When we brought little Alice home it was one of the happiest moments of my life. Her arrival into the world made me want to be a good father; an example to her, and someone she would always look up to.

She had blondish-brown hair, violet blue eyes, silky smooth alabaster skin, and a gorgeous face just like her mother, Holly.

Holly and I had met when she was finishing college. She was one of those rare strippers who actually did strip to pay for her college tuition, with a body that wouldn’t quit. She was, and still is, an absolute knockout. When we started dating, I was a senior computer programmer, already making decent money, and partying my ass off.

We were pretty wild during those fourteen months; using drugs, sharing a sexual partner or two, and fucking like little minks at every opportunity. Our relationship fit perfectly into my life long obsession with sex.

Once married, we purposely waited a couple of years before Holly got pregnant so that she could get herself established in the job market, and during that time our wild sex life came to a screeching halt. Nearly all of Holly’s focus was on her career. She almost immediately saw results from her hard work with promotions and added responsibility, nearly matching my salary after only two years. We still had sex, but it became a routine of a little touchy-feely, missionary action that left me consumed with my wicked thoughts.

Since by then my livelihood consisted mostly of consulting, I worked from home while Holly went off to the office each day. It left me the opportunity to search porno and stroke my cock, which I did every morning for an hour or two. My being home also worked out well because I could watch and care for Alice during the day. I can’t tell you how many times I was in the middle of stroking, with Astroglide smeared all over my seven inch, fairly thick cock, and would have to rush to rinse off so that I could respond to Alice crying for whatever reason. Even though her cries committed the ultimate crime of interrupting my masturbation, I loved her so much that I didn’t mind.

On one of these occasions I had been particularly horny, and my regular sites weren’t getting it. I needed more, something really nasty and kinky to get me off. I had been searching pedo sites for a couple of days, and was fixated on young girls at the moment. My hand and cock were slippery and I was near a hot climax when I heard Alice softly cry out in the next room. I stopped jerking off immediately, ran to the bathroom, and quickly washed off my cock and hands.

When I got to Alice’s crib I found that her diaper was wet. I went into my dutiful-father mode and stripped the wet material away from her. Once I disposed of the diaper I returned with a washcloth to wipe her clean, powder her and apply another diaper. She was lying on her back, her lower body completely exposed, with her little legs kicking in the air, smiling at me, while she made goo-goo, gaga noises.

Wiping her puffy little slit while I had a half-hard cock in my pants caused my thoughts to slide into an area I didn’t want to enter. I had made a point of keeping any sexual thoughts apart from Alice. I didn’t think it would be difficult because I had never, until the last couple of mornings, had the slightest interest in underage girls, much less a toddler.

But here was this innocent little pussy displayed in front of me. I felt my cock grow harder as I continued wiping her, pushing the lips apart so I could see the pinkness inside. As I wiped, I thought I detected her spreading her legs further, but wrote it off as just my perverted imagination taking over.

“Here, honey, spread your legs for Daddy,” I said, as I pushed against her soft little thighs to gain access to her genitals so that I could innocently apply powder; or so I rationalized to myself.

I hated myself for how my body was reacting to physically touching my infant daughter, but as I spread the powder on her little pussy, my cock pushed against my pants. I rubbed the powder between the lips of her pussy, touching much more than necessary. The sheer softness of it was unbearable, and there was even a slight glistening where she was producing a small amount of juice. I could feel pre-cum drooling from my hard cock.

I forced the thoughts from my mind. I focused on deliberately finishing her re-diapering, putting things away, and letting her go back to sleep.

As soon as I could get back to my desk, my pants thrown aside, I was stroking my cock, which was immediately larger and harder than it had been in months. I re-opened the page I had been on before I was interrupted, the one with preschoolers wearing only panties. Every little vagina in the photos, outlined against the thin cotton panty material, made me think of Alice, I couldn’t help it.

I came in minutes stroking furiously, Astroglide slopping all over my hand, and then the words blurted from my mouth, just as my cum appeared, squirting further than usual. “Oh, baby, let Daddy lick your sweet pussy; let me lick it, Alice,” I said, as the last of my cum landed on my wrist.

As soon as I came down to earth, I rose and started cleaning up. I then checked on Alice, and she was still sleeping. As I looked at her I felt a wave of guilt wash over me. Even though there had been no penetration, and I hadn’t cum directly with her, I knew what had taken place. I had become unbelievably turned on by touching Alice’s pussy, and had masturbated and cum like crazy thinking about it.

