**Sheba and Alec: Her First Miniskirt**

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**Prologue**  
  
When Alec had first clawed his way into commercial fashion photography (which wasn't at all flashy, but paid real money) he was grateful for one client in particular who gave him steady, repeat business and a predictable income stream. Alec was starting over in midlife with nothing to lose, but still needed to pay rent. The client was a local Christian fashion brand which produced "ethical, demure, Christian" designer clothes for girls in their teens and early twenties. It was mostly "hip" t-shirts with slogans about Jesus, and jeans with faux-ripped knees.  
  
The client wanted to ensure their success, and so was willing to invest in the cost of genuine talent from the local branch of a large, reputable modelling agency. But they still had a limit to their budget. That was how Sheba became their official "face."  
  
At 5'4", she was under-height for big fashion, but she was a blonde with a perfect smile, she was affordable, and she fit the client's vision. She was 16 years old, shy, but perfectly photogenic. Alec worked with her and the Christian clothing brand for the next two years, and he enjoyed a career success he hadn't savoured in a long time. Sheba made good money too, but her parents, who dropped her off, co-signed her model releases, and picked her up from her shoots, put all her earnings in a trust fund.  
  
That's why it made for an awkward conversation the day Sheba came in for the client's fall clothing line shoot, one month before her 18th birthday, with no parents, and tried to sign the release by herself.  
  
"Hey Sheba, what's up. Where's Mom? I still need her signature," said Alec cheerfully but with one eyebrow raised.  
  
"You don't anymore," she said, smiling shyly.  
  
"I do sweetie, you're still 17 yet."  
  
"Nope. I'm emancipated now."  
  
"Sorry?"  
  
"I'm legally emancipated from my parents."  
  
"I totally don't understand."  
  
Sheba explained the concept to Alec while he listened incredulously. "It took me a while but I got a declaration from the court to remove my parents as legal guardians and take control of my trust fund."  
  
"Man, this sounds heavy," he said. "What happened?"  
  
"That's a long story. My family's Jehovah's Witness, but I don't want to be JW anymore. That caused a lot of trouble, and eventually I was disfellowshipped. So I applied for emancipation, and I got myself out of the stupid all-girls private Christian school I was at."  
  
"What's disfellowshipped mean?"  
  
"Basically kicked out of the JW community. I can't see my family anymore or the JW community, and they can't see me."  
  
Alec sat silently for a moment, trying to wrap his head around her story. "This all sounds really heavy," he said after a pause. Sheba nodded, and for a brief moment her face twitched. She cleared her throat and straightened her shoulders.  
  
"Anyway it's all for the best. I'm here, I'm ready to work. I want to keep this gig. And now that I can do what I want, I also want other fashion gigs that aren't Christian. No more Christian clothing lines. In fact, I'm reading this big book that's full of tips and information about real fashion modelling." Sheba pulled a thick book out of her bag about high fashion modelling.  
  
Alec decided not to remind her about her shorter height.  
  
"Okay, fair enough," he simply said. "There's certainly a lot to know about fashion beyond this small-potatoes catalog stuff."  
  
She nodded and continued. "Also, Alec: I want to try glamour modelling. Do you do glamour shoots like Maxim and stuff? My parents would have never let me try glamour modelling, but I can do whatever I want now, and I'm curious."  
  
Alec raised an eyebrow again. "Actually, you have to be 18 for that, Miss. Come back to me in a month when you've turned 18 and then we'll talk. I'm not sure you actually know what glamour's all about."  
  
"Well, fine then. Let's make it my birthday present. Because I don't have any plans for my 18th birthday."  
  
"You're kidding. Why not?"  
  
"Well, I can't see any of my JW friends, and I'm not in the private school anymore. So yeah, those would be all the people I'd celebrate with and they're gone."  
  
"Awe jeez, Sheba," said Alec. "I'm really sorry. Alright, let's do that then. But I have to figure out this stuff with your release now."  
  
"Yeah I'm allowed to sign contracts and stuff."  
  
"I still have to clear this with the client and the agency, miss. I'm sorry, I just don't get this emancipation stuff."  
  
Alec spent about an hour on the phone with the client and modelling agency before everyone was confident that Sheba could sign her own release with no legal issues, and they got on with the shoot for the fall clothing line. At the conclusion of the shoot, they scheduled Sheba's birthday shoot one day after her 18th birthday, because Alec was booked the previous day. He assured Sheba he would take care of everything.  
  
Sheba's Glamour Shoot  
  
Alec had marked Sheba's 18th birthday on his appointment calendar, and their glamour shoot the following day. On her 18th birthday, Alec's client shoot ended early and so he decided to head out and pull wardrobe for Sheba. He knew her measurements by memory and he realized with a thrill that this would be an exciting shoot. He'd watched her mature from a shy, quiet teen into a shy, quiet eighteen year-old, her breasts swelling out and her hips becoming sensuously curvy. He had never seen Sheba wearing anything that wasn't completely demure, and he realized this was an opportunity to change that. He also ordered a small birthday cake for her with "Happy 18th Sheba," written on it. It was waiting in the studio when Sheba showed up with her hair and makeup done. She was always amazing at doing her own hair and makeup.  
  
"Wowz thank you Alec!" she squealed and threw her arms around him. She was wearing a Jesus t-shirt, jeans, and sneakers, because she got her clothes free from their shoots. Alec could feel her breasts pressing into his chest as they hugged. They felt really good. They had some cake and chatted. Alec had her favourite music playing on the studio system.  
  
"You've been so good to me these past years," she said. "You're like an uncle to me. I'm so glad I have someone cool to spend my 18th with."  
  
"Awe," Alec said, giving her a quick side-hug. "You're a sweetie. It's been wonderful watching you grow up and become your own person. You've been through a lot, and you're a brave girl."  
  
"I'm almost finished my fashion book!" she said. "Did you know real fashion models never wear any underwear underneath their outfits?" Her eyes were wide and solemn.  
  
Alec almost choked on cake.  
  
"Well, I don't know about that..." he started.  
  
"Yes it's true. It's to prevent VPN. Visible Panty Line."  
  
"But Photoshop..." Alec said, his voice trailing off. Then he shrugged. "What do I know."  
  
Sheba didn't seem to hear him as she walked over to the dressing room and kicked off her shoes into her bare feet before taking a deep breath. "Okay let's do this. What do I wear?"  
  
Alec took a deep breath. "Okay, let's try these." He led her over to a wardrobe rack on which he'd hung his purchases after giving them a quick steam. First he took an off-white, stretchy, Henley top with a daring, plunging v-neck that ended with three buttons below that. He handed it to her and she held it up.  
  
"Interesting," she said quietly and nodded slowly. "What do I wear with this?"  
  
Alec handed her the mini skirt. It was a very light pink. And it was short. And cute, with pleats, giving it a flare, especially in the back. Sheba held it up and inspected it silently.  
  
"Glamour..." Alec said tentatively. He could feel the new direction they had turned towards, and his chest felt tense.  
  
"I've never worn a short skirt before," she said quietly.  
  
"Never?"  
  
"Nope. Especially not a mini skirt."  
  
Alec nodded slowly. Did you bring the accessories? The belt and heels?"  
  
"Yep," she said and paddled over to her bag. She proffered a pair of cute, strapless heels and a black belt.  
  
"Good, those should go fine with the outfit," he said. "Go on, give it a try." Sheba nodded nervously and slipped into the change room. Alec checked his camera and lighting. He had a simple lighting set-up.  
  
