

# My Daughter's Sleepover 2 (Saturday)

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John's bedroom door opened. Though the moonlight from his window, there stood the curvaceous young blonde Carmyn in her pink and black matching bra and thong. John sat up in his bed, unbelieving the scene as she neared him. Carmyn reached the foot of his bed and proceeded to crawl on top of John. Shaking in excitement and fear, John's lips moved. "We...we can't... I mean, you can't, I can't.." he stuttered. Carmyn just smiled, displaying her dimples and pretty teeth. She leaned forward and planted her soft lips against his quivering lips. John melted as she drew his bottom lip into her mouth and sucked then offered her tongue. She took his hands and placed them on her round ass. So small and firm, he thought as their kissing continued. His Johnson was erect and begging for action. Carmyn felt it poking between her legs. Carmyn moaned, "Oh Daddy..." "Daddy!!!" Stacy yelled. John jumped up in a panic, thinking he was busted. Then he realized it was only a dream, a very naughty dream about his daughter's friend Carmyn. John wiped the perspiration from his forehead as he tried to steady his heartbeat from such an intense dream. "Daddy!!!" Stacy cried as she entered his room. "Don't forget you promised to clean the pool first thing in the morning. Well, it's morning." "Ok, honey, I'm on it," John agreed. "Thanks, dad," Stacy smiled before heading back to her room. John wanted to slap himself. Just yesterday, he was dreading the idea of Stacy having a weekend slumber party. He was so accustomed to the peace and quietness of his home, allowing him time to begin his work home. But now, he was ignoring his work, a big project due Monday, for the sake of such a beautiful and tempting young cutie. John only wished he would have realized how he could have benefited from this party sooner. He would have drilled holes in his daughter's walls and placed micro-cameras in there. What if the party turned out the way Tanya's did in this story he read entitled "The Slumber Party?" Ohhh, he dreamed. But he removed those thoughts from his mind as he headed to his private bathroom. John just couldn't believe it. He was innocent. He was the prey. It was that sneaky, naughty little cutie with a name just as sweet as she looked. She was lusting after

him. John glanced at the clock as he stretched to wake himself up more. It was a quarter after 9. He wanted to get cozy back in his bed and dream about Carmyn more. Nonetheless, he knew he wouldn't be getting anymore sleep with Stacy's party guests now running around. Besides, he thought, why dream about her when I can actually see her. He couldn't wait for the temptations she had in store for him today. About 10 am, John was keeping his promise to his daughter. He was swinging the net around in the pool, capturing all the unwanted debris. As he moved around the pool, he noticed something move. He looked up. It was Carmyn observing him from Stacy's bedroom window. John blushed. He smiled brightly and waved at her. She snorted her nose and frowned before closing the curtains. John was left confused with his hand in mid-air from his wave. He looked down at his attire. Did she not like what I'm wearing? Or is it my hair? Maybe I shouldn't have waved? John was at a lost for words, but he continued to clean the pool as a million questions ran through his mind. "Good morning, Mr. L," a sweet voice greeted him. John didn't look up. He recognized the voice. "Morning, Justine," he said. "I can't wait until we can get in the pool!" she exclaimed. "I'll be done in a few seconds, then it's all yours," he replied. As he retrieved the net to discard of the waste in it, he finally caught a glance at Justine. Her small frame was wrapped up in a big colorful beach towel. But from the thin gold strap tied behind her neck, John knew she was in a bathing suit. He got excited, as he knew he would be seeing Carmyn in hers. His mind ran off into space as he visually imagined Carmyn in a skimpy bikini. But his mind came back to reality when Justine dropped her towel. As many times as she'd been over his house, John never noticed how stunning Justine was. But now, with her near nudity, he couldn't help but notice her petite frame. As the brunette pulled her hair into a ponytail, his eyes ran down her flawless tanned skin. "Like what you see," a whisper through clenched teeth mumbled in his ear. John was so frightened that he jumped, lost his balance, and ending up tumbling into the pool. He swam to the edge and exited the pool. He was so embarrassed. He put his head down as he walked past an angry Carmyn. He was guilty. Carmyn caught him staring at Justine. John dashed upstairs to his bedroom to retrieve dry clothes. His dresser was located next to the window. Through the narrow slit in the curtains, John watched as Stacy and the rest of the girls joined the pool party. His eyes searched for Carmyn. He pulled the curtain back a little more. He was still looking for the short blonde. His eyes ran upon every girl but no Carmyn in sight. John sighed as he closed the curtains. She left, he thought as he headed for the shower. Water on, wet clothes off. He stepped in the shower under the streaming water. Before he closed the shower door, the bathroom door opened. He gasped as the face he was looking for was standing in the doorway. Instantly John used his hands to shield his excited groin from the bluish-green eyes glaring at him. Motionless, Carmyn just stood there, her eyes roaming over his body. John wasn't sure she liked what she was viewing because she displayed no smile. "I see you're happy to see me, and it better stay that way. Justine might be a size 2, but I got these, size 34D." Next thing John knew, Carmyn untied her pink and black bikini top and flashed her mounds. She licked her index finger then fiddled her left nipple until it hardened like John's penis. John watched as she did the same thing with her other nipple. She tied her bikini top back before leaving abruptly with a slam of the door. John slid down to the shower floor, smiling the entire time. As the warm water made

