**Back-to-School Shopping**

by sevispac

 The summer before seventh grade was the most fun I've ever had. My

Daddy tried to keep me under control, but a single parent can only do so

much. He knew I went to the swimming pool every day, but he didn't know

that I wasn't wearing the top of that stodgy old two-piece bathing suit he

bought me. When he noticed I didn't have any tan lines he threatened to

ground me for a week, but I pouted and wheedled and he let me go back two

days later, even if he did make me wear a one-piece for the rest of the

summer. I love my Daddy, and I can wrap him around my little finger.

 Sara's mom was great. She never told Daddy she let boys come to our

pajama parties. Sara's brother and his friends were there every time, and

when word got around all our friends started coming. Mrs. Simpson even

let us have as much alcohol as we wanted as long as we kept it quiet. I

got so smashed! And I tried lots of things I never would have otherwise.

 I'm really happy with the way my bust developed over the summer. Mike told me my titties would grow faster if I rubbed sperm on them every day, so of course I had to give it a try. It wasn't hard to find lots of guys

to help me do it, either. By the end of the summer I out grew all my

training bras! Try it, girls. Maybe it works and maybe it doesn't, but

it's definitely fun!

 Late in August I got out my gift certificates and showed Daddy the dress

code. He was just as grumpy as I thought, but he read the pamphlet all the

way through. I didn't know what to expect. Finally he said, "Alright,

young lady. I can see that you will have to do some shopping if you're

going to be ready for school next week, so get dressed and I'll drive you

to the mall. I'm going with you, however, to make sure things don't get

out of hand. I still believe girls your age should be modestly dressed and

well behaved. That doesn't mean you have to wear a Burka like in Europe,

but I still think girls can be patriotic without going naked everywhere."

He sighed. "Well, there doesn't seem to be anything I can do about this

ridiculous "dress code", but at least I'm going to make sure you behave

yourself in public."

 Jill - At the Mall

 By the time we walked into the mall I'd already started working on

Daddy. "They never tell you who gets picked for The Program or when, so

it's important to get ready beforehand. All my friends are going to The

Purrfect Pussy to get shaved just in case they have to show their pussy

next week. Even if you're not in the Program you can get in trouble if a

teacher thinks you're covering up with too much pussy hair. Can I please

get mine shaved, Daddy?" I was really proud that I even had enough pussy

hair to shave. It only started to come in last year, a little before my

breasts started popping out.

 Daddy looked positively grim. He turned red, and I thought for sure he

was going to say no, but we just kept walking and The Purrfect Pussy kept

getting closer. There was the usual gathering around the show window where a girl about 17 was having her pussy trimmed. Daddy marched through the front door and up to the receptionist. She was a pretty, long haired blonde wearing hot pants and high heels. She had a name tag that said "Kitty" dangling from her titty ring. She looked at Daddy and smiled.

"May I help you?"

 "See here. My daughter is being forced into this ridiculous "Program"

at school, and she needs to have her pubic hair removed. She's much too

young for this, so I would greatly appreciate it if you would treat her

very gently and in complete privacy."

 "Certainly, sir", said Kitty, giving me a sly wink and a smile. "We

have private rooms and professional stylists who deal with this situation

daily. Would you like to be present?"

 "God, no. And no male staff, either. My daughter is already

embarrassed enough by this whole thing." I smiled to myself.

 We were lucky that they had an opening, so Daddy paid Kitty and sat down in the waiting room, trying not to stare at any of the women in the styling chairs. Kitty smiled, took my hand, and said "Right this way young lady."

 Bill Peters - The Ophelia Factor

 So here I was, sitting in The Purrfect Pussy surrounded by beautiful

women and their even more beautiful beauticians, trying to set a good

example for my daughter.

 It's not easy bringing up a daughter these days. Sure, teenage girls

have always been a handful, even before society started actively fighting

back against Islamic extremism by encouraging sex and nudity. Even before the Program little girls were exposed to sexual imagery everywhere they looked. But even the Program didn't screw them up as badly as Ophelia Sorensen.

 She gets more press than Paris Hilton used to. The difference is that

Ophelia is getting it before she even turns sixteen. Every guy wants to do

her; every girl wants to be her. Most girls are her.

