

Dancing Teens Ch. 02

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Daughter friend's show heats up.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/dancing-teens-ch-02.aspx>

Picking up where we left off...

"Mmmm... show's not over yet, Daddy," Kelly said with a smile, her eyes locked hotly to mine. I swear, her gaze seemed to smolder. Then for a moment her gaze dropped to my lap and I knew my daughter was watching me jerk off, but it only turned me on more. Before she looked away she smiled a little broader – then she started to dance again.

At this point, just when I thought things were about to settle down to a couple girls just dancing nude, since they had nothing left to strip off, my daughter and her friend again surprised me. Before my wide eyed, amazed gaze the two teenaged, barely legal gorgeous young girls turned to each other, and embraced passionately, their mouths melding in a tongue swapping kiss with practiced ease. Clearly (except for one of their Dad's watching) this was not a first for the two of them.

My hand flew on my cock! Staring, mouth hanging open, hand moving of it's own accord, salivating and hornier than ever before in my life, including the night one of the stars of the show was conceived, I watched as my daughter and her hot little friend made out, their hands intimately touching, squeezing, and probing each other in places I'd never dared touch either of them – and all while they knew I, Kelly's Dad, was watching!

Mouths moved to cover hard, pointing nipples. Tongues flicked out to tease. Hands dragged across smooth skin. Delicate fingers squeezed full breasts, round hips, smooth thighs. A cock throbbed in appreciation, drooling like a dog after the dinner bell. Hard clits emerged from their hiding places with a little coaxing, and pulling. A nipple was used to tease a clit. Eyes bugged from a man's head. Manicured, painted fingernails led the way, spelunking into warm, wet, and oh so tight caverns. Soft, feminine moans escaped from between red, full lips. Gasps soon followed.

Just when I thought it couldn't get any better, soft kisses began to rain down, splashing wetly against smooth, flawless skin. The fronts moved south, blowing quickly across mountains, plains, and at last arriving in the valleys. My staff in hand, I watched as the C's parted. I'm sure the sight was as awesome... And it was so hard that I was sure I could have struck it against a rock, and cracked the rock.

Before my very eyes, my daughter and her best friend, two girls I'd watched grow up, moved into a 69 position, eagerly spreading their legs for each other, two gorgeous faces pressing into two delicate flowers. Hips squirmed and necks craned, tongues slithered and licked, lapped and flicked. Like two cats grooming each other, they lapped flat tongued at each other's pussies. Then tongues were used to fuck, stiffened and probing. One face pressed firmly to a yielding sex, the mouth open and searching, the other lifting, back arched, head thrown back, mouth open, gasping.

The two of them rolled around on the floor together, relentlessly attacking each other between the legs. I could tell they were getting close to cumming, as I watched Amy lick my daughter's clit, two of her fingers pumping obscenely in and out of my little angel. But it wouldn't do for me to cum, too... I had to hold out! I was hoping there would be more in store for me than just a show...

Then it happened. Kelly went over the edge. "Huh... huh... huh-huh-huh," she gasped, drawing in sharp little breaths. I watched as she greedily ground her crotch against her old friend's face. She lifted her face and I could see her chin and cheeks were slick with Amy's juices. She tried to gaze sexily at me, but couldn't keep it together. Her eyes clenched shut, her face contorting in ecstasy. Screams of passion filled the room.

"Daddy," she moaned, "I'm cumming... ooo... I'm cumming Daddy..." and then softly, to herself, "Dad is watching me cum..."

Precum flowed like the source of the Nile.

Her orgasm passed, my daughter turned her attention to the pink slice of her friend's puffy, reddened cunt, attacking it with vengeance, as though in retribution. Under her, gorgeous Amy bucked, almost throwing the younger girl off, but like a seasoned cowgirl my baby rode rough and held on, her tongue lashing, her fingers rubbing, grinding, and fucking. Amy pounded her fists on the floor and groaned.

"Dammit... dammit Kelly, oh shit..." Amy grunted, her words like escaping prisoners squeezing between the bars. Her teeth clenched, her brow knitted, and her hips rolled. "Oh, Kelly" she screamed, her voice rising like the wind blowing out the last fury of a storm, "YES!"

And just like following a storm, my cock waved, standing free and tall, wet but unvanquished, like a tree with great, strong roots, swaying from the pulling it got. But I dare not touch it then, or it would give in. And so all three of us lay gasping, recovering from the mighty wind of passion... but we were in the eye of the storm!

To be continued in part three...