contact with his bare skin, he smiled even more, because it proved this wasn't a dream. Even more liberating to the 44-year-old was the fact that Carmyn was jealous. John looked down at his enlarged manhood. He'd never been in such a blissful state like this before. He closed his eyes, pictured Carmyn still standing in the door with her boobs exposed, and stroked his dick frantically. As his mind focused heavily on Carmyn, the pressure began to build up. It didn't take long because he covered the wall with his warm cum. But he wasn't done. He was still hard. He jerked off again until he ejaculated another explosive bomb all over the wall, calling Carmyn's name the entire time. Why does she tease me? John cried as he literally crawled out of the shower. With the little energy that he had, he crawled into his bed. He wanted to get dressed and try to get some work done in his study, but he was too weak and very much distracted. Oh Carmyn Delite , he sang as his dick began to wake up again. He couldn't stop getting hard, he was so turned on. An 18-year-old hottie flashed him her perfect boobs. Of course he couldn't stop getting excited. John surveyed the girls, from his bedroom window, for hours splashing around in the pool. To be exact, he surveyed Carmyn. Memorized by the way she swayed her slim frame in her pink and black two piece bikini left him drooling on his window sill. With her natural blond hair tied in a ponytail, he only imagined pulling on it while he delivered himself into her moistness. And her perky boobs bouncing around. Even from several yards away, he could see her nipple poking from the thin fabric of her bikini top. He only dreamed of his tongue tasting it. And when she applied lotion on those hairless, scarless legs, he knew she knew he was watching by the way she slowly ascended upward in such rhythmic motions, lingering for several moments on her inner thighs. Then she did the unthinkable. She stood up with her back facing his window and bent over, displaying four tattoos on the small of her back and her firm ass. John looked down at his erection. His Johnson appeared a slightly reddish color, and it was very tender due to the excessive hand-jobs he'd been giving himself today. Carmyn , he moaned as he jerked off yet again. \* It was around 9 pm, and John was ready to pull his hair out. After swimming in the pool and tanning under the sun, the girls retreated to Stacy's room for the night. He was so frustrated that Carmyn hadn't been downstairs for the usual seduction scene. As he sat in his study tapping his fingers on his wooden desk, he tried to compose a scheme to get her downstairs. Next to his fingers was his wireless mouse to his laptop. He still hadn't started on his project due Monday for work. And for the first time in his life, he didn't care. His only job this weekend was Carmyn. It was only natural for John to feel the way he did. He hadn't been sexually active since his wife Carol abruptly left him years ago. And he was too embarrassed to date and have someone find out she left him for another woman. At the time, his only goal was to raise his daughter and make sure she was happy. But now he realized how unhappy he was. Just to touch Carmyn's soft skin would put him in a blissful state of mind for a long time. If only... Click, click, click . John heard high heels clicking on the kitchen tile and he instantly ran to the kitchen. Unfortunately it wasn't the face he was hoping for. "Hey, dad, OMG, I'm having so much fun. Thanks for letting me have this party," Stacy smiled before giving her dad a hug. "No problem, dear," he smiled. "Uh..." he began before thinking. "What's up?" she asked. "Never mind," he sadly replied, upset that he couldn't find an excuse to get Carmyn out of her room. "Dad, it's been really hard on me these past years with what mom did to us, but I feel like I am finally

recovering. I feel better now. You know, because I realize it's not my fault, I didn't do anything to make her leave." "That's right, Stacy." "And neither did you, dad. Everyone knew I was depressed, but you are too, you try to keep it in, but I know you're hurting too. I just want you to know, it wasn't your fault either. Don't sulk worrying about mom. You should have some fun and get back to living," she lectured. John smiled, "Thanks, dear." She returned the smile then exited the kitchen. John only prayed he could have fun with Carmyn. But he forced himself back into reality. His chances of scoring with her were equal to his chances of getting his ex-wife back---slim to none. With this gloomy feeling overpowering him, John retreated back to his study. His depression quickly subsided when he noticed a pair of long, sexy legs resting on his desk. Expecting no one other than the girl who had his mind racing, the sweet delicious Carmyn. He whispered, "What are you doing in here?" Without a word, she swiftly enclosed the distance between them. She shut the door and pulled him by his collar to his desk. She pushed him backwards until his ass rested in the comfort of his leather chair. Shaking nervously but blissfully, he allowed himself to be overpowered by her. She placed her small hands on his knees and used them to pull his legs apart. John's eyes bugged out. His palms began to sweat as he gripped the arms of the chair. Just like he wished, dreamed, and prayed, Carmyn got on her knees. John started breathing heavily, gasping loudly. His heart was pumping so hard that he could only hear the thumping against his chest. She proceeded to undo the zipper of his khakis. She wrapped her fingers around his engorged penis. Before her lips could make contact, the door to his study swung opened...