**The Farmer’s Little Daughter**

by ?   
  
Part 1 (the kitchen)   
  
There ought to be a law against a man’s adolescent young daughter growing up to be so goddamn sexy! If there was such a law, that daughter of mine would most certainly be breaking it. Why, a judge would throw the book at her, lock her sexy female ass up in jail, and throw the key away to a place where it would never be found!   
  
These were just a few of the thoughts running through my mind as I stood at my daughter’s bedroom door watching her sleeping. Morning sunlight beamed through her window illuminating her peacefully slumbering feminine form.   
  
The girl was lying on her belly. Her covers were thrown aside revealing an abundance of unmistakably matured female shapes. Thin, white-cotton panties stretched tightly over her shapely ass. The panties fit so tightly that the entire crack of her ass made a deep crease down its length. Her sleeveless, pink t-shirt was pulled up enough to show a wide expanse of the soft, summer-tanned skin on her back.   
  
This young lady had changed a lot in just the past few months. Puberty had struck the girl hard, strong, and fast. Her petite ‘tomboyish’ preteen form had budded and bloomed seemingly overnight. Her blossoming body had burst forth with bulging shapes and feminine forms.   
  
The girl stirred on the bed and I started to turn away, but I saw her settle back down in slumber. I certainly had no intention of disturbing her. She needed her rest. This had been a busy week for the young lady. Several momentous events had occurred in the past seven days. She had gone to her junior high prom, graduated from the 8th grade, and had celebrated her 13th birthday.   
  
Yes, my little ‘teenage’ Mollie Marie was growing up fast! She was growing up much, much too fast, if anyone cared to hear my opinion. Unconsciously, I took a step into her bedroom. I looked at her hair. Curly locks draped her shoulders and ran down her back. The color was somewhere between a radiant red and a brilliant brown. I guess the name for it would be ‘auburn’. Morning sunlight caused her luminous auburn curls to shimmer and shine.   
  
Mollie wasn’t a skinny girl by any means, yet she wasn’t the least bit fat. Her legs were relatively short, yet they stretched out with a seductively enticing allure. Not only were the legs stretched out, they were spread open. My eyes were drawn back irresistibly to her panties. I took another step closer. There between her legs a protruding mound of flesh hung below her and pushed at the thin fabric.   
  
Well shit, I was straining to get a look at my young daughter’s pussy! I knew I had to turn away. I’m not a ‘dirty-old-man’. Besides, I had work to do this morning. I had twenty acres of hay to bale and another twenty acres to mow. Before turning away, I gave in to an irresistible impulse. I leaned over and quickly kissed the exposed skin of the sleeping girl’s back. I then kissed her pretty, panty-covered ass.   
  
When then girl showed no signs of awakening, I became emboldened. Unable to stop myself, I hooked a finger in the waistband of her panties and pulled them down just enough for my lips to touch the spot where the soft skin of her back met the crack of her ass.  
  
Gaining control of my senses, I stood and moved away. God, what was I doing! My mind began to silently rationalize, “Hell, I’ll never do that again and she’ll never know I did it, so ‘no harm no foul’ is the way I see it!”   
  
I decided to let the girl sleep a little longer, but I knew I’d have to awaken her soon. She was a farmer’s daughter and she too had work to do. I planned on having her drive the smaller tractor and rake the hay while I drove the big tractor which pulled the baler. Together, we made a good farming team.  
  
I was sitting at the table eating breakfast and watching the weather report when Mollie walked into the kitchen. I was torn between looking at the TV and looking at the seductive feminine vision standing in the room. I was waiting for the weatherman to let me know about how the chances of rain might affect my farming activities.   
  
Hell, I missed the weather report completely! I couldn’t take my eyes off the girl! I wouldn’t call my daughter a ‘raving-beauty’, but she most certainly did have an extraordinary prettiness that was impossible to ignore. I knew for a fact that my eyes were making absolutely no attempt to ignore the sights they were seeing.  
  
This morning Mollie walked into the kitchen wearing only her thin, white panties and her short, pink t-shirt. She didn’t even have on a bra! Shit, I could plainly see the imprints of her newly-formed pubescent breasts and nipples! Damn, she could have least put on the ratty old robe she usually wore! Why, she’d never paraded around in front of me in only her underwear before!   
  
I heard her speaking, “Morning Dad. Why didn’t you wake me? I could have cooked you bacon and eggs. Have we got anymore corn flakes?”  
  
Without awaiting an answer, she strode to a high cabinet and reached up to open it. Her shirt hiked up and her panties stretched so tightly over the crack of her ass that I could see the indentation of her asshole. She grabbed a box of cereal.   
  
My bedazzled mind cleared enough for me to finally say, “Well, sleepyhead, you’re not a little kid anymore. I thought an ‘old teenage gal’ like you would need all the restful sleep she could get.”  
  
Mollie was a playful girl and she could give as well as she got when it came to teasing. She winked and said, “Listen here ‘Old Man’, I’m not quite as ancient as a certain ‘old-timer’ I know who is nearing his 32nd birthday!”  
  
The girl had put me down effortlessly. Yet, instead of continuing with her frivolous, early-morning banter, her face turned somber. She had something more serious to discuss. She said, “I know you saw Mom last night at my graduation. You came home late. Did you fuck the ‘bitch’?”  
  
I was startled by the viciousness of her words. I didn’t know for sure how the divorce was affecting the girl. I knew she and her mother didn’t get along. She had chosen to live with me instead of her mom. In truth, her mother didn’t really want her. In fact, my ex had insisted that the girl stay with me.  
  
I didn’t want to encourage the estrangement between mother and daughter, so I answered, “Mollie, you shouldn’t talk about your mother like that.”  
  
The girl had a quick reply, “Dad, you can do a lot better than her. She ‘is’ a bitch and she has always treated you like shit! I know that she was really sexually repressed throughout your marriage. Well Dad, for your information, there are a lot of females out there, young and old, that would fuck a nice guy like you in a heartbeat! There’s even one living right here in this house! Have we got any milk?”  
  
She turned around and headed for the refrigerator. What did she say? What did she mean by that statement? Why, she was the only female living in this house!  
  
I watched as the girl opened the refrigerator door. She stood flatfooted and bent over to reach inside. Her rear end was pointed at me and her panties stretched to their limit over her ass. Goddamn, her protruding pussy mound dropped down and hung between her legs! Her pussy lips spread revealing the outline of a long slit. Surprisingly, I didn’t see any darkness which might indicate pubic hair. I knew for a fact that she used ‘feminine hygiene’ products, so she ought to have at least a thin bush between her legs. Silently, I wondered if she shaved her pussy.   
  
My cock jumped excitedly. In a matter of a few seconds it had sprung to fully erect attention! It had been stiffening ever since I first peeked into her room. But now, my meaty shaft had grown into a thick, hard rod. I reached inside my pants to straighten it to a more comfortable position.  
  
Mollie turned before I had extricated my hand from my pants. A sly grin formed on her face and her voice rang merrily, “Do you need some help with that, Dad?”  
  
