**Kimmy and Samantha**

by Jeneee

**Kimmy and Samantha, Part 1**

Kimmy was fifteen years old and she was horny most of the time. Adolescent hormones had created a young nymphomaniac when they had blossomed within her. But they had had an early start. You see, Kimmy discovered the joys of playing with her pussy when she was only seven years old.

It was her daily bath that had initiated it.

“Make sure you wash yourself carefully, Kimmy,” her mother continually reminded her whenever she was preparing for her bath. “All over, now, and don’t forget your pee pee. You have to keep it clean if you don’t want a rash down there. Then we’d have to take you to the doctor.”

Well, seven year old Kimmy wasn’t exactly sure what her mom meant by a rash down there, but she certainly didn’t want one, and she definitely didn’t want a doctor looking at her down there, so she washed her puffy little pussy very, very carefully. She soaped her slit and then ran her fingers in between her lips to make sure she didn’t miss a spot. She didn’t mind doing this because she discovered it felt good — kind of tingly down there — when she did it. Then, after she had finished soaping herself, she would slide down into the bath water and lift her legs way back toward her chest and splash the water around down there to make sure her pee pee got rinsed off well. She discovered she could pull her lips apart a bit and when the warm water hit the insides of her pussy, which she had never seen, it felt really good too.

When she peed on the toilet she would wipe herself carefully as her mom had shown her, but she knew it didn’t really get her as clean as a bath would. She knew this because one time she had run her fingers in between her lips after wiping herself following a particularly long pee — she had been bursting and only just made it to the toilet in time — and found that she could still taste a little bit of pee on her fingers even though she had wiped carefully a couple of times. So now, when she bathed, she made a point of testing — or maybe that should be tasting? — her pussy after drying herself, and found no trace of pee. Instead there was a kind of slippery, sticky wetness that didn’t taste too bad at all.

All of this got her more and more interested in her little pussy. So much so that one day after her bath she had taken a small mirror from the bathroom counter and sat down on the top of the closed toilet to see what she looked like between her legs. Was she ever surprised! It was difficult for her to spread her lips and hold onto the mirror at the same time, but eventually she was able to — for a little while anyway. Because she was getting so slippery down there the more she tried to keep her lips open, the more they slipped out of her fingers and closed again. But she did see two additional tiny lips inside her which led up to a little bump near the top. And for a second or so she could even see the little hole her pee came from.

After giving up exploring for the moment she nevertheless kept sliding her finger in between her lips because it felt so good. Especially when she touched that little bump she had seen. It was really sensitive and after rubbing it for a while she knew something was happening to her, but she didn’t quite know what.

“Kimmy, what are you doing in there? I need to go to the bathroom.” Her mother’s voice snapped her from her pleasurable exploration.

“Be out in a second mom. Just finishing drying myself.” And she quickly tugged on her nightie and smiled at her mom as she headed for her bedroom. Her mom gave her a quick peck on the cheek and ran into the bathroom to relieve herself. That night in bed little Kimmy explored further and started to experience many of the delights her pussy would provide her from that moment on. She was hooked.

Now, at fifteen, she had perfected her masturbatory skills, and was able to experience full mind-blowing orgasms whenever the opportunity presented itself. And she made sure that happened frequently. But that was not all. Her younger twelve year old sister had been convinced to join in on the fun two years ago when she had caught Kimmy in the throes of one of her climaxes. Kimmy hadn’t realized she had been making so much noise but her groans had alerted ten year old Samantha who thought her older sister was in pain and had rushed into her room to help.

You can imagine the surprised look on the young girl’s face when she saw Kimmy, naked as the day she was born, laying on her bed with her legs thrown back over her shoulders, pumping something in and out of her pussy with one hand and rubbing the top of her mound vigorously with the other, completely oblivious to everything else around her. Samantha stared, transfixed by the sight before her.

“Are…are you okay, Kimmy?” she managed to stammer, as her sister slowly began to come down back to earth.

Kimmy jumped at the sound of Samantha’s voice and quickly closed her legs, withdrawing whatever it was from inside her pussy and blushing furiously, not able to utter a word.

“I mean, what were you doing?” asked her ten year old sister, slowly approaching the bed.

“I was…just…well…having fun,” Kimmy finally replied

“I thought you were in pain or something,” Samantha offered. “And I was scared something was happening to you.”

Kimmy started to recover. “Well, something was. I had an orgasm,” she explained to her sister, smiling.

“A what?”

“Well, it’s sort of an incredible feeling that girls have sometimes after they, you know, play with their pussies. Don’t you ever do that, Sammy?”

“Play with my pussy?”

“Yes. Don’t you do that?”

“No. I’ve heard girls talking about that at school and they say only bad girls — what they call sluts — do that.”

“Well, Sammy, I’m not a bad girl. And I’m certainly not a slut,” Kimmy giggled.

Suddenly Kimmy was aware of her sister staring at her pussy, and at the dildo she had been using.