 It started when she was 13 and called Girls Protective Services and

reported her parents for sexual oppression, just because they wouldn't let

her go topless in their own home! It's never hard to find a `loving'

foster home for a nubile young teenager, but there was widespread outrage a week later when the tabloids published those pictures of Ophelia's

threesome with her foster brother and father. Her real parents had already

gone to court, and her mother was all over TV and radio demanding her

parental rights. People were shocked when Ophelia was quoted saying that

her mother would be better off if she spent less time talking and more time

sucking cock.

 GPS vs Sorensen was a landmark case with a twist. The court refused

Girls Protective Services request to terminate the Sorensen's parental

rights, but in a sweeping ruling they stated that "There are no parental

rights which restrain the sexual autonomy of a young girl [who has reached

puberty and had `the shot']". It became known as the "Girls gone wild"

decision. The president called it "a new Patriot Act for new patriots."

 Ophelia was already rich from product endorsements, starting with the

"O! blouse". She was almost never seen without cum stains on her top.

Years ago people paid extra for faded, torn Jeans, now the rage in feminine

fashion is pre-stained tops. You can't find a clean blouse any more, and

even if you could women won't wear them. Even little girl's tops come with

unmistakable patterns on the chest and shoulders. The O! blouse was the

beginning of a full line of fashions aimed at the Junior Miss, and

Victoria's Little Sister opened for business.

 The press conference after the court decision was covered live by every

network. Nobody knew what to think when Ophelia's mother showed up wearing the same outfit as her daughter, but with an old-fashioned, unstained blouse. The first question was for Mrs. Sorensen, "What do you intend to do about the decision? Are you still determined to get your daughter back? How can you do it after this?"

 Without answering, Jeanette Sorensen stood up, walked to her husband,

dropped to her knees, and followed her daughter's advice on national

television. Ophelia joined her mother a few minutes later, aiming her

Dad's cock at her mom's blouse as he spurted cum all over her. That

outrageous display was the beginning of the mother-daughter fashion line

called `Sorensen Style' that brought them another small fortune.

 There was more outrage about incest, but under the Lewinsky legal

standard what they did could not be prosecuted, because it's not incest if

it isn't sex. These days if a mother and daughters wear Sorensen Style,

fathers are very happy men.

 But I am not one of those fathers. My little girl is precious to me,

and I will see her grow up to be a decent young woman. Whatever it takes.

 Jill - Pussy Power!

 We walked to the back of the parlor and through a pink curtain. There

was a chair in the room just like the ones outside. It was like a

dentist's reclining chair, except it had split leg supports that could be

moved apart, and a little stool between them so the stylist could get close

up. It even had a mirrored light support like a dentist, but this one

focused a lot further down.

 The chair was deep plush and very comfortable. It was warm, and the air was cool. I wasn't sure, but there seemed to be just a little vibration

coming from it. Kitty gave me a drink and told me to relax. The stylist

would be right in.

 "Hi there, I'm Jenny." It was another blonde girl, this one about 20

years old, wearing a big apron and panties. You could see right through

both. I couldn't help noticing her pussy hair, which was shaved in a

little heart shape and dyed red. She even had a tiny silver arrow piercing

right through it! She had little, pointy breasts a lot like mine, but with

large brown nipples. She saw me looking at her pussy hair and smiled.

"Like it? I just had it done and my boyfriend loves it. He wouldn't let

me get any sleep at all last night!

 "Well, are you ready to get started? Take off your skirt and let's see

what we have to work with.

 "Wow. That is so cute! Would you like me to trim it so your panties

cover everything, or do you want your pussy shaved bare?"

 I thought about it for a minute. I didn't have enough pussy hair for a

trim like Jenny's, but maybe it would be cool to leave a little line

extending up from my slit like Ms. Kinsey at school. A "porn star" cut,

my friends call it.

 I shook my head. "Go ahead and shave it bare. If I get picked for the

Program I want to look my best." I slipped my panties down around my ankles and took them off. Then I plunked onto the towel Jenny spread on the chair.

