**Getting Prepared**by ‘Lost One’

It was Sunday morning, the weekend after the fourth of July. Normally, mom would be hassling my brother and me about getting ready for Church, but last night she had decided we were going to have a stay-at-home day, and so we had all slept late. Church would be almost over by now, and she stood at my door staring at me. I was sitting on my bed, brushing my hair, before I took off my nightgown and started dressing.

"Danielle, are you worried about this Naked in School thing?"

I looked back at her apprehensively. What had brought that on? "Yeah. I mean, being naked and having guys stare at you," I shuddered a little, "and touching you. Sounds like a nightmare." I held the brush in my hands and nervously started pulling hairs from the bristles. "The stories about those girls who had breakdowns scare me." I tossed the hairs into the trashcan by my bureau.

"I know," she said softly, "the stories worry me, too."

I really didn't want to get into this discussion right now, I kept hoping the administration would realize what a big mistake the whole thing was, and shut down the NIS Program. Plus, I'd read in the newspaper that a group of parents were suing the school district to stop the program. It was a Federal program and they couldn't really stop it completely, but the article said the parents wanted to stall implementation of the program for as long as possible. If they could put enough local roadblocks in the way, stretching each one out in court, the parents in the lawsuit felt they might be able to stall the local Program long enough for them to succeed in getting the federal laws reversed. I was rooting for them to succeed with all my heart.Mom sighed. "Honey, I've done some research on this..."

Yeah, like I haven't?

"And I think we need to come up with a plan to get you through the Naked in School Program as smoothly as possible."

Now I was worried. Mom was well known in our family for her "creative" solutions to problems. Such as using Cool Whip to relieve the burning of a sunburn ("it's cool, and coconut oil is good for the skin" were her explanations), using two tablespoons of olive oil to relieve constipation ("it's really slippery," she said), using Alka-Seltzer to clean the toilet ("it has scrubbing bubbles, too"), and so on. The odd thing was, they usually worked.

"I think you need to have a little practice in what the Program is like."

"What?" I was puzzled, just what had she come up with, this time?

"Well, dear, when you were having all that trouble with math a couple of years ago, you did a lot of at-home work with Daddy and me, practicing, until you understood what the difficulty was and could easily solve the problems."

No. She wasn't seriously suggesting...

"I think we should have a practice NIS day here at home."

"WHAT?" I stared at her, my eyes wide and mouth hanging open in surprise. "You want me to be naked here at home, all day?"

"Now take it easy, dear, that's not exactly what I had in mind. I meant we should give you the experience of being in school and doing the things that you would be doing during the program."

"WHAT?" I dropped my brush on the floor. "HOW? I don't understand."

She came over and grabbed me in a hug. Because I was still sitting, I couldn't say anything more because my face was smothered against her belly.

"Hush, dear, don't get all upset. I just want to make sure your Freshman year of high school isn't a disaster."

Well, the only thing good about my first year in high school year was that I wasn't going to be the only girl naked in the Program, every girl and boy in the school was going to spend a week naked (but not all at the same time). So this year was going to be a disaster for everyone, not just me. At least I would have plenty of company.

She let go of me and stepped over to the door, "DADDY!" I don't know why, but she always calls Daddy that instead of by his name, like most parents.

A moment later he poked his head around the doorsill, "Yes?"

"Danielle and I have decided that what she needs is a dry-run-through on the school's NIS Program. That way, she'll be acclimated to the program before school starts; she'll know what to expect and how to react. And she'll know what's allowed and what's not allowed, so she won't accidentally get into trouble doing something she shouldn't, or not doing something she should."

He frowned at mom, "What?"

Mom sighed. Mom's explanations sometimes took a while to figure out. "Remember our talk yesterday about the NIS Program?"

"Oh, right." He stepped into my room. "So what do you mean by 'dry-run'?"

"Well, the only way to make her comfortable with the NIS Program is to do it here at home."

Dad and I stared at her. Do the Program at home? My stomach started to sink. I had a bad feeling about this. Was she really going to make me go naked at home?

"First," she turned to face me, "Danielle, take off your nightgown."

"Mooooommmm!" Oh, God, she was gonna make me go naked!

She crossed her arms and stared at me. "Honey, we're just in your room, not in the living room or family room."

I looked at her and knew she meant it. And when she had that look, I was doomed. I looked from her to dad and back.

"Oh, come on, Danielle, Daddy has seen you naked many times. You used to take baths together all the time. He knows what you look like." And she stared at me.

Yeah, he had, but not since my periods had started when I was twelve.

She was still staring, and I knew I was going to lose this argument, so I slowly stood up. I crossed my arms, grabbed the sides of my nightgown and lifted it up and over my head. I held it in front of my small boobs, with part of it hanging down to cover my crotch.

Mom sighed, and reached over to snatch the nightgown away from me. "Come on, Danielle, you know you aren't supposed to hide like that."

My boobs were now completely exposed. Fortunately, my crotch, and pussy, were pretty well hidden behind my public hair, which was actually very thick.

Dad was staring at me with a "deer in headlights" look of astonishment. He was as surprised as I was at what Mom was doing.

Mom stared at me as well, but she had her head held at a slight angle. She was studying my body, critically. Then she smiled, "You've certainly filled out over the last year, hasn't she Daddy?"

Daddy blinked, and then cleared his throat. "Yes, dear, she certainly has."

I knew I was blushing.

"Well, then," Mom said, "might as well get started. Danielle, you know the NIS rules don't you?"

I did, but I shook my head no, anyway

She pursed her lips; she knew I was lying. "Okay, the boys can look all they want, they can even ask you to pose anyway they want, and you have to do it. If they want to touch you, they have to ask permission. You can't say no unless it is an unreasonable request. And they can't ask you to perform sexual acts."

She turned to Daddy, "Well, what are you waiting for, you're supposed to be a high school boy with a naked girl in front of you, what are you going to ask her to do first?"

Daddy still had that stunned look. He licked his lips nervously, "Uh, turn around."

I looked at Mom, and she made a little spinning motion with her hand.

I slowly turned.

We stared at each other.

"Oh, for goodness sakes," Mom said. She stepped between us, forcing Daddy to look at her. "Daddy," she said very softly, "This is for your daughter, please do this. We don't want her getting into trouble like so many of the girls did last year." I couldn't see Mom's face, but I knew she was smiling from her tone as she said, "Daddy, just pretend you're back in high school, and this very pretty little girl is in the NIS Program. What would you want to do, knowing she'll let you do almost anything you ask," She paused a moment and I saw her cup her hand gently against Daddy's left cheek. "Pretend it's the first day of school, you meet this pretty girl in the hall, and she's in the Program."

When she stepped back, Daddy looked different, more, I don't know, interested? And he looked at me differently, too. I blushed again.

Hesitantly, he stepped closer to me. Then he crouched down so that he was looking right at my boobs. "So pretty," he whispered just barely loud enough for me to hear. My boobies turned red as the blush reached them. Did he really think my little boobies were pretty? He reached out with his right hand, but stopped just before he touched my left nipple. "May I?" he asked, looking up into my eyes.

I was ready to bolt at that point, but where would I have gone? Besides, this was Daddy. He was doing this because he loved me. I nodded, a brief jerk of my head.

It was like a butterfly landing, his touch was so soft. He circled the nipple with his finger, gently rubbing the dark area surrounding my nipple. It felt strange, but nice. No one but me had ever touched my nipples as gently. Well, actually, no one had ever touched my nipples at all, except Daddy when he was giving me a bath when I was younger.

He continued stroking around my nipple, gradually moving in wide circles until he had stroked my entire breast. Which wasn't hard to do considering my boobs were only about the size of half-lemons. And I noticed my nipple was hard. How had that happened?

He transferred his attention to my other breast and just as gently stroked it. Then he cupped them both in his hands. I'd always thought Daddy had strong hands, and watching them cover my little boobies made me feel a little faint. When he started stroking the nipples with his thumbs while just as gently squeezing my boobies in his hands, well, that was a delight I had never known. I closed my eyes and concentrated on the good feelings he was giving me.

I was disappointed when he took his hand away from my left boob, but my eyes shot open when I felt something very soft and wet stroke the nipple. Oh, wow, now that felt real good. I looked down as Daddy licked my boob, then kissed the nipple, and then sucked the whole thing inside his mouth!

I didn't know what to think, but I sure didn't want him to stop. I leaned forward, pressing my little boob into his mouth. A warm feeling started to make itself known down between my legs.

Again, my eyes shot open as cold air hit my boob, to be replaced by his hand as he started licking and then sucking my other boob. He alternated between them for a while. At this point I couldn't have told you if he had been doing this for ten seconds or ten minutes, although I figured it had to be closer to the latter. The warm feeling had spread up to my tummy.

My knees were beginning to get shaky, and I guess Daddy noticed. He leaned back and smiled up at me. "I think you'd better move over to the bed before you fall down." I backed up to the bed and sat down.

Mom was leaning against the doorframe of my room, an expression I have never seen on her face. She had her arms crossed just under her breasts. It almost looked like she was rubbing her breasts with her arms, but that couldn't be right.

Daddy moved to between my knees and put his hands on my thighs as he spread my legs wide while pulling me closer to the edge of the bed. Holy crap! He was looking straight at my pussy! I stared at the ceiling, too embarrassed to look down at him. I knew I was blushing again. That warm feeling got a little warmer, now that Daddy was looking down there.

If I was this embarrassed when it was someone I know and trust doing it, then I don't know how a girl could stand this kind of scrutiny at school, at the gaze of total strangers.

"Pull yourself open," came the whispered command.

I didn't move. I was too embarrassed to move. How could I do something like that?

I heard my Mom clear her throat. "Danielle," she said softly, "These are the things you'll have to do at school."

I took a deep breath and slowly moved my hands down to my crotch. I put my finger on either side of my pussy, and pushed towards my legs. That, I thought, would pull open the slit hiding my pussy and clit. I was surprised at how hot my skin felt down there.

I could feel Daddy's breath hitting my skin and making my pubic hair move. Suddenly I realized I was wet! When had that happened? And why hadn't I noticed it earlier? And just as suddenly, I wanted to feel Daddy's fingers there. Did that make me a bad girl? To want a boy to put his fingers in my crotch? No, make that for Daddy to put his fingers there?

A moment later I heard, "May I?"

I nodded again, and then realized he couldn't see that, so I gave out a squeaky, "Yes." Another time I would have been embarrassed at how my voice sounded, but at this point I just wanted to know what it would feel like for his fingers to stroke me there. The heat between my legs was almost a fire now; I wondered that Daddy didn't seem to be able to feel it.

I wasn't disappointed at what Daddy did. He slowly moved his hands up my thighs -- geeze, he had never taken them away and I hadn't noticed - and I felt his thumbs slid gently down the sides of my slit. I was embarrassed to realize that he had to have noticed that I was wet, and if he hadn't, his thumbs gliding across the slickness there would certainly have informed of that by now.

He ran his thumbs up and down a couple of times, and then he ran his finger right down the middle. I couldn't help it; it just felt so good; I pushed my hips against his finger. Oh, I had to be a bad girl to do something like that. The fire between my legs grew with every stroke of his fingers.

He spent some time stroking me there, but the killer was when he started stroking my clit. Now, I'm not a prude, and my parents never gave me that bull story about masturbation being evil, so I know how to give myself an orgasm, but I can tell you that a self-induced orgasm is not the same as one you get when someone else does it for you. The fire turned into a blaze and I could barely keep myself still as Daddy played with me down there.