“What’s that?” Samantha asked. “That thing you were playing with?”

“It’s called a dildo and it’s sort of like a guy’s thing, you know, what they fuck girls with to make babies.”

“Doesn’t it hurt?” Samantha wanted to know, thinking of her own tight little vagina. How were you able to get that thing inside of you?”

“When you get horny, like aroused, you get really wet and slippery, and it’s easy for something like that to fit inside you,” Kimmy explained. “Come over here. I’ll show you.”

And Samantha moved hesitantly closer to her sister and finally sat on the bed beside her.

“I’m going to take off your clothes Sammy, okay?”

“I guess,” she replied, wondering if this was the right thing to do.

Sensing her hesitation, Kimmy hugged her and said, “Don’t worry, all girls have to learn this sooner or later Sammy. It’s a part of growing up.”

Samantha nodded.

Kimmy slipped off her sister’s tee and then pulled down her red shorts, leaving her in her white panties. She looks so sweet, Kimmy thought to herself, taking in the soft skin and little pink nipples of Samantha’s chest. Next she hooked her thumbs into the waist band of her sister’s panties and slowly tugged them down her slim, coltish legs, watching Samantha step out of them. Her socks then followed and she was now just as naked as Kimmy.

What followed had been the education of Samantha by her elder sister into the sexual delights both of them could now experience together. She had been a willing pupil and now the two of them often crawled into bed together after their parents had turned in for the night. Both girls had become experts at going down on each other, creating such mind blowing orgasms for each other that they would have to bury their mouths into each other’s pussy when they came in order to avoid screaming out loud and alerting their parents to their sexual games.

Now, two years after Samantha’s initiation, Kimmy had developed into a stunning teenager. Her long blonde hair hung down her back in waves, almost as far as her slim waist. Her firm boobs were the envy of many of her girlfriends, and naturally, the boys swarmed all over her like flies. But she remained aloof. She wasn’t interested in guys and realized early in her teenaged years that she was a lesbian.

And it appeared her sister was leaning that way too, although she had giggled to Kimmy once that a guy at school had dared her to jerk him off behind a portable one day, and she had taken him up on it and won ten dollars in the process. She told Kimmy she was fascinated by the way his cock had throbbed in her hand and shot its white stuff all over the place. But it was the power she seemed to hold over the guy while she was doing it that had thrilled her. She didn’t want to do it again though; her curiosity had been satisfied and she knew she liked girls so much better. Samantha was also starting to develop her curves and was turning into a beautiful girl, just like her older sister. Her boobs were starting to bud and her hips and butt were blossoming, promising she would be equally as stunning as Kimmy.

Now, on this warm spring evening, both girls were to extend their experiences into yet another dimension. Two weeks earlier new neighbors had moved in next door. They seemed nice and had two daughters, eight year old Denise and six year old Patty. Their parents had become friends and this particular evening the Johnsons had been invited to a party given by Mr. Johnson’s new boss. They asked if Kimmy would mind babysitting Denise and Patty.

“No problem,” Kimmy had replied. “Glad to help out.” And so it was settled. Kimmy arrived at seven and was given a brief tour of the house, shown where the girls’ bedroom was and told they should have a bath before going to bed at no later than nine o’clock. Before that they could watch videos and have a snack if they wanted. Kimmy nodded okay and asked if she could invite her sister Sammy over after the girls had gone to bed to keep her company. The Johnsons had met Samantha a few times already and saw no problem with that.

After leaving a number where they could be reached, the Johnsons hugged their daughters and told them to be good little girls, and they would see them in the morning.

As their mom and dad drove away, Denise and Patty grabbed Kitty’s hands and dragged her down to the family room and turned on the television so they could start to watch their videos. They both snuggled up on the couch, one on either side of Kimmy. At that moment, Kimmy’s devious mind began to go into overdrive. This was going to be an interesting evening, she thought to herself.

**Kimmy and Samantha, Part 2**

“Mom, I’m going next door to keep Kimmy company,” yelled Samantha from the front hallway of their home.

“Okay dear. Just don’t make a lot of noise and keep those kids from going to sleep,” her mom replied from the kitchen. “Otherwise Mrs. Johnson won’t want you girls back again.”

“We won’t Mom. Bye.”

And Samantha closed the door behind her and ran quickly across the lawn to their neighbor’s house, eagerly ringing the doorbell. Kimmy had told her to come over right after she saw the Johnsons leave, so Samantha had been keeping a close eye on the activities next door. Shortly after seven she had seen their car drive away and that was the signal for her to join her sister and the two little girls, Denise and Patty.

Kimmy had also told her to wear a short skirt and a white blouse, and to leave her underwear — panties and bra — at home. She’d giggled to herself as she dressed, and had to make sure her mom didn’t see her as she left the house. She was wondering what Kimmy was planning as cute little Denise answered the door and let her in.