Alec heard a timid voice behind him and the click of high heels.  
  
"Ahem," Sheba said softly.  
  
Alec used every faculty to keep his reaction neutral. Sheba looked hot. The scoop neck of the henley top exposed Sheba's deep, full cleavage dangerously. And he could make out the outline of her nipples through the top. He could scarcely believe he was seeing it. Sheba? Her nipples?  
  
And yet there was more to see.  
  
Sheba's mini skirt was really short on her. Her bare legs were smooth and heavenly. Alec realized this was the first time he had seen Sheba's legs, bare.  
  
"Fantastic!" He gave her two thumbs up.  
  
"Willikers this mini skirt is short!" she said shyly. Her hands kept impulsively smoothing the hem down in the back as she walked around hesitantly, trying to get used to it.  
  
Alec tried not to stare, but he found it difficult not to take his eyes off the hem of the short mini skirt as it bounced teasingly in the back when she walked, giving little tantalizing "lifts" in time with her steps. His gaze riveted on her as she walked in front of him, carrying her bag which she'd had in the change room. Her bare legs looked so smooth. The skirt was maybe one and a half inches below her bum.  
  
"Does it fit ok?" Alec asked.  
  
"Yeah but it feels so open and exposed," she said softly. Her back was to Alec. His heart was beating faster. He couldn't help himself, and sat down on the studio floor for a better angle to watch her. Sheba leaned forward to place her bag on the floor by her stuff. As she leaned forward, Alec also leaned forward to try to see up her skirt. As he did so, he was able to see the beginning swell of the cheeks of Sheba's bum. He felt his heart convulse. He straightened up as Sheba turned to him.  
  
"What do you think?" she asked. Alec's heart was pounding.  
  
"Pull your skirt up higher at the waist," he said, trying to keep him voice calm and even. Sheba obediently carried out his request, inching the skirt up higher at the waist.  
  
"A little higher," said Alec. Sheba trustingly did as she was told, and inched the skirt even higher. Alec saw the crease of Sheba's bum cheeks start to show. He swallowed hard and began to shiver.  
  
Sheba saw where Alec's eyes were looking, and reached her hands back to feel where her skirt hem was falling. Her fingers could feel the exposed sliver of her bum cheeks where they began to peek out from under her skirt, and her eyes widened. She tugged her mini skirt back down and blushed.  
  
"Maybe not that high," she managed to say nervously.  
  
Alec nodded mutely and they both pretended the moment hadn't happened. But inside he was shaking with arousal. He could not believe that he was going to see sweet innocent Sheba in such a tiny skirt with bare legs, let alone get to see Sheba's bum. He couldn't wait to try to see up her skirt again and see what kind of panties Sheba was wearing. He shook himself off and got up.  
  
"Well," he said, "next, a good glamour model keeps a video diary. So we're going to do some behind-the-scenes video takes and put up a YouTube site for you!"  
  
"We are...?" she said.  
  
"Yup," he said, impulsively grabbing his iPhone. It would have to do.  
  
"Okay, well, I guess we don't have a choice," she said doubtfully. But Alec had already started the video.  
  
"Say hello to your future fans, and tell them what we're doing today!"  
  
Sheba covered her face with one hand. "Alec! I'm not ready," she laughed. "What am I supposed to say?"  
  
"Just tell everyone what we're doing today."  
  
"Um, well... okay, hi everybody! Um, I'm Sheba and today is my first glamour shoot!"  
  
"What's your outfit for today?"  
  
"Um, I'm wearing this li'l top which shows way too much cleavage," she said, looking down at her bare chest. "And, um, a skirt."  
  
"Tell us a bit about the skirt."  
  
Shana hesitated. "Um... um... well. It's a super short mini skirt. It's really, really short. I've never worn a mini skirt before. I've never had so much of my bare legs showing."  
  
"Yes we're definitely going to have a fun shoot."  
  
"Yes! We're going to have a fun shoot!" Sheba tilted her head to one side and waved.  
  
"Give us a little twirl."  
  
"Uh..."  
  
"C'mon, just a quick twirl," Alec's voice quavered.  
  
Sheba shyly twirled, slowly, averting her gaze. As she twirled, the hem of her short little mini skirt lifted up a bit, and Alec could see a quick flash of her bum cheeks again. He wondered if was visible on the video.  
  
"Good girl!" Alec said and got up. He fixed the iPhone to a lightstand with an A-clamp and picked up his camera. Sheba watched him with a finger placed delicately in her mouth.  
  
"So what do I do?" she asked.  
  
"Well, let's start off the way we always have. Just step over to the cyclorama and let's shoot!"  
  
Sheba smiled. "Oh okay that's easy!" She skipped over to the set and did a cute little shimmy dance to the music. Alec hoped she couldn't see just how big his boner had become, because watching her shimmy in her tiny skirt made him harder. Every step he took forced his hardened penis up against everything it was pushing against, and it felt so good.  
  
The shoot started as most of the others had. Sheba was used to doing commercial fashion poses, and so she struck catalog poses as Alec snapped. She would shift her weight from one side to the other, tilt her head, smile, and then try another angle. Only this time she was modelling in her tiny skirt and top, and Alec could see her nipples pushing out through the fabric, and the round upper curves of her breasts exposed through the deep v-neck. Alec had never seen so much of Sheba's bare cleavage before. As she posed and turned, the hem of her little mini skirt would sway and undulate teasingly as it flared up and away from the smooth, creamy curves of her bare upper thighs. On the front of her bare upper thighs, Alec could barely make out a suggestion of wispy, light peach fuzz that the studio lights would catch at only a specific angle that he couldn't reproduce.  
  
"So these are very fashion-like poses Sheba," he said.  
  
"Yah, I know. What should I be doing?" Sheba stopped and looked uncertain,  
  
"Well, glamour is about being sexy. Try putting your hands on your knees and pushing your butt out." Sheba turned to the side and bent her knees as she placed her palms on them. She pushed her butt out. Alec could see how that caused her mini skirt to ride up her behind dangerously high, but he wasn't standing behind her and couldn't see whatever it revealed. Sheba was none the wiser, and it appeared that because she had never worn such a short skirt before (let alone any skirt) that she didn't know how to ensure she didn't betray her modesty. Nor could she really sense what the skirt was doing as she moved. Alec snapped pics as Sheba worked the pose.  
  
"Try crouching," Alec said. Sheba went from her butt-push pose down into a crouch. Alec saw how dangerous the pose was for such a short skirt. So much of her bare thighs were exposed as she draped her arms around her shins and rested her cheek on her knees. Alec realized if he was standing in front of her that he would probably be able to see up her skirt. From his angle, it was all in shadow.  
  
Sheba stood up again and shook out her legs. "That's hard on my shins," she said. "What else?" She did another little shimmy.  
  
"Keep doing that," said Alec. "Just dance a bit."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Yup, and move your hips a lot. Dance sexy."  
  
"Okies," she said, gyrating her hips and moving around in a small circle. "Totally not used to this." She giggled. "I never dance much."  
  
"It looks great Sheba. Just really move your hips, undulate them."  
  
Sheba sensuously and slowly undulated her hot little body, turning slowly as if on a rotating pedestal. Her mini skirt twitched and danced. Alec burned through his SD card, trying to be patient with the recharge time of his lights. He reached for the iPhone and started videoing her. Sheba's eyes widened.  
  
"Oh, no," she said.  
  
"It's okay, keep doing that. Work it for the video." Sheba redoubled her effort, smiling and keeping eye contact with Alec's iPhone.  
  
