**A New Beginning**

by StoryGuy

**Chapter 1**

My name is Bob. I graduated with a Masters about a year ago and, as luck would have it, landed a very good job with an IT company. I had worked for them part time during my summers while I was in college. I work mostly from my home, which I just bought. Most of my college expenses were paid by scholarships and, after living in a one room studio and saving all I could, I managed to buy a fairly nice, large house.

I am single, so don't really need a big house, but it was a bargain and I viewed it as an investment. It proved fortunate because my older sister and her kids needed a place to stay. There's six years difference in our ages. She got pregnant in her junior year of high school, dropped out, and married the ass who got her pregnant. He also dropped out of high school thinking he could make his millions without graduating. Of course his “millions” turned out to be a couple hundred a week. My sister worked a full time job plus a part time job just to make ends meet. Her worthless husband quit his full time job to watch their daughter, but ended up hiring a babysitter most of the time and going out to wherever.

My sister was going to leave him when my niece was around six, but just as she was about to serve him she got pregnant again, so tried to work things out. The marriage lasted another five years until one day her husband just up and left... with all the money they had. It was probably enough for him to live off of for about a week. My sister tried to do everything herself, but with two children and no husband, not that he was any use anyway, she found it next to impossible.

I had the room and, after much discussion, finally convinced her to move into my house. Being stubborn and proud, she only agreed if she was allowed to pay rent, so to speak. To do that she went out and found a waitress job working nights from 6PM until 2AM. I told her it was crazy to hire a babysitter for her kids as I would be there anyway and didn't mind her kids at all. Reluctantly she agreed, but not before making it understood she would get her GED and then start college. I told her she didn't have to bargain with me that way, but she insisted saying she wasn't about to live off me, but for now she had to. Her rational was she was going to do what was necessary to become independent again.

It worked out well. I had someone to cook meals and clean my house while I worked and she had someone to watch her kids and, on her nights off, go back to school. She could also spend all day with her kids so it was a win/win all around. Her kids were Patty, now 12, and John, who, for some reason, had been called Sam all of his life, except by his father who he had been named after. Sam was more or less a mama's boy, not that he was effeminate at all. He was far from it, but seemed close to his mother. Patty was always partial to me. At family gatherings she would always follow me, even when she was little. She was thrilled when her mother told her they would be moving in with me.

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My name is Patty and I'm 12 years old, almost 13. I have a brother who is 6. Most of the time I take care of him. My mom works a lot and my father... well, he's gone now and I don't even care. I am sooo lucky to have uncle named Bob. I like him a lot. He's always around when we're together and treats me almost like an adult. It seems like I'm a kid to everyone but him.

My father left us and we moved into Bob's house. Naturally I got a big lecture from my mom about staying away from Bob and not bothering him, and I try not to, but he always finds time for me. He's there when I get home from school and every day yells at me and asks me how I know when he'll take a break and I come home as soon as he does, but I know he's just kidding. He asks me about school and stuff, talks to me for a while, then goes back into his office to work. My mom goes to work after dinner and Bob and I clean up. When we're finished he usually watches TV or something and I watch with him. I remember one night a few months ago, after mom left for work, he gasped and said, “You're getting boobs!” It made me blush and I punched his arm, but secretly I loved it. He was the first to notice, even before my mom. It made me feel so grown up.

“Maybe I am growing up. Bob doesn't know it, but I'm even getting some hair down there. NO ONE knows, but I found out it feels good to rub myself there too. I wonder if boys rub themselves. I know they get hard and sometimes I can see it in their pants. They kinda bulge out some. It's not too noticeable, but if I look I can usually tell.

My mom bought me some bras about a week after Bob noticed. I didn't tell him, but one night while we were watching TV, he whispered to me that he noticed I was wearing “something new”, but told me to wear bulky sweaters or something so no boy would steal his favorite girl. We both laughed when he said that, but it made me feel special too.

One more thing... and I know I shouldn't, but sometimes I wonder if Bob gets hard. I've seen Sam's thing, but Bob is older and a lot bigger so his thing must be bigger too. I wonder how much bigger? ...and I wonder how much hair he has? My mom would probably have a lot, but she shaves her's off. I have no clue why. I like mine. I just wish I had more. I have very light blonde hair and the hair down there isn't much darker, so it doesn't really show up much. Girls with dark hair are lucky because all their hair is dark so it shows.

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I've noticed Patty has begun to grow up. She's still tiny, even for her age, but she has begun to develop and, from what I have seen, is developing faster than the other girls her age. Even her figure is changing so fast it's like one could almost watch her develop. I'm not sure really how to handle it. I tried to make a joke about her breasts because she was obviously sticking her chest out whenever she saw me. She would grab the hem of her tee and pull it tight across her chest. How could I not notice?

When her mother, my sister, bought her some bras, I noticed as well. She made me notice. We had cleaned up after the evening meal and Sam had gone back outside with his friends. Patty had worn a button shirt that day. Naturally it was all buttoned, except for the top button. I had gone into the living room and turned on the TV.

I could see Patty still in the kitchen. I watched her undo another button, tug at her shirt, look down, then undid two more buttons and pulled her shirt open again. There were only two buttons holding her shirt closed and both of those were well below her bra. She walked into the living room, put her hands on her hips, and pushed her shoulders back. The result was her shirt opened wide enough so her bra cups were showing as well as the strip between them. “Hi,” she said standing directly in front of me almost proudly.

I kind of pretended I didn't notice. She sat down next to me and actually pulled her shirt open more. I made some silly comment and we both laughed, but she didn't button back up. A few minutes later I felt her fidget. I looked over and saw she had pulled her shirt away from her breast so when I looked over I could see her whole bra cup. She noticed me looking and just stared at the TV, not attempting still to cover. It wasn't a training bra, but actually had cups that I knew from seeing before that she was filling.

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I remember sort of “showing” Bob my bra. It was shortly after I got them. I don't know why, but I wanted him to see it... on me. We had finished cleaning up and he went into the living room and turned the TV on. Sam had gone outside and my mom had already left for work, so it was just him and me. I felt daring, so I undid a button on my shirt so there was two open. I looked down and really couldn't see much even with my shirt open that much.

I was beginning to feel tingly down there. I like feeling tingly. I decided I wanted him to see my new bra, but I couldn't just take my shirt off and walk around in just my bra. I know he wouldn't like that, so I unbuttoned my shirt all but two buttons. It opened nicely and my bra showed. I was nervous and afraid he might yell at me. I almost buttoned it back up, but that tingly feeling...

Almost like I was on a dare, I walked into the living room like that. I knew if I put my hands on my hips and threw back my shoulders my shirt would open more, so I did it. He didn't do anything, so I said “Hi”. He looked up and his eyes got wide. I thought he was going to yell at me, but he just said “Hi” back and looked at the TV again.

I sat down next to him. My heart was really beating fast and those tingly sensations were getting stronger. He wasn't doing anything though, like he hadn't noticed. I was going to button my shirt back up, but I wanted him to see how big my boobs were, even though a girl isn't supposed to let boys see that. He isn't a boy though, he's my uncle and he's different, not like the boys at school. They want to see, but if a girl shows them, they run to their friends and tell everyone.

One of my friends at school liked a boy. He kept asking her to let him see her top. She kept saying no, but he kept asking. She didn't want to lose him, so one day she undid her blouse and showed him. As soon as he saw, he ran over to his friends and told everyone. They all came over and wanted to see her. She said no, but they said she had already done it, so it was no big deal. It seemed like the next day every boy in school and most of the girls knew she showed her top. The girl told me it was fun showing her boyfriend, but after everyone found out she wished she had never done it.

Bob isn't like that though. I know he'd never say anything to anyone. I had already showed him some and he didn't say anything or get mad or anything. My friend was also right about how much fun it is to show a boy, even though Bob isn't really a boy. I pulled my shirt over and out so Bob could see my whole boob, well, in a bra anyway. He must have felt me move because he looked over at me, then down at my chest. I looked down and knew he could see the whole thing.

It made me sooo horny to have him looking at me. I wanted to stuff my hand down my pants right there, but I didn't dare to. I could even feel my pussy getting wet, like when I rubbed down there, but I wasn't even touching myself. I stayed like that all night, with my shirt wide open. When it was time for me to go to bed I practically ran to my room and flopped down on my bed. I didn't even bother putting my nightgown on. I just shoved my pants and panties down and rubbed myself just like that!

I was soo turned on I even hoped Bob would come in while I was doing it. If he did I would have let him watch me do myself. I never thought I'd ever want someone to watch me do that, but it was Bob, not just someone.

**Chapter 2**

It was almost a week before I could be alone with Bob again. My stupid brother kept hanging around! Finally one of his friends were having a birthday party. They were going somewhere and then Sam was invited to stay at his friend's house overnight. I expected my mother to say no, but she didn't.

That night there would be only the two of us. We ate them my mom went to work. Sam was already gone. After we cleaned up Bob told me one of my favorite movies was going to be on TV and since there was just the two of us he said I could stay up late and watch it, but I had to go to bed right after. That was fine with me. I usually go to bed about 9 on school nights and, if I'm lucky I can stay up until 10 on weekends. This was a Friday night and I will be staying up until 11!

Just before the movie started, I thought I'd impress Bob and suggested I put my nightgown on before the movie so I'd already be set for bed. He said something like it was a good idea, so I rushed to my room. I picked out my shortest nightgown, except for my baby dolls. My mom had told me it was too small for me now and to toss it, but it just stayed in my drawer.

I pulled it on and looked in the mirror. I guess I grew some since I last wore it. It came down just below my panties! Since it was old it was kinda thin too. My boobs poked out and I could even see my nipples. To test it out I raised up my arms and the nightgown rose up too. About half my panties were showing! Normally I would have put on a bathrobe, but it was just Bob and me. Maybe he'd like it with just my nightgown?

When I left my room to go back to the living room I started to chicken out. I almost went back to get my robe, then thought no. My mom would have made me, but she wasn't there and I wanted to show off a little. It was fun letting Bob see. It wasn't like I was naked or anything.

When I walked into the living room Bob looked like he saw a ghost. He said, “Your nightgown a little short?” I almost died! I asked him if it was too short, if I should go change or if I should get my robe or something. He laughed and said I was just fine; he was only joking. I laughed too and told him he had me worried that he was mad at me. He told me not to worry and he was never mad at me. What a relief.

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I was sort of looking forward to Friday night. Sam was going to be away for the night and it would be just Patty and me. One of her favorite movies was going to be on, but it ended later than she usually went to bed. I had talked to my sister and she said it was fine if I wanted her to stay up late.

As usual she and I cleaned up after the evening meal. We were watching TV and I told her she could stay up late to watch the movie. I actually like the movie as well and would have probably watched it without her. She surprised me by offering to get into her nightgown before the movie started so she could go right to bed after the movie ended. Most kids would bitch at that idea.

About 15 minutes before the movie started, she rushed to her room to change. My second surprise came when she came back. I expected a “little girl” nightgown down to her ankles and a heavy robe on top of that. Instead she appeared with no robe on, just her nightgown. If that wasn't enough, her nightgown was so short the crotch of her panties, white with pink hearts, wasn't covered at all.

“I hadn't realized she was so much of a “woman” even at her young age. She actually had a shape instead of the “boy body” I thought she had. She had obviously taken her bra off. The nightgown was thin enough that her nipples showed. I was in such a shock, I blurted out, “Your nightgown a little short?”

Suddenly a look of horror came over her face. “Should I go change??? Want me to get my robe? Do I look bad? Are you mad?”

I realized what I said too late. I assured her she was fine and told her I was just teasing her. She still looked worried, so I repeated she was fine, laughed, and said I was joking. She laughed as well and was OK after that. What I didn't tell her was I was just surprised and what a cute, shapely, sexy girl she was becoming... and quickly.

The movie was about to start. She asked if she could sit with me and of course I agreed. “Should I grab the blanket?” she hinted, so I nodded. Patty plopped herself on my lap while spreading the blanket over us. Between sitting down and spreading the blanket out her nightgown rose up to her waist. I had to remind myself she was still a little girl.

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The movie was about to start. I knew when I sat down my nightgown would probably ride up. I hadn't thought about that before. I couldn't just sit there with my undies showing for all, so I asked if I could get a blanket. Bob nodded, so I grabbed the blanket off the couch. I was feeling a little daring, so I decided to flash my panties for him. No way could I just lift my nightgown and say, “Look”, so I flipped the blanket up like I was spreading it out. From looking in the mirror when I put it on, I knew my nightgown would lift and he'd see my panties. It was thrilling!

I sat on his lap and moved like I was getting comfortable, but I was really pulling my nightgown up to my waist. It sort of felt like I was sitting on his lap in just panties, not that he could see because the blanket was covering me. I wondered what it would be like to not have a blanket and for him to see me in just panties.

Once the movie started, I kind of pushed down and around to see if I could feel his thing and tell if he was hard. I couldn't feel anything though. How could he hide his thing so well??? I pushed my butt up, down, and sideways. Nothing.

During the first commercial Bob asked me if I wanted a soda or something. I said no because I was still kind of looking for his thing. The next commercial he said he wanted something and asked again if I wanted something too. I really wanted something the first time he asked, but I wanted to find his thing more. By the second commercial I gave up and said I wanted a soda.

I felt so stupid when he told me I had to get up so he could go get stuff. How could I not know he couldn't get up with me on his lap??? There was a problem though... How could I get up with my nightgown around my waist? Maybe it was fate, but he was about to see my whole butt, well, in my panties of course. It made me tinglie; you know, down there.

I bunched up the blanket in front of me and stood. I knew my nightgown was still at my waist though. I'm glad the room was dark because I felt my face flush standing there knowing he could see all of my panties and even a little higher. He didn't move for a moment and I knew he was looking at my butt. I didn't move either; just stood and let him look. He then stood up and walked into the kitchen. I thought about fixing my nightgown, but he already saw me anyway. Instead I just stood there waiting for him to get back.

Bob returned, put our sodas on the end table, and sat back down. I just stood there letting him look at my panties. I almost wish he'd pull them down so he could really see me. No way would I pull them down, but I don't think I'd stop him if he did. “Are you going to watch the movie standing up?” he laughed. Once more my face turned red. Didn't he realize I was letting him look at me?

I couldn't turn around or he'd see my red face, so I just backed up and sat back down on his lap. At least he'd know I was sitting with my nightgown pulled up now. I felt a little foolish, so I grabbed my soda and took a drink like nothing was happening. The movie started back up, so I settled down to watch it again. It was then I noticed something different.

I felt a lump in his pants that wasn't there before. I shifted a little so the lump went between my butt cheeks so I could feel it better. I wondered if I squeezed if I could feel the lump better, so I tried. I did it twice before I realized it was his thing! I could really feel it. There wasn't much to feel, but something was definitely there.

We continued to watch the movie and I tried to be good, but every once in a while I had to squeeze my butt so I could feel him. I could tell he was a lot bigger than Sam. Bob suddenly shifted, so I thought I better stop. Maybe I was hurting him or something. I did stop, well, except when I reached for my soda or put it back. When I did that I pressed back so I could feel him some more.

Those tinglie sensations were starting. It seemed like when I took a drink from my soda, Bob's lump got a bit bigger, but maybe I was just imagining it. Bob shifted again and I realized he was definitely getting bigger. I could hardly feel it before, now it was more pronounced. My pussy knew it too. It was drooling some now.

I wanted to touch myself in the worst way, but couldn't do that sitting on Bob's lap. It was like the wetter my pussy got the more I squeezed his thing. Bob shifted again. I knew I had to stop squeezing, but I couldn't help it. Maybe if I rubbed myself it might help? I couldn't rub myself, but maybe Bob would?

The thought of that made me even wetter. It took a lot of courage, but I had to do something. I reached out from under the blanket and took his hand. With the other hand I lifted my nightgown more. Slowly, cautiously, I dragged his hand under the blanket and put it on my belly... my bare belly. I wasn't sure what he'd do, but I had to do something.

He didn't yell at me, which I thought he might, nor did he pull his hand back out, which I was afraid he would. He did nothing. His hand stayed right where I had put it. Boys are always trying to grab girls. I'm almost giving him permission to grab me and he's doing nothing.

The edge of his hand was almost touching my panties. All he had to do was move his little finger and he could touch them. If he moved up just a little bit he could touch my boob; my bare boob. I wouldn't stop him if he did. I was so horny I would have even let him push my panties down, but he did nothing.

I tried squeezing again, but his hand didn't move. I could tell now he was hard. I tried rubbing my butt back and forth, hoping he'd take the hint, but still nothing. I almost reached down and pushed his hand down, but what would he think?

I was almost to the point I didn't care what he thought, but the movie ended. “Well, time for bed,” he said. I pushed the blanket down without bothering with my nightgown, which was almost up to my boobs. I looked at his hand, sooo close to my panties it was almost touching them. When he slowly pulled his hand away, rubbing my belly as he did, it made me gasp.

I wanted to stay in his lap forever, even if my panties were in plain view and my belly was bare, but I felt him nudging me up. Reluctantly I stood up. My nightgown dropped, but it was tangled, so only went to my waist. I didn't care. I wanted him to see me in just panties and maybe even less.

I said goodnight and rushed to my room. I almost dove into my bed. As soon as I pulled the blankets up, I pushed my panties down and started rubbing. I thought Bob might come it to say goodnight or something, so I pushed the blankets to my knees. If he came in he could see everything. That thought was all I needed to push me over the edge.

It was the biggest orgasm I ever had. Instead of a peak then I come down, this one just kept going. I don't know how long it lasted. I don't remember it ending.

**Chapter 3**

I stayed up waiting for my sister to get home that night. We needed to talk, which is what I told her as soon as she walked in the door. For the first 15 minutes or so, I stammered, trying to find a way I could tell her what happened.

“Did she misbehave? ...give you a hard time? “ my sister asked.

“Well... No, not exactly,” I began. I then started explaining Patty's nightgown, her panty flashing, and a few other things, leaving out some stuff as well.

My sister then looked at me with some trepidation. “Bob, do you remember mom's brother, Uncle John?” I nodded. He seemed to always be around us when we were growing up, but was killed when I was about 8 years old and my sister was 14.

My sister then paused, looked down, and in a half whisper asked, “Did you know he was circumcised?”

“I never noticed...” I said before I really realized what she had asked. I stopped short and then asked, “What does that have to do with anything?”

My sister paused again and, after taking a deep breath, softly said, “I knew he was.” She must have noticed the shocked look on my face. “Please... Don't ask me for details... and don't hate me! It's not what you think.”

“Sorry... I... Um... didn't know...” I stuttered.

“No one knew, OK? Why do you think I hooked up with that looser I married? He had the same name, he looked a bit like Uncle John, and he even had a few of the same mannerisms,” she explained, then went into more details.

““My relationship with Uncle John was a lot like your relationship with Patty. That's NOT a bad thing! Things got a little complicated when I was about 12, Patty's age... I guess every kid about that age is curious. You sure were... even before that age,” she added.

“What do you mean?” I asked defensively.

“You were always trying to catch me naked or when I was changing. At first it bothered me, until I talked to Uncle John about it. He explained I was growing up and so were you. Every boy and girl was curious about what the other looked like. He made me realize you weren't trying to be mean or anything, just curious,” she explained.

“Do you remember that time I was changing and caught you looking in my door?” I blushed slightly and nodded. “Did you ever wonder why my door was open?” I shook my head. “I knew you peeked at me at every chance. After talking with Uncle John I saw it in a different way... I left my door open so you could see me. I wanted to let you see everything, so when I was naked I turned toward you. That's when you realized I knew you were watching, because I could see you. If I didn't want you to see, why didn't I cover myself instead of just standing there completely naked?”

“I never knew...” I sighed.

“I know you didn't. I couldn't very well tell you I was letting you look. Anyway... Back to Patty. You are her 'Uncle John' so to speak. It makes me laugh how much she's like me and is acting the same way as I did with Uncle John. You didn't say and I'm not trying to embarrass you, but did you get hard with her squirming on your lap?” she asked.

“No!” I blurted, then she gave me one of those looks. “Well, yes. I guess I did... a little.”

“Patty knew, right?” she questioned. I nodded. “She wanted to feel you. I'm guessing she did a little work so she could feel you.” I nodded and turned a little red. “It's OK. I'm not mad or anything. I did the same thing with Uncle John. Patty is coming into puberty. She's going to find answers to her questions. She's looking to you for answers now. If she doesn't get them from you she is going to find someone else. That's what happened to me when Uncle John died. I found my answers someplace else and look what happened. If Uncle John had lived...”

“I'm sorry. I didn't know,” I commented. “What do you want me to do?”