I think I surprised everyone, including myself, when I started cumming. I was clutching the bedspread in my hands; my legs were clamped tight against Daddy's head and his hand. I don't know how long it lasted, but finally I had to climb up the bed, away from the glorious stroking finger. I was gasping and crying at the same time.

Gradually I realized Mom was cuddling against me, holding my head against her chest, "It's okay, love, there's nothing to cry about. It's okay."

"I'm fine, I'm fine," I gasped when I finally got enough breath. "It had felt so good," I added a moment later, and that I didn't know why I was crying. I looked around, and Daddy was standing beside Mom, and my brother Brian was standing in the doorframe staring at all of us. Well, actually, he was staring at me. Okay, to be precise, he was staring at the junction of my widespread legs. It was the first time he had seen me naked in many years, so I guess it was a treat for him. I started to get mad at him, and Mom saw where I was staring.

"Honey, get used to it. He's going to be going to your school next year and will have every opportunity to play with your body just like all the other boys."

I gasped. I had never thought about that! Had he seen Daddy giving me an orgasm? Would he want to touch me next year, to try to do what Daddy had just done?

"Daddy, that was very nice what you did for Danielle, but she still has a way to go before she knows what the program is like. It's your turn to get undressed."

Deer-in-headlights. I had to giggle. I also hadn't realized the implications of what Mom had said.

Mom sighed, "Daddy, you know that part of the program is that the boys get to ask for relief at the start of each class and Danielle needs practice in helping the boys get that relief. So get undressed."

If anything, the deer-in-headlights look got worse. Finally, Mom reached over and started unbuckling Daddy's belt. It was only when she pulled down daddy's underwear and I saw that great big erection of his that I realized where this was going. I knew about relief in the Program, it meant the boy could masturbate at the start of class, or get a girl to help him. So, right now, Mom was going to have me play with Daddy's erect penis until he had an orgasm. To give me practice so I would do it right, when I was in school.

I was appalled. And I was curious. I had touched Daddy's penis many times in the bathtub over the years. He had always stopped me with the admonishment that that was Mom's toy and if I wanted to play with it I had to ask Mom for permission. I had never asked because Mom always got mad when I played with her things, so I knew the answer already. But Mom had just told me to play with his penis...

It was huge. And something that big was supposed to fit in me? I couldn't believe it. Well, at least I didn't really have to worry about that; Daddy wasn't going to be putting that monster in my little hole. Actual sexual contact, that is penis to pussy contact, was forbidden in the Program.

"Daddy, you sit on the bed, Danielle, you kneel in front of him."

A moment later I was seeing Daddy's big penis up close, much closer than I had ever seen it in the bathtub. Well, that's not quite true. Several times, when Daddy had stood up in the tub to get out, his penis had been rather close to my face. But it had never been sticking straight up like this before! Nor had it been so big!

Kneeling like this put the top of his penis slightly below my eye level. I studied the head, which looked like a purple helmet on top of his long shaft. At the very top was a thin slit, which looked wet for some reason. His balls were spread out below his penis on the bedspread. I knew from our bath times that when they were cold, they would pull up tight against his body, so he must be hot for them to be stretched out like that.

I guess I was taking too long, maybe Mom thought I was delaying things, because she said, "Come on Danielle, take him in you hands, gently!" Startled, I grabbed at it with both hands.

It was so hard! Yet at the same time so soft. I started rubbing my hand up and down the length of his penis. What a strange feeling that was. I noticed that there was a little drop of something at the tip. It got bigger every time I stroked up with my hands, I had to use both of them because his penis was too fat around for one hand to hold. When I ran my finger over the top of it, spreading the drop around and making things slicker, Daddy actually moaned, and said, "Oh man, that feels good!"

Mom explained, "That drop is precum, clearing the way for the cum to come." She giggled. "It also lubricates things a little bit, to make it easier on the girl." After a few more minor instructions on how to play with a penis, including fondling the balls, Mom decided I was taking too long. "Remember dear, you only have five minutes at the beginning of the class to help the boy. So, give it a lick, like you were licking an ice cream cone."

I looked back at Mom. She still had her arms crossed, but now I could see she had her thumbs pressing on her nipples. She was stroking them! Mom was getting off watching me play with Daddy's penis. It made me feel a little strange, a combination of proud that what I was doing was affecting her, and nervous that I was going to do something she didn't want me to do and make her mad at me. The fading warm heat from my orgasm started to build up again. I noticed Brian was still at the door, and he had his hand inside his pajama bottoms.

"Go on, dear," Mom coaxed me.

I leaned forward and tentatively licked the helmet. I heard another moan from Daddy. It tasted a bit salty, but there was another taste there as well, but I couldn't think what it was. I licked it some more. After a few moments, Mom whispered, "Take it in your mouth, and be careful not to hit your teeth."

I was in the middle of a lick, so I just pulled down on his penis and put the tip of it in my mouth. Daddy moaned even louder.

"Slide it in and out, suck it, like you suck a lollipop," Mom instructed.

I did that. It felt weird. I had to open my mouth as wide as I could and even then it was difficult to get all of it to fit without nicking Daddy with my teeth. I had to fold my lips back over my teeth.

It was much bigger than any lollipop I had ever tried, and I could feel it rubbing the top of my mouth as well as sliding along my tongue. Daddy was making all sorts of incomprehensible noises, so I guess he liked what I was doing. It was kind of neat, knowing I could make Daddy make noises like that. Then I realized I had heard those noises before, only coming from my parents' bedroom late at night. Had Mom been doing this to Daddy at those times? It made my feel grownup to know I could do the same things my Mom did. My tummy was getting hot again. I was still wet from before, so I didn't know if I was getting any wetter.

Suddenly Daddy started pushing his hips forward, forcing his penis deeper into my mouth. For a moment we were out of step as he moved forward while I moved back, and then I moved forward while he moved back. Finally, I just held still and let Daddy push his penis in and out of my mouth. I tried not to scrape him with my teeth, but I know I did a couple of times. I firmly gripped him with my hands, one above the other, so I had some control over how deep he went into my mouth.

"Oh, god, I'm cumming," Daddy abruptly called out.

Someone put their hand on the back of my head, preventing me from pulling back, as I felt a vein at the bottom of Daddy's penis begin to pulse. With each pulse a load of his cum spurted into my mouth. Unfortunately, my mouth was full, leaving very little room for anything else. I choked as I suddenly had far too much in my mouth for everything to fit. The hand on my head prevented me from pushing his penis out of my mouth, and there wasn't any room around where my lips were sealed against him to let it flow out that way.

I started swallowing it as fast as I could. It had a slick texture and a salty flavor, but there was also another taste, like the precum drop I had licked. It wasn't bad, but I had nothing to compare it to. After four or five spurts, it stopped, but Mom whispered in my ear, "Keep sucking until he stops you." I guessed it was Mom's hand holding my head in place.

A moment later, I felt Daddy grab my head in his hands and he pushed me off his penis. "Enough," he gasped, "I can't take it anymore." Another pant, "It's too sensitive now." I sat back on my legs for a moment and looked at his penis, which was all red. It was shrinking in size as I watched.

Mom said, "Good job, Danielle,y ou did that just fine." She ran her hand over my hair.

I was still dealing with the cum in my mouth, using my tongue to swish around the inside of my mouth and swallow the little that remained.

Brian must have made a noise, because Mom looked over at him. She frowned. "You know, Danielle, this is going to be very hard on your little brother." She sighed. "He's going to see you doing all this stuff and, well, being a boy he's going to be very turned on." She looked at me, "You know what I mean?"

Hesitantly, I said, "You mean he's going to have an erection a lot?" And I wondered just where she was going with this.

She nodded agreement. "I think it would be best if we include him... we'll pretend he's just another student at the school, and not your brother." She looked back and forth between us.

Oh, god, she was going to let my brother look and touch me. My first reaction was resentment. My little brother managed to get away with all sorts of things that would, and had, landed me in trouble when I did them. It wasn't fair.

"I think we'll start with pretending that it's the start of class and he needs your help."

"Moooommm," I whined, "he's my brother!"

"No, Danielle, for the rest of this NIS practice he is not your brother." She fixed her patented "Mom" glare on me. She could make flowers wilt with that look; I had seen big men at the garage, grocery store, and a dozen other places quail and hasten to do as she had told them, after she fixed that look on them. I was doomed.

"He is not your 12-year-old brother, he is a Freshman at school, just a boy who is scared that someone will notice he is looking and get him in trouble."

I sighed, defeated, "Okay."

Less than ten seconds later his pajamas were on the floor, he was sitting beside Daddy on the bed, and his little penis was sticking straight up.

I scooted over in front of him and moved closer.

"Besides, honey, I think you'll find your brother closer to the reality of what you'll find in your classes than Daddy is."

Well, that was a relief. Brian's penis was a lot smaller than Daddy's, both in how fat it was and in length. But smaller or not, it had the same soft/hard feel that Daddy's did. And Brian made the same moan when I grabbed him. I stroked him a couple of time, and saw the same bubble of precum squeeze out the top of his smaller helmet head.

I didn't wait for Mom to tell me, I knew what she would say anyway. It didn't matter that this was Brian, my brother, I was supposed to pretend it was a stranger in my school. And that was supposed to help? Did Mom really expect me to just grab and suck a guy's penis just because he was in the NIS Program?

I opened my mouth, leaned forward, and sucked on his penis.

He groaned, thrust his hips forward, toward me, trying to push his penis deeper into my mouth and I felt that vein at the bottom of his penis start to pulse.

I was startled at how fast it happened, but at least now I was somewhat prepared. On the plus side, his smaller penis meant I had more room in my mouth, so I didn't choke or anything. Oddly enough, even though his balls were much smaller than Daddy's, I seemed to end up swallowing about the same amount of cum.

Like Mom had told me before, I continued sucking until he pulled away from me.

When I looked back at her, she was smiling happily, "There now, that wasn't so terrible was it?"

I shrugged. I didn't want to admit it, but it had been kinda fun. Guys made such funny noises when they were cumming.

"Okay, Daddy," Mom said, "It's time you showed Danielle some of the other stuff that's allowed."

I stared back at her over my shoulder. There was more?

She laughed lightly. "Yes, dear, there's more to learn. For one thing, what you just did to the boys here, they can do to you."

No, she couldn't mean that. I mean, I didn't have a penis, so that meant they would be sucking on my slit. And how did that work?

I found out, as just a few moments later I was laying on the bed with my hips right at the edge, and Daddy had his face buried between my legs. I had thought him using his fingers was wonderful, but when his tongue touched my clit I thought I had died and gone to heaven.

I could feel his breath blowing against my crotch as he slid his tongue up and down my slit. I had never noticed how hard a tongue was. I mean, I just thought a tongue was this soft thing in your mouth, but somehow Daddy made his as stiff as a finger, which he then used to flick back and forth across that very sensitive little nubbin.

And then he slid it lower and actually poked it inside my pussy, wiggling it around inside me. It was just like a small penis, probing into my very wet hole, which was dripping fluid down my ass like a leaky faucet. I had never dreamed that it could get as wet between my legs as it was now.

And that wasn't all he was doing, his hands were caressing my boobs at the same time, squeezing and teasing the nipples, sending crosscurrents of heat throughout my body.

The fire he was generating down there was even hotter than before. Every time his tongue touched my clit, I jumped. It was like a little shock of higher pleasure each time. And the pleasure kept building and building until I though my heart would burst.