 "That's what I thought. We're getting quite a rush of Middle School

girls with school about to start. It makes you look wonderfully smooth,

and at your age it makes it hard to tell whether you have pussy hair at

all.

 "I know your Daddy just wants you shaved, but we have a very special

trimmer here that lots of girls love. It lubricates as it goes, and it has

a very nice vibration. You can see it's shaped to slip into tight spots,

too. Girls come back two or three times a week just for the feeling.

Sometimes they have a bit too much fun and get a little noisy. I'm going

to turn on some music just so we're sure your Daddy won't hear.

 "OK, spread your legs and let's get started. I know you're pretty young

and I promise I'll be especially gentle."

 I closed my eyes and listened to the music. Then I heard a soft hum

from the clippers, and felt a feather touch on my mons. My eyes flickered

open and saw Jenny running the dark plastic over the edges of my pussy

hair. They were very strangely shaped for clippers, looking a lot like the

vibrators I played with on orientation day most of all, but oozing a clear,

warm oil from the tip that felt so wonderful on my skin.

 Bill Peters - Reminiscences

 At last the curtain opened and my princess walked back into the parlor.

She was positively beaming as she hurried over to my chair. Before I could

stop her she raised her skirt and babbled excitedly, "Look, Daddy! Isn't

it wonderful? Doesn't it make me look all grown up just like all the other

beautiful girls here?"

 God help me, but for those few, eternal seconds, I couldn't take my eyes

away. Grown up? No. My heart was filled with love for my wonderful

little girl, the little girl I used to bathe, the little girl who loved to

splash and play in the tub, and who giggled loudly when we washed her pussy because it tickled and she loved playing tickle with her Daddy. Jill would never get out of the tub until I washed her pussy at least three times.

Now I was starring at that same beloved pussy, a little more grown up to be

sure, but smooth and bare as the last day I gave her her bath, the day

before she started first grade.

 "Daddy? Do you like it, Daddy?" She had lost the bubbly enthusiasm of a moment before and was becoming concerned as I stared mutely at her most intimate place.

 "Humph. Well. Yes. Pull your skirt down young lady. It's quite

lovely, but it's not something you should be showing in public."

 She looked disappointed and dropped the hem of her skirt, but then she

brightened again and kissed my cheek. "Thank you, Daddy. I love you, and this makes me feel all grown up. Now the other girls won't laugh when I have to go naked."

 Jill - Girlie Pop

 Daddy kept pretending to be all grumpy, but he didn't fool me. He was

pretty flustered, so I suggested he sit down on the bench in front of the

food court and I would meet him back there in half an hour.

 I walked down the mall and made sure he wasn't following me before I

turned in to Girlie-Pop. That was one store he told me to stay out of as

soon as it opened last year. Part of the reason was the salesmen. They

were all hunky guys wearing leather straps that came down to a big silver

ring around their stiff cocks. As I walked in I saw a lady on her knees,

stroking one of those big cocks until the guy shot cum all over her blouse.

She just let it soak in and went back to browsing while the guy went in

back for a break. All the other guys were busy with customers, so I took a

look around the store.

 The school supplies section was cool. They had lots of fun, colorful

pens shaped like a penis. If you clicked the balls the ink point came out

the hole. Even better, if you unscrewed it and took out the ink, you could

fill it with water or milk and it doubled as a squirt-gun! It wasn't big

enough to use as a vibrator, but I found out later lots of girls got better

grades if the teacher caught them chewing on their pens, or just holding

the tip next to their lips. I slipped one into my purse and checked out

the next aisle. It was full of knee pads, in neon glow colors with logos

on them: Playboy bunnies, girls symbols, even the official girl-scout logo!

 Suddenly somebody grabbed my hand and yanked me toward the door.

"Daddy!" I shrieked. It looked like I was in trouble this time!

 He pulled me out of the store and dragged me down the hall. Then he sat me down on a bench in front of Victoria's Little Sister. "Honey, I know

that this whole back-to-school thing has you excited, but that doesn't mean

you stop listening to me. You know I told you to stay out of that store,

and you know why. Those men take advantage of young women like you."

