, and a moment later he found himself exposed to their view. Kari and Alya paused to applaud Lissa's successful efforts, and he had a sneaking suspicion that at least part of that applause was for his swollen cock.

"So Alya," said Lissa, "since you're so excited about this whole incest thing, do you want to see me suck my little brother's dick?"

"Oh god, yes!" Alya grinned.

Jeff raised himself up on his knees, and Lissa went down on all fours in front of him. As the two girls watched from the other side of the room, Lissa opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around his cock.

"Oh god oh god!" Alya breathed, her eyes wide with delight. No doubt part of her excitement was from Kari's fondling, but Jeff could tell that the rest was for the sight in front of her.

He of course was at least as excited as her, with the pleasure of his big sister sucking him off. She was doing a masterful job of it, shooting waves of pleasure through him with each suck. Her tongue wasn't idle, but ran all over it inside of her mouth. He couldn't help himself, but began to rock his hips forward. Lissa didn't seem to mind; in fact, she hummed with delight as he penetrated deeply into her mouth.

Kari and Alya had by now lost their underwear too. Alya lay on her back, and Kari knelt between her legs. She stuck out her tongue and ran it up and down the girl's slit. Alya whimpered in pleasure as the teen girl tongued her all over between the legs. Jeff watched in fascination as her body squirmed around on the sleeping bag. Her hands went to her own tits and fondled them as she lifted her legs and rested them on Kari's shoulders.

The sight was so erotic that Jeff realized he was about to climax. He was sure Lissa wouldn't mind him cumming in her mouth, and he was tempted to do just that. But he preferred to hold off until he could get it inside her pussy. Grudgingly and with supreme effort, he willed himself to pull out of her mouth. She gave a sound of displeasure, but when he explained that he wanted to do the same to her, her face lit up with delight. She lay down on the floor, and he pulled off her panties.

Jeff stuck out his tongue and touched it gently to the top of her slit, and she shuddered from the contact. He swirled it around the area in tiny little circles, very gently stimulating her. Even that slight motion had a tremendous effect on her. Lissa's breathing grew deeper, and her hips began to squirm. Like Alya, Lissa put her hands to her breasts to fondle them as Jeff concentrated on her pussy.

He let his tongue wander lower, pressing gently into her slit and causing Lissa to groan. He knew that she would soon be ready for him to enter her. He let his tongue get her nice and slick, and used his fingers to pry her open. He slipped one finger inside her and darted it in and out, loosening her up. When she began to gasp in her breaths, he realized he might have overshot his goal, and almost brought her to orgasm.

He quickly pulled back, and the sigh from his sister told him that he had averted her climax. He crawled up until he was on his hands and knees staring down into her beautiful face as she lay sprawled out underneath him.

To the side, he heard Alya scream in ecstasy, and he glanced over in time to see her body tensed and trembling as Kari's mouth still worked furiously over her. Then Alya collapsed, panting in exhaustion. Jeff turned his attention back to Lissa.

"Do it, Jeff," she told him. "Fuck your big sister. I want to feel my brother's hard dick shoved up inside of me."

Her dirty talk excited him, making him even harder than he was already. He placed his dick against her opening and pressed forward, groaning in pleasure as he slipped inside. This was what he had been waiting for. He had wanted to feel her pussy wrapped around him, and now here it was.

Though he started out gentle, Lissa began ramming her hips upward forcefully, and he got the signal that she wanted it hard. He was happy to oblige her. Her thrust in deep, slamming his body against hers. He could see Lissa smiling as he fucked her; apparently she loved it like that.

He glanced over at Kari and Alya, who by this time were just resting and watching them. Alya seemed particularly excited to see brother and sister fucking. Yes, she was going to fit right in with this family.

His already excited state, coupled with the rapid and rough sex, brought him to orgasm quickly. He groaned as it hit, washing through him and filling him with supreme pleasure. He spurted over and over again into his sister's hot body, and she screamed as her own orgasm overtook her. He loved the thought that he was fucking his own sister, and that he had just unleashed his load inside her body. There was something enticingly erotic about such a forbidden act. Of course, he had done the same to Brit many times, but he never quite got used to it.

Eventually the pleasure ebbed, and Jeff rolled over onto his back. He could see Alya and Kari with bright grins on their faces. Alya was panting almost as if she had been the one getting fucked. Of course, that might have been leftover from Kari's ministrations, but he liked to think it was from excitement at watching Jeff and Lissa.

Only one of the four hadn't been satisfied yet, so now that the show was over, Alya went to work on Kari. Jeff always liked to see his girlfriend with other women, and this was no exception. Alya shoved her face between Kari's thighs and started licking her all over. It didn't take long for Kari to collapse into a squirming heap of girl flesh, writhing and wriggling on the sleeping bag as Alya mercilessly devoured her cunt. The look of joy on Kari's face was a familiar sight to Jeff, having seen it on numerous occasions and been the cause of it many times himself. He was delighted to see her receiving pleasure from another girl. If he hadn't just finished fucking Lissa, he would be tempted to crawl over to the two girls and join them.

Soon Jeff could see the signs of Kari coming to her own climax. She screamed in pleasure, her eyes shut tight and her body tensing up. Her hips lifted right up off of the floor as her orgasm hit her and drove her over the

edge. Then she collapsed once more, panting and gasping in the aftershocks.

"So that's it then," said Jeff. "We've done every combination in this group."

"Every combination of *two*," Lissa qualified. He glanced at her, a grin spreading on his face as he realized what she meant.

"You know," Alya commented, "after seeing you two going at it, I'm absolutely committed to this plan to get Jeff and Brit back together. What I wouldn't give to see him fuck her."

"What I wouldn't give to fuck her," Jeff laughed.

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## Chapter 90

### Auntie Rachael Returns

On Thursday after Greg left for work, Allison held another "family council" to discuss the plan. Brit, Crystal, and she had spent a good deal of their time out at the pool the prior evening, and they had coaxed Greg into joining them. He had done plenty of gawking at the girls in their bikinis, and not just at Allison or even Crystal, but at Brit as well. He tried to be discreet about it, but Allison kept one eye on him the whole time, and caught him leering several times.

With less than a week left before Rachael arrived, she wanted everyone to be prepared to lose their clothes at a moment's notice. Rachael would be the instigator, but she suggested that everyone be ready to follow her lead. Jeff asked, not surprisingly, if he would be allowed to be present on some of these occasions, and Allison reassured him that pretty soon there would be so much nudity at the Primdale mansion that he was bound to end up in the middle of it sometimes no matter how often he stayed away.

On Friday, Jeff turned seventeen. They decided to throw him a pool party, and he invited several of his friends. Mike, Jesse, and Rick came, and not surprisingly, Rick asked if he could bring his little sister Amy along. Knowing what he did about their relationship, Jeff could hardly say no. Besides, it gave him an excuse to allow Kari, Brit, and Crystal to invite over all their sexy young friends too. Jeff could think of no better birthday present than to be surrounded by a bunch of cute girls in swimsuits. Kayla Fallon and Vanessa Moon came along, as well as Shelley Hooper, Gwen Franks, and Erica Bryant from the volleyball team. Brit and Crystal brought Kimmy Nelson and the Dover twins. Mike even asked if he could bring along his girlfriend Holly.

Since it was Jeff's birthday, Greg made an exception to the rule that Jeff and Brit couldn't be in swimsuits together. With a whole crowd of people there, it wasn't as if there would be any opportunity for the two kids to get into trouble.

They had barbecue hamburgers on the upper deck outside the back door, and afterward everyone jumped in the pool. Brit, Crystal, and the Dover girls spent most of their time ganging up on Jeff trying to dunk him. He enlisted Kari's help to retaliate, and it helped a little, although they were still outnumbered and therefore ended up on the losing end of that battle more often than not. As expected, Jesse stared and drooled over Allison almost the entire time, probably remembering what she looked like naked. It certainly didn't help that she wore a bikini rather than a more conservative one-piece swimsuit. Mike stared sometimes too, and even Rick couldn't help but steal the occasional glance, though Vanessa and Amy caught on and spent the rest of the afternoon teasing him about it and trying to distract him.

Lissa and Alya provided a little maturity among the otherwise younger group, though they too eventually joined in the fun. And Allison, of course, had as much fun as anyone.

Jeff got a little surprise later that afternoon when he caught Gwen and Erica kissing on the other side of the house where the partygoers couldn't see them. Erica shrugged and grinned sheepishly as her face turned bright crimson, but Gwen just laughed and kissed her again. Jeff gave them the thumbs-up sign, then turned around and walked away, giving them their privacy. He was glad that the two of them had gotten together; at least someone had a happy ending. He was still waiting for his own.

All in all, the party was a big success, though there was one birthday present that wouldn't arrive until the next week. He had hoped that Rachael would be there on his birthday, because she would no doubt want to give him a special present that night. Still, having her come at all would be fun, and she didn't necessarily need an excuse to give him that kind of present. He knew it was kind of selfish to fantasize about Rachael when he already had Kari, Crystal, Allison, and now Lissa and Alya sleeping with him, but try as he might, he just couldn't make himself feel guilty about it.

Kari, of course, would have been happy to give him that kind of birthday present, but with all the partygoers around, and him being the guest of honor and all, there was no chance for privacy. That was fine; he would have plenty of chances with her later.

When the day ended and all their friends headed home, Allison made up for Rachael's absence. As if reading his mind, she took Jeff up to his room that night and climbed into bed with him. They stripped off their clothes, and she fucked Jeff through two orgasms. It was the kind of birthday present that made him forget all about his aunt, for the moment at least.

Of course, his forgetfulness didn't last long, with Rachael arriving in a couple of days. Only Allison seemed more excited and anxious than Jeff. They both were almost on edge the day before she Rachael was scheduled to arrive. Jeff could hardly concentrate on anything, and of course Brit took it as a great opportunity to tease him about it. He didn't mind; it was no secret that he thought his Auntie Rachael was a very hot woman.

That night, he could hardly sleep. That actually worked to his benefit, because he woke up late, leaving less time before she would arrive. That still didn't keep him from spending a good deal of his time pacing that morning.

Greg took the day off from work to be there when she arrived. After what he had gone through for the past few months, and especially the past few weeks with Alya here, he was looking forward to seeing a welcome face for a change.

When lunch time came around, Jeff ate his food almost unconsciously, not even realizing he had eaten until he stared down at his plate and found it empty. They all then retired to the living room to wait for their new guest.

When they heard Rachael's car drive up, Jeff immediately hopped out of his seat and strode to the front door. Normally he didn't want to seem too eager to see a girl, but by now everyone in the house knew that he had had sex with her, so it was kind of pointless to try to deny just how much he liked her. He opened the door

and waved to Rachael as she pulled into the driveway and parked her car.

She climbed out of her car and stretched seductively, no doubt deliberately forming it into a provocative pose to try to get him excited. She gave him a wink as soon as she was finished, then blew him a kiss. She walked over to him and threw her arms around him.

"Oh, it's so good to see you!" she exclaimed.

By this point, most of the rest of the family had gathered around the front door too, so she went around the group giving them each a hug, reserving an extra big one for her sister. When she got to Alya, she stopped.

"So you must be Alya," said Rachael with a smile. "I was right."

"Right about what?" asked Alya.

"When Lissa called me in January and told me she had a girlfriend, I knew that any girl who could turn her into a lesbian must be damn sexy."

Alya blushed, but she also laughed. Lissa had warned her about Rachael's personality after all, basically saying that Rachael was like Meg, only bisexual instead of strictly lesbian.

Rachael gave her a hug as well, then Greg suggested she come in and have a seat on the couch. She sat down and sighed, grinning at everyone. "It's been way too long since I was here," she said. "I need to visit more often than just once a year."

"You can visit as often as you want," Allison told her. "Isn't that right, Greg?"

"Our house is your house," he told Rachael.

"Oh good," Rachael grinned. "At my house I usually go around in my underwear all day." She began unbuttoning her blouse.

"Stop that!" Allison scolded, swatting her hand.

"She really *is* like Meg," Alya laughed.

"Jeff, would you be a dear and go get my luggage out of my car?" asked Rachael. "I'm exhausted after that long drive."

"Sure," he smiled.

"I'll help," offered Greg. They headed outside to the car, and between the two of them they carried her bags into the house, setting them down in the great hall. Jeff was almost disappointed to see upon her return that she was still fully clothed. With Rachael, one never knew whether that talk of stripping down to her underwear was a joke.

"We've got the spare room made up for you again," said Greg. "Jeff and I will be happy to help carry your luggage upstairs."

"I appreciate it, but forget the spare room," Rachael smiled. "Jeff's room will do nicely."

"Rachael!" Allison exclaimed. Everyone stared at Rachael in shock, even Jeff.

"What?" she asked. "I want to do my part to help Jeff and Brit get over each other."

"Rachael, maybe you shouldn't..." Allison began.

"Everyone here knows about the situation between them, so there's no point pretending it's a secret. Besides, I'm not the only woman helping Jeff get over his little sister," she said with a wink at Allison.

"But moving in with Jeff..." said Lissa.

"What better way? Besides, I missed his birthday, so I need to make up for it with an extra special present."

They continued to stare at her, but Jeff's face broke out into a wide grin.

"See?" she said. "Jeff likes the idea."

"I still don't know if I'm comfortable with it," said Greg.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Rachael told him. "If you're jealous, I'm happy to give you a little one-on-one time too, Greg. And anyone else who's interested. Lissa? Alya?"

Allison rolled her eyes, but she wore a grin on her face. "You never cease to amaze me," she laughed.

"I think for now we'll put your luggage in the spare room," Greg said. "Whether you actually sleep in there or not... well, we'll discuss that later."

"Okay, but I still want to give Jeff a belated birthday present tonight."

Greg sighed. "I guess that's up to Kari and him. As long as she gives her permission, I really don't have any objections, although I would have hoped you wouldn't be so obvious about it."

"I'll give her a call right now," Jeff grinned. He hopped up off the couch and headed into the hall to the phone. The others tried not to eavesdrop as he made the call, but it was hard not to, especially when he asked his girlfriend point blank whether she had any objections to Rachael having sex with him that night. He returned a minute later with the grin still on his face.

"Looks like it's a date," he told Rachael.

"You know, Jeff," said Alya, "you're about the luckiest boy I know. Not only is your father letting you sleep

with a girl right in this house, but your girlfriend just gave you permission, too."

"For the record, I don't like it, but considering the alternative, I'm willing to compromise," Greg mumbled.

"And don't forget he gets to have wild sex with his sexy stepmother whenever he wants to," Rachael added.

"I can't believe you just said that," Allison told her, growing red. Rachael was about the only person on the planet who could make her blush.

"Why not?" asked Rachael. "That's not a secret to anyone in this room either. You told me how much you enjoyed having him shove his great big cock up your pussy, and how much you loved the taste of his cum as he shot his load down your throat--"

"That's enough!" Allison shouted. Rachael quieted down, but she kept a grin on her face.

To avoid a return to the subject, Greg and Jeff set to work hauling her suitcases up the stairs and to the spare room. Jeff would have been happy having her move in permanently with him, but it looked like he wouldn't get the approval from his dad to take things quite *that* far. Still, she was just right down the hall and could slip into his bedroom any time she wanted. He decided not to lock the door during the whole time she was there. With so many hot girls in this house willing to have sex with him, he figured that privacy was overrated.

The rest of the afternoon, Rachael caught up on old times with everyone. She focused particularly on Alya, whom she had never met before. The two of them seemed to get along, maybe because Rachael was so much like Meg, and Alya had gotten used to her roommate's constant teasing and flirting. Rachael also focused quite a bit on Jeff, though her comments tended to be somewhat on the obscene side when she did. On more than one occasion Allison had to reprimand her and change the subject, but somehow the conversation always seemed to wander back to Jeff and what Rachael wanted to do with him.

Dinner was a little better, since they had the food to occupy them. Even Rachael toned down her naughty remarks somewhat. They had ice cream for dessert, after which Rachael wanted to go downstairs and play some ping-pong. That seemed like a good way to get her mind off of sex, so the whole family joined them downstairs. Rachael and Jeff teamed up against Lissa and Alya. Rachael was a little rusty, so Jeff and she lost the first couple of rounds, but then she got her game back and played much more competitively.

In the mean time, Greg and Allison shot pool. They offered to let Brit join in, but she was happy just watching. All in all, everyone had a fun time, and the time passed so quickly that they were surprised to look at the clock and realize that it was nearly bedtime.

Jeff glanced at Rachael, who gave him a wink to let him know that she was thinking the same thing that he was.

"Well, I've had a long day, and I'm getting tired," she said. "I think I'll turn in. Coming, Jeff?" She stood up and held out her hand to him.

Jeff couldn't help grinning as he rose to his feet and took her hand. He glanced over at Brit, hoping that she wouldn't be too jealous, but he saw her smiling too.

"Have fun, you two," she told them.

The two of them left the room and ascended the stairs. They entered Jeff's room, and he closed the door behind them. Rachael glanced around. "Ah yes," she said. "I know this room well."

"What do you mean?" asked Jeff. "Last time, I was in a different room."

"Yes, but this is where I seduced Lissa," she replied.

"Oh yeah. I forgot about that."

"That doesn't bother you, does it?" asked Rachael. "That I slept with your sister?"

"Why should it bother me?" he asked. "So did I."

Rachael laughed. "So Allison's suspicions about last Christmas were true," she said.

"That and last week. We've been doing a little girlfriend swapping."

Rachael laughed again. "Wow, Jeff! You're even more promiscuous than me. Is there girl in this house you haven't had sex with?"

"Let's see... nope."

"Well then, I'd better get working. I only have a couple of months to catch up. Of course, I'm not going to settle for a tie; I play to win. I plan to have sex with one more person in this house than you."

"If you're talking about my dad, I think I'll concede that one to you," he laughed. "But that's for later. Right now, I've booked your time all night."

Rachael wrapped her arms around his neck and gave him a kiss. Jeff held her to him, enjoying the warmth of her body. When Rachael drew back, she had a smile on her face. "It's been far too long since I did that," she said. "It's not fair that I only get to visit once a year."

"You know, we have plenty of extra rooms," said Jeff. "I wouldn't complain if you wanted to move in."

"Careful, or I might take you up on that offer."

She released him, but only so that she could grab the bottom of his shirt and pull it over his head. Jeff returned the favor, slipping off her shirt to reveal her bra-clad chest. He took a second to admire it, then reached around her back to unfasten her bra. By now he was getting to be somewhat of an expert at it. Once the clasps were unhooked, he grabbed the ends and pulled them forward off of her chest, letting her gorgeous

tit spring free.

"Now that's what *I* miss," Jeff grinned. "May *I*?" He reached out for her breasts, pausing only long enough for her to nod her head in permission. He grabbed hold of them and gave them a squeeze.

"You like my boobs, do you?" she asked.

"Oh yeah."

"Well, you can play with them all you want. Any time you want."

"No time like the present," he grinned, continuing to fondle her. He rolled her nipples between his fingers, enjoying how they hardened. Rachael smiled, obviously enjoying the sensation even more than him. As long as she was willing to let him toy with her, he would take advantage of it.

As he groped her, Rachael reached down and unfastened his belt. She then unbuckled and unzipped his pants.

"Your fly's undone," she commented.

"Oh," he replied. "I would take care of it, except my hands are preoccupied with something much more fun right now. Why don't you do something about it?"

"Like this?" she asked, then yanked his pants down. They fell in a pile around his ankles.

"That's exactly what I had in mind," he told her. "Of course, now I feel a little underdressed. I think we should change the dress code so that I don't feel so uncomfortable." He grabbed her own pants and pulled them down too. They both stepped out of their pants and stood facing each other again.

"I think we should make this the permanent dress code around here," Rachael suggested.

"I wouldn't mind that a bit," replied Jeff. "But you're going to have to take it up with my dad," replied Jeff.

"I will," she smiled.

"With anyone else, I would think they were joking. But with you, I'm not so sure."

"Well, if we're going to change the dress code, let me make one more suggestion."

"I think I know what you have in mind. And I agree with it."

They grabbed each other's underwear and together they pulled them down. A moment later, they stood there completely naked.

Rachael immediately grabbed his cock and began to stroke it. "This is also something I've been missing," she commented.

"Me too," he replied. "But I think it would be more fun in bed."

"Everything's more fun in bed," she grinned. They sat down together on the bed, and Rachael immediately returned her hand to his cock. Jeff lay back, giving her plenty of room to play with her new toy. Her hands caressed it firmly but gently, taking long, slow strokes. Jeff began to squirm on the bed as she toyed with him, his body reacting instinctively to her touch. He always enjoyed this part of lovemaking especially, the warm-up as they began to lose control of themselves.

He wasn't going to let her have all the fun though. He reached out and slipped his own hand between her legs. Rachael lifted her knee to give him better access, and he took full advantage of it, rubbing her from the base of the slit all the way to her clitoris. She moaned every time he touched her there, her own body falling under the same spell as his. She soon grew moist there, ready to go on to the next stage.

Finally, Rachael released his cock and lay down on her back next to him. Jeff rolled over on top of her, getting into position to enter her. He lined up his cock with her hole and lowered his body to press inside. Rachael groaned with pleasure as he penetrated into her body.

As soon as he bottomed out, he lifted his hips back up a couple of inches and pressed down again. He repeated the motion, gradually getting into a rhythm. Rachael's own body reacted to that rhythm, rising up to meet him with every thrust.

Over and over again he drove into her body. He slammed her hard, the way she liked it. With most of the other girls he had made love to, he had to be gentle and tender, not that he had any problem with that. He actually preferred to take his time and enjoy it. But Rachael preferred it hard, raw, and passionate. She seemed to be the exception to the rule that sex was mostly emotional for girls; with her, the physical sensation was good enough, provided he did it hard enough to please her.

As he thrust deep into her, the two of them worked themselves into a frenzy, grunting and moaning and panting and screaming as they slammed their bodies together. They were so loud that Jeff suspected that everyone in the house could hear them. But he didn't care. It was no secret that they were fucking; let everyone hear it first hand.

Rachael hit her peak first, judging by the sudden increase in pitch and volume of her screaming and the vise-like pressure as her cunt muscles squeezed down on his cock. That set him off too, and his own body spasmed, his cock jerking inside her as it spurted over and over again. Their screaming gradually tapered off, coming down from the heights of pleasure as the ecstasy faded.

They lay there panting for a minute, gripping each other tightly and enjoying the feel of each other's hot, sweaty bodies pressed together. Then Jeff rolled off of her and lay down next to her.

She turned her head to smile at him. "That settles it," she said. "I'm going to have to do that a lot while I'm here. Two or three times a day if I can."

"Careful, or you'll wear me out," he laughed.

"Okay, I'll have to pace myself. I'll give you just enough sex to keep you satisfied until the next time I visit."

"Good plan," he smiled, then closed his eyes, yawned, and drifted off to sleep.

Downstairs in the master bedroom, Greg had a restless sleep. Despite a session of mind-blowing sex with Allison, he had a hard time sleeping, with the knowledge that his son was upstairs having sex with Rachael. It wasn't that he was jealous; Greg had no more claim over Rachael than Jeff did. And the thought of sharing a woman with another man bothered him less than he expected it would, especially since he had even shared his own wife with his son. But he wondered whether he was doing the right thing by letting his teenage son be so promiscuous. Jeff had slept with Allison and Rachael, and although they never came right out and admitted it, Greg was pretty sure he sometimes slept with Kari too. Having three partners was certainly not normal for a boy his age.

It was all for Brit's sake, but Greg sometimes felt that he was sacrificing one of his children for the other. Or to put it more bluntly, that he was choosing between his kids. True, the psychological damage was potentially much worse for a girl than for a boy, and Brit was still just a child in his opinion, but perhaps it was wrong to let Jeff get away with so much.

He finally fell asleep to troubled dreams and half a dozen periods of waking.

In the morning he felt much better; the night always brought on worries, most of them unfounded. He glanced over and saw Allison sleeping peacefully. She was so beautiful like that, with that half-smile on her lips that she always wore when asleep. It would be a shame to wake her, so he didn't. He merely kissed her cheek, then climbed out of bed and made his way into the bathroom for a shower.

The hot water felt nice and soothing, and the last remnants of his worries seemed to rinse away. So what if Jeff was sleeping with three women? He was living a teenage boy's fantasy. As long as he didn't expect it to become permanent, everything was fine. Greg would just have to have a talk with him about it, to explain that some day he would have to settle down with just one woman. Actually, Greg hoped that it would be Kari. She was really a nice girl, and so good for Jeff. So far the two of them had shown no sign of wanting to break up; in fact, their relationship had already gone through some rocky times and come out stronger than ever. Kari's loyalty was commendable. Jeff would be a lucky man to marry his high school sweetheart.

On the other hand, if Jeff did marry her, then maybe he *could* expect to have multiple partners in the future. Kari seemed particularly open-minded about it. Greg couldn't exactly get after Jeff for sleeping with more than one girl when he himself was doing the same thing.

Suddenly, the shower door opened. Greg turned to look, expecting to see Allison. Instead, it was Rachael, completely nude.

"What...?" he began.

"Now is that any way to greet a naked lady?" grinned Rachael.

"What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be in Jeff's room?"

"That was last night," she said. "But we made a deal remember? Whenever you, me, and Allison get together, we're going to have sex. I promise we'll have all kinds of fun tonight, but I just couldn't wait, so I had to get you alone." She reached out and slipped her hand onto his cock, which immediately began to harden at the contact.

"So you just jump between my own son and me?" he asked. "Just like that?"

"Oh come on. Give me some credit."

"What do you mean?"

"I thought you knew me better than that. It's not just Jeff and you. There's Allison too. And now that Lissa has switched over, I might try to steal her away from Alya. Speaking of which, Alya's worth going after too. Then there's Kari..."

Greg laughed. "You really are too much, you know that?"

"No, I'm just right."

He shrugged. "I really can't argue with you there."

Rachael took her hand away from his cock, to his disappointment. He perked right back up when she reached for the soap, squirting a bit onto her hand. She lathered up her hands, then returned to her previous task, but with the effect multiplied from the lubrication.

"Better be careful," he told her, "or I'm liable to--"

"That's the plan," she grinned, increasing the tempo. It didn't take long for him to start grunting as he spurt all over her chest and stomach. Rachael giggled as his cum splattered her body. She reached down with a finger and scooped some of it off her chest, then put it in her mouth with a grin.

Suddenly, her face screwed up and she spit it back out. "Gross!" she exclaimed.

"Gross?" he asked. "This isn't the first time you've tasted it."

"But it's the first time I've tasted it mixed with a bunch of soap," she replied, causing him to laugh.

After the shower, Greg and Rachael left the bathroom to find Allison getting dressed. She glanced at them and smiled. "Trying to steal my husband away?" she asked Rachael.

"Just borrowing him," Rachael replied. "You don't mind, do you?"

"Just put him back in the same condition as you found him."

"Oops," Rachael grinned sheepishly. "Too late."

"Okay, let me rephrase that. Just leave an orgasm or two for me tonight; that's all I'm asking."

After dressing, the three of them left the room. They found the others in the dining room eating breakfast, and sat down to join them. Jeff seemed to be in a great mood, and why not? He had just spent a night of passion with a gorgeous woman.

"So Daddy," said Brit with a mischievous grin, "did Jeff and Rachael keep you up all night with their noises like they did me?"

"As a matter of fact, I slept like a baby," he lied.

"I guess we weren't trying hard enough," said Rachael. "I promised your dad to spend some time with him tonight, but do you want to try again tomorrow night, Jeff?"

"You bet!" he exclaimed.

"You know," said Greg, "I would appreciate it if we discussed something other than my son's love life at the breakfast table. Or mine, for that matter."

"Fine," said Brit. "Lissa, did you and Alya have a good time last night?"

"That's not much better!" said Greg, and Brit giggled.

"Just kidding, Daddy. Anyway, is it all right if I spend the day at Crystal's house?"

"That depends. Where is Jeff going to be?"

"Kari's coming over here," he replied. "But we're planning to go out a little later."

"Us too," added Lissa.

"All right, that's fine," Greg said. "As long as Jeff and Kari don't go back to her place."

"You're really insistent on not having Brit and me spend time together, aren't you?" asked Jeff.

"I just think it's best for everyone, for the time being."

Jeff shrugged. "That's fine," he said. "Kari and I were planning to be out all day anyway."

Greg had to leave soon for work, so he finished breakfast, kissed Allison goodbye, then hopped into the Jaguar and drove to work. Actually, he had no intention of spending the whole day there. The kids had given

away a little secret. With Jeff going out with Kari, Lissa going out with Alya, and Brit over at Crystal's house, that left Allison and Rachael alone together in the house. Greg took half a day off, leaving work at noon. The official reason was to spend time with his "visiting family," which was technically true. The unofficial reason was because he wanted to spend some time alone with Allison and Rachael without the kids there, and this seemed like the perfect opportunity. He wouldn't be surprised if he walked in on the two sisters in bed together; in fact, he kind of hoped he would. And considering how willing Rachael was to join him in the shower that morning, she probably wouldn't be opposed to starting their nocturnal festivities in the afternoon instead.

Unfortunately, when he arrived home, they were in the middle of lunch. Fully dressed, to his disappointment. That was fine; it had really just been a fantasy. He didn't have time to get too disappointed though; as he sat down to join them for lunch, Rachael mentioned that she wanted to go swimming that afternoon. Allison suggested they all take a dip in the pool, to which Greg was more than happy to agree.

After lunch, they changed into their swimsuits and headed out back. Rachael, of course, was dressed in just about the skimpiest bikini Greg had ever seen, and Allison's wasn't much better. For a moment, he worried what would happen if the kids walked in on them like that, but then he realized that it wouldn't matter to the girls, and Jeff had already seen both Rachael and Allison in even less.

The three of them waded into the pool, which felt cool and refreshing in the hot sun. Greg let himself float on his back for a moment, staring up at the blue sky as he relaxed in the nice cold water of the pool. Then he put his feet down and glanced over at Allison and Rachael, loving the sight of them mostly naked and wet.

Suddenly, Rachael reached behind Allison's back and yanked on the string to her bikini top, freeing the garment and leaving Allison standing there topless. Greg laughed, not surprised at Rachael's boldness.

Allison wasn't about to let her little sister get the better of her like that. "Thank you, Rachael," she smiled. "I was about to ask if you wouldn't mind helping me out of my bikini top. Greg dear, you don't mind if Rachael and I take our tops off, do you?"

"I would mind if you didn't," he grinned.

"Good," said Allison, then reached for her sister's bikini top. Rachael, however, dashed away, laughing. Allison chased her around the pool as Greg watched in delight. He loved the way his wife's breasts jiggled with every movement, and how her splashing threw water drops all over her body that clung to her and shone in the sunlight like tiny diamonds. And as soon as she got Rachael's top off, the same effect would apply to her as well.

Rachael turned her back on her sister, exposing the bow where she tied the strings to her top together. Instead of going quickly, Allison took her time, grabbing just the end of one of the strings with her thumb and forefinger and drawing it back slowly. The two girls looked at Greg, who was watching with interest. The slow pace turned this into a rather sexy striptease.

Finally, the bow came undone, and the bikini top hung limply around Rachael's breasts. Instead of pulling it

away, however, Allison slipped her hands under it, resting them on her sister's boobs. Rachael lifted the neck strap over her head, then tossed the garment onto the deck nearby. The two girls turned toward Greg, now with only Allison's hands covering Rachael's breasts from his view.

"I wonder what I have in here..." Allison commented.

"Gee, I don't know," said Greg facetiously, "but I'm curious to find out."

Allison lifted just the top of one of her hands away, then peeked down into the opening. "My, that looks good enough to eat," she said.

"Why don't you then?" asked Rachael.

"I think I will." Allison removed her hands, giving Greg a perfect view of Rachael's bare torso. He grinned as the girls turned toward each other, then Allison lowered her body, moved in, and sucked Rachael's nipple into her mouth.

"Mmm..." she hummed as she sucked. Greg watched the lesbian show with delight. He always loved it when Allison and Rachael got frisky in front of him. Of course, he loved it even more when they let him join in.

"That looks like too much for you to eat all by yourself," he said. "You don't mind sharing, do you?"

"Help yourself," Rachael told him, and Greg waded over to her. He lowered himself and stuck out his tongue to lick her all over her breast. This was what he enjoyed most about Rachael's visits: the naughty playfulness where he could just relax and have sexy fun with the girls. Of course, it was often like that when he was alone with Allison, but having Rachael there with them added an entirely new dimension to their playtime.

Allison lifted her head and kissed Rachael on the lips, leaving Greg room to fondle the girl's other breast. He could get used to this. After all of the gloom and worries of the past six months, a little time with Rachael was just what he needed to cheer him up. Things were certainly going to be interesting around here for a while.

Just then, the back door opened, and the three of them glanced up. Lissa and Alya stood on the upper deck, staring down into the pool.

"Well well well," said Lissa with a grin. "What have we here?"

"We're just having some fun," Rachael explained. "Care to join us? You have to take your tops off though."

The last thing Greg needed right now was to see his daughter and her girlfriend topless. With Rachael there keeping the atmosphere lively, he just might end up doing something he regretted.

"Actually, I think it's time I got out," he said.

"Oh, you're no fun," Rachael pouted.

He ignored her and climbed out of the pool. Lissa and Alya descended the stairs.

"Something wrong, Dad?" asked Lissa.

"No, I'm just a little tired. I think I'll go take a nap." He grabbed a towel and dried himself off, then wrapped it around his waist and headed up the stairs. It was too bad that the girls had arrived and spoiled his fun. On the other hand, he still had that night to look forward to. The thought made him smile. Yes, Jeff would just have to do without her for one night.

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## Chapter 91

### Swimwear, or Lack Thereof

If Greg thought he was going to maintain an air of modesty around the house with his children there, he was sorely mistaken. For one thing, he still had to work every week day, which left the girls alone in the house. On Friday he sat behind his desk at work, daydreaming about the girls all swimming nude in the pool. Or perhaps "fantasizing" was a better word. It was made all the more realistic by the knowledge that it was probably going on even as he was thinking about it. That didn't bother him too much because Jeff had left early that morning to go out with Kari again, leaving only girls in the house. As long as it wasn't in front of anyone of the male persuasion, he considered it perfectly fine if they wanted to go nude around the house or in the pool.

He worried, however, about Saturday. He didn't think most of the girls would take their clothes off in front of Jeff, but Jeff was planning to go out with Kari again. That would leave Greg alone with them. And now that he thought about it, he had seen every one of the remaining girls nude at least once. None of them had seemed to be the slightest bit shy about it. Even little Brit didn't seem to mind parading around topless in front of him.

He woke up Saturday morning worried about what he would do if they decided to swim topless. He realized that if he wanted to, he could simply lay down the law, telling them that they were not to do it. But the problem was that part of him didn't want to. He *wanted* to see Allison and Rachael, Lissa and Alya, even Brit, topless. They all had such gorgeous bodies, and although two of them were his daughters, they were also sexy young women.

Of course, he had a couple of sexy young women in bed with him right now. Rachael had joined Allison and Greg on Thursday and Friday night, and between the wild sex and his worries, he hadn't gotten much sleep. He figured he would take another nap on Saturday to catch up, after frolicking in the pool with the girls of course.

At the breakfast table that morning, Lissa announced that Alya and she were going to spend the day at the mall. That took care of two of the three girls, leaving only Brit to deal with. He tried to think of some way to get Brit out of the way so that he could enjoy himself with Allison and Rachael alone, but he really couldn't think of anything. True, he could encourage her to spend the day at Crystal's house, but they would have no adult in the house, and that meant that when Jeff took Kari home after their date, he would be in a house with his little sister and no adult supervision. Knowing Kari, she might not be opposed to taking Crystal into one room while Jeff and Brit spent time in another.

After Jeff, Lissa, and Alya left, Allison cleaned up the breakfast dishes, then asked the rest of them if they wanted to go out to the pool. *Here it is*, he realized. He knew what he should do. He should stay inside all day, so if they took off their clothes, it wouldn't matter. Yes, that was the best solution all around.

"Sounds fun," he smiled.

Brit headed upstairs to change, but Rachael changed downstairs in the bathroom with Allison and Greg. They grabbed some towels and met Brit out on the pool deck. She wore that same red bikini that she had half worn that day he had walked in on her. At least she had the top on this time. Allison and Rachael, of course, wore bikinis as well.

Greg set his towel down on one of the deck chairs, then slowly descended the stairs at the shallow end of the pool into the water. He had just made it to the bottom step when he heard Brit splashing down the stairs behind him, then she suddenly jumped up on his back and clung to his shoulders.

"Hey!" he laughed.

"Hey what?" she asked.

"Hey you're too old for piggyback rides. And I'm too old to be able to hold you up."

"You're not too old," she told him with a grin. "You're just right." She kissed him on the cheek, then climbed down and splashed toward the deeper end of the pool.

Allison and Rachael slipped into the pool as well, taking a few minutes to get used to the cold of the water. It actually felt really nice once he got used to it, especially with the sun quickly heating the air.

It didn't take long for his fears to be realized.

"Greg," said Allison. "You don't mind if I take off my top, do you?"

He stared at her in surprise. It was true that she liked to go topless whenever she swam, and he liked to watch her. And of course, she certainly didn't mind it with Rachael there. But Brit was also swimming with them.

"You mean... right in front of Brit?" he asked.

"I don't mind," Brit told him. "In fact, I want to take my top off too."

"I..." he said. "I don't think..."

"What?" she asked. "You've seen me completely naked before, so it's not like there's a problem."

He didn't know how to respond to that. Although she was his daughter, he always got aroused when he saw her body. With only the thin material of his swimming trunks covering him, that arousal would be painfully obvious. On the other hand, if Allison took her top off too, maybe he could pretend it was her doing it to him.

"Well, I'm not your wife and I'm not your daughter," Rachael grinned, "so I don't have to ask your permission." She immediately reached behind her back and unfastened the strap of her bikini top, then pulled the whole thing off and set it down on the deck.