“I don't 'want' you to do anything. You're a good man and I know you love Patty. Do what you... and she wants. All I care about is I don't want her hurt, but I know you'd never hurt her. I don't want reports about her. It would embarrass me and no doubt embarrass you even more,” and then she paused.

“Do you want me to...” I began.

“I told you it's not what I want or don't want that matters here,” she interrupted. “I'm not going to go into detail and not going to talk about it, but there's nothing I did with Uncle John I regret or wish I hadn't done. I know we 'shouldn't' have done stuff, but I wanted to and he let me. I'd rather Patty try stuff with you than some boy who is clueless and doesn't give a rat's ass about her, except that she's a girl. It's late, especially for you. We should go to bed.”

With that my sister stood and walked out of the kitchen. I cleared the coffee cups from the table and when I turned, I saw my sister there again. “Did you check in on Patty after she went to bed?” she asked.

“No...” I remembered. I usually do, but after what had happened I wanted to talk to my sister and it completely slipped my mind.

“I didn't think so... Come with me,” she said as she turned and headed for the stairs. As we approached Patty's room, my sister whispered, “I haven't touched anything, including her open door. I think she was waiting for you.”

I gasped as I walked into the room and my sister immediately signaled me to be quiet. Patty was fast asleep in her bed, but with the blankets at her feet. Her nightgown was pulled up to her neck and her panties were below her knees. Her hand was between her legs. My sister pulled the blanket up, covering her, but nothing else. She turned toward Patty's doorway and motioned for me to follow.

We walked into her room and she shut the door. “I know exactly what she was doing...” my sister smiled. There must have been a puzzled look on my face, because she added, “You have no idea, do you.”

I shook my head. “I know because I did the exact same thing to Uncle John. That's how he saw me the first time. He was watching us one night when mom and dad went out. You were already asleep. When I went to bed, I left my door open, crawled onto my bed, pulled my nightgown up, and my panties down, and waited for him. Uncle John was shocked when he walked in. I just smiled at him. He quickly regained his composure and said, 'Pleasant dreams' to me. He looked at me for a moment, then left, closing the door behind him,” she explained, and then added, with a smile, “I bet she masturbated thinking about you and just fell asleep after.”

“Nooo... Maybe she was... um... ah... Maybe she...” I stammered before she pushed her finger to my lips.

“Think about what I said... You need to go to bed or you'll be a zombie in the morning... well, in a few hours when you get up.”

**Chapter 4**

When I woke up the next morning, the blankets were up around my neck – nothing unusual there. As soon as I was awake, I suddenly became aware my panties were at my knees! Had Bob come in and covered me after I fell asleep? If he did he must have seen everything. Even my nightgown was pulled way up. I hope it wasn't my mom!

At least it was Saturday. I pulled up my panties and got out of bed. I sort of dreaded going down stairs. If my mom had seen me like that I'd no doubt pay for it. I quietly went down stairs, stopping and listening for anything that might be said. Strange, there were no sounds.

I walked into the kitchen and Bob was there, but no one else. “Where is everybody?” I asked. He told me my mom had taken Sam to the park or something so he could sign up for some sports thing and they would be back late in the afternoon. Whew! What a relief. Bob offered me breakfast, so I sat down and ate.

Bob said he was going to take a shower and I said I was going to too. He told me I could go first. I went into the bathroom. I started thinking about last night. I wondered what Bob thought of my body. Did he like it? I couldn't get it out of my mind he had seen me. The worst part was I was asleep, but maybe that was a good thing. I'm not sure what I would have done knowing he was looking at me. Well, at least I don't have to worry now, it's already happened.

I still wish I had seen him look. I wonder if he got hard? I showered quickly and got out. There was a clean towel there, but maybe I could take a chance and... I grabbed the towel, bunched it up, and tossed it into the hamper. “Bob, could you bring me a towel?” I yelled.

He said he would, but I got nervous. Before I could think, he knocked on the door. “Here's your towel,” he told me. Do I dare? I was scared to death. He knocked again and, without thinking, I told him he could come in.

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I was wondering how Patty would act after last night. I didn't want her to think I was a perv or something, but she came downstairs and ate breakfast like nothing had ever happened. We were going to take showers, separately, of course. She took hers first.

I heard the water turn off and then she yelled to me to bring her a towel. I grabbed one out of the hall closet and knocked on the bathroom door, announcing I had her towel. She didn't answer, so I knocked the second time and she told me to come in. I thought she must have stepped back into the shower, so I opened the door.

I couldn't believe what happened. She was just standing there, dripping wet and completely naked. Her hands were folded in front of her crotch, but, other than that, she made no effort to hide. I held the towel out for her and would have said something, but my voice was nowhere to be found. She demurely reached out and took the towel and, by doing so, moved her hands away from her pussy. Slowly she unfolded the towel and began drying herself like I wasn't even there.

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Bob brought the towel in and I just stood there naked. He had already seen me anyway and it made me tinglie. I had my hands in front of my pussy, but when he reached out the towel for me, I moved my hands and took the towel. Why hide what he has seen? I took the towel and started drying off. I knew he was watching me.

“I asked if he was going to take a shower too and he said yes. Maybe this was my chance to see him? I told him to go ahead. I'd dry off and then get him a towel. At first he did nothing, so I asked him if it bothered him that I was there. He said, “Of course not!” and then started taking his shoes off.

As I started drying my legs, putting each up on the toilet, he reached for his pants. It was naughty, but I made sure he saw between my legs as I dried. I can't believe I was so daring, but he was going to let me see him too, so fair is fair.

Finally he was just in his undies. I could tell he was hard and he was huge! I had no idea a man was that big. He walked by me and turned the shower on. Once he had it adjusted, he dropped his undies. I got a good look at his butt, but he was facing away from me and just stepped into the shower, so I didn't get to see his front! I was so disappointed.

I thought for a while, then thought of a way I could see him. “Uncle Bob, there's still soap in my hair. Can I... um... Would it be OK if I... um... Can I come in with you and rinse it off?” I couldn't believe I just asked that! I knew he's say no, but he said yes. I stood up and almost fell down my legs were shaking so much.

I was about to reach for the shower door, but he opened it first. He was standing there facing me – completely naked. I couldn't believe it. I just stared at his thing. It was hard and pointing toward the ceiling. I knew boys got hard, but I never dreamed they would stick out on their own. “Come on in,” he said.

I stepped in the shower, but kept staring at his thing. He reached up and twisted the shower head. When he did his thing swayed back and forth. I wanted to touch it, but I didn't dare. He must have turned the shower head toward me because suddenly I was right in the stream. I closed my eyes and reached out to grab something to steady myself. I felt his leg, so used that as support. He rinsed my hair like he did it every day while he showered.

I felt him push my hair back and then the stream of water stopped spraying me. I opened my eyes and saw I had grabbed his leg right next to his ball thing. I was almost touching it. I stared at it for a while. I couldn't imagine stuff that big between my legs. I wanted so bad to touch him, but I was afraid to.

Suddenly the shower door opened. I knew he was giving me a hint to get out. I stepped out and the door closed behind me. I dried off, but kept watching him, even though I couldn't really see anything through the shower door. I then remembered he'd need a towel when he got out, so I told him I would get one for him.

I wrapped the towel around me and went to the hall closet to get a towel. I got one then walked back into the bathroom. Instead of getting dressed, I put the towel down on the toilet seat and waited for him to come out.

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I was about to leave, but she asked if I was going to take a shower too. She already knew I was so I just nodded. “Go ahead,” she said with no sign she was leaving the bathroom. I wasn't sure what to do and hesitated until she asked if I was bothered because she was there. What could I say? She was standing in front of me naked. How could I tell her I wasn't going to get undressed in front of her?

I didn't want to embarrass her or make her feel ill at ease, so I replied, “Of course not,” and began undressing. Unfortunately seeing her naked had given me a raging hardon. I wasn't sure how'd she'd react to that, so I turned on the shower and, with my back to her, shoved my undies down and stepped into the shower.

I thought it was all over when she called out, “Uncle Bob, there's still soap in my hair. Can I... um... Would it be OK if I... um... Can I come in with you and rinse it off?” It was now or never. I didn't mind her coming in with me at all. I was worried about what she might think. When I undressed, even in my undies my stiff cock was obvious. She had to have seen it. Well, she didn't really see it, but evidently wanted to. I guess then was the time.

I opened the shower door and invited her in. The look on her face made me smile. Her eyes were like saucers. I had expected her to run in fear, but she slowly stepped in. Another threshold was entered into. Because of her height I couldn't see her pussy, but she made no effort to hide anything. Her budding breasts were on display for me with no attempt to hide them from me at all.

I flipped the shower head down and started rinsing her hair. She reached out, for balance I suspect, and placed it on my leg almost touching my balls. I was wondering if she was going to grab them, but her hand remained where it was. Once her hair was rinsed, I moved the shower head up again. She blinked a few times, then just stared at my cock and balls. I wasn't sure what to do, so I opened the door for her. She hesitated, then left.

I began showering and Patty told me she would get a towel for me. I expected her to be gone when I finished my shower, but I stepped out to find her sitting on the toilet seat, still nude. She handed me a towel and I began to dry off. She just sat there watching me for a while, then stood up. “Uncle Bob, do you think I have a nice body?” she asked, then did a slow turn.

“You have a very nice body,” I smiled.

“You're not just saying that?” she questioned. I shook my head. She then brought her hand to her breasts. “I've got tiny boobs, not big ones,” she sighed.

“Your boobs are perfect for you. You'd look silly with big boobs. You're still kinda small,” I reassured.

“Um... I'm sorta getting hair down there. Do you think I should shave it off? Mom doesn't have any. Do you like hair?” she nervously asked.

“Do you like hair?” I asked. She nodded, blushing slightly. “Then keep it. I want you to do what you like. If you want hair, then I want you to have hair.”

She smiled at my answer. “Do you mind being naked with me here?”

That question kind of threw me a bit, so I asked her the same question. “Do you mind being naked with me here?”

She paused for a moment, like she was thinking. “I guess not. I thought it would be scary and embarrassing... well, I guess it's a little embarrassing, but you're naked too. It's not scary though. I kinda like seeing you and you seeing me,” she confessed.

“I feel the same way,” I smiled.

**Chapter 5**

For the next week Patty seemed more relaxed with me. There wasn't any more nude sessions, but she seemed less concerned with me seeing her and would occasionally walk around with just panties and a tee with me there. My sister noticed as well and commented that Patty acted like she was trying to arouse me. I questioned her and all she would say was it was “deja vu” for her, especially when Patty would lay on the floor watching TV in her tee and panties and would position herself directly in front of me. She would part her legs slightly, make sure her tee was pulled up to her waist “accidentally” by stretching, then occasionally glance back at me. If I was looking at her, she would just smile and turn back to the TV.

Saturday came again and my sister had taken Sam to his ball game at the park, so it was just Patty and me. I had to go to the mall to pick up some things and, of course, took Patty with me. She didn't say much and more or less just followed me until we walked past a lingerie shop. I didn't notice Patty stop for a few steps, then walked back to her.

“They're so pretty! I can't wait until I'm big enough for pretty things like that. All I have is little girl underwear. Most of my friends have bikini underwear and one girl said she even had a thong! I didn't believe her, so we went in the girls' room and she showed me,” she said. She then paused and asked, “Uncle Bob, would you buy me some nice panties?”

“Have you asked your mother?” I questioned.

“Yeah... She said she'd get me some, but she hasn't had a chance to yet,” Patty sighed.

“Well, I can get you some now, IF you're sure your mother said it was OK,” I offered.

“She did! You'll really buy me some? ...now?” she excitedly blurted. I nodded. “Will you buy me a thong?” she added pleadingly.

I hadn't expected that request. “Let's go down the food court first and get something to eat. I need to go to the men's room anyway,” I suggested. She disappointedly muttered “OK” and we walk away.

I bought burgers and we ate. I questioned her about what she would like, which cheered her up. She wanted the whole store, but narrowed it down to bikini panties, maybe a matching set or two, and a thong. I avoided the thong request and told her matching sets were available only with women's size bras, which she wouldn't fit into yet, or I didn't think she would anyway, but didn't tell her that. She seemed to accept that and said bikinis and a thong would be fine. I told her I wasn't sure about a thong and that brought her mood down again.

I needed to use the men's room, so told Patty to wait at the table and I would be back. On the way I called my sister on her cell and explained the situation to her. She told me bikinis would be fine, but if I wanted to I could get her a thong as well, There were restrictions on the thong which she explained to me. I agreed with the restrictions put on one.

“When I got back to the table Patty was still eating. I told her to finish. I had one stop to make which wouldn't be long and I would meet her back at the table, then I left. I hadn't told Patty, but I was going to the lingerie store. I couldn't imagine walking in there with her and buying a thong.

It was Saturday and my mom took Sam to his sports thing. I stayed home with Uncle Bob and we went to the mall. It was a little boring looking at men's stuff like tools and sports stuff, but I liked being with him.

We were walking down the mall and I stopped in front of the lingerie store. I love looking at the things there even though most won't fit me yet. It's fun to dream though. Bob didn't notice I stopped at first and kept walking. Suddenly he stopped, looked around, then walked back. It was funny.

I don't know if girls are supposed to ask men, but I asked him about panties. All I have are little girls ones. I want bikinis sooo bad and my mom said she'd get me some, but she's been so busy she hasn't yet, so I asked Bob if he could get me some seeing we were right there anyway.

He didn't exactly say no, but said we should go get something to eat. To me that's a nice way of saying no without actually saying it. I was a little disappointed, but I guess I understood. He probably didn't want to go in a lingerie store and buy girl's panties. I'm a girl and I'd be embarrassed buying them myself.

I kinda started talking because he's so easy to talk to. I told him mom was going to buy me some. I also told him a secret – I want a thong. A girl at school had one and showed me. It was sooo small. There was nothing on the back except a thin strap. I thought it would feel like a wedgie, but she said no. Even the front was small. They were sooo sexy! I'd die if a boy saw me in a thong, but Bob isn't any boy.

While we were eating, he asked me what kind of panties I would like. We actually talked about panties! He was cool with it and it was easier talking to him about them than it was with my mom. I don't know why since he is a boy, but anyway...

He finished first and went to the bathroom. When he came back I was still eating, so he told me to finish and wait for him there. I guess he had to buy something else. He wasn't gone long, but I was finished when he returned. I was hoping he'd take me to the lingerie store, but we went right out to the car. Oh well, maybe mom will get me some soon.

He opened the car, then, as I was getting in, he put the bags in the trunk. He got in, but I noticed he still had a bag. “What's that?” I asked. He told me it was a surprise, then asked me who my favorite uncle was. I laughed because he was my only uncle, but even if I had fifty, I know he'd be my favorite. He gave me the bag. I opened it and there were 5 bikini panties in it!

“You bought them!” I shouted as I pulled them out. I was so excited as I pulled each out of the bag and looked at them. I was really surprised. When my mom buys me stuff, most of the time I like it, but sometimes I don't like it. All five bikinis were perfect. I was gushing over them.

Once I settled he told me there was something else. I looked at him with no idea what else there could be. Maybe some bras? He said the other came with some rules and proceeded to tell me it was not for school, I wasn't to brag about it, I could only wear it when I was with him, and then added he wanted to know when I was wearing it. It sounded a little scary, but I agreed.

He then handed me a small bag. I opened it and it was a thong!!! I couldn't believe it! “I can't wait to wear it! I wish I could put it on now,” I shouted.

“Um... Wait a minute,” he said then started the car. We only drove to the end of the parking lot before he stopped again. “If you want, you can put it on now,” he suggested.

“Here? In the car?” I blurted.

“Well, there's no one around to see you, except me, of course. You can put it on here or wait until we get home,” he explained.

I looked around and, except for a car leaving every once in a while, no one was near. Even the cars leaving didn't drive close. I've never pulled down my pants in a parking lot though. Girls weren't supposed to do that, but maybe it would be fun. “OK” I smiled.

I looked around to make sure no one was near. “Warn me if someone is coming, OK?” I asked and Bob nodded. I crouched down in the seat and pushed my shorts down. I looked around again, then pushed my panties down. Bob was watching me and it made me feel tinglie. I hadn't even thought about him seeing me, but he's seen me before, so it wasn't a big deal anyway.

I pulled the thong out of the bag and went to quickly put it on, but Bob stopped me. He pulled the tags off then handed it back to me. I can't believe I forgot the tags. I quickly pulled the thong on then my shorts. “Like it?” Bob asked.

“Yes! It almost feels like I'm not wearing any,” I giggled. “Do you like it on me?”

“I haven't really seen it yet. Maybe later...”

**Chapter 6**

As soon as we got home and carried the bags in the house, I pulled my shorts down – right in the living room! I know girls aren't supposed to do that, but Bob has already seen me naked a few times and he did buy me the thong, so...

He got a big grin on his face and it made me feel good. I turned, slowly, so he could see the thong on me. I felt so sexy in it. He even said I looked great. I think I even saw he was hard and that made me feel even better. I made him hard. It kinda made me tinglie too.

I wanted to wear it to school and show it to all my friends so they'd be jealous, and I know they would, but I promised Bob I wouldn't. I did wear it whenever I could though, which was about once a week on weekends. Bob wanted me to tell him when I wore it, but I had a more fun way. If I wore it, I'd wait until no one was around and I'd pull my pants down so he could see it. It was fun pulling them down and even more fun seeing him get hard, well, not really seeing him, but seeing the bulge in his pants.

I hadn't really seen him in a few weeks. How his thing looked was burnt into my mind though and when I rubbed myself I always thought of him and his hard thing. He has seen me a couple of times. Once, when I took a shower, I sort of accidentally let the towel drop on the way back to my room because he was there. My boobs seem to be growing really fast and I wanted him to see. Mom says I am about ready for a real bra.

Another time I was in bed rubbing. Bob came up to say goodnight. My panties were down and I didn't have the blankets up. When I heard him I was going to pull up my blanket, but then felt daring. I wanted to see if I was brave enough, so I just stopped rubbing, but didn't do anything else. Bob came in like nothing was going on. He walked over, kissed my forehead, and said goodnight. I was wondering if he even noticed, but on the way out he told me to cover before I fell asleep so I wouldn't catch cold. It almost made me laugh.

Patty seemed so happy with her thong. She may be too young for one, but seeing her so excited made it worth it. It surprised me when she said she wanted to put it on right then and I wasn't sure if she was serious, but I decided to let her, if that was what she really wanted to do.

I started the car and drove to the end of the lot where no cars were parked. I thought she – and I - would be safe there. At first she seemed shocked about putting on the thong right there in broad daylight and I was about to drive off again, but she giggled, “OK” and down came her shorts followed by her panties. She was going to put the thong on with the tags still attached. One was held on with a pin, so I stopped her, pulled off all the tags, then handed it back to her.

As she changed, she kept looking around to, I assume, make sure no one approached the car. I was pleasantly surprised she seemed to have no problem with me seeing her. I guess she has accepted me completely in that matter. It also made me think about my sister's relationship with our uncle. I had thought him some kind of pervert, but maybe that wasn't the case.

When we arrived home, Patty dropped her shorts and showed off her thong. Once again it was obvious she had no problem with me seeing her. She almost acted like she wanted me to look. She slowly turned around and then struck a pose asking how she looked. My cock had already decided how she looked. I was amazed at how fast she was maturing. It was like if she sat topless in front of me I would actually see her breasts growing. Even her very sparse pussy hair, although still light, was noticeable now, even through her thong.

It bothered me a bit as I looked at her. I was no longer seeing my “little girl” niece. She was becoming a very desirable woman, still young, of course, but none the less desirable. She was also changing from the little girl who followed me around to the older girl I liked having around. I wish I could remember my sister at Patty's age, but I was too young to even notice.

“I also needed to talk to my sister again. School would be out in another month or so, which was no big deal. In August I usually took a week and went backpacking though. I knew Sam would be going to scout camp the second week in August, which would work out perfectly, but then there was Patty.

It was Saturday and my mom took Sam to his sports thing. I stayed home with Uncle Bob and we went to the mall. It was a little boring looking at men's stuff like tools and sports stuff, but I liked being with him.

That night, when my sister got home from work, we talked. I told her I had bought Patty a thong and told her the rules I stipulated. She asked Patty's reaction and I gave her an edited, censored synopsis. I didn't mention changing in the parking lot or the extent of Patty's modeling, just that she had shown me the thong while she was wearing it.