I wanted him to stop, because I was afraid I'd die if he didn't, and I was afraid he would stop, and keep me from dying. I was thrusting my hips into his face, and I had both hands buried in his hair, pushing him to meet my hips. And still he didn't stop.

It felt like my body just exploded. I clamped my legs tight against my Daddy's head and tried to push his whole head into my pussy with my hands. I shook and shivered and the pleasure just rolled through me in waves, each crest higher than the previous one. My chest was so tight I knew I wasn't breathing and I'm not too sure if my heart was beating. And still the pleasure came on and on, until, abruptly, everything turned black.

I heard Brian saying, "Are you sure she isn't dead?"

No, I thought, I'm not dead, but if I have to die, then that's the way I want to go!

"Yes, dear," Mom replied, "She's just fine. She'll wake up in a minute or so. It felt so good she just fell asleep,." A moment later she added, "Well, Daddy, I think you did alright there. And I think you've set the bar pretty high on what she's going to expect from any boyfriends she has in the future."

Daddy just laughed.

"Mmmmmm" was all I managed to say.

"Ah, she's awake now, aren't your honey?"

"Muuum, humm," I replied.

"Okay, honey, I think we've just about covered everything that is allowed in the program," Mom said.

Thank God for that, I don't think I could survive if there were any more lessons.

"Daddy just needs to show you what the boys aren't allowed to do in school."

What? There didn't seem to be much left not to do, from what Daddy had shown me already.

"Come on, now, dear, open your eyes."

I did so reluctantly. I wanted nothing more than to go back to sleep.

"Come on, sit up a bit. You have to see this."

I sighed heavily, and sat up just enough to brace myself on my elbows. Daddy was standing between my legs, now, and he had another big erection. Did Mom want me to suck on him again?

"Okay, honey," Mom said. "Pay attention." She looked down at me, "Watch." She grabbed Daddy's erection (it looked much smaller in her hand than it had in mine) and pulled him even closer to me. I had to spread my legs wider to give him room.

"Under no circumstances are the boys allowed to take their penises and rub them against you like this." Suiting actions to words she rubbed that big helmet head of his penis up and down my slit. I jumped, startled at the contact. Daddy, just took a deep breath. I think he was startled, too.

"Dear, are you sure this is necessary?"

"Of course I'm sure, Daddy. If Danielle doesn't know the difference in feel between a boy's fingers and a boy's penis, how will she stay out of trouble?" And she kept rubbing Daddy's penis up and down the length of my slit, stopping at the top to rub it against my clit.

Amazingly, it felt like Daddy's tongue, only much, much bigger. And I felt that heat below my belly rekindle and start to grow. A moment later I felt it start to get wetter between my legs. Although I'm sure I was already so wet that my bed was drenched.

She stroked him up and down my slit a few more times. I noticed she was starting to take deeper breaths, too.

"Not even boys who are in the Program are allowed to do this." She pushed Daddy's penis even harder against my slit, I could see the head of it plowing deep between the lips of my slit. And, oh my God did it feel good. I couldn't help myself, I pressed my hips towards his, trying to increase the pressure.

That was when I felt him hit the entrance to my pussy. Mom felt it too, I could tell by the fleeting smile I saw on her face.

"And the boys are especially not allowed to do this." She wiggled the head of his penis around in a small circle at my pussy's entrance. "See?" She put her other hand over my pussy, and, incidentally, right on my clit, and pressed down lightly, so I could better see what she was doing. The pressure on my clit was distracting, but I tried to watch what she was doing with Daddy's penis.

She kept rubbing Daddy's penis around my pussy, and a moment later I couldn't help but notice her other hand was making small circles on my pussy, and my clit. It was getting really hot down there again. And I was having difficulty concentrating on what Mom was trying to show me.

"And finally, you absolutely cannot allow them to actually try to put their penis inside you, like this." Again she matched actions to words. She pulled on Daddy's penis again. I saw, and felt, that huge soft helmet head slowly slide past my pussy lips and into me.

It was the weirdest sensation. I could feel myself stretching, getting bigger, as his huge member forced its way into my tiny hole. I could feel things inside my body being pushed out of the way, making room for that huge monster.

I thought she would stop when the hand holding Daddy's penis reached my pussy, and she did. I relaxed a bit, seeing that she wasn't going to try to put that huge thing all the way inside my small body. She pulled Daddy out until only the head remained in my pussy.

Daddy had a really funny look on his face, almost like he was in pain, and he had his eyes closed. "Dear..." he started to say.
"Hush," Mom cut him off, "I know what I'm doing."

He didn't object any further.

Then she pushed him back inside me, only this time, when her hand reached my pussy, she took it away. I had a clear view of his big, fat penis sticking out of my little hole. It didn't seem like it could possibly have fit, but it certainly did. The skin of my small hole was stretched so tight it looked like his penis was a part of my body. Daddy gave a half-sob, half-gasp, but said nothing.

Then Mom put her hand on Daddy's butt, and started pushing. Holy Mother of God, I watched as he slid his penis into my body. My pussy lips actually sank into my body as he slowly went deeper and deeper.

It felt so very strange, watching that thing slide inside my body while at the same time feeling it as it did so. What was just as bizarre was seeing the bulge his penis made in my tummy move up as he slid his penis further and further in me.
The heat between my legs seemed to be centered on Daddy's penis, no it seemed as if the heat were coming from it.

Finally, he stopped. He stopped because he reached the end of me. I felt him hit an obstruction. And there were still at least two fingers of him outside me. We stayed like that a moment, all three of us not moving. Then Daddy started to pull back out. I watched as my pussy lips pulled away from me, wrapped tightly around Daddy's penis. It was as if they were reluctant to let go of him, as if they were sucking on it and trying to pull it back in.

Mom stopped him while his head was still inside me, and then pushed him in again.

Fingers do not make a penis, this I can say with authority. They are too small, and too short. Daddy, on the other hand (or is that other penis?) was very big and very long. And very enjoyable. The strangeness disappeared somewhere in the middle of his third stroke when the good feeling started pouring out of my pussy. Mom rubbing my clit with her fingers and pressing my clit against Daddy's penis as it moved inside me didn't hurt, either.

I couldn't stay up on my elbows anymore, and with a whispered, "I'm sorry," I fell back on the bed. A moment later I felt a hand on my boob. When I looked, it was Brian. The little shit was going for a feel while I was distracted by what Daddy and Mom were doing. I decided that was okay, because he was being gentle and it added to the warm feelings I was getting from Daddy's penis. I smiled at him. Taking this for the permission it was, he scooted closer and started using both hands, before leaning over and sucking on the nipple of the closer boob. Oh, boy, howdy, did that ever add to the heat I was feeling!

I arched my chest to push my boob into his mouth. At the same time I was starting to push my hips to meet Daddy. Each time he bottomed out he hit that obstruction at the end of my pussy. Actually, I knew what the obstruction was. It was my cervix, the entrance to my womb. It didn't hurt when he hit it; it just made my body move as he pushed against that entrance. It was a good thing I was at the edge of my bed, otherwise he would have been pounding my head against the headboard every time he reached that obstruction inside me. Err, was that the explanation for the banging noises I sometimes heard coming from my parent's bedroom?

I was building up again to that wonderful plateau of pleasure when something changed. It took a couple of strokes before I figured it out. Daddy was going a little deeper. I could feel the cervix giving way, squeezing tightly against my Daddy's penis as he tried to pass it through the opening. I couldn't help it; I started pressing harder against Daddy every time he sank into me. I don't know why, but the thought of my Daddy having his penis in my womb, of him soaking the inside of my womb with his sperm was driving me crazy. I had to do it, even if it hurt, and it didn't, I was going to do it.

We were both gasping and making odd sounds as we... , well... , as we fucked. There was no other word for it. My Daddy was fucking me, and I was fucking my Daddy, and Mom was helping us. I didn't understand, and I didn't care, it just felt tremendous.

I was having trouble breathing, I just couldn't seem to get air into my lungs. Was Daddy's penis pushing all the air out of my chest? It didn't reach that far, but that seemed to be the only explanation.

Then it happened, I felt Daddy's balls hit my butt, and I knew he was all the way inside me. The same penis that had delivered Daddy's sperm to Mom's womb was buried to the hilt in my pussy. As an added plus, the head was actually in my womb. I could feel the tight circle of my cervix squeezing that massive helmet-shape as it slid through and deep inside my womb.

Combined with Mom's rubbing her fingers over my clit, that was the end of me; I screamed out what little air I had left. The waves of pleasure were overpowering, and I rode them towards the darkness. Just before I hit it, I dimly heard Daddy crying out that he was cumming and I felt hot liquid gush into my womb.

I woke up to the bed shaking, and not just a little disorientation. Something was bouncing against my pussy and it was way too small to be Daddy. Furthermore, something was sliding in and out of my pussy, and it, too, was too small to be Daddy. On the other hand, it felt good, even if it wasn't as good as the feelings I got from Daddy. I barely got my eyes open when I heard the noise of someone having an orgasm.

It was Brian. He had been pumping his little penis in and out of my pussy, and was now doing his best to emulate Daddy and flooding my pussy with his sperm.

I was still too dazed by my orgasm to object, I just looked over at Mom. She smiled at me, "The poor dear was practically beside himself with frustration after watching you and Daddy, so I thought you wouldn't mind showing him what it was that he wasn't supposed to do to girls in the Program at school."

Ah, that made sense. Or at least as much sense as any of Mom's convoluted explanations. I closed my eyes and just lay there. My whole body just sort of floated in a warm glow of well-being, and nothing could interfere with that.

"Well," Mom said, "I had wanted to give you the full experience of being in the NIS Program, today, but it's plain to see that that's not going to happen. You're practically falling asleep and we've barely started." She sighed, heavily, "I didn't think it would be this difficult to get past the basics."

"Okay, then, Daddy? You're going to have to cancel your golf plans for this week. Starting Monday, we'll pretend that Danielle is going to school in the Program, and you and Brian will have to pretend to be different students coming up with requests during the passing periods. I know it's the first week of your summer vacation, Daddy, but we don't want Danielle to get in trouble at school, do we?" She paused a beat, "And she really has to be able to distinguish between someone's fingers in her vagina, and a penis."

Oh, God, was she serious?

**Getting Prepared, Chapter 2 - Preparing Deborah**
by sevispac in collaboration with P.F. Dill

I was up in my room trying on my new outfits when I heard a soft knock on my door. Goody! Somebody I could model my new clothes for! I stood up and walked over to the door, not even remembering I wasn’t wearing anything except a tiny pink slip that left me fully exposed below the waist.

Both of us were surprised when I opened the door, me because I expected to see one of my family, not my best friend Deborah, and she at the sight of my shaved pussy. She gave a little shriek and tore her eyes away from me, maybe a little more reluctantly than I would have expected.

“Oh my GAWD! I am so sorry. Your mother told me to come on up but I never thought you’d be naked!” Deborah was blushing from head to toe, or rather from head to collar of the shapeless gray outfit her parents always made her wear. I just couldn’t help it, I had to giggle at her embarrassment.

“It’s all right, silly. I was just trying on some of my new clothes. Mom and I went shopping this morning and I can’t wait for you to see what we bought!” She was still staring at the floor, blushing like a stoplight.

“I was worried when you guys weren’t at church on Sunday, and you didn’t answer the phone so I thought I’d come over and see if you’re OK. It sounds like you’re fine, but if you want to show me your new clothes please put on some pants!”