I repeated a completely harmless version of the changing process later in the day. I was determined that I wasn’t going to let my oftentimes perverted fantasy world involve Alice again. I was proud that even though my cock went on automatic and became hard when I washed her genital area the second time that day, I performed the task like a robot, and afterwards put her back into her crib with a completely innocent fatherly hug.

When Holly came home, I gave her a big hug and a kiss, something I never did.

“Jeez, what’s the occasion,” she asked, putting her things on the dining room table.

“No big deal. I just wanted to show some affection,” I answered, shrugging.

“Like I don’t know what night it is,” She said, looking at me sideways. It was Friday evening, and we usually had sex then. Even though I had cum really hard that morning, I was still horny as hell.

“Let me clean up, I’ll check in on Alice, and then we’ll do it,” she said. “And, can you order some delivery; I had a light lunch.”

I made the call and then went to our bedroom, quickly undressed, and got under the covers. My cock was semi-hard and already oozing pre-cum. I gently stroked it under the sheets, closing my eyes, and trying to make the image of Alice’s pink little puffy pussy leave my mind. I had been at this for quite some time, when I wondered where Holly was. I wanted her body right then, I wanted to feel myself inside a grown woman to affirm that I was normal.

I looked at the clock and saw that it had been forty minutes since we had spoken. I waited another five minutes, and was just ready to pull on some pants and see where she was when she arrived. She whisked into the room, with a filmy nightgown flowing, accentuating her gorgeous 36B, still perfectly shaped, pink-tipped tits. I noticed that she looked flushed.

“Sorry to be so long, Alice took longer than I thought it would,” she said, removing her nightgown.

As she turned to pull it over her head I looked at her ass. It was still heart shaped, and turned me on every time I saw it.

She got into bed and lay on her back for a moment, then abruptly turned to me, and pressed herself against my nakedness without saying anything. I was so turned on by then that I just reached for her and began slowly massaging her breasts, kissing her mouth at the same time. She surprised me and reached straight for my hard cock, the pre-cum now dripping.

“Just fuck me,” she said, looking into my eyes very seriously. “I’m really horny,” she added, and then put her lips back over mine.

I reached down to touch her pussy, and found it soaking wet, something I hadn’t experienced in some time. I was so turned on I didn’t waste time wondering why. I whipped the sheets and covers back and kissed my way down her pretty belly, getting ready to taste her sweet juices, when she pulled me up to her again.

“No, Steve, I need you to just put your cock in me and fuck me, she said firmly,” a look of lust in her eyes that I hadn’t seen in a long time.

I didn’t argue because I was ready to burst. As I entered her I began to thrust like a madman, my cock even harder than it had been this morning. I concentrated on not coming too soon, but I needn’t have worried. My cock found her pussy not only wet, but creamy – something I had never seen before with Holly. After we fucked for no more than three or four minutes, Holly came very hard, her neck arching back in ecstasy, with her eyes closed, and her mouth open.

“Oh, God, oh, God,” she hissed, as she trembled, and then became quiet.

I came five strokes later, and then I lay beside her without saying anything for a minute before I broke the silence in the half dark room.

“I haven’t seen you that wet in a while. Something got you really horny tonight,” I added, smiling and raising on one elbow to look at her.

“What are you saying?” she asked, becoming defensive.

“I’m not saying anything; in fact I liked it,” I said. “I wish you were like that more often,” I added, and kissed her forehead.

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The weekend started like any other; chores, errands and yard work for me, laundry, shopping and taking care of Alice for Holly. Holly always took over Alice duties on the weekend.

I performed everything I accomplished that day completely on automatic. I couldn’t get the picture of Alice’s sweet little baby pussy out of my mind. I felt like some sort of pervert, but no matter how many times I tried, I couldn’t make the thought go away. I walked around with a half-hard cock the whole day, and couldn’t even get to my porn so that I could jerk off.

One thing that Holly did every day was to give Alice her bath every evening, and today was no different. When I returned from my last chore for the day about six o’clock, I went into the kitchen and poured myself a glass of wine. I didn’t see Holly anywhere, so I figured she might be giving Alice an early bath.

I went to the downstairs bathroom, which had a big tub in which Holly bathed Alice every night. I heard gentle splashing as I approached the door, but silence other than that. When I poked my head in the bathroom, Holly’s back was toward me and she was bent over the tub, with Alice in front of her facing me; nothing unusual.

The thing that was weird is that when I spoke, Holly jerked her hand out of the tub, and seemed very startled.