"Okay, okay, enough," she finally said. "I'm starting to feel weird, here."  
  
"Okay, no worries, no worries." Alec put the phone down.  
  
"Seriously, what else should I do?"  
  
"I tell you what, come over here a sec."  
  
Alec led Sheba over to the corner of his studio where his office was set up. A large bookshelf held dozens of photography books. From one shelf he pulled a large art book and layed it out for Sheba to flip through. It was pin-up photographs from the 1940s and 50s, interspersed with pin-up paintings by artists like Vargas and Elvgren. Sheba flipped through the book slowly.  
  
"Wow..." she murmured. "Look how they twist their bodies."  
  
"Yeah, lots of curving, see," said Alec. "And notice the expressions on their faces. Lots of exaggerated expressions, open mouths. Mock surprise. Very theatrical."  
  
"What about this one? We could try this one," she said, pointing to a photo of a model lying on her front, on a bed, with her feet kicked up behind her. "Can we use your bed?"  
  
"Well, I'm not dragging that across the floor to the set. But I do have some spare bed sheets for it."  
  
"She's posing in her bare feet. Maybe I should go with bare feet for this one?"  
  
Alec's heart jumped in his chest. "Yeah, totally. Please! And make sure you point your toes like she's doing. Like a ballerina." He watched her slip off her heels into her bare feet.  
  
While Sheba had gone briefly in her bare feet in the studio, Alec had never photographed Sheba barefoot. His hard boner twitched achingly in his pants as they pulled out the sheets and made a nest out of them on the studio floor. Sheba gingerly lowered herself down onto her stomach, being careful to hold the back of her mini skirt down. Although it covered her rear, it barely covered it, and the swell of her butt was just a movement away from starting to show.  
  
Alec began taking photos again and Sheba kicked up her bare feet and posed her feet sexily like in the book. "Like this?" she asked.  
  
"Point your toes hard, sweetheart," he instructed. Sheba arched her bare feet and pointed her bare toes.  
  
"Like that?" she asked innocently.  
  
"Yes, like that. Good girl, Sheba." Alec continued snapping.  
  
Sheba had gorgeous bare feet. Alec got an adrenaline rush and pounding heart from being able to see how Sheba's exposed bare soles wrinkled as she pointed her toes. He seized the iPhone and began videoing her.  
  
"This feels cute," she said to the camera as Alec videoed.  
  
"You have really pretty feet, Sheba," he said, losing control of his thoughts.  
  
"I do?" Sheba looked back at her feet.  
  
"Yes, especially when you arch them and point your toes."  
  
Sheba pointed her toes hard. Her bare soles wrinkled deeply. "Like that you mean?"  
  
"God yes. That looks sexy." Sheba slipped a finger into her mouth shyly and kicked her feet slowly back and forth,  
  
"Thank you, Alec," she said softly. "I didn't think my feet would be sexy."  
  
"They are. Really, really sexy." Alec scooted over and showed her a frame.  
  
"Wow," she said. "That's super cute. And yes that looks sexy."  
  
"Yes! You have sexy bare feet," he said.  
  
Sheba covered her face in embarrassment. "Thank you Alec!"  
  
"Oof, alright, let's try something new," he said.  
  
"A new pin up pose," Sheba suggested. She got up and went over the book. Alec joined her as she flipped through more pages.  
  
Sheba stopped at one of a pretty model kneeling on a chair, putting her weight on the chair back and kicking up her feet behind her while smiling.  
  
"That one?" Sheba looked up at Alec and he nodded eagerly.  
  
Alec dragged a chair to the set. Sheba knelt gingerly on the chair and looked over her shoulder expectantly. Alec lifted his camera and aimed it at her.

Sheba put on an expression of mock surprise, opening her mouth wide and widening her innocent eyes. She pointed her toes hard. Her bare, exposed soles wrinkled. Alec just about fainted.  
  
"Wow, wow, that's sexy," he said, firing off shots. Sheba smiled and changed up her expression.  
  
"Like this?" she said.  
  
"Yes, good girl. Like that. Push out your butt."  
  
Sheba pushed out her butt. The hem of her little mini skirt popped up and approximately one quarter of an inch of Sheba's bare bum cheeks started to show. Alec gritted his teeth and fired off more shots.  
  
"Good girl, Sheba. More. Push your butt out more." His voice was tight.  
  
Sheba pushed more. Another quarter inch of Sheba's bare bum cheeks were showing now, together with her upturned, wrinkled bare soles.  
  
"Good God, you look so hot, Sheba." Alec couldn't help saying it, and the words were out before he knew he'd said it. Sheba straightened up and covered her mouth with one hand.  
  
"Oh gosh, Alec," she said.  
  
"'I'm sorry," he laughed. "I couldn't help it."  
  
"It just feels different to hear you say something like that to me," she giggled.  
  
"Well you are."  
  
"Really? Thank you!" She was blushing beet red. She turned around and sat down in the chair, making sure to keep her mini skirt brushed down. Alec could see that it was so short that it didn't fully cover her rear, which was planted in the seat.  
  
"From there just hold that pose and arch your feet. Just keep the weight on your tip-toes," he suggested. Sheba arched her bare feet, resting the pads of her bare toes on the floor and leaned forward to the camera. "Yes just like that, look sexy with your eyes." Sheba worked the pose and leaned back in the seat, lifting one knee up slightly. Alec noticed he could see further up underneath her skirt. "Hold that," he commanded.  
  
"Okay. Like this?"  
  
"Bring both knees up. In fact, just rest the heels of your feet on the edge of the chair and let your toes point down."  
  
Sheba awkwardly drew her knees up, hugged her knees, and pointed her toes as Alec fired off shots. As she drew her knees up, Alec could see right up her mini skirt. All the way.  
  
Sheba wasn't wearing any panties underneath her little mini skirt. Alec realized he could see Sheba's bare pussy. Sheba was fully visible as she came out between the fulcrum of her bum cheeks. His hands trembled as he took photos up her skirt with her bare pussy showing. He reached for the iPhone, hands still trembling, and began videoing her.  
  
"More behind-the-scenes," he said, his voice tight and thin.  
  
"You can't see anything, right," she said as he videoed her.  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Like, nothing's showing from under my skirt right?"  
  
"Nope nothing's showing."  
  
"Good, cuz I'm not wearing anything underneath my skirt. No VPL, right?"  
  
Alec nodded slowly. He realized she had taken her modelling book advice too seriously.  
  
"Atta girl" he said. "And if anything shows, we... just delete the photos."  
  
Sheba nodded. "Unless we're shooting for Playboy."  
  
"What," said Alec.  
  
Sheba leaned back in the chair as she giggled hysterically. Her movement exposed her bare pussy even more. "I'm kidding," she said. "I'm not going to show my cookie for Playboy."  
  
Alec could not believe that he was seeing young, innocent Sheba's bare pussy. It was her most private, sexual part of her, and it was exposed. He could see how prominent her pussy lips were, poking out from her folds. Alec kept videoing as Sheba showed herself.  
  
"Talk about posing barefoot for the video," he commanded hoarsely.  
  
"You really like that don't you?"  
  
"Please?"  
  
"I'm posing in my bare feet," she said.  
  
"And..."  
  
"I don't know, what else should I say about my feet?" Sheba laughed.  
  
"Talk about how you're pointing your toes and making your soles wrinkle," he suggested. "That's really sexy."  
  