What the hell did she say? She didn’t say what I thought she said, did she? As if reading my thoughts, the girl clarified her statement, “Dad, if you ever need any help with your cock, you just let me know. I’ll help you all I can.”  
  
Maybe I needed to see a doctor! My ears were ringing, my throat was choking, and my cock was thumping excitedly. Maybe I could find a specialist to see, one of those ear, throat & cock doctors!   
  
I knew for a fact I was hearing things that shouldn’t be said. But, those words I heard were sounding again, “Do I make you horny, Dad? I hope I do. Have you got a hard-on right now? I was partly awake when you came into my room. I know you kissed my back and I know you kissed my ass. Oh Dad, sometimes you make me so wet and horny I can’t stand it! I saw you fucking Mom once, two years ago, and I was so jealous because I wanted it to be me. I wanted to go out and lose my virginity that night, but I made a vow that I would to save myself for you.”  
  
I was so shocked by the girl’s boldly spoken confessions I didn’t know how to respond. But, I’d never told a lie to my daughter and I wouldn’t do so now. Reluctantly, I answered, “Yes Mollie, you make me horny. And, yes I have a hard-on right now. But, there’s nothing that can be done about it! Hell girl, I did kiss your ass, but I wouldn’t touch you again with a ten foot pole!”  
  
Mollie giggled and smiled. With a mischievous grin she wantonly corrected, “Mister, the pole I’m interested in is long, but not quite ten feet long. And yes, something ‘can’ be done about that hard-on you have!”  
  
Just to prove her point, she turned my chair to face her and dropped to her knees between my legs. I would have stopped her if I could have, but I was utterly powerless. I sat unmoving in speechless, stoic silence.   
  
The impish young vixen between my legs loosened my belt and unzipped my pants. With both hands she tugged and the pants and briefs slipped down to my knees. There must have been something magnetic about the girl. When my clothes came down, my cock sprang free and the rigid shaft pointed straight as a compass needle at the center of her feminine body.   
  
Not one to pass up an opportunity to get what she wanted, Mollie grabbed my cock with both hands. As a farm girl, she was used to working with her hands. Yet, surprisingly, those hands were soft and petite with fingers that were relatively short. Consequently, her fingertips barely touched as they encircled my thick, muscular shaft.  
  
Mollie took in a deep breath and expelled it in words spoken lustily, “Oh Dad, I knew your cock would be beautiful, and it is! It’s magnificent! I only got a quick look at it when I caught you fucking Mom. As soon as I saw it, you drove it deep into her pussy. I’ve wanted to see it again ever since then. Now, it’s all mine! I love it, I love it, I do!”  
  
To prove the validity of her statement, she started fondling and kissing the object of her desires. With tongue-moistened lips she rained wet kisses up and down the entire length of my engorged shaft. Hot blood raced through the pulsating blue veins throbbing just below the surface skin of my stimulated cock.   
  
Hot-damn, that girl was driving me crazy! Just what were her intentions and what was she planning to do next? The answer was not long in coming. Her slippery-wet lips closed over the head of my cock. Her tongue darted into the slit of my pee hole. Her saliva ducts opened and she drenched the throbbing bald head of my manhood. Her tongue made slow, lazy circles around and around.  
  
My hands reached for her head. My fingers grabbed hands-full of long, curly, auburn hair. My mind argued in a fierce debate; should I pull her closer, or push her away? What the hell was a father supposed to do in a situation like this? I had no answer, so I just hung on for the ride!  
  
Mollie, my sweet little-girl-woman daughter, turned on a vacuum and sucked half the length of my cock into her mouth. Her lubricated mouth bobbed up and down franticly. So frantic was she that the shaft repeatedly popped out. Each time it did, she grabbed it and sucked it back in.   
  
Finally, good sense told me to stop her. Shit, I couldn’t cum in her mouth! I tugged on her hair. Oh damn, that cock-sucking girl wouldn’t stop! I took a firm grip on her hair and viciously pulled.   
  
My cock popped out of her mouth. The devilish, wild-eyed girl attempted to reach for the shaft again. I spoke sternly, “Honey, oh shit girl, you’ve got to stop! You don’t want me to shoot my load in your mouth!”  
  
Fiery lust shone in her eyes. Her voice was laced with impetuous heat, “Hell yes, I do! That’s exactly what I want! Oh Dad, I want to eat your meat and drink your cream! I’ve never sucked a guy before, but I’ve seen porn movies and I want to do to you the same things those girls do to men!”  
  
My head shook as I gazed in amazed wonder at the girl. My innocent little darling daughter was growing quickly into fully-matured womanhood! Her teenage body craved carnal satisfaction. I didn’t know if I had the strength or the will to deny her desires. I was uncertain as to whether or not I could deny my own raging lusts.   
  
Mollie unbuttoned my kaki shirt and removed it. She unlaced my heavy work boots and pulled them off my feet. My socks, pants, and briefs were pulled off. I sat there before the girl with not one stitch of clothing on.  
  
Suddenly, bedevilment entered my mind. I realized that I too could have devilish, mischievous thoughts. I spoke teasingly, “Baby doll, don’t you feel a little overdressed?”  
  
Mollie climbed back to her knees before me. She grabbed the hem of her pretty, pink shirt, pulled it over her head, and tossed it across the room. Her thin, white panties slipped off quickly and they too flew across the kitchen.   
  
God, there was a naked young lady in my kitchen and she was kneeling between my legs! My eyes told me that I was correct in a couple of my previous observations. She ‘had’ come to the kitchen with no bra on and her pussy ‘was’ completely nude!  
  
Of their own accord, my hands reached for the girl’s exposed breasts. I never had paid much attention to the technicalities of boob cup size. A, B, and C were all letters of the alphabet to me. I much preferred a more objective measurement of size. Therefore, my eyes saw alluring breasts the size and shape of fully-ripened ‘sunshine-state’ peaches. Dime sized, dark pink nipples protruded out proudly. Silver dollar sized, pale pink areolas framed the ripe buds.   
  
While my little girl’s tits were not as big as a grown woman’s might be, they were nonetheless perfectly shaped and formed. My mouth begged to taste the fruit of those two tantalizing nectarines. I slipped off the chair and instructed Mollie to take my place. As soon as her ass touched the seat, my mouth closed around a nipple. I sucked with the hunger of a newborn infant. One nipple wasn’t enough. I devoured the other one, too.  
  
My mouth, my eyes, and my tongue began an odyssey of exploration around the girl’s two magnificent mammary mounds. I mapped every square inch of the soft feminine landscape. Each place my tongue touched, I planted a kiss as a claim of ownership.   
  
Mollie had her hands on my head. She said not a word, yet her soft moans and sighs encouraged me to lay claim to more and more of her tender, young flesh. I gladly obliged.   
  
I looked toward my girl’s face. She looked back with contented delight. She leaned toward me and offered her lips for kissing. I’d given this girl many fatherly kisses, but I knew this was not what she wanted now. It wasn’t what I desired, either. We wanted to share the kind of kisses a man gives to a woman and a woman gives to a man.  
  