“Jesus, Steve, you about gave me a heart attack,” she said, holding her wet hand against the middle of her chest. Again, she was very flushed, just like last night, before we fucked like we hadn’t in years.

“I didn’t mean to scare you, babe. I was just letting you know that I was home,” I said, looking at the hand just jerked from the tub. A possibility crossed my mind, but I dismissed it as my usual perverted obsessions.

“I saw you started a nice meal, Thanks, babe,” I said.

“Sure, you’re welcome,” she answered, not looking at me.

I walked back out to the living room and turned on the evening news, but Holly’s awkward behavior in the bathroom stayed on my mind. Could it be possible?

She has told me on more than one occasion that she had sexual experiences with women, and enjoyed the sex very much. One time when we were dating we were at a big party, and later in the evening, after most of the other guests had left, I saw Holly and another woman outside on a large deck making out in the dark, and the kissing and touching was pretty hot. The point is, Holly likes sex with women; but could that equate to a desire for Alice?

One part of my mind said I was crazy, the other part said that it was possible. After mulling it over for a few minutes I decided to check it out.

When Holly came through the living room and went into the kitchen, I followed her. As she stirred something in a pan on the stove I hugged her from behind, my hands going down the front of her shorts. My fingers easily slid past the elastic of her shorts and to the leg opening of her panties, and I quickly inserted my right index finger onto her bare vagina. Her pussy was messy with juice; maybe even more than last night.

“Steeeve,” she said, pulling my hand out of her pants and leaning away from me. “I’m finishing dinner, and what’s in this saucepan could burn, so I can’t mess around right now,” she added, firmly, without eye contact.

“Hey, okay,” I said, shrugging. “I appreciate that you’re fixing dinner, babe,” I added, as I pecked her on the back of the neck, turned and went back to the living room. As I walked to the couch I tasted the pussy juice on my finger, and as I sat down I could feel my cock had stiffened.

Something or someone had turned Holly on enough to make her cum, and cum really hard. There were only three entities in this house, and since I had nothing to do with it, then what; Holly is having sex with Alice? I couldn’t get my head around that.

I picked up the Atlanta Journal Constitution from the coffee table, opened it and pretended to read it, but my mind was elsewhere. I could feel my cock growing hot between my underwear and the skin of my leg, and it was hard.

Holly had just had an orgasm in this house, she had been alone with Alice, and Alice had been naked. What must have happened was obvious. I didn’t actually see it happen, but Holly’s sopping pussy told the story. Visions of what could have taken place made my cock throb in my pants. I could actually feel my heartbeat, and it translated to my fingers, which shook slightly as I held the newspaper in front of me.

We had a nice, if not a rather self-conscious dinner; I washed the dishes and cleaned up, and then we went to bed after watching a boring movie. When we got to the bedroom the tension could be cut with a knife. We said a pretty stiff and formal good night as we turned from each other in bed, the darkness surrounding our separate thoughts.

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The next morning the wall between Holly and I was still there. After coffee and breakfast, Holly fed Alice her bottle, holding her in her lap in the kitchen, as I sat across from them again reading the newspaper.

“So, you and Alice are going to your sister’s today?” I asked, rhetorically. She had mentioned it a couple of days ago.

“Yeah,” she replied, faking a smile. “As soon as I get me and Alice dressed, we’ll go,” she continued, again with a weird smile as she looked away.

“Last week I thought you said that you had invited Mark over to watch football,” she said, sounding almost normal.

Shit, I had been so obsessed the last couple of days I had forgotten. I looked at the wall clock in the kitchen and realized that Mark would be here in a little over an hour. Holly and Alice would take that long to get ready, leaving me no time to beat off, which I felt a strong desire to do. I had been in a mild state of arousal since waking. Thoughts of these two pussies in the house, both of which I had touched in the last two days, and one I had fucked, was driving me crazy.

“You’re right. I can’t believe I forgot that,” I replied, as I tried to sound normal too.

Holly and Alice left with a non-eye-contact goodbye from Holly, and Mark arrived about fifteen minutes later. Not enough time to get any relief.

The game involved the Falcons and the Eagles, and even though most of the time my thoughts involved various combinations of sex with Holly and Alice, I did enjoy being with my friend from across the street, and the final score.

Mark and I were sharing a shot of Vodka to celebrate when Holly and Alice returned. I hoped that I could have the shot with Mark, get him out the door, and have enough time for a quick jerk before the Holly and Alice got back, but no such luck.