 "I'm sorry Daddy." I let my voice tremble and felt a tear slip down my

cheek. Well, it wasn't just play acting. I didn't want my Daddy to be

mad. "I didn't mean to disobey. It's just that they gave us gift

certificates for new clothes at school, and Girlie Pop is where you can

take them."

 "I might have known! That school will stop at nothing to get their

girls naked.

 "Well, since we have no choice I guess I'll have to let you go back.

But I'm going with you."

 "No Daddy! I didn't say that was the ONLY place I could go. I can also

take them to right here to Victoria's!"

 Jill - Victoria's Little Sister

 After that Daddy wasn't going to let me out of his sight again, so we

walked into the store together. A pretty blonde in a floor length, see

through gown came over. Her nametag said "Vicki". Daddy sat down and she took me over to the Panty bins.

 "You'll be needing some program compliant panties. We have a great

selection that meet the new dress code." She held up a little white lace

thong. "This one is both less than an inch in front, and is made of

see-thru lace, so it qualifies both ways. Plus this little puff in the

back looks just like a bunny tail, and you can move it up or down if you

want to show your pretty little anus. Would you like to try it on?"

 Daddy was looking over the blouses, so I nodded my head and smiled. "We don't have changing rooms any more, since a little more exhibitionism is always good for business", she giggled. They whole left wall is one huge

mirror arrangement, and you can hang your clothes from the racks next to

them. Have a seat and slip into your thong."

 I was embarrassed to show the big white panties Daddy made me wear, but I slipped out of them without being too obvious. Some of the male window shoppers noticed me and came over for a better look.

 I kicked off my shoes and pulled the tiny little thong up my legs. Then

I stood up, raised my skirt, and admired myself in the mirror. The puff

ball tail seemed to float above my cheeks. The strap between my legs

disappeared completely in back. In front there was just enough to decorate

my slit, which showed clearly through the lace.

 "The front is disappearing elastic. Watch." Vicki took the top center

between her fingers, brushing my mound, and pulled up gently. The white

lace vanished into my slit. Apart from the waist strings it looked like I

was completely bare. "Wow! I love it."

 Then Daddy saw me. He turned red and came stomping over to where I

stood in front of the mirror. "Young lady, pull your skirt down right now!

Even if you have to wear indecent under-ware I am not going to let you go

around displaying it in public. Now keep your skirt down and let's get

back to finding you a new wardrobe."

 I was surprised. He didn't say a word about not letting me wear them.

Maybe daddy was starting to see things my way.

 Jill - The Wild Pair

 I still needed shoes to complete my "new look", so I told daddy I'd meet

him in an hour and headed downstairs to The Wild Pair. A bunch of stores

that used to be only for grownups now have lots of sexy things for girls.

The Wild Pair was leading the way with shoes. It was funny to see little

girls walking around the mall with leather straps wrapped all the way up

their legs, or learning to balance on spike heals.

 I stopped to look in their window. They had a big display of shinny

high-heel boots that zipped all the way up to the thigh, but what caught my

eye was their Disney display. All my friends had seen the re-make of

Cinderella, and we dreamed of being a princess just like her and being

taken to the ball.

 There in the window were Cinderella's glass slippers. They were four

inch crystal platforms with eight inch stiletto heals. I loved them, but I

knew the $250 price tag was way more than I could afford. Still, I had to

at least try them on.

 The salesman was my daddy's age, and I loved the way he dropped his

other customers as soon as he saw me sit down. I decided to flirt with

him, so I let my skirt ride up a little and show off my new thong as he sat

down in front of me. The white lace was pulled part way up inside my slit,

and he caressed my legs a little higher than necessary as he slipped on the

shoes. I loved the way the shoes made my legs look, but I knew there was

no way I could afford them. He saw me pouting and asked what was wrong. I told him that my Daddy would never pay that much for school shoes.

 "Hmm", he said. "Well young lady, maybe we can help you out. The store is putting together a display of pretty girls wearing our shoes, and we're offering a 50% discount for girls willing to model. We'd love to have a picture of you in our window dressed just the way you are. What do you

think?"