“Hi Sammy,” Denise smiled. “Kimmy said you’d be coming over.” And she led Samantha along the hallway and down a few stairs into the family room where her sister and Kimmy were watching a video. Denise was wearing a cute little orange dress that flared out from her waist revealing the smooth skin of her long coltish legs. As she bounced down on the couch beside her younger sister she drew her knees up and wrapped her arms around them, her white panties now on full display pressed tightly against her puffy cunny and indenting slightly into her youthful slit.

As she watched this Sammy giggled to herself, realizing that if she sat that way her short skirt would leave her naked pussy in full view of everyone since she had no panties on. Maybe that’s what Kimmy had planned, she thought — for the girls to see her cunny for themselves.

Patty, the six year old, was curled up on the couch, snuggled against Kimmy, her baggy shorts providing a clear view up inside her skinny thighs revealing that she, too, was wearing white panties like her sister. Both girls were blessed with that cutesy look of innocence, their angelic faces, bright blue eyes and long, wavy blond hair promising a future filled with having to fend off the advances of the opposite sex as they gradually matured through their preteen years into puberty.

But if Kimmy had her way they would soon become familiar with the delights other girls had to offer them, before boys led them astray. There was no time like the present to begin to expose them, she thought to herself with a smile as she hugged little Patty more tightly to her. Yes, she thought, tonight would do just fine.

Since the couch was taken by Kimmy and the girls, Samantha plunked herself down on an armchair across from them, her short skirt sliding further up her thighs as she made herself comfortable. Both young girls still had their eyes glued to the video they were watching, but Kimmy grinned at her sister as she peered up between her slightly parted thighs to the sweet pussy she so loved to play with, happy that Samantha had done as she asked, and left her panties at home. She began to feel the familiar twinges of desire emanating from her own pussy as she started to lubricate from thoughts of the many possibilities that might present themselves that evening — if she went about it the right way, that was.

The video soon came to an end and Kimmy asked the girls if they’d like a snack before their bath.

“Aww, do we have to get ready for bed already?” Denise groaned. “Why can’t we stay up longer and play games with you and Samantha?”

“Because your mom said videos, then a snack, then a bath and then bed,” Kimmy replied, firmly. “Besides, me and Sammy play big girls’ games, but we have to make sure both of you are ready for bed first.”

Denise and her sister both pouted.

“And you do want us to keep coming back to babysit you, don’t you?” Kimmy continued. “We wouldn’t want your mommy finding out that you stayed up late, and then not inviting us back again.”

“We won’t say anything, will we Patty?” Denise pleaded eagerly. “Please, can we stay up a little longer? Pretty please?”

“Well, I dunno…” Kimmy replied.

Denise, sensing a weakening, continued, “And maybe you can teach us some of the big girl games you and Sammy play. I am already eight, you know,” she added, hopefully, standing up as if to show how tall she was. And she was tall for an eight year old, her long slim legs and narrow hips making her appear even taller. Samantha smiled at the young girl’s eagerness.

But Kimmy still managed to maintain a doubtful look on her face, although inwardly she was starting to feel excited. “I’d still like a snack, though, wouldn’t you?” she asked the girls.

“Eat me, eat me,” Samantha suddenly chimed in, laughing as if on cue, this time with her legs spread wide enough that her uncovered pussy was obvious to everyone.

Patty noticed and giggled, “You didn’t wear any undies Sammy. I can see your kitty,” she cried, pointing. And she nudged her sister. “See Denise? Look at her kitty.” And Denise gasped, her eyes widening, as she looked between Samantha’s open legs.

“Yeah, she’s easier to eat that way,” explained Kimmy, with a sly smile on her face.

“What do you mean,” asked Denise, puzzled. “You mean it’s easier for her to eat when she’s not wearing panties? Why? That’s just silly.”

“No, it’s you that’s silly,” Kimmy laughed. “It’s easier for me to eat her when she’s not wearing any. That’s one of the big girl games I mentioned,” she added, as Denise continued to frown. “Wanna watch us?” Kimmy asked, wondering what kind of reaction she would get.

Denise looked over at Patty, who shrugged, and then both of them nodded okay. And as the young girls stared in amazement, Kimmy knelt down in front of her sister who had by now slid forward on her chair spreading her legs as wide as they would go, and pressed her face right up against Samantha’s pussy and noisily kissed it.

“Eww,” exclaimed Patty, “she’s kissing her pee pee!”

Kimmy stopped and looked back at her. “But she loves to be kissed there, don’t you Sammy?”

Samantha nodded. “Mmm, yeah Patty, it feels so nice.”

Patty looked over at her sister who appeared to be watching curiously. “Is that the kind of game all big girls play?” she asked Kimmy.

“Only those who wanna have real fun,” Kimmy replied and added. “Now watch me carefully.” And as the two young girls moved in closer, Kimmy spread her sister’s pussy and started to lick her slowly up and down inside her lips, which were now starting to moisten copiously from the state of her arousal. Samantha reacted by raising her hips, making it easier for Kimmy’s tongue to reach her, moaning softly, urging her on.