"Hmm. Okay," she shrugged. "'I'm posing in my bare feet. And when I point my toes, my bare soles wrinkle."  
  
"Hmm, okay hang on. I have an idea for your BTS video here. Hold that pose." Alec loved listening to her say the words. He grabbed a piece of paper and scribbled some phrases on it in large letters. Sheba watched him dubiously.  
  
Alec held up the paper. "Here's your telepromter. Look at the camera and just say these things but in a sexy voice."  
  
Sheba raised an eyebrow. "This is an interesting BTS video."  
  
"Just try it sweetheart. When I edit it, it will all make sense."  
  
Sheba held her upskirt pose, still unaware that her bare pussy was showing, and looked seductively at the camera. "Short, short little mini skirt. Smooth bare legs. Sexy arched bare feet. Bare wrinkled soles," she cooed.  
  
"Jeez you're good at this," said Alec. Sheba giggled.  
  
"This is super weird!"  
  
"Here," he said, taking back the paper and flipping it over. Sheba watched him with amusement as he scribbled out a paragraph. "Is this legible?"  
  
Sheba squinted. "Yeah?"  
  
"Okay, do the same thing, Beautiful."  
  
Sheba facepalmed again. "Oh my gosh. Okay." She looked down for a moment, then up again with a sultry expression. "Hey everyone, it's your girl Sheba. We're just in the middle of my sexy photoshoot. I'm wearing a short, short l'il mini skirt with bare legs n' bare feet and I'm not wearing..." Sheba's eyes widened. "Oh gosh, no, Alec I'm not going to say that out loud!"  
  
"What?" Alec protested.  
  
"I can't tell everyone on video that I'm not wearing any panties! I'd be scandalized."  
  
Alec decided not to tell her she just did, but said, "Okay okay just say that all again and leave that line out. Point your toes."  
  
Sheba arched her sexy bare feet. "Hey everyone, it's your girl Sheba. We're just in the middle of my sexy glamour photoshoot. I'm wearing a short, short little mini skirt with bare legs n' bare feet. It feels so sexy."  
  
"Good girl, that was hot."  
  
"This is definitely a different shoot than I thought it would be," she remarked. She got off the chair and smoothed her mini skirt down.  
  
They shot some more very leggy pin-up poses, with Sheba keeping her bare feet arched for the viewer. Alec stayed vigilant for any moments where he could look up her skirt. In some of the shots, Alec was able to photograph up her mini skirt some more. After another ten minutes, he got up off the floor from where he'd been shooting and motioned for Sheba to get up off the sheets.  
  
"Why don't we do some shots outside?"  
  
Sheba brushed her mini skirt down reflexively and slipped back into her heels. "Okay," she said shyly.  
  
Alec took his camera and the pair went downstairs and outside the studio to the laneway at the side. It was a breezy day and Alec let Sheba walk ahead as they went into the lane. The breeze immediately toyed with the hem of Sheba's mini skirt, periodically lifting it in little puffs, just enough to tease. Alec was very horny and very hard. He posed Sheba against the outside brick wall of the building. She leaned her back against it and rested one foot against the wall, her knee up. The shape of her bare leg made a sexy triangle and Alec shot off a bunch of images as she shifted and vogued.  
  
"Turn around Sheba," he instructed, and she placed her weight on the palms of her hands, which rested against the wall. She lifted a knee again, which made her skirt rise a bit. Alec waited for the breeze to tease her skirt again and then fired off another round of shots as the wind toyed with her hemline. A couple of times, slivers of her bare bum cheeks would show, until finally a stronger gust lifted her little skirt up in the back and Alec got a shot of Sheba's bare, exposed bum. With her knee up, a bit of her vulva was barely discernible.  
  
"Lift your knee higher," he instructed.  
  
Sheba lifted her knee up high just as the breeze flipped up her skirt. Sheba was increasingly visible in that moment as she started coming out from between her thighs. Alec caught the moment on photo.  
  
"Higher," he said.  
  
The higher her thigh went up, the more her bum cheeks spread, and the more he could see Sheba. The breeze completed the process, flipping her skirt up and showing all of Sheba as she came out completely and popped open.  
  
Alec was bursting. "Sh- Sheba... why don't we keep shooting and make our way down to the diner at the corner and I'll buy you birthday lunch?" His voice was shaking.  
  
"Keep wearing this?" She glanced down at her very short skirt and very bare legs.  
  
"Yeah, it'll be fine."  
  
Sheba shrugged. "Okay," she said. Alec realized again that she didn't seem to know when her mini skirt was betraying her since she didn't have any experience wearing mini skirts. Alec let her walk ahead of him down the street as he continued snapping pictures and watching the breeze toy with her skirt. Other people watched too, and Alec had to hold his nerve as he realized they might see up Sheba's skirt and realize she wasn't wearing anything underneath.  
  
"Do a twirl, Sheba!" Alec called.  
  
Sheba laughed. "Nooo!"  
  
"A little one then."  
  
Sheba gave a half-hearted twirl which lifted the skirt a little, and drew interest from a couple of 20-something boys across the street, They began to follow at a distance. Sheba completed the twirl and continued strutting down the sidewalk, looking over her shoulder. A puff of wind flipped her skirt up in the back, briefly exposing all of her smooth, bare bum, the crease between her cheeks clearly visible all the way up to the top. The moment was quick and Sheba didn't seem to notice. The boys did. Alec could hear them over his shoulder.  
  
"Dude, did you see that..."  
  
"Jesus fuck dude... she's not wearing any panties unless it's a thong."  
  
"Are you getting this on your phone?"  
  
Alec realized the wind had probably lifted the tiny skirt enough for them to be able to see Sheba, and he hoped they wouldn't interfere. They were almost at the diner and he figured he'd be safe inside with his cute, little 18-year old charge.  
  
Outside the diner, which had a 50s-themed exterior, Alec posed Sheba against the side and then "tugging" on the door handle before they went inside. In the foyer they waited to be seated. Alec noticed most people taking a second look at Sheba, and some staring. He glanced over his shoulder and noticed the boys from across the street were now crossing the street. Surely they weren't coming into the diner?  
  
"For two?" Alec snapped his head back around to the hostess.  
  
"Oh yes, for two, please. Is there a booth?"  
  
"The booths are full but we have the tables and stools available." she gestured to the bank of tables with high, round stools, done up in fifties-style red vinyl with white trim. The kind you perched on.  
  
"That's fine," he said and the hostess seated them. Alec immediately noticed that the stool would present a challenge for Sheba, who was on the short side. To keep her feet resting on the foot bar ringing the bottom of the stool, she would have to point her toes to reach it. When her heels kept slipping off the bar, because they were too smooth to find purchase, Sheba slipped off her heels into her bare feet, letting her heels fall to the floor with a clatter. She crossed her bare, bare legs, revealing a dangerous amount of thigh underneath her little mini skirt. Her pointed bare toes, arched bare feet, and smooth bare legs looked so sexy.  
  
Alec couldn't help but stare. When he brought his eyes back up to Sheba, she was looking right at him, watching him stare at her bare legs and feet. "Sorry," he said sheepishly. "You have really nice legs and feet."  
  
Sheba smiled coyly. "Thank you Alec. Yes, you were saying earlier." She raised one eyebrow while smiling. Alec's heart thumped. She didn't seem to mind him admiring her. He took up his camera and shot off a few exposures of Sheba. She gamely posed her head to the side and smiled.  
  
"For two?" Alec heard the hostess say. He glanced up and saw the two boys from across the street at the front. One was thin, the other wasn't.  
  