“I'm surprised,” my sister commented. “If Uncle John had bought me a thong, I would have worn just that thong, nothing else, all day for him. Actually, when I was a little older, he did buy me a very shear string bikini panty and I did parade around the house wearing it, and nothing else, in front of him. It made me feel so grown up... so sexy... I wanted him to see me in it.” Suddenly she blushed and added, “Forget I said that, OK?”

The next day I wore my thong again. I had only worn it for a few hours so I thought it would be clean enough to wear again. My mom had the day off, so everyone was home. Bob was sitting in the living room watching the news. My mom got up and went in the kitchen for something. When she did, I pushed my shorts down to show Bob I had the thong on. It made him smile.

My mom came back in sooner than I expected. I yanked my shorts up as fast as I could. I thought she'd yell at me, but she just smiled and said good morning. I guess I got them up fast enough that she didn't see.

My mom told me that Sam was going to scout camp in August. I already knew that. She also told me Bob was going backpacking that same week. That I didn't know. Then she dropped the bomb. She asked me if maybe I could stay with a friend that week. She didn't want me staying by myself.

“Can I go backpacking with Bob?” I asked her. The first thing she said, actually snapped, was Bob hadn't asked me and it was his week to get away from everyone. Bob said IF my mom didn't mind and I really wanted to go, he had no problem taking me. My mom stopped talking for a minute, which usually means trouble.

“Do you know what backpacking is? It's not like camping. You walk and carry everything on your back. There's no cabin or private tent to sleep in and no planned activities. You'd sleep in a small tent – with Bob in the tent with you. If you have to go to the bathroom, there's no toilets. You pull down your pants and go – right in front of Bob,” my mom began.

“I'm sure he'd turn his back!” I argued.

She didn't even stop; just kept yelling. “When you change your clothes, you take off your dirty ones – in front of Bob. You wash in a stream, naked, out in the open. He'll be with you 24/7 – no privacy. Are you ready to get naked in front of Bob?”

“Mom, I know what backpacking is. It would be fun to try it, even with Bob. I'm sure we could work something out. It's not like I'm going to spend a week with him naked! I live here with him anyway. What's the big deal?” I argued.

“You're OK with that? Show me! Get naked right now, in front of Bob,” my mom blurted. I was so mad I wasn't really thinking. I had on a button down blouse, so I stood up and began unbuttoning it. If she wanted me naked I was going to do it.

“I think we need a cooling off period. I'm taking Patty for an ice cream. We'll be back later,” Bob announced. He grabbed my hand and headed for the door. We were half way to the car before I realized my blouse was completely unbuttoned. I'm glad I had a bra on. I held it shut until I was in the car, then started buttoning it back up. “Oops... Sorry... I didn't mean to pull you out half dresses,” he apologized.

I told him it was OK. I didn't care if he saw, but I wasn't crazy about the neighbors seeing, but I didn't tell him that part. He then got serious and told me a lot of what my mother had said was true. We would be spending the week together and there was going to be times I'd be seen naked by him. He asked if I was really OK with that. He'd already seen me naked, so of course I told him I didn't care if he saw me.

He went further and said I'd see him too and asked if I minded seeing him naked. I shook my head. In truth I wanted to see him naked! He thought for a moment, then, in almost a whisper, admitted he caught me playing with myself once, so knew I did it. If we went backpacking and I wanted to do that, I'd have to do it with him right there. He wanted to know if that bothered me. I blushed. He said I didn't have to do it, but if I did there was no place for me to go to be alone. I blushed more and mumbled, “I know,” but it made me wonder what that would be like. He hadn't really caught me. I let him see, but I didn't know he knew what I had been doing.

While we ate our ice cream, he explained more to me. He told me we'd only bring one change of clothes. The important stuff was food and a tent and the rest was “luxury”. To keep things light, we'd wear one set of clothes and wash the other. IF I went with him, we would see each other as there was no way to avoid it. He didn't want me wandering around alone, so even when we went to the bathroom we'd be together, but added he would turn his back for me.

I didn't really care if he saw me. It was actually kinda fun to have him see me naked. I'd never admit it to him, but I'd get naked any time he wanted if he would too. I love looking at him, especially his thing. Maybe I'd even have the chance to touch it! I'd let him touch me, even down there, if I could touch his thing. I wonder what it would be like to watch him actually squirt?

When we got home, he told me to watch TV. He went into the kitchen and talked to my mom. They talked for over an hour, but then they came out and said I could go. My mom asked me again if I was OK spending a week with Bob. Naturally I said yes, but I tried to not act too excited.

**Chapter 7**

Not much happened for the next few weeks. It seemed like someone was always around. I did wear my thong and would show Bob every time I did. Each time he would smile and tell me I looked good in it. I love that he likes it. I almost wish I could just wear the thong so he could see it all the time.

I get so tinglie when he sees it. I usually have to rub myself sometime during the day and again after I go to bed after wearing it, not that it's unusual for me to rub every night, but two times, at least, in the same day?

Finally there was a movie coming on I wanted to watch, so Bob told me I could stay up late to watch it, if I promised to go to bed as soon as it was over. It started right after Sam went to bed. Wouldn't you know it? He had to pick that night to fuss about going to bed. It took him over a half hour to finally go to bed.

I didn't want to miss any of the movie, so I didn't put my nightgown on before the movie began. I just ran to my room during a commercial and grabbed a nightgown, brushed my teeth, and made it back to the living room before the movie began again.

Bob was sitting in his recliner, as usual. For some reason I really felt daring tonight. The room was kinda dark. He'd already seen me anyway and we were going to go backpacking this coming summer where he already told me we would see each other, so...

Where I was standing was sort of in front of Bob, but not blocking his view of the TV. Without saying anything, I just pulled my tee over my head and off. I don't know why, but I was nervous. I tossed my tee onto the couch and then undid my bra. I took a couple of deep breaths, then slid it down my arms and tossed it on top of my tee. My back was to Bob, so he couldn't see anything, but I felt so naked and I still had my shorts and panties on!

I was going to put my nightgown on then, but those tinglie feelings started. Instead I pushed my shorts down and let them fall to the floor. It felt weird... and exciting. He's seen me in a thong lots of times and I love showing it off to him. I was wearing bikini panties and still felt so daring. As much as I felt that tinglie feeling, I just couldn't take my panties off and get naked in front of him.

I grabbed my nightgown and put it on. When I turned around I saw Bob watching me. It made me blush, but feel good at the same time. I looked back at him expecting him to say or do something, but nothing. I'm not sure why I did it, but I reached up under my nightgown and pulled my panties down right in front of him. The way I did it I know he didn't see anything, but he saw them come down and knew I had nothing on under my nightgown. It kind of excited me.

I bent down, picked up my shorts and panties off the floor and put them with my tee and bra. Normally I would have put my panties under my shorts so they'd be hidden, but I put them right on the top. I wanted to say something to Bob, but I had no idea what to say, so I just sat down on his lap to watch the movie.

He must have liked what he saw because I could feel his thing with my butt. It was hard! I shifted a bit so his thing was between my butt cheeks. It felt so good, especially since I didn't have any panties on. I could feel him really good!

“There was a movie on Patty wanted to see, so I told her she could stay up late to watch it, which seemed to thrill her. The movie started at 8, which was Sam's bedtime. The credits for his show just started to run when she told him it was time for bed. He just gave her a dirty look and stayed where he was until I told him it was time to go to bed.

As usual he took his sweet time. Patty seemed edgie though. She kept trying to rush him for some reason. I finally got him into bed about 8:30. I went back to the living room and sat down in my recliner, as usual. Patty was sitting on the couch with the movie already on. During the next commercial she rushed out.

I expected her to return with her nightgown on, but she didn't. I heard her in the bathroom, so I guess she must have washed up. When she came back in she was still in her regular clothes and I thought she'd take the next commercial to change, but then I noticed her carrying a nightgown.

I had no idea why she had brought in into the living room, but she surprised me. She was standing a little in front of me and to my right. I wasn't really paying too much attention until she pulled her top off. The next thing to go was her bra. She wasn't trying to hide at all. She stood there for a moment, then glanced over her shoulder. Her shorts then hit the floor.

That got my attention and I wondered how far she would go. Again she just stood there, slightly smoothing and adjusting her panties. I couldn't see much, but did notice how much her breasts had grown. She was facing away from me, but her chest was well silhouetted, I had just seen her a few weeks ago, but I was amazed at the difference. Her hips were flared more as well.

I was a little concerned she was going to just strip down in front of me, not that I would have minded at all. Not only was she very special to me, but she was quickly losing her “little girl looks” and becoming very desirable. Fortunately, or unfortunately, she grabbed her nightgown and pulled it over her head covering her assets.

Patty turned and looked at me like she was going to say something and that bothered me. Had my thoughts been somehow broadcast to her? Had I upset her? I was about to apologize when she finally moved. She was still standing, looking at me, when her hands went under her nightgown and her panties dropped.

I saw a little smile form on her face. If she was older I would have sworn she was giving me a hint, but she was so young. She reached down, picked up her shorts and panties, and put them with her other clothes. She then walked over to me and sat down on my lap. Maybe I should have pushed her away? My cock had turned into the rod of steel. The last thing I wanted was her to feel it and freak out.

She shifted a little and my cock ended up going right along her ass cheeks. That didn't help the situation at all. I don't know why, but she just settled down and watched the movie. Maybe she hadn't noticed the affect she had on me? She did stay fairly quiet for the next hour or so, only occasionally moving and shifting – just enough to keep me hard, unfortunately.

I sat watching the movie, but I wasn't completely focused on it. I could feel Bob's thing between my butt cheeks. It seemed to fit so nicely and did it ever feel good. I wanted to feel it better though. I kept moving a little so I could pull my nightgown up. I didn't want him to notice so it took me an hour to get it up enough in back so my bare butt was right over him.

I realized he could probably see what I had done, so I asked if he minded if I got the blanket. He shook his head and the next commercial I stood up, quickly pulling my nightgown back down, and got it. When I spread the blanket and sat back down, I tried to hike up my nightgown so I could feel him better, but not so much as he'd notice. It took a few minutes, but I finally got my nightgown up to my waist, under the blanket of course.

With my bare butt on his thing I could feel him much better. That, combined with me staying up later so I was missing my usual rubbing time, was making me really horny. I thought about just rubbing myself right there, but just couldn't do that. I could remember the last time we had sat like this and how good his hand felt in my bare belly. Did I dare?

Slowly I reached out and grabbed his hand. I was nervous, but wanted him to touch me. I pulled up my nightgown a little more and placed his hand on my belly. I knew he knew I was naked, well, naked under the blanket now. He watched me undress and then watched me take my panties off.

I didn't move for a few minutes, but neither did he. I almost expected him to slide his hand up to my boob or even slide down and feel me down there. I was so horny I would have stopped him if he wanted to feel either. His hand wasn't moving though, just staying on my belly. Even that was making me so wet I couldn't believe it.

Was something wrong with me? Why wasn't he doing anything? That's when I got an idea. I put my hand on his, to keep it on my belly, and slid off to his side. Maybe if I touched him, he'd touch me.

I held his hand in it's place until I was sure he wasn't going to pull it away. He still wasn't moving, which wasn't good, but wasn't bad either because he didn't pull away. I pulled my hand away and put it on his belly about where his hand was on mine. Slowly, very slowly, I began sliding my hand down. I wanted to touch him. He could touch me too, if he wanted to, after all, fair is fair.

I tried to move slow, but as soon as I got my hand to his belt I felt him poking the edge of my hand. I froze to see what he would do or if he'd say something, but he didn't. I waited a while though. It was kinda scary. After a few minutes I slid my hand down a little more. I could actually feel how hard his thing was with my palm.

Again I waited. His hand hadn't moved from my belly, but he didn't say or do anything. That made me braver and I slowly moved my hand around a little. He was wearing jeans, so it was sort of hard to feel anything, but I knew his thing was right there. I wanted to put my hand around it, but was too scared. Instead I just ran my hand over it.

I jumped a mile when he pulled his hand away from me and said, “It's time for bed.” I was afraid he'd pull the blanket off and see me naked, but he didn't. He didn't even move. I wanted to feel him more, but obviously this wasn't the right time. I pulled my hand away from him and pulled my nightgown down as best as I could, At least my front would be covered when the blanket did come off.

I couldn't believe Patty had been feeling my cock, but I really didn't mind either. I had been tempted to feel her as well thinking she might want to be, but instead I decided to be cautious. It was obvious she had pulled up her nightgown as my hand was on her bare belly and I couldn't feel her nightgown. She only paused a short time before she threw the blanket off.

She had covered herself, but when she stood I caught a glimpse of her bare ass. He nightgown fell, covering that too. I walked her to her room then said goodnight. I was leaving when she called me back.

“Uncle Bob, why didn't you... Um... You knew I was kinda naked under the blanket, right?” I nodded. “Why didn't you... Um... Why didn't you kinda... Um... How come you didn't move your hand? Is something wrong with me? Don't you like me?” she asked.

I sat down on her bed to explain. “There's nothing wrong with you at all. I like you very much; You're very special to me. You know that, right?” Patty nodded. “You put my hand on your belly. I left it there because I thought that's where you wanted it.”

“You mean you didn't move it because that's where I put it?” I nodded. “So if I want it someplace else, I have to move it” she questioned.

I paused for a moment, trying to find the words to explain. “Yes, My hand will stay anyplace you put it because I don't know if you want it moved or not. If you want it moved, you have to move it so I know where you want it.”

“So you want me to move it if I want it someplace else?” she repeated.

“Yes. It's late and you need to get some sleep now,” I said as I kissed her forehead.

She reached up and hugged me. “I didn't know you wanted me to move it. Next time I will,” she smiled and then turned on her side and closed her eyes.

**Chapter 8**

It's my lucky day! Mom has something to do tomorrow, Saturday, and can't take Sam to his sports thing, so he's staying over his friend's house and his friend's mom is taking them. I have the whole night with Bob! It's been 2 weeks since I felt him and I want to try it again. I wouldn't mind if Bob touched me, but I don't know about putting his hand down there myself.

As soon as Sam left, I changed into my thong. I stole one of his tee shirts when I was helping fold the clothes. I hope he doesn't get mad. It felt good wearing his shirt instead of a nightgown. Mom already left for work and Sam was gone too, so I walked into the living room wearing the tee and my thong – only. With no bra on my nips poked out, but I thought it looked sexy.

Bob did a double take when he saw me. “You changed already?” he asked. Before I could answer he must have realized I was wearing one of his tee shirts because he added, “Where did you get my tee?”

I got a little nervous, but told him I stole it when I folded the laundry and I hoped it was OK. If not I'd wash it for him and give it back. He gave me a stern look, which scared me, then laughed. “It looks better on you than me; keep it. Just don't take all my tee shirts. I still need some to wear!” and that made me laugh.

I lifted my tee to my waist and turned slowly to show him my thong. He told me to let him know when I wear it. I don't know why, but I like him seeing my panties. I'd die if someone else saw them, especially another boy, but with him I get tinglie when he sees them. He just smiled. When I sit on his lap I'll know if I made him hard.

I grabbed the blanket, spread it out, and sat down on him. As soon as I did I could tell he was hard. Naturally I had to move around a little to get comfortable, or at least that's what I hope he'd think. I actually pulled up the tee to my waist. I was covered anyway with the blanket and I like feeling him with my bare butt.

I don't know what was on TV. I was busy feeling his hard thing with my butt. I wanted him to touch me, but remembered what he had said. I wondered what he would do, so I took his hand and put it on my neck. I didn't realize his arm would go right across my boob. He almost acted like my boob wasn't even there even though I knew he could feel it. He just started rubbing my neck. I don't know why, it was just my neck, but it started to turn me on.

I let him rub a while, but I got a little nervous because it was making me so horny, so I moved his hand to my knee. I thought it would calm me down some. He started rubbing my knee and it didn't really work the way I planned. I almost wanted to scoot down some so he would rub closer to my... I could also feel his thing under my butt. That didn't help either.

It surprised me when just a short time after we ate Patty walked into the living room already dresses for bed. It made me wonder if she was tired or didn't feel well. What surprised me even more was she was wearing one of my old tee shirts. It was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra also. I don't know if she realized it, but her nips were poking the material out more than I expected given her age.

She looked, dare I say, sexy. When she lifted the tee to show me her thong, I felt my cock harden. It was almost torture when she slowly turned, affording me an up close view of her bare ass. Even her pussy showed that “womanly”, slight bulge instead of a little girl flatness. It was getting more and more difficult to remember her age.

“It sort of embarrassed me when she sat down on my lap knowing I had an erection. It seemed uncanny how she could position herself directly on it with her ass almost hugging my hard cock. As much as I didn't want her to, she felt good sitting on my lap.

For a while she just sat there watching the TV. I wanted to caress her, but refused myself that pleasure. I was doing well controlling myself until she took my hand and brought it to her neck. That told me she wanted to be touched there. I rationalized rubbing her neck meant nothing as I rubbed, but I sensed her getting tense and almost encouraging me to do more.

She shifted my touch to her knee. Once more I began rubbing, trying not to make it sexual in any way. When I started rubbing, her legs were together, but shortly after I felt them fall apart and my hand moved to the inside of her leg. When I moved to go to the top of her knee again, she pushed my hand back.

Gradually I noticed a difference in Patty's breathing. It was becoming deeper and slightly more labored. Unfortunately that wasn't the only change. Her hips were beginning to more slightly, not much, but enough so that the movement was rubbing directly on my cock. It was only a short time before I was painfully aware she was not only moving up and down my cock, but also squeezing it with her ass.

Finally she moved to her side, pulling away from my hand. Maybe I could calm myself now.

That tinglie feeling was driving my crazy! Bob had been rubbing the top of my knee, but I wanted more, so I moved my leg and his hand went to the inside of my leg just above my knee. What a difference that made. When he went to move to the top of my knee again I stopped him and put his hand back in the inside.

I could feel his thing under my butt. I discovered that by moving around a little I could feel it better. It was fun squeezing my butt too. I could squeeze his thing that way. It wasn't easy though. I wanted to actually touch him, not just feel him. The only way I could do that was to move off him. I still wanted him to touch me though.

I slid off his lap and onto my side. He stopped rubbing because, well, he couldn't reach my knee anymore and I moved to the opposite side of the hand I was using. I put my hand on his pants right where his thing was. At least now I could touch his thing with my hand, but I felt a little guilty doing that with him not being able to touch me.

I knew his other hand was somewhere behind me. I reached around, feeling, until I found it. I was so horny and wanted to touch him so bad I just pulled his hand to my butt. After all, if I was going to feel his thing, I guess it was OK for him to feel my butt. As soon as his hand was on my butt he started rubbing.

I couldn't believe how good it felt. I still had panties on, well, a thong anyway, so it wasn't like I was really naked. Now was my chance. I reached back out and put my hand back on his thing, but this time I tried to actually grab it. He was wearing jeans, so it wasn't easy, but I was able to get my hand around him some. I just wish I could feel him better.

Having his hand on my bare butt rubbing me really turned me on! I never expected it to feel that good. I wish I had another hand though. I wanted to rub myself, but one hand was under Bob's neck and the other was holding his thing. I wasn't sure if I could actually rub myself right there on his lap anyway.

I could tell Patty was really getting turned on. She had pulled away from me, but then pulled my hand to her ass, her bare ass save a thin thong strap, signaling me I was to rub there. It took all I had to stay in control as I massaged her sweet ass. I noticed she began moving, ever so slightly.

My cock was already rock hard when her hand attempted to wrap around in through my jeans. It wasn't the first time she had touched it, but it was the first time she actually seemed to be feeling it. As time went on, her feeling me became more pronounced.

I was wondering how far she would go. She was now squirming, squeezing my cock, and pushing her ass back against my hand. “If I... Um... Would you... Ah... If I roll over so you can rub my... Um... If I roll over on my back so you can touch my front, would you pull down your zipper so I can reach in?” Patty whispered.

I wasn't sure how to answer or what to do. I knew I had to answer her, so after a little thought, I unzipped my pants, adding, “You don't have to roll over... unless you want to.” She did roll onto her back and my hand slid around her hip landing on her mound. She gasped slightly. I wasn't sure what that meant, so I didn't attempt to move my hand at all waiting for more “instruction” from her.

Patty's hand immediately snaked into my pants. She found her target and her fingers wrapped around my cock. She just held me for a while, but then began moving again. Slowly her hand slid from my cock to my balls. “Rub...” she muttered. Still unsure, I started slowly moving my hand. It was just above her pussy.

Not only did I want to rub myself, I wanted to rub Bob too. I needed an orgasm... bad. I finally asked Bob to unzip and offered to let him rub me. He didn't say anything at first which made me nervous. Maybe I shouldn't have asked? He finally just reached down and unzipped his pants and told me I didn't have to roll over. It was so nice of him to say that, but I wanted to so I did.

