**Slipping**

by jazzy\_the\_spazzy

My name is Jasmine, and this is how I went from innocent to sex crazed, and seduced some mostly unwilling men into being dragged down with me.

**Chapter 1:**

Hi reader. My name is Jasmine. I won't tell you my age, but I bet if you pay attention you can probably make a pretty good guess, lol. I'm pretty young though. But I really am very mature for my age.

As I write this, I'm imagining all the people it might reach, letting so many strangers know my secrets, knowing the things I've done. I'll go through life from now on wondering if that cashier knows... that guy on the train knows... someone in my life knows... and just like right now, I'll get soooo hot.

I'm already horny pretty much alllll the time. My pussy is like never not slippery. It was kinda becoming a problem, lol. I masturbated alotttt at home but I'd also get really horny walking to school or in class or wherever and it would drive me nuts. I'd get so wet my panties got all soaked and alot of the time it would leave a mark on my chair.

It all started when I went swimming one time in a friend's pool, only I couldn't really swim yet, and her dad was holding me up to float. But he had one hand under my chest with one finger touching my nip through my undershirt, and his other hand under my hips, with one finger kinda wriggling between my legs a bit through the fabric of my panties. It made me feel warm and fuzzy in my tummy and I ended up kinda making motions pretending I was just trying to swim, but kinda spreading my legs so I'd bump up on his finger better.

That night I slept over and didn't have dry undies so I just slept in a large tshirt, and I woke up a little bit because the door opened, but I kept pretending to be asleep because it was after 10 and I thought I'd be in trouble for being awake. And her dad came in and sat down next to me and stayed there for a while, I guess to make sure I was asleep. And then he started slowly lifting my tshirt. I heard him kinda gasp/choke when my pussy became visible, and groaning "Oh my God..." when he pulled the shirt up to above my nips.

I heard a zip and then breathing that slowly got harder, and then a sort of wet slappy noise for a minute, and then it stopped and I felt something warm and wet slowly trail along my chest and touch my nips, and then felt it touch my mouth, pushing between my lips a little bit and touching my tongue. It tasted salty and kinda nice, so I murmured and licked at it a bit and heard her dad moan and felt him putting his hand on my knee and pulling my leg to the side, and then the taste was gone but the slappy noise came back and I felt the warm wet thing softly rubbing up between my legs and bouncing at the same speed as the slappy noise.

I was starting to feel really funny, and then I heard a hiss of breath and just felt warmth flooding the outside of my pussy, some warm gooey wet stuff covering me and tickling me as it dripped down to the bed. A minute later I felt him wiping me with something, and he quickly left.

When I was sure he was gone and that my friend was still asleep next to me, I licked my lips and tasted more of the salty stuff, pulled up my nightshirt again, and started petting the spot where the warm wet thing had been sliding. The feeling was weird and the longer I did it the funnier I felt in my tummy. I fell asleep an hour later with my hand still between my legs, rubbing myself in my sleep.

I didn't cum that night, I didn't even know what cumming was yet. But ever since that day I'd touch and pet myself whenever I could. A few months later I was awake at night again, and at the time I'd started trying all kinds of different things to rub myself with. I had a pair of smooth plastic sunglasses and was rubbing them up and down on my panties, the little gap between the lenses flicking at my button, and outside my room I heard the same slappy noise again, and soft moaning. I got up and snuck out to see what it was, and dropped down to the floor and crawled over to my dad's room and peeked through the crack in his door.

He was on his back on top of his blankets, with his hand around a big thing that was sticking out from between his legs, kinda pulling on it up and down. I finally knew what it must have looked like that night when my friend's dad touched me. I watched in amazement, wondering why I'd never noticed that thing before sticking out at the front of dad's pants, licking my lips at the memory of the salty taste of my friend's dad, wondering if my dad's thing tasted like that too.

