**Middle School Orientation**

by sevispac

**Middle School Orientation - Part I**

**Welcome to CMS**  
**Morning Assembly**

“Today I want to welcome you to Central Middle School. Next fall you’ll be entering our seventh grade. This is a real milestone in your young lives, made all the more special because the Naked in School Program will be starting at this school along with your class.  
  
“This will be a fundamental change in our educational philosophy. In the past it has been our duty to prepare young people for success in life. Under the Program, we are going to prepare you for a rich, full sex life as well. Remember, your schoolwork is still important to us as long as it doesn’t interfere with your sex life. Most of you have already reached puberty, which is coming earlier and earlier thanks to our children’s improved health and well-being. We also want you to know that the faculty members very much enjoy watching you discover your sexuality. We won’t force you to do anything you aren’t ready for, but we’ll encourage you to try everything you want!  
  
“Another change from the High School Program: The Program will no longer be pass/fail, but will be graded for credit, with the same value as all other courses. A “C” will be given for successful completion of seven days nudity, while higher grades will be earned for attitude and for participation in extra-curricular sexual activities, outreach, and school pornography. In addition, teachers will be encouraged to offer extra credit for sexual activities related to or performed in class, both for Program participants and other students who want to improve their grades.  
  
“Statistically speaking, about one quarter of you are already sexually active. That means almost a hundred of you beautiful girls have already become young women! You know first hand how wonderful sex is, but at your age even those of you who have already had intercourse are still shaking off your childhood inhibitions. Adolescence is terribly difficult for all of us, even in today’s sexually open society. The purpose of the Program is to help you overcome your inhibitions and let you enjoy as much of your sex life as you are physically ready for!  
  
“Today we are going to get a head start on next year’s activities. We’re going to ask you girls to give us all a treat by taking off your tops for the rest of the day and giving us a look at the special beauty of your budding breasts.”  
  
This caused quite a commotion throughout the auditorium. Everybody knew about the Program, and most of us were dreading being picked while secretly looking forward to seeing our friends [naked](http://www.imagefap.com/photo/1162081412/?pgid=&gid=5646435&page=0&idx=1" \l "4" \o "Illustration" \t "http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/sevispac/www/NiS/CMSwelcome/_blank), but nobody was expecting to have to shed her top today before she even enrolled in Middle School.  
  
“I know many of you will find this embarrassing, especially if you’re still flat-chested like most girls your age. Please understand that you have no choice in the matter. The faculty positioned throughout the auditorium will encourage you to undress willingly, but should you fail to do so they will remove your tops by force. No girl will leave the room until she is naked from the waist up. Full nudity is also acceptable and encouraged, but not required at this time.”  
  
I leaned forward and tried to curl up into a tiny, invisible ball. I was fighting back tears, and the pit of my stomach felt like the north pole. All around me, other girls were having the same reaction, but I don’t think that many of them had the same reason to dread taking off her top. I could hear the commotion of boys laughing and clapping and teachers walking around making the girls undress. Suddenly I heard a deep voice behind me. “Young lady, I’m sorry if you’re embarrassed, but I must ask you to stand up and take off your top.” I began to sob.  
  
I felt hands on my shoulders. Large, male hands, but gentle hands. They caressed and re-assured instead of forcing me to get up. After a moment I turned my head and looked up at a nicely dressed man about forty years old. A man older than my daddy. Someone who couldn’t possibly be sexually interested in me. He probably hadn’t had sex in my lifetime.  
  
“There, there, sweetheart. No need to be frightened. Look how well your friends are doing. Would a hug make you feel better?” I turned around and nodded. I buried my head in his chest, my tears wetting his suit jacket.  
  
I felt safe wrapped in his arms, but the tears wouldn’t stop. “I, I, I’m sorry, mister. I didn’t mean to be like this. I just wanted to look nice for my first day at middle school. I didn’t mean to do anything wrong, but now everybody is going to see the Kleenex I stuffed inside my bra this morning, and they’ll all laugh at me! Everybody knows that pretty tits are more important to a girl now than they ever have been.”  
  
“Oh, so that’s what’s wrong. Well don’t you worry. I know just what to do about that. Nobody will know. Trust me.”  
  
The funny thing is, I did trust him. He was big and cuddly, and he smelled nice. Even when he took my hand and had me step up onto the seat, and then on the table, I just did what he wanted me to. It seemed like every eye in the cafeteria turned to me, standing there with my blouse still on after most of the other girls were topless. I was the center of attention. This was just making things worse.  
  
He turned me to face my classmates and stepped behind me. When he reached under my arms and started to unbutton my blouse I nearly panicked, but his soothing voice and firm touch kept me in control. Trembling, but barely in control.  
  
He slipped my blouse off my shoulders, and the boys all over the room started clapping. I blushed so red I almost glowed. I was terrified, but somewhere deep inside I think I was kind of proud of the way so many of the boys were checking out my body. Two tables away I could see Mike Perkins. I had a crush on him since third grade, but this was the first time he’d gazed back at me the same way I looked at him so often. I smiled a little, but I didn’t look at him.  
  
“Ok, now, do just as I say and we’ll get this over without anybody seeing the Kleenex. Nod if your bra unhooks in front.” I bobbed my chin three times. “Great. Steady now.” He reached around my sides and grabbed each breast in one of his large, strong hands like he was playing with them. I was shocked, but his gentle caress felt wonderful, and I began to feel melty in my panties just like I do when I play with myself in bed at night. I was still scared, but I began to think I could get through it.  
  
Suddenly he pulled the cups of my bra off, leaving me topless in front of the whole cafeteria. He squeezed the Kleenex in the cups and quickly pocketed my little bra before anybody saw what he did. Most of the boys in the room cheered and whistled at my naked titties. “There now”, I heard him say behind me, “A pretty girl like you should take every chance you can to show off those cute little breasts!” For emphasis he reached up and cupped my bare titties, giving them another caress. It felt even better that way.  
  
“Now I want you to stand up real proud. Put your hands behind your head and take a deep breath.” I was still trembling, but as I followed his instructions, the boy’s laughter and cat-calls died down. The room quieted, and suddenly some of my friends started clapping. The applause spread around the room, with teachers as well as students joining it. I started to feel better. The teacher who had helped hide my stuffed bra from my classmates touched me on the shoulder and offered his hand. He helped me down off the table to the applause of the whole room.  
  
Even after the applause, I was still so mortified that I headed straight to the girls room as soon as the assembly was dismissed. I was still trembling and tears started streaming down my face as soon as I walked out the door. My friend Sara followed me in. She was having a much easier time going topless. Well, she had a lot more to show. Plus, Sara was a little bit of a slut as far back as I remember. Even in third grade she was always lifting up her skirt, showing the boys her panties. It was fun, even though she had no idea why. But slut or not, Sara was my best friend, and now she came over and gave me a hug. Her bare boobies felt good against mine.  
  
“Hey there, why are you crying? It’s not so bad. Everybody has to do it, and you really look very cute with your top off. I think more of the boys were looking at you than anybody else. Even me.”  
  
“Ew. How can you want those yucky boys looking at you?”  
  
“Gee, it’s kind of fun once you get used to it. Remember how we used to play dress up, and put on your mom’s makeup when she wasn’t home? Remember how much fun it was to wear see-thru tops from her closet? You looked pretty cool when you got all dressed up, before you started wearing those dorky glasses.”  
  
“Yeah, but my parents bought them for me in fourth grade! Before then everybody thought I was dumb, cause I can’t see a thing without them. After daddy got me my glasses my grades went way up and nobody thought I was stupid anymore.”  
  
Sara reached up and pulled off my glasses, then wiped my cheeks with her hanky. “Hey. I know how much you need these, but I guess you’ll just have to decide what’s more important: Your school work or your sex life?” Sara took out a makeup brush and led me over to the mirror. She started dabbing a little blush on my now-dry cheeks. I sniffed a little and she handed me a tube of lipstick.  
  
Five minutes later we left the girls room, both of us wearing bright red lipstick and big smiles. At the bottom of the trash can in that girls room I left behind a worn pair of little girl’s glasses.  
  
We spent the rest of the morning walking between the classrooms we’d be in next year. After a while I got used to being topless, and started to enjoy the attention I was getting from the boys. Every now and then one of them would “accidentally” brush up against my titties, although nobody actually tried to feel me up. I noticed that my nipples tingled a little bit, and turned hard and stuck out more after one of these accidents.  
  