Kimmy paused again, much to Samantha’s frustration, and looked up at Denise who had moved in really closely by now, becoming more and more interested in what was happening. Kimmy gently pulled back on her sister’s sheath and watched as her shiny clit appeared. “See that?” she asked Denise, who nodded affirmatively. “That’s called her clitoris, or clit. It’s a little button that every girl has which feels really good if it is rubbed softly or licked.” Denise instinctively cupped her hand to her own pussy as Kimmy smiled and assured her that, yes, she had one too.

“What about me?” asked Patty, a little shyly, looking down in the direction of her own pussy. “Do I have one too?”

“Yes, Patty, you do,” Kimmy smiled at her. “All girls do, and we can show you yours later too, if you like. But I think right now Sammy needs me,” she added, turning back to her younger sister and returning to the task at hand. And as the two younger girls watched, she spread Samantha’s by now very slippery pussy lips and poked her tongue in between them, listening to her moans increase in intensity as she began to lick away in earnest at the tasty juices flowing from her sister’s sweet little cunt. Patty grabbed on to Denise’s hand and knelt down beside her as they both closely watched this big girls’ game they were being taught by their new neighbors.

They watched as Kimmy licked slowly up and down, occasionally even flicking her tongue at Samantha’s wrinkled butt hole, and then swirling up toward that shiny button that Kimmy had called her clitoris. They also watched as Kimmy let her tongue slide back and forth over Samantha’s clit, hearing her moaning increase as she did this, seeing her lift her butt off the chair and press it tighter against her older sister’s mouth. They watched in amazement as Kimmy’s face seemed to become wetter and wetter, as if Samantha had accidentally peed as she squirmed around, with Kimmy trying to hold on to her by firmly clenching her butt cheeks.

As Denise watched intently all that Kimmy was doing, and heard how Samantha was reacting, she felt a funny feeling begin between her own legs, not like she wanted to pee, but another strange kind of urge. She couldn’t help squeezing her hand over her own cunny, initially outside of her panties, but then as the feeling grew, slipping it down inside, over her puffy lips which she found were now getting strangely wet at the same time. Denise found she couldn’t tear her eyes away from the scene before her and as Samantha suddenly let out a squeal, pressing her pussy hard against Kimmy’s mouth, Denise felt her finger slip between her own cunny lips, and she let out a small moan of her own at the intense feelings that suddenly overcame her. As she tightly squeezed Patty’s hand she thought to herself that she was really beginning to like the games big girls play.

(Well, it looks like this story might be a bit longer than I initially thought — that is, if you all feel it is worth continuing. Let me know if any of you bigger girls out there would like to hear more about the games little girls — who wish they were bigger girls — like to play.)

**Kimmy and Samantha, Part 3**

As Samantha slowly opened her eyes, smiling at Kimmy, she moved one of her hands down to her soaking wet pussy to caress it tenderly.

“Mmm, that felt so good Kimmy,” she told her sister, who bent down and kissed her gently on the lips. Samantha returned the kiss, letting her tongue explore Kimmy’s mouth, tasting her own juices, and eagerly going back for more. She just loved the taste of her own pussy and would often spend long, lingering sessions in bed at night playing with herself and then bringing her fingers up to her mouth to lick before sliding them back down deep inside her creamy cunny for more while her other hand teased her budding young nipples. This would help her build up to eventually experiencing an explosive orgasm, after which she slept through the night like a baby.

Denise and Patty, still holding hands, watched as the older girls continued to kiss in front of them. Denise’s other hand had remained completely buried inside her panties, one finger continuing to probe almost unconsciously between her now very slippery lips, the young girl enjoying the exciting new feelings that seemed to have overtaken her cunny. She’d never felt this way before and was torn between running off to the bathroom to see if she really had to pee, or staying beside Patty to see what the girls would do next. Big girls’ games were beginning to look more and more interesting to her and she didn’t want to miss out on anything, so she decided to stay where she was.

Patty was just as curious but managed to tear her eyes away from Kimmy and Samantha for a moment and that’s when she noticed that Denise’s other hand was pushed way down into the front of her panties, causing the hem of her orange dress to be raised up above her waist.

“What are you doing Denise?” she asked, as she tightened her grip on her sister’s hand. “Why is your hand inside your panties?”

Following the gaze of her little sister, Denise looked down and blushed slightly. “It just feels good Patty,” she tried to explain. “Watching Kimmy and Samantha play like this just sort of makes me want to touch my cunny, and it’s kinda, well, kinda really wet now,” she giggled. Seeing Patty look at her strangely she added, “But I didn’t pee in my panties if that’s what you’re wondering, even though it feels like I really have to go.” And she pulled the waist of her undies forward and looked down at her cunny as if to make sure she was right.

