

# Claire: Part 3

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*Like Mother, Like daughter*

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After our night of wild sex, I curled up behind Claire, my limp prick nesting between her warm ass cheeks, my hand cupping her breast. Exhausted from our efforts we fell into a deep sleep. I dreamed of what we had done. The slow sensual seduction ending in multiple orgasms for her, followed by the animalistic, hard, fast, urgent sex that sent us both over the edge, resulting in emotional and physical exhaustion.

Then there was one of those rare, vivid dreams that leave you wondering: did it happen? Or not? I felt a stirring in my loins. Caressing with fingers and lips. Warmth and wetness along the entire length of my re-animated penis. I even heard moans as my manhood was engulfed, released, engulfed again, and again. Until, in a state of semi-consciousness, I came. Or at least I thought I had.

When I fully awoke, I was alone in Claire's bed. No stained sheets. No dried sperm on my leg. No evidence that my dream was anything but. I got out of bed, only to find that the clothes I wore last night had disappeared. I did find a cotton robe to cover my nakedness and a note from Claire.

'Dear Michael' it read, 'My mother is ill and I need to see her. I will be back tomorrow to explain. Please stay, if you can. Rissa will keep you company. This will give you a chance to get to know your daughter. Love, Claire.'

So I wandered toward the kitchen, where I saw Claire's daughter at the sink. Her auburn hair hanging down her back, barely touching the top of her green see-through baby doll top. My cock began to stir, as my mind contemplated what the front view would look like.

Almost as if she were reading my mind, she turned, giving me a full view of her late teen charms. Her breasts were fully visible behind the filmy material. Small, barely perceptible mounds topped by puffy areola's and crowned by thumb sized nipples. That, and the obviously waxed pussy that peeked out from behind her green crocheted panties, made her look very desirable.

Interrupting my silent gazing, she said, "You like what you see, daddy?"

She stepped forward, reaching into my robe, grasping my now fully erect cock. "No need to answer,

daddy. I can see that you do.”

Finally able to speak, I stuttered, “But...but,..Clarissa. You’re....you’re my daughter! What would your mother think?”

Stepping further forward and ignoring my question, but stroking my cock, she looked me in the eye and asked, “Did you have a pleasant dream last night?”

Seeing the slight smile on her face, I stuttered, “ You mean, you....It wasn’t a dream?”

Again, she didn’t answer, just kissed me on the lips, worming her tongue into my mouth. After definitely tasting the slightly bitter but very salty flavor of sperm on her tongue, I pulled back in surprise. “This is so wrong! On so many levels! What would your mother say?”

“Words of encouragement. To both of us! Your head may not be into this yet, but your cock sure is” she said rubbing the head of my fully erect member against the crochet fabric barely covering her pussy. Then she dropped to her knees, smearing the pre-cum leaking from my slit, all over her lips. Still slowly jacking my cock, she engulfed my left testicle in her mouth, sucking gently as her tongue washed the fragile orb.

My resolve was weakening, but I was determined to resist, still. I tried to pull away and she let my nut slip from her lips, but kept a tight hold on my shaft. Standing up, she quickly removed the baby doll top, tempting me with her rock hard nipples. “Let me tell you about some family history.” she said as she played with her right nipple. “Grampa took both mom’s and aunt Marie’s cherries. Mom relieved you of your virginity. And in order to keep the family tradition alive, well, you need to fuck me!”

Dumbfounded by this incredible revelation, I stood there staring at her chest, watching her run her fingers over her nipples, stopping every now and then to pull and tweak them. Still mesmerized, I watched her right hand slip down into the crocheted pouch of her panties, her finger sliding inside her visibly moist pussy lips. Her finger emerged from her slit, slick with her own juices and she gently massaged her engorged clit, then sunk her finger back into her wetness. Her eyes half closed as she silently put on her erotic show for me, the only noises, our breathing and her finger squishing in and out of her freshening cunt.

Seemingly on the verge of an orgasm, she pulled her soaked finger out of her panties and put it up to my nose. “Want some of this, daddy?” she asked , as she touched under my nose, leaving a trace of her musky scent. I nodded. “Would you like to taste me, daddy?” She added touching my lips with her wet finger.

Inhaling her scent, I nodded again, opening my lips. Pushing her finger into my mouth, I clamped my lips around it and swirled my tongue around the invading digit. “Do you like the taste of my cunt?”

Still sucking the warm, sweet-salty nectar from her finger, I nodded again. She pulled her finger out and plunged it deep into her glistening womanhood, then stepped closer, offering me one of her puffy

nipples. "Kiss my tits, daddy. Please?" she asked, rubbing the hardened pebble against my lips. Again, I opened my mouth to accept her offering, no longer able to resist.

I knew, at this point, that it was only a matter of time before my cock would be filling the cunt of my own daughter. Social mores be damned! I wanted to fuck her! I needed to fuck her! My cock had beaten my brain. I couldn't wait! I could feel her moan as she thrust her small chest out, letting me capture her areola between my lips and reveling in the teasing flicks of my tongue on her nipple

Again, her hand delved into her panties, and her fingers into her womanhood. Again she pulled her musk soaked finger from her slit. Only this time, instead of offering them to me to taste, she smeared the slick liquid all over the crown of my cock, mixing it with the generous amount of pre-cum that had formed at my piss slit. Whispering sweetly between moans, she asked, "Do you want to fuck me right here on the kitchen table? Or would you rather do it in the bedroom? Or both!"

