Girl Scout Porn

*GS USA - Where girls grow horny*

  
  
  
  
Girl Scout Show and Tell

The girls were finishing their snacks when Mistress Wilcox called them into the living room for their guest speaker. One or two gobbled down an extra cupcake as the others cleaned up the kitchen. Their parents were very strict about too much sugar, and they were relishing a special treat. But every one of them was excited about the surprise activity they knew was coming this week.  
  
Charlotte Wilcox was certainly the most popular Bevy Madame in the Passel, and her weekly meetings were the best attended. She was responsible for the Nymphette Scouts, and took pride in her reputation for fun activities. She hoped this week would be her most memorable meeting yet.   
  
The girls came bouncing into the living room, but stopped short when they saw Tiffany’s dad seated in the big chair against the far wall. The furniture had been rearranged to leave the floor in front of him empty. None of them had ever seen a man at any of their meetings before.  
  
“Girls,” said Charlotte, “All of you know Tiffany’s dad, Mr. Armstrong. He has graciously volunteered to come to our meeting today to give us a demonstration of the sexual techniques you’ve been exposed to in the Naked in School program. Everyone please sit in a semicircle where you can get a good look. Tiffany, would you please come up and join your daddy?”  
  
Blushing slightly, 13 year old Tiffany brushed past her friends and made her way to her daddy’s chair. There she perched on the armrest, her long, pretty legs dangling to each side. She was wearing her complete Girl Scout uniform, including Beret, but the girls gathered around her sitting on the floor could see she was not wearing panties. She put one arm around her daddy’s neck and rested her cheek on the side of his head. He reciprocated by placing a fatherly arm around her waist, his hand on her thigh.   
  
“Bill,” continued Miss Wilcox, “would you please tell the girls why I asked you to help with our little demonstration here today?”  
  
“Well, Charlotte, “I understand that the girls have been studying sexual intercourse in school, and you think they would benefit from watching the real thing. I happen to agree with you, and we also agree that this kind of demonstration is enhanced if the girls know the model and can easily imagine being in her place. That’s why Tiffany and I agreed to help out.”   
  
“That’s wonderful, Bill. Would you tell us how you and your daughter came to start having sex?”  
  
“Well, about six weeks ago I picked Tiffany up from her weekly meeting here. She was bubbling over with excitement about the[weekly training](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/sevispac/www/styled-112/styled-5/index.html" \o "Girl Scout Sucking) you put the girls through. She insisted on stopping at the Super Market on the way home to pick up a bunch of bananas so she could show me everything she had learned. As soon as we were back in the car she had one of them in her mouth, proud as she could be of how she had learned to deep throat it. Needless to say, I was even prouder, and I couldn’t wait to get her home for a better look.  
  
“When we got home Tiffany kept showing off for me. She said she was curious about the differences between a banana and a real cock, and she talked me into showing her.” Tiffany was bright red by this time, but you could detect a slight smile on her lips.   
  
“By the time her mother got home we’d found out that [practice](http://dildosandmachines.tumblr.com/post/142503640813/incredibly-fast" \o "for example" \t "_blank) makes perfect, and my gorgeous little daughter was now an experienced cock-sucker.” There was a round of loud giggling from the girls. Tiffany, who couldn’t blush any deeper, gave another smile and turned to face her daddy. He looked into her eyes and nodded.  
  
Tiffany slipped off the arm of her daddy’s chair and sank to her knees between his legs. The girls stirred with interest as young necks craned and heads sought unobstructed views. Tiffany unfastened her daddy’s belt and unzipped his pants. The girl’s eyes widened as his hard cock emerged in Tiffany’s small hand.   
  
“It looks as if Mr. Armstrong came prepared,” said Miss Wilcox. “Tiffany is a very lucky girl. For those of you who don’t have any experience for comparison, her daddy is a little longer than average,” there were gasps from the girls at this surprising bit of information, “but not terribly thick, so it’s easier to slip inside.”  
  
As Miss Wilcox was speaking Tiffany rose from her knees and climbed onto her daddy’s lap, her eyes gazing into his and her hand slowly stroking his rigid cock. Placing her knees on either side of his hips she raised her pussy to the tip of his dripping cock and slowly began settling herself onto it. Her daddy reached around and cupped her lovely round ass cheeks in his large rough hands and began rhythmically lifting and settling her onto the his gently thrusting dick. Seated behind and below, the girls marveled at the elasticity of their friend’s glistening lips as they alternately engulfed and disgorged more and more of the impossibly large intruder. Mr. Armstrong’s hands enhanced the girl’s view of his daughter’s enthusiastic violation as they pulled apart her lovely globes to make room for his disproportionate adult member.   
  
Still dressed in her uniform, the scene was unusual only because her little pussy was engulfing her father’s rigid penis. The mesmerized girls sat like little birds frozen by the slow approach of a snake. Tiffany sighed repeatedly as she settled farther and farther onto her father’s cock.  
  