That got me giggling again. Pants were one of the few things we didn’t buy. Panties, yes. Lacy white see-thru panties, tiny little thongs, and even open crotch! Short skirts. Garter belts and garters and stockings. Nighties you could see right through so daddy could pose me in bed for pictures. Blouses that were just as transparent, and others that weren’t, but were so tight that everything was just as visible. Fuck me shoes from The Wild Pair. Half-cup bras that made my boobies look huge. Well, huge compared to their real size. Great big hoop earrings and lots of jewelry. Nothing I would ever have worn, nothing I would have dared to wear, two short days ago before momma decided to change my life.

It must have cost over a thousand dollars! I don’t know how we could afford it, but momma insisted I should dress to fit my new personality. It was all part of getting me ready for the Naked in School program next year. She said it was important for me not to be shy in public, so if I wasn’t naked at least I should dress like I wanted to be!

GAWD, trying on my new clothes was so much fun! Victoria’s Little Sister doesn’t have changing rooms, just lots of full length mirrors where you can undress in full view of the store, and even people walking by in the mall. There’s always a small crowd near the entrance. In fact, I even glanced in once or twice myself, back in ancient times before yesterday. But even after what happened to me at home, it was still embarrassing to take off my clothes right there in the store.

As soon as I saw how nice I looked in a topless hot pants/suspender ensemble I forgot all about being shy. That little crowd outside the store got a lot bigger and moved inside. I spent two hours trying on clothes while momma looked on approvingly and helped me pick out the hottest stuff. Then she let me wear a little, translucent sun dress home and I loved everyone looking at my titties poking through the thin material. I’ve changed a lot in the last two days, and not just from what happened at home.

Deborah was still blushing, so I picked up a pair of black bikini cut panties and a stretchy little black miniskirt and slipped them on. Maybe she’d think they were decent. I thought they were boring.

“Oh my gawd, your mother lets you wear those?” she asked.

“No, silly, she doesn’t let me wear them, she bought them for me. Don’t you think they’re pretty? She said this one really shows off my legs.”

Her eyes swept up from my feet to the skirt. I turned in profile to give her a look at the way it covered my butt... barely. She paused for just a moment, but shook her head.

“You can’t possibly go outside in that. It’s indecent! Why, my mother would have a fit if she saw it on you, let alone on me. Not to mention you couldn’t move without everybody seeing those panties!”

“Well, duh! That’s what they’re for, silly! Don’t you think they’re pretty?” I asked, raising the skirt to show them off. She blushed again, but she didn’t turn away.

“They’re real silk. Here, feel them!” I took her hand and stroked it along my hip.

“Ohhh,” she sighed, delighted by the feel. “That’s wonderful. It must be, like, super delicious to wear.”

“Here, try it yourself,” I said, slipping them off my hips and down my legs. Deborah is almost a year younger than me, but we’re exactly the same height. Ever since we first met we’ve been able to borrow each other’s clothes, although my boobies have grown a lot more than hers in the last year (as my daddy noticed last weekend).

As I stepped out of them I noticed a tiny bit of moistening in my pussy, but fortunately it hadn’t reached the panties. What in the world was happening to me?

I picked them up and put them in her hand. She was reluctant to take them, but the touch of silk had a magical affect on the poor girl. It was like her parents dressed her in burlap. She stroked them gently with her fingers and didn’t seem to remember that I was bare again.

“Go ahead, try them on,” I said. The magic continued. She sat down on my bed and drew them up her lets. They disappeared under her nearly floor length skirt. She sighed with contentment.

Then I suddenly realized something. Deborah hadn’t taken off anything. Did that mean…

“Wow,” she said. “That feels incredible. Now I see why you shaved, you know...down there.”

“That’s right. They make lots of things that feel better if you’re bare. Let’s go to the bathroom and I’ll show you how.”

She looked at me in shock. “N, n, n, no! I could never. If my mother ever saw she’d just kill me. Besides, nice girls just don’t do that!” Deborah then looked down at her feet and apologized quietly. “Oh, sorry. I... I didn’t mean you, but... well, what in the world has gotten into you, Danielle?”

I nearly choked, but at least this time I didn’t giggle. What would she say if she knew who, not what, had gotten into me? Better change the subject.

“Well, we’re going to have to get used to a lot of new things if they really start The Program in school next year. Momma thought it would be easier if I practiced this summer.” Little did she know.

“Oh no, that’s not a problem for me!” Deborah declared. “If they do start that awful Program my parents are going to put me in private school They promised we’ll move to another state if we have to. I just feel terrible that you might have to go through it.”

Hmm. That was bad news. I didn’t want to lose my BFF because her parents were such prudes. They took her to church every week, wouldn’t let her have internet or cable TV, and told her she couldn’t date until she was 16. Not to mention the way they made her dress. I was really surprised she didn’t seem to be wearing any granny panties under that long skirt.

I didn’t know what to do, but at least we could have a little fun. “Here, this goes with them. Try it on,” I said, holding up a matching bra. Maybe silk is her weakness.

I could see she was tempted. It was tiny and pretty and perfectly matched with the panties she had on. “But where can I put them on?”

“Right here. I won’t look. Otherwise we’ll have to walk to the bathroom every time we change. Oh, don’t worry, I don’t like girls. I mean, not like that.”

It was like Deborah was petrified. She didn’t make a move other than to stroke the silky bra between her thumb and fingertips. After a moment I reached out and undid the button on her collar. She just stood there, frozen, as I popped button after button and pulled her blouse out of her skirt. I pushed it off her shoulders and pulled her arms out of the long sleeves.

The poor thing was encased in a huge white bra covering nearly her whole ribcage. I actually had to step around behind her to unhook the four clasps on the back of that thing. What’s next, a chastity belt?

I felt her trembling as I slipped the straps off her shoulders and down her arms. It’s a good thing I really didn’t like girls that way, because even from behind her I could see that she had been developing a lot more than anyone could tell, thanks to that ugly blouse her parents stuck her with. From in front she was even prettier. There were red lines against her creamy skin all around her chest and curving at the bottom of her little breasts from that horrid bra, but they were already starting to fade. Her boobies were bigger than I thought, almost as big as mine. Her nipples were a soft light pink, almost invisible on the surrounding flesh.

She still didn’t move, so I reached out to take the bra she held between her fingers. She reluctantly let go, and even lifted her arms as I slipped the straps up over her shoulders. She gave a deep sigh as the silky cups brushed against her soft little breasts. It fastened in front, but I had to step behind her to tighten it to fit her slender frame. It was too flimsy to provide any support, but she didn’t need any, so I tightened the shoulder straps to fit, then I gently stuck my fingertips under the edges to spread the material over her little boobs. She sighed again as I smoothed it over her nipples. Maybe it was the touch of silk, or just a physical reaction to my fingertips, but her little nipples weren’t soft anymore, they were pushing out against the material like two pop buttons. I could appreciate how beautiful they looked, and Deborah obviously enjoyed being touched, even by another girl. She wasn’t trembling any more.

“It’s beautiful. Here, look at yourself,” I said, turning her gently toward the mirror on my dresser. She shyly looked up, and I heard the intake of her breath as she saw a very sexy girl looking back in the mirror.

No, not just looking. Staring. Entranced by beauty she’d never seen before in an image she’d seen every day of her life. Such a wonderful, unexpected response. Maybe I could take advantage of it.

“Don’t you want to see how the panties match? They’re a set, you know. Go ahead, take your skirt off.”

For three heartbeats she didn’t respond. On the fourth her left hand moved up from where it had been dangling by her side and firmly grasped the zipper at her waist. She drew it down, slowly, but with more eagerness than I had been expecting from my oh-so-proper BFF. The coarse garment slipped over her hips and slithered to the ground, puddling around her feet.

It was probably the most modest, conservative thing we’d bought that morning, but on Deborah it was scandalously erotic. It surrounded her hips and clung to her darling little tush like a thin coat of paint. Her unshaven pussy hair created a tiny cloud in front, and just below that it nestled snugly into her tight slit, outlining her pussy lips with more emphasis than nudity ever could have.

She may have been entranced before but she was spellbound now. She tugged on the waistband and pulled the material more tightly into her vulva. She cocked her hips and swayed gently, letting her eyes run down her legs, then up again to her breasts.

“Danielle,” she asked shyly, “do you think I’m pretty?”

“I know you are, but let’s ask an expert. What do you think, daddy?”

Deborah had forgotten she’d left the door to my bedroom wide open. While she’d been fixed on my mirror, daddy had quietly been enjoying the show from the doorway.

“Absolutely gorgeous,” he said.

Deborah gave a little shriek, whirled, and looked around desperately for something to cover up with. My bed was stacked with clothing, but none of it would do anything but make her look even more naked, so she put one arm over her little boobies and the other on her pussy.

“Mr. Carson! I’m sorry! I didn’t know you were there. Please don’t tell my parents I was being naughty!”

“Now, now, calm down Deborah. You and Danielle weren’t doing anything wrong. You’re just trying on the new clothes Danielle’s mother bought her, and both of you look very pretty. Please don’t mind me. Go on with what you’re doing.”

Deborah gawked at him. “Really? You don’t mind? If my daddy saw me dressed like this he’d pitch a fit and ground me for a whole month!”

“Well, maybe your daddy doesn’t appreciate what a pretty girl he’s got at home, or at least how grown up she’s becoming.”

“You really think I’m pretty?” She was still a little bashful, but showing more confidence than a minute ago. Daddy was handling her well.

“No, Deborah. You’re not pretty. I said you’re gorgeous. Now why don’t you two try on something else so I’m sure there’s no mistake.”

She giggled at that, and her smile lit up as she dropped her arms back to her sides. Her dimples were showing.

“Here,” I said, “these go perfectly with what you have on.” I handed her a tiny pair of white hot pants and a long sleeved top that just covered her boobs and left her midriff bare. It had a frilly collar and sleeves. Oh, and did I mention? You could see right through it!

A little of her bashfulness returned when she saw that, but then she realized she wouldn’t be showing anything more than she already was. She slipped on the hot pants and looked in the mirror. They were just big enough to cover her panties, but the black color showed right through. Being hot pants, they were cut high in the back to expose her lower butt, but the panties covered her there. The top exposed the matching bra. Daddy gave her a wolf whistle and she blushed a little, even though she smiled. She gave him a little wiggle in return.

“Your turn, honey,” he said to me. I looked at the pile on the bed. I picked up a red thong and slipped it under my skirt, pulling the sides through the waist so they curved up around my hips like two little strings. My skirt rode so low that it showed off my shaved mound and the very top of the panties in front. They didn’t cover anything in back, but you wouldn’t know it if I didn’t move. (I did.)

My miniskirt didn’t go with my slip at all, so I reached for a white tank top in the middle of the pile. It was about three inches wide, stretchy, and thin enough to let my titties show through, even when they weren’t as hard as Deborah’s.

Her jaw dropped when I pulled my slip off right there in front of daddy. If she only knew what we’d been doing lately she would probably have fainted! I did notice that she gave my boobies a very close appraisal before she said, “You’re allowed to go topless in front of your daddy?”

“Sure,” I said, taking a deep breath and sticking my chest out as I pulled the top over my head and arms. “Didn’t your daddy see you naked all the time when you were little?”

“Well, I guess... I mean, OK, he did when I was little, you know? But it’s bad to let boys see us naked at our age!”

I finished pulling my top into place. The elastic bands on the top and bottom pulled it tight against my boobs and made my titties pop out. “Boys, maybe. But can’t you trust your daddy to take care of you? He loves you.”

Was that a little twinkle in her eye when she glanced at daddy?