His hand landed on my lower belly, almost on my sweet spot. Finally! I shoved my hand in his pants and could finally feel him good. Well I couldn't actually feel his thing because it was in his undies, but it was a lot better than trying to feel him through his jeans. I ran my hand down to feel his ball sack to. Even though I had seen him before, so knew how big he was, he felt huge to me.

Bob's hand hadn't moved even though I told him he could touch me, so I told him to rub.

He finally began to rub me and it felt so good! I really needed that bad. He wasn't rubbing the right spot though. Maybe he couldn't really feel through my panties? I needed to climax and now. “Inside,” I whispered as I opened my legs.

When Patty said, “Inside” as I was rubbing her it really surprised me. My “rule” was she had to do things like putting my hand inside her panties by herself, but she was obviously too busy as her hand was inside my jeans.

Slowly I slid my hand up and into her waistband. “Yesss” she hissed as my fingers grazed her pussy. Patty began to respond immediately to my caresses. Unfortunately, with my big hand and her small panties, I was quite cramped. It was time to suspend my rules. I pulled my hand out of her panties. “Nooo,” she protested.

I grabbed the waistband of her panties and pushed down. Her ass rose allowing me to slip her panties off. Once I had one of her feet free, I brought my hand back to her pussy. Her legs parted, inviting me in. As I started rubbing again her hips began rising and falling.

It wasn't long before she gasped and started cumming. It seemed to completely consume her. I'm not sure if she had one big climax or more than one, but she went off for quite some time. Finally she pushed my hand away.

For a while she stayed still, except for her heaving chest as she gasped for breath. Finally she came around and looked up at me, blushing. “You took my panties off...”

“Sorry... It was too hard to get my hand in them. I didn't think you'd mind. I know I promised I wouldn't do anything like that, but...” I interrupted.

“I'm glad you did!” she smiled. That made me feel a lot better. “There's only one thing though,” she added. I looked at her questioningly. “To be fair you have to let me take yours off.” She paused for a moment, probably waiting to see what I would say, but I said nothing.

Patty tossed the blanket aside. It didn't phase her that she had no panties on. She rolled and ended up straddling my legs. Her hands quickly went to my belt, unbuckling and opening it. When she had trouble getting the button undone, she just looked up and asked me to undo it for her, which I did. “Lift,” was her next command and when I did she pulled my jeans and underwear down to my thighs exposing my still hard cock.

At first she just stared at it, then she reached down and wrapped her hand around it. Tentatively she began jerking me off. “Am I doing it right?” she asked.

If she only knew how right she was doing it. “You might want to stop. If you keep doing that...”

“You might squirt?” she finished.

“Yes,” I confessed. “You think you're ready for that to happen?”

“I want you to,” she grinned as she kept on pumping.

“I'm gonna cum!” I blurted. Patty leaned forward and pulled my cock back so it aimed right at her, foolishly. With no control, I shot off my first few spurts right onto her chest, fortunately covered with my shirt. Instead of letting go of me once that happened, she hung on and my whole load ended up all over her, or rather my shirt.

I looked up at her. She had a big grin on her face. “I warned you,” I chuckled.

She looked down at the tee, now covered with my cum. “That's OK,” she uttered, then pulled the shirt over her head. I asked if she had something else to put on as now she was completely naked. She just shook her head, grabbed the blanket and pulled it over both of us. It wasn't long before she was asleep.

**Chapter 9**

I had carried Patty to bed the night before. She was nude and rather than wake her, I just put her into her bed that way and covered her. I wasn't sure how she would act and feel after our session the night before. It had gone further than I had expected.

I was sitting at the table reading the newspaper when she finally came in. Not that it was unusual, but she was already dressed. I didn't expect her to come down naked, but I guess I expected her in something other than what she was wearing. She seemed a little quiet. She got her breakfast and sat down to eat.

She ate for a while in silence, then finally spoke. “Can we go to the mall this morning?” she asked. When I questioned why, she blushed slightly then stood up. “I need panties,” she giggled as she dropped her shorts showing me she wasn't wearing any. She went on to explain that she only had little girl panties, as she called them, and the only nice ones she had were the ones I had bought for her.

I told her we could go as soon as she finished eating. “Can I get another thong?” she begged. I thought for a moment and then told her it would be smarter to get some she could wear to school and that didn't include thongs. She shrugged, then mumbled, “OK... I guess you're right.” We cleaned up the kitchen, then headed for the mall.

I don't even remember going to bed, but when I woke up I was naked. I remembered I had taken off the tee after Bob squirted all over it. I can't believe I actually made him squirt! Anyway, I guess I must have fallen asleep and Bob put me in my bed. I slept great, but it was weird waking up not wearing anything.

I couldn't just go downstairs naked and it was silly to put a nightgown on to eat breakfast, so I just got dressed. Unfortunately the only clean panties I had were my old ones. The new ones Bob got me were all in the wash. I didn't want to wear those, so I didn't wear any. There was no way anyone, even Bob, could tell.

It felt strange not wearing any. It kinda made me feel tinglie. When I got to the kitchen, Bob didn't say anything. It made me wonder if he was mad about the night before. I got my cereal and watched him as I ate. He didn't look mad.

I really wanted new panties, so got brave and asked him. I don't know why, but he seemed happier after I asked and told me we could. I decided to see if my luck would hold out and asked him if I could get a thong, but he said no. Oh well, at least I get more to wear anyway. We cleaned up and left.

When we got to the mall, I asked Bob if I could go in the store myself and buy them. He smiled and told me I could and handed me a $20 dollar bill! I was going to just take it and run in the store, but then thought. “Can I get a couple of bras too? Mine are getting kinda small for me...” I sorta blushed when I asked him, but he handed me a second $20 bill!!! He told me he would wait for me there. He sat down on one of the benches and I went into the store.

The stuff was really pretty. I was a little nervous because one of the sales girls was watching me. I sorta looked around a little, then grabbed a couple of pairs of panties. “Can I help you find something?” the sales girl asked me and gave me a funny look. I lied and told her I was looking for something special for my older sister. She was getting married soon and I wanted to get her something nice.

“The sales girl looked at me funny again, then asked what size my sister was. “Um... About my size,” I told her. I could tell by the look on her face this wasn't going to be easy. “She's small... like me. Everybody thinks I'm about 13.” It was so funny! The sales girl got all flustered and confessed she thought I was 13 too, then laughed. After that she changed.

She told me they had some very nice stuff on sale. I told her I wanted a real sexy bra and panty set for her and she said she had just the thing. She led me over to a rack, went through a little, then pulled out a set. “This one is really sexy and might fit. Is she an A cup?” I nodded. “This should fit then and it's on sale for just $20, half price!”

I looked at the set. There's no way I could wear that to school! It was black, but very sheer; almost see though. The panties weren't thong panties, but a lot sheerer than the ones I already had. The sales girl put her fingers in the bra cup, to show me, I guess, and I could even see her fingernails though it. She said it was a very light weight lace, but offered good support and went on to tell me about it. I had no idea what she was talking about, but the set was pretty, so I said I'd take it.

I picked out more of “school wearable” panties and bought the set and 3 pairs of panties. It came to almost $40! As she was bagging the stuff up for me, she apologized again for thinking I was just a kid and then handed me a $10 coupon explaining that it was good on my next purchase of $20 or more. WOW! I almost laughed at her thinking I was so old, but just took the coupon and said, “Don't worry about it. Everybody makes that mistake.”

Patty came out of the store looking like a Cheshire cat. She ran up to me and giggled, “Look!” showing me the coupon. She was so excited. I asked her what she bought and she said she'd show me when we got home. She almost dragged me to the car.

On the way home Patty told me about the sales girl and what she had said. She explained she told the sales girl that everybody thought she was only 13 and how the sales girl had reacted. We both laughed. Patty was really pleased the sales girl thought she was so much older that she actually was.

When we got home Patty told me to sit in my chair in the living room and to close my eyes, warning me not to open them until she said. I played along and after I closed my eyes, I heard her rustling around in the bag. She again warned me not to open my eyes until she said.

“You can open them now,” Patty told me and when I did I saw her standing in front of me with her tee and just panties on. “Like 'em?” she asked as she turned slowly, modeling them for me.

They weren't “sexy” as such, but she looked so mature in them. It almost shocked me. My “little girl” niece looked more like a woman. “Close your eyes again,” she giggled and repeated her show with the second, then third pair. My eyes saw my niece, but my cock saw someone very desirable and it hardened.

“Close your eyes. One more,” she grinned. I did as she asked. After a longer than usual time, she announced, “You can open them now.” This time, when I opened then Patty had lost her tee. Standing in front of me was a surprising, but a very desirable girl. She wore only a sheer, lace bra, which showed her breasts completely and a pair of panties so sheer I could make out her pussy hair and slit. Slowly she turned. Patty was definitely not a little girl any more.

As soon as we got home I sat Bob down in the living room to show him what I bought. I had him close his eyes both so I could surprise him and so he wouldn't watch me take my pants off. I know he's seen me lots of times, but I still feel funny stripping in front of him. Once I'm naked it doesn't bother me as much, which is weird.

I put on my “school” panties for him first. I guess he approved because he told me they were pretty. I tried to pick out ones that weren't too sexy, but didn't look like little girl panties either. I showed him all three, one pair at a time. I couldn't believe just showing him my panties made me tinglie but it did. Everything was covered and I still had my tee on so nothing showed, but it still sorta excited me.

I saved the last outfit, the set, for last. I told him to clothes his eyes again. This time I had to take everything off. His eyes were closed, but it still felt daring. I put the set on and smoothed it as best as I could. I wish I had a mirror so I could see how it looked. I hadn't thought about that before and I couldn't run to my room while he waited.

The bra actually fit me! I already grew enough to fill an A cup. I thought it might be big, but it wasn't. I pulled on the panties. They felt so strange. I could tell half my butt cheeks were bare. I looked down and discovered the set was more sheer than I thought. I was covered, but I could see everything, almost like I was naked. I hope Bob isn't mad because I bought it.

I took a deep breath, then told him, “You can open them now.” He opened his eyes, saw me, then his eyes got real big and his jaw dropped. “I know I can't wear it to school!” I blurted. He just nodded, but didn't say anything. I slowly turned, but kept my head facing him. Naturally I had to turn my head the other way to see him. He began to smile.

“Like it?” I asked and he nodded. “I bought it for you. I thought you'd like it,” I confessed. “It can be our secret. I'll wear it any time you like.”

“You look sexy in it,” he said. I wanted to kiss him. I hoped he'd think that. I just stood there while he stared at me, or my body I guess. It made me feel so tinglie! “You should change. Your mother will be home soon,” he finally said. As much as I wanted him to keep looking at me, he was right.

“Which of the new panties do you want me to wear?” I asked. He just shrugged and told me any would be fine. What I was thinking made me blush, but I asked him anyway. “Um... If I don't wear any, would you go without too? I have to wear a bra or my mom will get pissed, but we can both go without anything under our pants if you want.”

He told me he was already dressed and had on underpants. I giggled and told him to take them off. I said I would take mine off right there in the living room in front of him. I'd even take everything off so he would see me naked, so for him to take his pants off was no big deal. I'd already seen him anyway.

He seemed to think for a minute and then stood up and began to undo his belt, then stopped and looked at me. I guess he was waiting for me? By that time I wanted to get naked for him anyway, so I quickly pulled off my bra and dropped my panties to my feet. I stepped out of them, picked them up and the bra, and put them back in the bag. I stood back up, completely naked, and waited for him.

His pants fell to the floor and his undies followed. He didn't bend down to get them though. He was hard! He just stood there and let me look. It was sort of the first time he pulled his pants down just for me and let me see him. I'd seen him before, but now he was sorta showing me. It made me feel special.

I don't know how long we stared at each other, but it was a long time. Finally he muttered we should get dressed before my mother got home and stepped out of his pants. I wanted to look, and be looked at, longer, but didn't want to get caught either, so I put on my old bra and tee. He was already pulling up his pants, with no undies. I grabbed my shorts and slowly pulled them up.

It felt weird having no panties on, but good too. I especially liked that he knew I wasn't wearing any and I knew he wasn't either.

I couldn't help but stare at Patty. She really looked good. I didn't know how to answer when she suggested we both go without undies. I wasn't sure what to do either. I asked if it was really what she wanted and she nodded enthusiastically. I was hard, but I suspected she knew that already.

I couldn't think of a good reason not to go along with her, so I started undoing my pants. As soon as I moved, Patty shucked her panty and bra set and stood naked in front of me. I just let my pants and underwear drop. Her eyes went right to my crotch. She obviously wanted to see, so I let her look.

I knew it was getting close to when the others got home, so I suggested we dress. Patty put on the bra she had worn in the morning. I took off my underwear, as we had agreed, and pulled on my pants. Patty had her tee back on and was pulling up her shorts. She hesitated with her shorts at her thighs, and stood up almost inviting me to look. A car door slamming made her yank them up, grab her bag, and rush off to her room.

**Chapter 10**

Spending the day pantyless was torture, but in a good way. It felt like every little breeze went up my shorts pant leg and tickled me. My shorts weren't tight, so it was easy to feel the breeze. It was making me so horny, but my mother and brother were right there so I couldn't do anything.

After lunch my mom laid down to take a nap and my brother went outside. Bob and I cleared the table. I wondered if he was hard and as horny as I was. I don't know why I did it, but when Bob went back to the table to get the rest of the stuff, I stayed at the sink. Maybe I'm crazy, but I pushed my shorts down to my feet and just stood there facing Bob.

The look on his face was amazing! He just stood there a moment, then walked to the sink with the rest of the dishes. He just kept staring at me too, which made me even hornier. When he put the dishes on the counter, I reached out and put my hand on the front of his jeans. He was hard! He was just standing there when I heard the screen door start to open.

I yanked up my shorts just as my brother walked in. I could have killed him! Why couldn't he have waited or, even better, not come in at all? Sam just ran past up heading to the bathroom. In three minutes he was running back out the door. I reached up and touched Bob's hard thing again, but he whispered, “Not now.” I could have died. He could have pulled down my shorts and fingered me right then in the kitchen and I would have let him. I was so horny I wouldn't even care if Sam had come in.

Wearing no underwear for Patty was “different” to say the least. It's not like I hadn't gone without before though. She was acting different. I noticed she kept looking at my crotch, even though there was nothing really to see. She would also look down at her crotch, look at me, and seemed to slightly blush.

My sister hadn't slept at all and wanted to lie down right after lunch, which wasn't a problem for me. Naturally Sam went right outside after we ate, so that left Patty and me to clean up. I had brought the food over and put it away while Patty took some of the dishes. I went to the table to grab the rest.

When I turned around, Patty was standing in front of the sink facing me. Nothing unusual there, but her shorts were at her feet and her legs slightly parted affording me an unobstructed view of her pussy. I looked up at her face and she had one of those “fuck me” looks on her face and her chest seemed to be heaving more than usual.

Not knowing what else to do I tried ignoring her and carried the dirty dishes to the sink. That's when she made her thoughts quite plain, not with words, but with actions. As soon as I was within her reach, her hand went directly to my hard cock hidden in my jeans and she began feeling me.

I was going to say something, when the door swung open and Sam came running in. No doubt Patty heard him too and snapped her shorts up just before he got in. Neither of us had time to move before Sam shot by up on the way to the bathroom and, shortly thereafter, bolted back out the door.

As soon as the door closed, Patty's hand was in my crotch again and she resumed rubbing me. I would have loved to let her continue, but it was obviously too risky. Reluctantly I muttered “Not now” and she pulled her hand back. We washed up the dishes, but she seemed to keep making body contact with me. Her hip would push against mine; she would reach for something and let her hand or arm brush me; things like that.

“For the rest of the afternoon she watched me constantly, grinning most of the time. Occasionally she would just drop her shorts, giggle, then pull them up again. Sometimes she would be facing me, sometimes she would have her back to me and show me her ass. Unfortunately for me, her displays kept me constantly hard..

All afternoon Bob seemed to be watching me, which didn't help my horniness at all. It was fun though. I kept pushing my shorts down so he could see me. Just looking at his jeans I could tell he was hard. That made me even hornier! I kept doing it more and more.

The only time I stopped was when we ate our evening meal. Sam and my mother were both there so I couldn't really do anything. After we ate my mom went to work, but Sam was still there. I couldn't pull my shorts down, but I grabbed Bob, well, grabbed his jeans, so I could feel his hard thing. I had to do it quick because Sam was around, but I could tell he was still hard.

Finally, after what seemed like hours and hours, Sam's bedtime came and luckily he went right to bed. I now had Bob all to myself... and we were alone. I couldn't believe how horny I was, but somehow I managed to hold off a while to make sure Sam was asleep. I just couldn't hold it any more.

We were sitting on Bob's recliner with a blanket over us. Keeping the blanket at my neck, I carefully pulled off my tee and dropped it beside the chair. Bob looked at me and smiled. Then I took off my bra and dropped it on my tee on the floor. I waited a while to see if he'd do anything, then pushed my shorts off and dropped them with my other clothes.

I was completely naked! I could feel those tinglie feelings really strong. The only thing left was to get Bob naked. I reached for the button his jeans, but couldn't get it undone, so I whispered, “Button” in his ear. He reached down and undid it for me. I know he wasn't wearing undies, so I carefully pulled his zipper down. His thing was really hot and hard and it was right there!

I could feel it, but wanted to see it too and there was only one way to do that. I sat up, tossing the blanket on the floor, and straddled his legs. I reached up to the waistband of his jeans and pulled. He lifted as I did and his jeans came down to his knees. The room was kinda dark, but I could see him perfectly. I reached down and wrapped my hand around his thing.

I held it for a while, then looked up at him. He wasn't doing anything, just smiling. I looked back down at his thing. I had heard about some stuff and was curious... I leaned down, stuck my tongue out and touched the tip of his thing. It made me all tinglie and wasn't bad either, so I opened my mouth and put it around him. He felt huge. I looked up at him with his thing still in my mouth and he was still smiling.

I let him go and sat back up. His thing was twitching and I could feel I was really wet. I wanted to get off. I scooted up some so I was sitting just below his thing. I wondered what it would feel like, so I lowered myself down so I was laying on him. His thing was right against me, parting my lower lips. It felt so good! I probably shouldn't have, but I began to move myself up and down his thing and it really felt good.

The more I moved and the harder I pushed down, the better it felt. He wasn't going in me, but close to it. I could feel my orgasm coming, so I started moving faster. “Careful... I'm close,” Bob muttered. I was too and I wanted him to squirt, so pushed down even harder.

Patty was sitting on my lap, which was her usual place lately. She had been quiet and then started moving and the next thing I know she was pulling her tee over her head. Her bra followed soon after. She quieted down a moment and I wondered what she would do. She only paused a short time until she squirmed again and her arm came out from under the blanket with her shorts. I couldn't believe she had just stripped down.

I then felt her fumbling with the button on my jeans. “Button,” she mumbled and I understood what she was asking. I reached down under the blanket and undid it for her. I sort of foolishly hoped she had just wanted the button undone, but knew better than that. My zipper came down giving her free access to my cock. She knew I was wearing nothing under my jeans already.

For a while she just explored my cock and balls with her fingers, but then sat up, casting the blanket aside, and displaying all her womanly charms to me. She grabbed the waist of my jeans and pulled down. It was obvious what she wanted, so I just lifted slightly and my jeans ended up at my knees.

She stared at my cock for a moment, then wrapped her hand around it. She then hesitated, but didn't release me. Suddenly she looked at me with a questioningly expression. I wasn't sure what was on her mind, so was going to ask her, but then she bent down and I felt a wet tongue touch the tip of my cock. Before I could react, her mouth opened and then closed with my cock in her mouth.

I almost climaxed right then, but managed to control myself. She looked up at me with my cock still in her mouth and I could see the smile in her eyes. For a moment she just held me, her tongue swirling around my engorged member, then she let me fall out. Patty sat up, seemingly pleased with herself and I thought she was done, but she had more planned.

She scooted up and then laid down on my chest in such a way that her pussy split and cradled my cock. She was dripping wet. Her hard nipples grazed my chest as she started humping me. I had all I could do to not shift my body slightly so I could penetrate her. Her movements became more exaggerated and she pushed down even harder on my cock.

“Careful... I'm close,” I warned her, but she ignored my warning. My cock erupted, spewing cum between our bellies. As it did, Patty gasped as she erupted. She was bouncing and pushing so hard I was surprised I didn't end up inside her. Both of us faded into ecstasy.