Greg stared at Rachael, unable to tear his gaze away from her beautiful, young body. It wasn't the first time he had seen it, but he never grew tired of the sight. As he felt his cock starting to swell, he realized that seeing Brit like that would be a moot point.

Allison grinned. "Now that Rachael has exposed herself, I don't see why it would be a problem if I did the same," she said.

He sighed. "Oh, all right," he conceded.

"Me too, Daddy?" asked Brit.

"You might as well," he shrugged, secretly delighted that she was about to show him her body again.

He tried to keep from watching as she unfastened her top and slipped it off of her body, tossing it onto the ground near the pool. His throat went dry as her beautiful young breasts came into view. He knew he shouldn't be having those thoughts, or especially those feelings, about his own daughter, but he really couldn't help it.

The girls all splashed and played as if nothing were out of the ordinary, and Greg tried not to gawk at them. When Brit deliberately splashed him, he tried to act casual, and joined in on the fun, splashing her back. The water fight drenched all of them, and fortunately with the water flying everywhere, he didn't have much chance to stare at their bare chests.

He couldn't keep it up forever though; with the lack of sleep the past few days, he didn't have much energy. So he climbed out of the pool and took a seat in one of the nearby lawn chairs. That served two purposes. First, it gave him a comfortable position to rest in, and second, it gave him an excuse to watch the girls in the pool. Now that he was out of the cold water, his cock began to harden in his swimming trunks, but fortunately they were baggy enough to hide it.

They continued to frolic in the water for several minutes longer, then Brit also got out of the pool. He watched her approach him, such a sexy little girl. She probably didn't even know just how arousing she could be to a man like him. As she picked up a towel and dried herself, he found himself hoping that she wasn't done playing; it would be a shame for her to wrap the towel around herself and cover her beautiful body like that. Fortunately, when she was done she dropped the towel on one of the chairs.

Suddenly, Brit plopped down on his lap, facing him and straddling his waist. She put her hands on his shoulders and gazed at him with a cheerful smile. He realized with alarm that through the thinness of their swimsuits, he could feel everything. In fact, the shaft of his erection was pressing into the fold between her outer lips!

Brit made no sign that she realized what she was doing. "Do you think Crystal will come back with Jeff and Kari?" she asked casually, as if nothing were out of the ordinary.

"I..." he said, finding it hard to concentrate on the words. It took him a few seconds to regain his composure.

"Well... maybe. Why do you ask?"

"Just curious. What if Kari and Crystal want to take their tops off too?"

"I'll bet you'd really like that, wouldn't you, Greg?" said Rachael from the pool. "Crystal's a real cutie, and she's got a nice figure."

"That's not funny, Rachael," he told her. "I don't think it would be appropriate for me to see her like that. She's not family, after all."

"Neither is Rachael," Brit pointed out. "Besides, I don't think Crystal would mind. It's not like you're going to try to grope her or anything. Or are you?" she giggled.

"Come on, Brit. You know I would never do anything like that," he insisted.

"Not unless you could get away with it."

"Brit!"

She laughed again, then leaned in and hugged him, surprising him even more. It wasn't the first time he had felt her bare torso pressed up against his like this, and it felt just as nice as last time. Too nice in fact.

"I just like to tease you, Dad," she said, then drew back slightly. But instead of pulling back, she leaned in and gave him a quick peck on the lips. Only then did she sit up.

He couldn't believe what was happening. If he didn't know any better, he'd say his own daughter was flirting with him. In fact, there was no way she couldn't feel his hardness between her legs. What did that mean? Just what was going through her mind right now? Usually he didn't even attempt to divine a woman's thoughts; that was a task far beyond the abilities of a mortal man like him. But the possibilities in this case both intrigued and alarmed him.

He knew for a fact that she didn't have the same reservations as other girls when it came to having a relationship with close family members. So she very well might have designs on him. On the other hand, maybe he was reading too much into it. It wasn't uncommon for girls to flirt with their fathers after all, and most of them never ended up doing anything wrong.

"Brit," he croaked, his mouth dry. "Maybe it's time you got off my lap."

"Why, because you have an erection?" she asked playfully.

From the pool, Allison and Rachel both broke down laughing.

"Okay, that does it," he told her sternly. He grabbed her by the waist and literally lifted her off of him, placing her on her feet on the deck beside him.

"I'm sorry," she said penitently. The look in her eyes made him wish he hadn't been so gruff with her.

"Oh, it's all right," he told her with a reassuring smile. "I shouldn't have yelled at you. It's just that you were making me a little uncomfortable. Your teasing is... well..."

"It's okay, Daddy. I guess I just got a little carried away. I miss being able to do this with Jeff, and I just wanted to feel sexy again, if even just for a moment. It wasn't right of me to practice with you like that."

"It's okay," he told her with a smile. "Just don't do it again. Come on. Let's get back in the pool."

They got up and headed down to the water again, where they once more took up the water fight, albeit at a more subdued pace.

He heard the door open at the top of the stairs, and glanced up. Jeff and Kari stood there, staring down at them in shock.

"What's going on here?" Jeff demanded.

Greg glanced around at the girls, realizing just how bad this looked, especially considering that Jeff had seen those photos taken on the boat last summer. No doubt Jeff had some nasty suspicions going through his mind.

"I thought you had gone to Kari's house," Greg said, a feeble attempt to change the subject, or at least to stall the inevitable confrontation. He found himself in the awkward position of trying to come up with an excuse for his behavior to tell his own son.

"I remembered I forgot something, so we came back to get it. Why are Allison, Rachael, and Brit... I mean, I guess it's all right for Allison because she's your wife, and we both know there's no stopping Rachael, but Brit..."

Greg sighed. He had been caught red-handed, and there was nothing to do but tell the truth.

"Would you like me to explain it to him, dear?" Allison asked him.

Greg shook his head. "Give me a minute, Jeff. I'll meet you in the house. Kari, if you don't mind, I need a minute alone with my son."

"That's fine," Kari smiled. "I'll just come down and join the party. You don't mind if I take my top off too, do you?"

"Actually, I do mind," Greg said.

"Just teasing," she laughed.

Greg climbed out of the pool, then dried himself off and put his shirt back on. He headed up the stairs, where

Jeff and he entered the house. They each took a seat, Greg in the chair by his desk and Jeff on the bed.

"I know what you're thinking," Greg told his son. "After what happened last summer, you're wondering if there's going to be a repeat of my mistake. I can assure you that there isn't. Nothing has gone on between me and Brit, and nothing will."

"I'm not worried about that," Jeff replied. "I know that after what happened between Brit and me, you're on your guard against anything like that happening in this family again. I just don't think..."

"What?"

"Can I be frank with you, Dad?"

"Of course."

"Okay. Brit and I screwed up, and you set some limits on our behavior because of it. That's fine; it's just something I have to live with. But I come home and see you in the pool with her, and she's practically naked. I'm not allowed to see her in even a swimsuit, but you get to see her topless."

"It's not that I *get* to do anything. It's just that neither of us minds. Look, I happened to walk in on Brit one day while she was sunbathing topless. We had a talk about it, and decided that it doesn't really bother either of us."

"Dad, it's not a question of whether it bothers you. It just seems to me that if you want me to follow these rules you came up with, you shouldn't be setting a bad example like this. I just think it's a little hypocritical of you."

Greg nodded. "You have a good point. I'll go tell Brit she has to put her top back on."

"Dad, the damage has already been done. Seeing this makes me think you're not committed to the rules at all. I've been trying my hardest to live up to them, and now it looks like all that effort was wasted."

"Look, Jeff..."

"No, you look, Dad. I'm angry at you right now. And I don't think I can live up to the rules you set any more. That doesn't mean that I'm going to go out and have sex with Brit, but if you're just going to change the rules on a whim, I don't think I have any obligation to follow them."

"Jeff, that's not fair."

"No it's not, but that's the way I feel. So here's the deal. Since you've broken my trust, I can't accept any rules that you make up any more."

"Are you threatening me?" Greg glowered.

"No, I'm offering you a compromise. *I'll* decide the rules, because then I know I can follow them. And don't worry; I'll be reasonable. I think I can come up with something that we both can agree to. The only other option is for me to disobey you, and for you to scold or punish me for it. I don't think either one of us wants that."

Greg sighed. He didn't like being in this position, but then, he had put himself here. Right now Jeff had the upper hand because he was right, and it didn't look like Greg had much of a chance. He could only hope to gain Jeff's trust once more by being conciliatory.

"I'm willing to listen," he told his son.

"Good. So here are my rules. Brit and I are not to be alone together. That much is fine. We are not to sleep in the same bed, or even in the same room. We will not kiss each other, even on the forehead. Hugging will be kept to a minimum, and she won't sit on my lap. Ever. We're going to loosen the restriction on spending time together. Better yet, we'll do away with it altogether. I'll try to be mindful of spending too much time with her, but I don't want to set some absolute maximum. And if you think we're getting a little too affectionate, you can tell us to stop and we will. That's it."

"I noticed you didn't mention anything about attire," said Greg.

"That one's your fault. Since you apparently aren't restricting yourself, then I won't restrict myself either. In fact, I think I'll go drive Kari back home and have her get her swimsuit, then we'll all go out back and play in the pool."

"You mean--"

"Don't worry; Brit and I will both promise not to touch each other. We're just going to have a swim. So those are my rules. Now can you accept them, or are we going to end up yelling at each other a lot?"

Greg gritted his teeth. He really didn't have a choice in the matter. On the other hand, those rules really weren't that bad after all. Jeff was being more than reasonable; he was voluntarily limiting himself, when he really could have just refused to set any rules at all.

"Fine," he replied. "I'm not happy about it, but if you'll do what you said you would, I can't really complain."

Jeff and Kari drove back to her house, where they found Crystal sitting in the front room reading. "That was a short date," the younger girl smiled.

"Actually, we changed our plans," Kari explained. "I'm going to change into my swimsuit, and then we're going back to swim at Jeff's pool."

"Can I come too?" asked Crystal eagerly.

Jeff and Kari glanced at each other. Kari shrugged.

"Okay," said Jeff. "Just keep in mind that Dad's there, and remember the plan."

"Yep," Crystal grinned. "I'm supposed to flirt with him to get him thinking about little girls like me, so that hopefully he'll be willing to fuck his daughter."

"In a nutshell, yes," said Jeff.

"In a nutshell? That wouldn't give them much room."

Jeff laughed, then came over, grabbed her in a headlock, and rubbed her head with his knuckles.

"Hey!" she exclaimed, and he released her with a grin on his face.

"I'll get you back for that," she laughed.

The three of them headed upstairs, where Crystal disappeared into her bedroom while Jeff accompanied Kari into her own. Kari immediately slipped out of her clothes, soon standing nude before him.

"So which one should I wear?" asked Kari, pulling down a couple of coat hangers from the closet. One of them had a conservative one-piece swimsuit hanging on it, while the other one had the tiny little flower-print bikini that she had worn before.

"Neither," he grinned. "I think you look fine with just what you're wearing."

She laughed. "Not just yet," she said. "Not until we've worked on your dad for a while."

"Well, in that case, it depends on if you're feeling a little bold," he said.

"Oh, the bikini's not that bad," she laughed.

"No, I mean, with the one-piece, you can't take off your top."

A broad grin spread onto her features. "He already said I'm not supposed to, but maybe when he sees Crystal in me in these little bikinis, maybe he'll change his mind."

"I'll bet he would. Besides, it's all part of the plan, after all."

"You know, I think I'm going to enjoy prancing around nude in front of him. He's actually a handsome guy, considering his age. I can see where you get your looks."

"Just remember, if you dump me for my dad, that just frees me up to go after your little sister," Jeff teased.

"Oh, don't worry. I'd have to get Allison out of the picture first, and I doubt I'd have much chance there. So I

guess you and I are stuck with each other."

"And a good thing, too. It's bad enough having a stepmom only ten years older than me. I can't imagine having one two months younger."

Kari stuck her tongue out at him playfully, then slipped on the bikini bottoms and then her shorts over the top. Knowing how much Jeff liked to see her nude torso, she then put on her shoes and socks, and only afterward did she put the top on. She covered it with a tee shirt, then put her bra and panties in her duffel bag. The two of them headed across the hall, where Kari knocked on Crystal's door and opened it.

Crystal stood in the middle of the room, wearing absolutely nothing. She put her hands on her hips defiantly and glared at them.

"That was rude," she said.

"I'm sorry," Kari replied. "I shouldn't have barged in on you while you were changing."

"No, I meant it was rude to keep me waiting. I had my clothes off five minutes ago, and I've been waiting *specifically* for you to barge in on me while I was changing."

They laughed, then Jeff and Kari entered the room. Jeff came over and wrapped his arms around Crystal, drawing her in for a long, slow kiss.

"Does that make up for it?" he asked.

"Close," she replied. "But don't think that gets you off the hook until you fuck me silly."

"If that's my punishment, I think I should keep you waiting more often," he grinned.

"By the way," Kari interrupted, "wear a bikini, Crystal. With luck we may be able to take off our tops before the day is through. I'm sure Jeff's dad would love to see a cute little pair of fourteen-year-old tits."

"Actually, these tits are only a couple of years old," Jeff grinned, sliding his hand down and giving one of them a squeeze.

"You've been paying attention, have you?" asked Kari, then came over and squeeze the other one.

"Ooh, you guys are making me so horny!" Crystal exclaimed. "I hope as soon as Greg sees me topless he loses control and ravishes my body right there."

"You know, maybe this isn't such a good idea," commented Jeff. "I'm going to end up losing both of you. And to my own dad, even."

"It's only fair," teased Kari. "You've made love to me, Crystal, Allison, Lissa, Brit, Rachael, and Alya. You wouldn't begrudge Crystal and me one more lover, would you?"

"Nope. But you've already got that one more lover. Each other. So ha!" he grinned.

"Two more lovers then," Crystal said.

"Brit," he countered.

"Okay, you've got us there," said Kari.

"Anyway, if it results in me getting back together with Brit, then I guess I have no cause to complain. You two do what you have to do."

Back at the Primdale mansion, Greg received another surprise when Lissa and Alya appeared at the back door. It was just like the other day, except that this time Brit was topless in the pool too.

"That looks like fun," Lissa grinned. "What do you think, Alya? Should we go put on our bikini bottoms and get in the pool too?"

"I'm game," she replied, and the two of them disappeared into the house.

Greg sighed. He had just lost another battle. On the other hand, considering that it meant being surrounded by beautiful, topless women, he really couldn't bring himself to feel too bad about it. Besides, Kari had also asked if she could go topless too, and at this point he could hardly refuse her, so he would get to see her as well. He probably shouldn't be thinking things like that about his own son's girlfriend, but he had to admit that she was as gorgeous as any of the other girls in the pool. Maybe Crystal would want to come along too. That was even more disturbing, because she was only fourteen. On the other hand, so was Brit.

He was still pondering this when the back door opened again. Lissa and Alya came through, wearing nothing but bikini bottoms and carrying towels. With them were Jeff, Kari, and Crystal, who had no doubt just arrived.

Not surprisingly, Kari spoke up. "I thought you said I couldn't take my top off?" she asked Greg. "So what about Lissa and Alya?"

"Oh, all right," he conceded, rolling his eyes but secretly happy that he would get a chance to see her bare chest.

"Me too?" asked Crystal.

"You might as well," he shrugged. "I don't know whether I should be angry that my house has turned into a den of iniquity, or happy that I get to be surrounded by a bunch of topless girls."

"For a den of iniquity, this is pretty tame," Crystal said. "We ought to all have an orgy."

"Oh, very funny."

Kari and Crystal proceeded to remove their shoes, socks, shorts, tee shirts, and bikini tops, leaving almost nothing covered. Greg tried not to stare, but found it difficult to keep his eyes off of them. Seeing their bare torsos for the first time, he realized that they both had gorgeous bodies. Kari's was, of course, more developed, and she had beautiful womanly curves. Crystal's body had a certain youthful allure to it, probably especially enticing because it was so wrong for him to see her like that, and there was a certain excitement in such naughtiness. He found that what disturbed him the most was the thought of what Allen Williams would do to him if he found out.

Soon, the pool was filled with two men and plenty of girl flesh. Greg was particularly glad for the cold water, which helped to keep down what would otherwise have been a very obvious erection.

The kids all had fun splashing and trying to dunk each other. It seemed that every time they came out to the pool they ended up getting into epic battles. Even a year ago, he would have expected Brit and Jeff to end up getting vicious and taking it far beyond fun, but now they just laughed and enjoyed themselves.

True to his word, though, not once did Jeff so much as lay a finger on his sister. Of course, he laid more than a finger on Kari plenty of times. More than once they got wrapped up together as they fought, and Greg suspected they did it on purpose just so that they could rub their bodies together in an entirely inappropriate way. He couldn't really fault them for it; he often felt like doing the same thing to Allison or Rachael.

Suddenly, Crystal came up behind Greg and leaped on his back in a feeble attempt to push him under the water. Since he was probably twice her weight, that plan didn't go too well, so she just ended up clinging to his back with her arms and legs wrapped around him. Considering her attire, or more properly, her lack of it, that put him in a rather embarrassing situation.

"Crystal!" he chuckled.

"What?" she asked with a grin.

"Um... maybe this isn't such a good idea."

"Why not?"

"Because you're topless. I can feel..."

"My boobs?" she giggled.

"Well.. yeah."

"Don't you like to feel my boobs?" she teased.

"That's not funny."

"Yes it was," she said, but thankfully she slipped off of his back.

That wasn't the end of it though. Brit, who had been snickering from the other end of the pool, said, "Looks like Crystal has the hots for my dad."

Crystal wasn't about to let that get to her though. "Of course I do," she grinned, then turned her attention back to him. "Greg, dearest," she said in the sweetest tone she could. "It doesn't bother you that I'm madly in love with you, does it?"

By now, his face was beet red from mortification. Now it was Jeff's turn to laugh. "It's nice to see Brit and Crystal ganging up on someone else for a change," he smiled. "You might as well enjoy it, Dad. When they get going, there's no stopping those two."

"Oh, I'm sorry Jeff," Crystal said. "Are you feeling jealous because I'm going after your dad now instead of you?"

"I think 'relieved' is the correct word," he replied. "I've finally gotten rid of my girlfriend's pesky little sister. Have fun, Dad."

"You know, I just thought of something," said Crystal. "if you married Kari, and Greg divorced Allison and married me, then I would be my sister's mother-in-law."

"Greg, you're not thinking of divorcing me, are you?" asked Allison with a grin.

"Oh, not you too!" he exclaimed, rolling his eyes.

"I've done everything for you, the cooking, the cleaning, and giving my body to you whenever you want, and now you repay me by having an affair with a fourteen-year-old girl?" Allison teased.

"I'm not having an affair with her!" said Greg. "She's the one who's been coming on to me."

"Either way, it looks like I have a rival. I guess there's only one way to settle this."

"How?" asked Crystal.

"A fight to the death!" Allison immediately lunged toward Crystal, who squealed and fled toward the other end of the pool.

"Help me, Kari!" Crystal pleaded. Kari laughed, then pounced on Allison's back as the older woman passed her. Allison's feet went out from under her, and both girls submerged for a moment.

Greg caught himself staring, and turned away. Apparently the girls were not only exhibitionists, but perfectly willing to touch each other's bodies. While Allison and Lissa had taught him not to read too much into it, he couldn't help but feel a thrill of delight every time he saw a bit of ambiguous lesbian touching.

Lissa, Alya, and Rachael came in on Allison's side, and Brit joined in with Crystal and Kari.

"No fair!" Crystal whined. "it's four against three. And you're all bigger than us."

"I'll join you," offered Rachael.

"Traitor!" Allison said. "My own sister!"

"I'm only doing it because it's so much fun to attack you," she replied, then launched herself at Allison. The two girls wrestled around, leaving Lissa and Alya to fight against Brit and the Williams girls.

Suddenly, Jeff jumped on Lissa's back and dragged her under the water. When they came up, they fought until Alya snuck up behind him and tickled him under the arms, causing him to give an almost girlish shriek and race to safety, to everyone's amusement.

"That's what you get for going against your own family," Lissa taunted.

"Hey, Brit's my family too," he replied. "And Kari's my girlfriend."

"And I'm your mistress," Rachael added, as she grappled with her older sister.

"Yeah, Rachael's my mistress," Jeff grinned.

"Hey!" Kari exclaimed with mock indignation, but she grinned and kissed him on the cheek.

"But Dad still hasn't chosen a side," noted Lissa.

"You would never go against li'l ol' me, would you, darling?" Crystal asked him, batting her eyelashes and causing him to blush again.

"As a matter of fact, being the completely loyal and faithful husband that I am, I'm on my wife's side," he replied.

"Oh sure, just toy with my affections and then discard me when you're through," she pouted. "Well, in that case, let's get him, Kari!"

The two girls dashed toward him, causing him to stare in surprise. He was still staring when they caught him, pouncing on him and knocking him over with a splash. The three of them went underwater in a tangle of bodies, and he noted with delight that for a moment he had both girls' chests pressed right up against him.

Then something happened that he hadn't expected. Crystal reached down and grabbed his swimming trunks. Before he could react, she yanked them down. Kari grabbed him and held him so that he couldn't stop her as she pulled them completely off.

When Crystal emerged, she held Greg's swimming trunks in her hand. Everyone laughed and cheered, and he

could hear quite a few catcalls as well.

"That's not funny," he told her, holding out his hand.

Instead, she tossed it over to one of the chairs.

Greg sighed. This was getting out of hand. "Allison," he said, "would you be so kind as to bring me my swimming trunks?" He heard quite a few snickers at that, but he tried to ignore them.

Allison climbed out of the pool and headed over to the chair, where the garment had landed right in the center. She picked it up and smiled at him. "Is this what you want?"

"Yes."

"Too bad," she grinned, then turned and headed toward the stairs up to the house.

The whole pool erupted with laughter at that, and Greg turned beet red. His own wife had betrayed him!

"Wait a minute," called Rachael, then suddenly lunged at Jeff, knocking him over. The two of them went under the water for a moment, and when Rachael returned to the surface, she had his trunks as well, which she tossed to her sister. Jeff, however, simply laughed. Apparently it didn't bother him at all, not surprisingly since most of the girls here had already seen him nude, at least that Greg knew of. He wasn't entirely sure that the rest of them hadn't seen him as well.

"It's only fair," said Allison. "You get to see our boobs, so we should get to see your dicks."

"No, it's not fair," Greg insisted, "because we're completely naked and you're not."

"Good point," she said, then surprised him by dropping her bikini bottoms. "New rule," she announced. "The pool area is for nudists only. No swimwear will be permitted."

Surprisingly, all of the girls agreed. Greg opened his mouth to protest, then as he saw them all taking off their bikini bottoms, he just didn't have the heart to put a stop to it. His embarrassment quickly gave way to arousal.

Lissa was the first to have her swimsuit off, and she tossed it over to Allison. In a moment, the air was filled with flying bikini bottoms, too many for her to catch all at once. They all laughed as she scrambled to pick them all up off the ground. Despite threatening to take them inside, she simply placed them in a heap on one of the chairs instead, but she flashed Greg a challenging look as if daring to go collect his. He just shrugged and grinned.

He probably should have said something. He should have immediately put a stop to it, insisting that everyone put their swimsuits back on. But surrounded by gorgeous boobs and the occasional sight of a beautiful pussy, he just couldn't bring himself to do it.

Maybe it wasn't so bad after all. Jeff and Brit still weren't touching each other, which was his biggest concern. So what if everyone ran around naked? Brit and Crystal probably just thought it was fun and perhaps just a bit naughty, and everyone else was already having sex with someone here, so they all had an outlet for any arousal they felt. All he knew was that Allison and probably Rachael too were going to get the fucking of a lifetime tonight.

Unfortunately, Crystal decided that teasing him was too fun to stop, so she kept at it. She blew him kisses, yawned and stretched seductively right next to him, yelped and pretended he had pinched her behind, and even did backflips in the water, giving him tantalizing glimpses of her young pussy. Worse still, she jumped on his back again and wrapped her arms and legs around him, even taking the opportunity to kiss him on the cheek. Brit, of course, made it worse by teasing her friend about it, which only encouraged Crystal to see just how far she could push the boundaries.

When she reached out as she was passing him and grabbed his cock for a moment, he knew that she had crossed the line. It was just a quick motion, one squeeze, and then she released it and continued on her way. She didn't glance back at him or giggle or wink or anything. It had been so sly and instantaneous that probably nobody knew about it but her and him. He probably should have said something, but he didn't want to draw attention to what she had done, and probably embarrass himself even more. A brief vision of Allen with a shotgun in his hands flashed before his eyes.

Eventually, everyone started getting tired, so they began climbing out of the pool one by one. Greg felt embarrassed about getting out of the water and having everyone see his erection, so he was the last one out. Jeff, on the other hand, seemed to have no problem with it. He climbed out, exposing his lower half to all the girls and just grinning at the whistles and catcalls. He was just as hard as Greg, and when Rachael grabbed his cock and gave it a few strokes, Greg just stared in shock at the blatant sexual display in front of him.

"I'll do the same to you," she offered Greg, who by now was the only one still in the pool.

"Come on, Dad!" Brit grinned. "We all showed you ours. Now it's time to show us yours."

"Yeah, show us what you've got!" Crystal added.

"Um..." he said, growing red. There was no chance of him getting out discreetly now, with most of the girls staring at him.

Crystal leaned in and whispered something in Brit's ear, and Brit giggled and nodded. He didn't like the look of that.

Suddenly, the two girls bolted down the swimming pool stairs and charged straight for him. Before he knew what was happening, they grabbed his arms and tried to pull him toward the stairs. He was too strong for them, though, and they couldn't make any progress.

Not until Lissa and Alya jumped into the pool behind him and began pushing, that is. With the four girls ignoring his protests and pushing and pulling him, he didn't stand a chance. Slowly they managed to drag him

into the shallower water, right to the stairs. He made one last desperate attempt to break free, then they dragged him up the steps and out of the water, exposing his rock-hard erection to everyone's view.

Rachael came over and grabbed his cock, pumping it up and down several times as he stood there frozen in shock. When she let go, Crystal shocked him even more by doing the same, then released him and broke down into a fit of giggles.

Finally, he regained control of his senses, and hurried over to grab a towel to wrap around himself.

"Looks like you've got yourself quite a fan club," Allison commented with a laugh. "You might as well enjoy it."

Fortunately, after heading back up to the house, everyone got dressed after that. Crystal continued to tease him, but now that they were dressed, it wasn't half as embarrassing.

Everyone was cheerful as they sat in the living room and talked, or played games or watched movies downstairs for the rest of the afternoon. Something had changed in the atmosphere, due to their nudity together. It was as if all secrets had been revealed, so there was no point hiding anything anymore. They seemed to be much more relaxed. Even Greg and Alya, the closest thing to enemies in this group, found themselves joking together.

He managed to steal away to take a long and much needed nap that afternoon, locking the bedroom door so that Crystal wouldn't try to sneak into bed with him. She probably wouldn't be *that* bold, but he wasn't entirely sure.

To his relief, Jeff drove Kari and Crystal home that afternoon, thereby temporarily relieving his father of the most immediate threat. Jeff returned in time for supper, during which the jovial atmosphere continued.

"We should do that again some time," Brit suggested during the meal. Greg just stared at his plate, trying to ignore the looks everyone was throwing him. After all, he was the most likely to object.

In the end, he neither agreed nor disagreed. By pretending he didn't hear her suggestion, he remained noncommittal. He wasn't sure whether he wanted a repeat of that morning's fun.

He had his usual talk with Jeff and Brit that evening before bed, during which Brit asked him point blank whether it was all right if they swam naked again. He said he would think about it, the best answer under the circumstances. She gave him a goodnight kiss, then he headed back downstairs, where Allison and Rachael were waiting for him.

In the morning, Jeff woke to the delightful discovery that Allison had crept into his bed. She lay there in the nude, smiling at him. As soon as she noticed that he was awake, she reached out and started running her hand over his chest.

"Jeff," she said, "your father and I had a talk last night. He told me all about your confrontation. I'm impressed that you stood up to your father like that."

"Impressed?" he asked. "You're not going to lecture me about being rebellious and all that?"

"Why should I lecture you? You did exactly what needed to be done. Right now, Greg needs to get used to the idea that as long as he thinks we can go back to the way we were, he's not going to have control. The sooner he accepts that and learns to live with it, the better. Just don't get into the habit of arguing with Greg, because he really does want what he thinks is best for you. I just happen to believe that he's wrong in this particular case."

"I'm glad you came up here to tell me that," he said. "I was worried that I had done more harm than good."

"Actually, that's not the reason I came up here," she told him.

"Why did you, then?"

She grinned. "I was wondering if you had a kiss for Mommy," she said.

Jeff grinned back. "I always have a kiss for Mommy," he replied, reaching out to draw her to him.

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## Chapter 92

### A Daughter's Offer

Despite Greg's ambiguous "I'll think about it" answer to Brit's question about whether they could swim naked again, the girls just assumed that they were to go nude at the pool. Allison's "no swimwear" rule, originally meant as a joke, became the standard in the backyard.

With the girls spending so much time at the pool without their swimsuits, it was only a matter of time before nudity became the norm around the house. Rachael of course was the first to stop wearing clothes completely. One day after going swimming in the morning she left her clothes off the rest of the day, and the next day she never bothered getting dressed at all.

Lissa thought it was such a good idea that the next day she did the same, though Alya at least kept her clothes on until going swimming that afternoon. But the next day she broke down and went nude as well, followed by Brit. Finally Allison asked Greg whether he minded if she did the same, and he gave a sigh of resignation and said that it was all right.

Seeing how much fun the other girls were having, Kari and Crystal began stripping down every time they came over, eventually doing so as soon as they entered the house. It became as natural as taking off their shoes.

To his distress, Crystal decided that teasing him in the pool the other day had been so fun that she continued her little game. She stopped calling him "Mr. Primdale" and now referred to him as "Greg dearest" or "Sweetheart" or "Honey buns." Of course Brit and Kari thought this was hilarious, so they constantly egged her on.

She liked to grab his hand when he least expected it, and sometimes even snuck a kiss on his cheek, which immediately turned bright crimson. Fortunately, Allison found the whole thing amusing, so he didn't have to worry about a jealous confrontation. Actually, he almost would have preferred for his wife to get angry at her, because Crystal took her silence as tacit approval, which just encouraged her all the more.

For all of Greg's show of reluctance, secretly he was delighted by the sight of all of these gorgeous women running around naked in front of him. Of course he loved to see Allison's body especially, and Rachael's too, but it was a little different with the others. Lissa and Brit were his daughters, and although he had to admit that they both had beautiful bodies, he also knew that he shouldn't be thinking about them like that. It bothered him every time he got an erection from seeing one of them nude.

Even more confusing were his feelings toward Alya. To him, the word "lesbian" had two meanings. There was the ideal, the gorgeous porn star that got it on with other women for the enjoyment of the men who watched them. Then there was the short-haired, tomboyish dyke that was more masculine than any woman

by rights ought to be. When he had first heard about Lissa's relationship with Alya, he had imagined the latter. But ever since he had met her, in his mind she had been changing bit by bit into the former. When he got right down to it, seeing Lissa and Alya being so affectionate with each other, especially now without any clothes on, really excited him.

Each day, he found himself looking forward to coming home from work to a house full of naked girls. He especially liked it when Kari and Crystal visited, because they just added to the visual appeal. Of course, that usually meant that Jeff was there as well, which still bothered him. With Rachael, Allison, and Kari all willing to have sex with Jeff, Greg suspected that it happened a lot more than he liked to think. For all he knew, every day was an orgy in the Primdale mansion. But Jeff had promised not to have sex with Brit any more, and Greg had to trust that he would keep his word.

Sometimes they would go for an evening swim. The pool patio could be lit, so they could have fun out there even late at night. Sometimes he would find everyone still in the pool when he came home in the evening, and more often than not he would throw on his swimming trunks and join them. He was still a little too conservative to go nude by choice, although Crystal found it amusing to try to strip him in the pool. Now that he expected it, he could have prevented it, but the truth was that as long as he could rationalize that it wasn't his fault, he didn't have the willpower to resist her for long, and he usually ended up as naked as the rest of them. Jeff, of course, went naked just like the girls.

On more than one occasion, Greg and Allison crept out to the pool for a late night swim after the kids went to bed. Usually Rachael accompanied them, if she hadn't already promised Jeff she would sleep with him that night.

Greg especially looked forward to the weekend, when he would get to stay home all day with the girls. Jeff, Kari, Lissa, and Alya had one of their double dates planned that day, which left only Allison, Rachael, and Brit. That actually worked out better; while he certainly liked the idea of being surrounded by nude girls, if he could convince Brit to spend some time out in her studio, that would leave him alone with Allison and Rachael. And they might do a little more than just get naked with him.

As it turned out, they decided to go swimming that day. That wasn't quite what he had hoped for, but he wasn't going to complain about the girls skinny-dipping in the pool. He joined them, but kept his own swimming trunks on. If Brit hadn't been there, he might have been tempted to lose them completely, but even if no one else in the house had a sense of decency, he still did.

He swam with the girls and had fun as they tried to dunk him. Even Brit pounced on his back, wrapping her arms and legs around him to try to throw him off his balance. With her naked body pressed against his back, he knew that it was very inappropriate contact, but they seemed to be having so much fun that he felt too awkward to try to mention it to her. Besides, she probably thought nothing of it. It was no more sexual to her than if she had her swimsuit on.

He didn't want to touch her too much, so he mostly left her alone, but with Rachael and Allison he was more aggressive, retaliating for their attempts to pull him under the water. More than once he got wrapped up in

their bodies as both, or occasionally all three, of them went under. While it was technically just innocent horseplay, he couldn't deny that he was doing it mostly as an excuse to feel the softness of their bodies against him.

Unfortunately, he wasn't as young or fit as the others, so eventually he had to take a break. He climbed out of the pool and dried himself off with a towel, then plopped down in one of the lawn chairs, leaning back and watching the girls continue their roughhousing. Without him as a target, they turned on each other, and he watched with delight as the three gorgeous girls waged a nude battle before his eyes. As usual, he found the sight of women rubbing up against each other, even just in incidental contact, very alluring. It wasn't just Allison or Rachael, but even Brit. She pounced on Rachael and Allison the way she had pounced on him, and he had to remind himself that there was nothing sexual about the contact despite the fact that sometimes they touched each other with the most intimate parts of their bodies.

A few minutes later, Allison climbed out of the pool. He watched with excitement as the water dripped from her nude body, beads of moisture clinging to her or running in rivulets down between her breasts. She walked over to the lawn chairs and grabbed her towel to dry off. Greg couldn't keep his eyes off of her, and frankly, he didn't care. So what if he wanted to stare at his wife like that? His only reservation was that Brit could see his no doubt lustful expression, but really in the end, that didn't matter.

Allison saw him staring, and flashed him one of those gorgeous smiles that he loved so much. It was amazing how much her face changed; normally she looked beautiful, sexy, glamorous, even a bit unapproachable. When she smiled, suddenly she looked affable, flirtatious, and above all, playful.

As soon as she was dry, she sat down in his lap, facing him and straddling his hips. She leaned in and pressed her body up against his, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him on the lips.

"Hey!" he exclaimed, chuckling.

"Hey what?" she asked.

"Brit and Rachael are watching."

"So what? Can't a wife give her husband a kiss in public?"

"It's not just the kiss. With you naked like that, we're practically..."

"Having sex?"

"Well, yeah."

"If you insist," she grinned, reaching for his swimming trunks.

"Allison!" he exclaimed. She gave a playful laugh, then kissed him again.

"Just teasing," she said.

Greg glanced to the side, and noticed Brit staring at them. The look on her face, though, surprised him. He expected shock or disgust; most teenagers were abhorred by the thought of their parents as sexual beings. But his daughter simply wore an amused smile.

"Brit," he said, "look, Allison and I..."

"It's okay, Dad," she said. "It doesn't bother me. I like to see you and Allison being so affectionate."

"Even without her clothes on?"

"Especially without her clothes on. I think it's sexy."

"Brit!"

"I'm serious, Dad. There's nothing wrong with it at all, because you're married and you're in love, and I think what you're doing to express that love is beautiful."

"See?" said Allison. "We have Brit's permission to continue."

"Mine too," called Rachael from the pool. "Fuck her, Greg!"

"Rachael, I would appreciate it if you wouldn't use that kind of language in my house," he insisted.

"Okay. Screw her."

"That's not much better."

"Put your penis in her vagina?"

He sighed. "You three are really too much, you know that? What am I supposed to do with you?"

"Take us up on the offer," said Allison with a wink. She reached again for his swimming trunks, but this time she slipped her hand inside. Greg's eyes opened with shock, and he turned to stare at Brit to see her reaction. She still watched with interest as Allison moved her hand around inside his shorts. He started growing hard, and not just from the physical stimulation. There was also a certain exhibitionist thrill at doing this in front of his daughter.

A moment later, his dick popped into view, and he saw Brit's eyes lower to his crotch. So that was it. His own daughter was looking at his cock. She had seen it on several occasions before, whenever Crystal managed to get his swimming trunks off in the pool. The same excitement he had felt then he felt now as well, exposing himself to his daughter's eyes.

Allison climbed off of his lap then, but only to slip his swimming trunks down his legs. He thought about protesting, but he was too far lost in the excitement. Again, his mind went back to that sailing trip, and how he had lost control. It was happening again, despite the fact that he had made up his mind that it wouldn't. For

some reason, he just couldn't work up the willpower to put an end to it.

Once he was nude, Allison reached out and took his cock in her hands, stroking it up and down. Greg closed his eyes and groaned at the sensation. He loved it when she did this to him, and the open air with two extra pairs of eyes watching made it all the more thrilling. Maybe, when he came right down to it, he was an exhibitionist at heart. Maybe he had just never discovered it because of his strict and conservative upbringing, but now that he had married Allison, he was beginning to discover that side of himself.