Except for that, all the classes were boring until we got to P.E. Next year will be the first time any of us have had to dress up for exercise, and especially to shower together. And I do mean together. Part of the program rules is the combination of boys and girls bathrooms and showers. To get ready for next year they told us we had to shower together today!  
  
First we had to try on our new uniforms. At least the school provides them, so we don’t have to buy our own, and we get clean uniforms every day. The uniform bottoms were tight elastic, only about three inches high altogether between the leg and the waist, and molded tight to every curve (including my pussy lips!) The tops were so thin that wearing them wasn’t much better than still being topless. You could see right through them, and the itchy fabric made my nipples poke out even more! The girl’s coach made us do jumping jacks, and some of the girls who had big breasts were bouncing around like crazy. I think the coach did it on purpose.  
  
For Program girls who weren’t allowed to cover up there were beaded skirts, which were actually longer, but didn’t hide anything when you move. I had heard about the “naughty beads’. The coach got Sara to try them on and model for us. It covered up your pussy when you were standing still, but as soon as you started to move it showed everything! Sara was wearing it when we did jumping jacks, and she started breathing hard as soon as the beads began bouncing off her clit. Sara was moaning before we were half way finished, and all the girls heard her little squeals when she came. Even Sara couldn’t stop blushing after that.  
  
The coach told us even though we had to shower with the boys, but we didn’t have to let them touch us. We could even wear our uniforms in the shower if we wanted, but since you could see right through them as soon as they got wet it didn’t make any difference. Some of the shy girls kept them on anyway, but I decided I might as well go ahead and enjoy it.  
  
It was actually harder on the boys than on us. We had been topless all morning, and nearly naked wearing those “uniforms”. The boys had been allowed to keep all their clothes on until now. We all went to the locker room, and they clustered on one side with us on the other.  
  
Even when the coaches threatened to undress them by force, none of them were ready to start undressing. I was really starting to feel sorry for them when Sara walked right between the two groups of kids. She was still wearing her naughty beads, and she was swaying her hips, topless, and looking as sexy as a sixth grade girl could. She got to the shower room entrance and turned around. The boys all stared at her. She reached one hand up and pinched her nipple, rolling it between her thumb and finger. Her other hand went to the beads dangling in front of her pussy and began to slowly roll them up and down her slit.  
  
She moaned and closed her eyes. She stood there for a minute or two, playing with herself and moaning softly, then she opened her eyes, smiled, and turned back into the shower. Three of the boys started to undress, then lots more zippers were pulled down, and pants started to hit the floor.  
  
I never saw a boy naked before. I’ve seen plenty of pictures of cocks, but this was the first time I saw one in real life. All of them were soft, and I guess they were pretty small compared to when they get hard, but I was still fascinated by them anyway. Boys and girls started walking into the shower room, mostly one-by-one but a few hand-in-hand. Even those couples still looked pretty shy. I pulled off my little uniform and joined the group.  
  
Inside the shower room the water was splashing down on boys and girls. Some of them were soaping up, pretending to just be showering, but secretly stealing glances at each other. Mike, my secret crush for years now, was standing under a nearby nozzle, casually soaping his smooth chest. He caught me looking, and I immediately glanced away. I wasn’t looking at him, but I knew exactly when he turned and walked toward me. I furiously pretended to be washing my legs when I heard him say, “Hi”. I nearly died, but I couldn’t just ignore him, so I looked back over my shoulder and said something like, “Oh, hello.”  
  
“I was just wondering if you’d like help. With the places you can’t reach, I mean. Like your back!” He was stammering. I guess I wasn’t the only one who was still scared of being naked.  
  
“Oh! Thanks, but I’m all finished. I just need to rinse off and get ready for the next class.” I mumbled. He looked disappointed, but I was too embarrassed to let him touch me.  
  
As I walked out of the shower room I saw Sara, all covered in suds and playing with three boys who were still soaping her up. They were giving special attention to her breasts and her pussy. Her eyes were closed, and it looked like she was almost ready to cum. I envied her and wished I was brave enough to let Mike do that to me.

**Afternoon Assembly**

“Glad to see everyone back for the afternoon session and conclusion of this year’s Middle School orientation. We still have a lot of ground to cover, including the dress code and a very special awards presentation, but before we get started I want to let you know that the staff and faculty enjoyed your escapades in the shower room almost as much as you did. Some of you may have noticed the web cams all over the locker room and showers, if you weren’t too busy checking each other out. Those cameras are there for your protection, but they will also help you get over your shyness, and have the added benefit of recording some very sexy young teenagers. You and your family are welcome to check them out on the Central Middle School web site. Next year we’ll be running a pay site staring all of you, but for now all our content is free to the public. So spread the word. Let your friends and family know you’re on your way to stardom!  
  
“Now let’s get started on the main subject of interest: The Program! Miss Kinsey is in charge, so let me get out of the way and turn the podium over to a real professional in the field of human sexuality, who just happens also to be naked! Miss Kinsey.”  
  
The applause was substantially more enthusiastic than principle Watson had gotten. Miss Kinsey walked onto the stage from the right, and it was immediately apparent the principle was exaggerating. She was wearing a red vinyl dress and matching knee boots. The dress fastened at the neck, but had cutouts showing off her breasts. The skirt came down to her knees in back, but curved up in front to expose her pussy. Her pussy hair was shaved in a thin vertical line about two inches long above her slit. Her only jewelry was a diamond glittering in a gold ring stuck through her clit. She strolled to the podium, relishing the cheering and whistles of the young boys in her audience.  
  
“Thank you very much. I appreciate your enthusiasm and look forward to putting it to good use next year in The Program. All of you are at an age when sex is becoming the main thing on your mind, maybe even the only thing. You are also at an age when childhood inhibitions are still very strong. You are going through one of the hardest times in your life, and I don’t just mean in the guy’s pants”, she said to widespread giggling.  
  
“The program is designed to help you get over this conflict and begin enjoying a full and wonderful sex life! Instead of fighting against your natural desires, we want you to give in and relish them. To help out, there will be a strict dress code for those of you not in the program. The code is explained in the pamphlets in front of you.  
  
“Girls, before you open your packets, you’ll notice that something is missing from the clothing you left folded on the tables in front of you. If you wore a bra it has been confiscated and will not be returned. Bras and similar garments which conceal the breasts are strictly prohibited by the dress code at all times; with one exception I’ll discuss in a moment. To compensate you for your lost clothing you will find a gift certificate for $50, which you may redeem in the mall at Victoria’s Little Sister, the new Victoria’s Secret franchise for girls 14 and under. You’ll also find a $50 gift certificate to Girlie Pop. These are not limited to purchase of garments, but you’ll be wise to use them with our new dress code in mind.

**Dress Code Illustrations**



“If you don’t have enough short skirts, that’s the place to start. Skirts are required for every girl not in the program, every day. They must be at least four inches above the knee or higher. Panties are allowed, but if you insist on wearing them you have to meet very strict rules. Thongs are permitted, but they must be no more than one inch wide when stretched as far as possible in front, and no more than ¼ inch wide in back. It’s fine to let them slip into your slit, but that doesn’t mean they are legal if they can be stretched more than an inch. Otherwise, panties must either leave the pussy completely uncovered from top to bottom, like those in the pamphlet illustrations, or be completely transparent over the full length of the pussy. Transparent includes fishnet and lace, but it means complete visibility, not just translucence. The same standard applies to the entire back. Your cheeks must be fully revealed.

“Girls are strictly prohibited from wearing any kind of pants, culottes, shorts, or leotards unless they are cut out completely away from your naughty bits in both front and back. You’ll also find an illustration of acceptable standards in the pamphlet.

“This policy will be enforced by daily panty inspections in home room. Immediately after morning announcements, all girls will go to the front of the room and raise their skirts for full panty examination - front and back - until the instructor is completely satisfied. Violations will result in loss of panty privileges for a minimum of one week, and are also subject to bare-bottom spanking in front of the class.



“Any clothing that enhances sexuality without concealing is strongly encouraged. For example, high heels, stockings, garters, see thru bras and blouses, and peek-a-boo cut outs like what I’m wearing.” She gestured to her breasts. “This is the sole exception to the no-bra policy and a great opportunity for you girls to put your fashion sense to good use. Just remember, bras are forbidden unless they decorate without concealing. When in doubt, be sure the nipples are fully visible. This means half-cups, full transparency, or titty cutouts. Oh, and one more thing. Some fabrics are transparent when wet, and they are highly encouraged by the dress code. Just remember that if you let them dry out, your classmates or the faculty are allowed o get them wet again using whatever fluids are at hand. The children in the front rows saw her wink.  
  
