**Cutie’s Secret**(An unpublished excerpt from the original Little Miss Cutie)
By Little Joe

(From the original story)

“I told you to do it today, Cutie. Here let me help,” and she fetched her little razor and soaped Bobbie Kaye in her sensitive parts. In five minutes Little Miss Cutie was as bare and as smooth as a ripe peach, her little pink private lips pouting as if waiting for their first kiss.

“How does it feel, Baby?”

“A little bit sore.”

“I’ll rub some cream in then,” and Little Miss Cutie lay back on the bed, her legs wide open as Gretchen slowly and smoothly massaged the cream in and…

Poor Bobbie Kaye felt a most strange sensation; a little thrill of sexual excitement. She couldn’t feel that with another girl, could she? No, definitely not, definitely not her!

(The unpublished, naughty part)

She made her way back to her own room. She felt that inner thrill that came with knowing that she was about to indulge in her little guilty secret. The thing that she did that nobody else knew about. Her secret vice. Her secret exhibitionism.

She stripped naked in her room and got out the blond curly wig that she used to disguise herself. Then she switched on her computer, plugging in her high quality webcam as she did.

She clicked on her favorite bookmark, watchmefeelmyself.com. She logged in under her assumed name, ‘Little Miss Cutie.’ The familiar warning came up. “Beware – by clicking here, you will become visible to others.’

Her mouth dry with the excitement and her pulse racing, she clicked.

She lay back on the bed, her legs apart, and looked at her screen. She could see the picture that the others could see. Her naked body lying back on the bed, her legs apart, the webcam focused directly on her newly shaved private parts.

She watched, excited, as one by one she saw people log into her broadcast. The listing indicated the sex of the person watching. Men, women and couples were logging in, waiting for the show. A handful at first, then a dozen, then thirty, and as word spread, over three hundred eventually. The messages flashed up on the screen from the fascinated viewers, ‘Nice cunt,’ ‘Show us your asshole,’ ‘Get your fingers up!’

They were crude, but their crudity was part of the thrill. She separated her labia to give them a glimpse of the treasures inside. She lifted her bottom to display her other orifice. It was important they saw that, could see its contractions when she orgasmed.

Then she licked her fingers and started. Massaging gently between her labia, stimulating her clitoris so that the juices flowed in her sex. She inserted her fingers up her cunt, and they squelched with the wetness of it. She withdrew them and smelt the aroma on her finger tips. The viewers liked that.

The scores were starting to come in. Each viewer could give a score out of five. For some strange reason, she felt compelled to try and get as high a score as possible. She was on 3.8. Surely she could do better than that. She moistened her fingers and rubbed her nipples suggestively. They stood out rock hard. The score went up to 3.9. It would go no higher until she orgasmed. She would have to work on that. Her fingers went back to her clitoris and she massaged again. Then she inserted her fingers up her cunt again, and gently fucked herself with them. She could feel the swell of pleasure growing in her sex. Small involuntary contractions started in her pelvic floor. She groaned a couple of times. The score went up to 4.1.

She moistened her fingers again, and stated to rub her clitoris harder. She felt a further surge of excitement through her sex, as the contractions started to come again. She could feel all her muscles starting to contract, could feel the sweat braking out on her naked skin. The contractions were coming rhythmically now, and she thought of all the people watching. The thought gave her an extraordinary excitement. Her pelvis spasmed, she lifted her bottom so that the viewers could see her anus spasm as her pelvic floor went into rhythmical contraction. The sensation was ecstatic. Her face contorted and she groaned aloud, her bottom bouncing up and down on the bed as she climaxed in an explosion of ecstasy. She looked back at the screen, sweating profusely; 4.6, her best yet!

She picked up a tissue and gently wiped her newly shaved private area, cleaning away the moisture between her labia. The watchers liked that. They liked her total disregard for displaying herself. But the show was coming to an end. One by one, the watchers logged off. Bobbie Kaye got up and logged off, and sitting in front of the screen, legs apart, she slowly stroked herself between her legs as she watched the recording she had made. It was good. She enjoyed watching it. Her sex felt gratified after the orgasm by the stroking and petting she was giving it.

She reached over and picked up her little girly Hello Kitty panties. Perhaps next time she’d start with those on – yes that would please the punters. She’d maybe even beat 4.6.

The end