He nearly laughed at the absurdity of it. When Allison started working on him, he was apt to have all kinds of strange thoughts. He couldn't trust any of the wild and crazy ideas that came into his mind when he was in this state.

Then Allison lowered her head and took him into her mouth, and he gasped with shock. He certainly hadn't expected her to do *that* in front of his daughter. He opened his eyes and glanced over at Brit, who saw the worry in his eyes and gave him a smile.

"It's okay, Daddy," she said. "I know all about oral sex. I used to suck Jeff's dick all the time. I got pretty good at it, in fact."

"Oh god!" he groaned as that mental image flashed through his mind. Little Britney giving a blowjob to her big brother, or even better, to her father! His cock twitched inside Allison's mouth at that thought, and she glanced up at him with a knowing smile. Maybe she couldn't read his mind, but she knew him well enough to be able to guess what he was thinking. Well, let her, damn it. She always claimed that fantasies were harmless, and she had shared quite a few of her own with him. Considering that they often involved other members of the family, she certainly wouldn't begrudge him a little daydream about his daughter.

During this time, Rachael had also climbed out of the pool and approached them. She knelt down beside Greg's chair, leaned in, stuck out her tongue and began running it all over the shaft of his cock. Allison let it slip from her mouth so that the two women could lick him together.

To his surprise, Brit giggled. "Now you're getting naughty, Daddy," she laughed.

"It's not me," he protested. "It's Rachael." It was a weak claim, and he knew it; he was at the very least not trying to stop her. His mere acceptance of her attentions made him just as guilty as Rachael.

Well, it wasn't like she didn't already know what had gone on between them. By now he figured that nothing was secret anymore in this house. He decided just to enjoy it. He closed his eyes and leaned his head back, relaxing and letting the two women pleasure him with their tongues.

Of course "relax" was an overstatement, considering how much he squirmed in the chair from their attentions. Plus his heavy breathing and the pounding of his heart revealed his excitement. But as long as the girls were willing to do this to him, he would take advantage of it.

He felt a pair of soft hands on his chest, and opened his eyes to the sight of two arms right in front of his face,

running from the top of his view down to his chest to gently rub him. He glanced up, and what he saw shocked him. Brit stood behind his chair, leaning over him to massage him. She smiled sweetly down at him, but that wasn't what bothered him. In this position, her breasts were only a couple of inches from his face. This close, he could see every detail of them, from the gentle swell at the bottom to the pointed little nipples that capped them.

"You're staring at my boobs, Daddy," she giggled.

*Well what do you expect, when you shove them in my face like that?* he almost said, but changed his mind and gave her an embarrassed apology instead.

"That's okay; I don't mind," she smiled.

"It's only natural," Allison explained. "You're a gorgeous girl with a beautiful body. And when a man gets excited, he can't be responsible for anything he does."

"Oh is that so?" asked Brit with a grin. "Maybe I'd better stop this then, before he tries to rape me."

"I wouldn't--" he began, but she laughed.

"Just kidding," she said. "Besides, this is too fun."

"Don't worry, Brit," said Rachael. "If he tries to rape you, I'll jump on him and rape him instead."

Greg laughed weakly, too lost in pleasure to do much else. Brit continued to rub his chest as Allison and Rachael returned to running their tongues up and down his shaft.

When Allison slipped the end into her mouth again and began to suck, he knew he wouldn't last much longer. He was already aroused by the girls working over his cock and his daughter's bare chest in his face. Now with the intensity of the pleasure he didn't stand a chance.

When Brit leaned over and pressed her lips against his, that set him off. His body tensed up and his cock began to jerk, squirting his load into his wife's mouth. He couldn't believe what Brit was doing! She was kissing her own father!

But she only allowed her lips to linger there for a moment, a second at most, pushing it right to the edge of what could still be called innocent. Then she drew back, smiling at him as his orgasm washed through him.

When the pleasure ebbed, a new feeling replaced it. Guilt. He had lost control, and done something he shouldn't have. He had let his daughter touch him.

It wasn't the first time he had done something he regretted. Allison had coaxed him into quite a few activities that he would have never considered doing before he met her. She just had that way with him. Not that he blamed her, of course. She had been clear right from the beginning that she wanted to open him up to new experiences. She liked to push the boundaries, seeing just what she could get away with. And sometimes it

had led to situations that he should never have been in. This was just one of those situations.

His guilt carried through the rest of the day. He managed to force it to the back of his mind by talking and laughing and having fun with his family, especially when Jeff and Lissa and Alya returned that evening. But he couldn't get rid of it completely. Suppertime was as cheerful as ever, although he did receive a shock halfway through when Alya dripped a bit of food onto her bare chest and Lissa casually leaned over and licked it off. He stared at them for almost two minutes, almost not believing what he had just seen. Nobody else seemed to notice it, or at least to make a big deal out of it, so once he got over his own shock, he pretended he hadn't seen it either.

That night when everyone went to bed, Allison and Greg retired to their own room. They undressed and climbed into bed. Allison leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. He hardly noticed; he was too distracted by his thoughts and guilt. He stared up at the ceiling, thinking about all of the changes that had happened lately. For a while there, he had lost control, and thought that things were falling apart around him. He had never really regained control again, but he found that it didn't bother him as much anymore. Things were different, *very* different, around here, but not necessarily worse. His daughter's lesbian lover had turned out to be a really nice girl after all, Jeff and Brit were no longer fighting but no longer continuing their incestuous relationship either, and he was surrounded by gorgeous nude women all the time. The Greg of four years ago would have been horrified by everything that was happening, but he was no longer the Greg of four years ago. He recognized now that he could no longer go back to that innocent time, but he found that he really didn't want to. He merely had to accept this new lifestyle, and things could be just as happy, if not happier, than they had been before.

It still bothered him that he had had sex right in front of his youngest daughter, and worse, that she had touched him and even kissed him as he did so. Involving her like that was only one step away from having sex with her. How could he have done such a thing?

"A penny for your thoughts?" said Allison. "Although, in this household the going rate for thoughts has to be at least ten dollars."

Greg turned his head and glanced at her, almost surprised to see her there. "Oh, I was just thinking," he said. "What we did this afternoon..."

"...was fun," she grinned. "We should do it again sometime."

"That's where I'm going to have to disagree with you. I mean, Brit was there. She even... I mean..."

"I think it's sweet how affectionate she is with you."

"Sure, it's sweet when we're fully dressed and I'm not having sex at the same time. But this was different."

"I don't see how. All I saw was a daughter snuggling with her daddy. She wasn't touching you sexually, so

why should it make a difference what you're doing in the mean time?"

"Because she was doing it to enhance the good feelings I was having. The sexual feelings. Don't you see? Any kind of touching while someone is having sex is sexual touching by default."

Allison shrugged. "I guess I can understand that, although I disagree with it. Look, if it bothers you so much, why don't you go talk to her about it?"

"Right now?"

"Sure. If you want to make it a rule that she's not to touch you while you're having sex, that's fine. Just make sure she understands it. It's that simple."

He nodded. "I guess you're right. It *is* that simple. Thanks, Allison. I think I'll go have a talk with her."

Greg climbed out of bed and threw on his robe. He slipped out of the room, then made his way down the hall and up the stairs. He knocked on the door to her room, but there was no answer. Opening it a crack, he peeked in.

Brit lay on top of the covers on the bottom bunk of her bed. Ever since they had set it up the first time Crystal slept over that summer, Brit found it entertaining to alternate between sleeping in the top and bottom bunks, and tonight she had chosen the bottom.

She was nude, which didn't surprise him; she often went naked during the day, so why not at night? Her eyes were closed, and her breasts rose and fell with each breath she took through half-closed lips. For a few minutes he just stared at her, an icon of young feminine beauty. She was gorgeous, and he was proud to have sired such a lovely creature.

At the same time, he felt a stirring in his loins, as he did whenever he saw her undressed. No matter how many times she ran around naked, he never got desensitized to it. As his member grew erect, he realized that forbidden feelings were creeping into his mind, and he had to put an end to them. He suspected that Allison had sent him up here on purpose, to get him nice and aroused for their lovemaking tonight. It had definitely succeeded. He turned to leave.

She had her eyes closed, and it appeared that she was already asleep. He stood at the door and gazed upon her for a while, wishing he could tear his gaze away but unable to do so. How did things progress in this house to the point that the women ran around naked all the time? While he didn't mind seeing Allison and Rachael that way, and it was perfectly healthy to enjoy looking at Alya like that, what was he supposed to think of Kari and Crystal, or especially Lissa and Brit? Beautiful, angelic Brit, so young and pretty, only fourteen years old and already sexy beyond imagining. For a fleeting moment, he imagined what it would feel like to lie down in her bed with her, to take that beautiful body of hers in his arms, to make passionate love to her. Allison always claimed that there was nothing wrong with fantasies, but fantasies about his own daughter? He wasn't sure whether he should feel ashamed of the lustful thoughts running through his mind, but right now he just couldn't get rid of them.

"Daddy," mumbled Brit, and Greg turned to look at her. Her eyes were open, and she stared straight at him, a loving smile on her lips. "Aren't you going to kiss me goodnight?" she asked.

One kiss. That was innocent enough, he reasoned. He crept into the room and closed the door behind him, then strode over and leaned in to kiss her on the forehead.

She had other plans, though. She pulled his head down and pressed her lips against his. For a moment, he forgot himself. He opened his mouth and extended his tongue. She took it in eagerly, and the fatherly kiss suddenly became one of intense passion.

Then he realized what was happening, and he drew away. "I'm... I'm sorry," he stammered, not knowing what to say. But Brit gazed at him with that same innocent smile. Was it possible she didn't understand what he had just tried to do?

"You've never kissed me like that before," she said. "That's the way boyfriends and girlfriends kiss."

"I know, and I shouldn't have done it."

He saw her eyes lowering to his crotch, and even through the thick material of his robe, it was impossible to hide the bulge there.

"Daddy, you're... um..." she stammered.

"Oh, that," he said, trying to downplay it. "Sorry."

"Is it because of me? Because of that kiss?"

He sighed. "I guess so," he mumbled, wishing the conversation would take a completely different turn.

"That's what happens when a boy wants to have sex with a girl, isn't it?" she asked. "Does that mean you want to have sex with me, Daddy?" She asked the question so sweetly, so innocently. But the words were anything but innocent.

"No," he said, but it lacked conviction. He had never wanted anything so much in his life.

"Don't lie to me, Daddy," Brit scolded, with a cute little pout on her lips. "You promised you would never lie to me."

She had caught him. Yes, he had promised, and he could never break a promise to her. So he had to come clean.

"All right," he said. "Yes. I do. But we--"

"Okay."

He blinked a couple of times. Had he heard right? He stood dumbfounded for a moment. "What did you say?" he asked.

"Okay," she repeated. "You can have sex with me, Daddy."

He gulped. She was actually willing to make love to him! On one hand, this was his daughter, and the thought repulsed him. But on the other hand, she was one of the most beautiful women he had ever met. It would be insane to pass up such an opportunity.

"But we can't," he said. "It's not right. And Allison's right downstairs waiting for me."

"So we'll be fast," she grinned. "I want to make you happy, Daddy. Please?" She blinked a couple of times, and he almost thought she was batting her eyelashes at him. It was just the type of thing she would do; she knew how adorable she was, and that she could get him to agree to anything by acting sweet and innocent.

It worked.

He unfastened his robe and threw it aside. Brit stared down at his engorged member, a wide grin growing on her face. He stepped up next to the bed, looking up and down her naked body. She was so sweet and beautiful lying there, with her developing breasts and thin patch of hair covering her pussy. He would hardly be a man if he didn't take advantage of this situation.

He leaned over and kissed her gently on the stomach, just above the navel. Brit giggled at the touch. "Oh, that feels good, Daddy!" She reached out and took his cock in her hand, sending thrills of pleasure through him. So this was it. His daughter was actually touching him sexually.

As she began to gently stroke it, he kissed up her body. His ran his lips between the valley of her still-forming breasts, then up to her neck and finally to her lips, where he kissed her deeply and passionately again. She put her free hand behind his head and held him to her.

When he drew back and stared at her lovely face, with its big blue eyes and cute little pouty lips, he couldn't remember ever loving her as much as he did right then. She was so beautiful, so innocent and yet at the same time so very very sexy. She reminded him a bit of his ex-wife; Brit was taking on some of her features as she grew up, features that had attracted him to her mother in the first place.

"I love you, Daddy," she breathed. He loved to hear those words, an expression of love from his angel, his child, his daughter.

His daughter.

*Oh my god, what am I doing?* he thought. Immediately he pulled back.

"Brit..." he stammered. "I'm sorry. I just..."

"What's wrong?"

"This. This is wrong. I shouldn't be doing this with you."

"Why not?"

"Because I shouldn't. Look, you're a very attractive young lady, and I love you very much."

"I'm sorry," she said with a pouty look on her face.

"No, don't apologize, Brit. This is entirely my fault. Remember when I said it was all right to cuddle with me and sit on my lap? Remember I said that I knew where to draw the line? Well maybe I was wrong about that. Maybe I *don't* know where to draw the line."

"Does that mean you won't cuddle with me anymore, Daddy?"

"Not without your clothes on, at least." He reached out and stroked her cheek. "Brit, I really do love you. I just think we've both forgotten how to keep that love wholesome, that's all. Now you go on and get some sleep. And don't worry, or be embarrassed, or anything like that. As far as I'm concerned, this never happened."

"Okay," she said, but he could see a look of disappointment on her face. "Good night, Daddy."

"Good night, Angel." He leaned in and kissed her on the forehead, then slipped out of the room.

He could hear grunts and moans coming from Jeff's room, and realized that Rachael had decided to pay him a visit. *What's happened to this household?* he wondered. *Has my home become a den of iniquity? My sister-in-law is making love to my son, my daughter is in bed with her lesbian lover, and I myself almost seduced my other daughter.*

He hurried downstairs, as if leaving the scene would wipe out the memory. Allison lay in bed when he arrived, completely naked and with the blankets lowered to her waist, exposing her gorgeous chest. After the erotic encounter with his daughter, he needed some kind of release, and perhaps Allison would be willing to give it to him. He came over and lay down next to her in the bed, leaning over and kissing her on the cheek.

"You were up there quite a while," Allison commented.

"Er... was I?"

"Let's see... she's too old for you to be reading her a bedtime story. So what was it? A father-daughter bedside chat? Or something more sinister?"

Allison always teased him like this about other women. Any time they saw a good-looking young woman, especially if she was scantily dressed, Allison would always playfully accuse him of getting turned on. But to be saying those things about their own daughter...

Then he realized, the bigger crime was that it was true. He had very nearly had sexual intercourse with Brit.

He had made that mistake once with Lissa; he should know better than that!

"We were just talking," he explained.

"Did she have her clothes off?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, yes."

Allison giggled, squirming around in the bed. "Oh, wow! I knew it. You were up there ogling her naked body."

"She's my daughter!"

"And she's also a beautiful, nubile, young fourteen-year-old girl lying naked on a bed. You can't tell me you weren't feeling horny."

"I think this conversation needs to end," he said.

"But the thought that you were up there getting excited by your own daughter is turning me on more than you can imagine. You're going to have to fuck me extra hard tonight. Oh, god, what if you actually touched her?"

"What kind of game are you playing, Allison?"

"It's not a game. I'm really getting excited thinking about it! Did you put your hand on her tits? Or maybe between her legs? Did you whip out your dick and shove it up her pussy? Or maybe her mouth! Please tell me you stuck it in her mouth!"

In truth, Greg was also getting turned on by all this foul talk, and by the thought of his daughter lying there, sucking his cock! Would Britney ever consider doing such a thing? But he would never give her the chance. That was something that could never happen.

Allison, meanwhile, had unfastened his bathrobe and pulled it open. There was no hiding his erection from her, but actually he didn't want to. She had done this to him, so she was going to see it through to the finish!

"Well, I can see she at least got you excited," Allison beamed, and Greg didn't even try to deny it. Allison lowered her head and took it into her mouth.

Greg groaned in pleasure. It was great to have a wife that knew how to give blowjobs. She even liked to swallow.

This time, Allison rose back off of his cock. "Well, I can't taste any of her pussy juices, not that I know what she would taste like, unless it's like her big sister. And you haven't cum out of this thing in a while, so I guess that blows my fantasy. On the other hand, you've been leaking pre-cum for a while, so maybe you *were* getting aroused by her."

Once again, Greg was grateful that he hadn't finished what he started up there with Brit, realizing that Allison would have been able to tell by the taste. But she couldn't sense any lingering scent from his daughter's hands, which was good. How would he have explained that to her?

Then he had another thought. He had assumed Allison was only joking, that this dirty talk was just one of her fantasies. But then again, she had been the one to instigate that event on the sailboat last summer. Would Allison really have let him fuck his own daughter?

When Allison mounted him and began to bounce up and down on him, he forgot all about Brit. He had a gorgeous wife that would take care of him as often as he needed. Why should his eyes be straying elsewhere, especially to his own daughter? With that happy thought, he gave in and made love to Allison. It was, however, perhaps just a little more intense than usual.

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## Chapter 93

### The Seduction of Gregory Primdale

He found it hard to sleep that night. The thought of what he had just about done with his daughter haunted him, causing nightmares when he slept and insomnia when he woke. What kind of a father was he, to almost seduce his daughter? The fact that she had been willing didn't make it any easier; in fact, it made him wonder where he had gone wrong in raising her. How had it come to this, that she actually agreed to have sex with him? But try as he might, he just couldn't point to any one mistake he had made that had set her on this path. There were dozens of little things, from fooling around with Lissa last summer, and letting Brit sleep in Jeff's bed, to more recent activities like letting the girls run around naked and watching Lissa bathe. If he had made a single mistake, he could live with that. But over and over again he had done things he shouldn't, and that made him a bad parent.

Worse still, he had enjoyed those little indiscretions. When he had walked in on Brit sunbathing topless, he should have made her put her clothes back on. The only reason he didn't was that he *wanted* to see her bare chest. When the girls all stripped their clothes off in the pool the other day, he realized now that if he had asserted himself, he could have made them get dressed, Allison's encouragement notwithstanding. Greg, the owner of this house, the breadwinner of this family, could have ended things at any time. If he had insisted, his children would have followed his rules, perhaps reluctantly but faithfully nonetheless.

Thank god he hadn't slipped up last night. Having Brit stroke his cock was bad enough, but it could have been much worse. What if he had gone through with it? What if he had fallen just that once? He could have ruined his daughter's life. Brit, his little angel, could have been hurt badly.

There was only one thing to do. He decided to have a talk with her. After breakfast that morning, he asked her to come into his bedroom to talk. He sat down in the chair in the corner and expected her to take the other one nearby, but instead she gaily skipped over to him and climbed into his lap.

This much, at least, was all right. Though she might decide to go swimming nude later, for now she still had her clothes on.

"Brit," he told her as he wrapped his arms tenderly around her. "I'm sorry about last night."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I nearly screwed up. Maybe I don't know where to draw the lines after all."

"It's okay, Daddy," she told him. "I love you. And I don't mind if you screw up."

"Well, maybe I shouldn't come visit you at night anymore. I think from now on I'm the one who needs to

follow rules."

"If you think you need to, okay, but it really doesn't bother me if you want to visit me at night. Whatever you want to do with me, I'm happy to do it."

"But... sex?"

"Even that," she smiled. "I miss doing it with Jeff, and sometimes I feel like I'll go crazy if I don't get to experience it again."

"You will," he told her. "Some day. But for now I think it's best if you settle for taking care of your own needs."

"But--" she began, but he cut her off.

"You have to trust me on this, angel," he told her.

She sighed. "Okay. I trust you, Daddy. I don't like it, but I guess it will have to do."

"Good. I love you, Brit. More than you can possibly imagine."

"Yes I can imagine it, because I love you just as much."

He smiled, then gave her a kiss on the forehead, and suddenly everything was all right again.

Brit spent most of her days that week over at the Williams house playing with Crystal, which actually suited Greg just fine. He had insisted that Jeff spend some time away from her, but apparently Greg needed the same.

When she asked if Crystal could sleep over Friday night, Greg was almost reluctant to agree. However, he figured that with her friend to occupy her attention, she wouldn't spend much time with him, so it seemed pretty safe.

Kari wanted to come over on Friday too, though obviously she wouldn't be spending the night. Secretly, he was delighted any time they came over. It seemed that more often than not they ended up naked, and both girls had very beautiful bodies. Although it wasn't appropriate for him to think about them like that, at least it was more appropriate than his thoughts about his own daughters.

As usual, he found it hard to concentrate on work that day at the office. With a forecast of good weather for the weekend, another pool party was likely to occur on Saturday, probably a nude pool party. He had long since given up on trying to keep any sense of modesty in the house, and figured that since he had lost that battle he might as well enjoy it.

When he arrived home after work that evening, he found Allison, Jeff, and Kari sitting on the couch in the living room. Jeff sat between the two girls and had his arms around their shoulders. All three of them were bare-chested.

"Hi," Allison smiled. "How was your day?" She said it as if there were nothing unusual about her to be topless with her stepson. Actually, considering how all the girls liked to run around naked in this house, it really *wasn't* all that unusual.

"Um... fine," he said. It also wasn't unusual for him to be both embarrassed and aroused by it. "And yours?"

"Just great," she replied. "After a dip in the pool this morning, Jeff and I made love, then I took Lissa and Alya shopping. We got back about an hour ago."

He couldn't believe how casually she threw in the subject of sex, right in the middle of the list of other activities. And right in front of her husband and his girlfriend.

"Oh," he said, not wanting to dwell on it. To change the subject, he asked, "so where is everyone else?"

"Alya and Lissa are upstairs in her bedroom having sex," Kari commented, just as casually as Allison. "Brit and Crystal are out in her studio drawing or taking pictures or something. I think Rachael's out there with them."

Taking pictures. There was nothing inherently wrong with that, but he realized that with the way the girls had been dressed lately, or more accurately *hadn't* been dressed, it might not be quite as innocent as it seemed. Would Brit actually take photos of Crystal nude? Considering how much of an exhibitionist the girl had turned out to be, it was definitely within the realm of possibility.

He didn't know how he should feel about that. If Crystal was nude in front of Brit, there was nothing wrong with it, since they were both girls. But the instant Brit hit the shutter button on her camera, it became child pornography. Granted, he had seen a few pictures of Jeff and Brit that were even worse, but he had insisted that they delete them. He didn't want to encourage Brit to build up her own collection.

On the other hand, he couldn't deny that the thought of Crystal posing nude for some photographs aroused him. If he thought he could get away with it, he would like nothing more to peek in on the photoshoot. He could just imagine Crystal's hot little body striking all kinds of provocative poses for the camera.

Then he had another thought which actually sent tingles down his spine. Maybe Brit would do some posing herself. His little angel, naked as the day she was born, posing erotically in front of the camera as Crystal snapped away. God, what he wouldn't give to see that! He knew he shouldn't think such things about his daughter, but the very forbidden nature of those thoughts made them so enticing.

Of course, it could all be just completely innocent. Maybe Brit and Crystal knew where to draw the line. Maybe they realized how appropriate it would be to take that kind of picture, and put their clothes on first. Maybe they weren't even taking pictures. Brit's primary artistic medium was still, first and foremost, pencil

and paper.

On the other hand, Rachael's presence out there made it much more likely that they would cross the line. She loved to encourage naughty behavior, so probably having the girls take nude photos of each other would be like a dream come true for her.

"I was just about to go check on them in fact," Allison said. "Do you want to come with me?"

His heart pounded in his chest as he realized that here was his opportunity. If they were out there taking that kind of picture, he could just walk in on them with Allison there beside him, and claim they were just checking up on them. Being such a notorious flirt, Crystal might not mind if he decided to stay and watch; his presence might actually encourage her to have even more fun posing naked. He wondered what his own reaction would be if that were the case. Would he tell them to put a stop to it? Would he just sit there and watch? At the very least, he would love to walk in on them while their naughty photoshoot was going on. It was an opportunity too good to pass up.

"Sure," he shrugged, somehow managing to keep a casual tone to his voice. Allison rose from the couch, leaving Jeff and Kari alone. That probably wasn't the smartest idea, but he figured he would let Allen Williams do all the worrying about that particular relationship. Greg had enough worries of his own.

Greg and Allison made their way down the hall to the back door, where they descended the stairs to the pool deck, then crossed the lawn to the guest house. He was so eager to see what was going on that he was the first to reach it.

He opened the door and poked his head in, expecting to see the girls naked and taking pictures of each other. He was entirely unprepared, however, to see what was really going on in the room. Like he suspected, all three girls were nude, but that wasn't the shocking part. Brit sat on the couch with her legs spread, with Crystal kneeling in front of her with her face buried in Brit's crotch. Nearby, Rachael stood with the camera, snapping pictures. Greg stared wide-eyed at the three of them, his daughter especially. He didn't think he would ever forget that look of rapture on her face, her head thrown back against the back of the couch, her eyes closed, her mouth open in a wide smile as she gasped in her breaths. Her chest heaved with every breath, every lungful of air she took. He still wasn't used to his other daughter being a lesbian, and now, here was his angel, his little girl, receiving pleasure from the mouth of another girl.

He should put an end to it. He should storm in and demand an explanation. But seeing the three girls like that weakened his resolve. The sight was intensely erotic; how could he tell them to stop it when he wanted so much to see it to the end?

Behind him, Allison opened the door and took a peek in as well. "Oh my," she commented.

The three girls, surprised expressions on their faces, turned their attention to the two intruders.

"Daddy!" Brit exclaimed in horror. Crystal drew back from her task, and Rachael merely stared.

Greg and Allison stepped into the room, closing the door behind them. For the longest time, nobody said anything, as if nobody could believe what was happening. Greg and Allison hadn't expected to see Crystal eating out Brit, and the girls hadn't expected Brit's parents to walk in on them.

Greg was the first to break the silence. "What..." he began in a parched voice, then cleared his throat and began again. "What's going on here?"

"Isn't it obvious?" asked Crystal, her face slowly breaking out into a grin. "Rachael's photographing Brit and me having sex."

His jaw dropped open at her brazenness. She didn't seem the least bit embarrassed about it. Here she was, seducing his daughter right in front of him, and she had the audacity to be smug about it!

He didn't know what to do. Should he order them to put their clothes back on? Should he send Crystal home with the orders that she was never to see Brit again? Or should he take a less stern approach. After all, despite his anger he was also aroused at seeing the two girls go at it like that. There was something overwhelmingly erotic at seeing two young teenage girls engaged in lesbian sex, especially since one of them was his daughter.

"Greg dearest," Crystal said in that sweet and flirtatious voice that she had recently begun to use on him. "Don't be mad."

"It's no use flirting with me," Greg told her sternly.

"But wouldn't it be much more fun to join us than to get mad at us?" she asked, batting her eyelashes. "I'll make you feel really good, I promise."

"That's not funny."

"It's not a joke. I'm a good little cocksucker. Jeff says so, at least."

"Jeff..." he gasped.

"That's right," she smiled. "You didn't know, did you? It wasn't just Jeff and Kari, or Jeff and Brit. It was all four of us. We all made love to each other. Brit loves it when I eat her out. Your innocent little daughter is my little lesbian slut. And Jeff loves it when I suck all the sperm out of his dick. I'll bet you would love it too," she winked.

"Oh my god..." he croaked, his mouth going dry. This revelation was almost too much for him. He knew he should get angry, but he realized that instead of offending him, it got him excited. He felt his cock come to life inside his pants. Crystal glanced down at the bulge growing in his fly and giggle.

"Does that excite you, Greg dear?" she asked. "Do you want me to suck you off? Ever since the first time I saw your big fat cock, I've been dying to get it in my mouth. Every night when I play with myself in bed, I

fantasize about you ramming your great big cock right down my throat. The thought of you filling my mouth with your hot cream gets me off every time. Drop your pants and let me know what it feels like for real."

"You can't hope for a better invitation than that," Rachael commented with a grin.

Greg expected that from Rachael, so he turned to Allison for some kind of support. "You can't be in favor of this," he said.

"As a matter of fact, I am," she smiled. "You're the one who told Brit she couldn't fuck her brother any more, so she's had to look for satisfaction elsewhere. As long as you stubbornly refuse to let her get back with Jeff, I don't see how you can be so cruel as to deny her this relationship with Crystal."

"But about Crystal wanting to... I mean... with me..."

"To tell you the truth, the thought of you receiving oral sex from a fourteen-year-old girl is kind of a turn-on. I want to watch you cum in that little girl's mouth."

"Oh god, really?" he asked, astonished. How was he supposed to stay strong when even his own wife wanted him to give in?

Without even rising to her feet, Crystal crawled over to him on her knees and reached out for his pants, placing her hand on the crotch. Greg jumped back, but not before she got a good feel of just how aroused he was.

"Ooh, nice and big," she grinned. "And so hard. Just the way I like it." She reached out again, and this time Greg hesitated. Part of him wanted desperately to end this before it started, to set things back to a sane and appropriate world, a world where daughters didn't have sex with their girlfriends, where little girls didn't offer to perform oral sex on older men, where wives didn't encourage their husbands to take them up on that offer. But most of him just wanted to drop his pants and shove his cock into Crystal's mouth.

As she reached for his belt buckle, he froze to his spot. It was a kind of compromise; he was neither rejecting her nor actively accepting her offer. It was not lost on him, however, that merely standing there was a kind of acceptance. He just couldn't bring himself to pull away again.

Once she had his belt unfastened, she unzipped his fly and spread it to reveal his boxers underneath. She grinned, slipping her hand onto the front and feeling the solid shaft underneath. Her fingers wrapped around it, giving it a squeeze through the fabric of his shorts and causing him both to gasp and to blush.

She licked her lips. As he gazed down at her, she lifted her eyes and met his, and in that moment he realized that she really planned to go through with it. He turned once more to Allison, hoping for some kind of help from her, but she just shrugged.

Crystal grabbed his pants and pulled them down. Without thinking, he stepped out of them, removing his shoes at the same time. Then she took the waistband of his shorts in her hand. With a quick tug, she dropped

them to his feet, letting his cock spring free, mere inches from her face.

To his astonishment, Allison stepped behind him and lifted the bottom of his shirt up. Unconsciously, he lifted his arms, and a moment later he stood in front of everyone wearing only a pair of socks.

"Come over to the couch," said Crystal. She stood and took his hand, leading him dumbly across the room. Brit moved to the side to give him room to sit, but she didn't attempt to close her legs. He couldn't help but notice her beautiful young pussy, wet and swollen, laid out for his view. His throat went dry as he saw her hand slip between her legs to stroke herself there.

"Daddy," said Brit in a pleading voice. "I want you to put your arm over my shoulder."

It was a simple enough gesture, but just the thought of being in physical contact with his daughter while receiving oral pleasure from another girl drove him wild with lust. He happily obliged her, and she scooted in closer to cuddle with him.

Crystal knelt once more in front of him, then took a moment to remove his socks. She wrapped one of her hands around his cock and began to stroke it up and down. He groaned in pleasure at the sensation of this little girl beating him off.

"That is incredibly erotic," Allison commented from across the room. "You can't imagine how much that's turning me on."

Crystal leaned forward, but instead of taking his cock into her mouth, she gently blew on it. The stimulation sent a powerful shudder through his body, and he couldn't suppress a low wail that escaped his throat.

Suddenly, Crystal removed her hand from his cock, and he groaned in frustration. How could she torment him like that? "Greg dearest," she smiled. "Promise me you're not mad at Brit and me."

"Fine. I'm not mad."

But she wasn't finished yet. "Promise you'll let Brit and me keep having sex with each other as often as we want."

"Oh god..." he moaned. For such a young girl, she certainly was a devious little vixen.

"Promise," she insisted. He hated to give such a promise; it would mean forever forfeiting his right to tell Brit to stop engaging in such a perverse act. But how could he refuse Crystal?

"You know we're just going to do it behind your back if you don't agree," Crystal told him. "Brit's pussy is so sweet and delicious, I could never give it up. And her lips are just made for sucking dick and eating pussy. Look over there and see just how absolutely adorable her mouth is. You can't tell me that if she were to suck you off that you wouldn't immediately get addicted to it. I love it when she shoves her tongue deep inside my cunt, fucking me with it almost as well as any cock."

Greg's mind was overloaded by these mental images. If she kept it up, he would likely have an orgasm just from the erotic images of his imagination.

"Promise me you'll let her tongue my pussy to orgasm whenever I want," Crystal insisted. "And that you'll let me do the same to her."

"Okay, I promise!" he exclaimed, his last vestiges of willpower breaking down. He would probably go to hell for that promise, but right now he felt like a few minutes with his cock in Crystal's mouth was worth an eternity of fire and brimstone.

"Then I guess you've earned your reward," she smiled, giving him a wink and then opening her mouth as she lowered her head. She stuck out her tongue and flicked it across the tip of his cock, and he gasped as pleasure shot like lightning through him. She was right; she very definitely knew how to give a man pleasure with her mouth. She tongued the head of his cock several more times, at first just brushing it across the tip but then running it all over. He watched in excitement as she scooped up the moisture leaking from the fissure with her tongue and then brought it back into her mouth to taste it.

"Delicious," she commented. "That makes a fine appetizer. But I can't wait for the main course."

"What about me?" asked Brit. "I'm so horny right now, I need someone to get me off. You took Crystal away from me, but maybe I can have Allison or Rachael take her place?"

"Or both?" Rachael grinned, and Brit nodded enthusiastically.

"Wait..." Greg stammered. He wasn't sure he liked where this was headed. He had already agreed to let Crystal be her lover, but to let his own wife seduce his daughter?

Crystal, however, knew he was in her power. She drew back from his cock and grinned, and he realized he could deny her nothing by this point.

"Promise you'll let Brit fuck any girl she wants," she said.

"Oh hell, fine. I promise," he groaned.

"Well then, I guess with your permission, I wouldn't mind a taste of that pussy myself," Allison said. The two older women approached the couch where Brit sat, then knelt down in front of her. She spread her legs extra wide so that they could lean in and pleasure her at the same time. Greg watched in fascination as Allison and Rachael both stuck their tongues out and touched them to her outer lips. Brit squealed with delight at the sensation. "Oh god yes!" she cried out.

The sight was almost too much for Greg to bear. His own daughter was getting orally stimulated by his wife and sister-in-law. There was something so perverse, so wrong about it, but also so incredibly erotic. Having a young teenage girl like Crystal do something similar to him at the same time multiplied the excitement.

He glanced down at her and saw her smiling up at him as she continued to run her tongue all over the head of his cock. Maybe she was just doing this to obligate him to keep his promise, but there was no faking that look of delight in her eyes. She was actually enjoying this!

Then she lowered her head and ran her tongue up and down the shaft, bathing it with her saliva. He watched in intense fascination as she licked him all over, not missing a spot. Sometimes she just flicked her tongue against it, and sometimes she tilted her head and wrapped her tongue around the shaft. She also kissed it all over, worshipping it with her mouth. Her free hand cupped his balls, gently rolling them between her fingers.

He was in heaven. Maybe at one time he had had his doubts, but right now he just wanted Crystal to continue. He wanted to feel her mouth engulf him, the suction of her lips as she coaxed the cum from his cock, the moist softness of her tongue teasing him even inside her mouth, the glorious ecstasy as he shot his load straight down her throat. And it looked like she was going to give him just what he wanted. How could he have ever considered refusing such a gift?

When she finally opened her mouth and slipped his cock inside, he sighed from much needed relief. Her hot, wet mouth seemed like it was meant for his cock, perfectly shaped to take it in and eager to please him.

Then came the suction that he had been fantasizing about, and he lost all control of himself. His body squirmed all over the couch, his hips rocking forward as if trying to spear Crystal's throat. Fortunately she kept her hand on the base, or he probably would have shoved it in too deep.

He glanced over at the action next to him, with Allison and Rachael pleasuring his daughter in much the same way. They had brought their hands in to spread her lips, and were running their tongues all over the pink tissue beneath. Allison focused on her exposed clit up top while Rachael drove her tongue deep into the opening.

Brit's body was squirming around every bit as much as his own. Her spread legs overlapped his own, and he could feel the tremors running through her body as the women drove her into a frenzy of lust and desire. It was still hard for him to imagine Brit as a lesbian, even seeing it right in front of him. But she seemed to have no problem receiving such intense pleasure from other women, not that he could really blame her. He had a feeling that if he were a woman, Allison and Rachael would be tempting enough to convert him instantly. Hell, every time Allison walked down the street she probably gave half the straight women around her at least a fleeting thought of switching over.

Rachael then began to move up her body. She kissed her all over her flat stomach, even teasing her a bit by thrusting her tongue momentarily into her navel, causing the girl to break out in a fit of giggles. Then Rachael moved higher, up toward her chest and the twin mounds there. She kissed the underside of one of her breasts, moving slowly toward the nipple. When she reached her destination, she ran her tongue all over it. Brit squealed in excitement from the sensation. Rachael didn't neglect the other breast, but reached out with her hand and traced around the nipple with her finger. She let her finger mimic the motion of her tongue, twin stimulations that soon had Brit gasping in her breaths.

Taking advantage of her sister's absence down below. Allison scooted over to a more central position. Brit lifted her legs and threw them over Allison's shoulder, her knees still spread wide but her feet crossing on top of Allison's shoulder blades. Allison's tongue probed into the depths of the girl's pussy, lapping up the moisture that by now was almost dripping from the girl's excitement.

Greg was just as excited. Crystal worked him over skilfully with her mouth, not only sucking him hard but also using her tongue to stimulate him inside her mouth. She alternated between different motions, sometimes taking as much in her mouth as she could manage, but sometimes pulling back so only the head remained between her lips, giving her the opportunity to run her tongue all over the tip. That felt particularly good, and every time she did it, he nearly climaxed right there from the pleasure. It was an almost ticklish sensation, enough to make him squirm all over the couch and moan loudly. But each time he felt the pleasure building, she somehow sensed it, and backed off and let him calm down. She was almost sadistic in denying him relief; perhaps it was an extension of her teasing. Even now that she had taken it beyond flirting and was actually fulfilling the fantasy that she had created within him, she still made it playful and torturous; but what exquisite torture it was!

