Flirty Skirt

Chapter 1

When you think about it, it was the skirt's fault.

You could say it was my fault, since I picked it out in the store. And it was my fault that I wore it. And it was definitely my fault that all I had on underneath were little thong panties.

But the rest? I still say it was the skirt's fault.

I suppose Daddy could have NOT bought it for me, but can you

blame him? Since it was just him and me most of the time (Momma

travelled a lot for her work), he directed most of his love and

affection towards his only child. As a result, I got spoiled

rotten. If I wanted it, all I had to do was ask. Sometimes I

had to beg a little, but one look into my sweet blue eyes and he

would surrender.

I wasn't a completely spoiled brat. I knew how lucky I was that

I had a Daddy who would buy me whatever my little heart desired,

and so I tried not to take advantage of that. Daddy worked hard

for his money, and it wouldn't be right for him to spend it all

on me. Sure, we went shopping a lot, but we never bought a whole

lot at once. A t-shirt one trip, maybe some flip-flops a few

weeks later; I tried to keep things small and simple.

But when I saw that skirt, I just had to have it. I instantly

saw how well it would go with a lot of my summery clothes. Sure,

it was a bit short - but I kinda liked that. It was a little

daring, but since I'd just spent a few months in track, I wanted

to show off my legs, which had gotten very lean and tan.

I ran into the store and immediately started pawing through the

racks. Daddy followed me, a little bemused but used to shopping

with a teenaged daughter. I found one that was my size and ran

up to show him.

"Is that what you were all excited about, Kristi?" he asked,

looking a little doubtfully at the skirt. "I dunno, it looks

little small."

"Let me try it on first, Daddy," I replied, already moving over

to the fitting rooms. "I'm sure you'll change your mind when you

see it on me."

"Okay, hon," said a pretty resigned Daddy, who had moved over to

the chairs next to the fitting area.

Inside the mirrored booth, I stripped off my jeans and slipped on

the skirt. "Whoa!" I thought, "it IS a little small." It was

cut low on the hips and fit snugly to just below my butt. Below

the cheeks, it flared widely for a scant two inches and was

simply no more. It was a made out of a thin white stretchy

material that would leave a VERY visible panty line - I was glad

I'd thrown on my one and only thong that morning; I'd have to buy

more of them if I got the skirt. I twirled a little and the

skirt flipped up, showing my tight little butt. "Not much room

to bend over," I thought, trying it out. "This might be a tough

sell." I tossed my blonde curly hair around and turned this way

and that, trying to make up my mind. The way the skirt made my

bellyshirt even sexier convinced me that it was worth a try.

Daddy's eyes nearly popped out when I exited the fitting booth.

"Um, Kitten?" he almost stammered. He cleared his throat as I

twirled (very slowly) around for him. "Kitten? Your momma will

shoot me if she sees you in that."

I pouted and struck another pose for him. "Don't you like it,

Daddy?"

He raised an eyebrow at me, managing to look at me straight in

the face for a moment before dropping his gaze to the hemline

again. "It's not a question of like or dislike, sweetie," he

said. "It's a question of how your mother will kill me if she

finds out I bought her thirteen-year-old daughter this thing."

I dropped onto his lap and put my freckled nose on his. I looked

straight into his baby blues (he was my daddy, all right!) and

whispered, "Then I absolutely promise that she'll never, ever

find out about it. Swear on a whole stack of secrets."

He stared at me for a few seconds, then sighed and kissed my

nose. "Okay, Kristi. As long as she never sees it." He paused,

then smirked. "Especially if you're in it."

I gave him a big hug, thanked him with kisses, and then tore off

for the dressing room. I changed first, then informed him that

I'd need some new underwear, too.

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Momma left for Singapore the next week, which meant two things:

Daddy could have Poker Night at our place and I could wear my new

skirt openly. I was excited about the latter - I had a movie

date with my best friend Jenny and I wanted to show her the

skirt. I agonized over the ensemble for the day - I wanted to

look perfect so that Jenny would get a little jealous (ah, the

games girls play!). After trying on and discarding a couple of

combinations, I settled on a pink cami with spaghetti straps, a

gold belly chain, a white thong from Vicky's, a little sparkly

anklet, and white wedge flip-flops. The cami came down to just

above my belly button and fit snugly; after deliberating in the

mirror, I decided that I could probably get away without a bra.

The look was perfect - the top hugged my budding B-cup breasts

and offset my long blonde curls; the skirt showed off my smooth

tan legs; and the wedges gave my butt just a little lift.

Daddy was working from home that day, and he raised an eyebrow

when I flounced in to remind him that he promised to take me to

meet Jenny at the mall. He mumbled a few words about my outfit

but didn't put up a fight; he knew that he was a pat of butter in

my hands. For his troubles, he got a great big hug and a kiss on

the cheek before I jumped out of the car.

The mall was unusually quiet for a summer weekday. The Fourth of

July had fallen in the middle of the week, so most of the town

had taken off for an extended holiday down by the shore. I

wandered around for a bit, floating from store to store, waiting

for Jenny to call me and tell me she'd arrived. There were a few

guys my age floating around, and they stared but didn't really

come to talk to me. They made little comments to each other when

I passed, but I ignored them - I'd decided that dorky teenaged

boys were beneath my interest earlier that year.

In the bookstore, though, I noticed a guy in a business suit

looking at me. He was flipping through the magazines when I

sauntered in and peeked at the latest Cosmo. He seemed a little

older than my dad but looked like he took care of himself, very

tall and trim in dark linen. I took stock of him and would have

dismissed him from my mind except he kept staring at me.

Everytime I glanced over, he was looking at me with an

appreciative and appraising look in his eye. It was a little

unnerving but not uncomfortable because he wasn't quite gawking.

I found that I liked it and so kept rifling through the mags,

lingering a bit near my admirer.

I was edging nearer to him, not sure what I was doing, when my

phone rang. It was Jenny, and as I answered her call, I left the

bookstore and headed towards the theater.

"Hey Kristi, sorry but I can't make it," she said apologetically.

"Oh no! I'm already at the mall!" I replied.

"Shit! My stupid aunt came over suddenly and I can't go out

now," she explained.

"Well, I guess I can see the movie by myself," I complained. We

exchanged a few pleasantries and promised to call each other

later that night.

As I moved to put my phone back in my purse, my wallet fell out.

Forgetting what I was wearing, I bent over at the waist and

picked it up. As I straightened up, the reflection in a store

window showed me that my admirer from the bookstore was a few

yards behind me. I had undoubtedly flashed him a view of my

butt, which was not-quite-covered by the mesh thong I was

wearing. I turned around and saw he was looking straight at me.

He smiled and winked; I blushed furiously and hurried along to

the movie theater.

I bought my ticket and entered the cool darkness of the theater,

where the previews had just begun. There were a few old people

sitting near the front, so I sat in the center of the back row.

Besides the old people, I was alone the theater. I leaned back

and closed my eyes, still a little mortified at having flashed

that guy in the bookstore. A little flush returned when I

replayed the incident in my head. It wasn't that I didn't want

him to look; in fact, I rather liked him looking at me, liked

that little wink he had tipped me, and loved the rush I got from

knowing that he had seen my tight little butt. I wished I had

known what to say to him, that I had done something other than

run away like a scared little girl.

"Excuse me, is this seat taken?"

I jumped a little, startled at the interruption of my thoughts.

My bookstore guy was standing next to me! His eyes twinkled as

he smiled, and he positively towered over me. He stood next to

me in an almost-empty theater and my mind stuttered for a second.

 I must not have looked too startled because he sat down next to

me.

"I travel a lot for work," he commented almost absently, looking

at me with kind eyes. "I go to a lot of movies to kill time

between flights and meetings." His eyes rested on mine, darted

downwards for an instant, and then back up to the eyes. "Do you

often come to movies by yourself?"

I told him no, that my friend had canceled on me, and that I

really wanted to see the movie. He asked if he could keep me

company, and I stammered a little bit, finally getting out "Yes"

and earning a smile that was so charming that I melted a little.

The lights dimmed down, and the previews started. We watched

them silently, my mind reeling a bit. As the first one drew to a

close, I glanced over at my companion. He wasn't watching the

preview but was instead looking at me. Our eyes met, and I

looked back at the screen, quickly, caught and not knowing what

to do about it. He leaned over and whispered into my ear, "I

like looking at you."

I didn't respond. My eyes were locked on the screen. He

chuckled and whispered, "And you like me looking at you. If you

didn't, you wouldn't still be sitting here."

It was true. I knew it. I just didn't know what to do about it.

The movie started. As the titles came on screen, I glanced back

over at him again. He was still looking at me. I looked back at

the screen.

He leaned in. "I liked what I saw earlier. You know that skirt

doesn't cover a whole lot."

My heart pounded, and I licked my dry lips.

A pause. I felt his hot breath on my ear as he breathed, "I

would very much like to see that again."