"One more accessory we want to encourage for you girls, both in and out of The Program. We hope you'll be spending a lot of time on your knees, so [knee pads](http://www.imagefap.com/photo/940261061/?pgid=&gid=5194926&page=0" \l "2" \o "Cum-fee-nees" \t "http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/sevispac/www/NiS/CMSwelcome/_blank) are one exception to the nudity rule for Program girls, and a great way of showing a positive attitude. We hope you'll wear them all the time." Some of the younger girls blushed at this, but there were some smiles, too.   
  
"Girls are allowed to have one piercing in each nipple and one in your pussy, whether it be hood, clit, or lips. Naturally we can't prevent you from having more, but if you exceed the dress code standard we will ask you to remove any additional piercings until you have been examined by the vice-principal. He will decide what types of extra jewelry you will be permitted to wear, based on his judgement about distraction from classwork and overall beauty. This decision is final.   
  
"Oh! And girls are also encouraged to pierce their tongues and put those piercings to good use! That just might be a good way to influence the vice-Principal." She winked again.  
  
"We realize that girls your age don’t generally have much of a lingerie collection, but keep the rules in mind during back-to-school shopping. Even if your parents don’t support the program it’s not hard to wheedle them. Moms are more sympathetic than you think, and daddies… Well, let’s just say there are ways to keep daddies from saying no.  
  
“Another traditional way children prepare for adulthood is by playing with toys. In the packets in front of you, each of you young ladies will find a vibrator. There are many different sizes and styles, so try them out and trade with your friends until you find the one you like best. We encourage you to turn them on and try them out right here, but if you’re too shy, take them home and play with them in the privacy of your own room. In case your parents are old fashioned, next year you can ask for a replacement at the office at any time, and you’re welcome to keep them here at school where what your parents don’t know won’t hurt them. In fact, you’re allowed to keep them with you all the time, and we hope you’ll use them often.  
  
“Some of you may not know exactly how to play with them. Next year you’ll be receiving classroom lessons on masturbation, but right now some of you girls may not yet have started. Please pick up you vibrator and follow my instructions. At the base of most of them you will find a ring. Twist it clockwise to turn it on and increase the intensity of vibration. Now put your hand around it like you were gripping a handlebar, like this”, she said, holding up a large, true-to-life dildo. “Feel the vibrations. Now bring it to your nose. Give it a sniff. Lick the tip. Right now all of them are completely without fragrance, having never been used.” A nervous titter ran around the auditorium, along with many an “Ewww” and “Gross!” from some of the boys and not a few of the girls. Still, most of the girls were paying very close attention.  
  
“Settle down please, and please behave like young ladies, not little children. Now increase the speed of the vibrations and lay the toys in your lap. Press them between your legs. Feel the tingling sensation in your pussy? Feels good, doesn’t it?” It certainly did! It felt positively electric. I wasn’t able to leave it touching my pussy for more than two seconds without starting to let out little moans.  
  
“From here on you’re on your own. Feel free to experiment. Maybe now you start to see the advantages of the skirts-only policy.” I looked over as Sara. She was alternately pushing the toy up under her shirt and pulling it out and bringing it to her lips. Her eyes were closed and she appeared to have lost touch with where she was. The boys across the table were watching closely with their mouths and eyes wide open.  
  
“Now about hair styles. Boys will be short and girls will be long. Outside of that general rule, hair will be left to your good sense as young ladies and gentlemen. Boys able to grow facial hair will keep beards and moustaches neatly trimmed at all times. Girls will trim their pussy hair away from their lips and will use care that it is never thick enough to conceal their vagina. Violations are subject to spanking at the instructor’s discretion. In addition, pussy hair judged to be unkempt is subject to mandatory hot-wax by the school nurse. This can be quite painful and will take place in public in the front entrance during lunch hour, so girls, you’ll be well advised to shave your pussy hair every day, just to be safe.  
  
Those are the highlights of the dress code. They’re designed to keep the kids in the program from standing out quite as much as they would otherwise. Also, they’re meant to be fun. The Program taught me that all girls are exhibitionists at heart, so take this chance and enjoy it while you’re young!  
  
One last thing. I’ve been talking about the dress code, but the Program also demands a more exciting vocabulary. I’ve been using words like breast and nipple, but we expect our students to use language like boob and tit instead. At first it will be hard getting over the habits you’ve been taught about how young ladies speak, but you’ll soon find it’s exciting. Remember, Penis is a euphemism. The word is cock, or dick. Girls have pussies or even cunts rather than vaginas. It’s cock sucking or pussy eating, not oral sex. Most important, I don’t want to hear you talking about intercourse when you really mean fucking!   
  
Miss Kinsey left the stage to enthusiastic applause as principle Watson returned to the podium. “Settle down, please. Now that you know about the dress code, I want to say a few words about the new program rules. First, it’s important to remember that sex acts are not permitted in the classroom without the express permission of the teacher. We do encourage non-disruptive touching and exploration, but remember not to let it get out of hand. Second, sexual contact is strictly limited to students only. No faculty, family members, or visitors are permitted to touch you young ladies here during school hours without written permission from the teacher. One exception to this is the bare-bottom spanking policy. This is not considered sexual contact even if casual penetration does occur, not even if orgasm results. Girls being punished are, however, allowed to ask the paddler to sooth the pain by kissing on the buttocks or pussy after the punishment is complete. Like all other activities, this must be entirely consensual to all parties involved.  
  
“Each of you will find a large envelope on the table in front of you. The boys may open them now. Inside you will find your student ID. Please keep it with you and bring it to school every day.  
  
“Girls, we will be making another change for you. Rather than carrying an ID, we’re giving you a necklace which you will wear to school every day. Open your envelopes.”  
  
I open my envelope. Inside was a necklace. On a 16 inch gold chain was a heavy golden ring. A cross was attached to the bottom of the ring. “All of you will recognize the female symbol, a circle and cross. The chain is adjustable and should be just long enough for it to hang in your cleavage, for those of you who have breasts. Otherwise set the chain just long enough to hang between your nipples. All of you girls will be expected to wear this to school every day. It’s as close to a uniform as we will come. Also, please understand that these necklaces are 20 carat gold jewelry, and quite valuable. Please be very careful with them.  
  
“There’s a very special secret about your necklaces. We feel that when a girl loses her virginity and enters young womanhood, it’s cause for celebration. Next year we will make that celebration official in two ways. When one of you reports her sexual initiation in the office, your photo will go up on our right-of-passage wall. For the next week you will be permitted to wear a jeweled tiara like this one so everyone will know what a special time it is for you. Since you will no longer be a child, this school will treat you as a young adult. You will be given adult privileges including access to the smoking lounge, alcohol at school dances and parties, the right to skip class up to three times a week, and an open campus policy allowing you to come and go as you like.   
  
“Your new necklaces also fit in with the celebration and privileges which come with young adulthood. We will be giving out attachments which fit inside the golden circle. These will be worn only by young women who have earned them through full sexual intercourse. They are the badge which brings all the privileges I’ve just been talking about.  
  
“Right now we’re going to get things started. If you’ve already had sex, please raise your hand.” All over the auditorium girls were looking embarrassed and shy. Slowly a few hands started to go up.  
  
“You young women are invited come up on stage to receive your badge. This is what will mark you as experienced, setting you apart from children your age and showing everyone you are entitled to the privileges of a grownup. To earn it, you must show the courage of a grownup by taking off all your clothes and coming up on stage to receive your reward naked. This is completely voluntary, but it’s great practice for the program, which isn’t.”  
  
I looked around the room at all the topless girls. Most of them were blushing and looking down again. Nobody moved. I glanced across the table at Sara. Our eyes locked for a minute, and all of a sudden I started to giggle. It was all over for us. She started giggling uncontrollably, and the sound spread around the room in a flash. Sara stood up, pulled down the zipper on the side of her tiny little skirt, and dropped it to the floor. I told you she was a slut! Instead of white cotton panties like most of us were wearing, Sara had on a naughty little pink thong which would be fine for next year’s panty inspections! Where does a sixth grader get panties like that? Her mom is pretty cool, but really!  
  
