**Flashing My Fanny**

by cs.unwin

**Flashing My Fanny 1**

I really like the Starbucks on Charing Cross Road in London. The coffee shop is my favourite because it's always busy and has plenty of comfortable armchairs and sofas arranged in no particular order. Here it's easy for me to get older women to peek up my skirt and see my bare fanny, without anyone else noticing.

I’m Zoe, and I'm 13. flashing my fanny to older women is what I like to do after school and in my spare time. It’s my hobby LOL!

It’s a late November afternoon and it’s raining. A dreary drizzle is pelting the dingy side-walks. Workers are beginning to rush home with umbrellas and raincoats at the ready; some are holding newspapers over their heads to keep dry. Most are heading for the nearby Tottenham Court Road Tube Station. Today Starbucks is mostly full of LSE (London School of Economics) students and oriental tourists, Chinese or Japanese, I can’t never really tell the difference.

I’m sitting alone pretending to work on my iPad. I’m wearing my school uniform which is a white shirt, school jumper, plaid skirt and knee socks. School regulations state that the hem of my skirt must touch my knees; but by pulling my skirt up at the top and fastening it with a bobby pin, I can turn it into a mini skirt. My knickers are tucked away in my school bag.

I am bored because I have been here for ages and I haven’t met ‘the one’. Just as I am about to leave, I see her walk through the door: 40ish, slightly overweight and with really nice knockers. She is well dressed and I can tell she has been shopping on Oxford Street. ‘The one’ orders a mocha frappuccino to stay and plumps herself down on the armchair directly opposite to mine, shopping bags scattering on the floor at her feet. I look at her, give her my best shy smile, and go back to reading my iPad.

It's now time for me to get to work. I pretend to be completely absorbed in what's on my screen and squirm around in my seat like I am concentrating too hard to pay attention. My legs drift apart, then back together again; and then they drift apart again, only wider. I try to imagine what I look like to her: pretty young schoolgirl, brunette, slightly built with only a hint of boobs, and a totally hairless fanny smiling at her sideways, the way bare fannies always do.

I am sitting in such a way that I can peek over the top of my iPad without being noticed. Goody! I can tell she has seen my naked young slit! She pretends to be looking around the room but her gaze always returns to my little bare twat. She crosses and re-crosses her legs; that’s a really good sign, and it means she's getting hot and bothered. I watch her face; she is not especially pretty but has nice skin and strong features. She looks a bit insecure and self-conscious, and I like that in the old ladies I pull. Her forehead is wrinkled as if she is thinking hard or trying to make a decision. I wait patiently and let my legs fall open again.

I know I am getting randy because its getting slippery down there; I can feel my lips slide against each other when move my legs together. Not squishy yet, but definitely slippery. I'm thinking about my fanny and I barely notice that the bloke in the seat next to mine has left. I now see ‘the one’ get up from her seat and walk towards the door. Is she planning to leave? No, she has moved to the queue at the counter but keeps looking back in my direction. She orders another cup and walks back towards me. Brilliant! She has taken the seat next to mine.

This is where I start to get anxious. I’m only 13, and even though I have been around the block a few times, this part always frightens me a little. I have also definitely gone from slippery to squishy.

“I know what you are doing, you little tart,” 'the one' says to me leaning close so no one else can hear.

I catch her scent over the smell of the coffee. Good perfume but definitely an old lady smell; I like it. I don’t smell cigarettes on her which is good. Smoking is gross.

“Yes Miss,” I reply. “If you say so Miss.” I lean over and give her the most innocent smile I can manage.

We are sitting close enough that my knee touches her thigh briefly. It looks like she is still trying to make up her mind; her forehead is still wrinkled.

“You have a very lovely pussy dear,” she says, “I have been admiring it for the last half hour. My name is Carol.”

“My name is Zoe. I am ever so very pleased to meet you Carol,” I say to her in my sweetest polite voice, and I hold out my hand to her. “I am ever so glad that you like it!” I say with a big toothsome grin.

I can see her face relax, her wrinkles disappear. I am not anxious any more. ‘Ladies and Gentlemen, we have a winner!’

Carol leans over and whispers in my ear: ”I’d love to lick that little pussy of yours.”

I answer her in my best Sloan Square accent: “Oh yes, that would be lovely!”

“Come to my flat for a cup of tea,” she says to me and gives me a very broad wink. I wink back at her.

We leave together and Carol tries to hail a taxi, but owing to the rain and because it's rush hour she doesn’t stand a chance. We end up having to take the Tube, which is annoying because it means we have to change trains twice. I text my Mum to tell her I am having supper at a friends. I show the text to Carol and she becomes a bit twitchy. Whether it's because she suddenly realises I have a mother, or because she is simply eager to shag me, I can't really tell.