My lips touched hers. Our tongues moisturized each others mouths and our lips melted together in a series of hypnotic, erotic, slippery kisses. Our tongues dueled and teased with unrestrained, impassioned zeal. Our tongues slipped in and out of each others mouths tasting and exploring with an ardent frenzy.   
  
I kissed her cheeks, her neck, and her shoulders. I worked my way back to her breasts. Again, I ravaged those beautiful mounds by kissing, and licking, and sucking mercilessly.   
  
My eyes strayed to the girl’s feminine pubic mound. The moment of truth had come. I love tits and I love ass! But, when it comes right down to it, I’m a ‘pussy man’! I love pussy more than any other feminine delight!  
  
This very fact had led up to much of the tension in my marriage to Mollie’s mother. With her, the ‘missionary position’ was the only acceptable way to have sexual relations. The woman’s father was a preacher and she had been brought up believing that oral sex was immoral sex. As my wife, she had never once sucked my cock! And, rare was the time I ever ate her pussy! The few times I did had always sparked bitter arguments and accusations of sexual perversion.   
  
I wondered if Mollie’s mother had polluted her daughter’s mind with such thoughts of depraved sexual immorality. My mind questioned as to whether or not I dare tempt rebuke by trying to satisfy my oral lusts with this young woman.   
  
But wait, I’m forgetting something! This girl has already displayed a curiosity about oral gratification. Why, the young lady has just now had my cock in her mouth! Didn’t she proudly proclaim her passionate enjoyment? Hell yes, she did! So, maybe she won’t object too much if I attempt to gratify myself by orally playing with her pussy.  
  
This girl can tell me to stop if she must, but I’m going to eat me some pussy if I can! I bodily lifted Mollie from the chair and laid her flat on the kitchen table with her legs hanging off the edge. Ours is a big, country kitchen and the table is long, wide, and sturdily built.   
  
I pulled the chair up and sat between Mollie’s knees. She made no objections as I spread her legs for a better view. Her bare-nude pussy mound thrilled me to the bone. One hard, muscular bone in particular throbbed achingly. God, if there was anything in this whole world more beautiful than this girl’s pussy, I had yet to see it!   
  
Yet, the fact that her pussy was shaved puzzled me and I wondered why she would do it. Unconsciously, I asked the question out loud, “Mollie, why have you shaved your pussy? Did you do it for some guy?”  
  
The naked girl lay on the table without the least bit of embarrassment or timidity. She seemed to glory in her nudity. She giggled and answered cheerfully, “Well Dad, a few months ago, after Mom left, I found your stash of ‘nudie’ magazines. I bet Mom never knew you had them. That prudish bitch would have raised hell if she’d known! But, I thought it was wonderful that you had them. I flipped through some of them and noticed you had earmarked certain photos. Every one of those naked females had shaved pussies! So, I went and shaved mine. So Dad, yes I shaved my pussy for a guy. I shaved it for you! And now, you’re the only guy to see my bare pussy.”  
  
I felt an overwhelming sense of love, pride, and gratitude. I pulled Mollie to a sitting position and kissed her passionately. My words whispered in her ears, “Thank you baby. Now, lie back down and let me play!”   
  
And play, I did. My eyes played first. They gloried in the nude expanse of feminine flesh. The girl’s outer pussy lips puffed out as thick, hairless mounds of protruding femininity. With her legs spread, her erect clit had escaped its confinement inside the swollen vaginal lips. Here the pink of her nipples was mirrored and magnified. Never had my eyes seen such a dazzling shade of clitoral pink!   
  
My mouth and tongue begged to touch the tantalizing jewel that was the girl’s clitoral treasure. With gentleness I didn’t know I had, my tongue touched her pee hole. Erotic ecstasy flowed through my loins. Animal magnetism spurred me on. My tongue explored the length of the clit tickling, flicking, sucking, and teasing with unrestrained lustful delight. Mollie wiggled and moaned.  
  
My hands squeezed her pussy lips with a grip that was tender, yet firm. Without the hindrance of pubic hair, my lips touched the soft, warm, vaginal tissue. My mouth journeyed into the valleys between pussy lips and thighs and climbed the surrounding hills. Again, my kisses lay claim to feminine flesh and declared ownership. This was now my goddamn pussy! Mollie squirmed and sighed.  
  
My journey led me back to my girl’s enticingly tempting clit. My lips and tongue ravaged it again. This time, I had not the restraint of gentleness. My mouth, my lips, my tongue, and even my teeth savagely attacked the tender, pink flesh. I pulled, I tugged, I bit, and I sucked.   
  
Surprisingly, Mollie didn’t cry out or recoil in pain or fear. She didn’t tell me to stop. She didn’t tell me to slow down. She didn’t beg me to be gentle. Instead, her clit stiffened into a more firm erection in order to withstand the oral assault upon it.   
  
Mollie’s legs spread wider and she lifted them up. My lips accepted her unspoken invitation to explore more freely. My tongue traveled down her clit and spread open the inviting inner lips it found. I touched moisture.   
  
I pulled back for a quick look. My eyes were mesmerized by the brilliant pink flesh of the girl’s vaginal opening. Herein lay the glory hole Mother Nature had provided especially for the housing of a male’s erect cock. Damn my wicked soul to hell, I wanted my stiffened shaft inside that hole! But, I knew I didn’t dare seriously think about really fucking the girl. For now, I would be content just to revel in the tastes and textures so long denied to me by the girl’s mother.   
  
The opening to Mollie’s womanly home was glistening with wetness. Her body had released warm, moisturizing fluids in preparation for penile penetration. Yet, it wasn’t a penis that now penetrated this feminine sanctum, it was my tongue. With it cupped to stiffen it, I plunged my hardened mouth-cock deep into the slippery, wet cavity.   
  
My penile tongue found what an erect penis would have found. Mollie’s vaginal home was protected by an unbroken hymen! My daughter was indeed an innocent, virginal child!   
  
While my mind tried to rebel and tell me to stop myself, I paid it no mind. Moisture was attacking my taste buds. Glorious, sweet, feminine juices were mine to lick, to drink, and to enjoy. My tongue, my lips, and my mouth became coated with intoxicating vaginal nectars.   
  
I continued eating Mollie’s pussy in a frenzy of sexually-inebriated lust. For ten years I been denied the carnal delights of oral vaginal pleasure. I was now so gleefully enchanted with this girl’s pussy that I had no power to tell myself to stop. I couldn’t have heard her words even if she were screaming for me to stop touching her.   
  
I made another assault on the feminine object of my uncontrollable lustful desires. My mouth, my lips, and my tongue joined together as an attack force. They attacked the nude pussy mound and captured every hill and valley claiming their flesh as sexual captives. The clit came next as these oral troops sucked, and licked, and flicked, and kissed until surrender was achieved. Finally, this team challenged the moisturized glory hole penetrating deep, twisting and twirling, licking and lapping.   
  