She reached across the table and grabbed my hand. I was still giggling so hard that I let her pull me up and walk to the stage. She climbed the steps, then turned her back to me while facing her audience. She put her hands on her waist and cocked her hips, trying to look sexy. “Pull them down!” she said between giggles.  
  
The kids were already applauding before I even squatted down behind her, let alone before I hooked my fingers through the sides of her panties. I gave a little tug, and her thong slipped right down off her narrow little hips. The boys really started to applaud as soon as her pussy slit came in sight. Her panties fell to the floor, and she gave a little curtsy, which is a hard thing to do without anything on. I gave her a little pat on her bare fanny and still couldn’t stop giggling.  
  
Principal Watson was smiling at us from the other side of the stage. He waved his hand, beckoning Sara to come over to him. I have to give that girl credit. She swayed her hips just like she was a professional stripper, and even got her little titties to bounce as she walked across the stage.  
  
“Sara is a wonderful example of how we want all our young ladies to behave. Today we are going to be giving awards without any need to prove that you have previous sexual experience. Next year, however, an examination by the school nurse will be part of the requirement for this award.  
  
“The badge itself is too small to see from where you are sitting, but here is what it looks like.” All over the room, a long, curved shaft of silver jewelry appeared on the TV monitors. There were gasps as some of the girls recognized it as a stiff penis, complete with two silver balls at the bottom.

“It’s designed to slip right through the gold circle of Sara’s necklace. When I snap it into place like this,” \*\*\*click\*\*\*, “the two balls make the shaft point straight up toward her face.” Principal Watson lowered the necklace back into place. Now the penis was dangling right between Sara’s little breasts. She stared down at the shaft, curving up toward her chin. A hush had fallen over the kids, and even Sara had stopped giggling. Suddenly, she grabbed her new jewelry in her hand, raised it to her lips, and gave the tip a noisy kiss.  
  
Even Principal Watson cracked up. The school photographer caught her with that little penis on her lips, and suddenly her lips were on every monitor! The principal was still laughing when he reached out and hugged Sara. He reached down one hand and swiped a finger across her pussy. Now the picture on the monitors switched to Principal Watson’s middle finger, which was shining with Sara’s juices. He waved it to make sure everybody saw. “This is going to be a class to remember”.  
  
I left the assembly looking forward to next year, and resolving to play with lots of boys this summer, especially Mike from the shower. I’m not really sure I’m not a virgin just from playing with Sara’s little brother, but I made up my mind I definitely won’t be when the school nurse gives me the shot and confirms my award next fall.

**Middle School Orientation - Part II**

**Back to School Shopping**

The summer before seventh grade was the most fun I’ve ever had. My Daddy tried to keep me under control, but a single parent can only do so much. He knew I went to the swimming pool every day, but he didn’t know that I wasn’t wearing the top of that stodgy old two-piece bathing suit he bought me. When he noticed I didn’t have any tan lines he threatened to ground me for a week, but I pouted and wheedled and he let me go back two days later, even if he did make me wear a one-piece for the rest of the summer. I love my Daddy, and I can wrap him around my little finger.  
  
Sara’s mom was great. She never told Daddy she let boys come to our pajama parties. Sara’s brother and his friends were there every time, and when word got around all our friends started coming. Mrs. Simpson even let us have as much alcohol as we wanted as long as we kept it quiet. I got so smashed! And I tried lots of things I never would have otherwise.  
  
I’m really happy with the way my bust developed over the summer. Mike told me my titties would grow faster if I rubbed sperm on them every day, so of course I had to give it a try. It wasn’t hard to find lots of guys to help me do it, either. By the end of the summer I out grew all my training bras! Try it, girls. Maybe it works and maybe it doesn’t, but it’s definitely fun!  
  
Late in August I got out my gift certificates and showed Daddy the dress code. He was just as grumpy as I thought, but he read the pamphlet all the way through. I didn’t know what to expect. Finally he said, “Alright, young lady. I can see that you will have to do some shopping if you’re going to be ready for school next week, so get dressed and I’ll drive you to the mall. I’m going with you, however, to make sure things don’t get out of hand. I still believe girls your age should be modestly dressed and well behaved. That doesn’t mean you have to wear a Burka like in Europe, but I still think girls can be patriotic without going naked everywhere.” He sighed. “Well, there doesn’t seem to be anything I can do about this ridiculous “dress code”, but at least I’m going to make sure you behave yourself in public.”

**Jill - At the Mall**

By the time we walked into the mall I’d already started working on Daddy. “They never tell you who gets picked for The Program or when, so it’s important to get ready beforehand. All my friends are going to The Purrfect Pussy to get shaved just in case they have to show their pussy next week. Even if you’re not in the Program you can get in trouble if a teacher thinks you’re covering up with too much pussy hair. Can I please get mine shaved, Daddy?” I was really proud that I even had enough pussy hair to shave. It only started to come in last year, a little before my breasts started popping out.  
  
Daddy looked positively grim. He turned red, and I thought for sure he was going to say no, but we just kept walking and The Purrfect Pussy kept getting closer. There was the usual gathering around the show window where a girl about 17 was having her pussy trimmed. Daddy marched through the front door and up to the receptionist. She was a pretty, long haired blonde wearing hot pants and high heels. She had a name tag that said “Kitty” dangling from her titty ring. She looked at Daddy and smiled. “May I help you?”



“See here. My daughter is being forced into this ridiculous “Program” at school, and she needs to have her pubic hair removed. She’s much too young for this, so I would greatly appreciate it if you would treat her very gently and in complete privacy.”  
  
“Certainly, sir”, said Kitty, giving me a sly wink and a smile. “We have private rooms and professional stylists who deal with this situation daily. Would you like to be present?”  
  
“God, no. And no male staff, either. My daughter is already embarrassed enough by this whole thing.” I smiled to myself.  
  
We were lucky that they had an opening, so Daddy paid Kitty and sat down in the waiting room, trying not to stare at any of the women in the styling chairs. Kitty smiled, took my hand, and said “Right this way young lady.”

Bill Peters – The Ophelia Factor

So here I was, sitting in The Purrfect Pussy surrounded by beautiful women and their even more beautiful beauticians, trying to set a good example for my daughter.  
  
It’s not easy bringing up a daughter these days. Sure, teenage girls have always been a handful, even before society started actively fighting back against Islamic extremism by encouraging sex and nudity. Even before the Program little girls were exposed to sexual imagery everywhere they looked. But even the Program didn’t screw them up as badly as Ophelia Sorenson.  
  
She gets more press than Paris Hilton used to. The difference is that Ophelia is getting it before she even turns sixteen. Every guy wants to do her; every girl wants to be her. Most girls are her.  
  
It started when she was 13 and called Girls Protective Services and reported her parents for sexual oppression, just because they wouldn’t let her go topless in their own home! It’s never hard to find a ‘loving’ foster home for a nubile young teenager, but there was widespread outrage a week later when the tabloids published those pictures of Ophelia’s threesome with her foster brother and father. Her real parents had already gone to court, and her mother was all over TV and radio demanding her parental rights. People were shocked when Ophelia was quoted saying that her mother would be better off if she spent less time talking and more time sucking cock.  
  
GPS vs Sorenson was a landmark case with a twist. The court refused Girls Protective Services request to terminate the Sorenson’s parental rights, but in a sweeping ruling they stated that “There are no parental rights which restrain the sexual autonomy of a young girl [who has reached puberty and had ‘the shot’]”. It became known as the “Girls gone wild” decision. The president called it “a new Patriot Act for new patriots.”  
  
Ophelia was already rich from [product endorsements](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/sevispac/www/guestauthors/tween/tonsil/index.html" \o "The Tonsil Trainer for example), starting with the “O! blouse”. She was almost never seen without cum stains on her top. Years ago people paid extra for faded, torn Jeans, now the rage in feminine fashion is pre-stained tops. You can’t find a clean blouse any more, and even if you could women won’t wear them. Even little girl’s tops come with unmistakable patterns on the chest and shoulders. The O! blouse was the beginning of a full line of fashions aimed at the Junior Miss, and[Victoria’s Little Sister](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/sevispac/www/misc/index/omaya5/index.html" \o "Victoria's Little Sister) opened for business.  
  
The press conference after the court decision was covered live by every network. Nobody knew what to think when Ophelia’s mother showed up wearing the same outfit as her daughter, but with an old-fashioned, unstained blouse. The first question was for Mrs. Sorenson, “What do you intend to do about the decision? Are you still determined to get your daughter back? How can you do it after this?”  
  