His movements got faster and I started rubbing myself again, crouched in front of his door and watching him stroke himself, watching his face. His eyes were closed and he was kinda frowning with his mouth slightly open, and it almost looked like he was in pain, but somehow it made the place between my legs even hotter and I petted myself faster, until he moaned and arched his back and something shot out of the tip. Now I knew what had been dripping down my pussy that night. He stopped moving and I snuck back to my room.

Wow. I didn't know why, but I felt funnier than ever in my tummy, and it felt like the place between my legs was hot and throbby. I took off my panties and looked. It looked a bit puffy, and when I touched it it tingled. I kept touching it, little strokes near the top where it felt the best, on the little bump there. And I thought about the night with my friend's dad, only this time I pictured my dad instead, and the hard thing between his legs touching me, and... It felt like heat and tingling was collecting from my entire body, in that one little spot where I was touching myself, and my whole body tensed up...

And I whispered "Ohhhh daddy..." and I felt a release, and a squeeze, and a release, and heat, and wetness, and tingles, and twitching, and WOW! It felt like all the tension that had built up in my body was pouring right out of me from between my legs!

After that, there was no stopping me. I touched myself even more than before, only now I knew how to take it all the way to the finish. Eventually, using my computer, I found out that it was called masturbation, that I was cumming, that I had a clitty, that what I'd seen and felt were penises, that they produced cum too. I was obsessed with finding out everything there was to know about sex, and even more obsessed with making myself cum over and over again. If I had an hour at home alone, I'd cum 12 times.

That was like 2 years ago and it was getting so bad by last year that I didn't know what to do anymore. I was cumming more easily and frequently than ever, watching porn, reading sex stories, fantasizing, masturbating - and even cumming when I wasn't playing with myself at all. On bumpy bus rides, on the back of a friend's bike, even once on a rollercoaster while sitting next to a stranger, lol. Then I met someone that really changed everything.

**Chapter 2:**

I have a laptop and sometimes I'll sneak on it in the middle of the night when dad's asleep, and a while ago I was on it at 2am. Usually I just look at porn and stuff but sometimes I try to chat to people. Not very often though, because if I tell the truth about my a/s/l they just get weird and leave, or lecture me that I shouldn't be there, and if I lie about my age they just wonder why I won't turn my webcam on.

Anyway, I was reeeeeeally really horny that night, so I was kinda more daring than usual and went to the chatroom with the name "slippery\_lil\_clitty" and got the usual avalanche of pm messages and invitations to view cams. I always click accept on the cams and look at the cocks that fill my screen, but they usually disconnect after a while.

So this time a guy invited me to view his cam, and O. M. G. he had such a gorgeous cock!!!! It was big, not like freakishly huge but really impressive and sooooo rock hard, you could see all the veins standing out on it. I soooo wanted to lick and suck it, and he teased the crap out of me, lol. He just sat there and used just his fingertips to stroke it sooo slowly, pulling the foreskin all the way up and then down again, sloooowly making the head peek out and make the skin go tighter until the head slipped through it. It looked shiny and wet and delicious and I wanted it sooooo bad.

Then he messaged me.

James: Like what you see?

This was it, he'd ask about me and find out my age and disconnect, or I'd lie and he'd ask me to cam and I couldn't. And that gorgeous cock would be gone, I actually got sad at the thought. So I thought, fuck it, I'm screwed either way.

slippery\_lil\_clitty: wow, yessssss. It's incredible!

James: Show me that clitty of yours.

slippery\_lil\_clitty: I can't.

James: Why not?

slippery\_lil\_clitty: because you'll leave when you find out my age.

James: I'll also leave if you don't. How old?

So I told him my age. He stopped typing, sat back in his chair on cam, and for what seemed like ages, nothing happened. Then he started to sit up and reach for his desk again, and I knew this would be it. He'd grab the mouse and disconnect and that would be the end of it. God I hated being this age.

He started typing.

James: Turn your cam on.