 That was easy! Every girl wants to be a model, and now I had a chance

to get my picture taken in my new outfit, and maybe put in the store

window. The salesman brought out a camera and snapped a few pics of me

walking around the store and some of me sitting down, from the salesman's

perspective so I got to show off my new panties again. He told me he would

knock off another $50 if he could keep copies of those. I went looking for

Daddy.

 I knew I could wheedle him into buying them for me as long as he didn't

know that all my friends called them "fuck-me" shoes. I just needed to

keep him thinking Cinderella, so I lead him by the store `accidentally'.

"Oh, Daddy! They're beautiful. They're just like Cinderella's glass

slippers. Can I try them on? Please? Oh, pretty please?"

 Bill Peters

 True, they were just like the updated Disney version of Cinderella. The

remake, wildly popular among little girls just as the original had been,

featured a transparent ball gown which left Cinderella totally exposed and

wrapped her in bows and lace in a way which only left her more naked than

nothing at all. Her glass slippers changed a lot too, but they were still

beautiful. Well, I couldn't blame my little girl for wanting to live out a

childhood fantasy in the form of glass slippers. I just didn't want her

doing what Cinderella did with the prince and his entire escort after the

shoe fit. (Not to mention her step sisters).

 Jill - Sears Portrait Studio

 Daddy was loaded down with packages and we were headed for home at last. We walked out of the mall through Sears, and as we passed the portrait

studio a picture of a young girl in their "Nymphette" collection caught my

eye. She was laying back on a big bed, wearing a white chiffon gown almost like a wedding dress with big puffy skirts and white lace everywhere. Her knees were drawn up and turned to one side so you could see her sheer white stockings all the way up to her pretty, round bottom. Her pussy didn't quite show, but the dress left her breasts bare amid puffs of white

chiffon. On top she was naked except for a white choker around her neck. I

looked at her eyes and gave a little startled squeek. I almost fell off my

platform shoes as I turned and hurried up to the picture. "Daddy, look, I

know this girl! This is Carla from my class!"

 Carla was the first girl in our class to get boobs, back in the fifth

grade, and most of us were jealous of the attention she got from all the

boys, and most of the male teachers. Everybody thought she must be

stuffing her bra, but here was clear evidence that her sweater was full of

nothing but Carla. I couldn't believe this was the same little girl I went

to school with. She looked just like a Playboy centerfold, all grown up,

sexy, and beautiful. I looked at her smile and got a funny feeling inside

my pussy, one not too different from when I daydream about Mike.

 My daddy was standing behind me, staring at all the beautiful young

girls and looking a bit flustered. I know my chance when I see it.

"Daddy, can I please get my picture taken? You know my school photo was

terrible this year. My braces make me look like a little kid and I was

wearing those dorky old glasses. If you really think my new outfit looks

nice we should get a picture while it's brand new. Please Daddy? Oh,

please!" I grabbed his hand and pulled him into the studio.

 "Well hello, young lady", said the gentleman behind the counter. "What

can we do for you today?" He gave me a long look up and down, checking out my new clothes and my body in a way that gave me the same feeling in my pussy as I'd had several times today, a feeling that I was beginning to

think might be horniness. "My name is Ken. I'll be your photographer if

I'm lucky. Sir?", he said, looking at Daddy for the first time. Are you

here for the Nymphette package?"

 I never saw Daddy so flustered. Ken got him to sign some papers, then

had him sit down in a big chair while I went into the preparation booth.

 "Hello, I'm Miss Hooper. I understand you need a little help with your

makeup." She was a tall brunette about my dad's age, wearing a black

miniskirt and a tight t-shirt over absolutely enormous boobs. You could

see right through her t-shirt, and her tits were pierced with big gold

rings. Her hair and makeup were perfect. She looks just like I want to

when I grow up.

 "Let's start with some eye-shadow. This metallic blue will make them

look big and beautiful. Your eyes are just the right color for it, too.

 "Next let's try something a little bolder. Let's see how you look like

with red lipstick. Here, pucker up and let me put some on. Now a little

rouge to highlight your cheeks, and you can easily pass for 16 at any

night-club in town.