At last we arrive at her place. Carol lives in a rather expensive modern looking two bedroom flat south of the river near Blackfriars Bridge. As soon as we are inside the door Carol gets on her knees, pulls my skirt up and buries her face between my legs. She breathes in deeply through her nose, inhaling my smell. Old women often do that when they want to shag me. I have noticed older pussies smell different from young ones. They taste different too. I think it may be because old women drink too much and eat spicy food.

I am pretty squishy at this point and when I feel Carol’s hot wet tongue wiggling to get inside my cunt lips, I go weak at the knees. I am also desperate to wee; and I have been since we left Starbucks. I tell Carol this and she gets up and points to the loo.

“Would you like to watch me while I go?” I ask her.

Carol practically drags me into the toilet. I put my bum on the seat and open my legs wide so that Carol can see everything and I immediately start to gush a solid stream of wee. The air in the toilet is thick with the strong smell, but Carol does not seem to mind. When I have squirted my last few drops, she says:

“Let me lick you clean Zoe.” And she does.

I hold the toilet seat for support as Carol lifts my legs over her shoulders. My hairless little fanny is wide open and Carol licks every inch, including my arsehole. She circles my clit and flicks it with the tip of her tongue. She is really brilliant; just when I think I am about to have a massive cum, she pushes her finger deep inside me. It slides in like it has been sucked by a vacuum; I have been ready for her and squishy for ages. When I think it couldn't get any better Carol pushes a long finger right up my arsehole. Then I have a cum, a rather serious one.

While I'm sitting on the toilet twitching, Carol lifts me up; not difficult for her. I’m only six and a half stone (that’s 90lbs in America) and she carries me into her very feminine bedroom. There's no sign of a ‘Mr. Carol’ anywhere. She places me on her queen size bed and undresses me faster than I could undress myself. Carol takes a moment to stare at my naked 13 year old body.

“I adore your little boobs,” she says. “They are really cute, especially when your nipples stick out like that.”

“Thank you Carol,” I say, and do my best Kate Moss impression by pushing out my little boobs, and throwing back my head.

“Would you like some more of this?” I ask her, lifting my leg up to my ear in a ballet stretch. My vag is wide open and I am showing Carol all my pink bits.

“Yes, she says, but I think Auntie Carol needs loving now.”

Carol undresses very quickly, throwing her clothes in a heap on the floor. Her boobs, out of their bra, don’t push out any more; her middle age knockers sag and are covered with blue veins. But her nips are something else; huge, long, and puffy! I have never seen such colossal nipples on a woman before. Her bush is dark, wild and pretty tangled, like a garden that hasn’t been tended in a long time.

Carol jumps into bed with me. We fondle each other for a bit and I suck on both her nipples. My hand rubs her hairy cunt and Carol fingers my hairless twat again. She tries to French-kiss me but it's not my favourite; I’m not that fond of swopping spit with old ladies. I avoid it by crawling between her legs to discover what her cunt tastes like. It’s not bad for an old lady’s cunt, but too hairy; a couple of hairs get caught in my throat and make me choke.

She implores me me to finger her. I am able to push all my fingers inside her; she really has a massive old cunt and it's sopping wet. I add my thumb to the four fingers, then put my whole fist inside and hammer her. Carole has a massively huge orgasm and shouts so loudly I think the neighbours will hear her. She also gushes her slime all over the place and the bedspread is sopping wet under her bum.

We catch some breath before we resume our shagging; Carol cuddles me and I suck on her massive nips. All of a sudden we hear the door unlock and a voice calling out:

“Mum, I am home! Are you there?”

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Carole wails. “It’s Melanie, home early from her Dad’s. Quick get dressed, and for God sake brush your hair.”

Carol is dressed and out the door faster than I am. When I have finished running a brush through my hair I go to the living room and there meet a small, black haired, almost oriental looking girl. I think she is very pretty; she looks a couple of years younger me.

“Zoe, this is Melanie, my daughter. Her Dad’s Chinese,” she adds as if she needs to explain why the two look so different.

“Zoe is visiting because her Mum asked me to help her with homework,” Carol explains.

I think it's a pretty lame excuse and so does Melanie who gives her mother a sceptical look, but doesn’t say anything. She shrugs and wanders into the kitchen to look for a snack.

“I need to go to the loo Zoe, then I'll take you downstairs to find a taxi to take you home.”

While Carol is in the loo having a wee and freshening her make-up (old ladies do that a lot) I ask her daughter:

“How old are you Melanie?”

“I’m 11,” she says. “You can call me Mel, all my friends do.”

“Really? You look a lot older,” I say, flattering her. ”I’m 13. Want to hang out some time?”

“Sure,” she says.

“What’s your mobile number,” I ask her.