My heart was pounding in my chest. He didn't disconnect! At least not yet. He wanted me to go on cam. Omg. I'd never done this before, but I really didn't want him to leave. Seriously, his cock was THAT gorgeous. But I was naked! I quickly pulled my blankets up to my chin, took a deep breath, and sent the cam invite.His eyes went wide for a moment and then he looked at me for a while.

James: You weren't lying.

slippery\_lil\_clitty: no.

James: You're very, very pretty.

slippery\_lil\_clitty: thank you.

James: Why are you all covered up?

slippery\_lil\_clitty: because I'm not wearing anything lol

James: Lower the blanket.

I hesitated. He covered his cam with his hand, and the pang of regret on my face must have been visible. Noooo! Come back, beautiful cock!

James: Lower. The. Blanket.

I bit my lip, closed my eyes, and let it drop to my waist. Again I was sure he'd disconnect, let's just say I don't exactly have an impressive rack yet. At the time I was pretty much flat, just two rock hard nips on a slight swelling of flesh.I slowly opened my eyes again, and he was staring intently at the screen, licking his lips.

James: Wow.

slippery\_lil\_clitty: yeah. I know, disappointing.

James: No. You're beautiful.

I laughed, but his face... could he mean it? He sure looked like he liked what he saw. I felt a little less shy and began to relax, then toy with him by smiling coyly and using one finger to flick my hard nips.

James: Get rid of the rest of the blanket.

slippery\_lil\_clitty: um

James: Do it or I'm gone.

I'd learned my lesson the last time, and simply obeyed. I pushed the blanket down and away, completely naked now. Nervous again, but also hornier than I'd ever felt before. I felt exposed, like I could almost \*feel\* his eyes on me, touching every part of me, and I wanted to open my legs, feel his gaze touch me where I needed to be touched most...

James: Wow. That smooth little triangle... Spread your legs for me baby.

James: Oh. My. God...

I spread my legs slowly, exposing my little pussy to full view, and the wetness between my legs was actually visibly glinting in the soft light. He was squeezing his cock with a hard fist now, appearing to breathe heavy, typing with one hand only so as not to release the death grip he had on his cock.

James: Lick your finger and rub your nips, honey.

I did as he asked and discovered something I'd never known before - wet nips were sensitive to air, and they quickly seemed to get even harder and sent a weird tingling feeling all the way down to my pussy. I wriggled a little at the effect.

James: Lower your right hand and extend only your middle finger. Barely touching, start at the top of your pussy and run your finger lightly along the left lip all the way to the bottom, then up again on the right.

As horny as I'd constantly been for the past year and as much as I'd masturbated, I'd always just gone straight for my clitty and never experimented with the sensations a light touch could bring to the rest of my pussy. It was starting to throb as I languidly circled my pussy with one lazy finger, my knees pulled up showing my core to this stranger.

James: Place your fingertip softly at the bottom, in the center of your pussy, and slowly caress upwards along the slit... On it, not between it...

I shivered as my finger passed tantalizingly close to my clitty, only separated from it by my pussy lips.

James: Do it again, but press just a little harder this time, let your fingertip slip between those juicy lips slightly... stop before you reach your clitty baby, don't touch it yet.

James: Lower your other hand and spread your lips with two fingers.

James: Ohhhhh my God you're so fucking perfect...

James: Keep yourself spread open for me honey... Run the finger of your other hand gently along your inner lips, up one side and down the other, across the top just above your clitty...

James: Good girl... Keep gently circling... God you're so soft and pink...

I'd never wanted to rub my clitty so badly before in my life and felt like I was going to cum at the slightest touch. I was panting hard at this point, moaning softly, staring at his cock greedily and picturing it next to my mouth, imagining kissing it, licking my lips...

James: Put your fingertip on the entrance to your hot little hole, sweetie. Put just a little pressure on it, let your fingertip slip between your inner lips and into you just a little, then back out... Keep dipping into your sweet little honeypot like that baby... feel how wet you are...

James: You're a virgin, aren't you.

I bit my lip and nodded, still convinced anything might make him decide I wasn't worth his time.