"Can we sit there?" The thin boy pointed to the table directly behind Alec.  
  
"Sure!" The hostess led them over. Alec massaged his brow and realized they would have a perfect line of sight to Sheba, to Sheba's legs and feet, and probably a line of sight up Sheba's skirt if she moved the wrong way. Because they were over his shoulder, he wouldn't be able to keep an eye on them.  
  
"Can I take your order?" Alec looked back to see their server.  
  
"Strawberry milkshake please," said Sheba. Then she whispered, "And this burger." She pointed at the item on the menu. The girl smiled and nodded, then turned to Alec.  
  
"Uh... same," he said absent-mindedly. "And a Corona. And can I borrow your pen?"  
  
"Sure," said the girl. Alec pulled out a business card and scribbled a note on the back, then slipped it to the server. The message asked for a surprise birthday cake slice for Sheba.  
  
"What did you just give her?" Sheba asked suspiciously.  
  
"I wrote our order down," he lamely explained.  
  
"No," she said.  
  
"I promise you'll know soon."  
  
The milkshake and the beer came quickly. Alec tried not to stare at Sheba's bare legs as their server poured his beer.  
  
"Let me try some," said Sheba after she'd left. Alec looked around.  
  
"Sure," he said.  
  
"We didn't drink in my house," she said. She took the glass and gulped.  
  
"Whoa girl..." Alec put out a hand. Sheba giggled and pushed the glass back.  
  
"Sorry Alec," she said. "I won't have any more."  
  
"It's alright, I have more in my studio kitchen," he said. Sheba sipped her milkshake through the straw, pursing her soft, cute lips around the tip. Alec glanced back over his shoulder at the table behind him as far he could look without being conspicuous. He turned his head back to Sheba.  
  
She was sipping her milkshake, bouncing a knee and pointing her bare toes. She looked at him over her straw as she sucked. Alec's eyes glazed as he looked back. He raised his camera and photographed her.  
  
"Sorry," he said, "I can't help myself." Sheba smiled shyly and ran her hands up and down her smooth bare thighs slowly. Alec stepped away from the table and checked around. Besides the two guys unabashedly watching, there was only one other man in the diner intentionally watching her. Alec stepped further back and photographed her full-length. Sheba smiled and pursed her lips around her straw while pointing her bare toes. Her legs were smooth, bare and gorgeous, and her arched bare feet were very sexy. She raised her top knee a bit as she shifted her pose, and Alec could see up under her smooth, creamy bare thighs to where the swells of her bare bum cheeks began. The guys behind were completely silent, obviously hoping to see Sheba again.  
  
Alec checked to see that the server was busy and then motioned for Sheba to stand up. Her eyes widened and she looked around, then back at Alec as if to say, "Really?" Alec nodded. "Just a few," he mouthed. Sheba nodded.  
  
Then she reached across the table and took Alec's beer and finished it, tilting her head back as she gulped. Alec could do nothing about it from where he was standing, and then Sheba was sliding off the stool, smoothing down her short skirt and looking at him expectantly.  
  
Alec shrugged and motioned for her to lean over their table with her back to him. Sheba went up on her bare toes, looked over her shoulder and smiled as Alec rattled off exposures. Sheba's mini skirt slid up enough that about one quarter of an inch of the bare cheeks of her bum began to show. Alec could see the two guys out of the corner of his eyes with their iPhones out.  
  
"Lift your knee like you did in the lane Sheba," he said. Sheba lifted her knee and Alec could see Sheba starting to show again. "Lean right over the table," he said. Sheba did as she was told, and leaned far over the table. Alec could see all of Sheba showing. What's more, Sheba was glistening.  
  
He took two shots but dared not keep her in that pose since everyone would notice. He figured the guys had got an eyeful. He motioned for her to straighten up and made a chopping motion with his hand.  
  
Alec wanted to keep photographing her in other poses, barefoot, but thought better of it, in case they got kicked out. He slid back onto his chair and their burgers soon arrived. Sheba shyly ate her burger, but she ate it fast. Occasionally, their knees would touch under the table as Sheba uncrossed and recrossed her bare legs. Alec couldn't stop himself and placed his hand softly on Sheba's closest thigh, and gave it a quick rub as he asked her "How you're doing there?"  
  
He withdrew his hand, hoping it would seem casual. He just had to feel her smooth, bare skin. Sheba almost reflexively lifted her leg up and out, pointing her toes. Alec's hand slid underneath her knee to support her lifted leg, and to make sure she didn't lower it. He boldly rested her leg on his thigh, slid his hand along it to her bare foot, and massaged it. Sheba reflexively arched her bare foot as he caressed it, and he felt her bare sole wrinkle.  
  
"What are you doing?" Sheba raised an eyebrow.  
  
Alec shrugged as his other hand joined in massaging and caressing her bare foot. "You've been on your feet all morning, so just giving it a rub," he said, trying to keep his voice even. "You want anything else besides the rest of my beer?"  
  
Sheba shook her head and withdrew her leg as she uncrossed and recrossed them again. Alec took the other leg from under the table and into his lap, and began to massage her other bare foot. It was soft and cool, and so sexy to feel.  
  
"No, but it looks like I'm getting free foot massages here," she said. "Sorry about the beer. It's helping though."  
  
"Helping with what?"  
  
"Helping with the skirt."  
  
"The skirt?"  
  
"Wearing a short little mini skirt with no panties in public."  
  
"It must be nerve wracking," Alec laughed nervously.  
  
"Yeah but with the beer it's starting to feel good."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"Nothing."  
  
That's when the surprise birthday cake arrived with a sparkler. It was just a slice, but Sheba's eyes popped.  
  
"Happy Birthday!" sang their server.  
  
"More cake?" Sheba laughed. She got down from her stool, still in her bare feet, and went around the table to hug Alec.  
  
"Why not?" he replied. "More cake for my birthday princess." He picked her up in his arms for a hug. Sheba kicked up her bare feet behind her as he lifted her up. She pointed her bare toes, dabbling them in the air as kicked her bare feet back and forth in tiny kicks of excitement. Sheba's bare soles wrinkled as she pointed her toes sexily. Alec held her up in the air with one hand on her waist, which caused Sheba's little mini skirt to start sliding up over her limit as she kicked her bare arched feet.  
  
Almost everyone in the diner, who looked up to see the surprise, all watched her as Sheba's mini skirt slid up higher and higher as they hugged. More and more of Sheba's soft, tight, round, 18-year old bare ass began showing, her hemline getting pulled up in tiny jerks.  
  
After the first tug, it was a quarter inch of her bare cheeks. Another jerk and it was a full inch of her bare cheeks. Up and up it slid, until all of Sheba's full bare bum was visible. The cleft of her bum parted at the bottom to reveal a hint of her. She was wet, glistening, and swollen.  
  
It took several seconds before Sheba realized something was awry with her skirt. She took one hand off Alec and felt her butt. When she realized her hand was feeling the smooth skin of her bare ass, she squeaked and pulled her mini skirt down, smoothing it with the palms of her hands. She didn't dare look around but kept her eyes on Alec.  
  
"Omigod," she exclaimed.  
  
Alec impulsively kissed Sheba on her forehead. "That was really hot," he whispered, smiling. Sheba's mouth opened but she couldn't find words.  
  
"Want the cake to go?" Their server was back, looking nervous, with the bill.  
  
"Yes," said Alec, reading the tension in her voice. Sheba returned to her stool and starting eating the cake anyway,.