Without answering, Jeanette Sorenson stood up, walked to her husband, dropped to her knees, and followed her daughter’s advice on national television. Ophelia joined her mother a few minutes later, aiming her dad’s cock at her mom’s blouse as he spurted cum all over her. That outrageous display was the beginning of the mother-daughter fashion line called ‘Sorenson Style’ that brought them another small fortune.

There was more outrage about incest, but under the Lewinsky legal standard what they did could not be prosecuted, because it’s not incest if it isn’t sex. These days if a mother and daughters wear [Sorenson Style](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/sevispac/www/NiS/Orientation2/sorenson/index.html" \o "Illustrations), fathers are very happy men.  
  
But I am not one of those fathers. My little girl is precious to me, and I will see her grow up to be a decent young woman. Whatever it takes.

**Jill – Pussy Power!**

We walked to the back of the parlor and through a pink curtain. There was a chair in the room just like the ones outside. It was like a dentist’s reclining chair, except it had split leg supports that could be moved apart, and a little stool between them so the stylist could get close up. It even had a mirrored light support like a dentist, but this one focused a lot further down.  
  
The chair was deep plush and very comfortable. It was warm, and the air was cool. I wasn’t sure, but there seemed to be just a little vibration coming from it. Kitty gave me a drink and told me to relax. The stylist would be right in.  
  
“Hi there, I’m Jenny.” It was another blonde girl, this one about 20 years old, wearing a big apron and panties. You could see right through both. I couldn’t help noticing her pussy hair, which was shaved in a little heart shape and dyed red. She even had a tiny silver arrow piercing right through it! She had little, pointy breasts a lot like mine, but with large brown nipples. She saw me looking at her pussy hair and smiled. “Like it? I just had it done and my boyfriend loves it. He wouldn’t let me get any sleep at all last night!  
  
“Well, are you ready to get started? Take off your skirt and let’s see what we have to work with.  
  
“Wow. That is so cute! Would you like me to trim it so your panties cover everything, or do you want your pussy shaved bare?”  
  
I thought about it for a minute. I didn’t have enough pussy hair for a trim like Jenny’s, but maybe it would be cool to leave a little line extending up from my slit like Ms. Kinsey at school. A “porn star” cut, my friends call it.  
  
I shook my head. “Go ahead and shave it bare. If I get picked for the Program I want to look my best.” I slipped my panties down around my ankles and took them off. Then I plunked onto the towel Jenny spread on the chair.  
  
“That’s what I thought. We’re getting quite a rush of Middle School girls with school about to start. It makes you look wonderfully smooth, and at your age it makes it hard to tell whether you have pussy hair at all.  
  
“I know your Daddy just wants you shaved, but we have a very special trimmer here that lots of girls love. It lubricates as it goes, and it has a very nice vibration. You can see it’s shaped to slip into tight spots, too. Girls come back two or three times a week just for the feeling. Sometimes they have a bit too much fun and get a little noisy. I’m going to turn on some music just so we’re sure your Daddy won’t hear.  
  
“OK, spread your legs and let’s get started. I know you’re pretty young and I promise I’ll be especially gentle.”  
  
I closed my eyes and listened to the music. Then I heard a soft hum from the clippers, and felt a feather touch on my mons. My eyes flickered open and saw Jenny running the dark plastic over the edges of my pussy hair. They were very strangely shaped for clippers, looking a lot like the vibrators I played with on orientation day most of all, but oozing a clear, warm oil from the tip that felt so wonderful on my skin.

**Bill Peters – Reminiscences**

At last the curtain opened and my princess walked back into the parlor. She was positively beaming as she hurried over to my chair. Before I could stop her she raised her skirt and babbled excitedly, “Look, Daddy! Isn’t it wonderful? Doesn’t it make me look all grown up just like all the other beautiful girls here?”  
  
God help me, but for those few, eternal seconds, I couldn’t take my eyes away. Grown up? No. My heart was filled with love for my wonderful little girl, the little girl I used to bathe, the little girl who loved to splash and play in the tub, and who giggled loudly when we washed her pussy because it tickled and she loved playing tickle with her Daddy. Jill would never get out of the tub until I washed her pussy at least three times. Now I was starring at that same beloved pussy, a little more grown up to be sure, but smooth and bare as the last day I gave her her bath, the day before she started first grade.  
  
“Daddy? Do you like it, Daddy?” She had lost the bubbly enthusiasm of a moment before and was becoming concerned as I stared mutely at her most intimate place.  
  
“Humph. Well. Yes. Pull your skirt down young lady. It’s quite lovely, but it’s not something you should be showing in public.”  
  
She looked disappointed and dropped the hem of her skirt, but then she brightened again and kissed my cheek. “Thank you, Daddy. I love you, and this makes me feel all grown up. Now the other girls won’t laugh when I have to go naked.”

**Jill – Girlie Pop**

Daddy kept pretending to be all grumpy, but he didn’t fool me. He was pretty flustered, so I suggested he sit down on the bench in front of the food court and I would meet him back there in half an hour.  
  
I walked down the mall and made sure he wasn’t following me before I turned in to Girlie-Pop. That was one store he told me to stay out of as soon as it opened last year. Part of the reason was the salesmen. They were all hunky guys wearing leather straps that came down to a big silver ring around their stiff cocks. As I walked in I saw a lady on her knees, stroking one of those big cocks until the guy shot cum all over her blouse. She just let it soak in and went back to browsing while the guy went in back for a break. All the other guys were busy with customers, so I took a look around the store.  
  
The school supplies section was cool. They had lots of fun, colorful pens shaped like a penis. If you clicked the balls the ink point came out the hole. Even better, if you unscrewed it and took out the ink, you could fill it with water or milk and it doubled as a squirt-gun! It wasn’t big enough to use as a vibrator, but I found out later lots of girls got better grades if the teacher caught them chewing on their pens, or just holding the tip next to their lips. I slipped one into my purse and checked out the next aisle. It was full of knee pads, in neon glow colors with logos on them: Playboy bunnies, girls symbols, even the official girl-scout logo!

Suddenly somebody grabbed my hand and yanked me toward the door. “Daddy!” I shrieked. It looked like I was in trouble this time!  
  
He pulled me out of the store and dragged me down the hall. Then he sat me down on a bench in front of Victoria’s Little Sister. “Honey, I know that this whole back-to-school thing has you excited, but that doesn’t mean you stop listening to me. You know I told you to stay out of that store, and you know why. Those men take advantage of young women like you.”  
  
“I’m sorry Daddy.” I let my voice tremble and felt a tear slip down my cheek. Well, it wasn’t just play acting. I didn’t want my Daddy to be mad. “I didn’t mean to disobey. It’s just that they gave us gift certificates for new clothes at school, and Girlie Pop is where you can take them.”  
  
“I might have known! That school will stop at nothing to get their girls naked.  
  
“Well, since we have no choice I guess I’ll have to let you go back. But I’m going with you.”  
  
“No Daddy! I didn’t say that was the ONLY place I could go. I can also take them to right here to Victoria’s!”

**Jill – [Victoria’s Little Sister](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/sevispac/www/misc/index/omaya5/index.html" \o "Victoria's Little Sister)**

After that Daddy wasn’t going to let me out of his sight again, so we walked into the store together. A pretty blonde in a floor length, see through gown came over. Her nametag said “Vicki”. Daddy sat down and she took me over to the Panty bins.  
  
“You’ll be needing some program compliant panties. We have a great selection that meet the new dress code.” She held up a little white lace thong. “This one is both less than an inch in front, and is made of see-thru lace, so it qualifies both ways. Plus this little puff in the back looks just like a bunny tail, and you can move it up out of the way if you want to show your pretty little anal opening. Would you like to try it on?”  
  
Daddy was looking over the blouses, so I nodded my head and smiled. “We don’t have changing rooms any more, since a little more exhibitionism is always good for business”, she giggled. The whole left wall is one huge mirror arrangement, and you can hang your clothes from the racks next to them. Have a seat and slip into your thong.”  
  
I was embarrassed to show the big white panties Daddy made me wear, but I slipped out of them without being too obvious. Some of the male window shoppers noticed me and came over for a better look.  
  