Patty leaned over and peered down to look inside her sisters panties too, and then giggled. “You sure look wet down there. Maybe you peed and you don’t even know it. Maybe you should go to the bathroom anyway, just to make sure. I was watching Kimmy and Sammy play too but I didn’t get wet like that,” she teased, and slid her hand into the waistband of her shorts under her panties to check for sure. “Nope, I’m not wet,” she emphasized, as she felt around inside.

At that moment Kimmy and Samantha, who had been completely absorbed in their own love making, suddenly remembered the girls were watching. Turning around, the first thing Kimmy noticed was that both girls were still standing side by side holding hands, but that each now had their other hand slid down into the front of their panties. Wow, she thought to herself, this couldn’t be working out any better.

“What are you both doing,” she asked, smiling at them.

“Denise’s kitty is wet and she was showing me, so I felt mine to see if it was too,” Pammy replied shyly.

“And is it?” Samantha asked.

“No, I don’t think so,” Patty said as she pulled her hand out to check her fingers. “See,” she continued, cautiously showing them to Kimmy. “My fingers are dry.”

“Well, I think maybe we’d better make sure,” Kimmy smiled. “Is it okay if I take a look?”

Patty glanced over to Denise as if for approval, then nodded and let go of her sister’s hand, tugging down her shorts as Kimmy knelt in front of her, gently lowering the little girl’s cute panties a little to reveal her cunny. As Patty looked down, she watched the older girl reach out her finger and softly slip it between her puffy lips, rubbing them carefully up and down as she spread them slightly apart. Patty giggled at the feeling of someone else touching her there.

“See, I told you. My pee pee isn’t wet, is it?” she managed to say hesitantly.

“Mmm, it doesn’t appear to be. But if I keep doing this to you I bet it soon will be,” she teased, looking up at Patty who was gazing down at her, deep blue eyes now wide open with curiosity. And with one hand Kimmy spread the little girl’s lips even further apart and slipped the index finger of her other hand down toward the tiny, tight opening of her little vagina.

“Oh, that feels funny,” Patty murmured, as she pushed herself forward a little against Kimmy’s probing finger, seeming to enjoy what the older girl was doing to her. Kimmy took this as a signal to keep going so she began to explore the little girl’s smooth cunny even further, moving up periodically to caress her budding little clit.

As her older sister continued to play with the little girl, Samantha meanwhile had moved over in front of Denise and had placed her hand over the one the young girl was still using to explore her wet cunny inside her panties. Samantha pressed a little harder against Denise’s hand, trying to help the girl rub the parts she knew would make her feel even better. Working the little girl’s finger up slightly so that it caressed her clit, she smiled to herself as Denise closed her eyes and jerked forward slightly, a soft moan escaping her lips as Samantha made contact with her hard, shiny little button.

Samantha’s other hand slowly manipulated Denise’s panties down until they were around her ankles and then moved up to cup one of her perfect cheeks, her fingertips slipping gently between them to make contact with her tight butt hole. Denise now began to sway unsteadily a little from the sensations that were starting to wrack her body caused by Samantha’s probing. She had to place her hands on Sammy’s shoulders to steady herself as her cunny seemed to become the new centre of her universe, the only thing that really mattered to her anymore.

Before much longer an even more powerful feeling started to overcome her. She felt as if she were about to burst open, but her mind didn’t seem to care what happened anymore. Silently but desperately she willed Samantha’s fingers to go faster and faster, rocking her pelvis back and forth as if to encourage her new-found friend to take her further and further into this new world of feelings she was beginning to experience.

“Oh please,” she heard herself crying out loud. “Oh please. Oh Sammyyyyy, ohhhh my…ohhhh…”

And she suddenly collapsed on Samantha’s shoulders, unable to stand anymore, her breathing coming in gasps, almost choking her. Strong pulsations like she had never felt before exploded from deep within her cunny which now seemed to pour out her insides all over Samantha’s hand. Oh, what was happening to her? Her young mind just couldn’t understand. All she knew was that she wanted it to go on and on for ever, to never stop. She felt so incredibly wonderful.

At the sound of Denise’s cry, Patty, who was enjoying even more what Kimmy’s fingers were doing to her, turned to her sister in alarm to see what had happened.

“Are you okay Denise?” she asked with a worried look on her pretty face. “What happened? What happened to her Sammy? Is she alright?”

“She’s fine sweetie,” Kimmy assured her. “She’s just had the best feeling she’s ever had in her life – a big girl feeling. She had an orgasm honey,” Kimmy explained, her fingers continuing to caress the little girl’s sweet cunny. “That’s what big girls have when they play with themselves down there – down here,” and she rubbed Patty’s little clit again for emphasis, “or when someone else does it for them, like I’m doing for you. It’s just that Denise has never felt that wonderful before, so it’s all a little new for her.”

“Will I feel like that too?” Patty asked a little nervously, continuing to watch her sister as she slowly recovered, still holding on to Samantha’s shoulders somewhat shakily for support.