Perhaps she enjoyed the power she wielded over him. Maybe she liked the thought of being able to control a grown man. Certainly he hadn't shown himself to be anything more than her slave today. She could have asked him to promise anything, and he would have done so gladly. She knew it, and had taken advantage of it.

Next to him, he could hear Brit's moaning quickly rising in pitch, mimicking the spike of the pleasure that he realized she must be experiencing. His own daughter was about to have an orgasm, right in front of him!

Allison attacked her pussy viciously, her tongue mercilessly slapping against the girl's clit. Brit's legs suddenly snapped shut on her stepmother's head, but from his vantage point he could tell that it didn't bother her; she continued to lap at Brit's cunt. Brit closed her eyes and threw her head back, her hips lifting off the couch as her body tensed up in climax. He heard her scream in ecstasy, pushed over the edge by Allison's skillful use of her mouth. Greg knew all too well the joys of that mouth; he had felt it giving him similar pleasure many times.

He was just about there himself. With the visual stimulation of four gorgeous naked women surrounding him, the sound of his lovely daughter's orgasm from her lesbian lovers, and the feel of Crystal's mouth sucking him hard as if trying to draw his cum out through sheer force of will, it wasn't long before he felt the rising pleasure that signaled his impending climax. He threw his head back, his body beginning to tighten up.

Then he felt a new sensation on the base of his cock. He glanced down and saw to his astonishment that Brit had reached over and grabbed him there. She started jerking him off rapidly even with him buried inside Crystal's mouth.

That did it. He erupted with one of the most powerful orgasms he had ever experienced. He could feel the cum surging up his cock, and realized that with such an explosive orgasm, no doubt Brit could feel it too. That thought made it all the more intense, and a moment later he released into Crystal's mouth. Her eyes lit

up with delight at the first spurt, which she swallowed down quickly in anticipation of the next. Over and over again his cock twitched, sending more and more of his cum into Crystal's hungry mouth. He watched with delight the contractions of her throat as she swallowed everything he gave her. There was no doubt about it; she actually enjoyed getting him off with her mouth.

Exhausted and even dizzy from the intensity of the orgasm, he closed his eyes and panted, his head thrown back against the top of the couch. He was too weak even to move.

Then he felt a shifting of the weight next to him, and a moment later a delightfully soft and warm body against him. He glanced down and realized that Brit had climbed onto his lap. She wrapped her arms around him in a tender embrace, laying her head against his chest and smiling happily.

For about the millionth time that day, he didn't know what to do. He could feel her torso, especially her breasts, pressing against him. But he just couldn't bring himself to push her off of him. Instead he just lay there and let himself enjoy it. Maybe he would have to have another talk with her later, but for now, he was perfectly happy to feel her hot young body against him.

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## Chapter 94

### Shocking Mistake

Greg wondered how things would change, now that Crystal had sucked him off. She had been flirting with him like crazy this past week, and he had mostly just taken it as her usual teasing. But she had taken it to the next step, so maybe there was something more to it after all. Maybe she really *was* attracted to him like she claimed.

If anything, for the rest of the evening her flirting increased. After the incident in the rec room, she wasn't just content to flaunt her body in front of him or blow him kisses or call him affectionate names. Now she made excuses to hug him or sit on his lap, despite still being naked.

He put his clothes back on, at least. Now that she had, in a sense, seduced him, he couldn't really insist that she get dressed. After all, a little nudity was nothing compared to what she had just done. But he could maintain a certain degree of modesty and dignity himself.

They agreed that what had happened should remain a secret, even from Jeff, Kari, Lissa, and Alya. It wasn't that he thought they would go blabbing to the police that he had received a blowjob from a fourteen-year-old girl; but the less people who knew about it, the less chance there would be of any of them slipping in their discretion.

That didn't, however, stop Crystal from trying to see what she could get away with. Even after joining the others in the main house, Crystal continued to flirt with him like crazy. At dinner, after the first bite she commented, "that's the second best thing I've tasted all day."

Greg shot her a stern look, but when Alya asked what was first, she simply replied, "We had ice cream for dessert after lunch." As soon as everyone looked away though, she gave Greg a wink.

It still disturbed him that he had just committed an illegal act with an underage girl. If caught, he would be labeled a sex offender and put away for a very long time. He had jeopardized his family for a moment of pleasure.

Actually, Greg was more worried about her father than about the police. He felt seriously guilty about letting the daughter of one of his friends do that to him, and considering the man's size, if Allen ever found out about it he would probably pulverize Greg into a lump of flesh only remotely resembling a human being.

On the other hand, it hadn't really done any harm to Crystal. If anything, she seemed proud of the accomplishment. It made him wonder if maybe the law in this case was wrong. If he enjoyed it and she enjoyed it, what was wrong with what they had done?

He almost dreaded going upstairs that night to tuck Brit into bed, since Crystal was sleeping over that night. But she insisted that he come up and have his nightly talk with her. He gave Crystal and her a few minutes to change into their pajamas, then headed upstairs to her room to talk.

He found her on the top bunk, smiling at him. Crystal was on the bottom. They actually wore pajamas tonight, or more accurately, oversize tee-shirts. That was almost disappointing; he had kind of hoped to see them nude again. Still, it was probably better this way. It meant less temptation for him.

As Greg stepped up to the bed, Crystal reached for his belt buckle.

"Stop that!" he scolded, swatting her hand away. But his heart really wasn't in it, and he couldn't keep the smile off of his face.

"Just kidding, sweetheart," Crystal grinned.

"Listen, you two," he told them. "I'm not sure how I feel about what we did today. I mean, I can't deny that I really enjoyed it. Crystal, you're a gorgeous young girl. I just think maybe it's best if we don't do it again."

"Fine," said Crystal. "But if you wake up in the middle of the night with a change of heart, you know where you can find me."

Greg sighed. She really wasn't going to stop teasing him.

"Just so you understand, I don't mind," Brit told him. "If you want to have fun with Crystal, I think it's great. And I liked having fun with Allison and Rachael too."

"That's another thing that's going to take some time getting used to. I can hardly get after you now that I sort of condoned it by joining in myself, but it was hard enough discovering I had one lesbian daughter. Now it turns out I have two."

"I'm bisexual, Daddy," Brit corrected.

"That doesn't make it any better. But I guess I'm just going to have to learn to live with it. I promised I wouldn't get mad, and I won't. Just do me a favor. Stay in your own bunks tonight. I need some time to sort through my feelings, and knowing that you two are... well... having sex, would just make it that much more difficult."

"As long as it's just for tonight," replied Brit. "But you also promised you'd let us keep doing it."

"I know, dear, and I'm going to keep my promise. I'm just asking you to do it as a favor, to make it easier for me."

"Okay. I love you, Daddy."

"I love you too, Angel," he smiled.

"I love you too, Greg dearest," Crystal grinned.

Greg chuckled. "Good night," he told them.

"Good night, Daddy," Brit replied, hopping down from the bed momentarily to give him a kiss on the cheek. He turned to go, but Crystal hopped up and grabbed him, pulling him down to give him a loud, wet kiss on the lips.

As she climbed into bed again, Greg sighed and left the room, blushing again at her forwardness. He would probably never get over it.

Ignoring the moans and cries coming from Jeff's room across the hall that meant that Rachael had decided to sleep with him tonight, he made his way downstairs, where he found Allison, Lissa, and Alya still talking in the front room. He wasn't in the mood for conversation right now, so he simply bid them good night and retired to his room, where he changed into his bathrobe and prepared for bed.

Allison joined him a few minutes later, saying that Lissa and Alya had gone to bed too. She immediately started taking off her clothes.

"That was fun today," she commented as she undressed.

"I suppose so," said Greg. Then he laughed. There was no point trying to deny it or downplay it. "Actually, I enjoyed every minute of it."

"Crystal's a real cutie," Allison grinned. "You're lucky you got to fuck her mouth. Maybe she'll do me next time."

Now was the right time to talk about what had been bothering him all day.

"I'm not sure there's going to be a next time," he told her.

"Why not?"

"She's only fourteen! I could go to jail for a long, long time if anyone ever found out."

"Oh, don't worry. We're sworn to secrecy. Nobody's going to find out. It's something we all wanted, so what's the problem?"

"It's just that... I don't know. Maybe I'm overreacting. You know me. Intellectually, I'm very conservative. But when I lose control and let my passions rule me..."

"That's when I love you the most," she said, sliding into bed next to him and kissing him.

"But sometimes I feel so guilty afterward."

"Is that what this is all about? You're feeling guilty for what you did with Crystal?"

"Sort of. But it's more than that."

"Tell me, Greg."

"I'll admit that seeing you and Rachael was a real turn-on. But then when Brit joined in... I mean, she's my daughter! How am I supposed to feel about that?"

"How are you supposed to feel? You're supposed to feel outraged that she got involved in a lesbian threesome with her stepmother and aunt. But you know I've never been a fan of doing things just because you're supposed to. I think as long as she was okay with it, you should feel whatever you want. If it excites you to see her like that, then great!"

"But it's all so wrong, Allison."

"Only because you've believed that so long that you're not willing to look at it from any other perspective. Brit's a beautiful girl. You at least agree with me on that, don't you?"

"Yes I do."

"And what about Rachael?"

"She's good-looking too."

"And I *know* you like the way I look. And you've always had a thing about lesbians. So when you see three beautiful women making love, regardless of who they are, especially when you have a fourth one going down on you, I think it's perfectly natural to have unwholesome thoughts, don't you?"

"All right, you have a point. But that doesn't mean I should act on them."

"Doesn't it?"

"Let's be honest here. If I had acted on every one of my feelings I had this afternoon, I would have had sex with Crystal, you, Rachael, and even Brit. My own daughter!"

"And what's wrong with that?"

"Allison! I'm not going to sit here and let you try to convince me that it's all right to do that."

"You had no qualms about Lissa last year."

"I thought we weren't going to bring that up."

"I'm sorry, but it's relevant to the discussion."

"Fine. We've always said that it was a joke that got out of hand, and as far as I'm concerned, that's the truth. Look, this is just like last time. It's something I shouldn't have done, and I'm afraid of what the consequences will be. You saw what happened to Jeff and Brit when they found out about that vacation last year."

"Yes, it made them happier than they've ever been. You already know my feelings about that. I still think you should let them love each other."

"You know I can't do that, Allison. Look, maybe the best thing is to just forget this whole thing ever happened."

"Is that what you really want?" she asked, looking him in the eyes.

He stared at her for a second. "No," he finally conceded. "I already told you I enjoyed it. But it's wrong for me to enjoy it. I mean, Crystal's only fourteen. I'm no pedophile."

"No, you're just attracted to nubile young women, and if some of them happen to be underage, so what? There's nothing magical that happens on a girl's eighteenth birthday that suddenly makes her attractive when she wasn't before. Besides, it seemed to me that she was enjoying herself every bit as much as you were."

"She just did that because she didn't want to get into trouble," he insisted.

"Is that what you think?" asked Allison.

"Yes. Why else would she do it?"

"Because she's attracted to you just like you're attracted to her, maybe?"

"Oh, very funny."

"It's not a joke. So what if you're forty? You're still very handsome. I thought so the first time I met you, and I still think so. And I'm not just saying that because it's what you want to hear. So is there any reason to believe that Crystal wouldn't think so too?"

"She's a teenager. She would only be attracted to boys her own age."

"How do you know who she's attracted to? Have you asked her?"

"Of course not," he said. "What am I supposed to do, go up to her and say, 'Do you like me?'"

"No, but now that she's already given you a blowjob, you could ask her if you can make love to her."

"Allison!" he exclaimed.

"What? I'm absolutely serious."

"But... well, she's still just a little girl. What if I'm too big for her?"

"You're not."

"How do you know?"

"Because Jeff's been having sex with her for almost two years, and he's about the same size as you are where it counts."

"So she was telling the truth about that? And you knew about it?"

"Absolutely. I don't like to keep secrets from you, but I didn't tell you because I knew you wouldn't approve. From what they told me, Crystal *needed* Jeff back then. She needed to fall in love with a kind and sweet boy who would help her get over a bad relationship. If you had broken that up, noble though your intentions were, it would have done far more harm to her than letting that relationship continue."

"So then maybe I should just let Jeff have her."

"Maybe. But that was two years ago. She's grown a lot since then. Maybe what she needs now is a mature and experienced man who can teach her more than Jeff ever could."

"Okay, now you're just making things up."

"Maybe. But back to my original point, if you had the opportunity to fuck her, without any consequences, would you do it?"

He thought about that for a moment. "I don't know," he said.

"I'm serious. Suppose I was in favor of it, and everyone who knew about it was sworn to secrecy, and she agreed to do it. Would you?"

"I suppose... if you didn't mind... yes, I would."

"Okay, well, as it turns out, I *am* in favor of it, everyone who could possibly find out about it already knows what you did with her today, and they've already agreed not to say anything. So all that's left is to find out if she's willing."

"But I can't just go up to her and ask her. I mean, think how awkward she would feel, especially if the answer was no."

"If you ask her the right way, she won't feel awkward at all."

"And what's the right way?"

"Tonight, after she and Brit are asleep, go wake her up. Gently. A little tenderness goes a long way. Whisper

in her ear how much you're attracted to her, and how much you want to make love to her. Girls like to know that men think they're attractive. But let it be her decision. Make sure she knows that you're all right with her saying no if she's uncomfortable about it. And if she refuses, never bring it up again."

"But... tonight? What if Brit wakes up?"

"After what happened today between you and Crystal while she was watching? I'd have to say that that should be the least of your worries. If it didn't bother Brit today, why should it bother her tonight?"

"Okay, that's a valid point, but I still don't think I should do this."

"That's up to you," Allison shrugged. "But I know you too well. You were really getting excited today when she sucked you off, and I think if you don't do this, you're going to regret missing the opportunity."

Greg laughed. "I can't believe my own wife is trying to convince me to seduce another woman. A girl, actually."

"Just think about it. If I catch you sneaking out of bed later, I'll know where you went. And I won't wait up for you."

Greg lay down and stared up at the ceiling. He wrapped his arm around Allison when she snuggled up to him, but his mind was elsewhere. At least to himself, he had to admit that he found Crystal attractive. Kari too, but since she was his son's girlfriend, he wasn't about to make a move there. But Crystal was unattached.

At least, if he didn't count Jeff or Brit. That was something that bothered him too. He had been furious when he found out that Lissa had a girlfriend, and now it seemed to have spread to her younger sister. Worse still was his own reaction to it. Rather than get upset, he had actually given in to his lust and let Crystal seduce him. Now he could no longer claim the moral high ground with Lissa or Brit, because his actions that afternoon had condoned it.

That meant he had to accept what had happened to Brit, and in part, accept that it was his own fault. He was the one who had broken up her relationship with Jeff, so perhaps that had caused her to go looking elsewhere. Maybe Crystal had provided a shoulder for her to cry on, and then Brit had made the same mistake as she had made with her brother, mistaking tenderness and friendship for sexual attraction.

If so, then as the responsible party, Greg would have to decide how to handle it. He could try to convince Brit to break off her relationship with Crystal, but now that he had given in to the same temptation, how could he expect her to agree?

Or he could try to come between them himself. That meant seducing one or the other of them. Naturally Brit was out of the question, so maybe in a way it was his *responsibility* to try to steal Crystal away from her.

What was he thinking? Was he actually justifying having sex with a fourteen-year-old girl by claiming that it was the moral and ethical thing to do? Granted, everything that had happened these past few months had

forced him to reevaluate his values over and over again, but how could he even consider seducing Crystal?

Yet here he was, trying to come up with reasons to do just that. Allison was right about one thing; if he didn't, he would regret the missed opportunity. The real question was whether he would regret doing it more than he would regret not doing it.

If Crystal were willing, really what harm could it do? He wouldn't be corrupting her; she had already had sex with both his son and his daughter. Like Allison, she seemed pretty liberal about her sexuality. And he couldn't deny that despite her age, she was really sexy. Maybe even because of her age. Like Brit, she still retained some of that childlike cuteness, while at the same time having all of the attributes of a sexually mature woman, though admittedly not as developed as, say, Allison.

Of course, he could go to prison for a long time if anyone found out, and if Allen found out, Greg wouldn't survive long enough to even worry about prison, but he was already in danger of that just from what had happened that afternoon. Taking it to the next level wouldn't make much of a difference.

He turned off the light, then closed his eyes and tried to sleep, which was difficult with Crystal on his mind. Every so often he opened his eyes to glance at the clock to see that another five minutes had passed.

Finally, after almost a full hour, he sat up.

"Going somewhere?" asked Allison, who apparently hadn't fallen asleep.

"Maybe. You really think I should do this?" he asked.

"I think if it makes you feel good, and it makes Crystal feel good, then there's really no problem. Greg, I've seen the way she looks at you. The way she's been flirting with you like crazy lately."

"She was just teasing. Trying to embarrass me."

"If that were the case, she wouldn't have sucked you off this afternoon, would she? You have to admit, there's at least some sexual attraction there."

"Maybe."

"Just go upstairs right now and find out. The worst that will happen is she'll say no."

Greg sighed. "Okay, I think I will," he said. He threw on his bathrobe and headed out the door into the darkened hallway. Every脚步声 echoed far too loudly for his liking, as if announcing to the whole world that he was going upstairs to seduce an underage girl. The creaking of the stairs added to his trepidation and anxiety. What if Jeff or Lissa caught him? What would he tell them?

Actually, they would probably tell him to go for it. There was so much sex going on in this house that a little thing like this hardly mattered. The Primdale mansion, once a respectable, conservative home, had become a den of iniquity. Since he could do little to put an end to it, he might as well have his share of the fun.

By the time he finished rationalizing his decision, he stood in front of the door to Brit's room, staring at the final barrier. He turned the knob, half hoping that Brit had locked it and therefore given him an excuse not to go through with it. But it turned freely, and he slowly pushed open the door. In the dim light, he could barely make out the shapes in the darkness: the desk, the dresser, the bunk bed. Crystal was on the bottom, hidden in the shadows. Ever since Brit had stopped using a night-light, her room was very dark at night, and the bunk bed enhanced the blackness.

Greg glanced once at the form of his sleeping daughter on the top bunk. She was curled up almost completely hidden under the covers; he couldn't even see the top of her head on her pillow. But he ignored her and focused on his target on the bottom bunk.

*This is crazy! he thought to himself. I'm about to seduce a fourteen-year-old girl, with my daughter right in the room with me!* If he thought he could talk himself out of it, though, he was wrong. Those very words fueled his excitement, adding the thrill of forbidden passion to his already aroused state.

He quietly closed the hall door behind him, then slunk stealthily to the bed. He knelt beside it and ever so slowly put a hand out. He could barely even see Crystal's outline in the inky blackness, could barely tell where her head was.

He hesitated only a moment, then gently but firmly put his hand over her mouth. It wasn't that he wanted to restrain her; he just couldn't afford to have her scream or cry out if she mistook him for a burglar or rapist.

She tensed up, and he knew she was awake. Quickly leaning his head in, he brought his lips close to her ears.

"It's all right," he whispered. "It's just me. I'm not going to hurt you."

She relaxed then, and he knew it was all right to continue. He withdrew his hand. "I'm sorry about that," he told her, still whispering in her ear. "I just thought I might have startled you, and I didn't want you to scream and wake everyone up."

"It's all right," she whispered back.

"I've come up here because I had to see you," he said. "I know it's not really appropriate, but I had to let you know how I feel about you. Ever since I saw your naked body, I knew that I was smitten with you. Everything about you is so beautiful. I would be honored if you would share yourself with me. Let me make love to you. I want to take you in my arms right now and bring you to the heights of pleasure."

"But I won't do it if you don't want to. I just want to make you happy, and if you would be happier if I just left right now and never mentioned this again, then that's good enough for me. Just tell me, yes or no, will you let me make love to you?"

"Yes," she whispered without hesitation.

Greg climbed into the lower bunk next to Crystal and reached out to stroke her cheek. It was too bad that he

couldn't see her; she had a really beautiful face, and he would love to be able to gaze upon it as he made love to her. But he couldn't exactly turn on the lights; it wouldn't be fair to Brit, who was trying to sleep in the bunk above them. Still, just being able to hold the girl in his arms and worship her body was enough for him.

He leaned in and kissed her lips, savoring the sweet taste. Crystal sighed, evidently enjoying it. It made him feel good that a young and beautiful girl like Crystal liked a forty-year-old man enough to let him do this to her. He vowed that she wouldn't regret it. He would make sure that she loved every minute of it.

Greg let his hand rest on her hip, and he caressed her there for a few minutes as he continued to kiss her. He would take it slow, letting her gradually warm up to it. A little tenderness went a long way toward getting both her body and her mind ready. She wore only a tee shirt and panties, so as he rubbed her, his hand naturally pushed up the bottom of her shirt, making contact with her delightfully smooth skin. She was so warm and soft, and he could be happy just lying here doing this for hours.

Her own hand went to his chest, and she slipped it inside his robe. She ran it all over his chest, to his delight. Her touch felt exquisite against his skin; he enjoyed the softness of her tiny fingers.

He let his lips leave hers, but only so that he could kiss her on the cheek, then lower, to her neck. He could hear her breathing growing heavier with his caresses, and he knew that her body was beginning to respond. Suspecting that she still might be a little afraid, he decided to take things very slowly in order to make this as special for her as it was for him. He let his lips linger on her neck for several minutes, just enjoying the softness and taste of her. When her breaths eventually became quiet little whimpers, he decided to take it to the next level.

"Sit up," he whispered in her ear. She rose up on the bed, and he took hold of the bottom of her shirt. Sensing what he was about to do, she lifted her hands. Greg carefully slipped the shirt from her body, wishing at the moment that the lights were on so that he could see it. Still, just the thought that she was sitting here exposed to him caused a shudder of excitement to run through his body.

He unfastened his robe and let it fall on the floor, then leaned forward and hugged her. As he suspected, he could feel her trembling, no doubt a bit nervous. For all her show of being flirtatious and sexy these past few weeks, when he had her here alone in the darkness of the night she was still just a frightened little girl. Maybe she hadn't expected him to take her teasing so seriously. Maybe she had just thought it was fun to get a reaction out of him. But in the end, she had agreed to let him make love to her.

He stroked her long, silky hair, holding her gently. "It's okay," he whispered soothingly. "I won't do anything you don't want me to do. You can tell me to stop at any time and I will."

"No," Crystal whispered. "I want you to continue."

The words delighted him; whatever her past feelings for him, now she seemed to want this too. Maybe there had been more to her flirting than he had realized, perhaps more than even she realized. Either way, he would make sure she did not regret this night.

Greg leaned in and kissed her on the neck again, then gently laid her down on the bed. He reached for her panties, slowly easing them down and off of her legs. Now they were both completely nude together, ready to make each other feel good, ready to have sex.

He cupped her cheek with his hand, then let it slide down her neck and shoulders until it rested on her breast. He gave her a squeeze, but gently so as not to hurt her. His fingers sought out her nipple, and he toyed with it for a moment. Once again he could hear her breathing growing heavy with the stimulation. He kissed her one more time, then lowered his lips to her neck, then kissed his way down to her shoulders, her chest, and finally to the peak of her other breast, where he ran his tongue around her nipple.

Crystal gave another whimper as he teased her, feeling both of her nipples hardening. She had such delightfully soft yet perky breasts; he could spend all night just working on her chest. He did spend several minutes working her over in fact, enjoying the little reactions he was causing in her, those little shudders and wiggles as he hit upon particularly sensitive spots. The best way to help her over her nervousness was to replace it with sheer desire and anticipation.

He let his hand leave her breast and start slowly moving downward along her body, caressing her wonderfully soft skin as it made its way past her ribs, past her stomach, and finally to the lightly furry treasure between her legs. He could feel moisture there already; her body was already anticipating the coming seduction. He let his fingers gently rub her there, releasing more of her juices and slowly beginning to loosen her up. She separated her legs to give him more room to work down there.

He delighted in the sounds of her breathing, the rising and falling of her chest, and the little quivers that ran through her body as his fingers brushed against her clitoris. There was even a certain smell about her, a familiar smell but one that was distinctly hers. In his mind he could picture her body, so young and beautiful, almost frail, but ever so pleasing. It was just too bad that he couldn't turn on the lights and gaze upon her nude figure. Perhaps there would be other times, though. She would visit Brit again, and she didn't seem to be shy at all about exposing herself to him. Maybe one day he would be able to make love to her with more light, so that he could see her magnificent young body, and stare into her beautiful eyes.

Right now, though, the lack of light seemed to heighten the rest of his senses. It magnified the softness of her skin, the sound of her breathing, even the taste of her nipples in his mouth. He was enjoying himself so much that he could just do this for the rest of the night and be happy.

Crystal reached out and took his cock in her hand. It was already hard just from the excitement, and her tiny little hand just made it harder. He could feel waves of pleasure shooting through him as she slowly and gently stroked it up and down, and he noticed his own breathing getting heavier as well. She hadn't been joking earlier about her affair with Jeff; she obviously knew what she was doing. Greg didn't know whether to feel jealous about that or not; after all, he was the one taking this girl away from his son, not the other way around. He only knew that he wanted to make love to her, no matter what her past history was. Jeff would just have to get over it.

He loved the feel of her hand on his cock. It was so tiny, barely able to wrap around the diameter. The thrill

of being touched by her like this was almost too much to bear. It was so wrong, even illegal. She was only fourteen. There were words for men who enjoyed the company of fourteen-year-old girls, none of them very flattering. Greg didn't consider himself to be one of those men; it was just that Crystal was so damn desirable. It would be hard for any man to resist her. The way she had been flirting with him lately, her smile, her beautiful face and gorgeous nude body all combined to make her unbearably attractive.

He realized that she wasn't the only one he had been drawn to recently. He thought that Brit was even more beautiful, though that could just be his fatherly love for her. And Brit had also been quite affectionate with him these past few months. He hesitated to call it flirting, although she had done some of that as well. But he loved to hold her in his arms, to let her sit in his lap and lay her head down against his chest. She had even hugged him while topless or nude a couple of times. Even offered to have sex with him once. Somehow he had managed to stay strong with such a beautiful, naked young girl so willing to make love to him. His daughter, yes, but a gorgeous girl nonetheless.

But at least he could fulfill one of his fantasies tonight. It wouldn't be with Brit, thank God, but with another girl of her same age. He had never been with a girl this young before, not even when he was that age himself. He had been several years older when he had first lost his virginity. Now he had the chance to do something that very few men would experience.

"Are you ready?" he asked her, and even in the darkness of the night he could see her nod. It was time to fulfill his purpose for visiting her tonight. He needed to feel her around him, to penetrate inside of her and give her deep and fulfilling pleasure. He wanted to show her just how wonderful it could be.

He climbed on top of her, taking a moment to position himself correctly as she spread her legs wide to accommodate him. She seemed so tiny beneath him; he wondered whether it would be more comfortable for her to be on top. But she reached up and placed her hands on his shoulders to pull him down to her, and he knew what she wanted. He let his hips lower enough for him to line up with her now swollen and dripping wet pussy. He let the tip slip in a little. Now was the point of no return. He was about to have sex with a young teenage girl.

He thrust in very gently, past the point where her hymen would have been had she still been a virgin. She was not. He wasn't sure whether Jeff had been the one to take her virginity, but whoever had done it, this was obviously not her first time.

His cock penetrated deeper, and she gasped as the pleasure filled her. He was just as excited and just as thrilled by it. Finally, he found himself buried deep inside her moist tunnel. He drew back a couple of inches and thrust in again.

"Oh god!" Crystal whispered. Greg repeated the motion, over and over again, getting into a rhythm matched by the thrusts of her own hips as she rose up to meet him. He hugged her sweaty body tightly to him and kissed her all over the face and neck. He wasn't satisfied with just having sex with her; he wanted to make love to her. Crystal deserved to be treated not just as an object, but with respect, caring, and love.

Their breathing soon turned to grunts and moans as he thrust into her body. In the back of his mind he knew that they were likely to wake Brit if they kept this up, but right now he didn't care. In fact, the thrill of getting caught actually added to the excitement. It was such a naughty thought, the idea that his daughter was listening to everything going on as he fucked her best friend in the bunk below him. What if next time she wanted to watch? Or even join in?

That thought did it. To have his own daughter join in his lovemaking with her best friend pushed him over the edge, and without warning the pleasure spiked. His cock throbbed inside of Crystal's body, erupting and filling her with his cream. He had done it. He had just had sex with a young teenage girl.

She wasn't far behind. As her pussy contracted around his still-hard cock, she cried out in pleasure.

"Oh god, Dadeeeeeee!" she screamed, her whole body tensing up. She held herself like that for about five seconds, then relaxed, panting heavily.

He lay there for about thirty seconds, still inside her, reveling in the feel of her youthful body. It felt so wonderful, so soft, so exquisite...

Then his eyes opened wide with horror. What did she say? What had she called him?

"Brit, if you're going to fuck your dad, at least do it more quietly," came Crystal's voice from the bunk above them. "I'm trying to sleep."

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## Chapter 95

### Sexual Intervention

Greg felt horrible. It was the worst feeling in the whole world, knowing that he had just seduced his own daughter. That wasn't something that happened in real life; it only happened in the news, to people that he didn't know. But he had just become one of those monsters.

Brit's reaction was completely opposite. "Oh thank you, Daddy!" Brit whispered in his ear, hugging him to her. "You've made me so happy."

"Happy?" he mumbled, astonished.

"I've seen the way you kept stealing glances at Kari and Crystal and the other girls. Never at me, though. I was beginning to think you didn't think I was pretty."

"Pretty? I think you're beautiful," he said, almost automatically. It was the type of thing fathers said to their daughters when they were feeling self-conscious. *My daughter!* he thought. *What have I done? Brit, can you ever forgive me? Do I even deserve to be forgiven?*

"I know, Daddy," Brit replied. "Now I know for sure, because you've just proven it."

"Brit... I..." he stammered. What was he supposed to say? What should a father tell his daughter in a situation like this? But he was operating in a place far out of the rules, because fathers were never supposed to be in this situation in the first place.

"I love you so much, Daddy," Brit said. "Ever since Jeff and I stopped being together, I've been feeling so lonely, especially because I felt so guilty for letting you down. I thought maybe I was a bad person, because even my own daddy was avoiding me."

Was that what she thought? True, he had scolded her a couple of times for getting fresh with him, and he had tried to hide how attracted he was toward her, plus with Crystal flirting with him so much he had spent a good deal of his time trying to fend off the girl's advances, but he certainly hadn't been trying to avoid Brit.

"How could you believe a thing like that, Angel?" he asked. At least this was familiar territory. He could at least tell her he loved her, because that much was true. While he was being truthful, and since there was no point denying it any more, he might as well confess a few more things to her. "Brit, I love you more than you could possibly imagine. The reason I've been cold toward you," he said, "is because I'm attracted to you in ways I shouldn't be. I was afraid of lowering my guard because I could end up..."

"Doing exactly what you did to me?" Brit giggled. "Good. I'm glad you let down your defenses. Now I know just how much you love me."

That put him in a terribly awkward position. He should admit that it had been Crystal that he was trying to seduce, to get any thought out of her mind that he had done this on purpose. On the other hand, if he told her that, it would be a terrible blow to her self-esteem. After she bore her heart to him, to tell her he hadn't done it on purpose would embarrass her, turning this into a painful and degrading memory. But if he let her think that it wasn't a mistake, would she expect him to do it again?

To do it again... that was a shockingly pleasant thought. To come up here night after night after night...

*No!* he screamed inside his head. He couldn't do that to his angel. His sweet, beautiful, sexy little girl. How young, how innocent, how adorable.

He leaned down and kissed her on the lips. Brit, his little baby. He could get used to this.

Then he pulled back, and rolled over off of her. What was he doing? How could he even think those things about her? She was his daughter!

It certainly didn't help when she climbed on top of him and lay her head on his chest. The feeling of her body against his was almost more than he could bear. It wasn't fair! A father shouldn't have such an irresistible beauty for a daughter. How could he hope to fight these feelings when she was just so damn gorgeous?

"Your heart's pounding," Brit commented.

"I suppose it is," he replied.

"Why?"

He sighed. "Because I'm scared."

"Why are you scared, Daddy?"

"Because I don't know what to do. I know what we just did is wrong. I know we should never do it again; we shouldn't have done it in the first place. But I'm scared that I'm not strong enough."

"I don't want you to be strong," she told him.

"I'm sorry, Angel, but that's just making it harder for me. Please, Brit. Do you mind if we stop talking about it right now? I'm too confused; maybe in the morning I'll be able to think straight."

"Are you mad at me, Daddy?" she asked.

"Mad at you? What for?"

"For wanting you like this. For tempting you. For... seducing you."

"Of course I'm not mad at you. What happened tonight was completely my fault, not yours."

"You're saying that like you think it was bad that we did it."

"It *was* bad, honey. That's just it. It was a horrible thing for me to do to you."

"I didn't think so."

"I know. That's the one thing that I'm happy about. I'm glad that I didn't hurt you."

"But you're not happy that we did it in the first place?"

"I don't know. That's the part that's confusing me. How can I be happy about something so wrong? But how can it be so wrong if it felt so good? I'm sorry, baby. I know I'm not making any sense. That's why I think we should just go to sleep now, and talk about it again in the morning. Is that all right?"

"Okay, Daddy. As long as you're not mad at me. I couldn't stand it if you were."

"I'm not mad at you, so you don't have to worry about it."

"Daddy?"

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"Would you do me a favor?"

"Sure."

"I want you to say something. Say, 'I love you. Good night.'"

"I love you. Good night," he repeated.

"Thank you, daddy. I love you too. Good night."

He awoke to the feeling of sweet, loving lips pressed to his. "Oh, Brit," he sighed.

"Not quite," an amused voice said. "Guess again."

He opened his eyes. Allison knelt by the bed, a grin on her face.

He gasped as he realized that his daughter was still lying on top of him, and they were both naked.

Allison put a finger to her lips to silence him. She nodded toward Brit's face as the girl slumbered peacefully away. Greg watched in astonishment as his wife leaned over and kissed Brit on the forehead.

"Looks like you missed," Allison whispered with a smile.

"Missed?" he whispered back.

"Yes, you hit the wrong target, dear. Not that I blame you."

"You're not... you're not angry?"

"Angry? I'm overjoyed," she replied. "These past few months you haven't been fun at all, always worried about your feelings for your daughter but too scared to do anything about them. I've been waiting a long time for you to decide one way or the other, and I'm glad you finally made your decision."

"But I didn't--"

"I know. You were aiming for Crystal. That doesn't really change anything, though. Now that you've finally slept with your daughter, there will be no more what-ifs. Now you'll see first hand the consequences of your actions, so you'll be able to more easily make the decision of whether to continue the relationship."

"Continue... what are you saying, Allison?"

"I'm saying that if you're worried about whether I would approve, I do. I want you to love your daughter in whatever way makes you happy."

"But what about Brit? It's *her* happiness I'm worried about."

"If this scene played out last night anything like our conversation, then that means she knew what she was doing, and was perfectly willing to do it. Before you start feeling guilty, remember one thing. She said yes."

Greg sighed. He didn't know what to think. He figured a good night's sleep would clear his head, but it hadn't helped. The truth was that he had just seduced his own daughter, and nothing would change that fact.

One thing was for sure; he couldn't face Brit right now. Being careful not to wake her, he got out of bed and threw on his robe, then with Allison by his side he left the room to make his way downstairs.

As soon as he was gone, Crystal leaned over the side of the bed and gazed down at Brit, who opened her eyes and smiled.

"How did it go last night?" asked Crystal.

"I just had sex with my daddy," Brit grinned. "I loved it."

"From the sounds he was making, I could tell that he loved it too. I think our problems are just about over."

Greg didn't know what to think. How could he have done that to his little girl? Granted, he hadn't planned it that way, but just the fact that he had just had sex with his own daughter wasn't something he could easily get over. The worst part about it was that he didn't even feel disgusted by it. He should be sick with revulsion, but somehow that part of him was numb, leaving only the excitement and thrill at having made love to such a gorgeous girl.

Even when Allison joined him in the shower and washed his back, he was too distracted to enjoy it. He was just too confused right now. He didn't even know how he was supposed to feel about what happened, much less be able to figure out where to go from here. The warm water splashing on his body, which usually relaxed him and helped him to think, did nothing for him today. After getting out of the shower, drying himself off, and throwing on his clothes, he simply told Allison, "I'm going for a drive," and promptly left the house.

Allison didn't waste any time, but immediately set to work telling everyone the news. She told Rachael first, who immediately ran up to Brit's room to give her a hug of congratulations. Alya and Lissa were next, and they also went in to talk to Brit about it. Allison left it up to Brit, however, to tell her brother.

She knocked on his bedroom door and entered, finding him just waking up. She came and sat down on his bed, surprising him by taking his hand.

"Well," she said, "it's happened."

"What's happened?" he asked.

"Last night I had sex with Daddy."

"Oh," he said, staring at the floor. "I see."

"Jeff," said Brit, "how... how are you feeling?"

"Great," he smiled. "It looks like the plan is really coming along now."

"That's not what I meant," she said. "I mean, does it bother you that Daddy and I had sex?"

He sighed. "A little, but not nearly as much as I expected. These past few weeks I've thought long and hard about it. Look Brit, I would love nothing more than to be able to have you all to myself. But that's hardly fair because you've always been willing to share me with Kari and Crystal. Even Allison sometimes."

"But I was never exclusive to you, Jeff. I was Crystal's girlfriend first, remember."

"I know, but it's different with another man. I think it's just a selfish streak that all men have, a certain possessiveness. But the truth is that, when it comes right down to it, I don't really mind you getting together with Dad. All of the jealousy, envy, anger, even hatred that I had expected just isn't there."

"I hope that doesn't mean you're not in love with me anymore," she teased.

"I think it's all right with me *because* I'm in love with you. I'm willing to do anything to be together with you, even share you with Dad. Besides, I get Allison out of the deal, so it's not like I'm losing out," he grinned.