“Well, do you like it?” I did a little twirl, then faced him and put my hands behind my head.

“It’s beautiful, honey. You two are putting on quite a show. “

Hmm, maybe that was the way to think of it. “Thanks, daddy. Come on in and sit down!” I strolled over and took his hand, then led him to the chair by my dresser.

“Which do you like better, Deborah’s outfit or mine?” I asked, looking at him bashfully.

“Wow, that’s a hard one. You’re both so beautiful. And those clothes are perfect... except maybe for the way Deborah’s black panties show through her shorts.”

He had a good point. The black was so easy to see through the thin white material. “I see what you mean. But what can we do? I didn’t get any white panties.

“Wait, wait, you know what would be perfect? Deborah, take them off!”

She looked startled, but not scared the way I expected. It was working!

“OK,“ she said, way more eagerly than I expected. Where can I change?”

“Right here silly,” I responded, “daddy won’t look, will you, daddy?”

“Of course not,” he said, giving me a wink and turning his chair away from Deborah. As soon as he did she skimmed the shorts and panties down her legs, and immediately pulled the shorts back up. The only thing she forgot about was the mirror. Daddy gave me another wink.

“There, how do they look now?” Her hot pants showed a lovely camel toe, just like they were designed to, and her little patch of dark pussy hair showed through just like the black panties had. She was having just as much fun teasing daddy as I was.

“Even better,” said daddy, “but now it’s even harder to say who’s prettier.” I gave him a big pout for that.

“Just one thing. Now your bra looks really out of place. I don’t think you’re supposed to wear anything under that blouse.”

“But you can see right through it!” she said, pretending to be shocked.

“No you can’t,” said daddy, “not when you’re in it.” Both of us giggled. Deborah turned her back, unbuttoned her blouse, and slipped off the bra. Then she put the blouse back on and turned around again.

“And how does it look now?”, she asked, brushing one hand through the hair behind her head.

“Perfect. It looks just like girl.”

She gave him a big smile.

“I know,” I said, “let’s put on some music.” I had just remembered something momma said at the start of the marathon orgy I’ve been having with daddy and Brian since they’ve been teaching me all about what’s allowed in the Program. She pointed out that I was going to have to undress outside the school building every morning during my Program week, so I should practice stripping to get ready. She said she’d put some music on our home network to help me out. I picked up my phone and checked iTunes. Yup, there it was, a play list called ‘Stripper Music’.

I double clicked the first song, something called The Telephone Man, and started to sway my hips. I danced over to Deborah and took her hand. We looked into each other’s eyes and started dancing together for daddy. He took out his own phone and began to film us.

When the song ended I hit the pause button while I rummaged though my pile of new clothes. This time I picked out a full ensemble, g-sting, bra, camisole, garter belt, stockings, platforms, skirt, blouse, vest, long gloves, even a little hat. Then I scrolled through the music until I found it. I knew it had to be there. The Stripper.

Daddy and Deborah sat and watched while I danced for them. I wasn’t bad for somebody who hadn’t had much practice. I’ll tell you a secret: It wasn’t my first time. Lots of times I practiced stripping alone in my room, ever since I was little. It always made me feel very grown up and wonderfully naughty. I guess I'm just a natural exhibitionist.

I saw daddy reach in his pocket and pull out a dollar bill. I danced over to him as I slipped out of my skirt, and he reached out and tucked the bill into my garter. Cool! Just like a real stripper!

I timed it so my panties dropped to the floor just before music ended, so I got to dance around for a few seconds in nothing but my garter and platform heels. Oh, and several dollar bills! It felt delicious to be the center of attention, and to turn daddy on like this. In some ways it was even better than all the things he did to me this week. This was me making him horny without even touching him.

As the song ended I gave a little curtsy and daddy and Deborah applauded. All of us were surprised to hear more applause coming from the doorway, where momma and Brian were standing.

Deborah was just as startled as when daddy walked in on us. She jumped up and stammered, “Oh! Mrs. Carson, this isn’t what it looks like! [Danni](http://imagetwist.com/8ensaepq6e2t/1__90_.jpg.html) and I were just trying out these beautiful new clothes you bought her and, and… well…”

“Don’t worry, dear, you’re not doing anything wrong. I guess Danielle didn’t tell you that our family decided she needs help getting ready for the Naked in School program next year in school, and stripping at home is a big confidence builder for her. I think it would do you a lot of good, too.”

“It probably would,” she said, “but it doesn’t matter. If they go ahead with NiS my parents are just going to take me out of school anyway.”

“Goodness! I’m very sorry to hear that. How do you feel about it?”

“Well, an hour ago I thought it was great, but now I’m not so sure. I hate to think about saying goodbye to all my friends, and after all the fun I’ve had this morning, I think maybe the Program could turn out to be fun too.”

“Well, then,” said mom, “we’ll just have to see what we can come up with.” Oh, oh. Momma had another one of her ideas.

“But for right now, why don’t you put on some of those new clothes so we can all watch you take them off. Gracious, it hasn’t been more that a year since we saw you and Danielle dancing at a ballet recital. Let’s see if you can put all those years of dance lessons to good use.”

[Deborah](http://imagetwist.com/kv0x6nh6kbam/1__77_.jpg.html) and I took ballet together all through grade school. Well, actually I started in preschool. I loved to dance, and we used to giggle and say stripping was a great way for a girl to turn dance lessons into cash. Plus it was fun!

Deborah went for the sexy schoolgirl look. Matching red bra and panties under a little tartan skirt, thin white blouse with a little black necktie, thigh highs, and Mary Janes. Then she took a pink scrunchy and pulled her hair back in a ponytail. She walked over to daddy, took his glasses off, and perched them on her little nose. Lucky he was nearsighted, so they could both still see close up.

I put on the next song, a really naughty thing with a man and woman singing in French as she quite obviously has sex and builds up to her orgasm. It wasn’t easy to dance to, but what it lacked in tempo it made up for in sensuality.

Deborah slowed down, caught the beat, and got right into the spirit. She unbuttoned the blouse and pulled it off, leaving the little necktie dangling between her breasts. The cups were designed to leave her nipples bare. Without removing her skirt she tugged the panties from beneath it and let them slip slowly down her legs. She lifted them on the toe of her Mary Jane, brought them up to her cheek, smiled and danced over and laid them on top of Brian’s head, looping the leg holes over his ears. My little brother grinned broadly.

Deborah was definitely not the prude I thought I knew.

She ran her hands from her hips up to her breasts as she swayed rhythmically around the room. As the singer’s voice rose toward climax, Deborah dropped to her hands and knees and crawled erotically toward where daddy was sitting. She slid both hands up his pant legs and pushed his knees apart. She rose slowly up on her knees, sliding her face and chest right over daddy’s lap, then stopped and looked up into his eyes. She reached up and took the glasses from her face with both hands, then turned them around and put them back on him.

All of us were so entranced that it took a us a moment to realize the music had stopped. Deborah just waited there on her knees, looking up at daddy while her hands massaged the tops of his inner thighs. She wasn’t touching his dick, but everybody could see the massive outline and the dark spot that had appeared at the tip.

“How much will you pay me for a lap dance, mister?” Deborah asked in a very high little girl voice.

Daddy chuckled. “Well, I believe the going rate is $20.” He pulled out a bill and folded it lengthwise, then he tucked it into the side of her skirt. I clicked on the next song. Midnight at the Oasis - another one that’s hard to dance to - but this time it didn’t matter at all.

Deborah rose to her feet and turned away from daddy. She looked back over her shoulder and cocked her hip. She stepped backward until her pert little tush was only inches from his face, and gave a little wiggle. No, make that a very distinct, prolonged wiggle. Daddy reached up under her skirt and gave her butt a pat. She smiled at him. Then she bent at the waist, put her hands on her knees, and lowered her bottom until it touched his tummy.

Daddy has a very nice body, as I found out this week. His abs are hard and he doesn’t have any sign of a beer belly. From the look on Deborah’s face, she was appreciating that fact. She kept moving to the music, not quite twerking, but definitely wiggling her butt. Slowly she went lower and lower until she was straddling the huge lump in daddy’s lap. Daddy reached up and softly stoked her back just below her bra. Then he grabbed the clasp and popped it open in back. She reached up and took the cups in her hands, gave her nipples a pinch, and shrugged the straps off her shoulders. She stared directly at each of us as she let the cups fall away.

Keeping both palms in contact with her skin at all times, daddy slid his hands around her sides and grabbed her tits as she slid her derrière back and forth along his dick. Her eyes closed and she settled back to lay her head on his shoulder, a little smile on her lips as he played with her tits. Her skirt had ridden up and we could see her pussy lips glistening in the gap between her thighs as she slid them back and forth along my daddy’s huge cock.

The song ended and she stood up, looking disheveled but happy. Daddy looked disappointed, and he quickly pulled out another twenty and slipped it into her waistband on the opposite side of her skirt. She turned around and faced him, then let her fingertips trail from her waist up to her armpits, then down again along the underside of her little boobs. “Want me to make you cum?” she asked.

Daddy swallowed, looked in her eyes and gave an eager nod. Deborah pushed his knees back together, then she straddled his legs and leaned way back, resting her hands on my footstool. Her little skirt was way up around her waist now, and even from behind we could see not just her butt but her bare pussy as she ground it over daddy’s cock. Both of them were breathing hard, and as she sped up the pace I heard momma begin to clap and chant, “Go Debbie, go Debbie, go Debbie…” The rest of us joined in.

All of a sudden daddy gave a loud grunt and Debbie lunged forward to embrace him, without losing any of her all-important rhythm. She began to give out high little squeaks in time to their flagrant mutual masturbation. Daddy hugged her close and kissed her. Their mouths opened as the music and their bodies hit a crescendo.

As the music ended I heard the sounds of slippery sex going on all around me. Brian had his little dick in his hands and momma had slipped one hand into her blouse. The other had disappeared under her skirt, but was moving really fast.

But the thing that surprised me the most was what my own hands were doing. One of them was frantically tickling my clit while the other had two fingers slipping wildly in and out of my pussy. Then the world exploded and I fell into the sun.

—

This time it didn’t take me long to come back to life. Right away I noticed warm strings of goo running down the sides of my tits while Brian stood over me looking intensely satisfied. But the look on his face was nothing compared to Debbie’s. The poor thing couldn’t seem to handle the intensity of her orgasm. She was molded up against daddy’s body, still stiff and breathing in short little gasps audible throughout the room. In short, she was responding a lot like I did just the first time daddy made me cum. This girl was hooked.

Momma had pulled her skirt down and composed herself again. She stood up, walked over to Debbie, and began softly stroking her shoulders. “Hey little girl, that was wonderful. Just relax now and let momma take care of you.”

Debbie gave a little sign and slowly relaxed, nearly going limp against daddy, safe from falling thanks to his embrace and mother’s gentle support. Together they picked her up, momma supporting her shoulders while daddy awkwardly held her legs on either side of his waist, and they carried her over to my bed. Mom sat down beside her and stroked her hair. “Don’t be afraid, little one. That’s just what happens to girls when a man loves them. “ Debbie began to sob.

“What’s wrong, darling?” Asked mom, “you haven’t done anything wrong. Did Mr. Carson frighten you?”

She sobbed once more, then opened her eyes to look at momma. “No, that’s not it at all. I loved what happened, and I want to do more, but my mom and dad are going to make me move away and then I won’t get to be naked in school along with Danielle! And... and I’ll never get to have Mr. Carson’s big penis inside me!”