Mollie’s hips were bucking and jumping. If she was squealing or screaming, I didn’t hear. I was lost in pussy-lust heaven. Finally, for the first time in ten years, a stream of vaginal cum shot into my face. My daughter’s girl-woman pussy had erupted and was discharging orgasmic liquid into my pussy-starved mouth!   
  
This girl’s mother, the frigid cold-hearted bitch, had never once sprayed my mouth with feminine cum. Hell, I don’t believe that woman had ever had an oral orgasm in her life!   
  
The old adage of ‘like mother like daughter’ was not holding true here. My befuddled, pussy-eating brain began to understand. Mollie was cumming! I was making my sweet, young daughter cum! My mind’s bewilderment began to clear. The girl most certainly was screaming and squealing! Her body was writhing in blissful ecstasy. Instinctively, I licked up and down her clit again. Again, she squealed as another orgasm shook her.   
  
Still, I didn’t stop. Again, my tongue dove deep into her pussy’s inflamed vaginal void. I licked, I slurped, I tickled, I teased, and I frantically massaged every tender pussy nerve ending. This time, her voice screamed and cried as more orgasmic tremors rattled her body from the tips of her toes to the top of her head.  
  
After an eternity, I ended my oral pussy assault and pulled back from the sexually sated girl lying on the table. Mollie lay still. Her chest was rapidly rising and falling with labored breathing. Time passed slowly, but the girl finally sat up. Her shimmering auburn hair glistened with perspiration, yet her summer-tanned face beamed with the radiance of sexual satisfaction.   
  
Suddenly, the girl jumped from the table with an energetic bounce. She landed in my lap astride my legs. Her arms encircled my head and her lips pressed tightly to mine. She kissed me with the heated passion of a woman possessed and words whispered in my ear, “Thanks Dad. Oh god that was amazing! I thought I’d never stop cumming! I never knew orgasms could be so violent and so glorious!”   
  
The young woman sitting in my lap kissed me again and pressed her breast tightly against my chest. She brazenly whispered, “Mister, you started this orgasm game and now it’s your turn! I told you I wanted to eat your meat and drink your cream! That’s just what I intend to do. Let’s just see how much I’ve learned from the porn movies. I’m going to give you a cock sucking you’ll remember to your dying day!”   
  
This teenaged little-girl of mine took charge. She instructed me to take her place on the table. She had me to lean back into a semi-reclining position. She moved her chair between my legs. Then she began.  
  
Not once in my ten-year marriage to this girl’s mother had the woman sucked my cock. Yet, here was her young daughter sucking away! Mollie was wasting no time. As soon as her ass hit the seat of the chair, she had grabbed the engorged shaft and into her opened mouth it went.   
  
This cock-hungry minx didn’t stop at an inch, or two, or even three. The deep-throated vixen sucked in five inches before hitting the back of her throat. Then she went to work with her mouth, her lips, and her tongue.   
  
Many a time I’d seen this girl child, licking a popsicle or sucking on a lollipop. She must be recalling the skills learned from those activities because she was doing a mighty fine job in both areas. But, that wasn’t a popsicle in her mouth and it wasn’t a lollipop! That was my cock she was licking and sucking on!   
  
She was also kissing my shaft up and down its entire elongated length. She kissed, and squeezed, and tugged, and pumped. Her tongue circled around and around my cock-head stimulating my erection into a stiff, meaty, steel-hard rod.   
  
Popsicles, lollipops, and porn movies made for some exceptional instructional aids for cock sucking training. My daughter was a good student with excellent communication skills. Why, she was passing this oral exam with the grade of A++!  
  
The wicked, young, sex-pot’s mouth captured my shaft again. Her slippery-wet oral orifice bobbed up and down. Sometimes she went three inches deep and sometimes she went more. Five inches seemed to be her limit.   
  
This girl seemed to have an instinctive knowledge about how far to go without causing an ejaculation. She must have liked teasing me with this skill. Time after time she brought me to the brink of eruption only to back off and let it pass. I wanted to scream out and tell her to goddamnit let me cum! But, I didn’t say a word. This was my first cock-sucking in ten years, so she could take all day if she wanted!  
  
Well, she took her own sweet time, but it wasn’t all day. I lost track of time, but I felt every kiss, every lick, and every suck. I certainly felt it when the sucking stopped!   
  
I looked down and Mollie looked up at me. She spoke with a ring of authority in her voice, “Dad, I’m going to make you cum now. I want you to keep your hands out of my hair. I don’t want you to pull me away. You just hang on and let me do what I want! And, Mister, that’s an order!”  
  
I wasn’t in any condition to argue the point with the girl. Hell, if I didn’t get some relief soon, I was going to go crazy! So, I hung on. I saw a head-full of auburn curls descend towards my cock. Early-morning sunlight was captured within the shimmering curls and reflected out in a rainbow shower of magnified colors as Mollie’s head bobbed up and down on my erect shaft.   
  
The brazen, young wench seemed to loose control. Did she know what she was doing? Her head moved erratically. Her wet, warm, saliva-coated mouth continued bouncing up and down on my well-lubricated shaft. She seemed to loose all caution. Her oral thrusts became more frenzied. She swallowed five inches. She then swallowed six! Unbelievably, all seven inches of my cock disappeared into her ravenous mouth!  
  
She didn’t gag and she didn’t stop, but she did allow my shaft to back up a few inches. She sucked with invigorated enthusiasm. She sucked insistently with only one goal in mind. She wanted her dad to cum!   
  
That’s just what the girl’s dad did! I knew that this early in the morning, I had seminal fluids aplenty. I felt this pot of semen and sperm boiling and I felt the heated liquid enter my shaft. Oh shit, should I stop the girl? She had adamantly told me not to, so I didn’t.   
  
My entire body shuddered and shook as the eruption built to an explosive climax. My orgasm had begun! A dam burst and a flooded seminal river rapidly flowed out. Steaming-hot, pressurized cream shot out in streams of milky-white fluid.   
  
My cock, inside my daughter’s mouth, burned with unquenchable, orgasmic fire. Mollie inflamed the fire by continuing to hungrily suck. Her mouth began to fill with seminal liquid. She swallowed. God, the girl swallowed again and again! With her lips closed tightly around my thick, meaty shaft, she gulped down every single drop she could get.   
  
Never in my lifetime had my loins experienced such an abundance of ecstatic, orgasmic explosions. My body, my mind, and my heart rejoiced in a lust-filled celebration of uninhibited carnal contentment.   
  
Just when I thought it was over, Mollie’s lips and mouth attacked once more. Unbelievably, I had another orgasm in me and a few more drops of cream. My daughter devoured every bite of meat and drank every drop of cream. No female’s mouth had ever milked me so dry.   
  
At last, I fell back on the table. Mollie lapped at the few remaining drops trickling from my slowly shrinking cock. This time, I was the one to lie with a chest rising and falling with labored breathing. I was completely and totally sexually sated and satisfied beyond my wildest dreams. I’d just had the finest blowjob any man could ever want! Mollie was right, I’d remember this cock-sucking to my dying day!  
  