She gives me her number and I put it in my own mobile. Carol comes out of the loo, face freshly painted, and rushes me out of the flat. While we are waiting for a taxi outside, Carol and I exchange phone numbers.

“Thank you Carole, I had a very lovely time,” I tell her in my plummiest voice. “I’d love to see you again. Please do text me any time you like.”

She looks at me a bit doubtfully. The taxi arrives and I kiss her on the cheek before jumping in the car to go home.

**Flashing My Fanny 2**

The next day I send Mel a text asking if she wants to come to my house for a sleepover. She is staying with her Dad and he is happy to let her go after he rings my Mum to confirm. It’s all arranged and the following Friday Mel comes to my house.

Mel is very sweet and more than a little bit in awe of me. She follows me around the house like a puppy and hangs on my every word. At bed time she pulls out an animal pattern pyjama suit from of her overnight bag.

“No Mel," I say to her. "My house, my rules! Here we sleep in our knickers. And we have to sleep together in my bed."

“Cool,” she says, gushing slightly as she does with most of my ideas.

We slide under the covers; I pull her close to me and put my leg over hers. She feels warm and soft and her hair smells fresh and like baby shampoo.

“Do you like kissing?” I ask her.

“Yes, I guess so. Do you want me to kiss you Zoe?”

I tell her I do and we kiss for a while. I teach her how to French-kiss and she catches on pretty quickly.

“Do you ever touch yourself on your fanny?” I ask her.

“You mean wanking?” Melanie giggles. “Yeah I like to wank, most girls I know do.”

“Did you ever have someone else wank you?”

“Noo, never! Do you want to wank me Zoe?” She asks.

I don’t answer and instead kiss her and put my hand down the front of her knickers. Her fanny is smooth as a baby’s bum. I pry her lips apart with my fingers. She is a little sticky inside but I find her little clit and begin to rub around it. I can tell Mel likes what I am doing because her breathing has begun to quicken.

“Mel take off your knickers,” I tell her.

Mel pulls off her small white cotton panties and opens her legs for me. I spend some time teasing her little clam and then begin kissing down her body working my way towards her fanny. She has no boobs at all, but when I kiss and lick her little nipples they stiffen.

When I my lips reach her belly button she asks: “Are you going to kiss my fanny?”

“Yes,” I tell her. “When two girls like each other a lot that’s what they do. Do you like me Mel?”

“Oh yes Zoe, I like you ever so much. Please kiss my fanny if you like.”

I slide under the covers and kiss Mel on her pussy lips. I put out my tongue and lick her slowly, tasting her for the first time. She tastes sweet and fresh and really yummy; when my saliva begins to mingle with her own juices I think to myself: ‘this is the best little twat I have ever tasted’.

Mel, I discover, is an exceptionally randy little girl. I did not think a girl so young could have a real cum, but she does; she has several, one after another. When I finish licking her she practically begs to have a go at my gash. Mel licks me like a little pussy-cat and I am soon writhing under her tongue. I do have to give her a bit of instruction on finger technique but she is a fast learner. I consider having a go at her tight little vag with my own finger, but it’s late and we fall asleep in each other’s arms. Another time, I think to myself.

The following morning Mel and I snog a bit and give each other a little wank. Mel tells me she loves me and I tell her I love her too. I do mean it and I am beginning to think of her as my bestest friend; but I'm not ready to confide to her about my old lady friends and how I meet them. I am certain that Mel would really enjoy frolicking with some of the old ladies I have enticed with my little twat; but I am not certain how to bring up the subject. I decide to wait and see what happens.

**Flashing My Fanny 3**

Over the next few weeks Mel and I see each other as often as we can. On our next sleepover we bath together and when the bath is empty, I teach Mel how to wee standing up, in the tub. I learned girls can squirt their wee quite as far as boys can; we just need to have a really full bladder and hook our fingers into our pussy lips in the right way. I laugh when the first time she tries Mel wees all over her legs and she has to take another bath to clean up.

I can’t wait to get into bed and play with Mel’s hairless little slit. It’s lovely to have her young pussy to play with as much as I want. It is so clean and fresh and a nice change from the old ladies I have been pulling for the last year. I like old ladies because they make me feel dirty and nasty and they will do anything I ask for a taste of my twat; but little girls taste so much better.

Carol texts me nearly every day; she is desperate to meet again and lick my fanny. I text her I am busy, but I take a snap of my vag for to keep her eager. She sends me several photos of her hairy cunt from different angles; I show them to Mel to gauge her reaction. Mel doesn’t recognize her mother’s hairy cunt and asks me:

“Zoe, where did you get that? Who sent it to you?”