James: Go just a little deeper, up to the first knuckle, but no further. You might feel your cherry, don't push against it. When your fingertip is inside you, curl your finger inside you, up towards your clitty...

I groaned. The area I was pressing on felt swollen and sensitive, and was almost like touching my clitty from the inside somehow. I could feel my pussy squeezing around my finger, my hips started to buck involuntarily, trying to fuck myself deeper onto my finger. All I could picture now as I stared at his cock was it taking the place of my finger, pushing itself into me, my pussy squeezing it and trying to pull it in deeper... He was beginning to stroke himself in earnest now, long slow firm strokes, milking his cock for me....

James: Are you close?

I nodded.

James: Me too. Let's cum together, sweetie. Rub yourself inside with little circular motions honey... and with your other hand, take your clitty between two fingers and squeeze it softly, pull on it a little, roll it around between your fingers... Cum for me baby... Imagine yourself placing your pussy on the tip of my hard cock and slowly pushing down, impaling yourself on it, taking me inside you deeply as I get closer to cumming, feeling me stretch and fill you... You want me to fill you, don't you honey? You want to feel my hot creamy cum pumped deep into your tummy... Cum for me sweetheart... Cum baby... Cum...

I barely had time to read his message before his cock started to pump out gushes and gushes of creamy white cum that ran all over his hand, and oh God I was cumming so hard nothing else mattered, all I could think about was my gushing pussy and his creaming cock, not caring if I woke up my dad, moaning loudly "Yes! Yes! Ohhhhhh yessssss I'm cummingggggggggg....!!!"

**Chapter 3:**

After that night, I kept in touch with James and talked to him for hours every day. Sometimes he'd watch me make myself cum for him, other times he'd just answer my questions and teach me tips and tricks about my own body and about men, and I could talk to him about anything I thought or wondered about. I didn't get to see his cock much, he was married and it was kinda risky for him, but a few times I got some really amazing close up views and he showed me where and how men like to be touched and sucked. I owe pretty much everything I know to him.

Anyway, I was talking to him one day, telling him how hard it was to be horny all the time and dripping through my panties when I'm at public places like school. We exchanged mobile numbers and he told me to text him if I ran into trouble.

I was in history class, and I'd told James I had a total crush on my history teacher. He was 48 and really grumpy, most kids hated him but the grumpiness just turned me on. I texted James, and he started to tease me.

SMS message: Jazzy... Look at him. Imagine if he knew you were wet right now thinking about him. Do you think he'd get hard? I bet he would. Can you picture his cock swelling up in there? Imagine him in his bed, stroking his big swollen cock to the thought of you...

I quickly raised my hand and asked to be excused, and basically RAN for the bathrooms. I made sure all the stalls were empty and texted back "Stop it! You're gonna make me embarrass myself! I'm gonna have to masturbate in the bathroom or I won't make it through class! I ran out so fast I didn't even put my eraser down, lol"

SMS message: No, don't. Trust me sweetheart. No one will know. Put the eraser in your panties... pressed up against your clitty... and go back in.

I walked back in selfconscious as all hell, feeling the eraser squish against my button with every step. I sat down and it pressed up against me, I almost moaned but managed to stick to a soft sigh. It was the second half of class, and we usually got to work by ourselves, getting a head start on the homework. Everyone, including my teacher, were bent over their desks.

SMS message: I assume you're back in your seat by now with the rubber poking between your soft little lips, bumping that excited little button of yours... Write him a letter, honey. Pretend you're doing homework but write down all the things you want to do to him.

Was James insane??? I couldn't let mr. Ashford know!! And then, as if he'd read my mind;

SMS message: Don't hand it in, sweetie. Just pretend he'll read it...

As horny as I was, that actually sounded like a good idea at the time. So I wrote.