Thankfully, the wickedly wonderful girl of mine was nothing like her mother. With Mollie, I knew there would be no remorseful guilt or accusing recriminations resulting from our consensual sexual adventure.   
  
As if reading my mind, Mollie kissed my now flaccid cock. She laid a soft, summer-tanned cheek against the relaxing shaft. Her voice whispered quietly, “Listen to me ‘Old man’, don’t you worry about this cock being so limp. I know how I can get it hard again. Let’s go take a long, hot bath. Then I want you to take me to your bed. I want your cock inside my pussy. I’ve got a nice, ripe ‘cherry’ for you to pick. Oh Dad, I want you to fuck my brains out!”  
  
With a smile of love and happiness, I grinned at my sweet, loving, lascivious daughter. I winked mischievously and said, “Yes M’lady, your wish is my command. But, Miss Mollie Marie, before there’s any ‘cherry-picking’ around here, I’m going to eat my breakfast! Girl, you should eat hearty too because we’ve got a hard day of farm work ahead of us.”   
  
Without covering our nude bodies, Mollie and I ate breakfast. Neither of us seemed to mind that our mouths and loins were covered in sticky, cummy male and female fluids.   
  
My heart swelled with love while watching Mollie flutter about the kitchen with all her glorious feminine nudity on display. What a joyous, refreshing change this was from all the years of breakfasts with the girl’s sexually repressed mother.   
  
I helped dry the morning dishes and put them away. Mollie turned to me, took my hand, and placed it between her legs. As I played with the pussy I loved, my daughter’s hand closed over my slowly-recovering cock. In a husky whisper full of forbidden promises, she said, “Dad let’s go take our bath and then I’ll see what I can do about getting this fella hard enough for fucking. My pussy is already getting drippy wet with bedtime anticipation.”   
  
Part two (the bathtub)  
  
Before I realized it was happening, I was sitting in a bathtub full of hot water with my arms wrapped around a naked female. This girl’s back was pressed tightly against my chest while my hands played with the soft, feminine treasures adorning her body. One of my hands was cupping a well-rounded breast while the other was fondling a silky, smooth pussy.   
  
Here I was with my bathtub filled with hot water, me, and my naked, sexy-soft daughter! Hell, the limp cock I’d had earlier was now just a memory! My stimulated shaft was now a fully-erect, meaty, steel-hard rod! If that daughter of mine wanted to be fucked, then I was just the man for the job!  
  
The nude girl in my bath leaned over and pulled the plug on the tub. As the water drained out, she twisted around so suddenly that some of the remaining water sloshed over the edges. She ended up facing me with her ass between my legs and her legs wrapped around me. I just stared as the water level dropped. She reclined back on her hands and spoke seductively, “Dad, do you like what you see?”  
  
I continued to stare, but my voice whispered huskily, “Good golly Miss Mollie, I’ve never seen anything so erotically beautiful in all my life! Shit girl, you’ve got my cock swollen so hard it just might explode and shoot cum all over you again!”  
  
Mollie giggled, winked, and mischievously said, “Mister, you just hang on to your creamy man-milk until I’m ready for it! I’m going to take care of that cock in just a little bit!”  
  
While I wouldn’t call my daughter a ‘beauty-queen’, she most certainly is seductively pretty! My eyes gazed adoringly at her breasts while my hands juggled and played with them. Now, a finicky ‘tit-man’ might like his tits bigger. As for me, I was perfectly satisfied with the peach size and shape of my daughter’s mammary orbs. I especially liked the dark pink, dime sized nipples which jutted out proudly and the pale pink, silver-dollar sized areolas.   
  
Tits are mighty fine things for a female to have and Mollie had really nice ones. But, the fact of the matter is, I’m a ‘pussy-man’! Why, I love pussy more than any other feminine delight! Here then, was where this girl of mine excelled above all other females. She has the finest pussy my eyes have ever seen!   
  
I marveled again at the beauty of my daughter’s pussy. The two outer lips were again swollen with excitement. The tip of her pretty pink clit peeked out from the between them. Best of all, not one spot on this mound of feminine flesh was concealed by pubic hair! This wickedly wonderful young lady had shaved her pussy just for me! Her mystical mound of vaginal flesh was completely nude! God, that’s just the way I liked pussies!  
  
My cock throbbed demandingly. I needed to place it inside that bedazzling young female’s pussy. But first, I needed to again taste the gorgeous vaginal wonder with my mouth. I reached for Mollie’s legs, pulled them up to my chest, and wrapped them around my neck. Her ass scooted on the slippery ceramic and she fell back into the water. Good damn thing the tub was nearly empty or I would have drowned the child.   
  
I reached under her hips and bodily lifted her ass off the tub. I’m not a big man, but my arms are muscular and strong. I pulled the girl’s body up until her pussy was in front of my face. I began kissing, and licking, and sucking the silky soft feminine flesh.   
  
My ten-year banishment from eating at the pussy-table had come to an end. Thanks to my wonderfully loving and benevolent young daughter, I had all the delicious pussy I could consume. And, consume it, I did! I ate with a hearty, ravenous appetite!  
  
For my appetizer, I had a heaping helping of mounded pussy lips. I kissed, licked, and sucked down into the valleys between the girl’s pussy and thighs. My lips climbed back up the hills teasing and tasting feminine skin. Mollie softly moaned.  
  
My main course consisted of a silky, warm, quivering clit. I devoured this delectable delicacy with the vigor of a man possessed with devilish delight. My tongue licked, flicked, tickled, and teased this fabulous feminine treat. Mollie wiggled and moaned more feverously.  
  
For dessert, my mouth found the pussy’s warm, wet vaginal cavity. My tongue penetrated deep into the moisturized opening licking and lapping the dripping feminine juices. Mollie squirmed and softly squealed.   
  
My pussy-starved lust demanded that I have ‘seconds’. So, I again ate hungrily. I had a second helping of mounded pussy lips. I then devoured another portion of silky soft clit. And then, once again I tasted the wet flesh and fluids of the pussy’s quivering vaginal orifice.   
  
That wondrous daughter of mine had her legs wrapped tightly around my neck and her body was twisting, turning, and bucking spastically. The feminine voice that spoke was trembling, begging, and demanding, “Oh Dad, oh god Dad, please don’t make me cum again with your mouth! Oh, I want to feel your cock inside my pussy when I cum! Oh, please Dad, take me to your bed and fuck me!”  
  
That did it. Her heated words released my mind from its demanding, pussy-eating trance. I held onto Mollie’s ass with one hand, grabbed a bar of soap with the other, and lathered my cock with slippery lubrication. Finally, I allowed the girl to untangle her legs from my neck and shoulders. Her body slid down the length of my chest and landed in my lap.   
  