"Hey!"

"But seriously, I think things are going to work out. We're on the verge of something wonderful here, so I'm sure not going to spoil it with a little jealousy or bitterness."

"I hope you're right," smiled Brit.

The two of them descended the stairs to meet the others, who all seemed to be happy about what had happened. It was a victory of sorts, a win for all of them and not just Brit.

Crystal was already on the phone with her sister telling her the news, and Kari decided to come over to talk with Brit about it. Allison suggested that once everyone was together, that they all stay in the house. It was time to for all of their planning from the beginning of summer to pay off.

When Greg arrived home, Allison immediately approached him. "Greg," she said, "we need to talk."

"Yes we do," he replied. "But I think I should have a talk with Brit alone first."

"And I think you shouldn't."

He stared at her, wondering what she meant by that. Did she think if he spent five minutes alone with his daughter he would make the same mistake as last night?

"Greg," she said with a reassuring voice, "what happened between Brit and you affects the whole family. I talked to them all about it this morning, so there's no use hiding or denying anything. The only thing to do is decide where we want to go from here."

Greg sighed. While he would have preferred to keep this a secret, everyone would have found out about it eventually anyway, so perhaps it was better that Allison tell them right away.

"I'd like to have a family council," said Allison. "And that includes not only the Primdales, but Rachael, Alya, Kari, and Crystal. They're practically family anyway."

He nodded. Better to get this over with.

She led him downstairs to the rec room, the least imposing room in the house. Greg sat down on the couch while she called down everyone else. When Brit arrived, he just couldn't make himself look her in the eyes. Not after what had happened.

After everyone took seats around the room, Allison stood and faced them.

"It's time we made a decision," she said. "By now most of you are aware that Greg and Brit made love last night. That shouldn't come as a shock to anyone; it was only a matter of time. But what that means is that everyone in this family has had some kind of incestuous relationship with another member of the family."

"In other words, you're a family of perverts," Kari laughed.

"Basically, yes," Allison smiled. "But that's only a label that society has come up with to frown upon such activities. I personally see no problem with it."

"No problem with it?" asked Greg. "It doesn't bother you that Brit and I... I mean..."

"Brit," said Allison. "I'm going to ask you something, and I want you to answer truthfully. Do you love your father?"

"Of course I do!" she smiled.

"Do you feel any kind of anger toward him about what happened last night?"

"No. I really enjoyed it."

"Do you feel any guilt? Any shame? Any negative emotions at all?"

"The only thing I feel bad about," she replied, "is that Daddy feels bad about it."

"Fair enough. Now Greg, it's time for you to be honest. Why do you feel bad about what happened?"

"Because I could have hurt Brit. Oh god, I could have ruined the life of my little angel!"

"Brit, did Greg ruin your life?" asked Allison.

"Of course not!"

"So let's not talk about 'could have's' or 'should have's'. Greg, Brit is just fine. Better than fine. So there's no point feeling bad about the consequences, because from what I can see, they're all positive."

"Positive?" he asked. "But this is so wrong!"

"Why?"

"Because fathers aren't supposed to have sex with their daughters."

"Who says?"

"Well, the law, for one thing. I mean, this is illegal."

"When was the last time you drove over the speed limit?"

"That's not fair."

"Yes it is," she insisted. "The way I see it, the laws are there to protect us from the 'could have's'. The speed limit is to keep us from getting in accidents. Laws against incest are to keep men from ruining the lives of their daughters, like you thought you might have done. But we can see now that that didn't happen. So in our particular case, the law serves no purpose whatsoever."

"So you're saying it's just fine that I had sex with Brit?"

"That's exactly what I'm saying. As far as I'm concerned, you can carry on an affair with her for as long as it makes you both happy."

"I don't know. I'm just so confused right now."

"Do you know why you're confused?" asked Allison. "Because you seem to think you can put things back the way they used to be. But you can't. You can't break up Lissa and Alya, you can't make Jeff and Brit fall out of love with each other, and you can't take back last night. We are not who we used to be. We're something quite different. And we need to decide how we're going to continue from here."

"The way I see it," said Lissa, "we have two choices. We can either fight the inevitable and try to return to the way we once were, or we can accept our new lifestyle. Enjoy it even."

"What new lifestyle?" he asked.

"The lifestyle where you get to make love to Brit, where Brit gets to make love to Jeff, where Jeff gets to make love to me, and where Lissa gets to make love to Alya," Allison said. "And we're all happy because of it."

"I know what my vote's going to be," grinned Brit.

"Mine too," said Lissa. "What about you, Jeff?"

"Does this mean Brit and I can get back together again?"

"Absolutely," Allison replied. "I don't see how your father can refuse if he's doing exactly the same thing."

"Then I'm in," he said.

"So Greg, you're the only other member of the immediate family who hasn't voted yet. What do you think?"

"I don't know..." he mumbled. "It's all so new to me. This is a little too much to accept all at once."

"We know, but that's exactly what we're asking you to do, Dad," said Lissa. "To accept it all at once. There's

no other way."

"Look," said Allison, "the nine of us are all a part of something special. Something unusual I'll admit, but special all the same. We all know about each other's sex lives, and it doesn't bother anyone. In fact, there's enough crossover that we could say that we're all each other's lovers. I hope no one minds me giving away a few details. Jeff and Kari have traded partners with Lissa and Alya. Yes, that means Jeff had sex with Lissa too. Brit, Crystal, Kari, and Jeff formed a kind of foursome for a while until you put a stop to Brit's and Jeff's relationship. Yes, that means your little angel has had as much lesbian sex as her older sister. And Rachael and I have both had sex with Greg and Jeff, not to mention I joined in with Kari, Jeff, Crystal and Brit a couple of times. To top it all off, every girl in this room is bisexual."

"So I think the best thing for us all is to just give up any pretense of exclusivity. We might be in love with one or more members of this group, but we should all be willing to share each other. No limitations. Except of course for Jeff and you, since neither of you has shown any of that kind of tendency. Greg, just because I love you doesn't mean I don't sometimes want to be with Jeff. Or some of the girls, for that matter. And Jeff may be in love with Kari, but he's also in love with Brit. And Brit and Crystal have been lovers since before Brit and Jeff got together. But that doesn't mean Crystal was jealous that you slept with Brit. I talked to her earlier today, and she thought it was great that you finally came around."

"So what are you saying?" asked Greg. "That you wouldn't mind if I slept with every girl in this room?"

"Absolutely. And I think they'd be more than happy to take you up on that offer. Isn't that right?"

All the girls voiced their agreement.

"That includes Brit," said Lissa. "And me. We never did get to finish what we started last summer."

"Lissa!" he exclaimed, growing red.

"Don't be embarrassed, Daddy. There's no need to keep anything secret from this group. Nobody here is going to tell anyone, and we're all in favor of it. So what do you say?"

"But you're my daughter!"

"Which is why I love you so much. The only one who thinks this is wrong is you. All you have to do is throw off your inhibitions, and you'll see just how liberating it can be. I did it, and only good things happened to me as a result. That's how I ended up with Alya."

Alya came up beside her and took her hand, planting a kiss on her cheek.

"Dad, my birthday's coming up next week," she said, "and I can think of no better birthday present than to have every one of us get together in a loving, caring, and even sexual way," Lissa continued. "That includes you. I love you so much, and I want this more than anything."

"Greg," said Rachael, "you've known for a long time that Allison and I are part-time lovers. And we're sisters. We've accepted it, and we're happy because of it."

"And look at Jeff and Brit," said Kari. "They were most happy when they were together. Nothing bad happened because of their relationship except that they got into trouble because you didn't approve. *You*. You're the only one standing in your way."

"Greg, I love you," Allison told him, sitting down beside him and putting an arm around his shoulders. "And so do all your children. We all want to make you happy. Please give us the chance."

Brit came over and sat down on his lap. She turned to him, then suddenly drew in and kissed him slowly and deeply on the lips.

"That's not fair!" he complained after she drew away. But he had an amused smile on his face. "You know my weakness."

"If you don't think that's fair," grinned Lissa, sitting down on his other side, "wait till it's two against one." She pulled his head to the side and kissed him just like Brit had. Brit leaned in and made it a three-way kiss. They kept it up for several minutes, the girls deliberately rubbing their bodies up against his and even sliding their hands down to his crotch. They kissed him all over his face and neck, and the others could tell from the look on his face that he was enjoying it.

"I'm impressed," commented Rachael. "I had no idea Greg could hold out that long. I know if they were doing that to me, I would have given up in three seconds. But you've got some serious willpower."

"I hate to spoil your impression," Greg replied between kisses, "but I gave up two minutes ago. I just didn't say because I was having too much fun letting the girls try to convince me."

"Does that mean it's all settled then?" asked Brit.

"It's settled," he replied. "I'm willing to give this new lifestyle a chance."

His announcement was met by a chorus of cheers and applause from the group. Lissa and Brit both threw their arms around his neck in glee and hugged him tightly. He glanced over at Jeff, who was grinning from ear to ear. They were right, of course. They had been right all along. Greg realized now that he was the only one who had been unable to see that.

"But how is this going to work?" he asked as soon as the cheers quieted down. "When I'm in the mood for one of the girls, do I just go right up to them and ask them to have sex with me?"

"Sounds good to me," Lissa replied. "As long as I can do the same to you."

"And what about me?" asked Jeff. "Same rules? Because I'm in the mood for Brit right now."

Brit immediately hopped up off of her father's lap and dashed over to him, where she threw her arms around

Jeff. "Me too!" she said enthusiastically.

"I think before we start jumping into bed with each other," said Allison, "we need to figure out a set of rules that we can all live with."

"You're no fun," Rachael whined.

"Just so that we have no false expectations," Allison told her. "Besides, you'll like my rules. The first rule is that Greg and Jeff are allowed to have sex with any of the girls here."

"Okay!" Jeff agreed enthusiastically.

"Before you start acting so happy," Allison told him, "keep in mind that that means you have to be willing to share Kari with your father. And Brit too."

He nodded. "I can live with that. Neither of them mind sharing me, so I figure I can do the same."

"Good. The second rule is that the girls here are not only allowed to have sex with Greg and Jeff, but each other too. Every girl in this room must be willing to have sex with anyone else in this room. That means any combination of boy-girl or girl-girl."

"As long as everyone understands that I'm first and foremost in love with Lissa," said Alya. "But I'm willing to fool around with everyone else."

"That's a good point, and it takes us to Rule Number Three," Allison told her. "Just because we're all each other's sexual partners doesn't mean that our love for each other is identical. Greg, I would hope that your love for me is different from your love for Lissa and Brit."

"It is," he reassured her with a smile.

"And despite Crystal's teasing, you love me more than her," she added.

"Sorry Crystal," said Greg, "but she's right."

"That's okay," Crystal grinned. "Our relationship was always defined by sex anyway, so as long as I don't have to give that up I'm happy."

"Which brings up Rule Four, which is a corollary to Rule Three," Allison continued. "No jealousy. If you think you would have a problem with your girlfriend or boyfriend having sex with someone else, even right in front of you, speak up now. Jeff? Greg?"

"I've already said what I think about Kari having sex with Dad," said Jeff. "I can accept it. And of course, watching her have sex with other girls is a turn-on."

"And you've already been having sex with Jeff," Greg told Allison. "If I was likely to have a problem with it,

it would have happened months ago."

"Very well then," Allison smiled. "Rule Five. Although we should be open to the idea of having sex in front of each other, it's okay to do it in private too. There are some times when I just want to be with Greg alone and spend some intimate time with him. And I'm sure Jeff and Kari feel the same way."

"And don't forget me and Jeff," Brit added.

"And Brit and Jeff," Allison repeated. "And now for the final rule. My personal favorite. Sex will not be limited to just two people at a time."

"That gives us a lot of room for creativity," said Lissa. "Allison, you're an ex math teacher. Just how many possible combinations is that?"

"Let's see... nine people, each person counted or not... That's two to the ninth power. Minus one. No, minus two. Five hundred ten."

"Where did you get the minus two?"

"One of those is for the case of no people having sex."

"What a depressing idea," Rachael commented.

"And the other one is the case where only Jeff and Greg are involved. We'll assume that the two of them double-teaming one of us is acceptable though."

"Well, with five hundred ten possibilities, we've got our work cut out for us," grinned Rachael. "I suggest we start with the five hundred and tenth combination. The one where we're all involved."

"What, all together?" asked Greg.

"Why not?" asked Kari. "It would be a great way to start us off."

"I don't know," he said. "I'm willing to make the effort, but I'm not sure I'm really comfortable with an all out... I mean..."

"Orgy?" Rachael helpfully suggested.

"Right," he nodded.

"Hmm..." said Allison. "I certainly don't want to do anything that would make you nervous, but at the same time, I think this would be the best thing for you."

"We could always take it slow," said Kari. "Start by pairing up with our usual partners. We would all be together, but with someone we're comfortable with. Greg and Allison, Lissa and Alya, Jeff and me--"

"But I want to be with Jeff!" insisted Brit. "I haven't been allowed to for over six months now, and I'm not going to wait any longer!"

"That's fine," said Kari. "I suppose that leaves me with my little sister. What do you say, Crystal?"

"You're making me horny," she replied.

"Is that all right, Greg?" asked Allison.

He nodded. "I suppose so."

"And what am I supposed to do, just play with myself?" asked Rachael.

"You can be with Greg and me," Allison offered. "We'll make it a threesome. Nothing we haven't done already. All right, Greg?"

"That's all right with me," he grinned.

"I have another suggestion," said Allison. "And sort of a confession. I think we should start the festivities tomorrow instead of today."

"Why?" asked Lissa.

"To give me time to put together a slide show of all the naughty pictures we've taken. We'll play them on the big screen down here to get us in the mood. Greg, I have to admit, before I deleted those vacation photos from last year, I made a backup. And Jeff, if you got my hint about those pictures you took, you should have a backup as well. And if anyone has any other pictures to contribute to the cause, I'm sure we'd all like to see them."

Greg laughed. "Why you devious little..." he said, then pulled Allison in and kissed her.

"And now that you've finally decided to stop acting like it's a crime for families to love each other, I have one more confession to make. And this is on behalf of everyone here. We've all been plotting against you."

"Plotting against me?" he asked, astonished.

"Yes. I'm surprised you didn't catch on earlier. The girls running around naked, Brit and Crystal switching bunks, even that fun time we had with the girls yesterday. That one was a little dangerous, I admit. After all, I got the idea from the floor show at the Pajama Club. Remember that?"

"No wonder it seemed so familiar!" he exclaimed.

"So you're not mad?"

"Answer me one thing. How long have you been plotting against me?"

"Since the day after Lissa returned from school."

"Then I'm not mad. I think by that time it was pretty obvious to everyone, except perhaps me, that we couldn't go back to how we were. So you were just trying to help me see that. Besides, the only way I can make this change in my lifestyle is if I believe that it's good for me. And if I believe it's good, then I really can't fault you for trying to convince me of that. Even if I take issue with some of your methods, I appreciate your effort."

"I'm glad," said Allison.

"So I guess there's only one thing left for me to do," Greg smiled.

"What?"

"Call my secretary at the office to let everyone know I'm not coming in next week. I've got some vacation time saved up, and I think now is a great time to use it."

That night as everyone got ready for bed, Allison and Brit came into Jeff's room. "Jeff," said Allison, "Brit wants to sleep in your bed tonight."

"Absolutely!" he agreed immediately.

"The thing is, I'm not sure that's a good idea," Allison told him.

"What? I thought you were all for us getting together like this."

"Oh, don't get me wrong. I want you to fuck her silly. I just think it would be more enjoyable if you waited until tomorrow, when we can all watch you."

"Oh. Yeah, I guess you're right. Brit, what do you think?"

"I can wait," she replied. "But I still want to sleep with you tonight. We don't have to have sex."

"I'm not sure Jeff could control himself," said Allison.

"Well, what if we kept our underwear on? That way there would be less of a temptation."

"I suppose that would work. Jeff, it's up to you. Could you control yourself like that?"

"I think so," he nodded. "But if Brit doesn't mind, I'd like her to wear just her panties."

Brit giggled. "You naughty boy," she said. "Okay, it's a deal." She immediately set to work stripping down.



## Chapter 96

### The Fun Begins

The next morning, everyone set to work preparing for the activity. Jeff and his dad moved the couches around in the rec room to open up a large area on the floor. Lissa and Alya went through the house and stripped the mattresses off of all the beds, bringing them downstairs to place on the floor so that the couples wouldn't have to do it on the ground. Allison and Rachael went into town to pick up some "supplies," whatever that meant, but from the guilty looks on their faces, it was obvious that they had something in particular in mind. Kari and Crystal arrived that morning with the dog collar and leash that they had used before, and spent all morning teasing Brit about it. Brit, of course, ran to her big brother for protection every time the girls approached her with the items, but it was obvious that she was more excited by them than afraid of them.

By unspoken agreement, they mostly wore their underwear all morning. The girls stripped down to their bras and panties, and Greg and Jeff wore just their boxer shorts. Just before noon, Lissa said she was warm, and took off her bra, never to put it on again for the rest of the day.

When Allison and her sister arrived home, they hid their supplies, telling the others that they would bring them out at the right time. They did at least show everyone the food they bought: snacks and ingredients for making various hors d'oeuvres (it was going to be a party after all), wine and champagne for the adults, juice and soda for the kids (Allison jokingly said she didn't want to be accused of corrupting minors), and for dessert they had bought a fondue pot with chocolate and various fruits. That had been Rachael's idea; she said with a grin that the first rule was if anyone accidentally dripped chocolate on themselves, somebody else had to clean it up for them, and the second rule was whoever did the cleaning wasn't allowed to use their hands. Kari and Crystal burst out laughing at that, but for some reason Brit had an embarrassed look on her face.

"We were also going to get some naughty lingerie," Rachael explained, "but they didn't have any of the good stuff in sizes that would fit fourteen-year-old girls. You should have seen the look on the lady's face when I asked her about it. You would think that if she worked in that kind of shop she would be open to a little perversion. Anyway, because they were so discriminatory against younger girls, we walked out of the store in protest."

"So what was all the other stuff you bought?" asked Alya.

"Just a few things from another shop. These are one-size-fits all. Although, it might be a bit of a tight squeeze for Brit and Crystal."

"Oh my god!" Brit gasped, and Rachael burst out laughing.

"For the record, I wasn't joking this time," she said.

Allison and Lissa worked in the kitchen to prepare the food. Since Lissa was topless, Allison decided to strip down to her panties as well. Rachael, of course, refused to be outdone by her big sister, and so this began a chain reaction and soon all of the girls were running around with their chests exposed, to Greg's and Jeff's delight.

They had a light lunch, knowing that they would be snacking all afternoon. Allison went to her room to make some last-minute preparations for the photo slide show, and returned with her laptop all ready to connect to the big screen downstairs. In the mean time, Greg and Jeff set up a card table in the corner, and Lissa and Alya brought down several trays of food and drinks.

Brit was the most eager to get things started. Even while Allison was connecting her computer to the screen, Brit took Jeff's hand and led him over to the couch. She immediately dropped to her knees and pulled down his shorts, exposing his already-hard cock. She took a few preliminary sucks on it, to everyone's amusement. Greg looked astonished, but excited at the same time. He was still obviously getting used to the idea of his daughter as a sexual being.

Rachael slipped her hand down inside his shorts and pulled out his cock, slowly pumping it up and down. Crystal suddenly dashed over and held out her hands, placing them, palm open, one at the base and one at the tip. Then keeping her hands in the same position, she headed over to Jeff, where she placed them like she had on his father.

"I don't know," she said. "The preliminary test says they're about the same length."

Everyone laughed at her boldness.

"What about the thickness, though?" She immediately grabbed Jeff's cock, causing him to groan in pleasure from the contact. Her hand couldn't quite reach all the way around. Then she released him and returned to Greg, where she grabbed his as well.

"That's amazing!" she exclaimed. "Your dicks are identical! You hear that, girls? It really doesn't matter which one you get, because they're the same."

"There's more to a man than his dick," Allison insisted.

"Says who?" asked Rachael.

With the jokes over, the girls began to undress as well, or more accurately, the boys undressed them. Jeff knelt in front of Brit and slipped her panties down, then leaned in with his tongue, returning the favor she had given him. She shivered and squealed with delight. Then he did the same to Kari, and finally Crystal.

Greg, meanwhile, pulled off Allison's panties, though he was too conservative to lick her like Jeff had done to the girls. Rachael insisted on the same treatment, so he stripped her as well. Then Lissa came over to him.

He was still a little hesitant; it took him a few seconds to work up the nerve to strip his own daughter, but with an encouraging word from some of the girls, he finally did it.

He was even more nervous to do the same to Alya, especially since she looked a little uncomfortable as well. But Lissa insisted, and finally, he relented and pulled down her panties. She giggled shyly, growing red, but in the end it was all right.

Everyone took their places. Greg, and Rachael lay together on the mattress closest to the TV, so that after Allison joined them she could easily get up if she needed to fiddle with her computer. Lissa and Alya took a nearby mattress, and Kari sat down next to Jeff on the couch. Crystal sat on Kari's lap, and Brit sat on Jeff's. For now, she just sat there with his rapidly hardening cock peeking out between her legs. Greg glanced over at them, but when Jeff and Brit caught his eye, he just smiled and shrugged. Jeff reached around and fondled his little sister's breasts, trying to see just how far their father would let them go, but Greg didn't seem to mind it at all.

As soon as everyone was in position and the slide show was ready, Allison stood up in front of the TV. "Welcome to the first annual Primdale Family Orgy," she smiled, eliciting several chuckles from the others.

"Annual?" asked Rachael. "Can't we make it monthly instead? Or better yet, daily?"

"Some of the family is only home for the summer," said Allison. "But when we're all here, there's no reason the annual orgy can't last three months."

"I guess that will have to do."

"Anyway, to start things off, we're with our usual partners. How long that lasts is up to you. We're all part of the floor show, but if that's not enough entertainment for you, I'll have the naughty pictures we've taken playing in the background. I've put them roughly in chronological order, so we'll start with the infamous sailing trip last summer."

"Oh god," groaned her husband. "I'm never going to live that down, am I?"

"I think after the next couple of days, it will be a moot point, don't you agree?"

He shrugged. "I guess you're right."

"Anyway, without further ado, here it is." She pressed a button on the computer, and immediately a picture of herself in a tiny little bikini, posing on a boat, appeared on the screen in front of them. It remained on the screen for about five seconds, then automatically changed to the next picture.

"Brings back memories, doesn't it?" Jeff whispered in Brit's ear.

"I want you to do something for me," she told him. "I want you reenact what happened last September. At least, the best part."

"The part where you had your first orgasm?"

"Exactly. You wouldn't mind rubbing me down there, would you? Let's see if we can time it so that I climax at the same place in the photos as last time."

"Absolutely," he grinned. He slid one of his hands down between Brit's legs and let his fingers trace her slit. He could feel her shudder and hear her gasp as he made contact.

The others were also getting into the mood. Next to them, Crystal and Kari were similarly occupied with each other. Crystal sat sideways on Kari's lap, which allowed her to fondle her big sister's boobs while Kari played with her pussy like Jeff played with Brit's. Lissa and Alya sat facing each other, Alya practically in Lissa's lap. Alya's watched the screen, obviously excited at seeing these erotic pictures that would soon feature her lover. Lissa, however, was more interested in Alya's boobs, which she groped and kissed hungrily.

Strangest of all to Jeff's eyes were Rachael, Allison, and Greg. He was well aware that his father had sex sometimes, and especially since marrying Allison, Greg's sex life was really no secret to the family. But although Jeff had made love to both of the women with his father right now, it was quite something else to see his father enjoying himself like that. It wasn't particularly disturbing in a "walking in on your parents" sort of way; Allison talked about sex with Greg enough that any discomfort he might have felt at thinking of his father that way had long since vanished.

Actually, what they were doing was pretty mild. Their backs were turned to Jeff so that they could see the pictures on the screen, which cut off the view of the most interesting parts. But Greg had his hands in the girls' laps, and the girls had their hands in his. From the motions of their arms, he could tell that their hands were certainly not idle, and he could imagine what they were doing to each other.

By this point on the screen Allison had her top off, exposing her gorgeous boobs. Jeff remembered the first time he had seen that photo, with Brit sitting on his lap just like this. Well, it wasn't *just* like this. That time they had been clothed.

The pictures continued, with Allison modeling in a number of erotic poses, then it switched to Lissa in her swimsuit.

"Now we're starting to get to the good parts," Alya commented. "I can't wait to see you without your clothes though."

She didn't have to wait long. A few pictures later, the on-screen Lissa stood with her breasts exposed to view.

"Fuck, that's hot!" Kari exclaimed.

"Watch your language," Allison insisted. "There are ladies present."

"Who?" asked Jeff. Several pairs of feminine eyes glared at him for a second, and he grinned sheepishly.

Alya seemed to get more and more excited as the photos continued, especially when Lissa removed her swimsuit completely, leaving her completely bare. Then when Allison joined her on-screen, Alya actually gasped.

Jeff was almost more amused to see Alya's reaction than to view the pictures on the TV. As Allison and Lissa touched each other in increasingly erotic ways, Alya began moaning unconsciously. Of course, several of the other girls in the room were already in a similar state of arousal, so it kind of took some of the fun out of it.

Then she calmed down for a little when it switched to Greg and Allison posing naked together. It was still quite erotic, especially the shots of Allison on her knees sucking off her husband. Rachael seemed to get a kick out of those ones in particular, and Jeff wondered whether she had actually seen them before. There had certainly been time to show her last September when she visited, although considering that some of them featured Lissa, Greg and Allison probably would have hesitated.

When it switched to Lissa and Greg, Alya squealed with delight. It wouldn't be long now before that infamous photo, the one that had given Brit her first ever orgasm. Jeff knew exactly what he would do when it arrived. He knew the pictures leading up to it, and as it approached he rubbed Brit harder and faster.

"Oh Jeff!" she exclaimed delightedly. "That feels wonderful!" He continued to pick up the pace until he was furiously fingering her. Her body wriggled all over his, lost in the pleasure and the sight of the erotic photos on the screen.

Now the last picture before the most exciting one showed on the screen, and Jeff worked his fingers over her as fast as he could. "Are you ready?" he asked her, rubbing vigorously. She nodded, too overcome by ecstasy to give him a verbal answer.

When the picture changed to the one with Greg's cock in Lissa's mouth, Brit squealed and tensed up. Jeff continued to run his fingers over her clit as he felt an orgasmic shudder run through her body, and he realized they had done it. They had managed to time her climax so that it coincided with the same picture that had given her her first ever orgasm. The others glanced over at her, most of them with amused looks on their faces. Brit squirmed around on his lap as she continued to squeal, perhaps being overly dramatic to give them all a good show or perhaps just extra excited to be doing this in front of so many spectators.

"That is so erotic," he heard Alya comment from the nearby mattress, but because Brit's face was in the way, he couldn't tell whether she was looking at him or the image on the TV. It probably didn't matter.

When Brit came down from her high, she collapsed against his chest, and he wrapped his arms around her and held her warm body to his own just like he had done last September. He remembered that day clearly because it was the first time he realized just how much he loved his little sister. They had been through some rough times since then, but his love for her now was as strong as ever, perhaps stronger than it had ever been now that he didn't have to try to hide it from anybody. He could let himself love her freely, the way he wanted to.

She turned over on his lap and lay her head against his chest, and he reacted by reaching up with one of his hands and stroking her hair. Gazing down at her lovely face, he saw that she had her eyes closed and wore a peaceful and content smile. She almost glowed in her happiness. He couldn't resist giving her a kiss on the forehead.

By this point that photo had passed, and there were no more of Lissa and Greg. The rest were more tame in comparison. Still, they had done their job, and Jeff was happy that he had helped Brit to relive that memory. She continued to rest peacefully against his chest, and he suspected that she had fallen asleep. While it left him unsatisfied, he didn't mind; just the fact that he got to hold her in his arms like this was enough. Besides, there would be plenty of other opportunities now that Greg had given in.

The first set of pictures ended, and they went on to the next. These were ones Jeff hadn't seen, of Allison posing on the balcony of a room overlooking a sandy beach.

"When was this?" asked Lissa.

"Our honeymoon," Greg replied. "Normally I would insist on keeping these pictures private, but I think under the circumstances..."

Jeff watched with scarcely concealed enthusiasm. The pictures were absolutely stunning, with the glow of the sunrise giving Allison's skin a certain radiance that was very alluring. When it switched to a set of her posing next to a waterfall, he couldn't help but grin, almost to the point of drooling. She had always been the type of woman who looked particularly beautiful wet, with her dark hair hanging limply and damply about her shoulders.

Then she was joined by a couple of other women on the screen, ones that he recognized from the website she had shown him. Kristen and Roberta, if he recalled correctly. Although they were also gorgeous, they were nothing compared to Allison. Admittedly, the fact that he knew her made a difference to his opinion.

The next set were the ones that Greg and Allison had taken in Los Angeles for the website run by their friends. While Jeff wouldn't have been opposed to including the photoshoots of some of the other girls, Allison had selected only the ones from her own. That was fine; she certainly looked gorgeous, and in fact one of the sets included another girl as well, though all they did was shoot pool. He wouldn't have minded some lesbian pics mixed in.

When they started in on the sets of the Primdale and Williams kids getting together for naughty fun, Jeff was particularly interested because some of them included him. Having Brit lie there sleeping against him was certainly relaxing, but he was too excited to take a nap. What kind of a man would he be if he fell asleep in the middle of an orgy? At least, not until he had had an orgasm. After that, it would be just fine.

Crystal was the second one to climax. Her moans grew higher in pitch, and multiple sets of eyes turned to her as she gave out a wail of ecstasy, her body shuddering as Kari fingered her to orgasm.

Suddenly, an unexpected photo flashed on the screen, a photo of the Jeff's friend Jesse, nude and tied to the

bed. Jeff burst out laughing, which woke Brit. She glanced at the screen and giggled too, but Greg looked shocked.

"Oops," Allison grinned. "How did that get in there?" She said it with such a deliberately innocent voice that it was quite obvious how it got in there.

Brit yawned, turning back over on Jeff's lap to face the TV. Now that she had had her nap, she was wide awake. Plus she had something fun to play with: Jeff's cock. With it poking out from between her legs, it was in the perfect position for her to grab it with her hands and stroke it. He groaned at the sensation, excited that they were playing their little game in front of everyone.

Brit didn't just use her hands, but rubbed it against the lips of her pussy as well. He wondered whether she planned to stick it inside; although she had just climaxed not too long ago, she had also napped since then, so maybe she had enough energy to go again. But for now she just toyed with his cock, keeping it on the outside.

They kept watching the pictures on the screen, including several sets with Kari and Crystal that Brit must have taken when Jeff wasn't around. There seemed to be a heavy emphasis on Crystal, not surprisingly since she was Brit's girlfriend, and Brit was the most prolific photographer of the family. Some of them had clearly been taken at the Williams house, most likely when Allen was away at basketball camp earlier in the summer.

By this point, several others in the room were having orgasms, judging from the sounds coming from them. With Brit working him over, he was too distracted to pay much attention to who it was happening to, but every so often he glanced around and noticed that one or more people had moved into a more relaxed position, some of them even napping. Of course, a couple of them were already on their second round.

Since Brit had begun stimulating him later than most of the others, he outlasted almost anyone, but eventually he too succumbed to the double pleasure of the pornographic photos on the screen and his baby sister's hands on his cock. He felt the pleasure building, and knew it wouldn't be long.

"Brit..." Jeff groaned. "I'm going to..."

He didn't have to finish that sentence; she knew exactly what he meant. With a grin, she hopped up off his lap and knelt in front of him, slipping her mouth over his cock and sucking furiously. He groaned again, feeling the pleasure build deep inside of him. He glanced down at her beautiful young face as she gazed up at him with adoring eyes, and he knew that she wanted this every bit as much as he did.

Then the pleasure spiked, sending him over the edge. He cried out as his cock jerked inside her mouth, shooting the first load of cum against the back of her throat. She hummed in delight as she gulped it down, eager for the next spurt. It came immediately, followed by a third, and a fourth. Brit hungrily swallowed them all, making noises like this was her favorite food in the world. Actually, she had come right out and said just that on more than one occasion, so it was no wonder she seemed so happy.

He glanced over at Greg, who stared at them in shock. But there was no disapproval in his expression, only surprise and perhaps a bit of excitement. It looked like he actually *enjoyed* seeing his young daughter performing oral sex on her brother.

Finally, after she was sure she had sucked every last drop of cum out of him, Brit stood back up. She turned around to give a wink to her father, then climbed back onto Jeff's lap to cuddle with him again. He was so exhausted from the intensity of his orgasm that he barely had the strength to wrap his arms around her. They sat there together, snuggling and watching the rest of the pictures on the TV in front of them.

By the time the slide show was finished, almost everyone was exhausted from one or more orgasms. They lay there in collapsed heaps, dozing or at least resting for nearly an hour. Finally, Allison got up, commenting that it was time to start fixing supper. Lissa and Alya followed her up the stairs to help her. Rachael rolled over on top of Greg and began kissing him all over the face, obviously ready for the next round. Kari suggested that the four remaining kids climb into the hot tub while they waited for supper. They all agreed, so they headed back to the alcove and climbed into the tub. Brit of course insisted on sitting in Jeff's lap, so Crystal decided to sit in Kari's. Jeff and Kari both reached around and played with their little sisters' boobs until Allison called them upstairs for supper.

They ate their dinner happily and excitedly, then Allison and Rachael disappeared into the kitchen to bring out the fondue pot and a large tray full of sliced fruit. The kids were overjoyed, and attacked it immediately and enthusiastically. Of course, the adults got their fair share as well.

When Brit accidentally dripped a bit of chocolate onto her bare chest, Jeff remembered the rules Rachael had made up that morning and leaned over to lick it off her. She giggled as she did so, then deliberately dripped chocolate onto his chest so that she could return the favor.

Needless to say, a lot of chocolate got dripped onto various parts of the people's anatomy that night.

After supper, they returned to the rec room to continue their fun. Greg joined Allison and Rachael in the same spot as before, while Lissa and Alya headed back to the alcove to bathe in the hot tub. Kari looked like she wanted to join Jeff this time, but Brit got to him first. He shrugged at Kari, who flashed him an amused smile. Apparently Brit wasn't through making up for lost time yet. As long as Kari was all right with it, he didn't mind. Besides, he missed having his cock in her pussy, and this seemed like the perfect opportunity.

He lay down on one of the mattresses, and Brit lay on top of him, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him passionately on the lips. He kissed her back, caressing her hips with his hands and enjoying the closeness of her soft and warm body.

"Before you get too comfortable, Brit," said Crystal, "I've got a surprise for you."

Brit lifted up her head. "What is it?" she asked.

"You'll see," Crystal replied, turning to dash up the stairs. When she returned, she held her hands behind her back. The grin on her face made it clear that she had a naughty idea in mind.

She held the dog collar and chain leash that she had brought that morning. Brit's eyes grew wide, and her face turned bright crimson.

"Come on, little Britney," Crystal giggled. "Let me put these on you like a good little doggie."

"Hell no!" she exclaimed. "I only agreed to it last time because you beat me wrestling so I had to do everything you say."

"Well then, why don't we wrestle for it again?" asked Crystal. "Whoever loses has to be the other one's pet."

Brit considered. Jeff thought it was a great idea; he would love nothing more to see the two girls wrestling naked. He could see from Brit's expression that it excited her just as much.

"Okay," she finally said.

"Clear some space in the middle of the room," Kari told everyone, taking the collar and leash from Crystal. Everyone scooted to the outside mattresses, leaving the ones in the middle free.

The two girls stood in the middle, facing each other. Then as one, then reached in to grapple with each other. The others watched with amusement, excitement, and even a little arousal as the two naked teenagers fought.

Brit was the first to go down. She fell backward, Crystal on top of her, and Jeff noticed with delight the way their nude bodies mashed together as they hit the floor.

Brit wasn't about to give up so easily; he wrapped her arms around Crystal and managed to roll her over. The sight of the girls rolling around on the floor wrestling naked had Jeff almost drooling. It was clear that they were at least as interested in rubbing their bodies together as they were in fighting.

This became even more evident when Brit managed to pin Crystal momentarily. "One..." she grinned. "Two..." she added. Then Crystal suddenly lifted her head and kissed her on the lips. Brit, maybe taken by surprise but maybe not, released her grip, and Crystal managed to roll her over and press Brit's arms to the floor.

"One, two--"

Brit kissed Crystal this time, who at least pretended to be caught off guard. Crystal let go and Brit once again claimed dominance.

They repeated their game over and over again to everyone's amusement, until it became obvious that neither one of them was really surprised by it. By the time they had switched places half a dozen times, they had given up on the count and spent more time kissing than trying to pin each other.

Finally, Brit managed to get Crystal down, and after the third count and the obligatory kissing, Brit held on. She lifted her head from Crystal's lips and said, "Three!"

Everyone cheered, not necessarily for the victory but for the entertainment of the battle.

"I won!" Brit exclaimed with glee. "Now *you* have to wear the collar."

"Yes, Mistress," Crystal replied enthusiastically. Rather than appearing embarrassed, she seemed overjoyed to have lost this time. Jeff had a sneaking suspicion that she had wanted to lose. Brit took the items from Kari, then fastened the collar around her friend's neck.

"I'm your pet, Mistress," Crystal told her. "I love my mistress." She leaned in and licked Brit on the face. "I love to lick my mistress," she continued, then leaned down and licked her on the nipple. "I'm such an affectionate little pet." Now she knelt down and licked her right on the pussy.

"Hey!" Brit complained, though with a giggle.

"I'm just showing you how much I love my mistress," Crystal told her, then licked her again.

"But you have to do everything I say. And I say stop."

"Oh, all right," Crystal grudgingly conceded. "So what's your second command, Mistress."