My answer was to reach under her, cupping her pert little ass cheeks, pick her up and place her on the edge of the table. "Your bedroom, Rissa! Right now!" I said, grabbing her by the hand and leading her to her room. Standing in front of her mirror, I stepped behind her, cupping her small breasts with my hands and nibbling on her ear. My left hand slid down over her belly, slipping inside the crocheted undies, and pushing two fingers deep in her swollen, hairless cunt.

"You like to watch, don't you?" she teased, humping back on my fingers. Tugging on her nipple and massaging her g-spot, I smiled as I watched our reflection in the mirror. My cock was nestled between the globes of her ass, my fingers ravaging her cunt and breasts.

"Oh daddy! I can't wait to feel your..." I interrupted her by pushing forward, sinking my rock hard penis effortlessly into her lust swollen cunt. I withdrew, revealing my honey coated prick and pushed forward again. Leaving my right hand holding tight to the globe of her ass, I moved the left to her breast, massaging the plum sized protrusion on her chest. I also leaned over and sucked the other into my mouth, repeating what I had done just minutes earlier.

"Oh Fuck! That feels good! Fuckme daddy. Fuckme good!" she said holding my head to her chest as she rocked her hips back and forth, meeting my thrusts. I glanced up to see her eyes closed and a Mona Lisa smile on her face. "And, yes, you are the first man to fuck me!"

With all the teasing and foreplay that had gone on, I knew I wouldn't last, so I let my hand slip from her breast to her clit and began tracing circles around the prominent nib. The hand clutching her ass moved enough to keep her in place but poised a finger on the muscular ring of her asshole. She squirmed a bit, but cooed her approval as my middle finger wormed its way inside her while my thrusts gained momentum and speed.

"Does my cunt feel good around your cock, daddy?" she panted as she pushed her hips up to meet me, then dropped down on my invading finger. "You want to cum in my tight little cunt? Does it turn you on to be fucking your daughter?"

With my mouth full of her breast, I could only moan my approval. Still strumming her clit and sucking on her chest, I could sense that she was getting closer to an orgasm. So was I. It was only a matter of who came first. Her breath was becoming ragged, her moans, louder, longer, her pussy clenching my cock as I pounded into her.

With a series of low animal grunts, I felt my cock expand shooting ropes of sperm deep into her tight cunt, filling her birth canal with my warm cream. My grip on her ass faded as all my energy was directed toward filling her with my seed.

I felt my cock begin to shrivel, but her legs locked around my waist kept me inside. Looking up at me she said, "It felt so good having you fill my tight little cunt with all that sperm. Could you do something for your me?"

"Anything, sweetie!" I said, lifting my face from her breast.

"Eat my cunt, daddy! Like you did to mom last night. It was so hot watching you do that."

As she unlocked her ankles I kissed her other breast, swirling my tongue all around her prominent nipple. Then I dragged my tongue down over her stomach, tongue fucking her belly button for a minute, before heading south to her, now leaking, pussy lips.

"Yes daddy, I watched you fuck mom last night. It made me so horny, that I had to Jill off again while you two fucked in the shower."

The closer I got, the stronger the aroma of her sex, enhanced by the bleachy smell of sperm. I extended my tongue as I reached her clit, lapping around the swollen nub before giving it a long, slow kiss. She squirmed and cooed as her hands guided my head, holding it in place. For several minutes my tongue delved into the cummy creases of her cunt, tasting her musk, slurping up gobs of sperm. She came twice, literally washed my face with her pussy, smearing the juices of our unholy union from my nose to my chin.

"Kiss me, daddy. I want to taste our fuck," she throatily whispered, gently pulling my head up and out of the smoothness of her sex. I willingly obliged, shoving my cum coated tongue well into her mouth, letting her suck the dregs of our lovemaking from it. "I need more!" she added, rolling me onto my back and licking the leftovers from my balls and re-animating cock.

After ministering to her need to taste more of me she got onto the bed, her ass raised, the vertical smile of her cunt inviting me in, she murmured "I think he's ready for more, daddy. Will you fuck me like a bitch in heat?"

"Whatever you want Rissa!" I said as I stepped behind her, pressing myself inside, lubricating my length with cunt honey and cum. An evil thought entered my head. I wrapped my arms around her young, thin body, my left hand cupping the pointed mound of her breast, my right palm massaging her swollen clit. I pulled my cock from her cunt and pressed the shiny bulbous head against the brown

ring of her asshole.

“Daddy? What are you doing?” she said innocently, her voice muffled by her pillow.

I didn't answer. I just pressed forward until my helmet popped inside. Sliding gently, but firmly, forward, my manhood entered her pert little ass until my nut sac kissed her pussy lips.