Patty's head rested in my chest as her body went limp. It was some time before she began to stir. I could feel the stickiness of my cum spread over my, and naturally her, belly. She finally looked up at me and smiled. We both knew the other had climaxed. “I need a shower,” I stated softly.

“I do too. Can I take one with you?” she asked.

After what had just happened, how could I refuse her? “Sure...”

**Chapter 11**

Patty finally climbed off me, still naked, and stood there looking at me, or rather my cock, which had gone soft by this time. It occurred to me that she had never seen me soft before, so I let her look for a moment. I was beginning to get uncomfortable because of the cum that had been spread across my stomach though. It was time for a shower.

I stood and pulled my pants up. “Let's shower in my room,” I invited and her face lite up as she nodded. I headed for the hall and Patty just followed me. I had half expected her to put her top back on at least, but she seemed content to remain naked. I made a mental note to retrieve her clothing after our shower.

Patty and I walked into my bathroom and she sat down on the toilet seat. I took my pants off and turned on the shower, adjusting the water. She just sat there with a grin on her face. I would have loved to know what she was thinking. I stepped into the shower, leaving the door open and grabbed the soap, expecting her to join me. I started soaping up and then realized she was still sitting there. “You coming in?” I asked. I don't know why, but she jumped slightly.

“Um... Yeah...” she muttered as she stood and then stepped into the shower. I finished soaping and started to rinse off when I realized she was still just standing there. I stopped rinsing and looked at her. It made me smile when I noticed she was staring at my cock. Suddenly she looked up and blushed slightly. “Wash my back?” she giggled.

Instead of starting on her back, I knelt down and began washing her legs. She must have approved as she parted her legs slightly making room for my hand to go between then. I slowly washed from her feet to almost the top of her thighs. She had been facing me, so I asked her to turn around so I could do her back.

She muttered something, but I couldn't understand her and then she turned. I stood up and soaped up her shoulders, washing her again. I slowly worked my way down her back. I hadn't really noticed before, but she had a fantastic ass, especially for her age. I soaped up my hands and began rubbing her bubble butt. I'm not sure if it was just my imagination, but she seemed to gently push back against my hands.

Her reaction gave me the courage to try something even though I had told her she had to start everything. It was something I doubted she would “ask” for even if she did want it. Tentatively I ran a finger down between her ass cheeks. She gave no indication she wanted me to stop, so I repeated my action only slower with a bit more pressure so my finger grazed over her rear opening.

Again she said or did nothing, but I noticed her breathing was getting deeper. I soaped up my hand again and my finger returned to her asshole. This time, instead of sliding by her opening, I lingered, pushing slightly against it. I felt her push back.

I soaped my hand for the third time, making sure she was well sudsed and slippery. “Lean against the wall if you want,” I said softly. Her arms went up and her hands went to the wall. Her legs also parted more. I could tell by her heaving chest I was turning her on. My finger found her rear opening again and I pushed in. She gasped slightly, but instead of pulling away, she pushed back.

When Bob stood up, he pulled his jeans up too. I was already naked anyway so when he suggested the shower off his room I just followed him. He had seen all of me anyway, so why not?

“We went into his bathroom and I sat down on the toilet seat. He pulled his pants off. His thing was still limp and just hanging there. Weird maybe, but it fascinated me. I had seen him hard lots of times and I knew he must get soft sometimes, but I had never seen him that way. As he moved around, it kinda swayed back and forth. I guess it kinda hypnotized me or something, like a silver watch that hypnotists use because I just stared, even when he got into the shower.

He finally said, “You coming in?” which made me jump. It embarrassed me that I had been just sitting there looking at him. I stepped into the shower, but couldn't keep from looking at him still. How could he be so hard and sticking up sometimes and then just hanging other times? His thing stopped swaying, which made me look up because he wasn't moving.

I knew he knew I was staring at him again and it made me blush. I asked him to wash my back hoping he would kinda forget I was looking at him. He knelt down in front of me and started washing my legs. I couldn't believe I was so stupid I asked him to wash my back and didn't turn around so he could, but I guess he hadn't heard the “back” part. I had to open my legs so he could fit his hand in to wash me.

My body started to tingle again as he worked his way up my legs. I sort of bit my lip when he got almost close enough to touch down there, which I was hoping he would do. The side of his hand actually did touch me, but then he told me to turn around so he could do my back. I told him he could finish my legs if he wanted. He just stopped washing and waited though, so I turned around.

It felt good to have him rubbing my back. The soap made his hands slippery and they glided over my skin, but I would have rather him rub somewhere else. He worked his way down and started washing my butt. It kinda embarrassed me, but it felt good in a strange way too. Embarrassed or not I didn't want him to stop.

When he slid his finger down my butt crack I almost died. It seemed like a nasty place for him to touch, but he did it anyway and it felt so good. I blushed when his finger slid over the hole back there, but I wanted him to do it again even though I'd never ask him to. I got lucky though and he did do it again, but this time slower and he actually stopped right at my opening and rubbed around a little. It sent shivers up my spine.

That tinglie feeling was really getting strong. He told me to lean against the wall, so I did. It's a good thing. I felt like my knees were going to give out. I'm not sure what he was doing for a moment because he wasn't touching me and then his hand was back at my butt. I spread my feel apart for better balance... well, that wasn't the only reason I guess, but anyway...

His finger went right back to my rear hole, which didn't bother me in the least. He rubbed a bit, then his finger actually slid in me. I wanted to pull away because it was nasty, but my body pushed back and he slid in deeper. It felt so good it gave me goosebumps. I didn't want him to stop! He did though.

He turned me around to face him and that's when I saw he was hard again. He soaped up his hands and began to wash my boobs. I could tell my nips were hard and poking out by the way they rubbed across his hands. I was so turned on. His hands slid down my belly and one went between my legs. I almost climaxed right there.

He began rubbing back and forth. I opened my legs more and I guess I squatted down a little because it felt so good. I felt his finger touch my little button and I exploded. I had to grab his arm so I wouldn't fall down.

Patty began to fidget a little, so I pulled my finger out of her ass and turned her around. Quickly I soaped up my hands and began washing her tits. She must have been turned on because her eyes half closed and her nips were like little pebbles. Her breathing was also getting somewhat ragged.

Slowly I slid my hands down her body and slipped one between her legs. I couldn't believe her reaction. Her legs immediately parted, her hips shot forward mashing her pussy into my hand, and she almost sat down. It was only seconds before she gasped and obviously climaxed.

She grabbed my arm for support. She humped my hand for some time, then finally I felt her relax. For a while she did nothing, then finally stood back up. She reached for the soap, which was in my free hand, and announced, “My turn to wash you.”

Her soapy hands went to my balls. She gently massaged them then moved to my stiff cock. Patty quickly washed it off, then rinsed the soap away. I wondered what she would wash next, but she dropped to her knees, opened her mouth, and took my member in. I tried to control myself, but it was no use. “I'm gonna cum!” I warned her so she could spit my cock out of her mouth, but she didn't.

Cum shot from my cock which was still in her mouth. She choked slightly, then just swallowed as I shot load after load into her. With my balls now empty, my cock slowly shrunk down again. Patty was still kneeling in front of me with her eyes glued on my cock. “We should get out before we drown,” I suggested. She looked up and I helped her stand.

We stepped out of the shower. I grabbed a towel and began to dry her off. She looked so adorable. It surprised me when I moved down her belly to dry her that she began to squirm again. Her legs willingly parted, allowing me room to dry her pussy. I moved to her ass, but she grabbed one of my hands and brought it to her pussy again. She was soaked, but not from the shower.

I quickly dried off and then took her hand and led her to my bed. Gently I turned her and guided her down so she was now sitting. It only took a slight pressure until she went down on her back, but propped up on her elbows. “I owe you... Ready?” I asked softly. She didn't answer.

My hands went to her knees and I lifted and separated them. She was still propped up on her elbows looking at me, but made no effort to resist although I could tell she wasn't sure what I was doing. I smiled at her and she smiled back. My head lowered and my tongue ran up her pussy slit. “Oh! Ahh... Oooo...” she gasped.

Her legs splayed open and her feet went to my shoulders. As I licked her hips began to move. Her pussy mashed into my face. I moved my hand up and to her ass. With one finger I touched her rear opening causing her to buck a little more than she had been. Slowly I pushed in. When my finger penetrated her, she gasped and climaxed for the third time.

I had wondered if she would push my hand away, but she pushed down driving my finger a little deeper. I pushed more and she gasped again. Her hips were almost going in a circle, mashing her pussy into my face and then pushing down and back against my finger. Her whole body almost seemed to be bouncing off the bed. Her hands were at the back of my head pushing it harder into her pussy.

Finally she gasped one more time and pushed my head away. I sat back watching her, her legs still wide apart, her chest still heaving as she breathed. She stayed still for a while and then propped herself back up on her elbows, but other than that stayed as she was. “You happy now?” I smiled. She grinned and nodded. I stood up, went to my drawer and pulled out one of my tees tossing it to her. “Time for bed?” I questioned, but actually stated.

She stood and pulled on my tee, grinning the whole time. “You go climb into bed and I'll go get your clothes,” I announced as I grabbed my robe and headed for the living room. I grabbed Patty's things, stopped by my room and tossed the tee in, then went to her room. She was already in bed and had fallen asleep. I placed her shorts and bra on a chair and left. It had been exhausting for both of us.

**Chapter 12**

Over the next couple of months we had a few sessions, but it was kinda hard with my mom and Sam around all the time. My boobs grew another cup size and that pleased me. At least the camping trip is soon. I started packing a suitcase to bring. I had the usual, jeans, shorts, tops, and I packed some really sexy underwear for Bob.

About a week before we were going to leave, Bob asked me if I had started packing. I showed him the suitcase, the smallest one we had, and he laughed! He explained we had to carry everything, including a tent, pots, clothes, and all we would need in a backpack. We wouldn't be carrying suitcases through the woods. I guess it was kinda funny.

He told me to bring one change of clothes, with long pants, like jeans, and I would be wearing the other set – one to wear and one to change into. We could wash one set while wearing the other. I picked out an outfit and we put it in my backpack. He gave me a bunch of other stuff to pack too and he helped me stuff it all in. The pack was kinda heavy, but I thought I could carry it no problem

The day finally arrived and we were off. I thought my backpack was heavy, but I could hardly lift Bob's. It was huge! Mine got a little heavier too, but I was so excited I didn't care.

We drove a few hours to the starting spot. Bob told me we would leave the car there and hike into the woods. There were a few other cars there, but I didn't see anyone. I was really looking forward to this – just me and Bob.

Patty's birthday had come and gone. I bought her a backpack and a good pair of hiking boots along with a few more camping accessories. It seemed to please her and she told me she was hoping to get things for out camping trip for her birthday.

It surprised me how excited Patty was getting as our departure date came closer. About a week before we left, after I asked her about it, she announced she was almost packed. I actually laughed out loud when she proudly showed me her suitcase. As soon as I did it I felt bad and explained what the situation would be. Fortunately, after I explained things, she took it well and she laughed at what she had done as well.

We worked together packing her pack. I tried to keep it as light as possible for her. Once packed up, she tried it on and then asked if I needed her to carry anything else. She said she could take more if she had too. It made me smile.

The rest of the week was spent packing, checking my list, and repacking, but we were finally set and would leave the following morning. My sister talked to me and asked if I was really sure I wanted to do this – take Patty for a week. She said Patty could be quite a handful at times, but I assured her I would have no problems with her. She then made a comment that shocked me. She looked at me all serious and said, “Don't bring her back pregnant.”

I didn't know what to say to her and then she laughed. “I wanted to see what you would do. The look on your face was priceless! I was just teasing you though. She's been on the pill for 2 months now... and I don't want to know. She's old enough to make her own decisions. She's more grown up than I was at her age. I made my own decision, so I'll let her as well. I had Uncle John, she has you. I suspect she's the lucky one.”

“I opened my mouth to say something, but she put her finger to my lips. “Just go and have a good time. I know how much she's looking forward to this. Good night...” and she left the room. I just sat there for a moment, then I went to bed as well.

Early the next morning Patty and I headed out. It was a couple hours' drive. We arrived at my usual starting spot – a ranger station and I knew the ranger there. He would keep an eye on my car for me. I knew the area I wanted to go to, but it was quite a hike. We would spend the day hiking, put up, then go the rest of the way the following day. It would be a hard hike, but worth it.

I was heading to a small lake. We could spend a day or two there and then, if Patty wanted to, we could hike around for a few days before coming back. We started hiking and Patty held up surprisingly well. She asked about the area, the nature around us, and she seemed really interested. Aside from a few 10 or 15 minute rest stops, we walked until lunch. I had made a couple of sandwiches, which we ate for lunch. We only stopped for maybe a half hour before starting out again.

We stopped for the night about 6:00 – 7:00 o'clock or so. I could tell Patty was getting tired even though she denied it. I built a small fire and we cooked our meal, well, actually boiled it – army mre's. They are actually not too bad and very light weight and compact. We set up our little pup tent. Patty went in to set up the inside while I finished up outside and doused the fire. It was getting dark anyway, so I told Patty I would be in shortly so we could sleep.

It took me about a half hour to secure everything. Patty must have really been tired. When I opened the tent flap she was already asleep. She had the two backpacks pushed to one end of the tent and had spread out the ground cover and blankets like a pro. Because the tent was so small, I stripped down to my underwear outside and crawled in next to her.

I was surprised to find her sleeping completely nude. I hadn't expected that as she knew we would be sleeping together. I thought for a moment, then pulled off my undies. I was probably as tired as she was anyway, so nothing was going to happen.

What a day! We walked forever. It was fun though. Bob knows everything about the outdoors. He taught me all kinds of stuff. I'd ask him things like what kind of tree is that, what's that flower, even what kind of bug I saw, and he knew it all!

I don't think I ever walked so far. We only stopped a few times to rest, except for lunch. We stopped longer then, but still not that long. The sun was almost down when we stopped for the night. Bob had some things he called “mre's” that looked like they'd be awful. He put them in a pot and boiled them. I expected something like a school lunch, but they tasted pretty good.

After we ate we set up the tent. It's so tiny – just enough room for the two of us. He cleaned up after the meal while I went in the tent and set that up. We had talked about it before and I tried to remember everything. It wasn't too easy to get everything in there and still have room for the two of us.

Bob called to me and said he would be in to sleep in a while and told me to just get ready for bed. That's when I remembered I didn't have a nightgown. Oh well... I was going to leave my panties on, but I'd have to change them anyway, so I just got naked. Finally I could sleep with him and feel him against me. It was going to be so nice.

I remember laying down waiting for him to come in. The next thing I remember was birds chirping and it was light out! I rolled over, but Bob wasn't there. I peeked out the tent and saw him at the fire. I guess he got up before me. I pulled out my other pair of panties and put them on and looked at my bra. No one, except Bob, was around and would see me, so I just stuffed it in my pack and put a tee on. I thought it would be more comfortable without wearing a bra.

I couldn't believe it when I walked out of the tent. He was cooking bacon and eggs! I have no idea where he had them. He told me one more day of hiking and we would be at a place we could stay at for a day or two. That sounded sooo good to me – no more walking. We ate, packed up, and we were off again.

It wasn't as bad as the day before, but I didn't have to get up while it was still dark out either. We did the same thing as the day before – walked and walked. In the afternoon it got hot out. I had already tied my shirt so it was sort of a belly shirt and that helped, but I was still hot. I told Bob I should have brought shorts with me because jeans were too hot to hike in. He grinned at me and told me to take them off if I wanted to. I told him again I didn't have any shorts with me. He just said, “So?”

“So how can I take off my jeans???” I blurted.

“Would it bother you to have me see you in just panties?” he asked. Naturally I said no. He's seen a lot more than that anyway. “So just take them off,” he repeated.

“What am I supposed to do? Walk around in just my panties?” I blurted.

“Why not? There's no one else around for miles. I'm the only one who will see you or even know. Do you think I'd tell someone?” he asked.

It made me think... We had been in the woods for a day and a half and hadn't seen or even heard a soul. There wasn't anyone to see me, except Bob. Maybe it would be fun? “OK,” I mumbled and stopped. I took off the backpack, then my boots, then my jeans. It was cooler, lots. It felt weird not wearing pants though. Bob picked up my jeans and tied them on his pack as I put my boots back on.

At first I was a little nervous. I stayed close behind Bob and kept looking around in case someone came. Of course, I soon realized there was no one around to come up to us, so I started to relax. It was actually kinda fun to have no pants on. I started running in front of Bob, stopping, and watching him look at me. He kept smiling. Once I even pushed my panties down and then back up fast. It made me tinglie to have him see me.

**Chapter 13**

Another long day of walking, but not as bad. It was kinda nice to just wear panties. Bob really didn't make a big deal about it, although I wouldn't have minded if he did. I guess it was just like wearing shorts, but better. I never realized I could feel the shorts until I didn't have any on. I'd never walk around with no pants on at home, but it was super comfy. Maybe I won't wear any pants for the rest of the week.

We finally got to the pond and Bob was right. It was everything he said and more! The pond wasn't that big, but the water was crystal clear and the bottom was all sandy. In the middle was a big rock sticking out of the water. Maybe I'll try suntanning naked on it. We picked out a nice grassy area for the tent. Bob said after we set it up we could go swimming as long as I didn't mind him and me swimming nude. I told him, “Well, if we have to...” then laughed. Of course I didn't mind!

I was sort of joking when I told Patty to take off her jeans when she complained about them. I was surprised when she took me seriously and did take them off. At first she was a little shy and uncomfortable. She stayed quiet and walked close behind me, but that didn't last long. Soon she was running about and clearly showing off for me. Once or twice she even pulled her panties down to flash me.

It was nice to see her so comfortable with me. As the day wore on, she seemed to tire and the running around stopped. Actually she began to act like she was fully dressed. She seemed comfortable and her complaining about how hot her pants were naturally stopped. When we stopped for a break I asked her if she wanted her jeans and she just shook her hear and told me she was fine.

By late afternoon we reached the pond. Patty loved it and I was pleased it looked better this year than in previous years. The water was clear, the grass green, and the sky was clear. I couldn't wish for better. Patty wanted to go swimming right away, but I knew if I let her camp would never get set up, so I insisted we set up first.

We set up the tent together. I told her to get the inside set up while I made a fire pit. I hardly started digging when she said, “All set!” I turned around to see her completely naked, her clothes in a heap beside her. I didn't see the backpacks so I assumed she had put them in the tent.

I wanted to go swimming right away, but Bob said we had to set up first. We pitched the tent, then I went inside to finish while he did some stuff outside. I just spread the ground cloth out, laid the blankets on it, then shoved the backpacks in the end of the tent and I was done.

I wanted to go swimming in the worst way! I practically ripped my clothes off and dropped them on the ground and told Bob I was ready. He looked surprised when he turned around. “Hurry up! I want to go swimming!” I yelled. He laughed, dropped the shovel, and took his clothes off.

He looked so good standing there naked. All his muscles showed. I was surprised he wasn't hard. He still looked nice though. “Let's go!” he shouted as he turned and ran into the water. I chased after him. The water felt sooo good! It was a little cold, but I got used to it in no time.

We swam out to the rock. I wanted to climb up and jump off, so I went to the back of it where it sloped. Out of no where I heard, “Bob! You're here. Want to camp together tonight again?” I wanted to die. Someone was actually here!

I guess he knew them because he started talking to them. They seemed to be friends he met up with most of the time when he went backpacking. They said they were just passing through so would only stay the night and leave in the morning. I stayed hidden behind the rock. What else could I do? I was naked!

Bob looked over at me at the same time the girl said the water looked nice and they were going swimming too. He looked so worried and upset, probably because I was there. I didn't want him to worry about me and I wanted to show him I wasn't a little girl anymore, so I swam over beside him. “It's OK... I'm fine,” I whispered to him even though I was really nervous.

I looked over on the shore and saw them... all of them. They looked about Bob's age. They were both down to their undies. The girl dropped hers and looked up. “Your girlfriend?” she asked.

Bob looked like he had seen a ghost and wasn't talking at all, so I answered. “He's my uncle. He let me come with him this year. It's really fun!”

“Cool! We've known Bob since college,” she told me. “Um... You OK if we go skinny dipping?” she asked and sounded a little nervous.

“Sure... It's fine. We are too. No sense in carrying a bathing suit when you don't need one.” I smiled.

The girl surprised me. Her boobs weren't much bigger than mine. It made me feel kinda good. She did have a thick, dark bush though. Maybe they'd think I trimmed mine? The guy was a little smaller than Bob, but his thing was huge. I thought Bob was kinda big, but this guy was even bigger! He was different too. Bob has a foreskin, I think he called it, over the end of his thing, but this guy had nothing. His whole tip was open and not covered.