"Let's see..." Brit mused, glancing around the room. Her eyes fell on Greg, who sat nearby with Allison and Rachael cuddling with him. A grin spread on Brit's face, every bit as wide as the one on Crystal's. "Go have sex with my dad," she ordered the girl.

"Really?" asked Greg, casting Crystal an excited look.

"Unless Allison or Rachael object," Brit replied.

"Oh, so you're going to carry on this affair right in front of me?" Allison playfully complained. "I knew you've been secretly seeing Crystal behind my back."

"No I haven't, but there's a foolproof way to keep me from starting," he said.

"Which is?"

"Give me permission. It will then be impossible to go behind your back."

"Good idea. Okay, you have permission to have an affair with Crystal. Rachael, you don't mind, do you?"

"Actually, the idea of watching a forty-year-old man having sex with a fourteen-year-old girl gets me kind of horny."

"Everything gets you horny."

Rachael shrugged and grinned sheepishly. The two women moved out of the way to give Crystal room. She

immediately sat down in Greg's lap, throwing her arms around his neck and pressing her chest up to his. She deliberately rubbed her body against him, causing him to groan. He didn't seem to have any hesitation any more, but wrapped his own arms around her back and kissed her fully on the lips.

"I've been wanting to do this ever since you sucked me off yesterday," he told her. "No, scratch that. I might as well admit that I've been wanting to do this for weeks now, ever since you started flirting with me."

Crystal giggled, then kissed him again. She released him with her arms, then placed her hands on his chest and pushed him gently to the ground. He lay down, and she lay on top of him, kissing him all over the chest. Greg closed his eyes and relaxed, enjoying her attentions.

Meanwhile, Brit and Jeff lay down on one of the other mattresses. She climbed on top of him and mimicked her friend's actions, and soon Jeff was moaning in delight. She kissed him all over the face and chest, reaching down to grab his cock and stroke it. His hips soon began to squirm from the pleasure. He reached out his own hand and slipped it between her legs, feeling her dampness there. He stroked her gently, getting her loosened up and ready for him. Earlier that day they had just played with each other, but now he wanted to feel his baby sister's pussy wrapped around his cock. It had been too long since he had felt that pleasure.

He noticed Greg doing the same thing to Crystal, and soon the girls were squirming and moaning just as well as the men. Brit and Crystal glanced at each other, giving each other a knowing look. They grinned and nodded, then together they sat up and straddled their respective partners. Jeff sighed as Brit impaled herself on his cock, lowering her body onto him. He felt himself sliding into her soft and hot little pussy, and let himself enjoy it to the fullest.

"Oh god!" his father groaned nearby, and Jeff glanced over to see that he was buried to the hilt inside of Crystal. The girls rose up and lowered again, quickly falling into a rhythm. Four sets of moans filled the room as the girls rode the men.

Brit seemed particularly excited by the fact that she was doing this in front of her father. "Look at me, Daddy!" she cried out with glee. "I'm fucking my big brother! Your little angel is an incestuous little slut for her brother!"

Greg stared dumbfounded as she bounced up and down on Jeff's lap, apparently getting excited by the words she was saying and her father's attention on her.

"My incestuous big brother is fucking his incestuous little sister," she continued. "I want him to squirt his incestuous cream all the way up into my incestuous tummy! And later I'm going to make my incestuous daddy do the same incestuous thing!"

"Well then Jeff," said Kari, "since you're having so much fun fucking your incestuous little sister, do you mind if I go join my sister with your incestuous daddy?"

So this was it. His commitment to this new lifestyle was being put to the ultimate test. Was he willing to share his own girlfriend with his father? He realized that in the end, it didn't bother him at all. Kari still loved

Jeff, and he loved her. If they fooled around with other partners, that did not diminish their love for each other at all.

"Have fun," he grinned.

Jeff watched as Kari slinkily strode over to Greg, who watched her approach with astonishment and delight. Kari lay down next to Greg, snuggling up against him and kissing him on the lips. With a grin on his face, he wrapped his arms around her and held her to him as Crystal continued to ride him.

Jeff watched with actual excitement as he saw his girlfriend getting friendly with his dad. Of course, it didn't hurt that he had his gorgeous little sister impaled on his stiff rod, but there was something deliciously naughty about seeing Kari and Greg together.

He also noticed Rachael and Allison getting friendly with each other, kissing and licking and fondling and caressing each other's bodies. From the sounds coming from the hot tub, he could tell that Alya and Lissa were similarly enjoying each other. Apparently the afternoon fun hadn't sapped anyone of their energy. After tonight though, he was pretty sure that no one would have trouble sleeping.

Brit's body and her enthusiastic lovemaking soon had Jeff building to what felt like it would be a powerful orgasm. He held out as long as he could, both to prolong the enjoyment and to intensify the climax when it finally happened. He felt the pleasure spiking and was not surprised to hear his father also crying out in the throes of his own orgasm. Jeff's cock twitched inside of Brit, shooting his seed deep inside her body.

"Oh god!" she squealed. "I can feel my incestuous big brother squirting his incestuous sperm in me! Oh god oh god oh god oh god!" Her pussy clamped down tight on his cock with a vice-like grip as her own body exploded into a shuddering orgasm. Then she collapsed on top of Jeff, gasping in her breaths as the aftershocks of her climax still wracked her.

Crystal didn't last much longer, and soon she too screamed in pleasure as she rode Greg. Finally, she lay her head down on his chest as well, the two girls exhausted yet content as they snuggled in their lovers' arms.

Jeff was so tired that he paid no heed to the sounds of other orgasms as one by one the rest of the girls went off. He was vaguely aware of the differences in the voices; first Allison, then Lissa, then Rachael, then finally Alya screamed out their excitement, then the noise died off to the tranquil sounds of nine people breathing in post-orgasmic bliss.

As the nine bodies rested in each other's arms, Allison came over to Greg and sat down nearby. She ran her hand tenderly over Kari's back, massaging her gently and smiling down at the three of them.

"So I take it you no longer mind having sex with other women in front of your family?"

"I guess not," he smiled. "Crystal sure cured me of that quickly."

"So then tomorrow we can do some more trading off and pairing up?"

"Sure," he agreed.

They spent the rest of the evening mostly just relaxing, since they were all pretty exhausted from multiple orgasms throughout the day. Brit didn't want to waste the opportunity of having Crystal as her pet, so she took her leash and had her go around licking everyone's bodies. She sucked on both Greg's and Jeff's cocks, but both were so drained that she couldn't bring them to climax. She did, however, manage to get an orgasm out of Lissa, Alya, and Rachael. Rachael was no surprise; she seemed to have a never-ending supply of orgasms in her.

Everyone took some time to bathe or shower; after several rounds of sweaty sex and messy fun at supper time, they really needed it. Allison and Rachael changed the sheets but suggested they leave the mattresses downstairs so that they could all spend the night together. Nobody had any objections, so when bedtime came around, they grabbed a bunch of blankets to keep them warm. Allison said with a sly grin that it didn't matter where they slept, or with whom; they were likely to wake up next to someone else entirely anyway. Still, they mostly paired off with their usual partners. Allison and Rachael cuddled up next to Greg, Lissa and Alya lay down together, and Kari and Crystal snuggled with each other next to Jeff.

Brit, of course, lay down on his other side. She snuggled up against him and planted a goodnight kiss on his lips, then lowered her body so that she could lay her head down on his chest. He wrapped one arm around her and held her gently to him.

"I love you," he told her. "Good night."

"I love you too," she replied with a giggle. "Good night."

He fell asleep, happy to once again have the chance to hold her soft, warm, and comforting body to him. He would be doing a lot of this from now on.

Jeff awoke in the middle of the night to the feeling of someone's hand wrapped around his dick. In the darkness, he couldn't see who it was, only a vague outline next to him. If it hadn't been for the fact that he had just fucked Brit several times that day, he would say that it was her, considering how much she loved to play with his cock. But he could still feel Brit lying against his other side, her head cradled under his chin and her arm gripping his shoulder. So unless one of the other girls had taken her place while he was asleep, this new girl was one of the other six.

She continued to stroke his cock for a few minutes, and he just lay there enjoying it. He wasn't sure if the girl knew he was awake, but it really didn't matter. It wasn't like she would be embarrassed to know that he was aware of the whole thing.

When he began to moan, the girl lowered her head and let his cock fill her mouth. She sucked him for several

minutes as his arousal increased and he found himself losing control.

Finally, he let out a gasp as he erupted inside her mouth. She swallowed it down hungrily, not spilling a single drop. Then, just as mysteriously as she arrived, she vanished back into the darkness. Jeff closed his eyes, wondering who it was that had pleased him like that. He fell asleep, still confused but content.

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## Chapter 97

### A Taste of Each Other

He never did discover the identity of the mystery girl. He only knew it wasn't Brit, because on Monday morning he awoke with her in basically the same position next to him as when they had gone to sleep together last night. In the end, it didn't matter anyway who his nocturnal visitor was. He was likely to have sex with her several times over the next week anyway.

Several of the others were already awake. Greg had gotten up early to call into the office and tell his secretary that he wouldn't be coming in that week. There was a fairly unimportant board meeting planned for Wednesday, but he could just conference in over the phone line in his office upstairs. Other than that, he was free to have all the fun he wanted with his family this week.

Brit was the last one up, not surprisingly. Even after waking, she just wanted to cuddle with Jeff for a while, so while the others got ready for the day's activities, the two siblings just lay there together holding each other until Allison announced that it was time for breakfast.

Everyone headed upstairs to a breakfast of bacon and eggs with toast and jam, and orange juice to wash it down. Under normal circumstances, they would want to slow down and enjoy it, but they had much more interesting things to do later. So they hurried and ate, then returned downstairs to continue where they left off last night. Allison stood up in front of the group, taking charge.

"Before we begin," she said, "I want to make sure we all understand what's about to happen. Yesterday we mostly went with our regular partners."

"With some notable exceptions," Crystal interrupted, flashing Greg a smile.

"Exactly," continued Allison. "Today I want to mix things up a little more. Let there be no mistake about it; this is an orgy. As I mentioned before, that means that everyone has to be willing to have sex with anyone else in this room. I know that every girl here is at least partly bisexual, so there shouldn't be any objections on that basis. We'll make an exception for Jeff and Greg of course, but other than that, we all have to be willing."

"I'm more than willing!" Kari exclaimed.

"If anyone wants to back out, this is the time," asked Allison. "Nobody will think less of you if you do. Or if there's anyone in this room you don't want to have sex with, go ahead and say so. I'm sure we can work around you."

Nobody spoke up.

"Greg?" she asked. "Are you okay with this?"

"What I'm not okay with," he said, "is standing around and talking about it, when we should be doing it. We've got some serious fucking to accomplish."

Everyone laughed, especially his kids. He had never been one to use bad language; on the contrary, he had even insisted that the kids keep their speech clean in the house. Now that he had accepted the new lifestyle, he was apparently as enthusiastic about it as anyone.

"Okay, then we're all in," Allison announced. "So does anyone have any suggestions about how we pair off?"

"If we want to have lots of fun," Jeff said, "I vote we put Kari in charge of the fun and games."

"Is Kari good at games?" asked Greg.

"You'd better believe it!" Jeff laughed.

"Any objections?" asked Allison. Again, everyone remained quiet. "Okay, Kari, looks like you're the boss. So what do you want to do?"

"Oh, I've got a few ideas," she replied. "It's just a matter of deciding what we want to do first. Let's see... who here likes oral sex?"

Jeff immediately raised his hand, and the others laughed. Then one by one, the other hands went up until they were all raised.

"All right, since Jeff was so enthusiastic, we'll let him start. This game is really simple. Jeff, you pick someone in this room to bring you to orgasm with her mouth. Then the one you pick will choose someone to do the same for them. So as not to leave anyone out, we'll make it a rule that you're not allowed to choose someone who's already done it. And you're not allowed to choose Jeff, because he'll be last, in order to complete the circle. Agreed?"

The others nodded.

"Good. Jeff, who do you choose?"

"I'll bet I can guess," Lissa commented, glancing at Allison.

"I'll bet I can narrow it down to three at least," Kari added. "And I'd better be on the list, Jeff!"

He laughed. "On the list of girls I most want to suck me off, you're at the top. But I'm going to surprise everyone this time. I pick Alya."

Alya grinned. "My pleasure," she said.

"Actually, I think it will be *my* pleasure," Jeff laughed.

"So Jeff, any reason why you picked Alya?" asked Lissa.

He shrugged. "Simple. It's the novelty of it. She's the only girl in this room who hasn't already sucked my dick at one time or another."

The others glanced around at each other.

"You know, I think he's right," Allison commented with an amused grin.

Jeff sat down on the couch and spread his legs. Alya came over and knelt on the floor in front of him. Everyone crowded around to watch. Brit even walked behind the couch so she could massage his shoulders.

"Can she do that?" asked Crystal. "Is touching allowed?"

"I don't mind," Jeff grinned.

Alya reached out and took his cock in her hands. She gave it a few strokes to put it at full hardness, then lowered her head and stuck out her tongue. Jeff groaned as she licked all around the head. He always loved receiving oral sex, and it was especially exciting since it was the first time Alya had done it to him. She opened her mouth and let his cock slip in, then closed and sealed her lips around it.

When she began to suck, he sighed in pleasure. He was no stranger to blowjobs; every other girl in the room had given him one, after all. But it was always exciting when a new girl did it to him. He loved the hot and moist sensation of her tongue as it cradled his cock, the dimples in her cheeks as she sucked him, and especially the suction inside her mouth that stimulated his nerves, as if trying to draw out the pleasure from deep inside his body.

Apparently her practicing on "Mr. Bullard" had paid off; she certainly knew what she was doing. And obviously she hadn't learned this technique practicing on Lissa. While not as enthusiastic as, say, Brit, she really seemed to enjoy giving him oral sex.

Under normal circumstances, he might try to hold out to prolong the pleasure, but there would be plenty more fun later. So when he felt the rising pressure in his loins, he gave Alya a warning and then let the orgasm overtake him. He tensed up as it hit, releasing into her mouth. She smiled and hummed contentedly as she swallowed it down, and he watched in fascination as her throat contracted with each swallow. That sight was enough to keep the orgasm going extra long, but eventually the pleasure waned and his body relaxed once more. He let out a sigh as Alya let his cock slip from her mouth.

"Yummy, isn't it?" asked Brit. Alya blushed as she nodded.

"Better than Mr. Bullard's?" asked Lissa.

"Absolutely," Alya replied.

"Who's Mr. Bullard?" asked Kari.

"Our landlord," Lissa explained. "We paid him in blowjobs."

Greg's jaw dropped open and his eyes widened as he heard this. Everyone else laughed, probably more at his reaction than at Lissa's statement.

"Okay Alya, your turn," said Kari. "Out of anyone in this room, who do you want to eat you out the most?"

"Well, Lissa's mentioned her experiences with other women. Ever since she mentioned her first time, I've been curious about what it would feel like to be pleasured by that same woman."

"Allison?" asked Greg. "You're talking about that time on the boat?"

"Not quite, Dad," Lissa grinned. "I never told you this, but my first lesbian experience was with Rachael."

Greg gasped. "Are you serious?" he asked. "When did that happen?"

"That first time she babysat us."

"But I thought... Allison told me she was *Jeff's* first time."

"I was," Rachael replied. "That was only the first night. Remember, I spent three nights here. And yes, that means that during that visit I had sex with every member of this family except for Brit."

"Dad and Allison too?" asked Brit.

"Your dad and Allison at the same time," she grinned. "But enough talk. Alya, go sit on the couch so I can eat you."

Alya sat down on the couch, then spread her legs. She seemed a bit nervous, despite being the one to choose her partner. Rachael, of course, wasn't bashful at all. She knelt between Alya's legs and immediately set to work with her tongue. It didn't take long for Alya to warm up to Rachael, which wasn't surprising. Jeff knew from experience how good Rachael was with her tongue, though admittedly it was different with him.

From his vantage point on the couch next to her, he could see everything. Rachael used only the tip of her tongue, running it up and down Alya's slit and over the hairless outer lips. She especially focused on the little bump at the top, and Jeff could see Alya's clit just starting to peek out of its hiding place. Alya was gasping in her breaths now, her eyes closed and an open-mouthed smile on her face.

Lissa came around behind the couch and placed her hands on the girl's shoulders, massaging her like Brit had massaged Jeff. Alya opened her eyes and smiled up at the naked girl above her.

Rachael attacked her with enthusiasm, mercilessly ravishing her pussy with her tongue. She speared it inside the hole, or flicked it over and over again against the clit, driving Alya into a frenzied excitement. Rachael, of

course, seemed to enjoy it almost as much as Alya did. From what Jeff knew of her, she got really excited about being the one to get someone off, male or female. She enjoyed wielding that power over them.

It didn't take long for her assault to do its job. Alya soon screamed in ecstasy as Rachael's mouth pushed her over the edge into an explosive orgasm. Her body shuddered as her muscles all tensed, her hips twitching with each wave of pleasure.

When she calmed down, she lay there panting, her eyes closed and her mouth locked in an uncontrollable smile. Rachael stood up and licked her lips, a similar smile on her own face.

"Yummy," she commented.

"All right, Rachael," Kari said. "Now it's your turn to pick."

"Like I said, I've had sex with everyone in this family except for Brit. I'm getting impatient. She's already fourteen. A couple more years and she'll be too old for me."

"Hey!" Brit exclaimed, but with a grin on her face.

"Just kidding," Rachael told her. "But seriously, Brit, you're about the sexiest girl I've ever met. I was hoping to seduce you the last time I was here, but I had to go away frustrated. I'm not letting another opportunity pass by."

"Well let's get to it then," Brit said with an excited grin. Jeff stood up to give Rachael room to sit down on the couch, and Brit knelt in front of her. Rachael spread her legs wide, giving Brit room to work and everyone in the room the opportunity to see that she was already wet between the legs. That didn't come as a surprise to Jeff; sometimes he thought she lived in a permanent state of arousal.

She squealed at the first touch of Brit's tongue. Brit giggled, then continued to lick her. Rachael seemed particularly excited to have Brit do this with her; like she said, it was her final conquest in the Primdale family. Considering she had already had sex with Kari, Jeff figured that Crystal would probably be her next target. Then she would have seduced everyone in *two* families.

Her hips writhed around on the couch as Brit tongued her pussy. Brit seemed to get a kick out of the reactions she was causing in Rachael, which made her more enthusiastic about her work. Though she didn't put as much energy into it as Rachael had done for Alya, she still tried her hardest. She used her fingers to pry apart her aunt's lips so that she could lick all over the pink parts underneath. She moved up to the clit and ran her tongue over it, eliciting more squeals and gasps from Rachael, who by now was completely lost in the excitement. She grabbed Brit's head and held her there, as if afraid the girl would leave her unsatisfied.

But Brit apparently had no such plans. She was having too much fun making her aunt squirm. Maybe she too enjoyed the power of giving someone an orgasm, especially someone experienced like Rachael. Jeff had always thought of the person performing oral sex as being in a submissive position, but he could see now that it didn't have to be that way at all. Right now, Brit was in complete control of her aunt; Rachael was, for the

moment, her slave.

Rachael's orgasm was the most obvious yet; her moans turned into a shriek of excitement and her hips literally lifted off the couch to mash against Brit's mouth. Brit giggled, but continued to lick her hungrily until her aunt's body once more collapsed on the couch, her legs still spread obscenely and her head thrown back over the back of the couch as she panted in exhaustion.

"Oh god..." she moaned quietly. "Oh god..." Then she lifted her head and stared down at Brit, who now sat at her feet with a grin. Rachael smiled back at her. "Do you realize how long I've wanted you to do that to me, Brit? I've been lusting after you for the longest time."

"Don't worry," Brit told her. "I have a feeling this won't be the last time we have sex."

"Damn right!" Rachael laughed.

"So Brit," said Kari, "Who--"

"Daddy!" she exclaimed with a grin on her face.

Greg laughed. "With such an enthusiastic invitation, how can I refuse?" he asked.

Brit took Rachael's place on the couch. Instead of going straight for her pussy though, he first kissed her tenderly on the lips. When he drew back, he gazed into her eyes for a few seconds, and they both smiled at each other.

"You are so beautiful, Brit," he told her, and she blushed at the compliment. "Last time it was too dark for me to get to enjoy your beauty," he said.

"If you had, we wouldn't be here right now," she grinned.

"That's a very good point. Still, I want to take my time and do this right," he told her.

"Just remember, the rest of us are waiting for you," said Crystal. "So don't take *too* much time."

Greg moved his lips to her cheek and kissed her again, then slowly descended to her neck. She sighed as he kissed her there, running his mouth all over her smooth skin. He smiled in delight at the thought that she was enjoying what he was doing to her. Now that he had the chance to really enjoy her, he realized that there was something comforting and familiar about the feel of her skin, the sound of her breaths, the warmth and even smell of her body, something that was unmistakably Brit. He didn't have to see her to know who he was making love to. Perhaps, even last night, he had known it all along. Perhaps he had simply deluded himself into thinking he was with Crystal instead of her, because he had wanted so much to make love to his daughter, and wanted an excuse, a way to rationalize it so that he wouldn't feel guilty. Yes, now that he had succumbed to his baser instincts and the wiles of not only Allison but his whole family, he could admit freely that he wanted this. He wanted to bring his daughter to the heights of pleasure.

Now he understood how Jeff felt. Brit was a precious treasure, a little angel, a girl who above all needed to be loved. And if society frowned on certain aspects of that love, so be it. She was more important to him than the rules of society anyway. Allison had taught him that lesson, and now he finally understood what it meant.

His lips reached her cute little perky breasts, and he let his tongue wander over her nipple, savoring the delicious flavor and loving the sensation of it growing harder as he teased it. He glanced up and saw that she had her eyes closed and her head thrown back against the top of the couch. Crystal stepped behind her and placed her hands on Brit's shoulders as Brit had done to Jeff. As Greg moved to toy with the other breast momentarily, Crystal rubbed her best friend's shoulders. It still took some getting used to, knowing that these two little girls were lovers. But it also thrilled him. Both girls were absolutely adorable, so tiny and fragile, and infinitely feminine. The thought of them giving each other such pleasure was almost a mind-blowing concept.

As if reading his mind, Crystal let her hands wander lower when Greg left his daughter's breasts and made his way down to her spread legs. Crystal let her hands slide onto Brit's breasts, taking over from her daddy. He had something even more tasty to occupy his attention now.

From the moment his tongue touched her slit, Greg was in love. He loved the flavor of her hot little pussy and the juicy nectar dripping from it. He just couldn't get enough of his daughter's love juices. He licked her all over, running his tongue up and down the slit and burrowing inside. The taste of her drove him wild with desire, and he attacked her mercilessly. He felt her hands on the back of his head, pushing him deeper into him, and he accepted it enthusiastically. All he could think about was her delicious little cunt.

He could hear her whimpering in delight from the onslaught of his tongue, but that sound only drove him wilder and wilder. His tongue ran around and around her cute little clitoris, teasing it as she moaned above him.

"Oh god Daddy, oh god Daddy!" she whimpered, and the sound of it excited him even more. Daddy, she called him. She was getting pleasured by her very own father. It was a thought almost too horrible to even contemplate, yet the perverse nature of it only made it that much more arousing.

As his tongue worked over her clit, he shoved one of his fingers inside her hole. That did it. Her hips bucked, and she cried out. "DADEEEEEEE!" she screamed as her climax hit her hard, reducing her to a quivering mound of orgasmic feminine flesh. He loved the thought that he was doing this to his own daughter, the girl he had brought into this world and spent so much of his time raising. Now he had just shown the extreme depths of his love for her.

After it was all over, Brit lay sighing on the couch, her eyes closed and a satisfied smile on her lips. Greg rose up and kissed those lips, slipping his tongue between them momentarily. Then he sat down beside her and wrapped an arm around her. She leaned in and lay her head on his chest for a few minutes, smiling in contentment.

Eventually she opened her eyes and sat back up, glancing around at the people surrounding her as if surprised

to see them. Perhaps she had been so lost in the moment that she had forgotten where she was.

Then she turned to her father. "Now it's your turn, Daddy," she said. "It's too bad I'm not available, because I'd love to show you how much I love you."

"I'll have to take you up on that offer later," he said. "But for now, I'd like to take Lissa up on her earlier offer to finish what we started on the sailing trip last year."

"I was hoping you'd say that, Dad," Lissa grinned.

Greg rose to his feet and took Brit's place on the couch. He shivered with excitement as he watched Lissa kneel in front of him. So this was it. Up to this point, he hadn't crossed any line today that he hadn't already crossed before. If he allowed his daughter to do this to him, then he would truly be accepting this new lifestyle.

As she glanced up at him with a loving smile on her face, his mind went back to that event that started it all a year ago, the event that had wracked him with guilt for a year now. That was why he had chosen Lissa today. He wanted some form of closure to this whole thing. The guilt wouldn't completely disappear until he surrendered himself totally to an incestuous relationship with his family, so he needed to repeat that event, this time taking it to the end.

He sucked in his breath as Lissa took his dick in her hand. The excitement and thrill of what was about to happen to him had already gotten him as hard as could be, so she really didn't have to use her hands at all. He watched in excruciating eagerness as she brought her face close to his cock. Instead of taking it straight into her mouth, though, she planted a kiss right on the tip.

"Oh god," he groaned, and she smiled at him. Then she kissed it again, this time on the underside just below the head. She stuck out her tongue and brushed it against that spot, that extremely sensitive and pleasurable point that she apparently knew about.

Then she lifted her head a little, opened her mouth, and let her tongue run all over the head, flicking it against the slit at the top that by now leaked pre-cum like crazy. Greg threw his head back and began making groaning noises as she teased him mercilessly.

Brit stepped behind him, placing her hands on his shoulders and rubbing him like she had rubbed Jeff. Greg gazed up into her smiling face, remembering that time on the pool deck a week ago when she had done the same thing with Rachael and Allison pleasuring him. This time he let himself go, enjoying the sight of her perky little tits just inches from his face. How he would love to suck on them! No doubt he would have many chances later, so he just relaxed and let the pleasure overtake him.

Then he felt the moist warmth of Lissa's mouth enveloping his cock, and he gave a much louder groan of pleasure. She bobbed up and down on him, slowly at first so as to prolong the waves of pleasure that washed through him at every motion. He couldn't believe how wonderful it felt to have his daughter do this to him. It was so wrong, yet it felt so right. Ever since those pictures on the boat last year, he had had the occasional

fantasy about Lissa continuing the experience. Sometimes he even dreamed about it. Fortunately, Allison enjoyed it when he woke up from such erotic dreams and groped her until she awoke and took care of his needs.

He stared down into Lissa's beautiful face, losing himself in the depth of her eyes as she gazed back up at him with adoration. He could see now that she wasn't just doing this as part of the scheme to get him over his moral issues with the relationships that he disapproved of. The expression on her face told him that she was doing this because she loved him. He understood fully now what that meant.

Across the room, he noticed Alya watching with fascination. Lately he had come to know what it felt like to share his lover with someone else, and learned that it could be done without jealousy. Alya was experiencing the same thing, though from what Allison had mentioned earlier, it wasn't the first time. Still, she probably wasn't all that used to it.

Soon he felt the pleasure spiking. He threw his head back against the couch, letting out a wail. Lissa kept sucking, and a moment later he released his load into her mouth. She swallowed it enthusiastically, and he realized that in that moment he had crossed the final line. For the first time, he had willingly allowed one of his daughters to bring him to orgasm. He had no regrets about it; of course, the intense pleasure filled him so completely that there was no room for regrets.

When it was over, he collapsed again against the couch. Lissa rose up and sat down next to him. Then she leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. "Thank you, Dad," she said. "I've been wanting to do that for almost a year now. That was the best birthday present I could ever ask for."

"So Lissa, who do you want to do you?" asked Jeff.

"Allison," Lissa replied. "We've been such good friends, and I've felt so close to you these past few years. I love to hug you and caress you and just be with you. Our friendship has always been about tenderness and affection. Now that we're all shedding off our inhibitions, I want to add sex to it."

"Lissa, I've wanted to do this for a long time," Allison replied. "I was just afraid that it might hurt our relationship. Now I don't have to worry any more, and I finally get my chance to show you how much I love you." She came over to Lissa and kissed her on the lips. Lissa closed her eyes and relaxed, letting herself enjoy it. From Jeff's perspective, he could tell that this kiss wasn't just about the game they played, but about the love between the two women. Lissa and Allison really did care about each other.

He glanced over at Alya, wondering if she might be a little jealous. But the smile on her face suggested that she approved of this. Greg's face had a similar expression; apparently, neither of them had the slightest issue with their lovers in the arms of someone else.

When Allison drew back, Lissa kept her eyes closed, smiling and licking her lips. She sighed in happiness, still lost in that kiss.

Allison leaned in again, this time kissing her on the neck. Lissa threw her head back and let out a whimper of

delight. Allison reached out with her hands and fondled the girl's breasts, gently running them all over.

"Oh god, Allison!" Lissa exclaimed. "That's so nice."

"It gets better," her stepmother said, then leaned in to lick one of the nipples. Lissa gave an excited and even comical squeal at the contact, causing everyone to laugh. The two girls on the couch ignored it though, too caught up in each other.

"I love the way you taste," Allison commented. "I should have done this a long time ago. You have such a wonderful body; you can't imagine how much it turns me on to finally get to experience it to the fullest." She continued to kiss, lick, and suck Lissa's nipple for a few minutes, then moved to the other one to give it the same pleasure.

Lissa's breathing grew heavier by the minute. Her body was reacting to the stimulation, squirming on the couch and occasionally shuddering. Her motions increased when Allison slipped her hand between Lissa's legs and began to rub her gently there. The girl's breathing turned to moans.

Allison removed her lips from Lissa's breast so that she could gaze at her face as she fingered her pussy. From the look on Allison's face, she loved seeing the girl's reactions.

Finally, she knelt down between Lissa's legs. Lissa glanced down at Allison, pure lust in her eyes. Her stepmother gave her a wink, then leaned in with her head, opening her mouth and extending her tongue. She moved in slowly, drawing out the anticipation until it appeared that Lissa could stand it no longer. Then Allison's tongue touched the girl's pussy, and Lissa screamed with joy.

Again, it was obvious that this was more than just the game. Allison attended to the task with love and devotion, the expression on her face showing that it was a privilege for her to be able to do this to Lissa. Her tongue ran all over the girl's pussy, up and down the slit, over the now exposed clitoris, and sometimes delving inside to taste her sweet nectar. Allison looked like she was in heaven as she made love to her stepdaughter. Her own moans matched Lissa's; she obviously got as much satisfaction out of this as the girl she was stimulating.

Lissa unconsciously put her hands to the back of Allison's head and pulled her in, holding her tightly against her cunt. The woman didn't complain at all, but simply responded by attacking the girl's pussy more vigorously. She placed her hands on the insides of Lissa's knees to spread her legs even wider and give her room to go even deeper with her tongue.

The passion and love between the girls was so obvious that it was clear that they both had wanted this for a long time. Jeff, who watched from nearby, realized that he was witnessing the culmination of a relationship every bit as beautiful as the one between his sister and himself. He could see now that Lissa and Alya were meant to be lovers.

Soon, Lissa's moans and movements increased, her body clearly building to an orgasm. Her legs nearly clamped together around Allison's head as her body tensed up; only Allison's hands pressing on Lissa's thighs

and holding her legs open prevented it from happening. She kept running her tongue up and down and all over Lissa's pussy as her stepdaughter collapsed into a screaming orgasm. The girl's body shuddered almost violently, each wave of pleasure causing her to tense up and gasp. It lasted surprisingly long, as if trying to make up for all the missed opportunities between the women. Then finally she relaxed, her knotted muscles loosening up and her body falling back once more against the couch, exhausted and spent.

Allison rose up and smiled at her, then leaned in and kissed her deeply on the lips, pressing their bodies together in a caring embrace. When they separated, they continued to gaze lovingly into each other's eyes.

"Oh god, Allison," Lissa smiled at her. "That was one of the most wonderful things I've ever experienced. All this time I've been afraid of stepping over the line with you, because you mean so much to me and I didn't want to make a mistake that could hurt our relationship. But now I see that this just makes me love you all the more."

"I'm glad," Allison replied, "because that's exactly the same way I feel about you."

"So Lissa," Alya said, "does this mean you're in love with Allison?"

Lissa glanced at her, then at her stepmother.

"I don't know..." she replied.

"It's all right if you are," Alya smiled. "I'm not jealous. Even if you two have a history, the fact that you chose me means you're in love with me even more."

"That's not in doubt," Lissa told her. "Alya, you'll always be the girl I love the most. But maybe I *am* in love with Allison too."

"It's okay," Allison told her with a smile. "You don't need to try to analyze it, or to make up your mind right away. It took your father and me years to admit that we were in love with each other. I know you love me, Lissa, but if it's just as a mother or as a friend, that's good enough for me."

"Of course you say that now that she's willing to have sex with you," Rachael commented, causing the others to laugh.

"Well, there is that," Allison conceded with a grin. "Besides, I might be in love with Lissa too. I'm not quite sure, but then, I've been in this position before with Greg, so it doesn't worry me too much." She climbed onto the couch and sat down next to Lissa, putting her arm over Lissa's shoulders to cuddle with her.

"Well, Allison, it looks like it's just down to the Williams girls," Rachael told her sister. "Take your pick."

Allison grinned. "You're not the only lesbian pedophile here," she replied. "I like young girls too. Crystal, would you mind?"

"Not a bit!" Crystal said.

"Well this is a first," Kari laughed. "It's not often I get picked last. Not in sports, and certainly not in sex!"

"If it will make you feel better, you were my second choice," Jeff replied.

"Oh, now that makes *me* feel bad," said Allison teasingly. "I thought for sure *I* would have been second."

"Okay, let's not start putting the women in order," Greg insisted. "No good ever came of comparing women to each other. Without fail, you always end up making them all mad at you."

Everyone laughed at that.

Allison spread her legs to give access to Crystal, who seemed eager and enthusiastic. She knelt before the older woman, then brought her face down to Allison's crotch. She stuck out her tongue and ran it from the base of the slit all the way to the nub at the top. Allison shuddered at the contact, a glowing smile on her face.

Crystal's technique was quite different than Allison's. Where Allison had been loving, caring, almost worshipful, Crystal was instead playful. That was perfectly appropriate, of course. It fit her personality well. She teased Allison's outer lips with her tongue, using just the tip to limit the area of contact and focus the pleasure. She used quick, fleeting strokes that caused Allison to jump and gasp with each contact. She had been doing this to her girlfriend and her big sister long enough to become quite the expert, and the reactions she was causing in Allison's body showed it.

Jeff loved the sight of Allison's face in her aroused state. Of course, he loved her face anyway, but it was hard to imagine a sight more arousing than the most beautiful woman in the world in such a state of pleasure, especially when that pleasure came from another girl. Allison had a dreamy look in her eyes as she focused on nothing in particular, and her beautiful, tasty lips were open wide in a smile as she gasped in her breaths. He watched the rising and falling of her chest that really emphasized her gorgeous tits. He wanted to just reach out and fondle them right now.

Unfortunately, Rachael got there first. She stood behind the couch, leaning over her sister like some of the other girls had done to each other earlier, and slipped her hands down onto Allison's chest, running them over the woman's big, beautiful boobs. Allison let out a moan at the double pleasure.

Crystal's tongue flicked against Allison's now engorged clit, sending spasms of pleasure through the woman's body. Crystal giggled at the reaction and continued to do it, having fun causing Allison to jump like that.

With such expert attention to her pussy and breasts, she soon began gearing up for an orgasm. Her hips writhed in ecstasy beneath Crystal's ministrations, and her body pulsed with the waves of pleasure that wracked her. She let out a long, high-pitched wail as her orgasm washed over her, and Jeff thought that the mere sight of her in the throes of ecstasy was so erotic that it might bring on his own climax.

Crystal kept licking her, focusing specifically on her clit, until the pleasure dropped off and left the woman sighing in bliss on the couch, exhausted yet satisfied.

"My turn!" Kari grinned. The others laughed.

"You're kind of anxious, aren't you?" asked Rachael.

"That's because my baby sister has the sweetest, tastiest pussy in the whole world," Kari replied.

"I don't know," Lissa told her. "It's got to be hard to beat Alya's."

"Or Lissa's," Alya added.

"Remember, I've tasted all three," Kari told them. "Neither of you have tasted Crystal's."

"Not yet at least," replied Lissa.

"Ooh, I like the way your mind thinks," said Crystal. "I'd love to take you up on that offer later."

"Right now, it's all mine," insisted Kari. Lissa got up and let Crystal take her place on the couch, then Kari knelt in front of her. She didn't just lick the girl's pussy, but opened her mouth and covered her whole mound, as if literally trying to eat it.

Crystal squealed with excitement and pleasure as Kari worked her over. The older girl seemed particularly enthusiastic about this, showing just how much she enjoyed pleasuring her little sister.

From the motions of her mouth and cheeks, it was clear that she was both sucking on Crystal's pussy, as well as using her tongue to stimulate her at the same time. The stimulation was having its effect on the girl; her breathing grew heavier, her face was flushed, and her body squirmed, rocking her hips forward and back as if trying to fuck her sister's mouth. Her hands went unconsciously to her small, immature breasts and caressed them.

Seeing that, Brit went around behind the couch and slipped her hands down onto Crystal's chest the way Rachael had done to Allison. Now that she had someone else to do the job for her, she placed her own hands on the couch cushion beside her to steady herself.

Her breathing gradually turned to moans as the pleasure took over. Kari seemed encouraged by those sounds, as she picked up the pace. She took her mouth off of her sister's pussy, but only so that she could reach up with her fingers and pry the girl's lips apart. She then thrust her tongue inside, licking her all over. Crystal squealed at the new sensation, her hips rocking faster now.

Brit's hands went to the girl's nipples, and she rolled them between her fingers, causing more squeals and moans. She was lost in the pleasure now, incapable of doing anything but reacting unconsciously to the things that the girls were doing to her.