Dear mr. Ashford,

Right now, I'm sitting in your classroom watching you grade papers, and I'm looking at the outline of the bulge in your jeans. I've liked you for ages and I'm so incredibly wet for you. I have an eraser tucked in my panties right now, pressed up against my clitty, and I'm wriggling my hips a little bit, trying to hump it, feeling it caress my pussy and bringing me closer to cumming right in front of you... You won't even know it, but soon my pussy will contract and release and gush juices all over my panties, and I'll be cumming to the thought of you... Your hard cock between my soft wet lips, on my hot tongue, inside my tight slippery pussy... I'm gonna cum, sir... I'm cumming for you...

And I was cumming alright. My entire body tensed up and twitched as I clutched my desk, my pussy spasming crazily, me trying to keep a straight face, convinced everyone in the room would see, would know, and only cumming harder despite the setting. Or maybe because of it...

And, right in the middle of the orgasm I was trying to pretend I wasn't having, the principal came in and spoke my name. I jumped up so suddenly I felt the eraser slip out of my wet panties and clunk onto my chair. Oh my god.

**Chapter 4:**

I walked back into the classroom a little dazed. My dad, in the hospital? Apparently he'd had a minor heart attack. I was stunned. The principal had been really concerned and sweet and I kept telling him I was fine. My dad would be ok, he'd just have to stay for observation for a while, he'd asked the principal to tell me what had happened and to go stay with our neighbours tonight, and that they'd take me to see him tomorrow... I was pretty weirded out. It all just came outta nowhere. The bell rang, I packed my stuff, my classmates all hovered around asking useless questions like "are you ok" and I couldn't wait to get outta there.

I was halfway home before I remembered what I'd been doing before the principal called me out to the hallway.

Had I packed away the letter?? The eraser??? I stopped behind a tree and looked through my whole backpack... nothing. Oh my God. Had they still been there when I came back in? Had I just left them? Maybe they just got knocked to the floor and the letter got crumpled up and would end up in the trash when the janitor came. But what if one of my classmates got it? What if mr. Ashford did? No, that would be too big of a coincidence. I was sure it'd just gotten lost somehow.

I got to John and Gina's and they were warm and welcoming as ever. I'd known them since I was born and they were basically family, slightly too young to be the grandparents I'd never had, but they acted like it anyway. Gina had cooked my favourite meal (spaghetti!) and insisted I have some of the home made chocolate pudding she always makes me, but I wasn't really hungry and it only made them more cuddly and worried. I couldn't exactly tell them I wasn't just upset about my dad though!

They let me stay up late and snuggle on the couch while we watched a movie, and I must have dozed off because the next thing I knew I woke myself up with soft moaning sounds. I'd only opened my eyes a crack before I realized where I was and what was happening.

John had been behind me on the couch, sharing a blanket with me, and Gina was on her own one seater recliner, asleep - I must have been dreaming about James or mr. Ashford, because in my sleep I'd started grinding my butt into John's crotch. Oops...

Except... I felt a bulge. Was John... turned on??

I couldn't believe I was even considering this, but seriously, I was ALWAYS horny and the one thing I wanted more than anything was cock... so I pretended to be asleep and kept rubbing up on John. I was pressed against him so closely at this point that his lips were touching my ear, and his breathing got steadily more laboured. I don't know what it was about the sound of his soft grunting, but in that moment I became determined to make him cum no matter what. I shifted a little and groaned as though I was dreaming, angling my butt up so the bulge in his boxers would fall just under it and become nestled between my legs, tilting my torso sideways and arching my back so my rock hard little nips would poke through the fabric of my sleep shirt. Wriggling around his bulge I moved my arm to his side and found his forearm, stroking it and moving towards his hand. John froze, but I gave no indication of being awake, and his heavy breathing soon started up again.

I gently took his hand and moved it to my hip, murmuring something nonsensical, and started moving it down towards the front of my panties. And when he first made contact with the very obviously damp crotch, his breath caught in his throat and he groaned.

Finally he got the hint and placed a finger along the fold in the center of my panties, and started softly stroking. Ohhh God it felt incredible to have someone else touch me, my hips started moving back and forth towards his hand and back to his bulge and my juices started flowing more than ever.