My breath came in short gasps. I couldn't think. All I knew is

that my body was flushed with an excitement I'd only recently

begun to be aware of. I realized that my nipples were hard, but

the theater wasn't that cold.

More hot breath in my ear. "I think you dropped something over

there. Why don't you pick it up?"

I knew what he was asking. It made me frightened and nervous and

hot all at the same time. I thought about him looking at me

bending over and felt a slight shock as I realized: I wanted him

to see me like that again.

Slowly, in the darkness of the theater, I stood up, turned away

from my admirer, and bent over at the waist. I felt the hem of

my skirt ride up the backs of my thighs as I slowly "searched"

for what I had dropped. I felt his eyes on my legs, my ass, and

my tiny little thong-covered pussy, and for the first time in my

life, felt the need for someone else to touch me.

He leaned in for a closer look. I knew because I felt his breath

on the backs of my thighs. He blew on my legs, and I shivered.

I heard a sniff - one, two, three - and then heard him sit back

into his seat. I straightened up and sat back down. I kept my

eyes on the screen but didn't see a thing.

He leaned over. "I can smell you," he breathed. "I can smell

how wet you are."

My little thong was drenched. I knew what that meant. It had

never happened before, but it was happening now. This handsome,

commanding older man was making me horny, and my panties were

soaked through because of it.

Another whisper. "Oops. You're so clumsy."

This time, when I stood up, I turned my head and looked at him.

His eyes locked onto mine, and they twinkled with experience and

knowledge. He knew that I was going to do what he wanted because

that was what I wanted, too.

He beckoned me with a slight motion of the head. I moved over to

stand in front of him, my legs together between his. I leaned

over the back of the seats in front of him and gripped the arm

rests.

It was lucky that there was some loud dialogue right then. As my

forearms touched the arm rests, I felt a single finger run down

my ass crack and over my swampy pussy. I gave a little squeak,

and he chuckled. "That won't do at all," he said from behind me,

and then his fingers slipped the thong right down over my ass and

down my legs to pool at my ankles.

I was exposed to a stranger. A man who had seen me and knew how

to bring something out. He had taken control of me, and I loved it.

"I think you should sit down now." I stepped out of my wedges

and panties, slipped the sandals back on, and sat down. Glancing

over, I saw him reach down and retrieve my undergarment and bring

it to his nose. He inhaled deeply, and exhaled with gusto.

"Lovely bouquet," he said, before leaning over.

He took my chin in one hand, looking deeply into my eyes.

"You're a lovely girl," he said, and his thumb caressed my lower

lip. "Open up."

I opened my mouth, and he stuffed the panties in. I could taste

my juices caught within the mesh. "This should help you stay

quiet."

He slid out of his seat to stand before me. He leg touched my

knees, and they parted instinctively. He knelt before me, and

smiled. Placing my feet up on the seat backs in front of me, he

said, "My pants will need dry cleaning, but it will be worth it."

There we were, my virgin pussy exposed to this man I had just

met. He could see everything about my unknown sex, and as I

unseeingly watched the movie, he dipped his head down and kissed

my wet, juicy clit. Tingles radiated outwards, and I lift my

hips up to meet his lips, which kissed me again. As he slowly

ran his tongue up and down my pussy groove, I bit down on the

panties and repressed moans that strained to get out.

He licked and kissed and licked and kissed me for God knows how

long. His tongue dipped and licked up the juices that ran out of

my pussy. He gently sought them in the crack of my ass, and when

I felt his tongue rim my rectum, I had to bite down hard not to

make a sound.

The pressure continued to build. I don't know how long it did.

But my maestro played me a little violin, stringing me along and

building the tension, until, just as explosions filled the movie

screen, he sucked my clit into his mouth.

That did it. I screeched into the thong, mashed my pussy into

his mouth, and came. My orgasm, my first orgasm, I was having it

in a dark movie theater with a handsome stranger sucking me,

spreading my legs for a strange man like a slut, and I came and

came again.

As the sounds of the movie died down, so did my orgasm, and I

collapsed in the seat. My lover stood up, and leaned over, and

gently pulled the thong out of my mouth. He smiled, put it in

his jacket pocket, and placed something in my hand. "I have to

catch a flight," he said, "but I will see you again soon, I hope.

 Please be ready." And with that, he walked out of the theater.

After a minute alone, I straighten up and smoothed down my skirt.

 I looked at what he gave me. It was a calendar card with a date

about a month from that day circled and a phone number on the

back, and a hundred-dollar bill. I thought about what he said -

"Please be ready" - and knew that I would follow his words to the

letter.

Chapter 2

 "Hi Daddy!"

 "Hi Princess.  How was the movie?"

 "Meh, not that exciting.  I went shopping instead."

 After my mystery man had left me alone in the theater, I had sat in the

dark, recovering from my very public (and very first!) pussy-licking.  I

had a few initial second thoughts about what happened, including buying

something with his money for a next clandestine meeting.  Was I really

thinking about meeting up with a man whose name I didn't know for more

illicit activity?  Was I really that kind of slut - a thirteen-year old

girl who did dirty, kinky things with older strangers?

 I didn't know, but I figured that it couldn't hurt to get something fun

with his money, even if I never saw him again.  And by fun, I meant flirty,

sexy, and revealing - just like the skirt that had brought him to me.

 I left the movie early and scoured the mall, looking for the perfect

thing to get for my next encounter with my mystery man.  The fact I was

without panties made shopping even more fun and exciting than usual, and I

definitely took my time.  Finally, I found what I was looking for.  It was

a white string bikini with a rouched top and tiny little g-string thong.

Even on my little frame, the swimsuit didn't conceal much, and I felt

deliciously slutty paying for it.  I realized that it was almost time for

me to go home.  No time to slip into a bathroom and put on my bikini

bottom.  Oh well!

 Concerned a bit that my skirt wouldn't conceal the fact that I was

pantyless, I sat down on the bench near where my father was to pick me up

and put my bags in my lap.  Now that I knew that men thought I was sexy, it

was difficult not to look at every boy and man without wondering what they

would think of me.  I was tempted on occasion to spread my legs and show

off to passersby - the thought made my pussy tingle a little - but I was

good and stayed prim and proper until my father pulled up.

 I got into the car carefully and crossed my legs away from Daddy, hoping

that he wouldn't notice that anything was different.  This made my skirt

ride up on my thighs, but my pussy was still concealed, so I figured I was

safe.  I chatted with Daddy, giving him the few bare details of the movie I

remembered, and he talked about how much he was looking forward to that

night's poker game.  I told I'd help him get ready, and pretty soon, we

were home.  I noticed him looking at my legs a few times but dismissed the

thought - he was probably still uncomfortable with my skirt, I figured.

 Bouncing out of the car, I dropped my purse.  Without thinking, I bent

over and picked it up.  Suddenly remember I had no panties on, I

straightened up in a hurry, looking over my shoulder and hoping Daddy

hadn't seen anything.  He was in the process of getting out of his side of

the car, so I figured I was safe.  Funny thing was, I was a little

disappointed that he apparently hadn't seen anything.

 Leaving my bags on the kitchen table, I rushed upstairs and slipped on a

pair of panties, then ran downstairs to set up for the poker game.  Daddy

only had them at our house when Mom was out, because she thought his

friends were a bit on the crude side.  Truth be told, so did I, but I also

thought they were sweet, and they had always treated me like a little

princess, so I loved them all.  I put together a party platter, filled the

cooler with ice and beer, and helped Daddy set up the poker table on the

patio next to our pool.  As we moved furniture around, I caught Daddy

looking at my legs again, and while I was sure it was harmless, I found

that I liked his attention as much, if not more, than that of my mystery

lover.

 Soon, we were finished, and Daddy sat at the kitchen table, sipping a

beer.  I was making myself a sandwich when my cell phone rang.  It was in

my purse, so I asked Daddy to get it for me.  Reaching for my purse, he

knocked over my shopping bags.  After handing me my phone, he went back

over to the table and starting picking things up.

 It was Amy, telling me about her visiting Aunt and how much the day had

sucked.  She wanted to know about the movie, and I said I would call her

the next day.  Hanging up, I turned back to the dinner table with my

sandwich.  Daddy was still sitting there, and my stuff was back in my bags,

except for my new swimsuit.

 "Um, Kristi?" he said.  "Don't you think this is a little, um,

inappropriate for you?"  He held up the brief g-string, his face a bit red.

 "Oh Daddy, I'm growing up!"  I pouted, blushing myself a little.  "I

bought it with my own babysitting money - can't I have my own things that I

buy?"

 He shook his head a little, sipping his beer.  "Princess, I know you're

growing up and want to wear - um - sexier things, but this -" indicating

the bottoms - "this is definitely murder material if your Mom ever finds

it."

 "Daaaadyyyy," I whined, putting down my sandwich.  "Please, you know

that I wouldn't let Mom ever see it.  And plus, it looks so good on me!"

"Princess, I dunno.  I should put my foot down..."

 "Daddy, don't make any decisions until you see me in it, ok?"