"What's the rush?"  
  
"No rush, but... let's get back."  
  
Their server came back with the machine and Alec paid with his card while she fidgeted and waited, hovering. Sheba finished her cake, making short work of it, before slipping her bare feet back into her heels. They got up to leave and Sheba noticed everyone looking at them.  
  
"Everybody's staring...?" Sheba asked, looking back at the many pairs of eyes fixed on her.  
  
"Hmm?" Alec feigned ignorance, ushering her out the door.  
  
"They were looking at my bare bum weren't they."  
  
"They'd better be," said Alec. He checked over his shoulder at the two guys who were staring intently and ruefully at Sheba, trapped as they were in the diner until they had paid their own bill.  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because you look really sexy in that skirt. Really, really sexy."  
  
"Alec," Sheba squeaked covering her face. "Really?"  
  
"Yes, really." He wrapped an arm around her waist boldly and pulled her gently into him as they walked down the street back towards the studio. Sheba wrapped her arm around Alec. A strong breeze swept over the pair and Sheba's free arm snapped around behind her, holding her skirt down.  
  
"Frick, I can feel everything when the wind goes up my skirt!" Alec put a hand on his chest and made a little cough. Sheba laughed. "Oh sorry Alec!" Alec squeezed her tighter.  
  
"It's okay. That was hot."  
  
Sheba covered her face again.  
  
"What are you turning me into?"  
  
Alec said nothing and gave her another squeeze.  
  
They arrived back at the studio building and headed up the stairs. Alec stopped to check his mailbox, letting Sheba go ahead up the stairwell. Alec followed behind, paused a moment to let Sheba get a few steps higher, and then leaned forward and looked up her skirt. He could see her bare bum and a hint of her peeking out.  
  
"What are you doing?"  
  
Alec snapped his head up to see Sheba looking back at him. "N- nothing," he stammered. Sheba's hand pinned her skirt hem against her thighs. She smiled shyly and they continued up to Alec's studio in awkward silence.  
  
"Do you want to take some more pics?" Alec asked.  
  
"You said you had beer here?"  
  
"Yeah, lots."  
  
"Do you have wine?"  
  
"Actually yeah." Alec went to the fridge and pulled out one of three bottles of white wine. It was a "Moscato," so it was full of sugar. The perfect preclub drink. He twisted off the cap, poured two glasses and gave one to Sheba. "Cheers, happy birthday!" He clinked her glass. Sheba smiled and downed the glass.  
  
"Oh! That's so much better than beer. Wow," she said. "That's more like it."  
  
"You never drank?"  
  
"Not in our JW family."  
  
"Well, here's a tip then. Don't drink so fast." Alec refilled her glass.  
  
"I do believe I am buzzed."  
  
"Yes, if you never drink, you will get buzzed quickly."  
  
"I'll sit down then, for awhile."  
  
Sheba walked over to a wall adjoining the kitchen and leaned against it, before sliding slowly down onto the floor and stretching her legs out. She made a half-hearted attempt to tuck her little skirt underneath her butt. She arched her bare feet and pointed her toes, working her heels off. The light streamed in from the big factory window behind her, backlighting her soft hair and beautiful figure.  
  
"Saaay..." Alec said. "Hang out there a sec." He rummaged around by the cyclorama and brought out a gold reflector disc, unfurling it to its full circumference. He clamped it to a light stand and positioned it until it reflected the window light back at Sheba. "Perfect," he said, and aimed his camera at her. "Just hold your glass casually. Point your toes."  
  
Sheba looked into the lens, her eyes slightly droopy but with a new, sultry demeanour. She arched her bare feet.  
  
"Take your blouse down off your shoulders for me, Beautiful," he continued. Sheba placed the wine glass down on the floor and pulled her top down off her shoulders, leaving them bare. "And undo all the buttons on your top too." Sheba obeyed, unbuttoning the three buttons on her top that were below the scoop neck. Alec could see how her cleavage was bared completely. Sheba looked hot and sultry.  
  
"Top me up," said Sheba, holding out her glass. Alec obliged before crawling back and aiming the camera again.  
  
"Draw up one knee, and keep your toes pointed please," he instructed. Sheba lazily drew up the knee closest to Alec, giving him a tantalizing view of the curve of her upper bare thigh. He shuddered in excitement and kept shooting. "Now the other knee, Gorgeous," he commanded. Sheba drew up both knees, going up on her toes. As expected, Alec could see her come out in the sunlight. Sheba was fully visible, and very wet. As Alec photographed her with her pussy showing, he realized it was trickling. A creamy rivulet had formed in the cleft of Sheba's pussy. Little dots of dew had collected around it where her movements had made her inner thighs brush each other and spread her juice. Alec's hands trembled.  
  
"You can see up my skirt, can't you," she said softly. "I can tell by your eyes." Alec shrugged sheepishly. "I know," she continued. "Same look you had in the stairwell."  
  
Alec said nothing.  
  
"Is my cookie showing?" Sheba asked. Alec nodded.  
  
"Sorry," he mumbled.  
  
"It's alright," she said evenly. "I guess we're shooting for Playboy after all." She arched one eyebrow, leaned back, pushed her chest out, opened her mouth, and opened her legs more, causing more of her bare pussy to show. She waited for Alec to photograph her. He did, barely.  
  
"Oh God Sheba," Alec whimpered. Sheba giggled hysterically, and spilled a dollop of her wine onto her bare cleavage.  
  
"Ah shit," she said. It was the first time Alec had ever heard sweet, innocent Sheba curse.  
  
"Oops, let me get that," he said, getting up for some paper towel. He went back to her, knelt down beside her and, without thinking, began to dab her bare cleavage with the paper towel, his hands trembling.  
  
"I can do that, Alec," she said, taking hold of the wadded up paper towel in his hands. "Oh... your hands are shaking?"  
  
"Sorry," he said, sitting down next to her. He slid an arm around her bare shoulders as she finished dabbing. Her cleavage smelled faintly of Moscato. Alec rubbed her bare shoulder as she relaxed into him.  
  
"So here we are," she said. Alec's hand migrated from her shoulder up to her neck and cheek, lightly stroking her soft skin along her jawline.  
  
"Mm hmm," he said.  
  
"From doing Christian fashion shoots to photographing me in a mini skirt and no panties for my birthday. What a difference." Alec began stroking her hair.  
  
"You're amazing at glamour modelling, and you're a beautiful angel," he said recklessly. He went from stroking her hair to softly caressing her cheeks and nose,  
  
"You think so huh," she said softly. Alec brushed a finger across her lips. When she didn't protest, he brushed his finger across her lips again, and then back up her button nose.  
  
"Very much so," he said. His hand traced down her cheek and then under her soft chin. Gently but firmly he tilted her chin up to him and leaned in. He softly kissed her.  
  
"What are you doing?" Sheba asked.  
  
Alec kissed her again.  
  
"Nothing," he said.  
  
"What do you mean nothing?"  
  
Alec kissed her again.  
  
"Nothing," he said simply.  
  
"Every time I ask a question, I seem to get kissed," she said.  
  
Alec kissed her again.  
  
"Should you be kissing me? I'm half your age and you're supposed to be my sort-of uncle-"  
  
Alec kissed her again, and kept kissing her.  
  
"Mm? Mmm?" Sheba protested faintly. Alec felt her lean into him and kiss back. The silence of the studio was filled with the sound of soft wet kissing. Sheba made little moans as they kissed. No longer moans of protest, they were moans of submission.  
  