When Kari moved up a couple of inches and ran her tongue over Crystal's clit, it was too much. The girl cried out and tensed up, her body wracked by her explosive orgasm. Tremors ran through her body as she continued shrieking as waves of pleasure ran through her, pushing her over the edge.

Bit by bit, those waves diminished, and she came down from the heights, still gasping in her breaths and smiling giddily but now just collapsed in a heap on the couch.

"Delicious," Kari commented, licking her lips. "That's my second favorite food, next to Jeff's cum, of course."

"I'll be happy to serve your favorite food any time you want," he told her.

"Later. Right now, I'm going to serve you *your* favorite food. At least, it *better* be your favorite food."

"I don't know..." he teased. "It's hard to beat a nice lasagna with extra spicy Italian sausage."

She playfully slapped him on the shoulder. He gave her a kiss, slipping his tongue inside her mouth and tasting the remnants of Crystal's juices. That little taste made him hungry for more, so he pulled back and helped Kari to her feet so that she could take Allison's place on the couch next to her sister.

Kari spread her legs, and Jeff got down on his knees, eager to taste her.

"You know," said Jeff, "I think I'm going to have to disagree with you, Kari."

"About what?" she asked.

"*You* have the sweetest and tastiest pussy in the world."

Kari giggled, and Jeff opened his mouth and let his tongue run up and down her slit.

From the moment his tongue touched her soft skin, he was addicted. He attacked her with fervor, running his tongue all over the area as if unable to decide what part of her he wanted to taste the most. Maybe that was true. The tender outer lips, the juicy pink flesh inside, the bump at the top that sent tremors through her body whenever he touched it, they all had their appeal. He wanted it all.

He remembered the first time he had performed cunnilingus on her. He had been hesitant, perhaps even a little disgusted at the thought. Sure, he enjoyed receiving oral sex from her and she enjoyed giving it, but the thought of tasting her down there had seemed kind of gross at the time.

But his desire to make her feel good had overwhelmed his trepidation, so he had tried it. Now he was glad he had done it, because otherwise he would have missed out on so much. Sure, the thought that he was giving her such intense pleasure was one of the main joys of doing this, and he loved to see the reactions he caused in her body, but now that he had gotten used to it, he loved the taste and feel of it. He loved to run his tongue over her soft skin, to taste her juices, to toy with her clitoris. Sometimes he felt like he could just do this for hours.

Of course, Kari couldn't keep it up that long. Her body was reacting to him, growing hotter and moister and squirming with every breath she took. Jeff glanced up at her face, loving the look of intense pleasure there and knowing that he was the cause of it. She moaned loudly, not caring that everyone could hear her, or

maybe even enjoying that fact. Sometimes her body jumped when he hit a particularly sensitive spot, often when he brushed his tongue against her clit.

After several minutes, he sensed her body building up to her orgasm. He kept licking her all over, driving her insane with pleasure. Her moans began climbing the scale, building to a wail of pleasure as he drove her over the top. Jeff continued to torment her with his tongue, drawing out the climax for as long as it was physically possible for her body to continue in such intense pleasure. He flicked his tongue over and over again against her clit as if trying to keep her from ever coming down from that high.

It couldn't last forever though. Finally her body had had enough, and she slowly calmed down. The aftershocks of the climax continued to pound her, especially with Jeff still working on her pussy, but bit by bit they diminished until he left her panting and helpless on the couch, sapped of all her energy.

"So that's it," Lissa commented. "Everyone's had a turn."

"Yeah, but after getting all excited from eating out my girlfriend, I'm all ready for a second round," Jeff said.

"Don't worry," Kari told him weakly. "I've got another game in mind for this afternoon."

"I can hardly wait," he grinned.

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## Chapter 98

### Fantasy Pairings

After the excitement of the morning, they decided they needed a rest. Even those who hadn't been involved since early in the game agreed to a cooldown period.

Since they were in no rush (other than Jeff), they decided to take a break from their sex play. After lunch, they all headed out back to go skinny dipping. It was particularly fun now that there was no pretense of propriety anymore. First, the girls had fun rubbing suntan lotion all over each other, and the men. Then they all hopped in the pool to enjoy each other.

When Crystal jumped on Greg's back and wrapped her arms around his neck, everyone knew it wasn't just a playful gesture, but a sexual one. When Lissa and Allison wrestled and tried to dunk each other, it was obviously just an excuse to rub their bodies together. And of course, there was a lot of kissing and groping and fondling of each other. Rachael in particular thought it was hilarious to sneak up on people and grab them either by the tits or cock, depending up whether her victim was a boy or a girl.

Whenever anyone climbed out of the pool and sat on the side, by unspoken agreement they decided it was a signal that that person wanted someone to perform oral sex on them, and usually the nearest person or two would take on the job. More than one of them was brought to a screaming orgasm that way.

They continued their wet and wild fun until suppertime. Eager to get on with the evening's adventures, they didn't want to take time to prepare anything, so Allison just heated up a bunch of leftovers.

After supper, they gathered once more in the rec room, or "Den of Iniquity," as they dubbed it. Crystal was the first to suggest the name, and everyone thought it so funny that from that point forward that was what they called it.

"So Kari," said Jeff, anxious to get things started, "you said you had another game in mind?"

"I do," she replied. "This is another one where most of us watch. I need a hat or other container, some pencils, and some strips of paper. One for each of us."

"I'll get it," said Allison, and hurried upstairs. She returned a minute later with the items. The "hat" turned out to be an old shoe box. "Will this do?" she asked.

"Perfect," Kari agreed. "So here are the rules of the game. We each write down two names of people in this room. Two people that we would like to see have sex together. This is a chance for you to make your fantasies come true. And before anyone asks, you're not allowed to include yourself."

"You're no fun," Rachael joked.

"We'll put the names in the box and draw them out one by one. The two people who get drawn have to fuck. Afterward, we all try to guess who put those names in. We might not get through all of them, but we'll go until everyone has been involved at least once. Any questions?"

"Yeah, do we have to limit it to two people?" asked Jeff.

Kari laughed. "Oh, all right. If you want to put down three, that's fine. But no more than that."

Allison distributed the paper and pencils, and everyone set to work jotting down their fantasies. One by one they folded them and placed them in the shoe box. As soon as they were finished, Kari placed the lid on, shook it, then opened it again. "Who wants to do the honors?" she asked.

"I will," said Brit. She hopped up off the couch and came over to reach into the box. She retrieved a piece of paper and unfolded it. She grinned when she saw the names.

"Greg and Alya," she read.

Both of them stared at her in shock. "Really?" asked Greg.

Brit turned the paper around and showed him. The names were clearly written.

Alya looked nervous, even a little frightened. Lissa put an arm around her. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"I don't know..." Alya replied. "I guess... I guess I'm still a little intimidated by your dad. I've wanted to impress him, because I wanted him to approve of you and me being together. But I..."

Greg stood up and strode over to her. He knelt in front of her and took her hands in his own. "You don't have any reason to be afraid of me any more," he told her with a tender smile. "I only want my daughter to be happy, and she's made up her mind that you're the one who can give that to her. Since she loves you so much, I would be doing her a disservice if I tried to come between you. And since I'm turning over a new leaf, I might as well admit that I really do like you, both because of how happy you're making my daughter and just because you're a likable person. I *want* you to be with her."

"Really?" she asked.

"Really," he replied. "I want you to think of me as your father. Call me Dad if you like, because I want you to be a part of this family."

"Dad," she smiled. "I like that."

"Which makes what you're about to do all the more creepy," Crystal teased. Alya giggled at that.

Greg drew her hand to his face and kissed it. "I would be honored if you would let me make love to you," he said. Alya blushed, but she had a smile on her face. She nodded. Greg leaned in and kissed her on the lips, and she closed her eyes and let herself enjoy it.

Lissa actually had tears in her eyes as she watched them. The smile on her face indicated that her tears were of happiness.

Greg and Alya lay down on the mat. He let his fingers slide between her legs to gently rub her. She closed her eyes and smiled, relaxing from his ministrations. Greg lowered his head and began kissing all around her breasts. He loved the thought that he was making love to his daughter's girlfriend. Strangely enough, there was something even more twisted about that than making love to his daughter herself. The perverted nature of the act added its own kind of excitement to it.

His tongue ran around one of her nipples, causing her to gasp and shudder at the sensation. While his mouth worked on her breasts, his hand went between her legs, where he found that she was already damp. Despite her nervousness, she was also quite apparently aroused. His fingers traced her slit, working up and down in the groove to loosen her and increase her excitement. Her hips began to thrust upward, as if trying to spear themselves on his fingers.

After a few minutes of stimulating her and listening to her gasps, Greg positioned himself above her. He kissed her lips, enjoying the sweet flavor of them. He might not have originally approved of Lissa's relationship with her, but right now he could understand how his daughter would fall in love with this girl.

He lowered himself, feeling his cock slide inside of her. She cried out, but with pleasure rather than pain. She wrapped her arms around him and pulled him down to her, and it excited him to feel the soft and warm skin of her bare chest against his own. He began to thrust, and it didn't take long to get into a rhythm.

Making love to Alya was different from making love to Allison, or Rachael, or even Brit. With Allison and Rachael, it had been hot and passionate. With Brit, it had been sweet and tender. There was something different about Alya, and he suddenly realized what it was. Perhaps she was still trying to impress him, or perhaps it was just her style, but she seemed to be trying to please him as much as possible. An almost imperceptible difference in the way she moved made it clear that this was for his pleasure rather than hers. Her kisses were those of a devoted lover, but an inferior rather than an equal. It wasn't that she was submissive; far from it. But for her, sex was a matter of giving rather than taking. There was something about this style of lovemaking that was extremely appealing. No wonder Lissa loved her so much!

That gave him a great idea. If she was going to try to please him, then he would try to please her back. He was determined to make sure that she enjoyed it every bit as much as he did. He slowed his pace and kissed her lips, cheeks, and forehead as he thrust into her with gentleness and love. He spent a few minutes trying to find the right rhythm that would coincide with her breathing to make it more natural and therefore more pleasurable. He soon found just the right pace, which from her reaction made each motion culminate in a higher level of pleasure, the waves coming deeply instead of rapidly. He could tell by the smile on her face that she knew why he had done it, and appreciated it.

With this new motion, it wasn't long before she began to wail as her orgasm overtook her. Her body tensed up and she gripped him to her, as if trying to pull his whole body right inside of her. He could feel her pussy spasming, and that set him off too. He let out a loud groan as the pleasure spiked and he erupted inside of her.

As soon as their mutual orgasm subsided, he rolled over off of her. She snuggled up next to him and lay her head on his chest, smiling.

"That was wonderful, Greg," she said. "I mean, Dad. I think that's one of the most fulfilling orgasms I've ever had."

"I'm glad," he told her.

As Alya lay on Greg's chest and sighed in contentment, Kari stood back up. "We'll let them rest for a while. They've earned it. In the mean time, let's have a vote for who we think put their names into the box."

"I'm guessing Lissa," said Jeff. "Just seeing how happy she is, I can't imagine that she would have chosen anyone else."

There was a general chorus of agreement with his suggestion, so it seemed to be unanimous.

"All right, will the person who put their names in the box raise their hand?" said Kari.

Not surprisingly, it was Lissa. "Until now I still wasn't sure if Dad really accepted Alya," she explained. "I knew I had to do something to get them to like each other, and this seemed like the perfect opportunity."

"Because you knew how good she is in bed and figured that once I slept with her I'd never be able to reject her?" asked Greg. Alya giggled.

"More or less," said Lissa.

"It worked," he replied with a broad smile. Alya kissed him tenderly on the cheek.

"Thanks, Dad," she smiled.

"All right, let's see who's next," Kari announced. "Jeff, why don't you do the honors this time?" She picked up the shoe box and brought it over to him. He reached inside and drew out a slip of paper. As soon as he read it, he broke out into a wide grin, and even started laughing.

"What is it?" asked Kari.

"Me and Allison," he replied, turning the paper over and showing the names to everyone to confirm it.

"Jeff, you didn't put your own name in, did you?" asked Allison, though she certainly didn't seem opposed to the idea.

"I swear it wasn't me," he replied. "Although it certainly sounds like whoever did it was trying to do me a favor."

"Greg, this isn't going to bother you?" asked Allison.

"If it bothered me, I wouldn't have agreed to this orgy in the first place. Besides, it's only fair. If you don't mind watching me with Alya, why should I mind watching you with Jeff?"

"Well then, what are we waiting for?" asked Jeff with a grin. He grabbed Allison's hand and led her over to the mat, where she lay down on her back. Jeff lay on his side next to her, letting his hand roam over her body. Though it wasn't the first time he had made love to her, he never tired of seeing her amazingly beautiful face, her perfect body, her soft and delicate skin. His hand immediately went to one of her breasts, and he rubbed her there.

He glanced up at his father to see the man's reaction, but Greg simply gave him an encouraging smile. In that look, Jeff found the answer to all of his questions. It was okay, he realized, to make love to his father's wife. He could have her without fear of anger or jealousy from his dad. But there was another question that it answered too, one that had been bothering him since the day they had begun to plot against Greg. Not only was it possible for a man to see the woman he loved making love to another man and not feel jealous, it was possible to watch it and even enjoy it! In his father's eyes Jeff had even seen a touch of excitement. Greg actually *wanted* to see him seduce Allison. And that gave Jeff another insight; all this time the goal he had been shooting for was to share Brit with his father without jealousy. But now he realized that he could take it a step further, and have that sight actually turn him on.

His hand slipped between Allison's legs, and she hummed in contentment at the contact. He leaned over and ran his tongue around her nipple, causing her to gasp. She closed her eyes and let herself enjoy the sensation.

Jeff loved playing with her body, giving her such pleasure. To think that he was making love with the most perfect women in the world was almost an unthinkable concept, yet here he was. And he realized that for the first time, he could do it without any worries or inhibitions. His joy was no longer tempered by fear of getting caught or melancholy from not being allowed to be with Brit.

She was really getting aroused from his hand and mouth; perhaps she felt something of the same about him. It excited him to know that she wanted this, perhaps as much as she did.

Soon enough she gazed into his eyes to let him know that it was time. Jeff rolled over on top of her, kissing her passionately on the lips as he positioned himself to penetrate her. He lowered his hips, feeling her hot, moist pussy engulf his cock. It was such a wonderful feeling, especially with a woman like Allison.

She wrapped her arms around him and held her to him as he began to thrust. He glanced over at Greg, who smiled. *He actually smiled!* The man was watching his son screw his wife, and he seemed to enjoy it!

The thought of just how naughty that was fueled Jeff's desire, and he picked up the tempo. Allison wrapped her legs around his hips and cried out in excitement as he pumped her. Jeff loved the feel of her hot, sweaty body against his, especially her gorgeous tits with their hard nipples poking him in the chest. He attacked her lips with her own, and she responded by opening her mouth and thrusting her tongue inside his. The two of them kissed passionately and greedily, lost in the ecstasy of their lovemaking.

Over and over again he slammed into her, and from the sounds she made and the way she rocked her hips

forward to meet him, he could tell she loved it hard like that. Maybe there was a certain exhibitionistic excitement at doing it in front of the others, especially her husband. Jeff had never minded an audience; he thought it added another dimension to it. He glanced around the room at everyone's faces, noticing that Kari and Brit, the two most likely to feel jealousy, instead watched with looks of arousal on their faces.

No matter how much he wanted this feeling to last forever, he knew that it couldn't. Fortunately, the ending was better than the beginning. He felt the approach of his orgasm, and gave himself up to it, not wanting to delay the intense feeling any longer. He shoved deep into Allison one last time, exploding inside of her and releasing his cum into her body.

"Oh Jeff!" she exclaimed in delight, feeling the release and apparently loving it.

She wasn't quite through, but continued to thrust her own hips into his. Despite wanting to rest now, he knew it would be unfair to leave her unsatisfied, so fell into the rhythm again. The tightness and slickness of her pussy was enough to keep him hard, and fortunately she didn't last more than a couple of minutes longer. Soon she screamed and tensed up, her pussy clamping down hard on his cock as her own orgasm burst forth.

Afterward, they lay panting in each other's arms, eyes closed and smiling in satisfaction, basking in the post-orgasmic glow and the warmth and softness of each other's bodies.

"All right, so who do we think wanted to give Jeff the opportunity to live out his fantasy?" asked Kari.

"I think it was you," said Lissa. "You're obviously not the jealous type, so maybe you wanted to do something nice for your boyfriend."

"Okay, that's one vote for me," said Kari. "Any other ideas?"

"I'm guessing Brit," said Rachael. "She's obviously infatuated with her brother. She's always looking for ways she can make him happy, so this would be a perfect opportunity."

"So one vote for Brit," Kari said. "Anybody else want to throw out an idea?"

"I think it was Jeff himself," Brit replied. "I know it's against the rules, but for a chance like this, how could he resist cheating?"

"Yeah, well in that case, I think it was Allison," Jeff laughed.

"All right," Kari grinned. "Any other suggestions, or are we ready to vote?"

No one spoke up, so she continued. "Who thinks it was me?" she asked. Lissa and Crystal raised their hands. "Who thinks it was Brit?" Kari and Rachael raised their hands. "Who thinks it was Jeff?" Alya and Allison raised their hands. "Who thinks it was Allison?" Only Jeff raised his hand.

"Greg, you're not voting?" asked Allison.

"It would be pointless for me to vote," he grinned, "since I'm the one who put your names in."

There were at least three audible gasps in the room. "You're not serious!" Lissa exclaimed with an amused smile.

"All a part of the new me," he said. "If I'm going to change my lifestyle so radically, I'm going to have to get used to the idea of sharing Allison with Jeff. After all, I fooled around with his girlfriend yesterday, so it's only fair that he get to fool around with my wife. And besides, none of you suspected it, did you?"

"Well I for one am insulted that Jeff didn't cheat," Allison said, though in a joking tone.

"Who says I didn't?" he asked. "Maybe there's another one in there with our names on it."

"I can only hope," she grinned seductively.

"So should we go for a third, or do we want to take a rest first?" asked Kari.

"Let's keep going," said Rachael. "My name hasn't come up yet, and I'm getting a little anxious."

"I thought the word was 'horny,'" Lissa corrected.

"Oh yes. I was never good at vocabulary."

"All right. Let's go again," said Kari. "Lissa, you pick this time." She brought the box over, and Lissa pulled out a slip of paper. It read, "Greg and Brit."

"What do you think, Greg?" asked Kari. "You've already had two orgasms today. Are you up for a third?"

"With Brit? Absolutely!" he exclaimed, and Brit's eyes lit up with delight.

"Oh, Daddy!" she grinned, skipping over to him.

"Besides, watching my son screw my wife has made me horny again," he laughed. "Horny enough to fuck my own daughter."

Greg and Brit lay down together on the mat, but surprisingly, Brit immediately took over. She rolled her father onto his back, then grabbed his cock in her hands and began stroking it up and down. It quickly hardened in her hand.

"Since you just got fucked not too long ago, you need to be warmed up more than me," she explained.

"You're not getting out of the hook that easily," he laughed, reaching out and fingering her pussy.

"Ooh!" she exclaimed with delight, working even harder on his cock. Both of them soon started moaning and gasping from the stimulation. Greg's cock leaked pre-cum like crazy, and Brit's pussy was nice and damp.

Brit sat up and straddled his hips, rubbing the tip of his cock all over her pussy. They both groaned at the sensation, and it was clear that they were both ready.

"Can I be on top?" asked Brit. "I want you to play with my titties while you fuck me."

"Oh god yes!" Greg exclaimed with excitement. Brit rose up on her knees, scooted forward a couple of inches, took her father's cock in her hand to point it straight up, then slowly descended on it. The smile on her face widened as he sank deeper and deeper into her body.

Greg was in absolute ecstasy. The last time he had had sex with her (other than with his tongue), the lights were out and he had even thought she was Crystal. Now, gazing up at her beautiful face and body as she bounced up and down on his cock, he reveled in the sight and feel of her, and in the knowledge that he was experiencing something so beautiful with the girl that he loved so very much. His daughter. His incestuous little daughter.

Incest. The word had once been so abhorrent to him. Now he embraced it, loved it even. It described a kind of love that most parents never got to share with their children. The world might frown upon their relationship, but to Greg it was the ultimate expression of familial love. It brought him closer to his daughter than he had ever been before. Ordinary love was for ordinary families. This was something special, something more complete and fulfilling.

His hands roamed over her breasts, fondling them gently. There was something particularly enjoyable about touching the silky smooth flesh of a young girl like her. She certainly had a lot of room to grow; she was still pretty skinny and her breasts were tiny compared to Allison's, for instance. But he loved the feel of them all the same.

He also loved the tightness of her young cunt wrapped around his cock. She would probably do quite a bit of growing in that area too over the next few years, but for now her tiny little hole felt particularly nice on his cock. It was so hot and slick and soft, all adding up to an incredible sensation. As she pistoned herself up and down on him, his own hips instinctively matched her rhythm, rising up to meet her as she drove herself down upon him.

She had her eyes closed now, but kept her mouth open in a smile to gasp in her breaths as she luxuriated in the pleasure. Greg kept his own eyes open; the sight of her body riding him was too beautiful for him to think about missing even one second of it.

*I'm fucking my little angel!* he thought with delight. *My sweet little girl.* He would probably go to hell for it, but this taste of heaven was worth it.

"Oh god, Daddy!" she cried out as she bounced up and down on him. "I'm fucking my incestuous Daddy! I'm going to feel him squirt his sperm up inside me! The same sperm that made me is going to fill me up!"

Her dirty talk was too much for him. The excitement and lust that her words instilled in him pushed him toward his climax. Between the hot, tight tunnel of his daughter's cunt, the sight of her beautiful young body

on top of him, and the shock of her filthy language, he rapidly shot toward the peak. He groaned as the pleasure spiked, and suddenly he could hold it back no longer. His cock jerked inside his daughter's hot young pussy, and he could feel the surge of cum as it exploded from the tip.

Apparently Brit could feel it too. "Oh my god!" she screamed. "He's doing it! My Daddy's cumming inside of me! Oh Daddy, I love you!"

Her words cut off as her own climax hit her. Her pussy clamped down hard on his cock as her body tensed, and a shudder ran through her, tiny and imperceptible at first but gradually building until she shook violently with the force of it. She shrieked in extreme pleasure, riding out the waves of their mutual orgasm.

When the pleasure ebbed and they found themselves coming down from that high, Brit lay down on top of him, her head against his chest. Greg slipped his arms around her back and held her to him, letting his love for her fill him with a warm, internal glow. Now that love was complete. He understood now what she meant when she asked if he "loved her infinity."

They snuggled together for a few minutes, and Brit even fell asleep, though only for about a minute. Then she woke again, glancing around at the rest of the group who were smiling at her. She smiled back.

"So who do we think put their names in?" asked Kari.

"I'm guessing Jeff," said Brit. "I think it's kind of like Daddy putting Jeff's and Allison's name in. He wants to get used to the idea of me with my father."

"I think Rachael," Lissa suggested. "For no other reason than this is the type of thing that gets her off."

"It could be Allison," said Jeff. "She's been trying to get Brit and Dad together for months now."

"Good point," said Kari. "Any other ideas?"

No one else spoke up, so they started the voting. As it turned out, Jeff was correct. Allison had put their names in.

"I just wanted to see the results of my efforts," she explained. "It's all well and good to have Greg seduce his daughter in a dark bedroom, but I missed out on that particular fun, so I wanted to see it first hand."

"You just may be seeing a lot of it from now on," Greg told her with a smile. "I think you've created a monster."

"Two monsters," Brit added with a wink.

Kari grabbed the shoebox, this time handing it to Greg. He reached into the box and withdrew a slip of paper. He opened it up and stared at it. "This one's not valid," he said.

"Why not?" asked Rachael.

"Because there are more than three names."

"Let me see," said Kari. She came over and stared over his shoulder at it. "Allison + Rachael, Lissa + Brit, Kari + Crystal. Oh, I see. The three sets of sisters."

"It may not be valid, but since it has my name on it, I'm all for it," Rachael insisted. "I'm so aroused right now I'm about to attack someone, and I don't care who."

"I guess it's up to me to take care of her," said Allison. "Even if the other girls aren't willing, at least Rachael and I can perform."

"I'm willing if Brit is," said Lissa, "but maybe she needs to rest for a bit."

"I don't think I'm up for another orgasm just yet, but I'll be happy to give you one," she smiled.

"Fine with me," Lissa grinned.

"That just leaves you and me, Crystal," said Kari. "What do you think?"

"I'm in!" her sister exclaimed enthusiastically.

The three pairs lay down on the mat. Allison lay on her back, and Rachael immediately mounted her in a sixty-nine position, lining up their faces with each other's pussies. Kari and Crystal took things more slowly. Kari sat down and spread her legs, and Crystal sat facing her in her lap, straddling her hips. They leaned in, hugging and kissing. Lissa lay down and let her little sister go to work on her pussy.

With all three sets of sisters on the mat, that left only Greg, Jeff, and Alya. Greg and Jeff sat down on opposite sides of the couch, but Alya surprised them by coming over and sitting between them. She glanced over at Jeff and gave him a wink, then placed her hand on his cock. Then she did the same for Greg. Both men gasped at the contact, especially thrilled when she began to masturbate them. Both cocks grew immediately hard in her hand, despite having been thoroughly drained multiple times that day. Most likely the boost came from the excitement of experiencing this new lifestyle for the first time.

All the girls on the mat were really getting into it. Allison and Rachael moaned in pleasure as they licked each other eagerly and greedily. Kari's and Crystal's kisses had become passionate, energetic, and almost violent. Lissa was massaging her own breasts and squirming all over as Brit attacked her with her tongue.

Finally, Kari and Crystal felt they were warmed up enough, and lay down together in opposite directions. Kari lay on her back and her little sister mounted her in a similar position to Rachael and Allison. They immediately set to work devouring each other's pussies, as if trying to make up the difference in the head start that the older women had on them.

The sight before him and the sensation of Alya's hand stroking him was beginning to be too much for Jeff. He knew he wouldn't last much longer. His moans of pleasure increased in pitch and volume as the pleasure

began to build.

Suddenly, Brit rose to her feet. Ignoring her sister's groans of protest, she dashed over to Jeff, knelt down in front of him, wrapped her lips around his cock, and sucked hard.

"Oh shit!" he exclaimed as the feel of her mouth on him brought him over the edge. He shot a dozen streams into her willing mouth as she gulped them down hungrily. Only after she had milked every last drop out did she pull away.

"I didn't want to waste it," she explained with a grin and a wink.

Then she glanced over at her father, who was similarly close to his climax.

"Oh god, Brit..." he stammered. "I want... would you...?"

"You too, daddy?" she asked, and he nodded. She scooted over in front of him and slurped his cock into her mouth.

He didn't last any longer than Jeff had. Immediately he threw his head back and let out a loud groan as his cock jerked, releasing his load. Jeff watched in fascination as her throat contracted over and over again as she swallowed her own father's semen.

Jeff was impressed. That was his dad's fourth orgasm of the day. Granted, he himself had gone as high as six once, but he was a lot younger than Greg. No doubt it had to do with the novelty of this new lifestyle.

Greg collapsed in exhaustion, and Brit stood back up with a smile on her face.

"So now you've tasted both," Alya commented. "Tell me, whose do you like better?"

"That's a tough one," Brit replied. "It's a close call, but I think Jeff barely beats out Daddy. Sorry, Daddy."

"That's all right," he smiled. "I don't mind being in second place as long as you're willing to do that again for me occasionally."

"Oh, I'm more than willing," she laughed.

"Come on, Brit," Lissa told her. "Quit wasting time over there. You're supposed to be working on *me*, remember?"

"Don't worry, big sister," said Brit. "I haven't forgotten you. I just had Jeff and Dad for dinner, and now I get you for dessert." She headed back over, lay down on her stomach, and shoved her face back between Lissa's legs.

Allison was the first to climax. Her moans elevated into a scream as Rachael ravished her pussy with her mouth. That set off Rachael too, and both women shuddered with the power of their orgasms.

It seemed to cause a chain reaction; Crystal was next, then Kari, and finally Lissa. The mass of moaning and whimpering girls on the floor became a mass of screaming and wailing girls. The sight of so many beautiful women climaxing together was so erotic that if Jeff hadn't just cum in Brit's mouth, he would probably have an orgasm himself right then.

Finally the top girls rolled off the bottom ones, and the six of them lay there panting, their breasts heaving and their bodies trembling in the aftershocks of their orgasms.

It took the girls a while to recover, but eventually they all sat up. Most of them had tired or even sleepy looks in their eyes, exhausted from their wild lovemaking.

"So who do you think put our names in?" asked Kari.

"We know it wasn't me," said Greg, "and unless one of you cheated, it wasn't any of you either. So that just leaves Jeff and Alya."

"Jeff has a thing for sister-on-sister sex," Crystal grinned. "I say it was him."

"Everyone who thinks it was Jeff, raise your hand," said Kari. She raised her own hand, along with everyone except Lissa and Alya.

"Everyone who thinks it was Alya?" asked Kari. Both Lissa and Alya raised their hands.

"So it *was* you," Lissa told her girlfriend.

"Ever since I found out about your affair with your siblings, the thought of incest has gone from disturbing to arousing. Just like the thought of lesbians. Put those two together, and what do you have? Lesbian sisters! And of course, the only thing more arousing than a pair of lesbian sisters, is three pairs."

"I like your logic," Greg chuckled. "Of course, I like any logic that results in a bunch of gorgeous women having sex with each other in front of me."

"Well, we've all been involved at least once tonight," Kari said. "Should we go for any more?"

"I'm pretty exhausted," Lissa replied. "I don't think I could stand another round if it were me."

"Me neither," Greg agreed.

"So should we call it a day?" asked Allison.

"I could stand to go another five or six rounds," Rachael said, "but on the other hand, I'd rather wait until tomorrow. After all, it's Lissa's birthday, and I have a feeling it's going to be her favorite birthday ever."

Lissa grinned. "Well then, what are we waiting for?" she asked. "Let's go to bed."

"That's what Rachael always says," Jeff commented, and they all laughed.

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## Chapter 99

### Guest of Honor

Jeff awoke in the morning happy, for the second morning in a row surrounded by the naked bodies of the people he loved. This time, he found Allison and Crystal curled up in his arms, slumbering peacefully. Next to him, Kari lay on her back with her arms wrapped around Brit, who lay on top of her, her head on Kari's chest. Jeff couldn't help but smile at the peaceful and serene look on his little sister's face as she cuddled with his girlfriend. Across the room, his father and Rachael lay together.

He heard the shower going, and figured that Lissa and Alya must be in there together. Since he needed to get clean anyway, he decided to see if they minded some company. He gently moved the girls off of him and got up, then made his way into the bathroom. He couldn't hear Lissa and Alya moaning, so he figured that if they were having sex, at least they were just starting. He didn't want to interrupt them right as they were about to get off, after all.

He drew the curtain back, and the girls turned to look at him. They were all soaped up and hugging each other, and had had their lips pressed together when he opened the curtain.

"Sorry to interrupt," he told them.

"No you're not," Alya laughed.

"Okay, no I'm not," he chuckled. "I was just wondering if you would like some company."

"Come on in," Lissa invited.

Jeff stepped into the shower, and the girls separated to give him room between them. As soon as he climbed in, they scooted up next to him and wrapped their arms around him. As one, they leaned in and kissed him on the cheek.

"Was that what you were after?" asked Lissa.

Alya reached down and grabbed his cock. "Or was it that?"

"A little of both would be nice," he smiled. Lissa slipped her own hand over Alya's, and the two girls began pumping their hands up and down. With their hands soapy, it felt particularly nice. They leaned in and kissed him again, and this time he turned his head toward Lissa and opened his mouth. Taking the hint, she opened her own mouth and teased his tongue with hers. He kissed her for a few seconds, then turned to the other side so he could do the same with Alya.

He couldn't help letting out a moan as the girls' soapy hands stimulated him. They seemed to take as much

pleasure from groping him as from groping each other. Of course, they had plenty of other opportunities to do it together, and if they really wanted to be alone, they could have told him and he would have left.

Suddenly, the shower curtain opened again, and this time Brit and Crystal stood there grinning. "Well well well," teased Crystal. "What have we here?"

"We're just getting clean," Alya replied.

"Looks to me like you're getting dirty," said Brit. "But don't get off too soon. I'm going to get my camera. Come on, Crystal."

The two girls giggled as they dashed out of the room, leaving Jeff and the girls to their fun. They slowed down their attack on his cock, not wanting to end the fun before Brit returned.

Fortunately, Brit was quick about it; she returned soon holding Crystal's hand in one of her own, and her camera in the other. Crystal carried the tripod.

The girls set up the camera, then Brit checked the viewfinder to adjust it so that the three bathers were centered in the screen.

"All right," said Brit. "Let me get a couple of pictures of you standing still first." Lissa and Alya stopped the motion of their hands but didn't release his cock. The three of them grinned into the camera while Brit snapped the picture. Then for the next one they leaned in and kissed him on the cheek again.

"Well, that's enough of that," Brit said after snapping the second picture. "Now jerk him off as hard as you can!"

The girls rapidly pumped him, giving him such an exquisite feeling between his legs. He began to moan again, ignoring their giggles at his reaction. The feel of their slippery hands running up and down his shaft was too much, and in a moment he felt the pleasure mounting.

"I'm going to cum!" he groaned, but that just encouraged them to go even harder and faster. As the pleasure spiked and he felt the first blast erupt from his cock, he heard a rapid series of clicks from the camera. Brit kept snapping pictures as the second, third, and fourth waves hit. Finally it tapered off, and his body relaxed as the girls pumped the last of his cum out of him. Even their hands weren't enough to keep him hard after that, so gradually his cock deflated. Finally they released it.

"Perfect!" Brit announced, scrolling back through the pictures on the camera. "I've got a great shot of Jeff's orgasm, with his cum in the air."

"What a waste," said Crystal. "Everyone knows Jeff's cum isn't supposed to go anywhere but in a girl's pussy or mouth."

"Maybe I'll take you up on that offer later," he grinned.

Now that the fun was over, Crystal and Brit left the bathroom while Jeff and the girls finished washing themselves off. Once clean, they met the others out in the rec room. Greg, Allison, Rachael, and Kari were just getting up.

Allison immediately came over and threw her arms around Lissa, then kissed her deeply on the lips. When she drew back, she smiled. "Happy birthday, Lissa," she said.

"Well so far this is turning out to be my best birthday ever," she commented.

"Too bad we didn't have more time to plan," Rachael told her. "With a little more time, I could have baked a cake and jumped out of it."

"Save it for next year," Lissa grinned.

"So who's up for breakfast?" asked Allison. "I'm in the mood for crepes with strawberries and whipped cream."

"I'm in the mood for boobies with whipped cream," Rachael said, causing some of the girls to giggle.

"It's a good thing we bought plenty the other day," Allison told her.

With that inspiring thought, they all ascended the stairs. Allison, Rachael, Lissa, and Alya headed into the kitchen to work on making breakfast. Crystal grabbed Greg's hand and pulled him down the hall toward his bedroom. "Come on," she told him with a grin. "Let's go take a shower."

He shrugged. "How can I refuse such an invitation?" he asked, following her down the hall.

That left Jeff, Kari, and Brit together. Jeff had already had a shower that morning, but he wasn't opposed to taking a second one, so the three of them scampered up the stairs to Brit's bathroom. They climbed into the shower and took turns washing each other's backs and fronts, making sure to spend plenty of time on the naughty bits. Then they stepped out, dried each other off, and descended the stairs once more to the dining room.

By the time breakfast was ready, Greg and Crystal had also finished their shower. They all sat down to the dining room table, where Allison and the other girls brought out a large plate full of crepes and toppings, including multiple cans of whipped cream.

They lasted five minutes before turning the meal sexual. Then Rachael grabbed the nearest can of whipped cream and nonchalantly squirted it onto the closet nipple of Crystal, who happened to be sitting next to her. Then, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, she leaned down and licked it off, causing everyone to stare.

Crystal was the first to giggle, then suddenly everyone broke down into laughs. Of course, Rachael's actions started a chain reaction. Next Lissa did the same to Allison, Allison did it to Brit, then Kari squirted whipped

cream all over Jeff's cock. Brit and Crystal decided that it was too much for her to eat on her own, so soon he had three girls licking it off of him. Allison, Rachael, Lissa, and Alya decided to do the same to Greg, which he was happy to go along with.

Before it got too out of hand, Allison put a stop to it. Most of them wanted to continue, but she warned them that they were likely to get sick if they kept it up too long, and that would spoil their fun for the rest of the day. With that kind of motivation, they agreed to end their fun, at least until the end of breakfast.

Once they were finished eating, Brit asked Crystal to join her out in the studio. Lissa asked if she and Alya could join them, and Rachael wanted to come along too. The five girls headed out back to do who-knows-what. Rachael first grabbed a duffel bag from her room, winking at the others as she followed the girls outside.

That left Greg, Allison, Jeff, and Kari alone in the house. Jeff realized that this was an opportunity to good to pass up.

"So Dad," he said. "Now that you've had a good night's sleep, are you ready for some more fun?"

"What did you have in mind?"

"I want to do some wife and girlfriend swapping. You fuck Kari while I fuck Allison."

"That's twice with you and me in two days," Allison told him with a grin. "Is this going to become a daily habit?"

"I hope so," he replied unashamedly.

"Well then, I might just have to make it a daily habit of fucking your dad," Kari told him, then turned her attention to Greg. "What do you think? Are you up for it?"

"Hell yes!" he exclaimed.

The four of them ascended to the basement again. Jeff and Allison sat down next to each other on the couch, while Greg and Kari took the mattress at their feet. Allison reached out and took Jeff's rapidly hardening cock in her hand, slowly stroking it as she leaned in and kissed him on the cheek.

Kari climbed into Greg's lap, straddling him. She leaned in and pressed her lips against his, opening her mouth to thrust her tongue between his lips. Jeff watched in excitement as his girlfriend seduced his father, feeling nothing of the jealousy that might be expected. Granted, Allison's hand on his cock probably had a good deal to do with it; how could he feel jealous of his dad when Jeff had a woman like Allison to occupy his attention?