 Well, I got him to agree to that much, at least.  I finished my sandwich

in a hurry, grabbed my bags, and ran upstairs.

 This called for stronger measures than I was used to, so I went all

out.  First, I tried it on, and noticed that the bottom was even smaller

than I thought, since a few pubic hairs stuck out.  I kept myself pretty

nicely trimmed, but figured that it would be good to shave it back a

little.  In the bathroom, I got my makeup mirror and sat on the bathmat

with my leg shaving stuff.  I knew that I'd have to shave most of my hair,

so I decided to just do the whole thing.  Lathering up my pussy felt good,

and the thought that I was going to show Daddy the swimsuit I had bought

for a strange man made me feel hot, and I lingered over the job, making

sure that I had plenty of lotion smeared on my pussy lips to prevent razor

burn.  I didn't cum from rubbing myself, but I came close, and knew that if

I got going, I probably wouldn't stop for a while, and I wanted to show

Daddy my swimsuit.  As a result, my pussy was wet and throbbing by the time

I got it back on.  I put on a little perfume, slipped my wedges back on,

and touched up my makeup.  Breathing deep, I went downstairs.

 He was sitting in his favorite chair, a big Barkalounger that was

comfier than anything else in the house.  It was big enough for me to curl

up and watch TV beside him, which was how we often fell asleep on Saturday

nights.  He was reading the paper, and didn't look up. I stood directly in

front of him and said, "Um, Daddy?"

 The paper dropped down, and Daddy's eyes took me in.  I struck a pose

for him, let him drink it in, and struck another.  His eyes were glued to

me, and I felt myself heating up a little as I turned around and stuck my

ass - completely unconcealed by the string running up my crack - out while

looking over my shoulder at him.  He was turning red, and I knew that I

would need to play this one strong.

 I turned around and walked over to him and crawled onto his lap.  I

planted my butt firmly on his lap and put my arms around his neck.  We were

nose to nose, and I felt him trembling a little, like he was holding

something back.  Looking deep into his eyes, I asked, "Don't you think I

look pretty in this, Daddy?"

 I felt something stiffen in his lap, and instinctively wiggled my butt

on it.  He trembled some more, and then growled, "Your mother will kill me

if she ever sees that on you."

 "Then we'll just make sure she never does," I said, giving him a little

conspiratorial grin.  I felt him shift a little, trying to move me over,

but I stayed just where I was, nose-to-nose with my big strong Daddy.  I

loved him, and he loved me, and that was how I knew I was going to get my

way.

 A few moments passed that way, and I could feel a tension building up

palpably between us.  Finally, he sighed and said, "I guess it's fine,

then, Princess.  Now get out of here and let me read my paper."

 "Thank you Daddy!" I squealed.  As a reward, I kissed his nose, and then

his mouth.  Normally, I just gave him a quick peck, but some instinct made

me linger for just a second before climbing off of his lap.  We looked at

each other for a second, knowing that a boundary had almost been crossed

but not sure what to do about it.

 I broke the tension by heading outside, saying I was going swimming.

Daddy said that since everyone was coming over soon, I should probably grab

something to cover myself up with.  I smiled and agreed; I had a coverup,

all right. :)

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 Thirty minutes later, I was splashing around the pool, enjoying the late

twilight.  Bob showed up early, like he always did.  I always thought was

because he might be a little lonely - his wife Karen had died in a car

accident when I was in grade school, and he had never remarried.  Daddy had

tried to set him up with some women from his office, but nothing had ever

come of it.  Bob was Daddy's age, but a bit bigger, since he did a lot of

heavy lifting in his work, and his hair was grayer.

 "Hi, Uncle Bobby!"  I waved from the deep end.

 "Hey, Kristi!" he said, waving back.  "Looks like your momma's not home,

is she?"

 We had a good laugh about that.  Everyone liked my mom, but she was

considered a bit of a party pooper, and the poker game was only at our

place when she was gone for the night.  Bob then disappeared into the

kitchen looking for Daddy.

 Chuck came next, also a little early.  Chuck was the youngest of Daddy's

poker friends, only in his mid-20's.  Daddy said that he was a bit of a

player, and it wasn't hard to see why.  Chuck was tall, muscular, and

really good-looking, with dark chocolate skin, shaved head, and a great

smile.  By this time, I had moved towards the shallow end and was just

sitting on a step, the water up to my waist.  When Chuck saw me, his

eyebrows went up a little and he came over to say hello.  "Hey Princess,"

he said, flashing his grin.  "New threads?"

 "Why, yes, Uncle Chuck," I said, blushing a little, noticing how his

eyes were crawling all over me, and liking it a little.  "I just bought it

today with my babysitting money."

 "Well, looks good on you, girl," he replied.  "You're growin' up

nicely."

 I thanked him, and he went on up to the grill, where Bob and Daddy had

started setting up the meat.  I admired his ass, which his shorts showed

off nicely.  Damn, was I becoming man-hungry?

 I got out before I started to wrinkle.  As I toweled off, I could see

Chuck looking at me.  He grinned, and I blushed a little before his stare.

I turned around and put on my skirt, which is what I'd brought down as my

coverup.  I turned back around, and he was still staring.  He tipped me a

wink, and went inside as Daddy and Uncle Bob came out with the last of the

barbeque.  They slapped some meat on the grill, sending up smoke and

sizzles.  I wanted some soda, so I went inside.

 The kitchen was cool compared to the hot summer day.  I padded over to

the refrigerator got a soda.  As I took my first sip, Chuck sauntered over

from around the corner.  He sat down on a bar stool next to me at the

counter.  His stare was friendly but open and frank.  "How have you been,

Kristi?" he asked.

 "Ok, I guess, Uncle Chuck," I replied.  His open stare made me a little

nervous - not uncomfortable, but sort of...anticipatory.  He was starting a

dance - perhaps the same dance as my mystery man - and I was starting to

learn its steps.

 "That's a nice little bikini you had on out there.  I especially liked

the thong," he said, leaning in a little.  I could almost feel the body

heat coming off of him, and it was affecting me.

 "I still have it on, Uncle Chuck," I said, my voice a little low, a

little playful.  I turned my butt towards him.  "It's on under my skirt."

 He ostensibly admired the garment, obviously admiring what was on

underneath.  "If it's on under your skirt," he growled, leaning even

closer, "then how do I know you still have it on?"

 I swallowed, my breath coming in a little heavier.  We were dancing, and

he was asking me to lead for just a second.  I turned my tight teen ass

completely towards him.  Glancing over my shoulder, I said, "You're a smart

boy, Uncle Chuck.  I'm sure you'll think of some way."  Then I  leaned over

a stool, presenting myself to him, telling him in no uncertain terms that

the lead was his and that he should handle me as he wanted.  I felt the

skirt rise up a little as  I leaned over, and the uncertain knowledge of

what could come next made me lightheaded and a little giddy.

 Nothing for a few heartbeats.  Then I felt a cool, dry hand on the back

of my knee.  It rested there for a second, and when I didn't react, it

moved up slowly but confidently up the back of my leg, moving inward

slightly to feel my silky inner thigh.  It reached the juncture between my

legs and stopped just short of my crotch.  I stood nearly still, trembling

slightly, wishing that hand would move up, just a scant centimeter up, up

to touch and rub my pussy the way I needed...

 Then Chucks fingers began stroking my inner thighs.  Never quite

touching my crotch, he simply stroked and caressed the insides of my legs.

My trembling grew, and I stuck my ass out at him more, practically waving

it, wanting him to do MORE to me.

 Suddenly, he was behind me, his arms drawing me up.  His hand turned my

head up to towards him, and he kissed me hard, while sliding one hand down

my flat tummy and onto and past the very short hem of my skirt.  His tongue

probed my lips, and I opened my mouth to accept it, reveling in the

lightning heat of what we were doing.  His long, thick, dark fingers

massaged my pussy through my scant bikini bottom, and I gasped into his

mouth as he expertly found my clit through the fabric.  Continuing to

french me, he sat back down on the stool, pulling me onto his lap.  My legs

were spread wide, and as I sucked on his long, wet tongue, he pulled the

crotch of my thong bottom to the side so my pussy was exposed to him.

 He sawed a finger up and down between my pussy lips, making me moan into

his mouth, and without warning, he slapped my pussy.  It made a wet SMACK!

that made me squeal, and he pulled his mouth off of mine to chuckle.  He

slapped me again, and I squealed some more.  "You've grown up some,

Kristi," he smiled, slapped and rubbing my cunt so that I was twitching and

panting.  "Today, I'm going to help you grow up some more."  His fingers

were wet with my juices by that point, and so when he slide one long, thick

finger into me, it went it with a slippery smoothness that made me moan.

 That finger slid up my tight pussy chute, encountering no resistance

(I'd lost my hymen to horseback riding years ago).  "Oh God," I moaned, and

my hips twitched into Chuck's strong, black hand as he diddled his finger

inside of me.  "Oh God, it feels good, it feels so good..."