I kicked off my shoes and pulled the tiny little thong up my legs. Then I stood up, raised my skirt, and admired myself in the mirror. The puff ball tail seemed to float above my cheeks. The strap between my legs disappeared completely in back. In front there was just enough to decorate my slit, which showed clearly through the lace.  
  
“The front is disappearing elastic. Watch.” Vicki took the top center between her fingers, brushing my mound, and pulled up gently. The white lace vanished into my slit. Apart from the waist strings it looked like I was completely bare. “Wow! I love it.”  
  
Then Daddy saw me. He turned red and came stomping over to where I stood in front of the mirror. “Young lady, pull your skirt down right now! Even if you have to wear indecent under-ware I am not going to let you go around displaying it in public. Now keep your skirt down and let’s get back to finding you a new wardrobe.”  
  
I was surprised. He didn’t say a word about not letting me wear them. Maybe daddy was starting to see things my way.

**Jill – The Wild Pair**

I still needed shoes to complete my “new look”, so I told daddy I’d meet him in an hour and headed downstairs to The Wild Pair. A bunch of stores that used to be only for grownups now have lots of sexy things for girls. The Wild Pair was leading the way with shoes. It was funny to see little girls walking around the mall with leather straps wrapped all the way up their legs, or learning to balance on spike heals.  
  
I stopped to look in their window. They had a big display of shinny high-heel boots that zipped all the way up to the thigh, but what caught my eye was their Disney display. All my friends had seen the re-make of Cinderella, and we dreamed of being a princess just like her and being taken to the ball.

There in the window were Cinderella’s glass slippers. They were four inch crystal platforms with eight inch stiletto heals. I loved them, but I knew the $250 price tag was way more than I could afford. Still, I had to at least try them on.  
  
The salesman was my daddy’s age, and I loved the way he dropped his other customers as soon as he saw me sit down. I decided to flirt with him, so I let my skirt ride up a little and show off my new thong as he sat down in front of me. The white lace was pulled part way up inside my slit, and he caressed my legs a little higher than necessary as he slipped on the shoes. I loved the way the shoes made my legs look, but I knew there was no way I could afford them. He saw me pouting and asked what was wrong. I told him that my Daddy would never pay that much for school shoes.

“Hmm”, he said. “Well young lady, maybe we can help you out. The store is putting together a display of pretty girls wearing our shoes, and we’re offering a 50% discount for girls willing to model. We’d love to have a picture of you in our window dressed just the way you are. What do you think?”  
  
That was easy! Every girl wants to be a model, and now I had a chance to get my picture taken in my new outfit, and maybe put in the store window. The salesman brought out a camera and snapped a few pics of me walking around the store and some of me sitting down, from the salesman’s perspective so I got to show off my new panties again. He told me he would knock off another $50 if he could keep copies of those. I went looking for Daddy.  
  
I knew I could wheedle him into buying them for me as long as he didn’t know that all my friends called them “fuck-me” shoes. I just needed to keep him thinking Cinderella, so I lead him by the store ‘accidentally’. “Oh, Daddy! They’re beautiful. They’re just like Cinderella’s glass slippers. Can I try them on? Please? Oh, pretty please?”

**Bill Peters**

True, they were just like the updated Disney version of Cinderella. The remake, wildly popular among little girls just as the original had been, featured a transparent ball gown which left Cinderella totally exposed and wrapped her in bows and lace in a way which only left her more naked than nothing at all. Her glass slippers changed a lot too, but they were still beautiful. Well, I couldn’t blame my little girl for wanting to live out a childhood fantasy in the form of glass slippers. I just didn’t want her doing what Cinderella did with the prince and his entire escort after the shoe fit. (Not to mention her step sisters).

**Jill – Sears Portrait Studio**

Daddy was loaded down with packages and we were headed for home at last. We walked out of the mall through Sears, and as we passed the portrait studio a picture of a young girl in their “Nymphette” collection caught my eye. She was laying back on a big bed, wearing a white chiffon gown almost like a wedding dress with big puffy skirts and white lace everywhere. Her knees were drawn up and turned to one side so you could see her sheer white stockings all the way up to her pretty, round bottom. Her pussy didn’t quite show, but the dress left her breasts bare amid puffs of white chiffon. On top she was naked except for a white choker around her neck. I looked at her eyes and gave a little startled squeek. I almost fell off my platform shoes as I turned and hurried up to the picture. “Daddy, look, I know this girl! This is Carla from my class!”  
  
Carla was the first girl in our class to get boobs, back in the fifth grade, and most of us were jealous of the attention she got from all the boys, and most of the male teachers. Everybody thought she must be stuffing her bra, but here was clear evidence that her sweater was full of nothing but Carla. I couldn’t believe this was the same little girl I went to school with. She looked just like a Playboy centerfold, all grown up, sexy, and beautiful. I looked at her smile and got a funny feeling inside my pussy, one not too different from when I daydream about Mike.  
  
My daddy was standing behind me, staring at all the beautiful young girls and looking a bit flustered. I know my chance when I see it. “Daddy, can I please get my picture taken? You know my school photo was terrible this year. My braces make me look like a little kid and I was wearing those dorky old glasses. If you really think my new outfit looks nice we should get a picture while it’s brand new. Please Daddy? Oh, please!” I grabbed his hand and pulled him into the studio.  
  
“Well hello, young lady”, said the gentleman behind the counter. “What can we do for you today?” He gave me a long look up and down, checking out my new clothes and my body in a way that gave me the same feeling in my pussy as I’d had several times today, a feeling that I was beginning to think might be horniness. “My name is Ken. I’ll be your photographer if I’m lucky. Sir?”, he said, looking at Daddy for the first time. Are you here for the Nymphette package?”  
  
I never saw Daddy so flustered. Ken got him to sign some papers, then had him sit down in a big chair while I went into the preparation booth.  
  
“Hello, I’m Miss Hooper. I understand you need a little help with your makeup.” She was a tall brunette about my dad’s age, wearing a black miniskirt and a tight t-shirt over absolutely enormous boobs. You could see right through her t-shirt, and her tits were pierced with big gold rings. Her hair and makeup were perfect. She looks just like I want to when I grow up.  
  
“Let’s start with some eye-shadow. This metallic blue will make them look big and beautiful. Your eyes are just the right color for it, too.  
  
“Next let’s try something a little bolder. Let’s see how you look like with red lipstick. Here, pucker up and let me put some on. Now a little rouge to highlight your cheeks, and you can easily pass for 16 at any night-club in town.  
  
“Take off your blouse now and let’s make sure you’re ready for anything.” I pulled my top up over my head and shook my hair down around my shoulders. “That looks wonderful. They are so cute and perky, just the way the boys like them. I bet you have lots of boyfriends at school!” I blushed a little and didn’t answer.  
  
“First let’s add a little rouge to accentuate your cleavage.” The big horsehair brush she used tickled, but I just squirmed a little and bit my lip, not wanting her to think I was a little girl. “Some blush around the base of your breasts will make them look bigger”. Now I couldn’t help giggling as the brush softly stroked my upper chest and the bottom of my boobies. They’re very sensitive.  
  
“Well, well, I see we’re enjoying the treatment.” She playfully tweaked the tip of my left nipple with the pointy handle of her brush. Both of my titties had crinkled and hardened while she was stroking the bottom of my breasts and now they were sticking out at her. She playfully flicked them back and forth. It felt so good I couldn’t help moaning just a little. She smiled and gave my right tit a quick pinch.  
  
“OK, your titties are done. Now let’s see that cute little pussy!”  
  
I pulled my skirt up around my waist. “Goodness! Isn’t that precious! So pretty and smooth! Did you have her trimmed or is she still naturally bald? Spread your legs now and let’s have a closer look.” She bent down and peered closely at my pussy.  
  
“Well. I see we won’t be needing any moisturizer. There’s lots of natural juice down there. The camera will make it sparkle!” I blushed a little at this. “In fact I’m not going to add anything at all to this pretty little pussy. It’s just perfect the way it is.” She leaned forward and gave my pussy the lightest kiss.  
  
“Well, sweetie, you’re ready for your close-up. Just one more thing.” She handed me a paper cup with a big chunk of ice. “When things start to get hot under the lights, just hold this against your nipples for a second and they’ll pop right back out like they are now. It doesn’t matter whether you’re bare or just want them to show through your blouse. Good luck, honey. You’re going to go far. I think we’ll be seeing your pictures all over the web someday soon, and I’ll tell all my friends I worked on you before you were a porn star!”  
  