Unaware of the menacing erection awaiting it, the girl’s inflamed, moisturized pussy impaled itself onto my stiffened shaft. A greased, steel-hard rod of swollen meat slid deep into the pussy’s slippery, wet opening. The girl-child squealed as her virginal hymen was ripped open.   
  
Mollie jumped up as if a hot poker had penetrated her flesh! My cock was pulled out a few inches, but my hands were still holding onto her ass tightly, so she fell back down. The pussy-intruder the girl was sitting on was again thrust deep into its vaginal home.   
  
The girl jumped up again and once more a few inches of my shaft pulled out of her pussy. Yet, uncontrollably, I pulled her down and again my cock buried itself inside her sweltering hot, cock-comforting hole. The girl screamed demandingly, “No, no, oh god no! Dad, don’t fuck me here! I want to be fucked in your bed!”  
  
It was too damn late! Her demands came way too late! How in the unholy-hell is a man supposed to control the unstoppable urges of his throbbing cock once it’s buried inside a vivacious young female’s pussy? I had lusted after this young lady all morning long, so how could I let go of her now? I couldn’t and damnit I just wouldn’t!  
  
Mollie jumped up again, but it was a feeble gesture of rebellion because she quickly sat back down. This time, she deliberately impaled herself on the manhood penetrating deep inside her. It was too late for her, too! Her own feminine lusts had been inflamed by the pussy eating she’d just had. Her womanly instincts wouldn’t allow her body to reject the cock buried inside her!   
  
This girl-woman’s carnal cravings overruled her mind. She voluntarily rose up and fell down again and again. Pussy and cock joined together in a race toward orgasmic relief. Deep, wanton desire encouraged a frenzy of fucking! Anymore thoughts about tender, loving foreplay were forgotten. Ready or not, it was time to fuck!  
  
I held the girl as she sat fucking her dad. My hips thrust up to meet each and every impalement as she rose and fell. Time after time, the wicked, young vixen would stop and sit still. The damn little cockteaser was trying to prolong the excitement! Hell, her hot, young pussy was driving me crazy! She’d better stop taking her own sweet-damn-time or I’ll have to hogtie that girl and fuck her like I wanted to!   
  
My swollen cock pulsated with racing blood and seminal fluids moved into place ready for release. I knew I wouldn’t have as much this time because the girl’s mouth had already sucked me dry earlier.  
  
Hot seminal fire swept through the length of my lust-enraged, muscular shaft and spewed forth into Mollie’s welcoming pussy. Surprisingly, I’d built up more orgasmic heat than I had expected I could. A gloriously violent, cock-quaking orgasm exploded and shook my body. This thunderous sexual eruption thrilled my mind, body, and soul.   
  
Mollie too was shuddering and shaking as orgasms rocked her young, feminine body in spastic waves of sensual delight. Gleeful pleasure lit her radiant face with joyful happiness.  
  
I was grunting and groaning like a wild stud mounting a mustang mare. Mollie was moaning, squealing, and screaming with the lustful eagerness of an untamed filly welcoming her stallion lover.  
  
This young lady’s tight, teen pussy was squeezing and smothering my inflamed manhood while her vaginal juices were trying to drown it. In self defense, my cock fought back by continuing to pound into the slippery-wet opening with powerful thrusts. Seminal fluids and vaginal fluids joined together as allies in lubrication. Pussy and cock slipped in and out of each other effortlessly.   
  
Mollie rode my cock with her legs clinched around my back. Orgasms were not yet through toying with this girl’s body. She bucked up and down, her ass wiggled back and forth, and multiple waves of delight spurred her on.  
  
We two, my young Mollie and I, were lost in a netherworld of orgasmic enchantment. We lived and loved in this world for as long as we could. It was a good place to live. Very, very good it was. But, we couldn’t live there forever. This place of magical pleasures and charms slowly slipped away as we each rode the blissful, mystical ride until the magic slowly faded.  
  
There in the bathtub, I held my girl and she held me. Her head was gentling lying on my shoulder. Surprisingly, I felt warm moisture falling in soft drops on my skin. Mollie was crying. I whispered endearingly, “Honey, have I hurt you? Are you sorry for what we’ve done?”  
  
Mollie’s head jerked up and she quickly replied, “Oh Dad, no, I’m not sorry! I’ve never had such wonderful orgasms in my life! But, Dad, I wanted to fuck you in your bed! I wanted to be your playmate and your bedmate. I wanted to do things to you that Mom would never do to you!”  
  
All I could do was laugh. I wasn’t laughing at the girl. I was laughing because of her! I told her the reason why, “Mollie, my sweet baby doll girl, you’ve done more to me this morning than your mom did to me in ten years! I ate your pussy in the kitchen. I never touched your mom’s pussy in the kitchen! You gave me a cock-sucking on the kitchen table. Your mom never once sucked my cock on the table or anywhere else! I’ve now eaten your pussy in the bathtub. Shit, your mom never bathed with me one time! And, now you’ve sat in my lap and fucked me. Hell, your mom would have died before she would have ridden my cock like that! Damn girl, a man couldn’t ask for a better sexual playmate than I have with you! I’ll love you for this morning until my dying day!”  
  
Mollie’s face lit with a radiant smile. She was a playful young lady with a wickedly, mischievous quick wit. She winked and spoke seductively, “Dad, this day is not over yet! I’ll have my bedtime fun with you before the sun goes down! Mister, I’m not through with you by a long shot!”  
  
Part three (the creek)  
  
I was remembering my daughter’s words as I maneuvered the big tractor around the hayfield. I was certainly looking forward to the bedtime adventures her words had promised.   
  
I looked out across the pasture and saw the girl driving the smaller tractor. Mollie was doing a good job with the hay rake. My ‘tomboy’ daughter was a mighty fine farmhand. I was sitting in an air-conditioned tractor cab while she had no such comfort. The blazing sun beat down on her. She must be working on her tan because she wore only her red bathing suit top and a pair of cut off jeans.   
  
Twice, I’d given Mollie the chance to switch jobs with me so she could have some of the air-conditioned coolness. Even though she was only 13, I knew she could handle the massive monster tractor and hay baler with practiced skill. Both times, she had declined. We didn’t stop at lunchtime because a darkening sky to the west indicated rain.   
  
About two o’clock, I decided that we needed a short break. I whistled for the girl to follow me and we pulled our tractors in under the shade of some tall oak trees. We both jumped from our seats and sat on the bank of the slow moving creek which cut the farm in half.   
  
Mollie plopped her ass in my lap and sat there just as if it was a place she belonged. Well, she wanted to be there and I wanted her there, so her ass was ‘exactly’ in a place it belonged!  
  
This girl’s body was slick and sticky with perspiration, but her lips tasted sugary sweet to her dear old dad. I wondered if those luscious lips were stingingly sore like mine. I’d never kissed a female so many times in one day as I’d kissed this girl today. Each kiss was a sweet, warm, passionate awakening of lust and love.  
  
Mollie’s clothes didn’t stay on long. Without any discussion, I stripped her down to her birthday suit and she did the same to me. As soon as I saw her nude flesh, I wondered again where her tomboyish figure had gone to. And, I silently asked myself, “Just where in the hell did she get that seductively erotic feminine body she had now?”   
  