 "Take off your blouse now and let's make sure you're ready for

anything." I pulled my top up over my head and shook my hair down around my shoulders. "That looks wonderful. They are so cute and perky, just the way the boys like them. I bet you have lots of boyfriends at school!" I

blushed a little and didn't answer.

 "First let's add a little rouge to accentuate your cleavage." The big

horsehair brush she used tickled, but I just squirmed a little and bit my

lip, not wanting her to think I was a little girl. "Some blush around the

base of your breasts will make them look bigger". Now I couldn't help

giggling as the brush softly stroked my upper chest and the bottom of my

boobies. They're very sensitive.

 "Well, well, I see we're enjoying the treatment." She playfully tweaked

the tip of my left nipple with the pointy handle of her brush. Both of my

titties had crinkled and hardened while she was stroking the bottom of my

breasts and now they were sticking out at her. She playfully flicked them

back and forth. It felt so good I couldn't help moaning just a little.

She smiled and gave my right tit a quick pinch.

 "OK, your titties are done. Now let's see that cute little pussy!"

 I pulled my skirt up around my waist. "Goodness! Isn't that precious!

So pretty and smooth! Did you have her trimmed or is she still naturally

bald? Spread your legs now and let's have a closer look." She bent down

and peered closely at my pussy.

 "Well. I see we won't be needing any moisturizer. There's lots of

natural juice down there. The camera will make it sparkle!" I blushed a

little at this. "In fact I'm not going to add anything at all to this

pretty little pussy. It's just perfect the way it is." She leaned forward

and gave my pussy the lightest kiss.

 "Well, sweetie, you're ready for your close-up. Just one more thing."

She handed me a paper cup with a big chunk of ice. "When things start to

get hot under the lights, just hold this against your nipples for a second

and they'll pop right back out like they are now. It doesn't matter

whether you're bare or just want them to show through your blouse. Good

luck, honey. You're going to go far. I think we'll be seeing your

pictures all over the web someday soon, and I'll tell all my friends I

worked on you before you were a porn star!"

 Golly! That was something to think about. Am I about to have my first

porn shoot? Will I be good at it? What will Daddy think?

 I pulled down my skirt (even though it didn't go very far), and slipped

back into my top. I covered up my nipples and nervously stepped out of the

makeup room, worried about what Daddy would think.

 Ken was lining up his camera on the set. It was the same big bed that

was in Carla's picture. There were a dozen fluffy pillows and a pink lace

cover. He glanced up when I came in, then did a funny double-take. His

jaw dropped. "Wow".

 Daddy looked over from where he was sitting by the door. Even after my fashion show in Victoria's, this was the first time I really felt like I

was making an entrance. I was still kind of wobbly on my new platforms,

but I slowed down and swayed as I walked across the room. Ken and Daddy's eyes never left me as I walked up to the bed, bent over, and set my paper cup on the nightstand. I was really enjoying my newfound power over men.

 Bill Peters - The Portrait Shoot

 The Churches weren't much help either. Just when the opposition was

starting to coalesce, some high-profile preacher's daughter would show up

at school with fresh cum stains on her O-blouse, and he would quickly drop

out of his leadership role.

 Our own church had a new "Solomon's Daughters" organization designed to supervise girls during their early sexual experience, but even through Jill

wanted to join I was concerned that the orgies should be limited to high

school age girls, even if they were open to all. Even True Love Waits,

which was still designed to promote virginity until marriage, had a new

offshoot called Oral Promise. It made that promise a lot more fun to keep.

 I didn't recognize Jill when she walked back into the room. A little

tart had gone into the makeup room, a beautiful, sophisticated woman came

out. Here was a vision of what my little girl might look like on her

twenty first birthday (if she was a stripper by then). Until now I'd been

worried about my daughter. Now I began to worry about the erection that

was starting to fill my slacks instead.

 "Wow", said the photographer, and he spoke for me. Jill brightened even more; it was as if the sun came out from behind a cloud. She stopped, put a hand on her hip, and slowly swayed her hips under that tiny black skirt.

Her top fell off her right shoulder, but it was pulled down far enough in

back to cover both her tits. Barely. I found myself starting to regret

that.

 Jill's Portrait Shoot

 "OK, honey" Ken took charge. "Stand right there in front of the bed and

let's get started.