"Mm... mmm..." she went quietly between smacks. "Mmm." Alec began feverishly stroking Sheba's smooth, bare legs, caressing her incredibly, soft skin. Then his hand changed its mind and went up to her chest and began stroking her bare cleavage. He boldly caressed a nipple through her top. Sheba moaned into his mouth and her chest rose. She broke the kiss.  
  
"I'm so wet," she whispered. "I started getting wet when we went outside and the breeze went up my skirt- unh!" Alec got an involuntary moan from her as he gently squeezed her other breast.  
  
"Hold on," he said and started working her top up.  
  
"What are you doing now?" she asked.  
  
"I'm taking your top off," he said.  
  
"Okay but take yours off too," she whispered. She helped Alec pull her top off. Her breasts were round and full. Her nipples like accents on the tips.  
  
"Dear God Sheba..." he breathed. She was busy unbuttoning his shirt. His hand reached out and caressed her breasts.  
  
"Wait, wait," she whispered. She had gotten his shirt open and began running her hands over his bare chest. "God we really shouldn't be doing this," she murmured. In response Alec pulled her into him and felt her breasts against his chest. Sheba gave a little moan.  
  
"I want you," whispered Alec and kissed her hard.  
  
She broke the kiss. "What do you mean," she said, and Alec began kissing her again. He slid a hand down the inside of her legs and let his knuckles graze her pussy.  
  
"Unh!" Sheba went sharply.  
  
"God you're so wet Sheba! I want you!"  
  
"Hold on hold on..."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Photograph me like this first. Photograph me here."  
  
Alec had less self-control in that moment then Sheba but he grabbed his camera and stood up over her. The sunlight fell over her breasts and stomach, making her skin glow. Her little miniskirt was askew, and the front of her pussy was peeking out.  
  
"Twist and turn for me, Gorgeous," he commanded. Sheba slid onto her back and writhed slowly on the floor, opening her mouth and arching her back. She watched with extreme interest as Alec put his camera down and shucked off his jeans. His bulging penis strained against his underwear. "Now, where were we," he said.  
  
"I think I like this kind of modelling better," she cooed. "I like having you tell me what to do."  
  
"Jesus," Alec said. He involuntary began massaging his penis through his underwear.  
  
"Take more photos of me," she said. "I'm super wet." She opened her legs. Alec managed to get off ten shots of her writhing with her legs spread before he put the camera down.  
  
"I want to be inside you," he said.  
  
Sheba's eyes widened. "I've never done it before."  
  
"You're a virgin? Do you want to try?" Sheba lay there, her legs open, her breasts out. Her face betrayed her uncertainty.  
  
"I dunno..." she whispered.  
  
Alec lowered his briefs and let out his penis. It arched out upward, twitching, the tip glistening. He sank to his knees and gathered Sheba up in his arms and began kissing her. Sheba felt his penis press against her.  
  
"Jesus," she whispered.  
  
"Let's take it slow," he said. He picked her up and carried her to his bed in the corner of the studio.  
  
"Do you want me to take my skirt off?"  
  
"No keep it on. I want you to wear your skirt for this." He gently lowered her onto the bed and straddled her, gazing down on her breasts. She looked back at him, her breasts rising and falling with her quick breaths.  
  
"I'm scared," she said.  
  
"I'll go slow," he said, and began to cover her body in kisses. He nuzzled her neck and kissed his way down her throat as she lifted her chin for him, and then down between her breasts. Her stomach vibrated as he kissed her belly.  
  
"That tickles," she said, and then caught her breath as Alec let his penis trace down her front. He pushed up her mini skirt and started nuzzling her with his penis between her thighs.  
  
"Oh... oh..." she said.  
  
"You're so wet," Alec breathed, watching the tip of his penis get coated as he guided it gently to Sheba's lips. He slipped a hand under her bare bum and lifted slightly to get the right angle. Sheba's breathing was shallow and quick. Alec started gently pushing up inside her. The tip went in.  
  
Sheba arched her back. "Ah! Ahhh! Stop, stop, that hurts!" Alec froze.  
  
"Whoa, sorry," he said.  
  
"It's okay, it's okay," she said. "Just don't move it for a sec."  
  
They waited for a moment. Alec nodded at her. "Okay?"  
  
"Okay," she whispered. Alec pushed. Sheba gritted her teeth, "Nggh..." She let out a deep moan as Alec went in further. Sheba pushed against him with her arms.  
  
"Stop?"  
  
"Unh... unh... yes take it out. Please...unh!" Alec withdrew and Sheba panted in relief.  
  
"Shit, you're really tight baby. Let's try it another way."  
  
Sheba nodded. "Okay, what do I do?"  
  
"Try getting on your hands and knees." Sheba rolled over on her front and got up doggy style. "Go down on your front more," he commanded. Sheba went down on her forearms, leaving her ass high in the air and her glistening pussy open to Alec. He entered her slowly and pushed.  
  
Sheba tilted her head back, and opened her mouth. "Aaaaah!" she cried.  
  
"I'm sorry baby. You're so wet but you're so tight. Let's try later?"  
  
"N-no," Sheba panted. "I really want this. Let me try on my back again." She flipped over and spread her legs. Alec could see sweat beads on her forehead. She looked at him expectantly.  
  
"Okay, here goes," he said. With Sheba's help he maneuvered into her entrance and slowly pushed inward. Sheba sucked in her breath. Alec pushed in a little further. Sheba let her breath out explosively.  
  
"Ahh!"  
  
"Baby? Keep going?"  
  
"I... I don't know. It feels like... you're... splitting me open. You're splitting me open. A-ah!" Alec paused but Sheba didn't quit. She got up on her elbows and tried tilting her pelvis to accommodate the intrusion. "Go...keep trying..." she grunted.  
  
Alec pushed. Sheba made little whimpering noises: "Unh? ... unh? ... unh?"  
  
"Hang on babe, hang on," encouraged Alec. Bit by bit, Alec pushed further in, as deep as he'd yet pushed.  
  
"Okay, no more, no more," she whimpered. "I think you're starting to touch the back of me. I can feel you touching the back of me." Alec stopped. They lay there a moment, Alec panting, Sheba softly whimpering.  
  
"Unh... unh... unh..."  
  
"Are you okay?"  
  
"¨Unh... unh... hurts... you're stretching me... you're stretching me open..."  
  
Alec started to withdraw. Sheba yelped, reached down and grabbed Alec where he was entering her. "Slowly," she said. "Come out slowly, but not all the way. Don't go out all the way."  
  
"I promise I'll come back in," he said, letting himself slide out until his tip remained inside.  
  
"Just... keep pushing if I complain. Don't stop this time unless I really make you."  
  
"Are you sure?"  
  
"I don't know. Just... try."  
  
He slowly pushed back in.  
  
Sheba's stretching began.  
  
Sheba arched her back and her head tilted off the side of the bed. Her mouth opened, but she made no sound. Her hands grabbed the sheets and clenched into fists. Alec eased into her again further. Her back stayed arched, her jaw undulating. Her bare feet arched and her bare toes pointed hard, quivering.  
  
"Aa... aa..." she could only manage to croak from the back of her throat in near-agony.  
  
Alec slowly withdrew and Sheba's body relaxed. He gave it a moment and pushed in again slowly. Sheba's back arched again, and her mouth opened as she was stretched.  
  
"Ah-ah..." A quick two-syllable croak, the second pitched higher than the first. Sheba started dabbling her bare, pointed toes in little kicks.  
  