Holly and Mark spoke pleasantly for a couple of minutes, and then Mark said goodbye and left.

Holly ordered Chinese, and then fed Alice. When Alice was full, she asked me if I had enough cash for the delivery guy, and when I said that I did, she said she was going to give Alice her bath. I suddenly became aware of my cock as she left the room, with Alice in her arms.

I knew that I had to see if my depraved fantasies were true. I was touching my cock through my pants when the doorbell rang. Before I opened the door I had to shift my cock so that my hard- on wouldn’t show.

I paid the kid, closed the door and put the food on the dining room table as quickly as I could. I then almost tiptoed down the hallway to the downstairs bathroom. I heard the same gentle splashing I heard last night, but this time I would be quiet so that I could verify whether my sick thoughts were true.

I approached the door and it was closed, but not all the way. As I leaned against the doorjamb I used the back of my hand to slowly and quietly push the door open just an inch or two. My heart felt like it was coming out of my chest.

What I saw made me immediately reach for my zipper and take my cock out of my pants.

Holly’s right hand was under the edge of the tub, so I couldn’t see it, but she was obviously fidgeting with Alice’s lower body. Alice seemed gleeful.

Holly’s other hand was rubbing her own crotch. She had put on shorts before giving Alice a bath, and she apparently wasn’t wearing panties, so her hand had easy access to her pussy. I could hear faint squishing noises coming from her cunt, as she groaned quietly, with her head thrown back.

I watched this transfixed, stroking my cock on automatic. I noticed a drop of pre-cum drip to the wood floor. I was drunk with lust. I had never seen anything in my life that turned me on the way this did. I was so far down this path in my mind that I couldn’t stop myself.

I pushed the door open, walked up to Holly and pointed my cock up to her mouth. I was so turned on I was panting, but I didn’t say a word. She looked up to me and took my cock in her hand, staring into my eyes with pure lust. Her other hand went back to Alice’s pussy, one of her fingers sliding up and down the little slit, which made Alice very animated.

“I guess it’s out of the bag. Are you mad at me?” she asked, moving her hand slightly on my rigged cock.

“No,” was all I was able to say, as I shook my head, and looked directly back into her eyes. I had never been so in love and turned on for Holly as I was at that moment.

“Do you think I’m sick, or something?” she asked, her hand on my cock pausing, with a grimace on her face.

“No, Holly, no,” I said, kneeling down in front of her, and taking her shoulders in my hands, still maintaining eye contact.

“No, sweetheart, I love you for this. Really, I do. Besides,” I said, looking away from her, “I’ve got a confession to make myself.”

“You didn’t penetrate her, did you?” she asked, with her eyebrows raised.

“Of course not,” I said.

She paused for a moment, just looking at me. “Well, then let me dry her off, and meet me in the bedroom. I hope it’s okay if I bring Alice,” she said, as a half-question, looking back at me with that lust again.

“I think we know the answer to that,” I said, pointing my cock at her as I stroked it, the head glistening with pre-cum.

Holly came into the bedroom just as I had removed the last of my clothes. She was naked, and had Alice in her arms. She had that flushed look again, and she was breathing hard as she sat Alice on the bed. Little Alice was naked too, and obviously happy with all of the attention.

My cock throbbed, bouncing in front of me as I moved across the bed to my girls. I was so overcome with lust I could barely breathe. I didn’t know what I wanted to do first; lick and fuck Holly, or lick Alice. Holly made the decision for me as she gently pushed Alice’s legs apart and began softly eating her pussy, rubbing her own dripping cunt with her right hand.

I positioned myself behind Holly so that I could watch her lick Alice as I pushed my cock into her. Holly was so wet with her pussy creaming again that my cock slid right into her, and was smeared with her pussy sauce in two strokes.

Holly began bucking against me, forcing my cock deeper into her sloppy cunt as she furiously licked Alice, who was babbling away. As I pumped my cock into Holly I wondered whether a baby could actually orgasm. Just then, Alice trembled, and her legs straightened; right after Holly had focused her sucking effort on the baby’s undeveloped clitoris area.

“God, this is so fucking hot,” Holly said, looking at me with saliva and pussy juice all over her mouth. Alice was making very pleased sounds to her mother, who had just made the little baby’s pussy come.

I had pulled my throbbing cock from Holly’s dribbling cunt hole because I wanted this scene to last, and I didn’t want to squirt my cum yet. I reached for Alice’s slit and slipped my finger up and down her now wet, unbelievably pink flesh. She actually wiggled her hips as I did, smiling at me, and waving her arms.