“Oh, ho! So that’s it. Well, never fear, little one, we just might be able to work something out. Let’s us girls go make some lunch for the boys while they recover, and then maybe you’ll get one of your wishes.” Mom looked over at me and smiled. She took Debbie by the hand and stood her up. “But first let’s get you out of that skirt. After all, you’re going to be naked in school.” Debbie smiled.

After I watched her slip out of her skirt Brian handed me a towel to wipe myself off. Then I went to the kitchen to join mom and Debbie. They both giggled when they saw me.

“What?” I said, “Debbie’s just as naked as I am.”

“It looks like you missed a spot,” said mom, handing me a mirror from her compact. Debbie sniggered as I saw the big blob of pearly cum on the bangs in the center of my forehead. Brian! That rotten little twerp had tricked me with that towel. I had to get him back.

“Leave it,” mom said. “It’s cute.” She gave me a smile and a wink, and I had to smile back. “Maybe Debbie wants some, too.” Debbie blushed and looked a little bit shocked, but she didn’t protest. Maybe we found a new way for girls to accessorize.

“My mother always told me my proper name was Deborah, and I shouldn’t let people call me Debbie or Deb because it showed a lack of respect,” she said. “But from now on I’m going to get respect and have fun the same way, and I want everybody to call me Debbie!” She gave an emphatic nod.

Wow. So now being a slut is the way to get respect? Works for me!

We fixed sandwiches and called the boys to the table, but we made them wash their hands first. It’s very important to wash before you eat. Daddy sat next to me and we were across from Brian and Debbie. Brian and I played footsy and from the way Debbie was squirming in her chair I think daddy had his toes on her pussy. He was eating with one hand, and half way through the meal I felt his other hand gently start to caress my thigh. Debbie was breathing fast and I noticed Brian only had one hand on the table, too. Mom was sitting at the foot of the table trying to look like it was just a regular family meal until Debbie started to moan and lost all pretense of eating her sandwich.

“Dear,” said momma, “I think we should be more polite to our guest. Let me take over.” To my great surprise, mom sipped down and disappeared under the table. Debbie’s eyes opened wide and she gave out a sharp little “O! o! o!” Then her head lolled over the back of the chair and she slid forward and down.

“Now Debbie, it’s very important to remember that you’re not allowed to do this in the Program. You could get in a lot of trouble, so I’m going to make sure you understand just how it works so you’ll never do it accidentally.”

Daddy smiled and turned toward me. “And I think we should put family first,” as he too slipped under the table. I pushed my chair back as daddy shifted round so his face was between my thighs. Oh my Gawd! Was mom doing that to Debbie? But Debbie likes boys! And as for momma, well there was just no way she could possibly be a lesbian, she was my mother! And Brian’s!

But Debbie was moaning loudly, just like she did when she came on daddy’s lap. I felt his breath on my inner thighs and spread my knees apart to let him bring his face right into my bare, wet pussy. Just like when he licked me for the first time, just last Sunday, I felt the tip of his soft, warm tongue touch so very gently against the bottom of my outer lips, so I scootched down and forward like Debbie to give him better access. He rewarded me be licking up one side of my pussy lips and slowly back down the other, leaving a tingling trail that converged in the middle and made my whole pussy melt. Then he started licking right up the middle, but instead of going all the way up to my eager clitty, he paused and plunged his hard tongue way up inside me! Fireworks went off behind my eyelids and I started moaning even louder than Debbie.

When my eyes opened I looked across the table at Debbie. Her head was thrashing from side to side and Brian was now standing behind her, playing with her little tits. She was thoroughly occupied and totally out of control.

Daddy kept pushing his amazing tongue in and out of my cunt (Yes, cunt! That’s what I wanted to be!) , fucking me with his mouth, and I felt the glorious tingles building up deep inside that had to be the beginning of a vaginal orgasm. Every one of my orgasms so far came from my clit, but this one was different, deeper, more primitive.

Debbie’s eyes opened and I saw a look of deep distress on her face. I saw her arms reach forward under the table, but I heard mom say, “No, not yet, Debbie. We have all afternoon.” There it was. My straight and straight-laced mother was doing the same thing to Debbie’s pussy that daddy was doing to mine!

“And you two, over there,” she said. “Slow down and learn to enjoy yourselves.” I heard Debbie groan again, but this time it was very different, a groan of frustration, and I knew exactly how she felt.

I could see daddy’s hands holding the back of my knees, but even though I was sending desperate signals he didn’t do anything. Debbie and I looked at each other longingly, but still nothing happened under the table. A whispered conversation was going on down there, but we couldn’t hear what was said. Debbie was lucky. Brian was still playing with her tits and occasionally rolling her nipples between his fingers. I reached up and did the same to mine.

The delicious feeling way up inside my cunt faded and left a hollow, empty spot. A tear ran down Debbie’s cheek and I felt the same way, but suddenly she tensed and inhaled sharply. Just at the same moment daddy slid his hands over my knees and forward up my thighs. Slowly, oh so slowly, I felt daddy’s head advance toward my lonely, needy hollow spot. Now that I was used to regular fucking, this teasing process was sheer torture, but at last daddy’s tongue touched me lightly in that same spot right at the bottom of my lips.

I was in heaven as he circled my outer lips again and again. After a quarter of an hour or more he began to tease my clit as his tongue slipped past. I laid back and lost myself in the wonderful sensations. Those sensations intensified every time his wonderful tongue circled back to my tingling clit. Finally he stopped circling and flicked the tip rapidly over my hard little button until the fireworks blinded me.

But this time I didn’t pass out. I grabbed daddy by the ears and rode the wave of joy as I pulled him tight into my bucking hips. If I hadn’t been lost in my own pleasure I would have marveled at how long he could hold his breath, because he had his nose and mouth were fully committed to pussy, my own wet little pussy, and not to breathing. I heard him begin to gasp as I slowly came back down to earth, and then I heard even louder girly squeals and moans as Debbie flew off on her own explosion there across the dinner table.

But daddy didn’t stop! Even as the sensations brought me back to earth, his wonderful tongue began circling again, fanning the embers of the dying blaze between my legs. To my astonishment they burst back to life, fanned by Debbie’s helpless moans and by two small warm hands caressing my boobs. Brian had repositioned himself behind me and was playing with my tits in the same helpful manner as he had Debbie’s. And Debbie was looking dazedly across the table at me as she gathered her wits and reluctantly returned to reality. Then her eyes rolled back and she began to moan again!

Daddy kept licking me and momma kept doing it to Debbie until we found ourselves once again at the threshold of paradise. That was the moment we found out that once is never enough. Both of us were multi-orgasmic. All that was needed was a loving partner who could bring out our best, and boy, did they! It went on and on though the sensuous glow of an endless afternoon, moans of passion mingling with each other and with intermittent squeals of delight!

Then, after I had lost count of my orgasms, he finally did it. Instead of flicking my clit he let his circling tongue spiral down to the very center of me. I reached down with both hands to grasp my outer lips as firmly as I could, then pulled myself open, inviting daddy’s long, marvelous tongue.

Invitation accepted.

He slithered it high up to where no tongue had gone before, and the glorious deep feeling of a vaginal orgasm renewed itself way up inside my cunt. Even as the explosion began I felt daddy’s tongue slip away, but before I could cry out in despair he seized my body, almost threw me on the table, and entered my wet, hungry cunt with one smooth, fulfilling thrust. Already in the spasms of climax, I felt my cervix dilate as the head of his huge cock slipped as deeply within me as it is possible to go. I felt wave after wave of hot liquid burst inside of me as my heels beat frantically against daddy’s muscular ass, driving him deeper and deeper, again and again, as I screamed and wept with the joy of ultimate release.

—

After a warm, wet wonderful time I slowly awakened there on the kitchen table. Someone had placed a pillow under my head and covered me with a down comforter. I glanced to my left and saw Debbie's peaceful face snoozing beside me, looking innocently angelic… apart from the drying cum all over her lips and chin. I studied her for a moment, thinking how beautiful she looked, then softly kissed her moist lips. She gave a deep sigh and her eyelids fluttered open. "Hi, you. Where am I?"

I heard momma chuckle. "Good morning, sleeping beauties! The boys are off picking up some desert at the store, and I think you'd better shower. You're both a bit messy!" she said with a grin.

"OK," I said, giving Debbie another quick kiss and sitting up on the edge of the table. "Who first?"

"Why don't you shower together?" mom asked. "That way you won't have to wait and I can get dinner on the table.” Was it really dinner time? Where had the afternoon gone? Oh! Right.

“But mom, I don’t want to shower with another girl. I’m not some kind of lesbo!”

“Mind your manners, young lady. Just because you’re going to be in the Program does not mean you are allowed to speak that way in this house. Your friend Debbie is not going to attack you just because you’re naked in the shower together. Besides, you might learn something. Give it a try.”

Learn what? Well, there’s no arguing with momma when her mind is made up. I took Debbie by the hand and we went upstairs to the bathroom. Soon the hot water had filled the room with steam and we stepped into the shower together. The water felt delightful on my naked skin.

“Here,” said Debbie, “you have cum on your tush. Let me wash it off for you.” Now how did it get there of all places? I had no idea, but her hands felt nice rubbing my cheeks, so I just relaxed and enjoyed it.

“Hey, let me fix the shower head,” I said, reaching up and switching from a gentle spray to a pulsing jet. Debbie looked astonished as it splashed against her lower belly, right at the top of her mound.

“Wow, wow, wow… I like that! I have to get one of these for my shower!”

“You mean you don’t have one? How can you jill off?”

“You mean play with myself? In the shower? I thought girls only did that in bed.”

“Well, I certainly do. But not just in bed. In the shower, in the girl’s room, any place I can. But you have got to make your parents get you a massage jet for your shower. It’s the best toy I ever had. Like, check this out.” I twisted the shower head and the pulses became a steady, hard stream of warm water. I detached the hose and lowered the head down to the cleft between Debbie’s pretty, long legs. [“Ohhhhhh…”](https://ixquick-proxy.com/do/spg/show_picture.pl?l=english&rais=1&oiu=http%3A%2F%2Fwww.cumonmy.com%2Fgalleries%2F2015-updates%2F01-001-Porn-Update-1300-Pics%2FNFSW-GIFs%2FMasturbation%2FGirl-masturbating-in-shower-Teen-Porn-GIFs-007.gif&sp=61bae3af9f403ab2e037bfde4da5f591)was her response as her eyes rolled back in her head and she leaned against the wall.

This was fun! Debbie’s knees slowly bucked and she sank to the shower floor, but I was relentless, keeping the stream aimed exactly where it would do the most good. Within seconds she began to moan loudly and I had the pleasure of watching her cum again. But this time I was the one making her cum. And I loved it.

I kissed her as she came back down from her peak. Her hands went behind my back and slid straight down to my bottom. This time she wasn’t so gentle, and I found out I didn’t want her to be. We both embraced as the hose slipped out of my hand and snaked around the floor, sending a stream of hot, steamy water in every direction. Our legs scissored each other as our wet, hungry pussies came together, frantically bumping and rubbing our frenzied clits to compensate for the frustrating emptiness deep inside both of us. Oh yes, today was a day of discovery; discovery of pussy, discovery that I loved and longed for it just as much as I did cock, and the feeling I got from Debbie’s Sapphic touch was just as delicious as everything my daddy and brother had been doing to me all during this endless, wonderful week. Debbie and I exploded with love, rapt in each other’s legs.