“Yes sweetie, eventually you will. Maybe not tonight, but you will some day, probably soon. And I’m sure Denise will tell you how great it felt,” Kimmy replied reassuringly, enjoying the feeling of the little girl’s plump labia as her fingers alternately spread them and gently squeezed their fullness. “And you are getting a little wet in there too you know,” she smiled, feeling the familiar stickiness starting to coat Patty’s lips as she continued her caresses.

“I am? Really?” Patty asked. “Let me feel.” And she moved one of her fingers down beside Kimmy’s, feeling her dampness for the first time. “Wow, I am kinda wet there now, aren’t I,” she giggled. “That feels real nice, what you are doing Kimmy.”

Kimmy smiled and pulled the little girl’s panties down until they rested around her ankles, just like Denise’s. And then to Patty’s surprise, Kimmy leaned forward and kissed her cunny, sliding her tongue slowly up and down, the same way she had done to Samantha earlier.

“That tickles Kimmy,” Patty giggled. “But it feels nice, too,” she added quickly

By now Denise had recovered enough to turn and watch what Kimmy was doing with her little sister and wondered if she too would experience what she had just felt. But judging from Patty’s continuing giggles she didn’t think so. At least, not right now. But she resolved to try the same thing with Patty at some time later on, maybe even tonight after they had gone to bed. She was so very curious to find out for herself just what Patty’s little cunny tasted like and to see what else would happen when they started to experiment with more of these big girl games.

Stepping out of her panties completely, she leaned down toward Samantha and kissed her, slipping her tongue inside her mouth as she had seen Kimmy do earlier. Samantha, taken a bit by surprise at the young girl’s action, responded in kind, enjoying the softness of Denise’s lips as she placed her hand behind the girl’s head and gently pulled her closer. Denise was still a little awkward, she thought to herself, but she sure was learning quickly.

“Thank you for what you just did to me Sammy,” Denise said, as she pulled back a little. “I’ve never felt so good in my life before. I think me and Patty are going to love playing together with you and Kimmy,” she smiled, turning to watch her sister, whose panties, she noticed, had now joined her shorts around her ankles on the carpet. Can we have our snack now?”

Patty, hearing what her sister just asked and remembering how Samantha had started their little games tonight, cried out, “Eat me, eat me,” and giggled hilariously as Kimmy’s tongue continued to explore the little treasure between Patty’s slim thighs. Things were certainly turning out even better than she had anticipated.

“Come on then,” she finally said as she squeezed little Patty’s butt. “Let’s go to the kitchen and find out what your mom has left for a food snack, you little devil. And then it’s bath time,” she winked.

And the four of them slowly made their way from the family room, leaving a pair of shorts and two pairs of little white panties on the floor. Yes, Kimmy thought to herself, tonight was off to a fine start.

**Kimmy and Samantha, Part 4**

The Johnson’s had arrived at the party a few minutes after the announced start time but found they were the first of the many guests who were expected to attend. Mr. Johnson introduced his wife to his new boss, Doug Petersen, and together they both met Mrs. Petersen, or Jasmine, as she told them to call her, as she warmly shook hands with both of them.

“Doug has told me all about you, Peter,” she gushed, as she led Mr. Johnson, arm in arm, down the wide hallway toward the ‘party room,’ as she called it with a proud smile. Debbie Johnson, in turn, was escorted by Doug, and they followed immediately behind the other two, also arm in arm. Debbie couldn’t help noticing the way Jasmine’s pert behind swished from side to side in her short, flared, pink skirt as they proceeded down the hallway.

She certainly was gorgeous, Debbie thought to herself, as she admired the slim, tall figure and long shapely legs of her hostess. Her matching pink heels were open toed, not too high, but high enough to emphasize the curve of her calves. Debbie now silently chided herself for dressing a little too conservatively, her skirt being no more than a couple of inches above her knees and her white blouse loose enough to hide the fullness of her prominent breasts. On the other hand, Jasmine wore a tight white top cut low enough to reveal a fair portion of her ample cleavage, something Debbie was sure Peter had noticed right away.

They were ushered into the large party room and immediately offered drinks and hors d’oevres from the tray of a scantily dressed maid who suddenly appeared as if out of nowhere. It seemed that the Petersens really went all out when they threw a party. As they clinked glasses, Doug Petersen toasting his new employee, a sweet voice behind them exclaimed, “I can’t sleep Mommy! Can I stay up with you?”

Debbie looked around and saw a pretty little blonde girl with long, wavy hair flowing down over her short white nightie, gazing shyly up at them. She smiled at her as her mother replied, “No sweetie, this is for grownups, not for little girls. You’ll have to go back to your room and try to fall asleep.”

“Aww,” she pouted, “Do I have to?”

“What is your name, honey?” Debbie asked. “We have two little girls like you at home with our babysitter and they will probably be in bed asleep by now,” she added.