“Ooooow, yeah, Steve, touch her gorgeous little pussy,” Holly said, again fingering her own seeping cunt; her eyes transfixed on my hand. “Isn’t her pussy beautiful?” she asked.

“Yes, it is,” I said. “It sure is.”

“Lick it, Steve. Eat her little cunt for me; I want to watch you do that,” Holly added, now looking into my eyes, her fingers slick with her own pussy cream.

I didn’t have to be told twice. I hungrily leaned down to Alice’s pink flesh, now spread open by her mother for my access. I was on my knees and elbows as I tasted the sweetness. With eyes closed I slowly pushed my tongue up and down her small vagina. My cock was jumping with my heartbeat as I pushed my tongue into her baby cunt hole.

“Oh, God, yeah, Steve; eat her little cunt,” Holly said, holding Alice’s legs open. “Make her come, Steve; she can do it,” Holly added, now frantically fucking her pussy with her fingers.

After a few minutes of me savoring Alice’s pussy, Holly spoke.

“Here, babe, switch around on your back, and let me put her on your face while you fuck me. I need some more cock,” Holly said, looking at me with that lust-look in her eyes.

I flopped onto my back, my stiff cock bobbing around as I did. Holly picked Alice up and placed her over my face in one motion. Alice’s legs were on either side of my head, and her pussy meat was right in my mouth. Holly wasted no time in spreading herself over my cock, and engulfing it with her slippery pussy.

I knew I wouldn’t last long with all of this stimulation, and I was so fucking horny I didn’t care. I licked and sucked Alice’s sweet pussy like a starving man, with my hands on her little ass, shoving as much of her baby cunt in my mouth as I could. She made goo-goo-gaga noises as I sucked her, and she bucked her little ass in rhythm to her mother’s thrusts up and down on my cock.

Just when Holly felt I was about to shoot, she stopped her fucking motions, and lifted off of my cock.

“Oh, baby, I want you to cum in both of our mouths. I want to share your cum with Alice,” she said, pushing Alice down onto my legs, so that her little mouth was near my cock, which was slick with Holly’s pussy cream.

“Here, Alice, suck on your Daddy’s cock, Honey,” Holly said, grabbing my stiff member and holding it to Alice’s mouth. Alice could only get half of the head in her mouth, but she licked it on cue, and I thought I would die with the level of desire that coursed through me. Alice’s lips and mouth were so soft it was beyond description.

Holly leaned over and shared the firm, hot meat with her daughter; sucking the head into her own mouth, then holding it to Alice so she would do the same. After watching this back and forth for several minutes, I could hold back no longer. I came harder than I had in decades. I was delirious with lust as I watched the white juice shoot over both their faces.

Holly was like a crazy person, sucking my cum into her own mouth, then sharing it with Alice by kissing her. I wasn’t sure if Alice actually enjoyed the taste of my cum, or she was just anxious to please us both, but she did seem very happy.

“That was the hottest thing I’ve ever done or seen in my life,” Holly said, with my cum smeared on her face, and some even hanging in her hair.

I pulled her to me and kissed her deeply, with my mouth open, and my tongue searching in her mouth to share the tastes she had just enjoyed. She kissed me back, and I could sense the salty tang of my cum.

Holly left my mouth and returned to Alice’s as I leaned down to taste Holly’s pussy. I lapped at her engorged sloppy cunt as my own cum dribbled out of her freshly fucked hole into my mouth. It turned Holly on to the point that she came against my tongue, bucking her hips. I rubbed my cock on Alice’s pussy slit from behind. Her little baby cunt was like heaven, and just the thought of my cock touching it sent me over the edge again.

After Holly came, the action stopped. Holly and I were exhausted, and Alice’s eyes were drooping as she lay on her belly between us, with cum drying on her.

“Whew,” Holly said, as she lay on her back catching her breath. “That was so fucking hot, Steve; thank you,” she said, raising up on one elbow and touching my face.

“Thank you. It was the horniest thing I have ever experienced in my life,” I answered, touching her hand against my face, and looking into her eyes. We showered each other, cleaned up Alice and put her in her crib where she slept.

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This night began a relationship between Holly, me and Alice that continued until Alice was thirteen, when she started to have boyfriends, and we backed off.

Not having sex with Alice didn’t slow Holly down. She has a newly revived taste for pussy, very young pussy, and that continues to be part of our relationship to this day.