Golly! That was something to think about. Am I about to have my first porn shoot? Will I be good at it? What will Daddy think?  
  
I pulled down my skirt (even though it didn’t go very far), and slipped back into my top. I covered up my nipples and nervously stepped out of the makeup room, worried about what Daddy would think.  
  
Ken was lining up his camera on the set. It was the same big bed that was in Carla’s picture. There were a dozen fluffy pillows and a pink lace cover. He glanced up when I came in, then did a funny double-take. His jaw dropped. “Wow”.  
  
Daddy looked over from where he was sitting by the door. Even after my fashion show in Victoria’s, this was the first time I really felt like I was making an entrance. I was still kind of wobbly on my new platforms, but I slowed down and swayed as I walked across the room. Ken and Daddy’s eyes never left me as I walked up to the bed, bent over, and set my paper cup on the nightstand. I was really enjoying my newfound power over men.

**Bill Peters – The Portrait Shoot**

The Churches weren’t much help either. Just when the opposition was starting to coalesce, some high-profile preacher’s daughter would show up at school with fresh cum stains on her O-blouse, and he would quickly drop out of his leadership role.  
  
Our own church had a new “Solomon’s Daughters” organization designed to supervise girls during their early sexual experience, but even through Jill wanted to join I was concerned that the orgies should be limited to high school age girls, even if they were open to all. Even True Love Waits, which was still designed to promote virginity until marriage, had a new offshoot called Oral Promise. It made that promise a lot more fun to keep.  
  
I didn’t recognize Jill when she walked back into the room. A little tart had gone into the makeup room, a beautiful, sophisticated woman came out. Here was a vision of what my little girl might look like on her twenty first birthday (if she was a stripper by then). Until now I’d been worried about my daughter. Now I began to worry about the erection that was starting to fill my slacks instead.  
  
“Wow”, said the photographer, and he spoke for me. Jill brightened even more; it was as if the sun came out from behind a cloud. She stopped, put a hand on her hip, and slowly swayed her hips under that tiny black skirt. Her top fell off her right shoulder, but it was pulled down far enough in back to cover both her tits. Barely. I found myself starting to regret that.

**Jill’s Portrait Shoot**

“OK, honey” Ken took charge. “Stand right there in front of the bed and let’s get started.  
  
“Love that smile [FLASH]. Both hands on your hips now [FLASH]. Stick your right foot forward and give me a pout [FLASH]. Beautiful! Shake your head so your hair falls over your shoulders [FLASH]. That’s right [FLASH]. Smile again [FLASH]. Now look right at the camera and lick those lips [FLASH]. Delicious! Drop your right arm and show us your boob [FLASH]. Wow. Hot!”  
  
“Just a minute”, I said. I reached for the cup on the table, pulled out the ice, and held it against my tit [FLASH]. My tittty popped out and I switched my blouse to uncover my left tit [FLASH]. My right one poked out through the material. “Gorgeous”, said Ken. [FLASH]. “Now take it off [FLASH]. Wonderful! Put your hands behind your head. Take a deep breath and push them way out!” [FLASH]. [FLASH]. This was fun!  
  
For the next few minutes Ken kept pushing for hotter and sexier poses. I was a little scared, but Daddy didn’t stop me so I just did as I was told. Before I knew it my top was on the floor and I was on the bed. The camera clicked away, and my little skirt was up around my waist. I even started to play with myself, when suddenly Ken said “Mr. Peters, I want to get you into the picture. Move over to that easy chair while I set up the lights.”

**Bill Peters – Reflections**

Her legs haven’t changed. They’ve always been long. Coltish. Maybe it’s the platform shoes. “Fuck me” shoes. God help me. I swear half her body is legs. And that gorgeous little pussy right at the center of it all.  
  
She isn’t awkward in those platforms anymore. Her natural grace is taking over. The girl can dance. A ballerina. A stripper. Not a slut. My daughter is not a slut.  
  
What does that mean, a slut? Why is the word for a sexually enthusiastic female dirty?  
  
OK, I’ve always been a tit man. Small. Perky. Young, budding breasts. Lovely, hard little nipples. Why haven’t I ever noticed before? She’s becoming a woman. Alright then, a slut. She might be good at being a slut. Why should I stand in her way?  
  
Those legs aren’t womanly yet, just long. Still, they’re meant to be wrapped around a man’s shoulders. That pretty little bubble-butt is sure filling out under that mini-skirt when she turns in profile.  
  
Oh no. Her blouse slipped. That is the most perfect little breast I’ve ever seen on a woman. Or a girl becoming a woman. Look what that hunk of ice did to her tit. Half an inch long at least.  
  
She is not a slut. A thirteen year-old girl is still an innocent angel no matter how she acts and no matter what society tries to do to her. The Program. Ophelia Sorenson. Raging hormones. This pornographic photo studio right here in our neighborhood mall. Girls her age are what grown-ups make them. Grown-ups? Parents. Right now could be a turning point in her life. Right now she needs me to be her father; to take her by the hand just like I did at “Girlie Pop” and march her out of here. Take her home. Give her a chance at growing up to be a decent young woman, not a slut. I owe it to her.  
  
God. Just look what she’s doing now.  
  
“Mr. Peters, I want to get you into the picture. Move over to that easy chair while I set up the lights.”  
  
Now what? It’s as hard as steel. They can’t help but notice when I get up.  
  
Fuck it. I’m not missing a chance like this.

**Jill’s Lap Dance**

Daddy seemed to be in a daze. He got up and followed Ken’s instructions just like I did. Ken handed me a little transparent teddy from the prop closet and I slipped out of my skirt and into it. It left my pussy bare and my tits covered only by pink, transparent gauze.  
  
“Alright Mr. Peters, we’re ready to start. Jill, go sit on your father’s lap.”  
  
Every time I sit on my daddy’s lap, even when I was a little girl, he puts both my legs to one side and won’t let me sit on top of his penis. This time I wasn’t having it. I put one leg on either side of him and arched my back, putting my butt right in the middle of his lap. He was hard! There was no way I could miss the stiff rod between his legs sticking up almost to his belly button. I trapped it between my cheeks and rocked back and forth, stroking my ass up and down my Daddy’s cock . He grabbed my waist and tried to hold me still, but a moment later I heard him moan deep in his throat, and the hands on my waist started to guide my butt up and down his dick [FLASH]. I looked straight at the camera and smiled. This was my first lap dance, and I was doing it to my own Daddy!  
  
I twisted around, still grinding my butt against him, and kissed him full on his lips. I felt his mouth open and his tongue come into my mouth. Ken kept snapping away, so I turned slightly to give him a better shot of my bare pussy . I felt my daddy’s hand cup my breast, and twisted back slightly so it would show in the photo, too. I wasn’t thinking anymore, I was just letting my pussy do my thinking for me.  
  
The hand on my breast started pinching my nipple, and I lost control. I slide off my Daddy’s lap onto the floor without being told and scrambled around in front of him on all fours. I reached for his belt. His knees came apart and I knelt between them. His eyes opened, and with a fevered look he reached for the back of my head. I barely had time to unzip his pants before he forced his dripping cock into my mouth. I didn’t know until later that the photographer had taken his camera off the tripod and moved around to my left side, where he was still snapping away, recording every moment of our first sex act.  
  
I had never had a grown man’s cock in my mouth before. I opened as wide as I could, but I gagged as the head hit the entrance to my throat. He pulled back for a moment, and I looked up at him pleadingly. I thought he was going to let me catch my breath, but instead he thrust forward again, holding the back of my head with both hands, and his cock slid right down into my throat! I gagged again, but as he pulled back I was amazed to feel my pussy explode in an orgasm of fireworks that would dim the fourth of July. It was weird, because there was nothing touching my pussy at all, and yet she was cumming like crazy just because I had my Daddy’s cock down my throat!  
  
He knew it, too. He kept thrusting away, forcing his little girl to deep throat, then at last holding me at the summit of my orgasm while we both lost track of reality. He didn’t take his turn until he knew that I was well and truly satisfied. Then, just as I felt his first spurt way down my throat, he pulled out his massive cock and delivered two more in my mouth before spewing the rest of his huge load all over my face, hair, and shoulders.

**Epilogue**  
**Bill Peters**

I still question the wisdom of “The Program”, but is has taught me one important life lesson. A baby daughter is the best thing a man could ask for. She’s a joy to care for and protect, but the day will come when nature takes its course and your little girl becomes a young woman.  
  