“I’m Angie,” the little girl replied. “And I’m eight, goin’ to be nine soon,” she explained as if to justify being able to stay up late. “An’ it’s Friday so I don’t have to get up early for school tomorrow, so can’t I mommy?” she pleaded. “Can’t I please?”

And before Jasmine could even answer, Angie turned quickly to Debbie and asked, “How old are your girls and what are their names?”

Debbie looked questioningly over to Jasmine, who merely shrugged her shoulders and nodded back at her with a resigned look on her face, which Debbie interpreted to mean it was okay for her to answer her daughter who, it appeared, seemed used to getting her own way more often than not.

“Well, Denise is eight and Patty is six, and like I said, they are probably in bed now too honey,” she added, hoping to do her bit to encourage the little girl to do as her mother had asked. But Angie merely grabbed her hand and pulled her over to a nearby couch and plunked herself down asking, “Tell me about them,” with a pleased look on her face as she noticed her mother had walked away to welcome more guests, and her father seemed wrapped up in conversation with Peter.

Debbie sat down beside her and began telling her a little about Patty and Denise, what they looked like and the kind of things they liked to do. Angie listened attentively for a while, eventually shifting around on the couch and tucking her legs under her, forcing her lacy nightie further up her smooth thighs revealing, to Debbie’s surprise, that the little girl was naked underneath. Trying not to stare, she quickly averted her eyes, and focused back on Angie’s pretty face.

But the little girl had obviously noticed the expression on Debbie’s face and promptly shocked her by asking, with a sly smile, “So do you like my cunny? Mommy says I’m just a sexy little tease. What do you think?”

Debbie gasped at the girl’s forwardness and almost spilled her drink. She was dumfounded, lost for words, and quickly looked around to see if anyone else was close enough to hear, relieved to see that nobody seemed to be paying any attention to them. Angie giggled. “I don’t mind if you look at my cunny, you know,” she added coyly, tugging the hem of her nightie down a little, but at the same time opening her legs wider. “Mommy says I’m an exhib…something or other ‘cause I like it when other people look at me down there. She says I take after her but…” and here she leaned over to whisper in Debbie’s ear, “…she told me to not let daddy catch me or I’d be in big trouble.”

Yes, I imagine you would, Debbie thought to herself, sneaking another look at the little girl’s pussy, noticing the pronounced inner labia peeking at her from between her plump outer lips. She could almost swear she saw tiny drops of moisture clinging to them. Debbie felt a slight tingling in her own cunt at the arousing situation in which she now found herself and at the uninhibited precocity of this pretty young girl.

“Can I come over to your house sometime and meet your girls?” Angie asked, snapping Debbie’s attention back to the possible serious consequences of this intimate little discussion. After all, she didn’t want to see Peter’s new job put in jeopardy. But nobody was even close enough to overhear.

“That would be nice, sweetie, but your parents would have to say it’s okay first. Maybe you could all come over together to visit us sometime soon. I’m sure my girls would love to meet you too.”

Hearing this, Angie immediately jumped up from the couch and ran over toward her mother crying, “Mommy, mommy can we go visit, er, that lady…” she paused as she turned to point back toward Debbie, “…over there sometime soon? I want to play with her little girls. They sound like such fun, and one of them is the same age as me, too.”

Conversation, which had by now risen considerably in the party room as the number of guests had increased, fell to a low murmur as heads suddenly turned, many noticing the Petersen’s daughter for the first time as she rushed across the floor toward her mother. Smiles and, “Oh, isn’t she a darling,” rapidly spread throughout the room, not going unnoticed by Angie who performed a quick twirl in response to all the attention as she reached Jasmine’s side.

Angie flung her arms around Jasmine’s waist staring up at her with that pleading look saying, “Please mommy, can we, can we?”

“Sure honey, we’ll talk about it tomorrow. Now, off to bed with you. Go,” she laughed, unclasping her daughter’s hands from her waist. “Say goodnight to our guests and be off with you.”

“Oh thank you mommy. 'Night everyone,” she cried and ran back over to Debbie who had by now risen from the couch and straightened her skirt. “Mommy says we can come and she’ll talk more about it tomorrow. I can’t hardly wait,” she giggled. And she grabbed Debbie’s hand, tugging at her, whispering, “Come and tuck me in. I’ll show you my room.”

“But…” Debbie started to protest as Angie pulled at her.

“It’s okay. Mommy won’t mind. She tucks me in every night but she’s kinda busy with everyone right now so you can do it. Please?”

Debbie, looking around at everyone, seeing them all engrossed in their conversations again, Peter and Doug chatting and laughing with two or three other men whom she assumed all worked at the company, quietly followed the little girl from the party room, up a series of stairs, and down a hallway to her bedroom.