Alec felt her shaking hands pull gently on him. He stopped inside her, right where he was.  
  
"Stay inside. Help me sit up," she whispered weakly. "Careful, it really hurts." Alec pulled her upright and into an embrace, still inside her. Sheba buried her face into his chest. He noticed her eyes had tears, and her cheeks were tear-streaked. She wrapped her arms around him and they stayed there a moment. Then he felt Sheba very slightly bucking her hips back and forth. Very slowly, very gently. Alec had just started to soften but immediately hardened again at the feel of the slight rocking motion. Sheba was trying to have intercourse.  
  
Alec responded gently.  
  
As she pushed forward with her hips, he pushed inward ever so slightly. She let out a small, muffled moan.  
  
"You ok?" he whispered. She nodded.  
  
"You feel so full inside me. I want you inside me. It feels so good when you push against my clit. But inside me it hurts too much."  
  
"You're small in there."  
  
"Maybe, but you're really big and long, Alec. You're huge."  
  
"I can't believe I'm inside you, Angel."  
  
"I can't believe we're doing this."  
  
"I can't believe it either."  
  
"I'm really sore, Alec. Can we take a break for now? You can try stretching me again later?"  
  
"Of course, baby." He eased himself out of her with a wet smacking sound.  
  
"Slow, go slow," she said quickly. Alec eased out slowly. It popped out of Sheba's pussy audibly and she let out a sigh of relief. A long, thick tendril of Sheba's juice extended from inside her to the tip of Alec's penis, where it wrapped around his head, mixing with his own precum. It was obvious from seeing Sheba's juice that he had hurt her.  
  
"I'm sorry," he said.  
  
"No, I'm sorry," she said. She gently and tenderly wiped Alec's penis with her soft hands. "Your penis is so beautiful. I didn't think something so beautiful would hurt like that."  
  
"I'm really, really sorry, Angel."  
  
"It's okay. I've just decided I'm going to go see a gynaecologist cuz I'm seriously wondering."  
  
"Are you sure baby?"  
  
"Yeah. Never been to one. Think maybe I should. Come with me?"  
  
"Of course Beautiful. I know nothing about this but I'll come."  
  
Sheba gently finished wiping his penis, keeping it hard from the wiping, and began to stroke it methodically. "Let me do this for you instead. I wanna make you cum."  
  
"Oh God, Sheba," he moaned. "What about you?"  
  
She whispered in his ear as she gently jerked him off.  
  
"We'll worry about that later. I'm okay. Maybe you can rub me off later but I'm really, really sore right now." Alec felt the soft skin of her palm and the gentle grip of her delicate fingers as she skimmed up and down his slick, twitching penis. He moaned.  
  
"Whisper more in my ear," said Alec. "Tell me all about wearing your mini skirt today."  
  
Sheba smiled. "Hmmm. Well. I definitely wasn't expecting to wear my first mini skirt today. Caught me off guard since I didn't wear panties. I've never worn a skirt before. And so I didn't realize how much I was going to like wearing that little skirt with nothing on underneath," she whispered in his ear. "It felt so sexy and daring. I knew it was going to be different with us when I saw you looking up my skirt in the studio."  
  
"You saw that? You didn't mind?"  
  
"Well I immediately saw the way you looked at me right after I put on the skirt and came out of the dressing room. You couldn't take your eyes off me. I saw you watching me in the studio. You have never looked at me like that before. I didn't know what to think.  
  
"Then I figured you could see up my skirt during the shoot because you suddenly acted so differently. At first it was uncomfortable because I didn't want my cookie showing. But then it started making me wet when I saw how much you wanted to see underneath. You kept trying to see underneath.  
  
"The wind made me wetter when it went up underneath. I know you probably got lots of shots up my skirt. And then I got really wet when I caught you looking up my skirt on the stairs. The expression on your face. Now I want to keep posing naked for you. I wanna wear a short short li'l mini skirt for you with no panties and let you try to see underneath. And I wanna be stretched by you again. Even though it hurts so much. I want you to stretch me. Stretch me open. Until it starts feeling good to be stretched. Like it did a li'l bit at the end. I'm sure it'll start feeling good. And I want you to be my Daddy not my Uncle."  
  
"Jesus!! Oh Jesus Sheba!" Alec exploded in orgasm, convulsing in several waves, his cum getting on Sheba's hand, stomach and breasts. One spurt caught her on her chin.

"Omgosh!" she said. "Is that all for me?" She kept gently stroking him, even as his cum ran through her fingers.  
  
"Squeeze me here," he said, placing his fingers under his head. Sheba squeezed and more cum trickled out.  
  
"Mmmm," she said. "This is special. I've never made a man cum."  
  
"This is more than special," he said. "And let me wipe you clean." Alec went to get up and find a washcloth but Sheba pulled him down.  
  
"Just, cuddle with me. No wipe. I like you all over me like this."  
  
"Even on your chin?" Alec brushed his thumb across her chin to wipe away the mess.  
  
"Yes even there."  
  
They curled up with each other.  
  
"So now what?" Sheba asked.  
  
"Mmm?"  
  
"I'm 18. You're..."  
  
"40."  
  
"Right yes. You're my daddy now. Is that okay?"  
  
"You move fast."  
  
Sheba looked at him in alarm. "I shouldn't have said that right?"  
  
"No... no... I..." Alec squeezed her into him. "Yeah you could be my daughter. I didn't see this coming. But I really want you."  
  
"I never knew it could be like this with us."  
  
"What would you like to do now?"  
  
"Okay. I want to lay here a while. Then we look at my photos. Then you take me out to dinner. Then we come back here and you stretch me again."  
  
"Or maybe we see the doctor before I stretch you again. I don't want to damage you."  
  
"Dinner and then just I'll sleep over?"  
  
"Yeah, I'd really like that."  
  
"Do you want me to wear the mini skirt for you for dinner?"  
  
"Yes! With no panties?"  
  
"Okay. I'll keep wearing it with no panties."  
  
"Jesus Sheba are you kidding me? I'm the luckiest guy in the world right now."  
  
She leaned up into him and kissed him. He kissed back. Sheba pointed her bare toes and softly moaned as they kissed.  
  
As they kissed, Alec thought about how much he'd hurt her without a condom on. With her upbringing, she was naive enough that she probably hadn't thought to ask. He decided the gynaecologist was a good idea.  
  
Sheba had noticed his penis was rehardening and started jerking him off again slowly as they kissed. She brought Alec's hand between her legs and broke the kiss.  
  
"Just rest your finger on this spot here," she whispered as she placed his finger over her clit. "Don't do anything. Just let me do the work for now cuz I'm so sore."  
  
They resumed kissing and she resumed her soft moaning and stroking Alec's penis. Slowly she undulated her hips against his fingers, gently. Then more insistently. Then more quickly. Then she took her free hand down between her legs and started pushing Alec's hand against her mound. She broke his kiss and started panting and then muttering as she panted.  
  
"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, yes, okay here it comes, here it comes, here we go, here we go..." She held her breath and opened her mouth. This time her moan, long and loud, was of pleasure instead of near-agony. Her body convulsed, her hips sensuously undulating. She had long stopped stroking Alec, but Alec had taken the liberty of taking over. He stroked himself frantically as he watched her. When she came, it pushed him over the edge, and again he exploded over her, more of his cum landing on her soft naked body.  
  
Sheba relaxed and let herself fall against him.  
  
"Jesus I really needed that," she breathed. "Oh wow. Oh Alec, what a crazy day."