Miss Wilcox was as fascinated as her young charges. She startled slightly as Tiffany emitted a little squeak, and recovered enough to remember her educational responsibilities. “Tiffany has earned the ‘Daddy’s Girl’ merit badge, and she’s wearing it on her sash instead of secretly on her panties. Mr. Armstrong, can you tell the girls how this affects your family relationships, especially with her mother? What about brothers and [sisters](http://www.imagefap.com/photo/1463301690/?pgid=&gid=5504227&page=0&idx=0" \l "20" \o "An unrelated example" \t "_blank)?”  
  
“Well, Charlotte,” said Bill with remarkable self control, and only an occasional grunt of enjoyment, “Tiffany and I were very concerned at first. We were careful to limit our sexual activities to times when her mother wasn’t at home, especially after we started fucking.” He noticed that Charlotte was biting her lower lip, and her hand was resting in her lap. “It was tempting to give her bottom a quick squeeze or slip a finger in her pussy under the dinner table, but both of us resisted. Tiffany is an only child, so there wasn’t any problem with siblings.”   
  
Her pussy had stopped settling farther onto her daddy’s dick, and Tiffany was now leaning forward, cheek to cheek with her daddy and her arms around his neck as she began to stoke deeply over the full length of his cock.  
  
“Miss Wilcox,” said Sephy, “how far inside Tiffany can Mr. Armstrong go?”   
  
He chuckled as he continued his long, slow stokes. “Remember, Tiffany is still a growing girl. At first my dick barely fit inside her at all and we had to spend a long time stretching her out. But now she’s just right. She’s tight around me without it being painful for her. Still, it’ll be a while before she can completely fit a full grown penis inside her. Right now I’m banging up against her cervix with every stroke. But don’t worry, it feels great! In another couple of years she’ll be able to take the whole thing, but for now I just have to remember to tickle her clitty with my finger when she’s ready to cum.”  
  
Now the rhythm of their strokes was increasing as Tiffany responded insistently to each of her father’s upward thrusts. Her squeaks turned to grunts at the bottom of each stoke. Around the room, more and more little fingers were reaching surreptitiously up skirts and into panties. Not all of the squishing sounds were coming from Tiffany.  
  
“What were you saying about Tiffany’s mother?” asked Miss Wilcox.  
  
“Oh, yes. That came as a double surprise. One afternoon Tiffany and I were making love on her bed. We thought we were alone in the house and we didn’t bother to close her door. We were doing it doggy style, and I don’t know why I happened to glance back over my shoulder to see her mother standing in the door watching us. Just for an instant I panicked, but I recovered just as fast because my wife was naked and openly masturbating. I saw at a glance that she thoroughly approved of what I was doing to our little girl.”  
  
A wave of giggling ran through the room. Charlotte wanted to applaud but her fingers were otherwise engaged. Tiffany now began deeply tongue kissing her daddy as she moaned in pleasure. Even to the most naive girls it was clear that she was nearing her climax as her daddy’s fingers began stoking her clit. At last she began thrashing wildly on the hard pole inside her as her orgasm hit like a tornado. Her friends looked on in awe and with a certain amount of jealousy as they marveled at the intense pleasure and beauty before them.  
  
Her daddy, however, maintained fantastic self-control as his daughter lost hers. Even as he lovingly thrust inside her to meet her most primal needs, he remembered his responsibility educate the other young girls before him. Holding his own orgasm in check, he stood up as his daughter’s body went rigid with climax. He remained standing there a moment, her stiff body supported entirely by his rigid cock; then, as she began to relax he turned and placed her gently and lovingly in the very chair where they had just fucked. With great dignity, he stepped around beside her limp form and aimed his still rigid member at her lovely face. Her eyes never opened, but a smile graced her lips as the first jet of her daddy’s cum splattered over her forehead and dripped down her cheek.  
  
The room filled with soft, squishing sounds and squeals of delight as the girls watched her daddy cover their friend’s face and tits with his thick, copious semen. Charlotte joined her young charges in their hands-on participation in the week’s activities. Having delivered his educational product, Mr. Armstrong picked up his daughter once again, then settled himself back into the chair, cuddling her in his lap. Tiffany never opened her eyes.  
  
Minutes passed gently in the quiet room filled with the fragrance of sex. All present basked contentedly in the afterglow of fulfilling climax. Truth be told, it was the first that two of the girls ever experienced, but none would ever forget theirs.   
  
At last, Miss Wilcox stirred, noticing the time. Parents would soon be arriving to collect their contented daughters. She stood and walked across the room, stepping carefully over still reclining young scouts.   
  
“Girls,” she said, waking them gently, “it’s almost time for our closing ceremony, but first you have a chance to learn one more thing today.” Charlotte reached down, scooped a glistening finger across Tiffany’s face, and held it out to the nearest girl.