Pink Mini

by Darius Thornhill

I couldn’t help myself. I just had to take a long slow look at her sexy little ass, half-covered as it was by her thin, pink mini-skirt. Her white thong panties were only just visible in a little bulge over her cunt. Her cute cheeks pouted below the skirt which must have ridden up as she slipped down the sofa.

She was drunk of course. It was what all teenage girls seemed to do every Saturday night. Lying in bed reading I’d heard her come in at around 1.30 in the morning; a couple of hours earlier than usual, and like you do as a responsible adult I listened for the tread on the stairs and the quiet closing of her bedroom door. But tonight I’d just heard her come in and go into the lounge and then nothing more.

After a few minutes I had to go down to see if she was OK. I found her kneeling half on and half off the sofa with her head on her hands in a deep drunken sleep.

“Mel, are you OK?” I whispered quietly. There was no response. I moved a little closer and asked again; still no response. I reached out and touched her shoulder gently and although she sighed and moved a little she didn’t wake up. In moving she’d settled back a little and her pink mini had ridden a little further up exposing more of her cheeks. I could now see the point where her thong started to open out into the vee of their waistband. My cock stirred in my shorts as I looked at her perfect little ass. I often watched her 17-year old body when she walked around the house or climbed the stairs in front of me. I’d always wondered just what she’d look like naked and this was the closest I was ever likely to get.

OK I felt a little sleazy but it wasn’t as if she was my daughter. Mel was my girlfriend’s daughter and my girlfriend worked nights sometimes. So I was alone in the house with a half-naked drunken teenage girl. Just looking won’t hurt I told myself. It’s amazing what half-truths you can believe when you want to. I touched her shoulder again and still got no response. Then I very gently stroked her long hair and she sighed again, wriggled a little and settled again into deep sleep. Again I stroked her hair moving my hand slowly down until I reached her lower back. Like a cat she instinctively pushed her waist down and her hips upwards. Now her skirt had ridden up a little more showing nearly all her panties. Looking carefully I could see they were little more than two bits of string and some thin white cotton edged with lace.

I felt guilty as I knelt behind her and bent down to look closely at her cheeks and the little fabric covered bulge between her legs. I was overcome by the nearness of her perfect ass and by something else too. As I moved closer I could detect a very subtle female aroma, faint but definitely there. The musk of her teenage pussy was too much to resist, I had to bend further until my face was almost touching her body. And there between her legs the thin material of her panties was faintly damp, just where the outlines of her pussy lips separated. My cock was now pretty hard and I had to give a few squeezes and reposition it in my shorts.

I wanted so much to touch her but didn’t dare. I wanted her to slip down some more and part her legs so I could put my face between them and breathe in her arousing scent. Without thinking I blew a gentle stream of warm air over her little cunt. I repeated this a few times and was rewarded with a quiet moan and a wriggle that made her cheeks move enticingly from side to side. My cock was rigid and crying out to me stroked. Before I knew what was happening my finger reached out and traced the valley between her cute cheeks. I froze at what I was doing. God! If she woke up now what would I say? What would her mother say? But she didn’t wake up and I did it again this time letting my finger follow all the way down until it brushed her pussy lips. She wriggled and sighed again. The sigh had sounded like a whispered “yes” and I stopped, dreading she would wake up and praying she wouldn’t. Her breathing relaxed and again my finger traced her little crack. This time I definitely heard a deep moan ending in a long ‘mmm’ sound. I saw that the little damp patch on her panties had grown more obvious. She was becoming aroused and so was I. My cock was fully hard and producing a damp patch of its own. With one hand on my cock and the other gently massaging her little pussy I began to grow bolder. As I gently increased the pressure on her pussy she began to moan more often and wriggle her bottom more and more.

I wanted so much to pull her thong aside and plunge my fingers, tongue and cock into her; to fuck her beautiful cunt making her come and come as I satisfied my lust for her young body. I knew that would wake her up but I was becoming more and more excited. My cock was out of my shorts and in my hand. Moving very carefully I slipped my finger under the back of her thong and lifted it clear of her ass cheeks, moving my finger down until the little triangle of white cotton was pulled to the side revealing smooth shaved lips. A sheen of wetness covered her pussy as I gently stroked her outer lips. I didn’t trust myself to put a finger inside her. I was pumping my cock hard and I knew I’d be sure to wake her up. I just sat back on my heels pumping my cock with one hand and trying to stroke her gently with the other. In the end I had to stop touching her and concentrate of my orgasm.

I felt the pressure increase to a dull ache in my cock. My hand moved faster and faster until I stifled a deep groan as I came. Spurt after spurt gushed out of my over-stimulated cock, covering her ass and dribbling down the crack between her cheeks towards her pussy. Oh Christ! My sperm was dribbling down towards her pussy… masturbating over her was one thing but impregnating her, however remote the chance, was another thing altogether. I’ve always been proud of my quick thinking and it didn’t let me down now. I put my face between her legs and gently, slowly licked my cum from her pussy and from her cheeks. I savoured the scent of her cunt, knowing that I would never be that close again. I managed to insert just the very tip of my tongue between her pussy lips and then licked slowly upwards until my tongue was trapped between her ass cheeks. I couldn’t quite reach her anus and I didn’t dare pull her ass cheeks apart so I licked back down to her cunt and tasted her wetness. As I licked her she sighed and moaned in her sleep. Even in her drunken state her body was reacting to me. I had to stop otherwise she might come and that was certain to wake her. Just one more lick, and just one more, and another one… it was difficult to stop but in the end I managed to assert some control over my lust and put my cock back in my shorts.

I gently picked her up and carried her to her bedroom. Her hands fell round my shoulder and her head lolled with her lips just brushing against my neck. It almost felt like she was kissing me. I didn’t undress her. I just laid her on her bed and covered her up taking a last long look at her lovely ass and then went to the bathroom to splash cold water on my face and to look at myself in the mirror. I couldn’t decide if I liked the person I saw there. Yes, I had taken advantage of a helpless girl but I hadn’t actually had sex with her. She’d never know and it wouldn’t happen again so what was the harm? Still not sure what to feel I flicked the light off and went back to my own room along the dark corridor.

As I closed my bedroom door I heard a soft rustle of movement from the bed. The glow of a bedside light clicked on.

She was kneeling on the bed, legs apart, looking over her shoulder at me. The pink mini was still round her waist but no panties hid her delicate cunt. In a clear, sober voice with no trace of a drunken slur, she said, “You missed a bit Daddy,” and then put her head down on her arms and pushed her ass upwards.

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