We swam around for a while and I kinda got used to being naked with them. I didn't really feel completely naked because the water covered me, even though it was clear, but it made me feel better. I got nervous again when it was time to go out. Everyone would see me. I kinda stayed back when the others got out. They just walked out of the water like it was nothing. Bob grabbed out towels and asked me if I was coming. I knew there was no use trying to cover anything, so I just walked out of the water.

Bob handed me my towel. At least I had something to cover up with. I dried off while trying to stay covered and not looking like I was trying to cover up. It wasn't easy. The girl told me she was going to wash out their clothes and asked me if I wanted to join her. She said she knew I must have stuff to wash too. I kinda wanted to put something on even if it was dirty, but I didn't want them to think I was some dumb kid, so I said sure.

She gathered up their clothes and the towels and got more clothes from their packs. I asked Bob if he wanted me to wash out his clothes and he smiled and said yes like I was doing him a big favor. I stuffed my panties in the middle of the stack of clothes and me and the girl walked to the water. We went to a little stream flowing away from the pond. She showed me how she washed and I washed the same way.

Once done we walked back to the tents. Bob and the other guy had put up ropes, like a clothesline, to hang the wet stuff. They hadn't dressed yet, which surprised me until I realized none of us had anything to put on! There wasn't much any could do, so we just spent the rest of the evening naked. I was kinda embarrassed, but the others acted like nothing was different. I tried my best not to look nervous and, by the end of the night, it didn't really bother me

To say I was flustered when my friends showed up is an understatement. I was fine, but I wasn't sure how Patty would be with it. I was going to say something, but Patty really surprised me and jumped in saying all was OK. I remember how nervous she had been with me at first. I guess she's far more mature than I gave her credit for.

We swam around a while, then got out. I expected Patty to dress then, but once again she surprised me. She stayed naked and even asked if I wanted her to wash our clothes. I just nodded – I was speechless. It meant we would have nothing to put on all night. I guess she liked being a naturalist. I never would have guessed.

I kept watching Patty for any signs of discomfort, but she seemed quite content and not phased at all about everyone being nude. We ate, then sat around talking. Patty was very relaxed and seemed to enjoy their company. As the evening wore down, we were all tired and decided sleep was in order.

As soon as we got into the tent, Patty told me she had to pee. I was going to go with her, but she said she'd be fine. She was just going beside the tent anyway. I reluctantly let her go, but became a little concerned when she wasn't back immediately. After about 5 minutes she crawled back in.

“They're doing it,” she whispered. When I asked what she softly giggled and answered, “You know what I mean...” I became aware of the sounds coming from the other tent and then understood – the sounds of sex. They were evidently going to have sex right there. Their noises increased as they got more into it.

Patty was laying next to me spoon style, my hand was resting on her stomach. She lifted her leg and pushed my hand down between her legs. She was soaking wet and I understood exactly what she wanted.

It was fun being naked all night with Bob's friends. I was still a little nervous, but they were so relaxed about it. After a while I relaxed too, but it was still weird to look at them and see everything. I couldn't help looking at the guy, and the girl too. I hope they didn't notice.

I got nervous again when it was time to go to sleep. They didn't seem to mind me being naked, but what would they think about me sleeping that way with my uncle? When we got into the tent I told Bob I had to pee because I wanted to here if they'd say anything. Bob offered to go with me, like he usually did, but I said no and that I would be fine, so he let me go alone.

When I got outside, I went to the side of the tent and looked over at the other tent. It was dark out, but the moon was pretty bright and the fire was still going a little, so I could see in their tent. They had the flap wide open. They guy was on his back and the girl was on her side next to him. His legs were apart so I could see everything... including his hard thing! The girl was rubbing it.

I knew I shouldn't, but I watched them. Suddenly the girl looked right at me! I thought she'd yell or something, but she just smiled and kept rubbing the guy. The guy said something, but it was too soft for me to hear. The girl climbed over him so she was straddling him, then looked over her shoulder at me and smiled again. The next thing I knew she bent down, aimed the guys thing right at her..., then sat down so his thing went into her!

I wanted to watch more, but I heard Bob moving and didn't want him to come out, so I went back in the tent. I could still hear them doing stuff and it made me sooo horny. Bob's hand was on my stomach, so I pushed it between my legs. I wanted him to do me in the worst way; he does it so good.

He started rubbing me and I felt him get hard. I pushed my butt back so he'd know I knew he was hard. He felt so good. I thought about the guys thing going into the girl. I don't know why I did it, but I pushed forward and reached behind me, grabbed Bob's thing, and put it between my legs. I couldn't believe how good it felt rubbing against me. I thought about putting it in, but I was scared. If Bob put it in, though, I wouldn't have stopped him. I was that turned on.

I kept moving back and forth on his thing and had a huge climax. My hips wouldn't stop moving. I put my hand down to feel Bob and suddenly he climaxed too. His cum went all over my hand, but I didn't care. I realized there were no more sounds. I guess I fell asleep because the next thing I remember was morning again.

**Chapter 14**

As usual I was the last one up. It surprised me when I peeked out of the tent and everyone was still naked. It didn't bother me anymore, so I just crawled out of the tent and sat down on a rock. Bob told me the clothes weren't dry yet, so we couldn't dress. I kinda wanted to stay nude anyway, so it was OK.

We had breakfast and then the other couple started breaking down their tent. It's kinda embarrassing to admit, but it was fun watching the guy's thing swing around while he worked. They got everything packed except their clothes, which hadn't dried still. “Oh well,” the girl laughed. “I like hiking naked anyway.” They just tied their clothes to their backpacks.

I wouldn't have minded if they stayed, but they wanted to go someplace else. We were saying good bye when the girl whispered to me, “I saw you watching last night.”

I got all embarrassed and blushed. “I'm sorry! I know I shouldn't have, but...” I answered.

“It's OK!” she interrupted. “I actually liked you watching. It turned me on. Sometimes I like to watch too.”

I still felt kinda guilty for spying, but at least she didn't mind. For a while after they left we just sat there and then Bob asked me what I'd like to do for the day. His question made me giggle and blush. I'm glad he couldn't read my mind. I asked him if we could explore the area some. He answered sure we could once our clothes were dry.

I felt daring and the other couple left naked, so I said why wait, we can go naked. He laughed and said OK, so we started out.

We had all gotten up except for Patty. Unfortunately our clothes weren't dry yet and I hoped Patty would be OK with that. She finally stuck her head out of the tent and I gave her the bad news about the clothes. She just smiled and crawled out of the tent anyway. I kind of suspected she liked the naturalist way of life.

After we ate my friends said they were going to head out again. It was Patty who actually told them they could stay if they wanted. I didn't expect that. I thought she'd be relieved not having to run around naked in front of people she hardly knew. When we said out goodbyes, Patty suddenly turned bright red and blurted, “I'm sorry!” I didn't hear what was said before or after that. I was told Patty seemed quite mature and they liked her by each of my friends after. When I asked what Patty was sorry about I was just asked not to bring it up to her and all was fine.

They left and I finished my coffee. Patty seemed quiet so I asked her what she wanted to do for the day. She giggled and seemed to slightly blush. I didn't know why the question embarrassed her, but she told me she wanted to hike around the area. I knew her clothes weren't dry, so I said we could leave once they were dry. I guess she didn't want to wait and seemed ready to just head out nude. It obviously didn't bother her being nude and it didn't bother me, so we headed out.

I spent most of my time watching Patty. She looked so natural walking around the forest nude without a care in the world. It was like she was some elf who had no idea what clothes even were. During one of our rest stops, she came up to me, hugged me, and told me she was glad I brought her. She liked spending time with me and being naked just made it better.

After a few hours we wandered back to camp and ate lunch, cleaned up, and went swimming. I was a bit tired, so I climbed up on the rock to lay in the sun. Patty joined me. For a while we lay there in silence. “Do I have a nice body?” she asked. I answered her she had a very nice body. “My boobs aren't that big,” she stated. I told her she was fine, hers were almost as big as our guest's had been, and I suspected hers were as big if not bigger than her friends. She giggled and admitted they were.

She went quiet for a while, then began talking again. “Do you like girls with hair down there?” I didn't quite know how to answer, so I asked her what she thought. “I don't know...” then added that girl had a lot more than I do, but my mom doesn't have any. She shaves it off. I don't know what I like best. I couldn't wait 'till I got hair. Now I don't know if I want it or not.”

It was fun walking around the woods. I had thought it would be embarrassing walking around naked, but I really liked it. Bob, of course, could see me, but I could see him too. It kinda felt free not having clothes. I had never been so deep in the woods before. It was like we were the only ones on earth.

We got back to camp about lunch time. Bob made some of his mre things and we ate. It was then swim time. We spent a few hours swimming around and I got so tired. Bob climbed up on the rock and I laid down beside him. He had his eyes closed, but I kept looking at his thing. It's so neat! I love seeing his body and wondered what he thought about mine, so I asked him.

He liked my boobs and even like my hair down there, even though I still don't have much. I'm still not sure if I want hair or not. I wish I knew what Bob wanted. I'd shave it off for him or let it grow real bushy if he liked that better. I tried to get him to talk, but he didn't say much.

Bob must have fallen asleep because he stopped talking and didn't answer when I asked him another question. I started thinking about the night before and watching that couple actually do it. It kinda made me horny so I reached down and started rubbing. Being naked outside in the forest just made me hornier. It seemed like in no time I climaxed, but I was still horny.

I looked over at Bob and he was still sleeping. His thing was in plain sight, so I reached over and started playing with it. When I started it was soft, but then began to get stiff. Pretty soon it was sticking up straight and he moaned a bit. I wanted him to cum, so I brought my head down ad put his thing in my mouth. I know he likes that. His hand went to my hair and he started squirming.

Suddenly he shot his stuff in my mouth. I knew what to expect now, so I began to swallow. I could hear him breathing really hard. My mouth kept filling. I couldn't believe how much cum he had. He must have really needed it. Finally he finished. I let his thing drop out of my mouth and looked up at him. “You're really getting good at that,” he said. Wow, did that make me feel good.

He rested for a moment and then said, “Now it's my turn,” and rolled me onto my back. He pushed my legs up and out so far my knees were almost to my shoulders. I would have been embarrassed, but I knew what he was going to do. He bent down and as soon as his tongue touched me down there it was like an electric shock. Oh... did it ever feel good!

I've rubbed myself a lot, but I never dreamed something could feel as good as him licking me. I couldn't help it. I pushed my butt up so I was mashing against his face. Even though I had just climaxed before I made him cum, my tinglie feeling was like a volcano erupting. I climax so hard when he licks me! I just kept going and going. I almost felt like I was going to pass out when he finally sat up.

He let my legs go, but I didn't close them. I just put my feet down on the rock and stayed wide open so he could look at me. I have always been a little embarrassed when someone sees me, even with my friends, but Bob looking at me makes me tinglie, even right after I climax. I looked down and he was hard again. I wondered if he was going to put his thing in me now. It was really weird because I wasn't scared this time. I kinda wanted him to do it. I kept my legs open and watched him. All he had to do was lay down on top of me.

I must have fallen asleep. I don't know for how long, but I woke up to Patty playing with my cock, but in my still half asleep mind, I didn't realize it was her even though she was the only other one around. My eyes were still closed when I felt a pair of wet lips close around my cock.

I opened my eyes to see a little waif-like body crouched down with her head in my crotch. I have no idea how she learned to do what she was doing, but it was one of the best blowjobs I ever received. I tried to hold back to savor the feelings, but my cock exploded before I could even warn her.

Having no control my cock pumped cum into her waiting mouth. She didn't gag, chock, or anything like that, just swallowed all I could pump out. I ended up feeling completely spend and very satisfied. Patty looked up at me smiling like she was proud of her accomplishment, which she had every right to be.

Slowly my head cleared. I wanted to give her the same enjoyment she had given me. I rolled her onto her back and pushed her legs up and out. She looked at me smiling with no indication of embarrassment at all. Her pussy was glistening it was so wet.

I bent down and began licking her. She must have really needed release because almost immediately her hips began to bounce. I was afraid she'd end up bruised she was banging against the rock so hard. Her breathing became ragged and suddenly she sucked in air like it was her last breath. I knew she was climaxing and it wasn't just a little one. She was gasping for air and her body was almost vibrating..

Her movements began to slow and I could tell she had enough, so I stopped licking and slowly sat up, releasing her legs as I did. Her knees flopped open as her feet came in contact with the rock. She made no effort to hide herself or move; just stayed still looking at me.

My cock had already stiffened again. I looked down at her, her body, then at her face. She had one of those Mona Lisa smiles. I had all I could do to stop myself from taking her right then. I still wasn't sure if it was the right time or not. She looked so inviting. I knew I had to do or say something or it was going to happen right then. “Shall we go get something to eat?” I asked softly.

Her expression changed to almost a disappointed look, but maybe I was just imagining things. She didn't immediately answer, just stayed quiet and maybe unintentionally, but continued to look like maybe it was the right time. Finally she muttered, “Yeah... We probably should,” and sat up.

**Chapter 15**

I made us supper, but couldn't get Patty out of my mind. Had she really been “inviting” me, as she appeared to be doing? Is that why her expression changed when I suggested we eat? I wish I knew for sure. With any one else, I probably would have found out right then and there.

We ate, still nude. Patty didn't give me any hints at all about what she wanted. I thought of just asking her, but changed my mind. If I was reading her wrong, I didn't want her to do something just because she thought it's what I wanted. Of course, I did want it, but not at her expense.

I noticed Patty seemed completely comfortable being nude now. There was no small gestures trying to cover herself or no nervous giggles. She seemed natural now. We cleaned up and then sort of straightened out the camp. It hadn't gotten dark, but we settled down near the fire.

For a while we were quiet, then Patty hit me with a question. “Do you think I'm sexy?” I told her simply yes, hoping she'd get off that subject. “I mean like adult sexy, not like little girl sexy.” she continued. Again I said yes and clarified I did mean “adult sexy”, as she put it. She paused for a moment, then continued. “Do you think I'm old enough to do it?”

That bomb stunned me and I wasn't sure how to answer. I thought about it for a moment, then answered, “That's a question I can't answer. No one can answer it for you really. It's something you have to answer for yourself. Are you mature enough for sex? Does the person you may do it with care about you and not just about sex?” I paused to see if she'd say anything, but she remained silent. “Have you lost your virginity yet?” She shook her head. “Why did you ask if I thought you were old enough?”

“I don't know...” she mumbled, then paused. “I almost did it, but then it didn't happen.”

“Is that good or bad? Did you want to?” I asked. I was curious about the when, where, and who, but she didn't offer the information and I didn't want to pry.

“I don't know...” she repeated, then looked down. “I guess I kinda wanted to... I wasn't scared or anything. I suppose I was ready, but he didn't do it,” she confessed.

“Well, when the time is right, it will happen. Don't worry about when that will be, you'll know when the time comes.” I told her. She just sat in silence for a few minutes obviously deep in thought. She then stood and informed me she wanted to wash up before we went to bed and walked down to the pond. I didn't follow, but let her go alone. I did watch her, but she seemed to want to be by herself at the moment.

Bob was kinda quiet as we ate. After we cleaned up some, then just sat by the fire. I wish I knew what he was thinking. I thought back earlier to when we were on the rock. I wish he had done more. It made me wonder if he wanted to do more.

I asked him if he thought I was sexy. Maybe he thought I was too much of a kid or something, but he said I was sexy and not like a kid, so it wasn't that. Next I asked him if he thought I was too young. His answer seemed to make sense, but I still didn't know what he was thinking. He asked if I was still a virgin, so I told him I was, but I almost wasn't. What I didn't tell him was he was the one I almost did it with. Everything else was the truth though.

He said a bit more, but nothing that gave me any hint about what he really thought. I wanted to think, so I told him I wanted to wash. I wandered down to the pond and sat down in the shallows. I wanted to make sure I was clean for him, so I started washing down there.

I had never put more than one finger in and I knew he was bigger than that. I tried two and they went in easy, until I hit my hymen. I then tried three and they went in OK too, so I thought he wasn't too big for me. It would hurt when he broke my hymen, that much I knew, but every girl has to do that the first time. One of my friends had already done it lots of times with her brother. She told me it hurt the first time, but after that it really felt good and she liked doing it as often as she could.

For a while I just sat there thinking... and rubbing myself because it felt good. I was really getting into it when Bob asked if I was OK. I wish he knew how OK I really was. I stopped rubbing because I didn't want him to see me and walked back up to the fire. I don't know how long I was down at the pond, but it was starting to get dark.

I watched Patty as she walked to the pond and sat at the water's edge. She was moving as she washed herself, but then stopped. It seemed like it had been maybe ten minutes and I hadn't noticed her moving and the sun was setting.

I called to her to see if she was OK and it was then I saw her hand move away from her pussy. I had obviously caught her masturbating, which didn't bother me except for the fact I had probably embarrassed her. That bothered me. I was sitting on the end of a log. We had set them up as seats. She walked over and sat down on my leg, not saying anything.

I was wondering what she was thinking when she stood up and took my hand. “Come to bed with me?” she asked. We had been sleeping together every night, naked, but this was the first time she had asked. We walked together to the tent and she climbed in first, still holding my hand. I slid in after her, she let go of my hand and placed her hand on my chest guiding me down on my back.

She moved to her side, but still hadn't spoken. It sort of surprised me when she reached for my cock, deliberately this time instead if timidly. She began stroking it and it immediately responded. Her eyes were focused on my hard member and I wondered what she was going to do.

I didn't have long to wait. Patty climbed over me and straddled me. That is when she made her intentions quite obvious. She lifted up, aimed my cock, and slowly lowered herself onto it. I was barely in her when she stopped and I felt her cherry. She maintained a steady pressure on herself before easing back again. Once more she pushed down and again stopped.

I knew what she was trying unsuccessfully to do and wanted to make it as easy as I could for her.

Bob was sitting by the fire when I walked back up from the pond. I sat on his leg trying to muster my courage. I wished he would just do me, but I remembered what he told me too. If I wanted this to happen I would have to start it myself. I wanted it sooo bad I just stood up, took his hand, and asked him to come to bed. I couldn't believe I could ask, but I did.

We walked to the tent holding hands. I went in first, then pulled him in. He started to lay on his side, but I pushed him so he went on his back. I looked down and his beautiful thing was right there. I remembered what the girl did the night before. It was time to get him hard so it would go in. I reached out, grabbing him, and started stroking him. He must have been horny too because he got hard real fast.

Once he was hard there was only one thing left to do. I straddled his legs, but hung on to his thing. Now was the time... I lifted, aimed him towards me, and lowered down. He went right in and it felt wonderful, but I couldn't get him in very far at all. I tried pushing down, but it hurt. I knew it would hurt and expected it to, so I tried again, but I just couldn't.

I was about to give up when he asked, “Want me to help?” Of course I did, but I just nodded. He lifted me up and rolled at the same time and I ended up under him. I opened my legs for him expecting him to go in me, but he knelt up instead. I was disappointed when he scooted back a little then he bent down and started licking me.

I love when he does that! I'd never wear pants again and I don't care who saw me if he'd lick me all the time. I climaxed almost immediately, but it was only a small one. He kept licking and I felt another coming. He stopped and sat up though. “Ready?” he asked. Of course I was! I just said, “Yes,” though. He laid back down on top of me and I felt his thing almost going in me. “You sure? You don't have to...” he started, but I stopped him by saying “Yes!” again.

Suddenly he pushed and his thing rammed into me. I yelped, but mainly because it surprised me, even though I knew it was coming. It hurt, but not nearly as bad as I thought it would. “You OK?” he gasped.

I smiled as best I could. I didn't dare say anything because I thought my voice might crack, so I just nodded. Slowly he began pushing again. It felt like I was being filled up. I wondered if he could fit it all in when he stopped pushing. “You still OK? I'm all the way in,” he asked softly.

“Yes, but don't move yet, OK? I want to just feel you,” I answered, but I was actually a little scared that if he moved it might hurt. I guess my body wasn't scared because my hips began to move some. He felt great in me, but even better moving. I couldn't stop myself. He began moving too.

This wasn't just tingling, this was an eruption and suddenly I exploded. As I experienced the climax of a lifetime Bob kept pumping. My climax didn't end though. It kept going wave after wave. The next thing I felt was his thing kinda twitch. I guess he climaxed and his cum made me really slippery. That made me climax again!