We were both still cumming when someone turned off the water. As I collapsed to the floor a soft arm caught me and embraced me. I turned my head to see momma hugging Debbie and me both tightly, her face buried in Debbie’s chest and her dress soaked from the shower. I put my hand around her waist and hugged her back. We stayed there a long, lovely time, holding each other and gently caressing two naked bodies and one wet dress.

“So, who was that you were calling a lesbo?” she asked. I started to giggle, but the look in her eye was too serious, too loving. “Every girl loves girls, Danielle. It’s in our nature. It’s just that some of us never get the chance to find that out. Come on, let’s get you two dried off, and we can have a nice girl talk.” She giggled like a teenager.

She pulled me to my feet and wrapped a big warm towel around me. Then she did the same for Debbie. Finally she seemed to notice how wet she was and quickly dropped her dress to the floor, followed by her bra and panties, until she was as nude as the two of us, but without a towel of her own.

“Danielle,” I’ve been worried about you for almost a year, ever since you finished seventh grade. The happy little girl I knew was gone, and my beloved daughter didn’t seem to know who she was any more. That’s why I thought the Program might be just the thing to bring you around and make you see all the wonderful things you have to discover. And while you’re discovering them I want my little girl back so I can teach her about those things.” Momma was cuddling both of us now, and she was looking deep into Debbie’s eyes just as often as mine. Her hands slid under our towels and began to caress the soft flesh of our bottoms, pushing our moist pussies against her thighs. I had to admit we still had a lot to learn.

“I think Debbie should stay with us and learn all about the Program, so the two of you can go though it together next fall. What do you think of that idea, Debbie?”

“Oh, Mrs. Carson! That would be so wonderful. But my parents will never let me do that.”

“You leave them to me, dear. For tonight I’ll call your mother and tell her you and Danni have decided to have a sleepover.”

“But I didn’t bring any clothes,” she said, and all three of us burst into laughter.

This week was going to be even more fun than I thought!

**Getting Prepared, Chapter 3 - Final Preparation**
by sevispac in collaboration with P.F. Dill

We knew they were coming tonight, but I still felt anxious when the doorbell rang. Daddy opened it and a policeman was standing there.

“Mr. Carson?” Daddy nodded. “Mr. Jonathan Carson?”

Daddy cleared his throat. “Yes I am. Won’t you come in?” He held the door open and the cop stepped inside.

“I’m Officer Mullins. I’m here to take custody of Miss Deborah Fontaine. Is she here?” He caught sight of me and did a double take. It isn’t like naked girls are very rare these days, but not many of them are my age. I felt a little bit pleased.

“She is. Just a moment.” He looked back at me and said, “Danielle, would you please ask Debbie to come to the door?”

That was easy, she was standing beside me, but just around the corner out of sight of the front door. I took her hand and we walked up to the cop.

“Miss, I'm going to have to ask you to put on some clothes.” He handed Debbie an overcoat he was carrying over his arm. So he wasn’t exactly surprised to see naked girls in the house after all. Did I imagine it, or did he brush his fingers against her tit as he helped her into it? And was that a little moan from deep in her throat? What a slut Debbie had turned into in the last week! But then, I probably shouldn’t throw stones, I was living very much in a glass house. Actually I was wishing that big, strong cop was brushing my tit.

“Mr. Carson, I believe you’re aware that we’ve received a complaint from Miss Fontaine’s parents. They allege you have been holding her without their permission for over a week. They’re within their rights to charge you with kidnapping, but they’ve agreed not to do so if she voluntarily returns home. What do you have to say for yourself?”

“Just a moment,” daddy said. “Mother, would you please bring Mr. Pierce in now?”

Momma’s voice came from the den. “I think they’re ready, Mr. Pierce. Right this way.” She emerged from the doorway followed by a distinguished looking man in a grey suit. He walked up to the policeman and offered his hand.

“Good evening, Officer Mullins. I’m Randal Pierce of Girl’s Protective Services. Here are my credentials,” he said, showing the officer an open wallet with a badge and ID card, “and here is a court order temporarily suspending the custodial authority of Ms. Fontaine's parents.”

The officer unfolded the legal document and looked at it curiously. “As you can see, it was issued by the municipal family court pursuant to a charge of sexual oppression, in as much as the young lady has been denied her rights to nudity and appropriate voluntary and desired sex acts, being past puberty and not mentally impaired in any way. The Carson family has provided her refuge under the new sexual sanctuary statute. On that basis you have no authority to remove her from the premises if she desires to stay here.”

Officer Mullins scratched his head and looked at Debbie sheepishly. “Well, I’ll be. I guess he’s right. That is, if you really want to stay here, Miss,” he said, looking down at her.

“Oh, I do, sir. Very much,” she almost purred, looking up into his eyes and batting her eyelashes at him. She was standing so close that the overcoat was brushing his arm.

“Alright, then. As long as Mr. Carson is willing to provide you shelter. Is that the case, sir?”

“Absolutely, officer. Now that this business is concluded, can we offer you some refreshment?”

“Thank you, sir, but I’m not allowed to take any favors in the line of duty. I’m afraid I’ll have to be going. We’ll notify the young lady’s parents. I expect they’re likely to take this to court.”

“Yes, we’re fully expecting that. Well, thank you for your visit. Is there anything more we can do for you?”

“No. As I said, I should be going, Good evening.” And he opened the front door.

“Aren’t you forgetting something, officer?” Debbie was purring again. She was still looking demurely up at him with one hip sexily cocked as she let the overcoat slip off her shoulders. Officer Mullins' eyes never left her perky little tits as she handed him he coat, and as he backed out the door he bumped his shoulder against the frame. Debbie and I broke out in fits of giggles as soon as the door closed behind him.

**Getting Prepared, Chapter 4 - Debbie's Court Date**
by sevispac in collaboration with P.F. Dill

"You may be seated.

"Family Court of Bremer County is now in session, the Honorable Judge Clifton Rogers presiding.

"Docket number 17352, Fontaine vs Girl's Protective Services."

"Mr and Mrs Fontaine, I've reviewed your complaint. I understand you are suing to lift the restraining order placed on you by GPS five months ago, and reinstate your parental rights over the sexual conduct of your daughter, Deborah, now age 15, age 14 when the restriction came in effect. Is that correct?" asked Judge Rogers.

The lawyer sitting with Deborah's parents rose to his feet. "That is correct, your honor. My client's daughter has been residing with their former friends, the Carsons, since shortly before this restraining order was issued. During that period their daughter has been engaging in constant and varied sexual perversions against the Fontaine's express instructions and in violation of every moral principle they raised their daughter to follow. They are here seeking relief from this illegal and improper situation."

"Objection, your Honor. The application of the adolescent sexual standards of conduct statute to this case is the issue under dispute. Council is begging the question."

"Sustained. Please stick to the facts, Mr. Oxford."

"Sorry, your Honor. We will present evidence showing the outrageous nature of Miss Fontaine's conduct at the behest of the Carson family…"

"Just a moment, council. Am I to understand that any of this conduct was against Miss Fontaine's will?"

"Miss Fontaine's desires are not relevant here, your Honor. As a minor child she is not competent to exercise sexual autonomy and is bound by her parent's decisions."

"Again, you Honor, I object to council's characterization of the issue at hand."

"All right. The plaintiffs will stipulate that Deborah has been acting on her own free will, with the caveat that she is a 15 year old girl without the judgment to restrain her sexual desires caused by her raging hormones."

"A normal teenager, in other words?"

"If you say so, your Honor."

"Proceed."

"Plaintiff's exhibit A," said Mr Oxford. All eyes in the packed courtroom turned to the nearest monitors as they lit up, displaying a shocking scene. A gasp went through the room. A naked girl, instantly recognizable as Deborah Fontaine, was laying on her back across a table. She was surrounded by six young students her age or a little older. All were dressed, but the four boys who were standing over her had their penises in their hands and were clearly masturbating over her defenseless body. A pretty girl knelt at the end of the table, her mouth covering Debbie's pussy, while Debbie provided a similar service to the last boy, who had his raging hard-on in her mouth. A few of the those in the courtroom looked closely at the unidentified girl licking Debbie's pussy and were delighted to see her sitting with her family in the front row behind the Defense table. A few of them even recognized her as Danielle Carson.

"These affidavits, exhibits B through F, confirm that this obscene display took place in the cafeteria of Central Middle School during lunch on September 16th of this year. Miss Fontaine was on the second day of her week naked in school," the lawyer pressed a button and the still picture became full motion video. The sound of a cock sliding in and out of Debbie's slurping lips could be heard over the background buzz of excited students.

"The Program rules do not permit sexual contact between students, certainly not in the cafeteria during meals. Furthermore this is a direct violation of city and state health standards." As if to emphasize Mr Oxford's words, two of the standing boys began to pump strings of white semen onto Debbie's quivering body and elsewhere on the table, bench, and floor. She reached down to grab her friend Danielle by the ears to keep her tongue ministering to Debbie's bucking hips. As she did, the lucky fellow with his dick between her lovely lips pulled himself free and began to spew his copious strands of white jizm all over her lovely young face. Mr Oxford froze frame just as the final two young men erupted toward her tits and hair. A fascinated silence filled the astonished courtroom.

"The plaintiffs will now call our first witness. Mr Walter Fontaine."

Deborah's father stood up and walked to the witness chair beside the Judge's bench. "Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"I do."

"Mr Fontaine, did you attend the Homecoming football game at Central Middle School three weeks ago?"

"I did."

"And was your daughter, Deborah Fontaine, elected Homecoming Queen and also present at that event?"

"She was."

"Please direct your attention to plaintiff's exhibit G on the monitor." Another frozen video displayed on the screen. This time it showed a crowded football stadium brightly lit for a night game. At one end of the empty field was an ornate platform topped by two thrones. Seated on a dais just below and surrounding the thrones were four young couples wearing formal evening clothes. Each of the girls had tiaras and the boys held scepters. On the thrones sat two more young people, both wearing sparking crowns and high boots, They were otherwise totally naked.

"Mr Fontaine, can you please describe this scene?"

Looking distressed, Debbie's father began to speak, "Unfortunately, yes I can." The video began playing. It zoomed in on the five couples on the platform as the king turned to Debbie and kissed her fully on her lips. He put one arm around her shoulders and began caressing her left breast with the other hand as she reached out to grasp his swollen cock.

"This is the half-time show at homecoming. Her mother and I were proud when we found out our princess was going to be the homecoming queen. What we didn't know was what kind of ceremony the school had planned. Remember, this was taking place in the middle of a stadium full of people, including families with young children. Just look at what kind of things are going on in our schools today!"

Debbie was returning the kiss enthusiastically as the four couples on the dais looked on in wonder. The king slipped his hand from Debbie's breast down her slender tummy and over her smooth, shaved mound until his fingertip slipped between her plump outer lips. One of the girls in the homecoming court reached out and boldly grasped her partner's scepter - but not the one in his hand. He turned his attention to his lovely princess, reached behind her back, and unzipped her gown in one fluid motion. Her pert white breasts, unencumbered by a bra, spilled into view to the delight of the audience, now watching the Jumbotrons throughout the stadium. The marching band began to play a soft medley of romantic music that started with [Rachmaninoff’s Symphony](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QNRxHyZDU-Q) No. 2, 3rd movement.

The crowd expressed it's enthusiastic approval as each of the remaining princesses slipped out of their formal attire to reveal a complete lack of undergarments. The two thrones on top folded back to form a luxurious, soft platform as the king pushed his eager young consort onto her back and began covering her with endearing kisses from her neck down her shoulders, as he caressed her soft, lovely young breasts.