 "Little teases like you just want one thing," Chuck growled into my ear,

his finger fucking into me.  "Little teases like you showing off your ass

in little skirts want to get fucked.  That is biology talking - you are

ready to fuck and you are just asking for it in that little skirt."

 "Aaaaahhh, aaah..." I panted, "I love your finger fucking me.  Please,

Uncle Chuck, fuck me, oh please fuck me..."

 "Oh, you're going to get it, little Kristi," he whispered into my ear.

"First, we're gonna get you off.  Then, we're going to give you some cock."

 "OH yes, please, please, get me off, please, I love your finger fucking

me, oh God oh God OH GAAAHHHHHHD -"

  My orgasm hit, and I was rendered speechless.  I tensed, then as my cum

exploded over me, I fucked my hips onto his finger, that glorious finger

that was fucking my still-virgin pussy.  I came again as Chuck wiggled his

finger, rubbing a spot inside me that made my waning orgasm flare back up

suddenly, and he had to put his free hand over my mouth as I nearly

screamed in pleasure.  His finger wiggled again, and I almost blacked out

as a third orgasm hit on the tails of second.  I humped on his finger and

came, and he patiently let me ride out my cums until I was a limp puddle of

tired girl on his lap.  I was dimly aware that he had something stiff in

his pants like Daddy had, and it occurred to me that perhaps I was meant to

take care of that.  After all, it was only fair, since I had just had such

a great time.

 Chuck let me catch my breath, and then he slide me off of his lap,

looking around to make sure we hadn't been caught.  I gulped down my soda

and looked at him.  "That felt so good, Uncle Chuck.  You're really good at

that."

 He grinned that devilish grin again, and replied, "I've been told that

on occasion.  But I didn't have to work hard, Kristi - you were hot to

trot, waving your little fanny at me.  Don't you know what black men do to

white girls who do that?"

 I shook my head, smiling, and he laughed.  "Well, you're about to find

out."  He got to his feet and took my hand.  "Find us a quiet corner."

 I thought about it for a second, and led him to another room, which used

to be my playroom but was now a second family room.  It was off a ways from

the kitchen and patio, and we could have reasonable privacy there.  I shut

the door most of the way and said, "If anyone sees us coming out of here,

we can say you were helping me fix the TV thingie."  I looked at him, eager

to learn and although recently finger-fucked well, growing horny again.

 He gathered me up into his arms and kissed me deeply again. I melted

against him, my Uncle Chuck, whom I had only known for a few years, and was

one of the hottest men I knew.  He slipped his arms underneath my ass and

hoisted me up.  I wrapped my arms around his neck and my legs around his

waist.  My panties - soaked through - stained his shirt as he tongue-fucked

my mouth.  When he broke the kiss, I was panting and ready for more black

fingers in my little white pussy.

 "Ready to learn how to pleasure a man, Kristi?" Uncle Chuck asked,

looking deep into my eyes.  I nodded, biting my lip.  He let me down gently

and then sat me down on an ottoman, my face at his crotch level.  He pulled

down his shorts to his thighs, and then reached into his boxers, pulling

forth the first penis I'd ever seen in real life.  It was as black as

midnight and long as my forearm and nearly as thick, with a knob of a head

that was an angry plum color and seeping a clear liquid.  He wasn't fully

hard yet and it twitched and grew before my eyes.

 "This is a man's cock, Kristi," Uncle Chuck said.  "Have you seen one

before?"  I shook my head, my eyes never leaving that magnificent member.

"A little white virgin's first cock is a big black one.  I am the luckiest

nigga alive."

 He moved closer to me, and the rapidly hardening penis was level with my

lips.  "You've heard the word, 'cocksucker,' before," he said.  What he

wanted was dawning on me, and I licked my lips in anticipation.  "Well,

today, Kristi, that's just what you're going to become."  With that, he

nudged my mouth with his huge, slippery cockhead.  I didn't need any more

instruction - I knew what needed to be done.

 I took hold of this magnificent piece of meat that was designed to go

inside my body, and began to kiss it gently on the head.  Slow, wet,

lingering kisses, with the occasional swipe of tongue.  The clear sticky

fluid was inoffensive and a little salty, and I found that I liked the

taste, so I fastened my lips on that weeping slit and nursed on that big

black cock.  I couldn't wrap my hand around it entirely and it throbbed in

my hand as I sucked the precum straight from the tap.  Chuck sighed in

pleasure and his hand went to the back of my head and pushed gently.

 Opening my mouth further, I allowed that leaking cockhead to slip

between my lips and into my mouth.  It hit the back of my throat, making me

gag slightly, and I backed off a little.  Uncle Chuck gave me words of

encouragement, telling me that I was so good at this, that I was a natural,

to avoid my teeth, that I was a great little cocksucker, and that he

couldn't wait to fuck me.  That last part got my bikini even wetter than

just the cocksucking was, and I learned to jack on the shaft and rub his

balls - big as eggs - while I sucked on the head.

 As I worshiped the big black cock in my mouth, I slipped one hand down

to my crotch.  My bikini bottom was soaked clear through, and when I slid

my hand under them to finger my pussy, I encountered a swamp between my

legs.  Remembering how it felt when my mystery man sucked on it, I rubbed

my clit, which throbbed with need.

 Soon, I was close to an orgasm.  Thinking about what I was doing -

sucking the cock of a black man, a black man who was my Daddy's friend, an

older man - made me hotter and hotter until I was ready to burst.  Right

around the same time, Uncle Chuck began to moan louder and his hands on my

head gripped my hair tighter until A throb travelled from my clit through

my pussy and into the core of me. At the same time, a throb travelled

through the shaft of the big black cock in my hand and mouth.  My  mouth

suddenly filled with a hot, thick, viscous, salty-sweet substance as my

pussy burst once more into a glorious orgasm.  "Ah! Ah! Ah!" groaned

Uncle Chuck as his seed filled my mouth.

 "Mmmph!  Mmmph! Mmmph!" I screamed between swallows, the overflow

dripping down my chin onto my still-developing chest.  This was so nasty!

He was cumming in my mouth while I was cumming myself.  God, what a little

slut I was becoming!

 Gradually, the flow slowed down to a trickle, and I was able to remove

my mouth from that fat cock as my own orgasm subsided.  He sat down on a

chair with a heavy thud, and I slumped back myself.  My chest had several

dribbles of semen on it, and I scooped them up with my finger and ate the

sticky delicious mess.

 Uncle Chuck stared at me, wonderingly.  "You're a firecracker, girl," he

said.  "How many boys been up that pussy of yours?"

 "Just your finger, Uncle Chuck," I said.  "Boy, did that feel good."

 He laughed.  "We can't do it today because of the game - but tomorrow,

girl, I am going to get something else up in that fuckhole of yours.  What

do you think of that?"

 "Mmmm," I said, cleaning off another sperm-loaded finger.  "I think that

sounds like fun."

Flirty Skirt - Chapter 3

 The poker game was a success - meaning it was loud and lasted past

midnight. Daddy and his friends had a great time, judging by their

laughter and number of beer cans I cleared from the table after it had

broken up and everyone had gone home. Well, almost everyone.

 After my initiation in sucking big black cock with Uncle Chuck, I'd

mostly kept to myself, watching TV in the living room after cleaning myself

up. I'd changed into something a little less revealing - a belly shirt and

boy short panties - but I'd kept on the skirt. Occasionally, I went

outside to see if Daddy and his friends needed anything, bringing those

beers and snacks - but for the most part, I sat in front of the TV.

 I had a lot to think about. In that same day, I'd let a perfect

stranger lick my pussy in a movie theater, Uncle Chuck finger-fuck me, and

then sucked Uncle Chuck's cock. That was some seriously slutty behavior, I

knew, but for some reason, that didn't bother me. In fact, recollecting my

actions made me want more, made the itch between my legs grow.

 Around midnight, the game broke up. Everyone went home except for Uncle

Bob. He had drunk a little too much, and they decided that Bob should

sleep it off on the couch and get up early for work. Daddy was pretty far

gone, too, and stumbled off to bed as everyone was leaving. Last to leave

were Uncle Chuck and Uncle Jim. Jim went to the bathroom, leaving me with

an unconscious Bob and a suddenly amorous Uncle Chuck. As soon as we were

alone, he pulled me to him and kissed me hard on the mouth. After a few

seconds of tongue-dueling, he broke the kiss.

 "I'll be picking you up tomorrow at noon, Kristi," he said. "You tell

your Dad that you'll be at your friend's, and we'll go to my place so we

can have ourselves a good time."

 "Oh God, I can't wait, Uncle Chuck," I panted, grinding myself against

him. "I can't wait to suck your cock again."

 "That ain't all you'll be doing," a voice said behind me, and I whirled

to see a smiling Uncle Jim standing right behind me. He was as tall as

Chuck and looked and acted like a cowboy, with an impressive lump in his

jeans growing as he watched Chuck put his chocolate-dark arms around me and

rub my belly. "Chuck told me what you and him had got up to tonight, and I

asked him if I could join in tomorrow." He reached down and took my chin in

his hands. Looking deep into my eyes, he said, "Chuck said I had to ask

you. Pretty please, lil' Kristi?"