I am not ready to reveal the whole story. I tell Mel that I have met a woman who is smitten with my pussy and who is pestering me to go and see her again. Mel hangs on every word I say. She wants to know everything: what the old lady looks like and what it’s like shagging her. By an amazing coincidence, as we are talking about this I get a text from Stella, who is another old lady I met at Charing Cross Starbucks. Stella wants me to come over to her place for a bit of ‘lick-the-slit’. She doesn’t live very far from my house.

I tell Mel; she is giddy with excitement and says:

“Oh Zoe, can I come with you? Do you think she will let me see her naked? Please take me with you!”

I tell Mel I think it is a splendid idea and that Stella will be chuffed to meet her. I text Stella back and it’s sorted.

The next day Mel and I walk over to Graham Terrace where Stella lives. Her flat is in a row of low houses beside a Presbyterian church. Black wrought iron railings line the sidewalk to keep pedestrians from falling into the deep excavated entrances of the buildings basement flats. Each house has a sort of fenced overpass for visitors to enter the main floor front door. Stella lives in a basement flat; to enter we have pass through a heavy wrought iron gate and descend a circular staircase.

Stella is a plump woman in her mid-30s with long dark hair in ringlets; I imagine she must spend a fortune in salons. I’m sure she fancies it keeps her looking young; but to me she looks old and a bit pathetic.

She sees Mel right away and exclaims:

“Oh Zoe, you have brought a school mate with you? How wonderful! Come in," she says, "it is so wonderful to see you both.”

Stella’s flat is large and has higher ceilings than you would expect in a basement. We are invited to sit on her sofa. I hitch up my skirt and open my legs so that Stella can clearly see my hairless young twat. Mel gives me a funny look; she did not know that I was going to go ‘commando’ to meet Stella.

“Oh my! Stella says, her eyes fixed on my fanny. You’ve brought me my bestest favourite thing in all the world!” She says this in a high pitched voice, trying to sound like a young girl.

I close my legs, blocking her view, and I tell her: “Mel wants to see you naked, I promised her she could. Can you please undress for us?”

I used my best little girl pleading voice, which my Mum really hates.

“Of course Zoe. Whatever you like dear girl,” Stella says and begins an elaborate strip tease for us.

Stella is one of those women who look better with her clothes on. When she removes her top we can see the double rolls of fat on her abdomen; one thick roll below her breast and a second bigger roll which is her tummy, and which hangs down in a little fold over her crotch. Her calves are thick and support fleshy thighs mottled by cellulite wrinkles. Her large breasts hang on her chest like deflated balloons and her aureoles are so big a part of the brown circles are hidden in the folds underneath. Thick black hair covers her slit and dangly bits and a patch of black stubble runs up to underneath the bulge of her stomach.

I keep my legs together during Stella’s dance and open them when she stands in front of us completely naked.

“Stella,” I ask her politely, “can you please get on your hands and knees for us?”

She is unable to refuse me and gets down on all fours; in that position her soft sagging boobs hang almost to the floor. I stand up, motion Mel to follow me, and we walk around to behind Stella. I spread her fat fleshy bottom so that we can see into the bright red gash of her vag. Mel giggles at the sight of her brown puckered arsehole.

“Go ahead and play with her fanny,” I tell Mel.

“Oooh! Can I?” She asks. “It looks so nasty!”

“Yes, it is pretty nasty and you can do anything you like to her.”

Nasty or not, Mel’s inquisitive young fingers dig deeply into Stella’s bottom. I hear a squishy sucking noise as she burrows into the fat woman’s deep cunt. I begin to feel squishy myself and I start to play with my own wet little twat. Stella begins to pant and begs to be allowed to lick me; I give her permission and she crawls to me and starts to lick me as urgently as one would lick an ice lolly melting in the sun.

Mel is on her knees, her almond shaped eyes are wide open and only inches from Stella’s backside. I lean back to enjoy the wet tongue snaking its way up and down my crack. Stella finds my clit and I close my eyes to enjoy the cum I have been expecting. When I open my eyes I see Mel’s face buried in Stella’s bottom. I can barely keep from bursting out laughing; Mel, it turns out, is a dirtier little slut than I had expected. But she looks like she is struggling to get the right angle and needs my help.

“Lie on your back Stella,” I tell her. “Let me sit on your face.”

Stella turns over and lies on the carpet. Her boobs hang down on either side, flat against her rib cage. I strip off my skirt and straddle her head. My hands, looking for support, sink into the flesh of her stomach as I lower my fanny on her face. Stella fingers my vag and arsehole while she is licking me. Mel is on her tummy and licks Stella’s gaping wet cunt enthusiastically.

After some time Mel asks me if she we can trade places. I give up my position to her; Stella is overjoyed to be allowed to lap on a hairless slit even younger than mine. I decide to watch and perch on the sofa rubbing myself. When it’s time for us to go home, Stella gives us each a hug and reminds us we are welcome to visit her any time we like.