The band segued into classic rock music beginning with a cover of [Sweet Child O' Mine](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iNRhFfE81LY) that had a mix of Brazilian rhythms and jazzy inflections as each princess reached one hand to grasp the hard cock of her escort, now free of his formal attire, and the other to the bare pussy of the princess beside her. Each prince busied himself with his princesse's soft, white boobs, massaging them gently while his lips sucked eagerly on her lovely pink tits.

On the throne above the homecoming queen spread her long, lovely legs as the king positioned his scepter at her gates. The band broke into the CMS fight song as the king pressed the head of his rock hard cock into the delightful sheath of her wet, warm pussy. On the dais below, her homecoming court had arranged itself into a boy-girl circlet completely surrounding the throne, composed of lovely feminine lips encircling cocks while masculine tongues teased slick pussies and thrust amazingly far up inside hungry cunts. The crowd roared in approval.

A regretful groan went up trough the court as lawyer Oxford paused the video. "And how did your daughter's public display make you feel, Mr Fontaine?"

"I was mortified. So was my wife. This was not the kind of behavior we expected from the little girl we raised into a proper young lady. We walked out of that stadium and went home to bed."

"No more questions. Your witness."

The GPS lawyer stood up and walked to the witness stand.

"Sir, I'd like you to tell me more about the incident in the cafeteria." The scene on the monitor changed, displaying once again the picture of Debbie laid out in the center of six students, two steams of white semen still hanging in mid air over her tits and hair.

"Your lawyer stated that, 'the Program rules do not permit sexual conduct between students.' Is that correct?"

"Yes, I believe he did."

"Would it surprise you to learn that sexual conduct of all kinds, including multiple partner encounters like the one depicted in the exhibit, take place on a daily basis throughout CMS without any objection from students, staff, or parents?"

"Well, I've heard some rumors about that kind of thing.'

"Rumors? I have here 15 sworn affidavits by school faculty, attesting to a minimum of five other incidents in the cafeteria on the same day. Your honor, may I have these entered into evidence? Only two of them involved your daughter, by the way." A chuckle ran through the courtroom.

"Your lawyer also stated that the conduct in question was a direct violation of city and state health regulations. Isn't that so?"

"It certainly is."

"These four affidavits from cafeteria personnel certify that they have established cleaning procedures, agreed to by the appropriate heath officials, to insure sanitary conditions are restored before the facilities are used again for dining. Were you aware of that fact?"

"Well, I heard some rumors about that, too, but I don't work in the school cafeteria."

"No, Mr Fontaine, you do not. But the people who do are very careful to meet all the required health standards without interfering with student sexual activities. And you might be surprise to learn that they are uniformly enthusiastic about the work they do."

"Objection, your Honor."

"Sustained. Leave the testimony to the witness, council."

"Now, let's talk about your daughter's performance at homecoming, Mr Fontaine. Can you identify this picture?" The monitors displayed the outside of a football stadium.

"Sure. Those are the ticket booths at CMS stadium."

"Please read the signs over any one of the ticked booths."

"Warning. The halftime show at homecoming involves pornographic sexual activity of many kinds. Parents of minor children are strongly cautioned. Please do not attend the show if you object to such displays."

"Thank you Mr Fontaine. And did you see these signs when you entered the stadium at homecoming?"

"Well, I suppose we must have. But you see stuff like that everywhere these days, and a certainly didn't expect my little girl to be doing the things she did up there." At the defense table, Deborah blushed.

"Mr Fontaine, did you see any of the advertising on television or in the local newspapers prior to the CMS homecoming game?

"Sure. What about it?"

"Are you aware that all of the advertising specifically promised explicit sexual displays by the homecoming court at halftime?

"Mr Fontaine?

"Your Honor, will you please direct the witness to answer the question?"

"Oh all right. Yes. We saw those horrible commercials. That doesn't mean we thought it was all right for Deborah to do those things."

"So what was the attendance like at CMS stadium on homecoming night?"

"How should I know?"

"Would you say the stadium was sold out?"

"I guess it might have been."

"Would it surprise you to learn that every seat was sold within 24 hours of the first ticket going on sale, and that scalpers were receiving up to $500 per ticket for a Middle School football game?"

Mr Fontaine didn't reply.

"No? Well, let's see what your daughter has to say about that. Your Honor, my client would like to question her father."

"Objection, your Honor. Miss Fontaine is not a member of the bar and is not qualified to conduct cross examination."

"Very true, council. But she is a party to this action and as such she has the right to confront the plaintiff. I'll allow it."

Most of the spectators in the crowded courtroom were wearing suits and dresses. Deborah looked out of place in what appeared to be a black graduation gown. She stood up and walked across the room to where her father was waiting. All eyes followed this beautiful young girl whom they had so recently seen performing the most amazing sex acts. Deborah stopped, gazed at her father for a moment, then unzipped the gown and let it fall to the floor, standing completely nude before him.

"Your Honor! This is outrageous! Are you going to allow a display like this in your courtroom?"

Bang, bang, bang! "Order! I will have order in this room or I will clear the court. The excited conversation died down.

"Now, young lady, what exactly do you think you are doing?"

"May it please the court, your Honor," Debbie's lawyer said, "My client has a right under the adolescent sexual standards of conduct statute to voluntary nudity in public facilities, including this courtroom. She simply wants to confront her father about the issue in question, his insistence on restricting her God-given sexuality. If this court is looking for truth, there is no better way to find it."

Debbie gazed solemnly up at the judge as a blush spread from her cheeks down her chest. Judge Rogers was struggling manfully to keep his eyes on hers. "Er… well… this is highly irregular. Very well, I'll allow it. Keep in mind, young lady, you can ask questions but you can't give testimony. You haven't been sworn and you have to stop talking if there's an objection, until I can make a ruling.

"And by the way," he added with a wink at Debbie, "it does please the court."

Debbie gave him a beaming smile and a bead of sweat broke out on the judge's brow. She turned her gaze back to her father.

"Daddy?" They regarded each other silently for a moment.

"Yes baby?" Her father replied at last.

"Daddy, do you love me?" she asked in a tiny voice. Like the judge, her father was struggling to keep his eyes on hers.

"Of course I do, pumpkin. I love you the way a father is supposed to love his little girl." He faltered, and his gaze dropped for a moment substantially below her neck.

"Daddy, do you think I'm pretty?" Mr Fontaine did not reply. He shifted uncomfortably in his chair.

"I never thought I was pretty, daddy. Nobody ever told me I was. You never told me, daddy. But this year I found out something, daddy. I found out that when I take my clothes off and show off my body, lots of people think I'm pretty. Boys want me, daddy. They want to look at me. They want to touch me. They want to fuck me, daddy. Do you know how that makes me feel?" Walt Fontaine dropped his eyes and gave a little shake of his head.

"It makes me feel wonderful, daddy. Look at me, daddy."

"Daddy, do you like what you see?" Debbie was still gazing steadily at him.

"Remember, sir, you're under oath," intoned her lawyer from the plaintiff's table.

Every eye in the courtroom was riveted on the slender form of a breathtakingly beautiful young girl as she approached the witness stand. Her dark hair fell over her soft, white shoulders. Her slender arms dangled beside the feminine curve of her waist and flared out in two round globes of a developing bubble butt. Her long, coltish legs joined them, leaving a lovely gap between her thighs though which could be seen the plump outer lips of her shaven young pussy.

"Daddy?

"Daddy, do you want to fuck your little girl?"

Mr Fontaine looked like a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming 18 wheeler with it's air horn sounding. He made an unintelligible, choking noise.

"I think you do." Debbie reached out and wrapped her hand around a huge rod inside her daddy's pants. "This says you do, daddy. Daddy, fuck your little girl."

"Objection! Objection! Your Honor! This has gone far enough!"

"Just hold on, Oxford," Walter Fontaine said as he recovered his self control. "I'll let you know when it's gone far enough." An outburst of laughter rolled through the courtroom. Deborah began to pump her fist up and down on her daddy's rampant shaft. He spread his legs apart as his daughter sank to her knees in front of the witness chair. The judge leaned forward for a better view as the 15 year old beauty unzipped her father's trousers and pulled out his stiff cock. She move her face closer, plunging her chin deep into the pubic hair at the base of his shaft. The tip of her tongue emerged from her lips and touched the skin below the bottom of his testicle sack, then slowly and deliberately began to run it fully up the outside of his shaft until her lips reached the head of his cock. The courtroom held its breath.

Mr Fontaine placed one hand firmly on the back of his daughter's head. She parted her lips and he pushed the tip of his cock slightly into her waiting mouth. Debbie sucked him inside with all her newfound talent, desperate not to lose her one chance to get her family back. When she felt him thrust forward deep into her mouth she knew she had her victory.

Debbie's bobbing head obscured part of what was going on from the view of most of the spectators. Then Mr Fontaine grabbed two fistfuls of his daughter's dark curls and raised her from her knees. He pulled her to him and kissed her deeply, oblivious to the taste of pre-cum lingering on her tongue. "Sit on my lap," he demanded.

Debbie reached down between their bodies and grasped the magnificent daddy cock still slick with her saliva, raised it to her dripping slit, and did as her daddy told her. Even with all her practice in the last five months, Debbie was still unable to take more than the head of her daddy's huge cock on the first thrust. She raised her legs and planted both feet on the chair beside his hips, then she began a rhythmic bouncing motion that drove her pussy down ever farther over her daddy's cock, much to the satisfaction of the onlookers.

"oh… oh… oh… uh,uh,uh," came her delighted little squeaks. "Daddy… daddy, daddy! DADDY! Oh! Daddy! Fuck me daddy! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me Daddy!!!" Debbie was frantically slamming herself up and down on the full length of her father's rigid cock now.

Walter loved his little girl. He had always loved his little girl. But he had never loved his little girl the way he loved her now. He knew he should hold back, wait for her orgasm, give her the kind of memory she deserved of their first joyous coupling, but he was lost in the delight of the wet velvet pocket between Deborah's pretty legs and he could no more hold back the onrushing gusher of silvery cum than he could stop a freight train with his big toe. It burst out of his cock head and flooded into his little girl's depths like a cannon shot of molten iron. Then a miracle happened.

With a squeal of delight Debbie thrust herself down on her daddy's spasming cock and rocketed to the heights of her own explosive orgasm. Together, father and daughter froze in the pinnacle of physical delight as they gifted the entire courtroom with a lifelong erotic memory. They hung there in silence, their bodies rigid and trembling as the seconds ticked by and their minds reached places unknown to those of mortal race. The awed spectators could only look on in wonder and wait to see if there could be an end to such spectacular joy.

Because we are less than gods, the end finally came. Father and daughter collapsed in each other's arms as they cuddled together on the witness stand. Neither had the strength to stir, nor did any spectator presume to disturb their divine afterglow.

At last, after what seemed many minutes, Debbie's mother rose from her seat at the plaintiff's table and walked unsteadily to where her daughter was now perched on her father's left leg, her arms tightly around his neck, her breathing soft and steady. She regarded them lovingly, then sank slowly to her knees just as her daughter had a moment (or a lifetime) ago. She gently kissed her husband's flaccid member, then turned her head and began passionately licking her daughter's dripping pussy.

At the defense table, the GPS lawyer stood up. "May it please the court. My client would like to withdraw all objection to the restoration of sexual privileges to her parents, Mr and Mrs Fontaine. Is that correct, Deborah?"

She opened her eyes, glanced at her mother's face buried between her cum covered thighs, and said, "Totally, dude!"