It’s hard to give up being her protector, but there’s no stopping time. The only real choice is whether to fight the inevitable or help it along. Jill was always an angel, but deep down inside that angel’s pussy were budding feelings which were always going to make her a slut. You can hold her back a while, but all you achieve is to take precious time away from your little girl and leave her lonely and frustrated when she could be happy and fucking. I’m just glad I was there to help her find fulfillment.

**Jill**

And that’s the story of how my Daddy taught me how to really suck cock and made me the most popular girl in seventh grade. After his monster cock it was easy to take any of the boys in school deep down my throat. I won’t say that I haven’t had other older men, but my Daddy never touched me again after that day.

That was two years ago. I’m in ninth grade now, and school is more fun than ever! I was voted Oral Sex Princess and Class Slut three years in a row, and I’m planning to make my High School career one that will be remembered right along with Karen Wagner.  
  
In eighth grade CBS TV did a documentary about our school called Jill’s Class. They filmed me and my classmates for eight weeks. Then Vivid Video made a movie out of the dirty parts, and for a while I was more famous than Ophelia Sorenson! The “Program Girls” series has saved the big pornography studios from disappearing due to competition from the web. I made over $250,000 from direct payments alone.  
  
My grades are awful, but it doesn’t matter because the new Program rules say girls can’t be held back as long as their sexual development stays above grade level.  
  
When I think about how wonderful my life is I know I have to thank Daddy for it. That one day of back-to-school shopping changed my life forever. I can’t believe how scared and shy I was before daddy helped me shake off all those little-girl ideas and learn to enjoy my pussy.  
  
There’s one very special picture hanging in the foyer of our home, and on the Wall of Honor at school. It’s the first thing you see when you come to our house. It shows my smiling face all covered with sperm and the guilty cock just an inch from my lips. Neither Daddy nor I will tell whose cock it is, but if you look closely near the bottom, you can just make out:

**Middle School Orientation - Part III**

**Bad Daddy - A Present for Pickles**inspired by P.F. Dill  
  
**Bill Peters**

I am a bad daddy.   
  
What happened between my little angel and me two years ago was a one-time parenting failure in the heat of the moment. It brought out the slut in my daughter, but it didn't change the fact that I am her daddy and her protector.   
  
Well, the fact is I'm also a man, and having a hot little teen slut running around the house every day falls in the category of temptation. Luckily Jill was getting all the sex she could handle at school and everywhere else, so she wasn't looking for any more at home. (Not counting the guys she brought home for the night).  
  
Now granted, I love seeing her behave like that. I have to admit I'm a big fan of Jill's Class, and although I've never mentioned it to her I watch it all the time, and not just the 'class' parts. I'd even go so far as to say Jill is the hottest little piece of tail in the whole school, and you know that's really saying something if you've ever seen her classmates.   
  
I think I was doing pretty good at keeping my hands off her, even if I did steal into her bedroom now and then to check on her, late at night. A daddy is supposed to watch over his little girl, right? Now it's true that Jill almost always sleeps in the nude, but that's nothing special. She spends most of the time nude. And when she's asleep she's so innocent, so like the little girl she used to be, that it just melts my heart. It's also true that I usually get hard watching her, but that's nothing out of the ordinary, either. I don't beat off in her room. Well, not very often.  
  
What happened was an accident. Maybe you don't believe me, but it was a slow day at the office and the boss sent me home early. I walked into the house and heard splashing in the backyard pool. I went into the kitchen and looked out the window. She and her friend Sara were playing in the water with a couple of boys. They must have been seniors, because they were a lot bigger than the girls. And things were pretty tame for once. The girls were riding on the boys shoulders, trying to duck each other. Do they still call that chicken fights? Not only weren't the girls nude, they were wearing conservative, one piece suits. I was surprised and relieved. I tapped on the window and waved to Jill.   
  
"Hi, daddy," she shrieked, trying not to fall.   
  
The boys fell over, climbed out of the pool, and made a made dash out the gate, pulling Sara by the hand. Jill looked surprised. I chuckled and went to make a sandwich. These guys didn't know Jill very well.   
  
A few minutes later I heard the patio door slide open. Jill walked in to the kitchen. That's when it happened.  
  
That conservative, one piece swimsuit was a bit different than I thought. Not only was it transparent, it was crotchless.   
  
I should tell you that that suit was a fetish of mine. I spend a lot of time at Bikini-Dare.com, and that suit is far and away my favorite among many, many contenders. It's so innocent looking at first glance, and so flattering to a beautiful pussy on closer examination that I've spent a lot of time examining closely. But it never looked like it did today.  
  
Did I mention Jill has the cutest little pussy I've ever seen?   
  
I know. I sound like a proud papa. That's because I am a proud papa. But if you could see Jill you'd agree. I can't show you her picture because you may not be in an age-of-consent free jurisdiction, but I can show you the [suit](https://ixquick-proxy.com/do/spg/show_picture.pl?l=english&rais=1&oiu=http://25.media.tumblr.com/tumblr_mdxa2m6xIu1rfpsj1o1_500.jpg&sp=8e75bf3485892145afd255e384be413c" \o "Not Jill and Sara. But in a couple of years..." \t "http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/sevispac/www/NiS/Orientation3/_blank). And now, seeing my own little angel with the world's prettiest pussy in that suit, something snapped in me. The wasn't my little girl anymore. She was a woman. A woman I had to fuck. God help me.  
  
"Daddy?" she said, looking small and frightened. I grabbed my belt, unzipped and dropped my pants as I stroad across the room to embrace her. "Daddy!" she cried out, staring at my rampant cock just before she came into my arms.   
  
Two years of pent-up desire got released that afternoon. Or was it 14 years? Whatever it was, Jill never got a chance to say no. So yes, it was statutory rape and probably just plain rape, not to mention incest and child molestation. Thanks to 'the Shot' it didn't result in a grand daughter, but even without that I could end up in jail for the rest of my life. Was it worth it?  
  
You bet it was.   
  
Our first fuck was hard and fast. I picked her up and laid her on the kitchen table, then entered her fully in one smooth stroke. Even with all her sexual activity of the past two years, she was still tiny for my size, but for some reason she was wet. I do not mean from swimming. So wet she had no chance of resisting. I knew she would, but her body betrayed her and she couldn't stop me any more than I could stop myself. And after all, she was a little slut. Her legs wrapped around my waist and her heels started to bounce off my ass.   
  
I lasted far longer than I expected. It must have been more than 20 minutes that I pounded into her, bringing my baby to no less than three loud, thrashing, squealing orgasms before I emptied the pent up contents of my swollen testicles deep inside her slippery cunt. I'd probably be fucking her still, right there on the kitchen table, if it weren't for those three little words I've always secretly longed to hear her say.  
  
"Fuck me, daddy!"  
  
So I"m going to hell. But the path leads through heaven. I made my sweet little angel so horny that she won't take no for an answer. But at least she promised never to turn me in to the cops. As long as I keep giving her what she wants.

**Jill**

Finally, finally, finally!   
  
I was going crazy every time daddy came into my bedroom at night, and every time I thought he was going to reach out and touch me. For heaven sake, I was lying there completely naked with my legs apart, and the poor guy just stood there looking. I nearly went crazy the first night he pulled out his cock and stroked it over me, but even then he just wouldn't cross the line. Well, I had to do something. A girl can only take so much.   
  
He never knew I could spy on his computer. That's how I noticed how often he visited the Bikini-Dare web site and how much time he spent looking at one swimsuit in particular. Well, as soon as they started selling junior's sizes I had two overnighted to the house. One for me and one for Sara.  
  
Daddy doesn't know I'm doing his boss, either. Sometimes he's just so clueless! But I love him anyway. Sara and I invited two of the jocks from the football team to come over for a swim. They're just as big and dumb (and sexy) as he is, and they bought it when Sara told them he keeps a shotgun in the hall closet. So I'd say my plan worked perfectly, but even I wasn't expecting daddy's reaction when I walked into the kitchen. I made the most of it, though. We fucked all afternoon, and that night daddy showed me his tongue is nearly as long as his cock! So now my needs are getting [fully met](https://tbib.org/index.php?page=post&s=view&id=3086141" \o "like this girl" \t "http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/sevispac/www/NiS/Orientation3/_blank), at home as well as at school.  
  
Life is wonderful!