 "Love that smile [FLASH]. Both hands on your hips now [FLASH]. Stick

your right foot forward and give me a pout [FLASH]. Beautiful! Shake your head so your hair falls over your shoulders [FLASH]. That's right [FLASH]. Smile again [FLASH]. Now look right at the camera and lick those lips [FLASH]. Delicious! Drop your right arm and show us your boob [FLASH]. Wow. Hot!"

 "Just a minute", I said. I reached for the cup on the table, pulled out

the ice, and held it against my tit [FLASH]. My tittty popped out and I

switched my blouse to uncover my left tit [FLASH]. My right one poked out

through the material. "Gorgeous", said Ken. [FLASH]. "Now take it off

[FLASH]. Wonderful! Put your hands behind your head. Take a deep breath and push them way out!" [FLASH]. [FLASH]. This was fun!

 For the next few minutes Ken kept pushing for hotter and sexier poses. I

was a little scared, but Daddy didn't stop me so I just did as I was told.

Before I knew it my top was on the floor and I was on the bed. The camera

clicked away, and my little skirt was up around my waist. I even started

to play with myself, when suddenly Ken said "Mr. Peters, I want to get you

into the picture. Move over to that easy chair while I set up the lights."

 Bill Peters - Reflections

 Her legs haven't changed. They've always been long. Coltish. Maybe

it's the platform shoes. "Fuck me" shoes. God help me. I swear half her

body is legs. And that gorgeous little pussy right at the center of it

all.

 She isn't awkward in those platforms anymore. Her natural grace is

taking over. The girl can dance. A ballerina. A stripper. Not a slut.

My daughter is not a slut.

 What does that mean, a slut? Why is the word for a sexually

enthusiastic female dirty?

 OK, I've always been a tit man. Small. Perky. Young, budding breasts. Lovely, hard little nipples. Why haven't I ever noticed before? She's becoming a woman. Alright then, a slut. She might be good at being a slut. Why should I stand in her way?

 Those legs aren't womanly yet, just long. Still, they're meant to be

wrapped around a man's shoulders. That pretty little bubble-butt is sure

filling out under that mini-skirt when she turns in profile.

 Oh no. Her blouse slipped. That is the most perfect little breast I've

ever seen on a woman. Or a girl becoming a woman. Look what that hunk of ice did to her tit. Half an inch long at least.

 She is not a slut. A thirteen year-old girl is still an innocent angel

no matter how she acts and no matter what society tries to do to her. The

Program. Ophelia Sorensen. Raging hormones. This pornographic photo studio right here in our neighborhood mall. Girls her age are what

grown-ups make them. Grown-ups? Parents. Right now could be a turning point in her life. Right now she needs me to be her father; to take her by the hand just like I did at "Girlie Pop" and march her out of here. Take her home. Give her a chance at growing up to be a decent young woman, not a slut. I owe it to her.

 God. Just look what she's doing now.

 "Mr. Peters, I want to get you into the picture. Move over to that

easy chair while I set up the lights."

 Now what? It's as hard as steel. They can't help but notice when I get

up.

 Fuck it. I'm not missing a chance like this.

 Jill's Lap Dance

 Daddy seemed to be in a daze. He got up and followed Ken's instructions just like I did. Ken handed me a little transparent teddy from the prop closet and I slipped out of my skirt and into it. It left my pussy bare and my tits covered only by pink, transparent gauze.

 "Alright Mr. Peters, we're ready to start. Jill, go sit on your

father's lap."

 Every time I sit on my daddy's lap, even when I was a little girl, he

puts both my legs to one side and won't let me sit on top of his penis.

This time I wasn't having it. I put one leg on either side of him and

arched my back, putting my butt right in the middle of his lap. He was

hard! There was no way I could miss the stiff rod between his legs

sticking up almost to his belly button. I trapped it between my cheeks and

rocked back and forth, stroking my ass up and down my Daddy's cock. He

grabbed my waist and tried to hold me still, but a moment later I heard him

moan deep in his throat, and the hands on my waist started to guide my butt

up and down his dick [FLASH]. I looked straight at the camera and smiled.