 Chuck dipped his fingers beneath the waistband of my skirt and down into

my boyshorts, feeling my dampness. I gasped at the motion, and Jim

chuckled. "I'll take that as a yes. Be seein' you tomorrow." And with

that, two of my father's friends left with the knowledge that in twelve

hours, I would be theirs.

 I shut the front door, locked it, and leaned against it. My pussy was

dripping, and I knew I needed a man's touch. Twelve hours seemed such a

long ways away...

 In my bedroom, I changed into one of my nighties, which was really only

one of Daddy's old shirts. I looked at myself in the mirror as I changed,

taking in what these men were seeing that made them want me sexually.

Still only five feet tall, I looked at my slender frame and developing

boobs. Legs were long and strong, and I decided that my ass was really

cute. Curly blonde hair, button nose. I was cute...but sexy? I didn't

see it, but whatever, right?

 I lay down in my bed and toyed with my pussy. Flashes of the day played

in my mind - mystery man on his knees, my clit being sucked, Uncle Chuck's

cock in my mouth - and I quickly brought myself to a few small orgasms that

left me more frustrated than satisfied. I needed a man, not my fingers.

But whom?

 My daddy's bedroom door was open. He slept naked, on the covers, passed

out from too much beer. I saw part of his cock in the shadowy darkness; it

looked hefty and promising. I licked my lips and rubbed my thighs

together, staring at it, contemplating climbing naked into my father's bed.

This was a step I wasn't sure I wanted to take. Then I remembered Bob.

 I went down the hall into the living room. Uncle Bob was snoring softly

on the couch. He had stripped down to his boxers and undershirt. The

blanket I'd thrown over him had fallen away, and his body was mostly

exposed to me. It was a strong body - maybe not as lean and muscular as

Uncle Chuck, but still big and strong and experienced. I thought he might

make a good lover and decided then and there to find out.

 I knelt down beside him. "Uncle Bob?" I whispered. He snored on, and I

repeated myself more loudly. No response. I decided to play Princess

Charming and kiss him. Instinctively, he kissed me back a little but then

turned his face a little and started snoring again.

 I'd heard of guys getting morning wood and so knew that they could get

hard in their sleep. I moved down the side of the couch next to Bob's

hips. Delicately, I reached into the fly of his boxers. My hand was small

enough and his boxers large enough for me to fit through. I felt his

crinkly pubic hair and moved down, finding his soft cock. I pulled it out

of the fly and looked at it as best I could in the darkness. It was a big

- not as big as Chuck, but still big. Even soft, my hand barely fit around

the shaft. The head was tapered so that the whole thing was shaped like a

soft, short, thick camping stake. I played with it with my hands for a few

minutes, enjoying the feeling of the doughy flesh, before bending my head

down and kissing it.

 I took the head into my mouth and sucked gently. Remembering what Uncle

Chuck had liked, I massaged Uncle Bob's balls through the fabric of his

underpants. He immediately began to stiffen. Before long, I had a raging

erection in hands and mouth. I was amazed - Bob's cock, while shorter than

Chuck's, was thicker! Only the tapered head would fit into my mouth,

despite my efforts to get more in.

 After a few minutes, I felt a gentle hand caress my head. I realized

that the snoring had stopped. Without stopping my blowjob, I looked over

and saw that Uncle Bob's eyes were open. He was staring at me with a look

of wonderment and ecstasy on his face.

 "I can't believe it," he said. "This is like a beautiful dream."

 I pulled my mouth of his thick cock. "It's not a dream, Uncle Bob," I

whispered. "This is real."

 He gathered me up into his arms and kissed me, long and tenderly. I

straddled his lap and felt his hard, thick cock rub against my pussy - wet

even without anyone touching it.

 He laid me down on the couch and opened up my night shirt. Completely

exposed for the first time to a man's gaze, I felt a rush of heat run

through me. He kissed and nibbled my neck while stroking my thighs. The

touch of his hand on my knee made me spread them as he kissed his way down

to my budding teenaged breasts.

 He licked the tip of my right nipple, then the left. The sensation sent

flutters through my pussy, and I began to hump my hips a little as his

licks became more insistent and turned into sucks and nibbles. As his hand

traced circles on my inner thighs, I suddenly came as he bit down gently

but firmly on my left nipple. I squeaked and squeezed my thighs shut,

trapping his hand, as I rolled a little from side to side.

 He laughed. "I guess you liked that," he said, as my knees spread apart

for him again. He knelt before me and for the second time that day, a much

older man spread my pussy lips apart and licked my clit.

 God, it felt so good! He licked and sucked and nibbled me for God knows

how long, bringing me close to the peak for a few times before letting me

topple over the edge. I put my hands on his head, not that he was going

anywhere, and his hands drifted up and stroked my torso, caressing my

breasts, pinching my nipples, even wandering to my mouth where I sucked on

his fingers. I came and I came, Uncle Bob reducing me into a sloppy mess,

especially when he took his fingers - slick with my saliva - and eased one

into my virgin pussy as he sucked on my clit, wiggling up against some

magic spot that had my hips twitching convulsively as I had three orgasms

in a row.

 He pulled his finger out of me and sat down next to me. I leaned again

him, panting, my hand going automatically to his cock. I put my head on

his lap, and while I caught my breath, I kissed and licked his

magnificently hard cock.

 "God, since I saw you in the pool today, I've wanted to do that," he

breathed. "You're so beautiful already - even more so than your Mom - and

you were in that skimpy little thing..." He lost his train of speech as I

took his balls into my mouth and sucked gently on them. He didn't say

anything for a little bit as I tasted that slightly sweaty manly taste of

his testes, enjoying the power I exercised over him and anticipating the

pleasure that awaited me.

 His fingers wandered over behind me and stroked my sopping pussy. I

lathered the shaft of his cock with my tongue before sucking on that

tapered head. I tasted the slightly salty pre-cum and sat up. Facing

Uncle Bob, I straddled his hips as he caressed my belly and teen tits. I

knew what cocks were for, thanks to Sex Ed, and I knew that I wanted what

was natural.

 "Uncle Bob," I whispered as he nibbled my breasts and I rubbed my wet

teen pussy on his big cock, "Uncle Bob, please...please, I need you, Uncle

Bob, I need you inside me..."

 He reached down and aligned the head of that spear with the mouth of my

pussy. The slick friction almost made me cum again, but I wanted something

more, and I knew that I was about to get it. I felt the tip nudge into me,

and Uncle Bob, placed his hands on my hips and guided me downwards.

 It was a splitting sensation. That was the only way to describe it. I

was being forced apart as that thick piece of manmeat slowly but surely

wormed its way inside me. I had trouble breathing as my pussy was packed

for the first time.

 Finally, I felt the head fetch up against something and I could go no

further down. Uncle Bob said, "That's as far into as I can get, Kristi." I

whined incomprehensibly, communicating my need as the discomfort faded and

my pleasure grew. My hips started moving on their own, a minute rise and

fall that Bob detected. As my rhythm grew, he helped me by controlled my

undulations on him. Soon, I was pulling up and crashing back down on that

huge cock without his hands. He pinched my nipples, and my head snapped

back as I shoved a hand into my mouth to stifle my screams as I came!

 Oh, the pleasure! "Ah, ah, aaaaahhhhh!"

 I bounced up and down on Uncle Bob's cock like I was riding a mechanical

bull. Every time I bottomed out, I felt him force something back a little.

It hurt a little but in a really good way, enhancing the pleasure coursing

throughout me.

 All of a sudden, he stood up, holding me to him. He turned me around as

I twitched away on his cock and laid me down gently on the couch. I

continued try to fuck up onto his cock, but I was no longer in control. He

took my legs and placed my feet on his chest. He winked and drew back...

 Wham! He fucked into me with one hard stroke.

 Wham! Another hard stroke.

 Wham! Wham! Wham! Wham! Bob's hips drove into me, slamming and

filling my cunt to maximum capacity. I felt something soft slap my asshole

and realized that I had taken his huge cock all the way into me. The

thought of that - that I could take such a huge cock - and the feeling of

being dominated and stuffed full of cock made my orgasms flare up again and

again and again!

 After unknown minutes or hours of hard, masterful pounding and hard,

nerve-wracking orgasms, Uncle Bob's breathing became more labored. His

face tensed up, and he buried himself deep inside of me. "Rrrrrr!" he

growled, and I felt his cock swell and throb and a jet of red-hot fluid

fire deep into me!

 "Cumming" I whined, feeling his orgasm trigger mine. "Oh God, I'm

cumming Uncle Bob, you're cumming I can feel your cum so deep so deep so

deep...!"

 "Rrr! Rrr! Rrrr!" He grunted as he stroked himself deeply into me,

filling my freshly-violated pussy with thick, hot sperm. I wailed softly,

dug my fingers into his arms, and then went limp. He collapsed on top of

me, balls-deep, his cock throbbing less and less.