I moved my hand back behind me and reached for his bulge, and once again he froze - his hand shot away from my pussy and to my wrist, trying to stop me. But my continued grinding made him falter, and as his grip relaxed, I moved his hand back to my pussy and very openly and obviously reached for his bulge again, caressing it before pulling his boxers slightly down.

He whispered. "Jas... are you awake?" I no longer cared and opened my eyes, looked at him biting my lower lip, and reached into his boxers, grasping his incredibly hard cock and guiding it out.

"Jas, what are you doing??"

"Shh. You'll wake Gina."

That shut him up alright. She was still asleep, but her recliner was almost facing us, and all she'd have to do was open her eyes to see something was going on. Or maybe she wouldn't know. We were moving very slowly, and the blanket covered us. He could stop and maybe get away with it. So I started pulling my shirt up, exposing my rock hard nips and guiding his other arm, the one I was laying on, towards them. He gulped and started to paw at me, softly squeezing and flicking. I pushed the blanket down, exposing his hand's work on my panties, hearing him groan at the sight, and I reached back again.

His cock felt so hard under the skin, but so soft on the outside... I aimed it back down between my legs and reached back to his hand on my pussy, moving my panties to the side.

Finally feeling his skin on mine, his fingers softly and easily burrowing between my slippery lips, shooting incredible shocks through me with every touch of my button. I began thrusting my hips again, now feeling my slippery pussy slide along the outside of his hard shaft, coating him in my juices, jerking him off between my legs, moving more frantically the closer I got to cumming, wanting to feel it inside me... My shirt up and blanket down, panties to the side, all Gina had to do was open her eyes and she'd see us completely exposed, her husband draped around my basically naked body, his hand pawing at my nips and his fingers slipping and sliding on my pussy, the wet shiny head of his cock poking through to the front of my crotch and grazing my clitty.

Me intentionally tilting my pussy up to him on one of the strokes, before moving back again and feeling the head of his hot cock pressed up against the entrance of my tight little hole.

Again, his hand on my hip, stopping me from going further. Me pushing back ever so slowly anyway. The head of his cock stretching my opening and finally, with a slight pop, entering me. I froze at the incredible sensation - even just the tip of a penis inside me felt hotter than anything I'd ever experienced before. I felt my pussy squeezing around the throbbing head, like it wanted to pull it in deeper, and as John groaned hotly in my ear, I soon got the idea and started purposely using my pussy muscles to squeeze him more.

We were completely holding still, but inside me my pussy was jerking him off and trying to suck him deep into me, and he gripped my hip tightly. "Jas... stop.... please...." Oh God his groans were incredibly hot, I was so close to cumming... and I kept squeezing him... massaging his cock with my silky little hole... hearing his breathing turn erratic... feeling his cock swell up inside me... and as he began to cum into me, I came too, feeling happier than ever before, feeling almost satisied. Almost.

**Chapter 5:**

John had slunk off to bed right after it happened, and hadn't spoken to me all morning other than minimal formalities. I was sorry he was so bothered by what had happened, but mainly just annoyed that he hadn't been willing to really fuck me deeply, let me taste him, satisfy all the urges I'd had for so long. It all just felt like one big tease to me, and very unfair. I still had my cherry, for chrissake! Of course I knew I'd come on to him, and that he felt like a molester, and that he was married... But I was sex crazed, and none of those things really mattered anymore in my mind. I just wanted the itch finally scratched.

So I found some lame excuse to get mad and storm off to school. In retrospect, poor John probably thought I was mad he "took advantage" of me. He still tries to avoid me. God I was frustrated that day. I stopped twice on my way to school and furiously rubbed my pussy to orgasm, once on the path in the woods and once behind a bus stop where cars could have seen me. I couldn't stop thinking about the feeling of that head stretching my little hole, of the hot cum pumping into me. I was obsessed and distracted as hell all day.