This was my first lap dance, and I was doing it to my own Daddy!

 I twisted around, still grinding my butt against him, and kissed him

full on his lips. I felt his mouth open and his tongue come into my mouth.

Ken kept snapping away, so I turned slightly to give him a better shot of

my bare pussy. I felt my daddy's hand cup my breast, and twisted back

slightly so it would show in the photo, too. I wasn't thinking anymore, I

was just letting my pussy do my thinking for me.

 The hand on my breast started pinching my nipple, and I lost control. I

slide off my Daddy's lap onto the floor without being told and scrambled

around in front of him on all fours. I reached for his belt. His knees

came apart and I knelt between them. His eyes opened, and with a fevered

look he reached for the back of my head. I barely had time to unzip his

pants before he forced his dripping cock into my mouth. I didn't know

until later that the photographer had taken his camera off the tripod and

moved around to my left side, where he was still snapping away, recording

every moment of our first sex act.

 I had never had a grown man's cock in my mouth before. I opened as wide as I could, but I gagged as the head hit the entrance to my throat. He

pulled back for a moment, and I looked up at him pleadingly. I thought he

was going to let me catch my breath, but instead he thrust forward again,

holding the back of my head with both hands, and his cock slid right down

into my throat! I gagged again, but as he pulled back I was amazed to feel

my pussy explode in an orgasm of fireworks that would dim the fourth of

July. It was weird, because there was nothing touching my pussy at all,

and yet she was cumming like crazy just because I had my Daddy's cock down my throat!

 He knew it, too. He kept thrusting away, forcing his little girl to

deep throat, then at last holding me at the summit of my orgasm while we

both lost track of reality. He didn't take his turn until he knew that I

was well and truly satisfied. Then, just as I felt his first spurt way

down my throat, he pulled out his massive cock and delivered two more in my mouth before spewing the rest of his huge load all over my face, hair, and shoulders.

 Epilogue

 Bill Peters

 I still question the wisdom of "The Program", but is has taught me one

important life lesson. A baby daughter is the best thing a man could ask

for. She's a joy to care for and protect, but the day will come when

nature takes its course and your little girl becomes a young woman.

 It's hard to give up being her protector, but there's no stopping time.

The only real choice is whether to fight the inevitable or help it along.

Jill was always an angel, but deep down inside that angel's pussy were

budding feelings which were always going to make her a slut. You can hold

her back a while, but all you achieve is to take precious time away from

your little girl and leave her lonely and frustrated when she could be

happy and fucking. I'm just glad I was there to help her find fulfillment.

 Jill

 And that's the story of how my Daddy taught me how to really suck cock

and made me the most popular girl in seventh grade. After his monster cock it was easy to take any of the boys in school deep down my throat. I won't say that I haven't had other older men, but my Daddy never touched me again after that day.

 That was two years ago. I'm in ninth grade now, and school is more fun

than ever! I was voted Oral Sex Princess and Class Slut three years in a

row, and I'm planning to make my High School career one that will be

remembered right along with Karen Wagner.

 In eighth grade CBS TV did a documentary about our school called Jill's

Class. They filmed me and my classmates for eight weeks. Then Vivid Video made a movie out of the dirty parts, and for a while I was more famous than Ophelia Sorenson! The "Program Girls" series has saved the big pornography studios from disappearing due to competition from the web. I made over $250,000 from direct payments alone.

 My grades are awful, but it doesn't matter because the new Program rules say girls can't be held back as long as their sexual development stays

above grade level.

 When I think about how wonderful my life is I know I have to thank Daddy for it. That one day of back-to-school shopping changed my life forever. I can't believe how scared and shy I was before daddy helped me shake off all those little-girl ideas and learn to enjoy my pussy.

 There's one very special picture hanging in the foyer of our home, and

on the Wall of Honor at school. It's the first thing you see when you come

to our house. It shows my smiling face all covered with sperm and the

guilty cock just an inch from my lips. Neither Daddy nor I will tell whose

cock it is, but if you look closely near the bottom, you can just make out:

 "Sears Portrait Studio"

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 What a wonderful world it is that has girls in it! - Robert Heinlein