 We lay there like that for a few minutes, catching our breath. His cock

slowly softened, and my pussy squeezed it out. A flood of cum spilled out

of my pussy, which felt stretched and sore but good.

 "Oh Uncle Bob," I sighed, kissing his face. "I needed that. Thank you

so much."

 He smiled and kissed me back. "No, thank YOU. I hadn't had a fuck like

that in years."

 I gave him a sympathetic look. "Oh poor you - you must have had so much

frustration built up."

 "Yeah, well..." he smirked and kissed me again, harder. "Maybe if you

give me 30 minutes, I'll have some more 'frustration' built up."

 I giggled. This was going to be a long night.

Chap 4 -

"Good morning, Daddy!"

It was seven in the morning, and I had just shut off Daddy's

alarm clock.  He groaned and half sat up before falling back onto

the bed.

"Daddy, you have to get up!  You told me to make sure you got up

on time since you have to go to the office today!"

I had been up at six.  Uncle Bob had fucked me until two in the

morning, and we'd fallen asleep in each others arms on the couch,

his cum still leaking out of my no-longer-virgin pussy.  His

watch alarm had gone off at six, and we'd groggily straightened

out up the couch.  We flipped the cum-stained cushions over, and

Uncle Bob told me I'd need to steam them clean if I didn't want

Daddy to find out.

I'd tried to get Uncle Bob hard again for a goodbye fuck, but it

wasn't happening.  After a minute of no response with my mouth,

he'd conceded that I'd sucked the life out of him a few hours ago

and that he'd need to "recharge" if I wanted a repeat

performance.

And boy, did I want one. The soreness in my pussy reminded me of

what great fun fucking was, reminded me of how Uncle Bob's thick

cock stretched me and pounded me into a quivering jelly.  I had

dried cum on my thighs but the idea of receiving a fresh load in

my mouth or pussy made me tingle again.

"Daddy!"

He groaned and turned over onto his back.  "I'll get up," he

whispered, "just five more minutes."

Mom didn't let him get away with this, so I knew I shouldn't.  I

looked at him, covered in just a sheet.  I knew he was naked

because I'd seen him the night before and because his cock was

faintly outlined in the sheets.  It sat heavily on his groin,

pointing towards his belly.  I couldn't see how big it was

because of the pools of fabric, but I was curious.  I decided to

kill two birds with one stone.

"Daddy..."  When he didn't moved, I crawled onto the bed.  Over

the sheets, I crawled up his body, planting my butt - naked under

my nightshirt - square on his lap.  I gave it just a tiniest

wiggle, and he cracked one eye open and looked at me a little

confused.  I leaned forward and kissed him on the nose.  "Daddy,"

I whispered, "won't you get it up for me?"

He jumped a little at that.  "Um, Kristi, what did you say?" he

croaked as I let my lemon-sized breasts rest on his chest through

the thin cotton of my nightshirt.

"I said, 'Daddy, won't you get up for me?'" I giggled.  "Why,

what did you think I said?"  I slid down until I felt his cock -

which was half-hard now - bump my pussy.  From his angle, he

couldn't see my naked hindquarters.  I lifted my butt just enough

to slide my now-bare pussy over his cock.  It felt substantial,

meaty.  I rested my clit on the shaft, my juices now starting to

flow.  There was no doubt in my mind that I was hungry for more

cock and that my Daddy's cock sounded really yummy at the moment.

I rubbed my pussy on his cock, and it grew harder underneath me.

My father's eyes, groggy with sleep, started to focus but then

glazed over a little bit.  I felt him starting to stir underneath

me, his hips grinding his cock against my hungry little slit.  It

felt huge, like it could be as big as Uncle Bob's, maybe, and my

juices started to seep through the thin sheet that separated two

parts that wanted to be whole.   "Oh Daddy," I whispered huskily,

my teen voice full of desire.

At that his eyes refocused, and he harumphed! and sat up

abruptly.  "Thanks for waking me up, kitten," he said briskly,

giving me a quick squeeze.  "Mind getting out of here so I can

get dressed?"

"Sure, Daddy," I said, giving him a quick kiss on the lips before

reluctantly climbing out of bed.  I could see the wet spot where

my pussy had been, clearly visible to even Daddy's sleepy eyes.

"Anytime you need me, Daddy.  Anytime."

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After he left, I took care of the stains on the couch and hopped

into the bath.  I washed my pussy carefully, glad (not for the

first time) that I was on the pill (cramps suck).  I did a quick

all-over shave, and the feeling of lotion being massaged into my

skin soothed my sore little cunny.  I then napped for a few hours

after cleaning up.

I had told Daddy over breakfast that I was going to help Amy, who

lived a few blocks over, with her babysitting.  He nodded,

clearly distracted something (what?  my bare legs on the bar

stool?  the thought that I might have been "dry humping" him

earlier? the smell of my wet pussy?), and said it was okay as

long as I was home for dinner.

I was still sleepy when my alarm went off but the thought of what

awaited me got me out of bed real quick.  I freshened up, put on

a little makeup, and hmmed over what to wear.  The sexiest thing

I had was the outfit I'd worn to the mall the day before, so

that's just what I put on.  Knowing that I wouldn't be wearing

them long anyway, I decided to forgo the panties.

I sat in the living room, waiting for Uncle Chuck and and Uncle

Jim to show up.  The idea that they would be molesting me,

feeling me, fucking me had me so horny that I couldn't keep my

hands off my pussy.  When the doorbell finally rang at a little

after twelve, I'd already rubbed my clit to three orgasms that

increased rather than cooled the heat between my legs.

Uncle Jim was at the door, looking all the world like a cowboy.

He waited for me to lock up, then pulled me against his body.

"Little girl, you ready for this?" he smirked, knowing the answer

full well.

"Oh God, Uncle Jim, I need you to fuck me like right now," I

moaned, rubbing against him.  He laughed and led me to his truck,

where Chuck sat in the passenger side.  I got in between them,

and Chuck immediately kissed me, his black fingers sliding up my

wet thighs and onto my pussy.  We sucked tongues for a bit, and

he then held up his fingers for Jim to sniff.  He grunted

affirmatively and put his own hand on my leg.  For the fifteen

minutes it took to get to Chuck's apartment, the two of them kept

their fingers on and in me while I rubbed their cocks through

their pants.  I told them about me and Uncle Bob, and they

laughed, saying that they figured I couldn't wait.

Once parked, Jim pushed the seat back and had me straddle him

while we kissed, my wet pussy staining his jeans and grinding his

big hard cock.  He carried me to his apartment like that in broad

daylight.  I felt like such a slut, knowing that anyone could see

that I was jailbait about to fuck two grown men and relishing the

feeling.

Inside, we wasted little time getting naked.  While Jim lay back

on the bed, I knelt and sucked his cock.  It wasn't as thick as

Uncle Bob's or Chuck's, but it was longer.  I could get some past

the head into my mouth, but there were still handfuls of cock

that I couldn't get into me.

While I sucked Jim, Chuck spread my cheeks and licked my pussy

and asshole.  The sensation of a wet tongue on my virgin rose

made me squeal and squirm - would they want to put their cocks up

there?  The thought was so nasty...but intriguing.  I thought

about it as Uncle Chuck's rough tongue tickled my clit to my

first orgasm of the day.

After my hips had stopped twitching, they switched positions.  As

I bathed Uncle Chuck's dark chocolate balls with my tongue, Uncle

Jim rubbed his spit-slicked cock between my pussy lips.  The wet

friction made me wiggle my ass, communicating my need for cock.

He slipped in, commenting on my tightness.  He didn't stretch me

like Uncle Bob, but it still felt great as he speared me all the

way up my pussy chute.  I showed my appreciation by cumming as I

felt the head bump into my cervix.

"God!" Uncle Jim drawled, "she's tight as a virgin but hot as a

firecracker.  Damn, this girl likes to fuck!"

"Mmmm!  Mmmm!  Mmm!" was all I could say, as my mouth was full of

African-American testicle at the time.

Uncle Chuck asked, "You gonna open her up top?"  Jim affirmed

it.  I wondered what the hell that meant?

I found out.  Uncle Jim still had a handful of long, hard cock

outside of me.  He began to apply steady pressure to my cervix,

angling himself in different ways, looking for something.  I

didn't know what he was looking for, but I certainly enjoyed it.

The steady pressure on my cervix hurt in a way that made my

orgasm prolong itself.  I pulled my mouth off of Chuck's nutsack

and moaned.

Working by feel, the tip of Uncle Jim's rock-hard cock found the

mouth of my cervix.  Unseen but not unfelt, the steady pressure

began to force it open.  All I knew is that I suddenly felt Uncle

Jim sink deeper into me, and my orgasm ramped up a zillion

notches as he bottomed out, the head in my womb and his balls

resting on my clit.