Pretty soon after Bob stopped pumping. He started to pull out of me, but I grabbed him and said, “Nooo!” He felt so good I wanted him to stay in. He stopped moving, but his thing slipped out anyway. I asked him to keep it in, but he said he couldn't. He rolled off me and I grabbed his thing, but it was all soft. I stroked it to make it hard again, but he stopped me.

“I need a little time to recover,” he chuckled. “Guys go soft after they climax. It takes time for them to get hard again.” I was disappointed, but there was nothing I could do about it I guess. I could feel his cum start to dribble out of me, so I reached into my pack and got a tissue. I just opened my legs and wiped myself. I wasn't even embarrassed. What was left to hide or be embarrassed about?

When I broke Patty's cherry, it bothered me some. I hated hurting her even though it couldn't be avoided. I guess it wasn't too bad because she really got into it quickly. I don't know how many times she climaxed, but I know it was more than one.

When I finally shot my load I started pulling out, but she pushed up and stopped me telling me she wanted me to stay in her. I wish I could have, but nature was in control and I shrunk up and fell out anyway. She started stroking me to get me hard again, but discomfort made me stop her as I explained I needed some time.

She finally relented and pulled a tissue out of her pack and wiped herself, then settled back down and began playing with my cock and balls. At least she wasn't stroking me and it did feel nice. I let her lazily play.

I don't know if I dozed off or not, but the next thing I was aware of she was climbing back on top of me. My cock was hard again and easily slipped into her. She didn't start fucking though. “You feel so good inside me,” she purred and she settled down.

It wasn't long before she began moving again, her hips slowly rising and falling as my cock massaged her insides. Her pace quickly escalated until she was pumping for all she was worth again. I heard her breath catch as she seemed to climax again. She began pumping madly, then pausing, then pimping again.

She grunted 2 or 3 more times, seemingly climaxing each time until I finally shot off again. After that she settled once more, with me deep inside her. Again I must have dozed off. I awoke after it was completely dark out. Patty was asleep, but still on top of me. I pulled the blanket over both of us and went to sleep again.

**Chapter 16**

Either I slept later than usual or Patty woke earlier, but when I opened my eyes Patty was looking at me with a big smile. She was still on top of me. She felt so comfortable there. Of course, we were both nude and, as usual, I woke with a hardon. It was between her legs, but it was too late to be worried about that. As the fog cleared from my head I became aware of her slight movements rubbing my cock between her legs.

“Morning,” I groggily mumbled, making her smile more. “Sleep well?”

“Yes! You're really comfortable as a mattress,” she giggled.

“How you feel? Any regrets?” I asked.

“None at all! ...and I feel good,” she grinned. “Well, I am kinda sore, but it was worth it. Um... I'm kinda horny though. I wish I wasn't so sore.”

“I'm not surprised you're sore. For your first time you did quite a lot,” I comforted.

“Did I do good?” she asked and I nodded. “I want to do it again and again and again... but not right now. I wish I wasn't sore. I'm horny.” She paused, looked like she was deep in thought, then put her head down on my chest. “Have you ever done a girl in the butt?”

I wasn't prepared nor did I expect her to ask me about my love life, but she deserved an answer, so I muttered, “Yes.” She asked if I liked it and again I muttered yes. She then asked if the girl liked it. “She seemed to, but I can't speak for her really,” I answered, not sure what to say.

Patty just looked at me for a while. Her hips were still moving slightly, massaging my cock. “Can we try?”

I woke up first today. I was still on top of Bob. He felt so good. His thing was hard, even though he was still sleeping. It was right between my legs pressing against me. Even after all we did last night feeling him there made me horny all over again. I wanted to just put him in me, but I was still sore.

I didn't want to wake Bob up because it was nice watching – and feeling – him. As sore as I was I couldn't help but rub against him. I don't know if that woke him, but his eyes opened and he smiled at me. I guess he liked it too. We talked a little and he asked if I regretted the night before. Silly man! If he only knew how long I wanted that.

I wanted to do something though, so I asked him if he had ever done a girl in the butt. A few times he's put his finger in there and I liked it and my friend told me she does it that way all the time. He said he had and he liked it. I was afraid he wouldn't. He said the girl liked it too, so I asked if we could try it.

He said sure, then asked if I really wanted to. I told him I liked his finger in there, so yeah. He started explaining that he was lots bigger than his finger, it might hurt, and stuff. I wish he'd stop worrying about me and just do it. I told him again I wanted to try.

He tossed the blanket off us and then reached for his pack and pulled out a first aid kit, why I had no idea. He opened it, took out a little tube and squirted it on his finger. The next thing I know he was pulling my butt cheeks apart and his finger touched my rear hole. When I asked him what he was doing, he explained he was lubing me up so he would go in easier. That made sense. Maybe him worrying about me isn't such a bad thing after all.

The lube stuff made me all slippery back there. It felt good to have him touching me, so I just relaxed. He rubbed outside for a while, then pushed his finger in. He was right. It just slipped in easily and wow did it feel good. My body must have liked it because my hips pushed up against his finger. He pushed all the way in and I tingled all over.

I remembered that I had a small tube of petroleum jelly in the first aid kit. I knew she's need something to lube her with, so I grabbed it as I tossed the blanket off us. I squeezed a dab on my finger and reached for Patty's ass. It surprised me that her hole didn't pucker up when I touched it.

I started slowly spreading the lube around. Her hips began slightly moving as I rubbed. Sensing the time was right I pushed my finger in. At first I heard her breath catch as I pushed in, but she quickly settled and I thought I sensed her ass push up. My finger pushed in as far as I could shove it, testing her. She just nestled down on my chest.

To be on the safe side, I pulled my finger out and she made a protesting noise. I squirted more of the jelly onto my finger and returned it to her opening. This time she actually pushed up impaling herself as I pushed in. I rubbed a second finger around her opening, pulled back the finger in her, then put both fingers together and pushed in. I wanted to make sure she could take my cock.

Again, I slipped in easily. I sensed no protest or discomfort from her. She was pumping against both fingers. When I pulled out, her ass rose seemingly trying to capture my fingers again. I rubbed my hard cock with my now slippery fingers and then aimed.

“Ready?” I whispered, but she made no response. I touched her opening with my cock, moved one hand to her ass, then positioned the other to guide me in, if that was her desire. She still hadn't moved – neither pulled away nor pushed down. I wasn't sure what she was thinking, but I was too horny to care.

Slowly I pushed forward. At first she seemed to cave in against my cock, then it popped in making her gasp. “You OK? You still want to do it? Do you want me to stop?” I asked as I froze, not moving at all.

Bob had pulled his finger out of me – not what I wanted at all. I saw him squirt more of the lube stuff on his finger and then reach back for my butt. As soon as he touched back there I pushed back so he'd go back in me. It was so nasty, so perverted, so slutty, so deliciously naughty. I loved it. I never dreamed having my butt fingered could feel so good. I could already feel a climax coming.

His finger felt bigger this time, but that wasn't a bad thing at all. He seemed to stretch me more and it felt even better. Too soon his finger pulled out and then I felt what had to be his thing touch me. I didn't dare move. I wanted him to do it, but I was a little nervous and scared too. I just waited for him to go in.

He slowly pushed. He wasn't going in though and I wondered if he could fit or not. Maybe it was too small back there? A minute later I had my answer. He suddenly just popped in making me jump. It did hurt a little though, like I was being stretched open but not that much. It just surprised me. He felt huge, even bigger than he had in my front.

Bob must have heard me gasp or something because he stopped moving and asked if I was OK and if I wanted to stop. I just said, “Do me.” His hips moved and he pushed in deeper. It was almost like he was doing my front, but different somehow. He started slowly pumping. He didn't seem to be going in too deep, but I felt so full.

Pretty soon it didn't hurt at all, but I still felt full. I could feel my climax coming. As full as I was, I wanted more. He wasn't going in any deeper though. I guess it was because I was laying on his chest. I rose up a little and he seemed to go deeper. I thought if I sat up he'd really go in deep, so I did. He stopped moving and went in really far. I could feel him in my butt, in my front, all over!

I started moving up and down on him and he began moving again. It was like I was on a bucking bronco. When I pushed down, he pushed up, slamming into me and bouncing me. My body suddenly exploded. He just kept pumping and I felt another climax coming. My head was bumping the top of the tent, but I didn't care. I exploded again.

Suddenly I became a lot more slippery and I thought I could feel his thing kinda pulsing inside me. I was wondering what was happening when I realized he must be climaxing. His thing was shooting stuff inside me. That made me climax a third time.

Bob stopped moving and so did I. I leaned back and at the same time he brought his knees up and I ended up with a backrest. It was so comfortable sitting there with him still inside me. I looked at Bob and he was smiling. It made me smile too. I could have sat like that all day, but I could feel him shrinking. I knew he would fall out of me soon. “You happy?” he asked.

“Yes,” I giggled, “But you're falling out.” He frowned and said he was sorry, but there was nothing he could do about it. I knew he couldn't help it too, so I told him it was OK, but later I wanted to do stuff again. He laughed and told me I was just a horny girl, which made me laugh because I guess it was true.

As expected, he fell out of me. I tried to keep him in as long as I could, but he did fall out of me anyway. I was happy though, or at least not horny. I sat there for a few minutes just looking at him, but then I had to go to the bathroom... fast. I jumped up and ran around to the back of the tent and squatted. It must have been his cum coming out, which wasn't bad, but then I had a big fart.

“Feel better?” I looked up and Bob was laughing at me. I blushed and apologized, but he told me that would happen sometimes when I did it in my butt. As he put it, “It comes with the territory.” When I farted again it really made me blush, but he was starting the fire again so didn't hear I guess. He didn't say anything.

“I'm hungry,” I told him. He said he was making something to eat. “Can we stay naked again today?” I asked. He smiled and nodded. I never wanted the week to end.

**Chapter 17**

Patty wanted to stay naked, which didn't bother me at all. I had stayed nude camping before, but it surprised me when she asked. I thought most girls wanted to stay covered all the time. She seemed quite relaxed though.

We had a leisurely breakfast, then cleaned up after. I checked things over seeing we had to leave in the morning and tried to do as much as I could to be ready. I hadn't been paying attention to Patty at all and once I finished what could be prepared, turned to see her at the water's edge sunning herself.

She was on her back and, of course, still naked. She was young, but I was surprised at the body she already had. Her breasts were growing, her hips had taken on a woman's shape, and between her legs was a light brown, but obvious bush. I kept reminding myself that she was my young niece, but my cock wasn't listening and became hard.

Breakfast tasted real good that morning. I don't know why, maybe because I was so hungry, but it did. I helped Bob clean up after, then he said he wanted to make sure everything was done because we were leaving in the morning. I offered to help, but he said he could do it, so I went down by the water to work on my tan.

I was on my back and the sun felt so good. Naturally I was naked, but it was strange. I didn't feel naked. By now Bob had seen all of me, so there was no point in hiding anything from him and it was like we were the only 2 people in the world. No one else was around. It felt good having nothing on.

Although I was sunning myself, I was watching Bob too. He looked good naked, even better than when he is dressed. I could see his muscles as he moved around. I could see his thing between his legs too. It was just kinda swaying as it hung down. It's so weird how sometimes it can be just droopy and other times hard, bigger, and sticking up. I like seeing it.

Why don't boys wear tight clothes so girls can see their things? Girls wear bras so their boobs stick out so everyone can see them and tight pants so everyone can see their shapes. Boys always wear loose clothes so you can't tell what's in their pants. It's not fair.

I guess Bob finished what he was doing because he turned and looked right at me. I could tell he was checking me out, then he started to get hard! I couldn't believe it. I was making him hard. As I watched, his thing started to lift up and I could actually see him getting bigger. It took no time before he was completely hard and sticking straight up.

He said something, but I wasn't listening. Everything in me was focused on his stiffie.

In an attempt to control my body, I decided to go for a swim. Maybe the cool water would shrink my dick. I asked Patty if she wanted to join me, but she didn't answer. I headed down towards the water and noticed she was watching me.

I walked past her and her gaze followed me as I went into the water. “Are you going swimming?” she asked. I told her I was and had invited her to join me, but she didn't answer. For some reason that made her blush, but she stood up and waded into the small pond with me.

We swam around a bit and Patty stayed close to me. At one point I stopped swimming and stood up. The water was about shoulder height. My cock had softened until she swam up to me and wrapped her arms around my neck, her legs around my hips, and snuggled into my chest, mashing her boobs into me.

My cock immediately stiffened again, rising up and seating itself between her ass cheeks. She leaned back grinning at me and pushed down against it. She then rose up slightly, reached around behind her, grabbing my cock, and eased back down, obviously aiming my cock at her ass. “Don't move,” she mumbled as she lowered herself, holding my dick, until I felt it enter her. Her arm rose up and went around my neck again.

She was neck deep in the water. “Move in a little shallower,” she requested. I slowly walked toward the shore. As I did Patty lowered onto my cock. By the time her boobs surfaced I was fully into her. “Stop here,” she told me, so I did. “You feel good...” she mumbled. I started slowly pumping, but she stopped me. “Stay still.”

She leaned back, keeping her legs wrapped around me tightly and keeping me embedded inside her. “I feel stuffed!” she giggled. “You like being in me? Feel good?”

“Yes... It's especially good because it's you,” I smiled. Instinctively I began moving again.

“Stop. I want to do it. Stay still,” she ordered breathlessly. With her legs, she began releasing her body from mine, easing me out, then pulling back towards me, pushing me in again. She kept it up for a few minutes, then said, “This is too hard. Take me to the shore, but don't fall out!”

I wasn't horny... until I saw Bob get hard. As I watched it made me wet, but I was still a little sore. When he walked by me, all hard and stuff, I wanted to do it again like we had earlier.

He went in the water and asked if I wanted to. I followed him in. He swam around some and then stopped. I swam up to him and just wanted to hold his naked body with mine. I brushed against him and his thing was soft again. I still wanted to do stuff though.

I wrapped myself around him and the next think I knew was his thing was poking me in the butt. I reached down and he was stiff again, so I aimed him at my butt and pushed down. He went in really easy. It's funny how huge he feels in there. I was up to my neck in water, so asked him to go shallower. I didn't want to drown.

He started moving, but I wanted to do him this time, so I told him to stop. I started making him go in and out with my legs, but it was really hard. I told him to take me to the shore, but to stay in me. It was weird being carried in with his thing still in my butt. It really turned me on.

When we got onshore I asked him if he could get down on his back still holding me. He seemed to struggle a little, but managed to do it. He ended up flat on his back with me straddling him. For a while we just stayed like that. I noticed his eyes weren't looking at me. Instead he was staring at my pussy, which was wide open to him because of how I was sitting. Maybe I should have been embarrassed, but it made me horny instead. I liked him seeing me.

I started moving up and down again. He began to move too, but I asked him not to once more. I told him he always did me. I wanted to do him this time. He put his hands behind his head and said, “Go for it.” I started bouncing on his thing. It amazes me how big he feels in there. It didn't hurt, but I felt so full.

I watched his face. I could tell he was looking at my pussy, then looked at my boobs, then looked back down at my pussy again, smiling the whole time. I'm glad he likes my body even though I don't really look like a woman yet. He started breathing harder.

My body was getting all tinglie. His eyes began to close some. I knew he was really getting into it when he mumbled, “Yesss” and his nostrils flared. He started pushing up at me, but I didn't say anything. I don't think he knew he was doing it. I was all wet down there and knew if he was doing me I'd probably be moving too.

I was having a hard time concentrating on what I was doing to him. I could feel my orgasm coming really fast. Suddenly he pushed up hard and I felt his thing twitching inside me. I got really slippery back there too, so knew he was squirting his stuff. I let myself go and my body exploded.

I don't really know what happened after that for a while. I guess we both orgasmed. Eventually we both stopped moving and his knees came up behind my back. I leaned back and pushed my butt down so he'd stay in me. I could see he was looking at my pussy again. Girls aren't supposed to show, but I wanted him to see, so I kinda opened my legs as much as I could.

Carrying Patty out of the water with my cock embedded in her ass was strange. She felt so good. Once out of the water, she wanted me down on my back, which was harder than I thought to do, but somehow I managed. Once down, we sort of relaxed, if you can call ass fucking a girl, but not really moving relaxing.

I looked over her body. She was young, but it surprised me at how nice looking she really was and how uninhibited she seemed. She was naked, but wasn't trying to hide her nakedness at all. Her legs were on either side of my hips giving me a good look at her pussy. Maybe something is wrong with me, but she looked really good to me. She was really turning me on.

Patty slowly began to rise up and then settle back down moving my cock in and out of her ass. As much as I didn't want her to become “sexual” to me, I couldn't help but respond. I felt my climax building. Suddenly I shot my load. As I did, Patty seemed to climax as well. I seemed to cum forever, filling her ass with my cum.

Eventually we both slowed down until all movement stopped. I brought my knees up and she leaned back like she was sitting in a lounge chair. Again, with her legs splayed, my attention was drawn to her pussy. It startled me when she moved and I expected her to close her legs or something. Instead she opened them more. As she did I looked up at her face to see her smiling.

“Do you like looking at me?” she asked. I guess I stammered as I had know idea how to answer. “I guess I'm not supposed to, but I like you seeing me,” she blushed. All I could do was smile back at her. Her gaze dropped down. “I kinda like looking at you too. I wish we could spend the rest of our lives naked so I could always see each other,” she confessed.

**Chapter 18**

It was lunch time, so we ate, cleaned up, then just lounged around. It was fun watching Bob naked. Sometimes he was hard, sometimes he was soft. When he was soft his thing would swing around when he walked. I don't know why, but that made me a little horny, but my body was kinda used up for the day.

I like being naked. It makes me feel good and I kinda like Bob seeing me. It's weird. I used to be shy about him seeing, now it excites me. I even open my legs “accidentally” sometimes so he can see my pussy. It makes me wet. I just wish I wasn't sore.

When we went to bed, still naked, of course, Bob told me we couldn't play that night because we had to get up early and we'd be doing a lot of walking. We put out what we would wear in the morning and packed everything else, except the tent and a blanket.

In the morning we dressed. I wore a top, panties, jeans, but no bra. Why bother with one? It was really strange, it felt odd being dressed. We walked, and walked, and walked! We only stopped once so we could pee and stuff, and then stopped for maybe a half hour for lunch. The afternoon got warm, so I made Bob stop again so I could take off my jeans. This time it was no big deal wearing just panties and a top.

After doing her ass, twice before lunch, Patty seemed more content and more or less let me be. We stayed nude though, at her request. I know she likes looking at me and I suspect she likes me looking at her. Occasionally she would spread her legs wide open, almost showing off, and would have a big grin on her face. It sure beat camping alone for the week.

That night, as soon as we went to bed, her hand was at my cock. As much as I would have liked to fool around, I told her no. We had a long hike tomorrow and part of the next day to go home. She sort of pouted, but fell asleep maybe 15 minutes later.

In the morning we had a quick breakfast, knocked down the tent, and stowed it and our blanket and we were off. I knew we had a long hike ahead of us, so I pushed, only stopping once before lunch. After lunch Patty made me stop after maybe a half hour. It surprised me when she took off her jeans and headed back out wearing just panties.

She wasn't affected by her “exposure” at all. It made me feel good she was so relaxed with me. She acted like she was just wearing shorts, even though we both knew she wasn't. I could tell she was getting tired later on. She wanted to stop more and our pace had slowed considerably. It was maybe about 6:00 when we stopped to eat again. Patty looked exhausted. I decided to spend the night where we were.

It seemed like we walked a lot further heading home than when we arrived. Bob asked me if I minded instead of unpacking the tent and setting it up, would I mind sleeping under the stars with just a blanket over us. At that point I didn't care. I walked enough for one day!

We ate, cleaned up, and Bob suggested we just go to bed then. I was tired of walking and my legs even hurt, so I told him that was fine. He also asked if I minded wearing the same clothes tomorrow instead of unpacking to get clean clothes and packing up the ones we were wearing. I didn't care about that either. I just wanted to go to sleep.

He spread the blanket on the ground. I stripped out of my clothes and dropped. I didn't care if I was in the middle of a town... Well, I guess I did, but it was just Bob and after the week, what was I going to hide? What more was he going to do to me? Nothing!

We ate a quick meal. I asked Patty if she minded sleeping under the stars and she said no. I then asked her if she was OK wearing the same clothes tomorrow and again she said it was OK. I was cleaning up after eating. I had already pulled the blanket out and spread it on the ground.

Patty really surprised me. I had planned on just sleeping in our clothes. She walked over to the blanket, put her pack down next to it, then proceeded to strip down to nothing. She put her top and panties on her pack, then curled up in the blanket nude. It amazes me how comfortable she is with me.