He couldn't help reaching over and squeezing one of her breasts. She had the most perfect breasts in the world, soft but not flabby, large but not droopy, and so very very fun to hold in his hands. He could just sit

here for hours and play with them.

At their feet, Kari was hugging Greg tightly as she kissed him eagerly and passionately. Her beautiful tits rubbed up against his chest, with the obvious results in him. His cock peeked out between their bodies, hard as a rock and pointing straight up. He held her to his body in a tight embrace.

Jeff's attention was suddenly distracted from the display in front of him by Allison, who leaned her head down to his lap and opened her mouth. Now Greg pulled back from Kari's kiss to watch as Allison took Jeff's cock in her mouth and began to suck.

"Oh god, that's nice!" Jeff groaned as pleasure surged through him with each of Allison's motions. Her warm mouth felt exquisite on his cock as she sucked him.

"That looks tasty," Kari grinned. "Since Allison's hoarding Jeff's dick, I guess I'd better find one of my own." She glanced down into Greg's lap. "Oh!" she exclaimed, as if in surprise. "There's one right here!"

She climbed out of his lap and lay down on her stomach between his legs. From the eager look on Greg's face, it was obvious he liked what she was about to do to him. Jeff watched in fascination as she lowered her head and wrapped her lips around his father's cock. He saw her cheeks deflate as she sucked in, forming cute little dimples. His dad groaned much like he himself had earlier.

Jeff couldn't believe how arousing it was to see his girlfriend sucking his own father's dick. It was so deliciously naughty, just like the dozens of perverse, immoral, and usually illegal acts that the whole family had engaged in. He loved the whole idea that the Primdales had transformed into a bunch of sick and twisted perverts. But at the same time, there was something so beautiful about a family that loved each other in such a way. Very few families had the opportunity to experience such love. It was more than just sexual perversion; it brought them together like nothing else could.

Jeff loved the sight of his girlfriend in such a state of arousal, and now he realized that as long as she was still willing to be with him, it didn't matter that that arousal came at the hands of another man.

Allison's mouth and tongue were taking their toll on his body. His hips were getting into the action, thrusting forward as she sucked him in. Greg was in a similar state; he leaned back on his hands and had his head thrown back, gasping in his breaths as Kari worked him over. Kari continued sucking with eager enthusiasm; she apparently had zero compunction about blowing a man who was over twice her age and the father of her boyfriend.

Jeff knew he wouldn't last long if Allison kept this up, so he had to ease off. She sat back up, smiling at him and reaching for his cock with her hand. Apparently she wasn't about to give it up completely.

Jeff had other ideas though. Before she could take hold of him, he scooted off the couch and knelt down in front of her. He wanted to give her the same pleasure she had given him.

"Ooh!" she exclaimed with glee as she saw what he was about to do. She spread her legs wide to

accommodate him, scooting her hips up to the edge of the couch. Jeff leaned in and kissed her on the bump at the top of her slit, and he felt a shudder run through her body at the contact. With such an encouraging sign, he continued. His tongue grazed against that same spot, and she cried out in pleasure. He continued to lick her there, flicking his tongue against it or running it in tiny circles around that one spot, watching the ever increasing signs of her arousal. Every breath came in as a gasp and went out as a moan, and her hips squirmed all over.

On the floor, Kari had also stopped sucking Greg, who was now fingering her pussy as he kissed and licked her all over her chest. Her nipples were hard and pointed by now, and the sheen of fluid between her legs made it clear just how excited she was.

"Jeff..." Allison groaned, and he knew it was time. He kissed up her body until he reached her lips, where he kissed her passionately and deeply. She rose up off the couch, but only so that they could lie down beside Greg and Kari. The two women lay on their backs, the two men by their sides eager to mount them.

"Are you ready?" Greg asked Kari, and she nodded. He glanced over at Jeff. "Let's show these girls that Primdale men know how to make a lady feel good," he said with a smile.

"You got it, Dad," Jeff replied.

As one, the two men rolled over on top of the girls. Jeff stared down into the beautiful face of Allison, who smiled up at him. He glanced over at Kari, who was grinning at Greg in a similar manner. Jeff moved his hips into position, then lowered his body, feeling himself slip inside his stepmother's soft, moist, hot pussy. No matter how many times he did this, he didn't think he would ever get tired of fucking her. Or any of the girls on the premises.

Beside him, he heard Kari groan as Greg penetrated her as well, and he realized that this was it. He was allowing his own father to fuck his girlfriend. That thought added to his arousal, and he immediately started thrusting with his hips. He pumped in and out of Allison's hot and sweaty body, enjoying the exquisite pleasure and passion as he made love to her. Their lips met, and they kissed enthusiastically as he continued to pound her. She had her arms and legs wrapped around him, holding his body tight against her own.

Next to them, Kari was squealing in delight as Greg rammed her over and over again. Jeff watched his hips rise and fall, loving the thought of what that meant. Unless she had hidden something from him, Greg was only the second man she had ever made love to. In a sense, this was like making her part of the family. From now on, that would be a hallmark of the Primdale family; any girl who wanted to belong would have to have sex with both Jeff and Greg.

Of course, making love to Allison was more than enough to occupy his attention, so pretty soon he forgot all about his father and girlfriend, focusing only on the beautiful woman beneath him and the intense pleasure that wrapped itself around them. His body was reacting instinctively now, no longer under the control of his conscious mind. His hips rose and fell over and over again, his cock burrowing deep inside her cunt. He heard her crying out with pleasure from the penetration, her own body in the same lustful and uncontrolled

state. They couldn't stop now if they wanted to; their conscious will was completely subservient to their overwhelming desire.

With the thrill of making love to the most perfect woman in the world and seeing his girlfriend riding his father, Jeff didn't last long. He felt the stirrings of a powerful orgasm in his loins, and welcomed it with delight. The pleasure built until it reached the breaking point, and he couldn't help but let out a long wail as it overcame him. He felt his cock jerking as it fired its load into Allison's hot body.

"Oh god!" she cried out. "I can feel it, Jeff! Fill me up with your seed!" Her own body tensed up and her pussy clamped down on his shaft as her own orgasm hit her.

Greg and Kari climaxed together not long after. Jeff was thrilled at the sights and sounds of their orgasms, knowing that his father had just planted his own seed in his girlfriend's belly. She belonged to both of them now, or rather, to the whole family. She might love Jeff most of all, but she was now, first and foremost, a part of the Primdales, despite her last name. Jeff grinned as he realized that some day, even that might be remedied.

The four lovers lay down together to rest in each other's arms. For some reason, Jeff loved the sight of Kari curled up on Greg's chest, cuddling with him the way she liked to cuddle with Jeff after sex. From the look on his dad's face, apparently he enjoyed it just as much.

Of course, Jeff couldn't complain, having a gorgeous woman like Allison to snuggle up to. He held her tightly, enjoying the heat, softness, and in some places bounciness, of her body.

After resting for a while, they got up and all four of them headed to the bathroom to shower together. They had fun washing each other's backs, and of course they couldn't resist reaching around to cup breasts or squeeze cocks. After getting sufficiently clean, they stepped out of the shower and dried each other off.

Since it was getting close to lunch time, Greg suggested they have a barbecue to celebrate Lissa's birthday. The others agreed, so he went to go get dressed, not for modesty but for safety. An inconvenient splash of grease could otherwise put an end to his fun not only for the day but for the next few weeks. The others, of course, left their clothes off.

While the kids helped Greg set up for the barbecue, Allison whipped together the ingredients for a cake. She was just putting it in the oven when Jeff and Kari came into the kitchen to check if she needed any help.

"Not at the moment," she told them with a smile. "But you can help me frost it later."

"Save some frosting," Kari suggested.

"Let me guess," Jeff grinned. "Boobies and frosting?"

"Exactly."

The three of them headed out back to meet Greg, who was in the process of cooking the burgers. The smell of the grill made Jeff hungry, and his hunger made him impatient. Allison sensed this and asked him if he would go check on the girls in Brit's studio. They had been in there all morning with no sign of reappearing.

Jeff headed down the stairs and across the lawn to the guest house. He didn't bother knocking; he couldn't think of anything that the girls might be doing that they would mind him walking in on. He opened the door, and immediately his face broke out into a grin at the sight before him. Brit and Crystal sat next to each other on the couch, their legs spread wide. Lissa knelt in front of Brit, dressed in an outfit made entirely of strips of black leather. It really didn't cover much; even the "bra" portion was just leather triangles outlining where the cups would normally be, but leaving her breasts otherwise completely exposed. She did wear fingerless black leather gloves and thigh-high, black leather boots. She was ramming her hips forward; Jeff could see something sticking out of Lissa's crotch and disappearing into Brit's pussy, and he realized it was a strap-on dildo, probably part of the outfit. He had never seen one for real before, though he had certainly seen his share on the porno websites he watched with Allison.

Alya wore another one, though this one didn't include the full outfit. She was using it to fuck Crystal. Rachael stood by, grinning and snapping photos with Brit's camera.

"Good to see you, Jeff," Rachael said. "So what do you think?"

"I just got done screwing Allison and I'm already horny again. That's what I think," he smiled. "I thought you said you didn't buy any lingerie?" he asked, indicating Lissa's outfit.

"Oh that? It's been sitting in my suitcase this whole time. I've had it for years, but now I figured under the circumstances I'd give it to Lissa as a birthday present."

"I'm... going... to... make... lots... of... use... of it," Lissa grunted, keeping up her thrusting.

"And Alya's?" asked Jeff.

"Allison and I bought several of them the other day when we went shopping. We figured the men aren't the only ones who should have the opportunity to shove their cocks up a tight little pussy."

Just then, Brit screamed in ecstasy as her orgasm exploded through her. Her big sister continued to ram her until Brit lay there panting in exhaustion, but otherwise unmoving. Then Lissa pulled out, revealing a rubber phallus several inches longer and almost twice as wide as his own cock.

"Hey Jeff," grinned Lissa. "Mine's bigger than yours."

"Now don't give him an inferiority complex," Rachael told her. "It still doesn't beat the real thing."

"As long as Brit doesn't get so used to the big one that she won't be satisfied with mine," he shrugged.

"No chance of that," Brit told him. "Besides, even if I stopped letting you fuck my pussy, I could never give

up tasting your sperm. It's just too yummy."

By now, Crystal was also in the throes of her orgasm. Brit leaned over and sucked on her nipple to add one more element to the pleasure. Crystal's body tensed up and shuddered, then she too collapsed on the couch.

"Anyway, we're doing barbecue hamburgers for lunch," Jeff announced. "They should be done by now."

"And I was hoping to have your sperm for lunch," Brit facetiously complained.

"Be good and I might let you have it for dessert," he replied.

The left the guest house, waving to Greg on the upper deck. They came around by the pool and up the stairs to find the first batch of hamburgers cooked and ready to start eating. Lunch was fun, to say the least. The condiments such as ketchup and mustard ended up on the girls' chests as often as on the hamburgers, which resulted in a lot of mouths on each other rather than the food. Still, they managed to eat their fill.

Afterward, Allison disappeared inside the house for a few minutes, then returned with a large cake with chocolate frosting and nineteen candles. She lit the candles, then everyone sang Happy Birthday to Lissa, who blew out the candles in one breath.

While Greg divided up the cake for everyone to eat, Allison went back inside again momentarily. When she returned, she had her hands behind her back.

"We have a request for something to go along with the cake," she said.

"What is it?" asked Brit.

Allison brought her hand forward, which held a tube of frosting. She immediately squirted some of it onto one of Kari's breasts. "Boobies and frosting!" Allison announced, to everyone's amusement.

By the time they were done, everyone had been covered in enough frosting that they needed showers again, so they split into three groups of three. Kari suggested they draw straws to determine who went with whom. Greg ended up with Kari and Lissa, Jeff went with Alya and Rachael, and Allison had Brit and Crystal. They separated into the various bathrooms in the house and had fun soaping each other up and rubbing their bodies together. They kept it up until the water started running cold, so they hurriedly rinsed off and climbed out of the showers, meeting once more in the Den of Iniquity.

"So now what?" asked Rachael.

"Any more brilliant ideas, Kari?" asked Greg.

"Oh, I've got plenty more. I've been saving up one that I think is perfect for today in particular."

"Why today?"

"Because it's Lissa's birthday. So we need to do something special for her."

"I like it already," Lissa grinned. "What do you have in mind?"

"Well, my first plan was to give you nineteen orgasms, one for each year. Kind of like we did for Jeff that one time."

"That was only six though," Jeff replied.

"Right. Nineteen seems kind of a lot. Especially if we made it a tradition for the whole family. Greg, for instance, probably wouldn't survive his next birthday," she grinned.

"At least I'd die happy," he replied.

"So I came up with a new idea," she continued. "Actually, Rachael gave me the idea. The five-hundred tenth combination."

"What combination?" asked Rachael.

"Remember the other day when we had Allison tell us how many possible combinations there are between the nine of us?"

Rachael grinned. "Oh yeah. The five hundred tenth combination is all of us having sex together at the same time."

"In this case, it will be eight of us having sex with Lissa at the same time."

"Ooh!" exclaimed Lissa, her eyes lighting up with delight. "You're serious?"

"Absolutely. Since you're the guest of honor, you tell us how to arrange ourselves. It's all up to you. Whatever you think would give you the most pleasure."

Lissa grinned, glancing around the room at the various faces, no doubt coming up with fun ideas. Although she had never been as creative as Brit for instance, Jeff just knew she would come up with something fun.

"Okay," she finally said. "There are a couple of obvious choices. Dad and Jeff will take my pussy and mouth. I especially want to feel Dad squirt his cum inside my pussy, because I haven't yet had that pleasure. Plus I know how much Jeff likes to receive oral sex."

"You bet I do," he replied, approaching her.

"Now wait a minute," said Lissa. "Don't shove your dick down my throat until I'm finished talking. Besides, I need to be warmed up first. Rachael, after seeing how enthusiastic you were with Kari this morning, I think I

want the same treatment."

"Absolutely," Rachael grinned. "Ever since I first seduced you, I've wanted to do it again. Remember that night you called me and told me you were a lesbian? I lost track of how many orgasms I had playing with myself and fantasizing about you."

"Well then, here's your chance. Just don't get too enthusiastic. I don't want to cum until I've got my daddy's cock shoved up my cunt."

"I don't know if I'll be able to stop myself," Rachael grinned.

"I'll pull her off if she gets too frisky," Allison smiled.

"You're just saying that because you think it would be fun to tackle me," Rachael told her.

"Exactly."

Lissa lay down on one of the mattresses and spread her legs. Rachael lay down on her stomach and lowered her head to tease Lissa's pussy with her mouth. She brushed the tip against Lissa's slit, causing the girl to gasp.

As she worked her over, Lissa's body reacted by squirming on the mattress, and moans escaped her lips. When Rachael slipped a finger inside Lissa's pussy, the girl cried out with glee. Rachael finger-fucked her for several minutes, teasing her clit with her tongue, until Lissa finally told her to stop.

Not surprisingly, Rachael didn't. Allison quickly grabbed her and pulled her off, and everyone laughed. Rachael turned herself around, grabbed Allison, and began to kiss her all over the face, to everyone's amusement.

Lissa sat up, still panting. "Dad, you sit down on the mattress here," Lissa told him. Greg did so, excited at what was about to happen. He would finally get to complete what they started a year ago. He would finally fuck his own daughter.

Lissa came over and sat down in his lap, facing him and straddling his hips. She lifted herself up, grabbed his cock, pointed it at her pussy, and then gently impaled herself on it. She let out a sigh as she did so, a look of happiness on her face.

"God, that's nice!" she gasped. "I'm finally letting my dad screw me. The hell with the law; I think every girl should have the chance to make love to their fathers."

"I agree," Brit giggled.

Lissa leaned back, gently lowering herself until her back touched the mattress. She lay there like that for a few seconds, getting used to the position. With her hips still in Greg's lap and her legs wrapped around his waist, it was a very open and inviting position, and incredibly sexy.

She turned her attention to her little brother now. "Jeff," she said, "you're going to be the last one to get into place, but let me explain what you're going to do. I want you to get on your hands and knees with your legs over my chest and your hands up past my head. That should put your dick right in my face, a perfect location for sucking."

"I can't wait!" he grinned.

"Well, you're going to have to. I still have to figure out what to do with everyone else. Let's see... Brit and Crystal, you two have the smallest heads. You go sit over there on either side of Dad."

Brit took her place to the left of Greg, and Crystal went to the right.

"Now, can you both lick my pussy at the same time? And Dad's cock, of course."

"Let's give it a try," Brit grinned. She leaned down and ran her tongue from the base of Greg's cock right to Lissa's clit. Lissa gave a delighted squeal at the contact. Crystal moved her head into position too, and although it was a bit of a tricky position, they both managed to lick them at the same time. Of course, it meant that their tongues often overlapped, but they certainly didn't have any issues with that.

"Now I want Alya and Kari to suck my tits," Lissa said. The girls grinned, then took positions on either side of her. Together they lowered their heads and opened their mouths, sucking Lissa's nipples. She squealed with delight at the first contact.

"Oh god!" she exclaimed. "We'd better hurry and get everyone else into position, because I'm not going to last long like this."

"Looks like we ran out of the fun parts," Allison said. "There's nothing left over for Rachael and me."

"Sure there is," Lissa grinned. She spread her arms and wiggled her fingers. "Each of you take one of my hands. Right now, think of them as sex toys. Use them to do whatever feels good."

"I like that idea," Rachael grinned.

"I figured you would. A nymphomaniac like you needs all the orgasms you can get."

"That's certainly the truth!"

Allison and Rachael sat down by Lissa's hands. They spread their legs and placed her hands in between. She wriggled her fingers against their pussies, causing them both to burst out into giggles.

"Is it my turn yet?" asked Jeff, getting anxious.

"It's your turn," Lissa told him. He came over and straddled her head, being careful where to put his legs. It took a bit of rearranging to get a position that worked; Lissa had to raise her arms a bit so that he could place his knees below her shoulders, which meant that Allison and Rachael had to move a little. In the end though,

it worked out all right. Jeff leaned forward, placing his hands on the mattress above his sister's head. That dangled his cock right in her face. She grinned, then opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue to run it all over the head, causing him to groan. He lowered his body a little more, and she wrapped her lips around it.

Jeff sighed in pleasure as she sucked on it. He loved the feeling, especially when she began to moan herself from the others pleasuring her own body. It was such an exquisite feeling to be involved in a nine-way sexual experience like this, especially with his own family. He glanced over at Allison, who had Lissa's thumb and forefinger squeezed between her own fingers, teasing her clitoris. Rachael had a couple of Lissa's fingers in her pussy and was fucking herself on them, using the thumb to stimulate her clit.

Greg was having as much fun as Jeff. He was finally consummating his relationship with his daughter. It was one thing to have her suck him off, but now he was actually having real, honest-to-goodness sex with her. She felt so hot and tight around his cock, and with the girls' tongues teasing his cock it felt even better. He loved the sounds Lissa was making, especially when either Brit or Crystal moved up to lick her clit. Allison and Rachael were making similar sounds, and Jeff occasionally groaned when Lissa did something especially pleasurable.

He continued pounding into her, his lust taking control. Lust for his daughter. He was proud of what she had become, a sexy young woman full of confidence. She would be the pride of any father. But despite the fact that she was an independent woman now, she still belonged to him in a more complete and total way than most daughters belonged to their fathers. She was giving herself to him sexually, allowing herself to share with him a love that very few daughters ever experienced. He understood now what Jeff and Brit felt for each other. He understood it, and accepted it.

He also allowed himself to enjoy the sight of Alya sucking on Lissa's nipple. His daughter had a lesbian lover, and that was okay. No, it was more than okay; it was exciting and erotic. He could finally admit to himself that what had most bothered him about Lissa's relationship with Alya was that it thrilled him to think of her naked and making passionate love to another woman. His own desires had been too disturbing, so he had latched onto a weak excuse: that it was morally wrong. Well, everything they were doing now was morally wrong, but he no longer cared. It was what he wanted.

Brit lifted her head for a moment and grinned up at Jeff. She had a mischievous gleam in her eye.

"Hey Jeff," she said. "I want to see you do some pushups." The others giggled at that, knowing where it would place his cock.

"I don't think Lissa would appreciate that," he replied.

Lissa, however, surprised him. "Go ahead," she mumbled around his cock.

"Really?" he asked, and she nodded.

Jeff lowered his legs further along her body so that he could straighten them out and get into the pushup position with his cock still dangling above her mouth. Lissa opened her mouth wide, a smile on her face.

That was all the encouragement he needed. He lowered his body, feeling his cock slip further into her mouth until it hit the back of her throat. Surprisingly, she didn't gag on it. He raised himself back up and glanced down at him, seeing that she still had that smile on her face.

That did it. He lowered himself again, and this time she closed her lips over his cock and teased it with her tongue. He repeated the motion over and over again, getting more and more excited each time he hit the back of her throat. From her moaning, she seemed to enjoy it too, although that could partly be due to the others stimulating her.

When he felt the pleasure building, he put his knees down again by her shoulders. It wouldn't do to collapse on top of her when the orgasm hit. Still, he didn't withdraw, but left his cock in her mouth. She was the one who had wanted him to fuck her face, so she was going to get a mouthful of his cum.

His orgasm hit a moment later, and he felt his cock twitch in her mouth. She squealed with delight as he fired his load down toward her throat. She gulped it down hungrily, swallowing each blast as it hit. Her tongue continued to caress his cock, making sure he had nothing left to give her by the time he was through.

Lissa was the next to reach her climax. She suddenly screamed as every muscle in her body tensed up. Fortunately she kept from clamping her mouth shut, or Jeff would have been less than thrilled.

Her own orgasm set off Greg, who groaned in pleasure as he erupted inside her body.

*I'm doing it!* he thought. I'm shooting my seed right up into my own daughter. He didn't think he would ever get used to that idea, no matter how many times he made love to Lissa or Brit. But that just meant it would be just as thrilling every time he did it.

Allison and Rachael climaxed at the same time, both of them shuddering and squealing with pleasure from Lissa's fingers. Finally they all separated, rolling off of each other and lying down on the mattresses, panting in exhaustion.

They slept then, tired from the exertions of the day. Brit, of course, crawled up to lie in Jeff's arms as they napped, happily dozing for a couple of hours. After what they had all been through, they needed it.

The rest did them good, and when they woke later, they were ready to go again.

"So what's the next game?" Allison asked Kari enthusiastically.

Kari grinned. "This one's easy," she replied. "I call it... Free-For-All!" She immediately pounced on Allison and began kissing her passionately as she rubbed her body up against her.

Grinning and laughing, the others paired up and went at it. They never stayed with the same partner for long; after a few minutes they traded off and went after someone else. Jeff and Greg had their cocks inside every

one of the girls' pussies and mouths at one time or another. Every pair of tits got sucked dozens of times. In their wild passion, they lost track of everything but the pleasure. More than once, Jeff had to glance down to remind himself who was sucking him off at the moment.

They didn't just group into couples either. Several times Greg found himself fucking a girl while another girl sat on her face. Jeff got sandwiched between two girls, or took a girl from behind while she was on her hands and knees with Greg's cock in her mouth.

The orgasms came quickly and frequently. The air was almost constantly filled with the screams, squeals, or groans of someone in the height of ecstasy. Most of them lost count of the number of climaxes they had during their wild, passionate, and unrestrained lovemaking.

After an eternity of sexual debauchery, fatigue and exhaustion finally won out over their hyperactive libido. One by one they dropped out of the game, lying down on the couch or the mattresses, sometimes curling up and going to sleep again. Jeff had been using the weight training equipment faithfully every day for a couple of years now, but he couldn't remember ever having such a strenuous workout.

Eventually the sounds of passion gave way to silence, and the nine of them lay tired and worn out, sprawled all over the room.

As Greg lay on the floor, he felt something touch his hand. He glanced over and saw that it was just Allison, taking his hand in her own. He gave it a squeeze, smiling at her.

*My wife, he thought. The woman of my dreams.* Then he glanced around at the others, relaxing or sleeping. *My family.*

He included not just Lissa, Jeff, and Brit in that, but Rachael, Kari and Crystal, even Alya. They were all a part of one another now, a loving group who shared a special secret. Whatever he had started out as, he had become something very different over the past four years. But now, looking back on it, he realized that despite going completely contrary to everything he had always believed, he was happy. And it was all due to these people who now surrounded him; his family, friends and lovers. Especially Allison.

"I love you," he told her with a smile.

"I love you too," she replied.

The fun didn't end there. They had all the rest of the week after all, before Greg had to go back to work. Even then, there would be the mornings, evenings, and weekends. There would be many happy times in the future, many opportunities for them to show how much they loved each other. It was a love that most people would frown upon, but that didn't matter to the family. To them, this kind of love was more complete and fulfilling than most people ever had the opportunity to experience. They loved each other not only as brothers and sisters, or fathers and daughters, or mothers and sons, or sisters and sisters, but as lovers as well. That made it

all the more special.

It was Allison that transformed the Primdale family, and they never wanted to change back.

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## ***Epilogue***

Jeff sat in the back seat of Kari's and his car, his arm around Crystal. Kari was driving, and Brit rode shotgun. Jeff was smiling; road trips had become very fun ever since the four of them had come up with an entertaining game. The girls traded off sitting in the back with him, sucking his cock. Whichever one got him to cum won the game. This time it had been Crystal, although each of them had had a couple of turns. He had to admit, even though Kari was his wife, Brit was still his favorite cocksucker.

"Here we are," announced Kari as they pulled onto the road leading up the hill to the Primdale house. Jeff had fond memories of that house, though he only got to see it at Christmas and during the summer these days. Between finishing up his Mathematics degree at college and managing the apartment complex, he had very little free time, which he mostly spent in wild sex with Kari, Brit, and Crystal.

He was delighted to see that Lissa and Alya were already there; apparently they had just arrived and were hauling their suitcases out of their car. Kari pulled into the driveway alongside them. They all got out of the car, and then the hugs began. Even though Lissa and Alya lived only about an hour's drive from Jeff and the girls, they hadn't seen each other in two months.

"Jeff, would you mind helping us in with our luggage?" asked Alya. "A big, strong guy like you should have no problem with the bags. Besides, I want you to work up an appetite," she added with a sly wink.

"Trust me, I've got plenty of appetite," he grinned. "But I'd be happy to help anyway." He picked up both Lissa's and Alya's suitcases and headed for the door.

As soon as they stepped inside, Jeff saw a streak of lightning race from the front room and strike his leg. It was Kristalia, Greg's and Allison's two-year-old girl. She wrapped her arms around Jeff's leg in a tight hug. Her name was essentially a concatenation of "Crystal" and "Alya." Greg had come up with the idea for the name, to the delight and pride of both girls, because it was a symbol that he truly accepted them as his daughters' lovers.

"I don't know what it is about her," said Allison, who sat in the front room next to her husband and her sister. "She really likes you, Jeff."

Jeff glanced over at his stepmother, amazed at how she kept getting more and more beautiful every time he saw her. It was hard to believe she was over thirty now. Depending upon the clothes she wore, she could still pass for a college coed. Even after bearing a child, she somehow managed to retain her perfect figure.

He picked up his little half-sister and kissed her on the cheek, then she threw her arms around his neck.

"Jeff just has a way with the ladies," Rachael said. "I think every girl in this room can attest to that. Come here, Kristy. It's time for Auntie Rachael to go put you down for a nap." She got up, strode over to Jeff, and

took the girl from his arms. Then she leaned in and gave Jeff a long, open-mouthed kiss.

"Knock it off, Rachael," Kari grinned. "We don't want to start the fun too early or we'll have nothing left for later."

"You're just jealous because I'm kissing your husband," Rachael told her. "Would it make a difference if I kissed you instead?"

"I'll be happy to take you up on your offer, but later. Go put Kristy to bed."

"I will in a minute. I just wanted to say hi to everyone first." She glanced over at Brit. "Wow, Brit!" she commented. "You're even hotter at nineteen than you were at eighteen. Is it too early to call dibs on her for this afternoon?"

"There will be plenty of opportunity for everyone," Greg chuckled.

"I know, but I want to have her first."

"That's all right with me," said Brit.

As Rachael made her way to the master bedroom, the others sat down in the living room to talk.

"So how's the apartment managing business going, Jeff?" asked Greg.

"It's great, Dad. I still can't believe you bought the whole apartment complex."

"It's a good investment. Besides, by hiring you on as the manager and having you live there, I know I have someone I can trust to look after Brit."

"Normally I would complain about how you still treat me like a kid," Brit grinned, "but I'm happy to pay that price to live across the parking lot from Jeff."

"Half the time she sleeps over there," Crystal laughed. "It's nice to have a bedroom to myself."

"Hey, you sleep over at Jeff's and Kari's as often as I do," said Brit.

"Good point. I think our other roommates are happy when we do that, because it's the only time they can get to sleep, what with all the moaning and screaming we do in the bedroom at night."

"You're not much quieter when you come sleep with us," Kari commented with a laugh.

"Yeah, but then you get to join in on the fun," Crystal countered.

"So do the girls in Apartment 207 still draw straws?" asked Lissa with a grin.

"Well... sort of," Jeff explained.

"What do you mean?"

"I think there's some kind of curse on Apartment 207. As it turns out, almost all of the girls who stay there are either lesbians or become lesbians before the year's out."

"That's not what I would call a curse," Lissa grinned.

"I'd say that the ghost of Megan Harrison haunts the place, except that as of a week ago, she was still alive," said Alya. "That was the last time I got an email from her. But wait a minute. Does that mean that *Kari* gets to collect?"

"Basically, yes," replied Kari.

"And poor Jeff gets left out of the fun," said Alya.

"Not exactly," he replied.

"The drawing straws thing has spread to Apartment 208," Kari explained. "And as far as I know, all the girls there are straight, unfortunately. There are a couple of cute ones there that I wouldn't mind collecting from. Of course, Jeff's hoping to get 206 in on the action as well. He's got his eye on this gorgeous girl there. She looks kind of like you, Allison."

"I'm not surprised," she laughed.

"Maybe it wasn't such a good investment after all," Greg laughed. "By the time you're done you won't be collecting any rent money at all."

Just then Rachael returned from the bedroom. "Kristy fell right asleep," she said. "She's a really good little girl. And she's absolutely adorable."

"Speaking of which," said Lissa, "When are you going to move out? I thought you had just moved in a couple of years ago to help around the house when Kristalia was born."

Rachael laughed. "I know. I took on some of Allison's duties, like cooking, cleaning, and fucking Greg. I found I liked one of those too much to give it up."

"The cleaning?" asked Alya with false ignorance.

"No, the cooking," Rachael explained. "A woman's place is in the kitchen, didn't you know?"

"I thought you were always claiming a woman's place is in the bedroom," laughed Brit.

"Oh yeah, that too. But seriously, Kristy's still too young to sleep in her own room, which means her parents

wouldn't get much time alone together if not for me. So we take turns. Sometimes I watch Kristy while Greg and Allison have fun in one of the other bedrooms, and sometimes Allison watches Kristy while Greg and I have fun in one of the other bedrooms, and sometimes Greg watches Kristy while Allison and I have fun in one of the other bedrooms."

"Sounds like a convenient arrangement," Crystal laughed. "Maybe we should do the same thing, Kari."

"Only if you include me," Brit insisted.

"So what happens when Jeff and Kari graduate and move away?" asked Alya. "How's Brit going to cope, not being near her brother?"

"We've already discussed it," Kari explained. "We'll keep managing the apartments until Brit and Crystal graduate, then we'll look for a couple of homes near each other. You already know it's not too difficult to find a neighborhood tolerant of two women living together, and since they're our sisters, there's nothing suspicious about them spending lots of time with us. No one has to know that anything sinister is going on."

"I wouldn't exactly call it sinister," Rachael commented. "Shocking, immoral, indecent, naughty, or perverted might be more appropriate."

There came a knock at the door. "I know who that is," Kari grinned. She hopped up and skipped over to it, then opened it. "Daddy!" she exclaimed with delight, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him on the cheek. Crystal also dashed over and hugged him.

Allen Williams chuckled as he hugged his daughters back, enjoying the attention. "Come on, now," he grinned. "Don't get too carried away. I'm not a part of this family reunion."

"Not yet at least," Crystal winked. "But we'll keep working on you."

Allen knew exactly what went on when the family got together. Although he was in on the secret, he had staunchly refused to be a part of it. That didn't mean he disapproved or tried to stop it; he accepted it as just a different lifestyle.

"We just put Kristalia down for a nap," Greg told him, "so it will probably be an hour or so before she's ready to go. We appreciate you being willing to babysit her for us while we... um..."

"Get dirty?" Rachael suggested.

"Yeah," Greg agreed.

"That's fine," Allen replied. "It will give me a chance to visit with my daughters. It's good to see you again, Kari and Crystal. And you too, Jeff and Brit."

They sat and talked for a while, catching up on old times. They talked about their camping trips, their previous family get-togethers, and all the fun things they used to do. Brit asked about her studio, and Greg

said that he made sure to keep it in good repair to give her an incentive to come home each summer, not that she needed much incentive.

Besides, they always took naughty pictures in the studio whenever the family got together, to add to the growing family album. They kept two albums: one that they showed to guests, and one reserved only for people who were in on their secret. Allen had seen the "special" album, and had taken it surprisingly well when he saw pictures of his daughters naked in erotic poses with men, women, and even each other. Crystal liked to tease him, claiming that those pictures made him horny. While it might have been true, he did nothing to show it.

When the bedroom door opened about an hour later and they heard the sound of feet pattering down the hall, they knew that Kristy had finished her nap. She carried her favorite blanket with her as she plodded groggily into the front room. She immediately made her way to Jeff, who picked her up and cuddled her in his lap, giving her a kiss on the forehead.

"So why does Kristy like Jeff so much?" asked Brit.

"We don't know, dear," Allison replied. "But we're happy that she does."

"I have a suspicion," said Lissa.

"What is it?" asked Allison.

"I'm not sure you should hear this. It's a little awkward, all things considered. But it's something I realized as soon as she was born two years ago. I'm surprised you haven't already figured it out."

"Lissa, you were always the smart one," said Jeff. "It's no wonder you know something we don't."

"Well, I for one am very curious," Allison told her. "Greg, do you want to know?"

"Sure," he agreed.

"All right," Lissa sighed. "Consider her birthday."

"March 22, coincidentally the same as Brit's," Allison said.

"Subtract nine months from that."

"Let's see..."

"It's the same as adding three months," Lissa continued. "March to April, April to May, May to June."

"All right. June 22 then, or thereabouts."

"June 22, three years ago. What were you doing at the time?"

"Having sex with your father," Allison laughed.

"Are you sure?"

"How else would she have been conceived?"

"I mean, are you sure it was Dad you were with?"

"Who else would it be? The only other--" She cut off, and her eyes grew wide. She suddenly turned her attention to Jeff.

"That would have been about the time of our annual family reunion," Lissa explained.

Jeff suddenly understood. "She's mine?" he asked, astonished.

Lissa shrugged. "I have no idea. But it's just as likely that she's your daughter as it is that she's your sister. So maybe, just maybe, Kristy is so affectionate toward you because she somehow recognizes her daddy."

"This... this changes things, doesn't it?" he stammered.

"No it doesn't," said Allison. "As far as I'm concerned, Greg's her father. And I don't think even a paternity test would disagree, since you and he are so genetically similar. I think we should just raise her the same as we've been doing. Maybe someday we'll tell her, but not now."

"I agree," said Greg.

"Same here," Jeff nodded. "It's just that the thought that I might be a father is a little overwhelming. I'm glad, Lissa, that you brought it up."

"This revelation gives me another idea," said Allison. "Why not make Jeff and Kari her godparents?"

"I would love to!" said Kari. "Jeff, what do you think?"

"Of course."

"Well then," said Allison, glancing at Greg with a slightly nervous look in her eyes. Jeff wondered what that meant. He rarely saw Allison nervous like that. "We were wondering..." she continued. "That is, if it's okay with you, Jeff..."

"It's okay, Allison," he told her. "Go ahead and ask me."

She took a deep breath. "Jeff, we all know how sweet and caring and kind and gentle you are, and we want someone just like you to... well, to be frank, to take her virginity when she's old enough."

"Not someone just like you," Greg clarified. "You in particular."

"We'll start preparing her for it," said Allison. "We'll talk to her about it so she knows what's going to happen, and hopefully as the time nears she'll start getting excited about it. Then on her thirteenth birthday, we want you to give her a very special birthday present."

"Even though I may be her father?" asked Jeff.

"What's wrong with that?" asked Brit, giving Greg a wink.

Jeff chuckled. "Good point. I would be honored, but it's up to Kari. I've never had sex with anyone without her approval, and that's the way it's going to stay."

"Only because you know I rarely disapprove," Kari teased. "But seriously, I think it would be wonderful."

"Then it's settled," he smiled.

Allen stood up. "Well, I think it's time I took Kristy off your hands and let you have your fun. I think Rachael at least is going to explode if you don't start soon," he joked.

"Damn right," Rachael agreed.

Jeff stood and handed Kristalia to his father-in-law. She didn't protest; ever since Jeff and Kari had gotten married, Allen had become very good friends with the Primdales, and spent enough time visiting them that Kristy accepted him just like a member of the family. For a big, tough, scary-looking guy, he was surprisingly good with children.

"I'll see you tonight for dinner," he told everyone. Kari and Crystal hugged him again, then he headed for the door.

As soon as he left with Kristalia, Rachael sighed. "Alone at last," she said.

"Alone?" asked Jeff.

"Yes. Now I can finally spend some nice, quiet, intimate time with the eight people I love most in the world."

Everyone laughed at her joke.

"Then let's get started," said Greg eagerly. "So how are we going to do it this time?"

Kari grinned. "I have some ideas for games we can play," she said.

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**THE END**

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