“This is my very own room,” Angie said proudly, as she pulled Debbie inside. And it certainly was cozy, filled with stuffed animals on top of shelves, colorful children’s books on display, cute pictures hanging on the walls. “And I have my own TV too,” she added, pointing to one corner of the room. “I watch cartoons in bed sometimes in the mornings before I get up, ‘specially on weekends, like tomorrow maybe. I even have my own closet for all my clothes. See?” And Debbie followed Angie to one side of the room where a partially open door revealed a row of colorful clothes hanging inside. “An’ my dresser has even more clothes, and all my nighties and undies too,” she added proudly, smiling at Debbie.

“So you do sometimes wear undies then?” Debbie couldn’t resist asking with a teasing voice.

Angie giggled. “Of course I do, sometimes. But not to sleep in.” She walked over to her bed, pulled down the pink spread and climbed up on her hands and knees, sliding down the covers so she could crawl inside. The little girl’s naked butt almost winked at Debbie as the hem of her nightie slipped above her slim hips, leaving all of her sweet charms on display for the older woman. Looking back at Debbie over her shoulder, Angie shot a knowing smile at her, fully aware that she was being admired again.

“Going to kiss me goodnight?” she asked coyly, wiggling her butt at Debbie. “It’s okay, you know. Mommy does all the time.” And she lowered her head to the bed, sticking up her butt even further.

“What?” Debbie stammered in amazement. “She kisses your butt goodnight?”

“Mmmm,” was the reply, as Angie wiggled once more.

Hesitantly, Debbie approached from behind and, bending over, gave the little girl a peck on one of her cheeks. What a bizarre family, she thought to herself as she started to straighten up again, suddenly frightened that someone would walk in on them.

“Awww, that wasn’t much,” Angie complained, looking back at her again. “Do it again. Mommy even licks me back there,” she added hopefully.

Debbie started to feel that same tingle between her legs that she experienced looking at Angie’s spread thighs in the party room. Oh, what the hell, she said to herself, and bent over again, this time kissing the little girl more firmly and feeling her press her butt back toward her as if begging for more. This time she licked between her cheeks, spreading them gently with her hands, the tip of her tongue teasing her tight little butt hole. Angie moaned in response. Debbie sensed the fragrance of the young girl’s pussy rising toward her and couldn’t resist slipping her tongue down over her prominent inner labia, now protruding even more from between the outer lips of Angie’s pussy. She marveled at the delicious taste and started to probe the soft lips apart. The little girl squealed in delight, a squeal, however, that only served to bring Debbie back to her senses.

“Okay Angie,” she told the young girl as firmly as she could muster, suddenly thinking of her own two girls at home. “Time for you to get into bed. And I should call home to make sure Denise and Patty are asleep too.”

After a groan of resignation, Angie crawled under the sheets and pulled them up to her chin. “You can use my phone if you like,” she told Debbie, pointing over to the table on the other side of her bed.

Debbie thanked her and punched in the number as Angie fluffed out her pillow and made herself more comfortable. Debbie heard the phone at home begin to ring and hoped it wouldn’t wake the girls. Bending over Angie once more, she gave the young girl a soft kiss on her lips and whispered, “Thank you sweetie, sleep tight.” Angie sighed, closed her eyes and was out like a light.

But the phone at home kept on ringing. And ringing. Debbie started to become alarmed that something was wrong. Putting down the phone she quickly shut off the bedroom light and ran downstairs back to the party room. Finding her husband she grabbed his arm, pulling him aside from the group he was chatting with.

“I have to run home and check on the kids,” she said almost frantically. “I just phoned to see how everything was going, but nobody answered. You stay here and I’ll call you from home if there’s a problem. Maybe the babysitter fell asleep too. I hope that’s all it is.”

Peter frowned. “I’m sure it’s okay hon, but call me either way. I’ll see you when you get back,” he smiled reassuringly.

Debbie was home in a flash, parked the car in the driveway and ran up to the front door, letting herself in quickly. All the lights were on in the family room, but there was no sign of Kimmy anywhere – the television was playing to an empty room. Looking around quickly her eyes caught a glimpse of what looked like clothing of some sort on the floor in the middle of the room. Walking over and stooping, she picked up a pair of panties and stared in disbelief. Another pair of panties and what she was sure were Patty’s shorts lay there too.

“Wha…” she thought to herself. “What has been going on here?” Suddenly she heard what sounded like faint screeches and giggling coming from upstairs. Panties in hand she quickly ran up to the second floor and noticed light coming from the master bathroom. She softly crept over to the door, peeked inside and gasped. Both her daughters were standing in the tub. Kimmy and her sister Samantha, both completely naked, were down on their knees, each in front of one of her daughters, apparently licking or kissing - she couldn’t tell which - the young girls between their widely spread legs. Denise and Patty were apparently enjoying themselves immensely, eyes closed, contented smiles on their faces.

Nobody noticed Debbie as she watched in shock, speechless for the second time that evening, but again feeling that powerful tingle starting between her thighs. As she leaned against the doorframe for support, her free hand slid slowly down over her waiting pussy.