Putting these thought aside, I stood and bodily picked the girl up and walked into the cool water of the creek. She didn’t notice the teasing grin on my face as I pitched her out of my arms into an inviting pool of water.   
  
Mollie spluttered and splashed, but she rose to her feet with a glistening wet nude body. Her long, auburn hair had come loose from its ribbon and the tangled, curly-wet locks draped her shoulders and covered her breasts. Her voice rang merrily, “Come on in Dad and get that big fella between your legs wet!”  
  
My cock had fully recovered from the sucking and fucking it had this morning. The sight of the naked young female made the shaft erect and ready for pussy penetration. Yet, I knew the hardened rod wouldn’t be hard for long. Cold creek water plays havoc with the best intentions of an erection.   
  
I walked into the deeper water where the girl stood. The cool water did its dastardly deed. My hard, meaty erection shriveled up and shrank!   
  
Just because I wasn’t hard didn’t mean I wasn’t horny. After this morning’s stimulating sexual shenanigans, I knew I’d never be able to even look at Mollie again without getting horny as hell!  
  
My hands brushed away the wet hair covering the girl’s dangling breasts. Hot-damn, those mammary twins were beautiful girls! I began a slow massage of each tit and nipple. To my surprise, I found out that the cold water had prevented her nipples from staying erect! Well, I had a fix for that problem. I reached under her ass and lifted her out of the water. When her tits brushed my face, my lips found each nipple and sucked until each nubile nub warmed up then popped out and blossomed into stiffened buds.   
  
Mollie’s legs encircled my waist and the crack of her ass settled against my shriveled shaft. Confused by the absence of hardness, she looked down at me with questioning eyes. I allowed her body to slip back down into the water.   
  
As soon as her feet found firm footing, the girl reached beneath the water and found my limp shaft. Her voice spoke quizzically, “Damn Dad, what the hell’s happened to my big boy cock?”  
  
I answered my curious daughter with merriment in my voice, “Baby doll, cold water and hard cocks are age-old, life-long sworn enemies. I’m afraid this creek has gotten the best of this battle.”  
  
This wickedly wonderful girl-child squeezed my drooping shaft and mischievously said, “Don’t worry old man, I’ve got a couple of nice, warm holes where you can heat that floppy fella up in after we’ve played around a little bit. I’ve got a hole between the lips of my mouth and a hole between the lips of my pussy. You’re welcome to use either one as a ‘cock warmer’!”  
  
Well, I could be just as wicked and mischievous as this young lady! To prove it, I squeezed her ass and replied with mischievous devilment, “Girl, there’s another hole you have that I haven’t yet tried. You’ve got a hole between the cheeks of your ass!”  
  
As soon as I said those words, I was immediately sorry. Oh shit, the girl will think I’m a sexually perverted fiend! Her mother had certainly thought so! Why, I wouldn’t have dared to even think about ass-fucking the woman I had been married to for ten years. The cold-hearted, frigid bitch would have kicked me out of the house, locked the doors, and flushed the keys away.  
  
Even though I knew Mollie had none of her mother’s sexual inhibitions, I still felt that I’d gone too far with my ‘hole-in-the-ass’ comment. In an effort to forestall any awkwardness, I scooped the girl up into my arms again and pitched her into a deeper pool of water. We two splashed and swam, we fondled and groped, and we tickled and teased. We kissed with a passionate ardor which went beyond the boundaries of lust and delved deep into the territory of love.   
  
Time passed as a wondrous haze. We raced in the shallow waters near a place where a truck could cross the creek. We kicked and splashed water on each other. We gloried in our shared nudity. God, I was completely mesmerized by the sight of Mollie’s bouncing tits and her jiggling ass!   
  
This effervescent vixen of a female youngster was wearing this old man out. I made my way back down the creek to a place where a large, flat rock protruded out from the bank. The ledge rock was nearly double the size of our kitchen table.   
  
I plopped down on my back with my legs dangling in the water. Mollie swam over and stood between my legs. The girl started making good on her promise of providing a hole for warming my cock. She grabbed my half-limp, cold-wet shaft and put it in her mouth.   
  
God, it felt good! After the coolness of the creek, the girl’s mouth felt like a fiery furnace. Her tongue and her lips massaged my tender, soft flesh. My cock sprang back to life incredibly fast. The girl’s warm, wet mouth bobbed up and down on the shaft victoriously.   
  
Before I knew what was happening, that deep-throated, cock-sucking daughter of mine had every swollen inch of my thick, meaty shaft inside of her hungry mouth! Oh god, this wondrously wicked young woman knew tricks that could drive a man insane! She sure as hell didn’t learn them from her hard-hearted bitch of a mother!  
  
The devilish young wench must have been using every cock-eating trick in her book because I knew I’d never been this fanatically ‘turned on’ sex-crazed before today. I don’t think I’d be surprised to find the marks of my fingernails imbedded in the solid stone of the ledge rock under me.   
  
Mollie stopped sucking just in time. She sprang from the water and straddled my belly. She leaned over with her young breasts dangling in front of my mouth. Her two tantalizing, peach sized orbs hung down like overripe fruit ready to be picked.   
  
Hell, I didn’t need an engraved invitation to that tittie-picking party! Quick as a cat, I started picking and instantly had two hands full of the tender, luscious nectarines. My hands squeezed, massaged, and played. My mouth joined in and began sucking all the dripping creek water off. My tongue licked and lapped at the tasty, all-natural female tit flesh.   
  
Suddenly, Mollie sat up straight. A nipple was jerked out of my tit-sucking mouth so quickly that I heard an audible ‘pop’. The girl scooted down and sat on my waist. Without awaiting my approval or consent, she grabbed my cock and guided it to its favorite place to be. She impaled her drippy wet pussy on it. The throbbing, pulsating shaft that had been in her mouth was now inside a warm, inviting feminine home.   
  
Here I was again with my daughter riding my cock! Yet, curiously, the girl wasn’t riding very hard. The horny young lady wasn’t jumping up and down nor was she wiggling or squirming her ass. In fact, she was sitting without moving! I looked at her questioningly.   
  
Mollie’s eyes squinted as if she were deep in thought. She finally found the words she wanted to say, “Dad, do you remember me telling you that I want to do things with you that Mom wouldn’t do? Well, in the past few minutes, I’ve had your cock in my mouth and I’ve had it in my pussy. But, according to what you said a little while ago, I’ve got another hole you might want to put your cock in. Dad, did you ever ass-fuck Mom? Do you want to fuck me in the ass?”  
  
What the goddamn hell was a father supposed to say when asked a question like that by his sexy young daughter? The answer came in a blink. I would just tell her the truth!   
  
I took a deep breath and let out the words, “No girl, I never ass-fucked your mother. My cock never came close to touching her asshole. Why, that straitlaced prude would have killed me a thousand times and sent my dead body and soul straight to the fires of Hell!”   
  