“Ooooh, Daddy! You naughty, naughty man! Fucking your daughter in the ass!” she cooed, pushing back against me as I withdrew, leaving only the head of my cock lodged in her rear passage. “Are you going to cum in my ass, Daddy?” she added, looking over her shoulder and smiling.

“Is that what you want, Rissa?” I replied, slowly stretching her tight brown ring, while my fingers played with her clit. “You want your nasty Daddy to cum in your ass?”

Moving a little quicker, my hips establishing a rhythm, two fingers sinking into her wet cunt, rubbing her g-spot. My other hand kneading her puffy nipple, my teeth grazing her shoulder.

“Yes, Daddy! Cum in my ass! Stretch my asshole! Finger my cunt! Make me your cum whore!”

I could feel her flexing her muscles, gripping and releasing my cock as I plunged in and out of her ass and cunt “Cum for your Daddy, Rissa!” I growled, as I nibbled on her ear, my free hand mauling her tiny tits. I pushed a third finger into her twat, still scratching at her g-spot, making crude music with my fingers and her weeping cunt.

Her hips jerked, forcing herself onto my cock, then onto my fingers. Alternating between moans of pleasure and demands for release, she kept gyrating on the bed. “Feels so good! Fill my ass with cum, Daddy! Don't stop! Make me cum!”

Finally losing control, I bit into her shoulder, grunted, and poured my seed deep into her well stretched asshole, straining to give her every ounce of sperm I had left. Breathless, I pulled out and collapsed on my back on the bed.

Making a face, she hovered over me. “Daddy, I need to cum, still. Can you make me cum, daddy? Can you? Please?” Then she smiled and, spreading her lips open like petals of a flower, lowered her cunt to my face. The bridge of my nose rubbed against her still moistened clit as my tongue delved into the musky folds of her womanhood.

“Ahhh, yes Daddy, taste me! Eat my cunt!” she moaned, grinding the soft warm tissue of her sex against my face. My lungs filled with the natural perfume of her pussy as I tongue fucked my daughter, drinking the warm, scented juices that flowed from her young fuckhole.

For several minutes she ground her pussy into my face, smearing her honey from my nose to my chin, all the while telling me how good a cunt muncher I was. “You like my cunt, don't you daddy?” she teased, as she rolled her hips, allowing my nose to sink into the softness of her aroused sex. She

noticed then, that my cock was coming back to life. Wrapping her hand around it, she added, "I think you do like my cunt, daddy."

Pushing her off me and rolling her onto her back, I replied, "Yes Rissa! I do love your cunt, but my cock is too sore, I'll just have to get you off with my fingers and tongue."

"OK!. Make me cum with your fingers and tongue," she said, splaying her legs wide, spreading her moist pussy lips, letting me see the wet, pink folds inside.

Covering her smooth mons with my hand, I leaned over and captured one of her nipples in my mouth, grazing the tender nub with my teeth. She grabbed my head and held it to her breast as she pushed her hips up against the palm of my hand. I could feel as well as hear her moan as my fingers curled inside her wetness as I silently nursed.

Slowly massaging her inner core, grazing her g-spot with the pads of my two fingers, increasing her arousal, I alternated between kissing and sucking her young breasts. I inserted a third finger, slightly stretching her opening and eliciting another moan. "Mmmm! Daddy, that feels sooo good!" she crooned as her hips rose to meet my gentle thrusts. I could feel the increased pressure on the back of my head as she tried to hold me in place, firmly attached to her engorged nipple.

Pulling my three fingers from her oozing pussy, I offered them to her to lick. She quickly sucked them clean. I slid my hand down her body, over her breast, across her belly, drawn to her like a magnet, I re-entered. Only this time with four fingers tented together. "Oh fuck! It feels so big!" she said as my thumb rubbed circles around the hood of her clit. Still nursing hungrily on her breast, I tucked my thumb inside my fingers, pushing slowly inward, stretching the elastic flesh of her cunt.

"Oh my fucking God, !" she moaned as my knuckles disappeared inside her. "So big! So tight! So full!"

I could feel the muscles of her birth canal clasping my hand as I slowly fucked her with my fist. I detached my lips from her turgid nipple and kissed my way down to her clit, sucking the hood into my mouth and flicking the sensitive nub with my tongue. Both of her hands held my head in place as her hips moved in time with my slow strokes and clit kisses.

"Daddy! I'm gonna cum, daddy! Oh fuck! Oh shit! Daddeeee!" she wailed as I churned the honey inside her with my fist and assaulted her clit with my lips, teeth, and tongue.

She came. Her cunt muscles rippling along my wrist and fist, pushing my hand from inside. Her juices flowing freely, soaking the bed sheets and my face. Pushing me away, she rolled onto her side, clutching her pussy with both hands as she curled into the fetal position. "Ohhh! Fuck! Too Much! Oh God! I'm still cumming!" she babbled, panting with exertion.

As her orgasm waned, she relaxed, uncurling, stretching. "That was incredible!" she said, smiling as she invited me to curl up with her.

"I'll say it was!" came a voice from the doorway.

There must have been a look of total panic on my face as I turned toward the bedroom door. "Relax, darling!" Claire said, a smile crossing her face. "Didn't I tell you to get to know your daughter better? Now scoot over and make room for me!"