"Eeep!" I yelped.  My eyes rolled back and I shuddered, making

incoherent noises as I felt this violation of my anatomy.  The

men laughed and bumped fists as my pussy first clamped down on

Jim's cock and then fluttered uncontrollably.

"Aaaaaaaa...aaaagggg...oooo...."

And then he began to fuck me.  Short, insistent strokes that

pulled him almost out of my womb before jamming himself back

in.

"Aah!  Aah!  Aah!"

He couldn't last long, which was good because I certainly

couldn't last much longer.  My inexperienced body was reaching a

limit when he clutched my hips tighter and his strokes becamse

shorter and harder.

"Fuck!  Fuck!  Fuck!  FUCK!" he grunted, and I felt him flood

me.  It felt different than when Uncle Bob had cum inside me, but

no less pleasurable.  I collapsed forward as Jim stroked into me

and held himself deep, twitching and moaning and cumming into

Chuck's groin.

After a minute, Jim pulled himself out.  I was surprised that

there was no accompanying flood of cum but didn't have time to

think it through.  Uncle Chuck flipped me over onto my back.

Positioning himself over me, he put my feet on his shoulders.  He

leaned over to kiss me.  His cock spread my lips as he sunk into

me, stretching me, burrowing into, and finally, after a minute or

two of hard pressure, invading me the way Uncle Jim had just

done.  It was another 30 minutes before I had a chance to rest.

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I came out of the bathroom toweling my hair dry.  Uncle Chuck's

hard, pounding fuck had left us both a mess, but me messier.

Covered in sweat and leaking pussy juice and Uncle Jim's cum from

around the thick shaft of Uncle Chuck's big black cock, I had

been fucked for half an hour without a stop.  The session had

continued through me passing out from a particularly long and

continuous orgasm and waking up to a new one.  It had ended with

Uncle Chuck pulling his long, ebony erection out of my pussy and

splattering my face with cum before I could get my lips around

the head.  Despite my eyes being plastered shut with the thick

stuff, I still managed to get a mouthful of semen, which I

swallowed happily, nursing on the dark head of that magnificent

cock.

I was surprised to see Jim and Chuck still naked, on the bed, and

still clearly hard and waiting for me.  I had thought we were

done for the day, but that wasn't the case.

Chuck pulled me onto him as he lounged back against the

headboard.  We kissed passionately as his fingers diddled my

pussy.  "You liked getting blacked, Kristi?" he asked.

"Oh Uncle Chuck, I loved it," I moaned.  "You can black me

anytime.  And Uncle Jim, too.  I mean - "

They laughed and Uncle Jim said from behind me that he knew what

I meant.  I then felt his fingers caress my asshole.  A slippery

substance was spread on my little virgin rosebud, and as Chuck

sank a finger into my already juicing pussy, Jim tickled my rose

with that slippery finger.  Slowly, I began to open up for him.

The wiggling digit in my backdoor - one knuckle deep - felt

strange but not unpleasant, especially since Chuck as rubbing my

G-spot in the front.  Taking his sweet time, it wasn't long

before Uncle Jim had sunk his middle finger all the way into me.

As I came from the double stimulus, he gradually began to work a

second finger into me.  I would clench down painfully on him

sometime, but with patience and diligence, he loosened me up

enough so that he was finger fucking me smoothly.  The feeling of

a dual invasion was novel and made things more intense.  Soon I

was cumming every minute of so - little orgasms that whetted my

appetite for more.

I soon got it.  As Chuck hugged me close, Jim positioned my hips

so that my ass was pointing up.  He then began forcing himself

slowing into my ass.  Chuck comforted me and rubbed my clit,

easing my discomfort as Jim's long hard shaft wormed its way

inside my bowel.  I thought, "I don't like this.  I'm not

enjoying this."

I didn't think that for long.

Giving me time to adjust, Jim's balls finally came to rest on my

freshly fucked pussy.  I felt full in a different way, and as he

began to fuck my ass with short, gentle strokes, I felt a

familiar fire began to stoke in a slightly different variation.

My tune changed.  "Oh God, Uncle Jim - it feels so gooood..."

He drawled, "You like getting ass-fucked, little girl?"

"Oh God, yes, I love getting ass-fucked, I think I can cum like

thissssssss," I moaned, just as I did, indeed, cum from getting

my teenaged asshole reamed out.

"Never met a girl who couldn't," Uncle Chuck remarked, his

fingers still stroking my swollen clit.

Three orgasms later, the sheets were a mess again.  I had leaked

pussy juice all over Uncle Chuck's thighs, and there was still

semen seeping out of my womb.  I was a new convert to the church

of sodomy, convinced that it was the greatest thing next to

getting fucked in the pussy. I was about to learn different -

that there was something even greater.

After my fourth anal orgasm, Uncle Jim slid nearly out of me,

keeping just the head of his cock in my ass.  I wondered why he

had stopped his motion when I felt Uncle Chuck starting to

manuever the massive head of his black cock into my pussy.  A bit

of pressure forced it up past the mouth and into my near-virgin

fuck chute.  As he worked that thick black fuckstick up my nubile

pussy, Uncle Jim began to work his long cock up my ass.

It was so tight.  I didn't know if I could take it.  I whimpered

and whined, but they just continued to gently fuck their big

cocks up my twin holes.  Slowly, the gentle double-fucking teased

a surprise orgasm out of me.

"Aaaah!" I yelped as the cum hit me unexpectedly.  My hips, which

had held mostly still at the dual invasion of my fuck holes,

began to hump up and down.  My nipples could have cut glass.  My

hint of hell had suddenly turned to heaven.

"We save this for only the freakiest of sluts," Uncle Chuck

said.  "Never broken one in so soon.  Are you a little slut,

Kristi?"

I answered in the affirmative.  Both verbally and bodily.  "Oh

God!  I'm a slut!  Oh God!  I'm cumming on your cocks!  Oh God!

Oh God!"  A few minutes later, Uncle Chuck's cock forced my

cervix open again and  my orgasms flowed into a single blinding

wave.  "I'm a slut!  I'm a slut!  Fuck fuck fuck me fuck fuck me

oh please fuck me!"

My hips rose and fell in a nimble fuck rhythm all their own.  The

double deep dicking I was receiving in wiped my mind clean of

anything but fucking.  Every variation of double-penetration felt

great - the alternating long strokes to the simultaneous short

staccato brute fucking.  I screeched and moaned and came one long

continuous cum.

"Shit, this bitch is hot!" Uncle Chuck grunted as he pummeled my

pussy.  Uncle Jim whooped and fucked my ass even harder, and I

welcomed it all.

Too soon, I felt their cocks swell.  I felt them get harder.  I

felt their hot cum flowing into me.  I felt my orgasm crest and

finally began to wind down.  I fell forward onto Uncle Chuck, and

Uncle Jim pulled out of me to lay down, his chest heaving, his

cum leaking out of my ass, which gaped loosely for a minute

before closing back up.

As we rested, I looked over at the clock.  "Oh shit!" I cried.

"I'm supposed to be home in like 10 minutes!"

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Fifteen minutes later, I was dropped off a block away from the

house.  I kissed Uncle Jim and Uncle Chuck.  "Thank you for

deep-dicking me," I said, using the phrase I'd been taught.

They laughed.  "Naw, thank you YOU, Kristi," Uncle Jim drawled as

they pulled away.

I ran home.  I could feel little streams of cum running out of me

and down my leg.  I had cleaned up as best as I could at Chuck's,

but hoping that Daddy was running late.  No such luck.

I snuck into the kitchen.  Daddy was at the phone, dialing a

number.  I rushed past him, saying, "Hi Daddy!" as I went to the

powder room.

I heard him put the phone down just before I closed the door.  I

wiped the cum off my leg, but there was still some leaking out of

me.  I didn't have any panties on to sop it up, either, and my

tampons were upstairs.  Dammit!

When I came out, Daddy said, "I was just calling Amy's house to

see where you were.  Did you wear that over to her place?"  He

indicated my skirt.

"Why yes, Daddy,  it was hot out."

He didn't say anything further beyond a comment or two about

being careful who saw me in that.  I said I'd start making dinner

right away.

I popped the roast in the oven and started chopping vegetables

for the salad.  Daddy was sitting at the kitchen table, reading

the paper.  As I tossed the carrots into the salad bowl, I felt a

trickle run down the inside of my leg.  Oh shit! I thought,

realizing that it was more cum leaking out of my pussy.  When

Daddy wasn't looking, I wiped my thigh.

This was going to be a problem, I thought, and I was right. I

sliced tomatoes and felt more cum run out of me.  Quick glance at

Daddy, quick wipe inside my thigh.

I was at the sink scrubbing potatoes when I felt a particularly

thick gob leak out of me.  I looked over at Daddy, but he had

just gotten up from the table.  He walked behind me to the fridge

and grabbed a bottle of beer.  He opened up the drawer next to

me, fished out the bottle opener, and promptly dropped it on the

floor.  It fell between my feet.  Before I could react, he'd

said, "Oops!" and stooped down to get it.  He didn't get right

back up, and I looked down to see why.