I paused for a second before saying, “As for you girl, well I guess I was just kidding with my talk about another hole. I was just trying to say something that was shockingly ‘naughty’. It might be fun, but I wouldn’t dare expect you to do something so…so wicked! I’d better keep my cock out of your asshole.”  
  
The girl bristled with annoyance. She leaned forward, looked me directly in the eyes, and vehemently said, “Mister, I’m not my mother and I don’t give a shit about wickedness! Not with you, I don’t. What we do in the privacy of our own sexual couplings is our own damn business! We two, you and I, set the rules for ourselves!”  
  
The wondrous girl kissed me then. She gave me a kiss that set my loins and my heart on fire. She whispered wantonly, “Now Dad, shut the hell up and ass-fuck me!”  
  
Mollie pulled her dripping pussy off my cock, turned over, and positioned herself on her knees ‘doggy-style’ on our ledge rock bed. Sensing my hesitancy, she insisted, “Just do it Dad! You wouldn’t have even kidded about it unless if it was something you really wanted to do.”  
  
Giving in to undeniable temptation, I stepped knee-deep into the creek and stood behind the seductive temptress. I immediately noticed that her ass was perfectly centered in front of my throbbing cock.   
  
I took a look at the girl’s ass. Oh what a beautiful expanse of silky soft feminine flesh, it was! This wasn’t the boney ass of a skinny girl, yet it wasn’t fat ass of a chubby girl. This was the maturing derriere of fine-figured young lady!   
  
The realization hit me that this girl’s ass was mine, all mine! This mesmerizing, beautiful ass was mine to do with as I wanted. So, I gave in to instinct and gently smacked it with my open hand. I then smacked it again, this time with a hard, stinging slap. Mollie hadn’t given me permission to spank her, but she didn’t pull away or tell me to stop. In fact, she squealed with a pleasurable moan. Encouraged, I spanked that beautiful ass with several more stinging slaps to each cheek. The girl began whimpering.  
  
Oh shit, a father is not supposed to get sexually stimulated by spanking his daughter! But, that’s exactly what was happening to me. I was horny, hard, and having an ass-spanking good time.  
  
Through a fog of fanny-flogging fun, I saw the pretty white expanse of ass skin redden from my stinging attack. Abruptly, my hands stopped spanking. Hell, I didn’t want to hurt this sweet young girl! I leaned over and kissed the spreading redness with soft, gentle tenderness. I kissed every square inch of my girl’s ass. My lips kissed and massaged until the redness began to go away.   
  
Temptation’s siren call beckoned me again. I stood back up and aimed my cock at the ass that was mine. I spread the ass cheeks and found the alluringly, tempting asshole. Just below this opening was an even more-tantalizing hole. Mollie’s vaginal opening glistened with feminine moisture. Some of that moisture still coated my cock.   
  
I knew if I was going to enter the dry hole in this girl’s ass, then I would need a little more lubrication on my cock. This girl’s moist pussy was undeniably the perfect place to get it. So, I rammed my stiffened, elongated shaft deep into Mollie’s sweltering-hot, dripping-wet vaginal cavity.   
  
The girl squealed and squirmed. Just as I hoped, her sexually-aroused female body released torrents of slippery-wet lubricant. I pumped in an out time after time while getting my entire shaft moisturized with feminine juice. Mollie moaned with excitement.   
  
Abruptly, I withdrew from the slick, warm, wet pussy. The head of my cock touched Mollie’s asshole with a tender kiss. It then entered this forbidden feminine inner sanctum. A gentle push was all it took. The lubricated shaft slid in deeper.   
  
Incredibly, I found myself doing something I never dreamed I would do! My cock was inside my daughter’s asshole! The girl let the fingers of one of her hands take my cock’s place inside her pussy. She played with herself as I rammed my cock home.   
  
I pumped in and out slowly. How far did I dare go? This day, this girl had already swallowed every inch of my cock into her mouth. She’d opened her pussy and allowed the shaft’s full length to penetrate in to its hilt. Could her welcoming asshole take in all of the swollen rod’s length, too?  
  
The answer came quickly. This may be a sinfully-wicked sexual coupling, but the forbidden depravity of it was undeniably exotic and erotically stimulating! I was so aroused that I pumped harder and deeper than I had intended. The entire shaft of my lubricated cock became buried in the girl’s ass!   
  
Although I was surprised by the depth of anal penetration I’d achieved, I made no attempt to withdraw completely. I continued to pump in and out vigorously. My balls and testicle sack were slapping against the girl’s pussy and the feminine fingers playing inside.   
  
Unadulterated sexual lust spurred me on. This same lust made the girl push her ass toward me in an unspoken invitation of carnal desire. Like wild animals rutting in the deep dark woods, this daughter of mine and her dad were grunting and groaning in an unrestrained animalistic frenzy.   
  
This morning my cock had cum in this girl’s mouth when I was with her in the kitchen. It had cum in her pussy while we were in the bathtub. Now, the deep, penetrating shaft was cumming in her asshole and orgasms were taking my breath away!   
  
With the masculine meat fucking her ass and her own soft feminine fingers playing in her pussy, Mollie was cumming, too! I’m just the man to know about this girl’s orgasms. This very day, I had learned a lot about this vivacious young female’s sexual nature. I felt her feminine body shudder and shake with the same orgasmic rapture that was coursing through mine.   
  
I held tightly to Mollie’s hips as I pounded slowly into her ass. This girl and I both were whimpering and crying as our orgasmic coupling joined our two bodies into one. Again, we visited our private little world where heavenly enchantment prevailed through lust and love.   
  
After spilling every last drop of sexual fluids our bodies had in them, the two of us fell exhausted onto the flat ledge rock bed we shared. The slow-moving creek quietly meandered past this place where a naked father and daughter basked in the warmth of orgasmic afterglow.   
  
I pulled my girl close to me and hugged her tightly. I brushed the tangled, damp hair from her face and kissed her passionately. She kissed me, too. We kissed with ardent, enthusiastic, amorous obsession.   
  
Words of endearment spilled from my mouth, “Mollie, my babe, I’m so glad you’re nothing like your mother. You’ve rocked my world more in this one day than she did in ten years! I told you something this morning and I’ll repeat it now. I’ll love you for what you’ve done today until the day I die!”  
  
This wondrously remarkable young lady kissed me again and whispered in my ear, “Dad, I’m so glad I can do these things for you. But, I’m also happy about all these things you’ve done to me!”  
  
After a minute of silence, wickedly wonderful Mollie spoke once more, “Listen here Mister, this day is not over yet! If you think you’re going to keep me out of your bed tonight, then you are mistaken! You’re not too old a dog to learn some new tricks. Why, I might just fuck you all night long!”  
  
Part four (the bed)  
  
Later, I found out that Mollie wasn’t kidding. True to her word, she did get into my bed that night and she did fuck me all night long. Her prophetic words turned out to be the actual truth; I wasn’t to old a dog and I did learn some new tricks!