I finished up and put my pack next to hers. I too stripped down and crawled under the blanket with her. Unfortunately having a nude girl with me woke up my cock and it rose to the occasion. Patty was already asleep and I was tired as well, so just closed my eyes.

I don't remember anything after we ate except getting naked and going to bed. I wanted to do some stuff, but I guess I fell asleep before Bob got under the blanket. When I woke up it was already light out. Bob was curled around my backside still sleeping. He was naked too and his thing was hard. I didn't know boys got hard when they slept too. It was right in the crack of my butt and felt so good there.

I sorta started pushing against it, but I guess that woke Bob up. He just stirred at first, then mumbled, “We can't right now.” I wasn't sore any more and wanted to do it. It made me sigh. “We still have to hike out of here. If we start we'll never leave,” he chuckled. I guess I wasn't the only one who wanted it, but he was right.

We got up and dressed. It was nice, so I just put on my top and panties. My jeans were in my pack anyway and I didn't feel like pulling them out. For breakfast we had some kind of bar thing. Bob said he would buy me a good lunch at a restaurant. That sounded sooo good!

It seemed like only a few minutes before we were walking again. For some reason my pack seemed heavier today. We walked for 2 or 3 hours before Bob stopped to rest. He told me we were about 2 hours away from the car and maybe I should put on some pants. We were still in the middle of nowhere and hadn't seen a sole, so I decided to wait a while longer. It was so nice out.

I had just stood up to put my pack back on when I heard someone yell. “Hi!” I dropped to a crouch and madly opened my pack, pulling my jeans out. In my haste, I forgot about my boots until I went to put my legs in my jeans. Naturally I couldn't. I sat down and went through the work of unlacing my boots and pulling them off, something that seemed like it took forever.

With my boots finally off, I pulled my jeans on and was going to stand to pull them up and zip, when I saw two guys heading towards us. All I could do was stretch out on the ground and do them up, hoping they wouldn't see me. As I was doing the snap and zipper, I looked up to see the two men just a short distance away. I don't know what they saw.

It was nice waking up next to Patty and her gently humping against my stiff cock. Unfortunately I had to stop her as we had a long hike ahead of us and I knew if we started, we'd never get going. We dressed and got ready to start out. I was busy packing and not paying attention to Patty. It made me smile when I looked over and saw her in just a top and panties. I am really surprised she is that comfortable with me.

We covered quite a distance before we stopped to rest. I estimated we were about 2 hours away and told Patty it might be a good idea to put pants on. She wanted to wait until we got closer. What could I say? That was before a couple of hikers yelled “Hi!” to us from down the trail. I chuckled as Patty dropped to the ground and scrambled for her jeans. In her panic, she tried to put them on over her boots, which would never work, but managed to get the boots off and jeans on before the guys even saw her. She stood up blushing.

We said hi to each other as they passed and we headed down the trail. It wasn't more than 15 minutes later Patty told me she needed to take her pants off. When I asked why she told me her pants were full of dirt. There was a small pine grove which was very dense beside the trail, so we went into it.

Patty cautiously looked around and then took her boots off. When she lowered her pants, I could see the problem. The ground where she sat down must have been wet. Not only was there mud caked on her ass, but it was loaded with leaves, twigs, and all sorts of debris. The only solution was to take off her panties, get clean panties and jeans from her pack, and change.

She rejected that idea saying she wanted clean clothes to change into later, so just pulled her panties off as she had me shake out her jeans, getting the dirt out as best I could. She stuffed the dirty panties into the pack, pulled on her jeans, sans panties, laced her boots, and we were off again.

I didn't expect wearing jeans without panties would be so different. They were tight and one of the rivets was just over my love button. As I walked, it kept bumping me. It made me horny. I wish there was a place I could rub myself. I needed it bad.

It only took a couple more hours until we were at the car. Bob loaded our stuff in the trunk, talked to the ranger guy for a little while, then we headed out. He asked me what I wanted to eat. I felt so grubby I didn't want to go into a restaurant. I asked him if we could just go to a drive through fast food place and, maybe, stay in a motel for the night. We could get cleaned up, then go to a restaurant.

At first he said that would be silly. It was a drive to get back home, but we would be there before bedtime and I'd have plenty of time to clean up. I wanted to spend one more night with him, so kinda whined and said I wanted to shower now. He finally agreed. We passed a place that had those little cabins instead of rooms in a motel, so I said it looked nice. Bob said we could stay there if I wanted to.

It only took a few hours to make it back to the car. I loaded our stuff in the trunk, thanked my ranger friend, and we were off. It had been a great week and I was sorry to see it ending. I planned on getting a nice meal, then driving back home thinking we would arrive sometime in the early evening.

When I asked Patty what she wanted to eat, she surprised me by saying a fast food place. I would have chosen a nice restaurant, but went along with her. She suggested we get a motel, clean up, and then go to a restaurant after. At first I said no. It was crazy to stop when we were so close to home, but she really wanted to, so I agreed.

She picked out one of those cabin type motels instead of a modern one. That surprised me once more. It looked clean, even though older, so I let her have her way. The place only had one bed in the room, so the owner, after looking out and seeing Patty in the car, said he would let us have a roll away bed at no extra charge. He would bring it right away.

We went to our cabin. Patty asked why I got a roll away bed, so I explained. She giggled and asked if she had to use it. Naturally I said no, but we had to make sure it looked slept in. She understood.

As soon as I closed the door, Patty was stripping. Her clothes fell to her feet and she just giggled. There was a knock on the door, which made her jump. She ran in the bathroom. I grabbed her clothes, tossed them into the bathroom, then answered the door. The owner wheeled in the bed, set it up, then left.

After he left, Patty opened the bathroom door, still naked. She giggled that she needed help washing her hair and I needed a shower too, so...

**Chapter 19**

As soon as we got into our cabin, I stripped off my clothes. They were grubby and itchy with all the dirt in them. I kinda wanted to get naked for Bob too. I like when he sees me and gets all hard and stuff. The guy came with the bed, so I ran into the bathroom. Bob opened the door and threw my clothes in, then answered the door.

I could hear them talking as they set up the bed. It made me smile when the guy said something to Bob referring to me as his daughter. I heard him say “Bye”, then the door close. I opened the bathroom door a crack, looked, and saw the guy had left. I just opened the door, stood there naked, and asked Bob if he would help me wash my hair. A big smile came over his face and he said he would.

I just stood there and watched him undress. As I suspected, he was hard. I stepped aside, letting him walk into the bathroom. I still can't help but stare at his thing. It's so beautiful! He turned on the shower, adjusted it, then motioned for me to step in. He stepped in too.

I really wanted a shower, but his hard thing seemed to be calling me. I reached out and wrapped my hand around it. It was time for me to do something I had only done once before, but wanted to do it again. I was nervous, but knelt down in front of him. My hand was still on his thing. I aimed it towards me, then opened my mouth and leaned forward, taking him.

He's pretty big, so I had to open my mouth really wide. I looked at up at him and he was smiling. Hopefully I can make him cum! I wasn't sure exactly how to do it, but had heard some of the girls at school talking. They said the biggest thing was to not let your teeth touch him, so I tried to pay attention to that. I had tasted his cum before, so I kinda knew what to expect.

I started by just running my tongue around getting used to his thing in my mouth. I could kinda taste him already. I knew girls bobbed their heads back and forth, so I was doing that too. I tried to take him in further, but I started to gag, so stopped. I hope I'm doing it right I thought to myself.

His hips started moving back and forth, so I guess he likes it. My jaw was beginning to get sore though. “I'm gonna cum!” he blurted and then pulled away from me. I didn't let him go though. Suddenly he erupted and my mouth filled with cum. I swallowed, but it kept coming, faster than I could swallow, so some dribbled out.

Eventually he stopped squirting and backed away, pushing my head away from him. He kinda lifted me and then kissed me; I mean really kissed me!

Patty just stood there as I undressed. She seemed to like me looking at her, she's such a cutie, and, judging from the way she watched me, likes seeing me as well. Seeing her in all her glory, and nothing else, I was rock hard. By this time I wasn't worried about what she saw; she's seen it all anyway.

I adjusted the shower and invited her in. She stepped in and I followed. I reached for the shampoo and the next thing I knew she was kneeling in front of me. I put the shampoo back as she opened her mouth and swallowed my cock. The way she did it made me wonder how much she had done this before.

I can't believe how much she turns me on. In no time I felt my climax begin to bubble. I told her I was about to cum and backed away thinking she wouldn't want me cumming in her mouth, but she hung on to me and kept going. I didn't want to, but was beyond help and just erupted. It surprised me that she didn't release me then, but just swallowed.

My balls unloaded and she took all I gave her. When I stopped cumming and became sensitive, I lifted her and, in the heat of passion, kissed her deeply. She made no objection and seemed to melt in my arms. I finally came down to earth and realized what I was doing.

I was at a complete loss for words. Not knowing what else to do I reached for the shampoo, turned her so her back was toward me, and started washing her hair. It made me feel a bit uneasy knowing what we had just done and I wasn't sure how she would feel about it.

I rinsed her hair. She still hadn't given me any indication about how she was feeling. Without turning, she picked up one of the soap packets, opened it, and handed it to me over her shoulder. “Wash the rest of me,” she said softly.

I took the soap and began with her back. I could feel her relaxing. I did her arms before proceeding to her lower back. I knelt down, skipped her ass, and started washing her lower leg. She immediately spread her feet apart, giving me room. I worked to her upper thigh, then switched to the other leg. As I did she let out a small sigh.

When I reached the top of her second leg, her feet separated more. My hand slightly rubbed her pussy as I did her thigh tops before I moved to her ass. I soaped up my hands and began rubbing her ass cheeks. She has a great ass already. Feeling a bit daring, I slid a finger in between her cheeks as slowly ran it down. I detected her pushing back.

Once again I soaped up my hand and again slid a finger slowly down her ass cleft. As before, she seemed to push back again. On the way back up I stopped when my fingertip was at her rear opening and applied a slight pressure. This time there was no mistaking it. She pushed back. I pushed in a little more and my finger entered her.

A soft moan came out of her. Slowly I pushed in until my finger was completely in her. I could feel her ass quivering, but she made no effort it evade my invasion. I finger fucked her ass for maybe a minute before I pulled out and turned her to face me. Her eyes were half closed.

I rinsed my hands off, resoaped them, then reached for her tits. Her nipples were like little pebbles. I “washed” her breasts slowly, making sure they were very clean. As my hands drifted to her belly I noticed her chest heaving quite deeply. I did her belly, then moved lower.

When my hand slipped between her now wide open legs she practically squatted down. My hand moved back and forth as her pussy mashed against it. I rubbed for a while, then went to pull away from her. In a flash her hands grabbed my wrist, holding my hand between her legs.

I knew what she wanted. My fingers danced over her pussy. She released my wrist and reached for the wall, steadying herself. Quickly she escalated until she finally climaxed. I didn't stop and she seemed to keep climaxing. Eventually she pushed my hand away. For a while she just leaned on the wall with her eyes closed.

Her eyes fluttered, then open. A big smile grew on her face. “I'm hungry. Take me out to eat,” she giggled. We stepped out of the shower, dried off, then walked into the main room. She rummaged through her backpack and pulled out her clean jeans and a shirt. I say on the bed watching her naked form, still mesmerized by the fact I found her so attractive. She turned toward me, saying, “Do you mind if I don't wear a bra?”

“That's your decision,” I answered. She smiled and put her shirt on, then stepped into her jeans without bothering with panties. I stood and pulled clean clothes from my pack. She glanced over, saw my underwear, snatched it from me, and stuffed it back in my pack.

After our shower, and a little messing around, we dressed and went out to eat. I felt sexy, so didn't wear a bra or panties, Bob was going to put on undies, but I took them from him, so he didn't. It was fun knowing he wasn't wearing anything under his jeans.

The food at the little restaurant was sooo good! I don't know if it was really good or whether it was the first real meal I had in a week. I was stuffed when we finally left. We went back to out cabin and Bob flopped down on the bed and turned on the TV.

It was our last night together and I wanted it to be memorable. I went into the bathroom and brushed my teeth and stuff, then took my clothes off. I walked back into the room completely naked. Bob looked over at me and smiled. I made like I was going to get into the rollaway bed. He turned and watched the TV again. I didn't get in that bed though.

I ran over and jumped on him, immediately unbuttoning his shirt. Once that was off I scooted down some and undid his jeans. When I pulled his zipper down he was all hard. I had a hard time getting his pants off and ended up climbing off the bed and pulling the pantlegs from the end of the bed.

Finally I had him naked. I crawled back on him from the end of the bed. I was really horny, so grabbed his thing, aimed it, and sat down on him so his thing went right into my pussy. He feels so good! I almost climaxed right then, but didn't, so I started bouncing on him. He began to push up and it was like riding a bucking bronco. I started cumming in no time.

I felt Bob squirt in me after my second cum. I rolled off him and started playing with his soft thing. It's fascinating how it can be so hard and stuff, then just shrink down all soft and floppy. I wasn't really trying to make him hard again, just fooling around, but he started growing again.

He got real hard, then rolled over onto me. I opened my legs and he knelt between them. “You know what happens when girls make guys hard?” he smiled. I giggled and asked him what. “They get fucked,” he laughed.

“I made you hard. Does that mean you're going to fuck me?” I giggled. He had a big smile when he nodded. “Oh well... May as well do it,” I laughed.

He reached down and grabbed my legs behind my knees. He pushed up and out, opening me real wide. “Aim me,” he smiled as he leaned forward. I reached down, grabbed his thing, and pointed it at my pussy. He's always kinda held back with me, making me start everything, but not this time. He pushed forward and went all the way into me. It didn't hurt or anything, just surprised me.

For the first time he was really doing me! I loved it. I had just cum, two times, but I felt another coming fast. My body exploded! I don't think I even climaxed so hard. Bob kept on pushing into me and I did it again. I'm not sure what happened after that. I sorta just kept climaxing and Bob kept doing me.

I felt Bob cum in me then finally roll off me. I've never cum like that before. As my body settled I realized how sore I was. He really did me good, but it was worth getting sore. I rolled on my side and snuggled up to Bob. My hand drifted down to his again soft thing. It's probably bad, but I like playing with him, even when he's soft.

I must have fallen asleep. When I woke up the cabin was dark. Bob was sleeping next to me and my hand was still between his legs, but he was still soft. I looked over at the clock and it was 9:00. We had gotten back from the restaurant about 6. I started playing with him again.

I think he was still asleep, but his thing started to get stiff again and he began to stir. My pussy was really sore from before, but I wanted to do him again. His eyes opened and he looked at me. “Want more?” he smiled.

“Yeah, but I want it in my butt,” I giggled. I was going to crawl onto him, like we had before, but he rolled over and knelt between my legs. For a while he just smiled at me. “You gonna do my butt?” I giggled. “Lay down so I can get on you,” I said softly.

“Pull your legs up, like you did before,” he told me. I guess he wanted to do my pussy. I was sore, but wanted to do what he wanted, so I opened my legs. “Grab behind your knees and pull up,” he instructed. I guess I wasn't open enough, so I did it. “Pull up... More... Pull your knees to your shoulders.

I did what he asked and almost rolled into a ball, which I thought was strange. I finally realized what he was doing when he leaned forward a little, grabbed his thing, and I felt it touch my butt hole. I hadn't thought of doing it that way. He pushed forward slowly and I tried to relax so he would go in.

It hurt a little when he popped in, but not bad. He went really slow pushing in. I liked doing it this way. It was nice looking up and seeing him, knowing he was fucking me. He kept slowly pushing in and finally stopped. I guess he was all the way in. He feels so much bigger in the back than he does in the front. He stayed still, so I started moving as best I could, even though I couldn't really move much. I wanted him to do me though.

He must have taken the hint though. He moved his hand to my legs, just below where mine were, and started pushing in and out. I let go of my legs because he was now holding them. I couldn't move because he was pushing them down, but I didn't care. It was fun watching his face as he did me.

At first it was a little uncomfortable being folded up and his thing in my butt, but then it started to feel good. I was getting those tinglie feelings. I could feel a climax coming. My butt felt sooo full, but in a good way. I could tell Bob was really getting into it, which made me get into it more. I couldn't help myself. I reached down between us and started working my love button.

Suddenly my body exploded. Bob just kept ramming his thing into me with no sign of slowing down. My body kept on exploding. I couldn't catch my breath and I thought I was going to pass out. Finally he pushed in really hard and I could feel his thing pulsating inside me. I felt myself get slippery too, so I knew he was squirting. He slowed down and eventually stopped, but didn't pull out.

We didn't move and I was still kinda balled up, but felt good. I could feel him slowly easing out of me even though he wasn't moving. I tried to hold him, but he just plopped out. He rolled off me and I could finally stretch out. I wanted to cuddle, but I had to go to the bathroom fast.

I jumped up, ran to the bathroom, and sat down. As usual, I farted and it made me blush even though Bob had said it was normal. His cum dribbled out of both my butt and my pussy. Once I was done I wiped myself – both places. I don't know how many times I climaxed, but more than I ever did before. Both places were sore, but it was so worth it.

I climbed back into the bed and Bob wrapped his arms around me. I felt so safe. He kissed me, not like a “niece kiss”, but like a real girl kiss. I could feel his soft thing against my leg. It made me wonder if he was sore too. I was going to ask him, but I must have fallen asleep.

Epilogue

I woke the next morning with a nude girl sprawled out almost on top of me. I stayed in bed for a while just holding her, but nature was calling me. I gently unwrapped myself trying not to wake her, then went into the bathroom. When I came out she was sitting Indian style on the bed; no blanket over her and completely exposed to me. I was naked too, but it surprised me how nonchalant she was being nude with me.

“Morning!” she smiled. I said good morning to her, then asked how she felt. “Sore,” she laughed. I apologized to her, but she interrupted my apology stating she was happy about it and had no regrets at all. I told her to get dressed and we would have breakfast, then get started.

She stood, went into the bathroom and did what girls do, and when she came out I was already dressed. Yes, it took her that long. She picked up her shirt and jeans and started putting them on. “Remember, we're going home, so you might want to put on more than that,” I hinted.

“Oh yeah...” she laughed, pulled her clothes back off, then fished into her pack pulling out panties and a bra. As she dressed, she commented, “It feels weird wearing clothes again. I wish we could just stay naked.”

I checked us out, we ate breakfast, then hit the road. Patty rambled on the whole time, until we stopped for lunch. She must have thanked me a hundred times for bringing her. We stopped at a fast food place for lunch, at her request, then headed home.

We arrived at mid afternoon. I had called my sister the day before, when we had decided to stop for the night and go home a day later, and she assured me that would be fine. John was staying a few extra days with his friend, so being alone gave her another night of peace, except for work, of course.

I unloaded the car as Patty and her mother went inside. As they walked Patty's arms waved in the air as she talked to her mother. I finished unloading and I too walked inside. I felt both rested after a week off and exhausted, so I flopped down in my chair and turned the TV on.

My sister came in to the room about 15 minutes later. “Was she any trouble?” was her first question. I assured her Patty was no trouble at all and it was nice having her around. She pressed to see if Patty had pulled her own weight or just lounged around. Once more I stressed that she was fine and made my life actually easier. She had helped a lot, more than I had expected.

“It seems Patty had a great time. Thanks for bringing her. I haven't seen her this happy in ages. She even asked if she could go with you next time,” my sister confessed. “Of course I told her she hadn't been invited to go anywhere, but she insisted there would be a next time.”

That made me chuckle knowing I would ask her to go anywhere with me. “There is one slight problem...” my sister said softly. Suddenly I felt uneasy. “She picked up a lot of color this week. She's got a nice tan.”

“Well, we spent a lot of time swimming. There was a small pond where we camped. Are you upset she has a tan?” I asked, still not sure where my sister was going with this.

“No, not at all. I need to ask a favor of you though,” she continued. “Patty has a nice tan, but no tan lines...” Oh shit... Here it comes I thought to myself. “I don't mind that, so don't look so guilty,” she chuckled. “If I get her a new bikini, will you take her to the beach or something? Make sure she gets more tanned so she has tan lines? I know what her friends will think if they notice no lines. She'll get teased and made fun of and I don't want that.”

I breathed a sigh of relief. “Of course I will! Um... We didn't have bathing suits, so...”

“I know you didn't. I told you that's fine, and, please, don't give me details. I don't want to know, even though I suppose I already do. I did get to spend a weekend with John... just the two of us... Anyway, can you pick up Sam in the morning? I have to work tonight, and don't really want to get up to get him,” my sister smiled. “Of course, you'll be stuck with Patty alone tonight.”