He was crouched down, his hand on the bottle opener, his eyes on

something at my foot level.  "What's this on the floor, Kristi?"

he asked, putting his finger in a small puddle of cum that had

leaked out of me.  I hadn't even noticed it, assuming it had all

trickled down my leg.  As he touched it, another gob of cum

involuntarily leaked out and plopped between my feet, onto his

hand.

"Umm..." I said, trying to think of something.  He didn't say

anything for a second, just looked at the stream of cum leaking

down my leg.  I couldn't really breathe, I was too nervous.

"I didn't want to believe it," he said, still crouched.  "I

didn't want to believe my little girl wasn't a little girl any

more."  He got up and looked right at me.  "You weren't

babysitting today, were you?"

"No Daddy," I said, mortified.

"You were out there in that little skirt of yours, the skirt I

bought you, with some boys, weren't you?"  he growled.

"Yes Daddy," I whispered, almost in tears.

His hand pulled up the hem of my skirt, exposing my bare behind.

"You went out there in this little skirt with no panties on and

you came home with a pussy full of cum that's just leaking out of

you."  He kicked my feet apart and knelt behind me, spreading my

asscheeks apart.  "You're asshole's leaking, too.  My daughter

isn't a little girl any more, she's a little slut.  How many

cocks did you have in you today, Kristi?"

I could barely breathe.  Somewhere in the nervous-wracking

tension of being caught, I felt the tremblings of desire stirring

as my fuckholes were exposed to my father.  I licked my lips as I

felt that now-familiar ache return to my sore but hungry pussy.

"Two, Daddy,"  I whispered.

"Two," he repeated.  His fingers slid over my pussy and asshole

as he spoke.  "My little girl came to my bed this morning and

rubbed her pussy on her father's cock.  And then she went out

dressed like a little whore and fucked some boy and then she went

and fucked another boy.  Is that right?"

"No, Daddy," I whispered, fighting the urge to moan.  "I fucked

them both at the same time."

"The same time," he said.  He stood up, still behind me.  "You

know what that makes you, don't you, Kristi?"

I knew.  He knew.  And now that I knew that he knew what I was, I

could ask for what I wanted.

I stuck my ass out behind me, until it crashed softly into his

groin.  I could feel something big and hard in his pants and I

rubbed against it gently.

"I'm a whore, Daddy,"  I moaned, feeling his cock through his

slacks.  "I'm a little whore, and I'm hungry for cock, Daddy."

His hands came up to hold my hips, and he pulled himself tighter

against me.  "I need cock in my fuckholes, Daddy.

"I need my Daddy's big cock inside of my slutty little holes."

I turned around and knelt down in front of my father.  I attacked

his zipper and reached into his boxers.  My hand wrapped around

something that felt bigger than I'd already experienced.  I

tugged but couldn't get it out of his pants.  Daddy smirked as he

undid his belt and let me pull his pants down.

When I finally saw his penis, my jaw dropped.  It was only

half-hard, and it was already bigger than Uncle Chuck's big black

cock.  Longer than Jim's and thicker than Bob's, it was a massive

piece of meat that stiffened and lifted before my very eyes.

Pre-cum already dripped from the slit in the head, and I lifted

my daddy's big dick to my mouth and sucked the clear fluid out.

"Oh, that's right, you little slut," Daddy moaned as I crammed

the head into my mouth and stroked the shaft with my hands.

"Suck that cock."

I did.  I sucked that big daddy cock as if my life depended on

it.  As my mouth tried to suck the juice right out of that slab

of meat, other juices dripped from my pussy and asshole onto the

kitchen floor.  I felt my pussy grow hotter as I sucked that dick

and wondered if I could cum without touching myself. When Daddy

grabbed my head and started fucking my mouth, making me gag, I

learned that I could.

Daddy raised me to my feet and lifted me up onto the kitchen

counter.  He stepped out of his pants and shorts and pulled my

top off, leaving me in nothing but my slutty little skirt.  My

nipples were rock hard as he grabbed and pinched them, making me

squeak and moan with pain and desire.  "Put me in you," he

hissed, and my hands grasped his spit-slick fuckstick and guided

him to my pussy, which had closed back up from the afternoon's

black dicking.

He pressed forward, and after a brief fight, my pussy relented

and let him slip inside.  It was still an uphill battle but one I

welcomed; even before he got more than the head in, my cunt

started spasming in orgasm.

"Oh Daddy!" I squealed, "Oh Daddy, you're making me cum already!"

He packed me full of more meat, and my pussy squirted juiced all

over the kitchen counter and floor.  "Daddy!  I'm cumming again!"

He bottomed out against my cervix.  This time, I couldn't say

anything coherent; I just screeched when I felt him fetch up

against back wall of my vaginal passage.  He put his arms under

my legs and lifted me.  I wrapped my arms around his neck as he

lifted and dropped me onto his huge cock.

I caught our reflection in the patio door. It was so obscene –

my tiny body body held by my big daddy, his cock spearing me, a

big fat chunk still sticking out of me. I humped against him as

he lifted and dropped, lifted and dropped, fucking my pussy onto

his gigantic rock-hard cock.

“Ah!” he grunted. “God, your cunt is so tight on my cock,

Kristi! Do you like how it feels to get fucked?”

“I love it Daddy! I love fucking! I love your cock in my pussy.

 Oh fuck me, please fuck me!”

He moved us over to his chair and sat down. “Show me, Kristi,”

he said. “Show me how much you love fucking me.”

I put my hands on his chest and lifted my hips up. His long and

thick cock slid almost all the way out of me before I reversed

direction and swallowed him up again. Over and over I did this,

until the frustration of not having him all in me got to me. I

sat down on Daddy’s cock until it pressed against my womb. “I

need it in me, Daddy,” I said, grinding and shifting angles,

keeping the pressure on my cervix, trying to replicate what Jim

had done to me earlier that day.

“I am inside you, baby,” my daddy said, kissing me.

“No, Daddy, I need you ALL the way in me,” I moaned. I felt his

cock hit the right angle and pressed down with all my weight. I

watched Daddy’s eyes grow wide as he felt my cervix open up. My

eyes rolled back into my head as I felt him penetrate into the

deepest part of me. It was hard – he was bigger than Chuck,

longer than Jim, and wider than Bob – but my efforts were

rewarded as I was finally filled as much as was humanly possible.

“Oh God, Kristi,” my Daddy groaned as he truly bottomed out in

me.

“AAaaaaaggghhh,” I moaned back. My orgasms flowed into each

other, the ebbs growing closer and closer until it felt I was

riding one giant wave of convulsive liquid pleasure. My hips

writhed and humped and fucked my Daddy instinctively, never

letting his huge cock escape my womb.

“Aaaaugh! Oh fuck fuck fuck! Fuck my slutty pussy, Daddy! Fuck

your slutty daughter!”

Daddy’s hips fucked up off of the couch, slapping into my thighs.

 His balls slapped my ass, and in the haze of my orgasm, I made a

mental note to have him fuck me there, soon.

“Oh Princess, I can’t believe how sexy you are, I can’t believe

I’m fucking my sexy little slutty daughter. Oh baby I love you!

Fuck fuck fuck!”

“Oh Daddy keep fucking me! I love you Daddy I love you I love

your cock I love fucking you!”

He grew even bigger in me. I felt him grow even harder. I knew

what was about to happen, and I wanted it.

“Oh baby, gonna cum! Gonna cum inside you!”

“Give it to me Daddy! Give me your hot cum!”

I fucked onto him with hard, deliberate strokes as he matched me

with his own. He swelled and fucked until I felt a throb travel

the length of his cock and my pussy. A glob of lava belched into

my womb, and I screeched, feeling my orgasm overwhelm my senses

beyond their previous limits. I sat on my Daddy’s lap, his cock

deep within my womb, and convulsed as his cock throbbed again and

again and his cum filled me and overflowed my pussy and leaked

out.

“Aaaah!” he groaned. “Cumming in your slutty cunt! Aaaaaaah!”

I fell forward onto him, unable to move, my orgasm having sapped

the life out of me. Daddy continued to fuck in my limp body for

another minute, pumping his hot thick cum deep into me, before

stopping as well. His cock began to soften after a few minutes,

and my pussy slowly squeeze him out, a river of cum following.

After a few minutes, we began to stir.

Daddy chuckled. “What’s so funny, Daddy?” I asked in a hoarse

whisper, tired.

“When you showed me that skirt, all I could think about was how

some boy would want to fuck you. I was worried.” He kissed me

tenderly.

“You’re not worried any more, Daddy?”

He shook his head, smiling. “Not any more, kiddo. In fact, I

was thinking that maybe we should get you some more clothes like

that.”

I smiled back at him. I liked the thought of running around in

little slutty clothes. I could fucked a lot in clothes like

that, I thought. I was going to get a lot of Daddy’s cum and a

lot of big black cock.

My mystery man was certainly going to be surprised when I met him

again.