Even in history class, believe it or not. Despite my favourite teacher sitting just a few feet away from me, all I could do was stare out the window and wish the throbbing heat between my legs would go away. Apparently he was paying attention, though, because after the bell rang and I packed my things, he stopped me and waited for my classmates to leave.

"Jasmine, are you alright?"

"Yes, sir, I'm fine."

"You seem awfully distracted today."

"I'm sorry sir."

"Your father is doing well?"

"He's just under observation."

"I see. Jasmine, I'm concerned about you."

"I really am fine, sir."

"I'm sure, but do me a favour and come see me later this afternoon anyway."

"Sir? School's out."

"At my house, Jasmine."

This confused me so much all I could do was mumble my agreement. On my way back home I started to wonder. The conversation had been about my dad, and I'd obviously seemed bothered in class. That's what it would be about, right? It couldn't be about the letter, could it? He hadn't seemed to be acting strange, had he?

I went home intending to log on for a while and chat to James - no such luck, he was offline. I sat in my window seat and tried to read for a while, but wasn't having much luck focusing - and when I saw John mowing his lawn, I was washed over with frustration again and gave up entirely. For the next hour, all I did was sit there working myself up into a worried frenzy. Every possible horrible outcome of the meeting, and even some impossible ones, played through my mind. By the time I was due to leave for mr. Ashford's place, I was an emotional wreck.

I headed to mr. Ashford's and stopped at a bench one block away from his house. I was nervous. Really, REALLY nervous. I knew I was going to be late, but for ten minutes I couldn't bring myself to get moving again. My life would be over if he knew! My phone vibrated.

SMS message: Take your panties off before you go in, sweetheart. No matter what happens, you won't stress as much knowing you're not wearing undies. You'd be surprised how much a little secret like that can take the pressure off a situation ;) good luck baby.

James! Thank God! He'd read the offline messages I'd left for him and come to my rescue.

And a rescue it was, because even just thinking about it made me grin and completely shifted my mood from terrified to mischievous. I took a quick look around to make sure the coast was clear, reached under my skirt and slipped out of my panties, quickly tucking them in my blazer pocket.

As I walked (almost skipped, the breeze on my pussy felt really naughty and nice) up to mr. Ashford's porch, I felt another pang of dread but quickly rang the doorbell anyway.

"Jasmine. You're late."

He looked serious. Seriously concerned or seriously annoyed, I couldn't tell.

"I'm sorry, sir."

"Follow me."

He made a pitstop at the kitchen and offered me an orange juice, then led me to his study and sat down behind his desk, indicating for me to take a seat on the sofa. Was he trying to look professional or just putting distance between us? I made a point of bending over to put my drink down, making the hem of my skirt ride dangerously high, before sitting down.

"Jasmine, there's something I'd like to discuss with you, and I wanted this conversation to take place away from school because I want you to understand that I have no intention of letting this interfere with your academic career, if it can be avoided. I'm on your side here, do you understand?"

What? Remember, no panties. I tried to focus on my pussy, knowing that if his viewing angle was slightly lower he'd be able to see up my skirt and between my legs. Mmmm.

"No, sir, I don't."

"Jasmine, let's not play games."

Thunk. Thunk. Thunk. He was toying with a worn pink eraser as he spoke, tapping it on the desk as he twiddled it.

MY eraser. Oh crap...

"I... I'm not playing any game, sir."

My eraser. Coated in my juices. Being touched by his fingers. Mmmm...

"Jasmine, we both know why you're here. I found your note, and I'm very concerned. Do you understand that if this became official school business there would be serious consequences? What you wrote was... Incredibly inappropriate. Now I understand that you're going through a difficult time with your father in hospital, but I believe you wrote this before that particular incident."

"Yes, sir."

I hung my head and tried to look contrite, but the reality of the situation really wasn't sinking in at all. The only thing I could think of was... Here I am... Alone with mr. Ashford in his house... my pussy secretly exposed...

"Now Jasmine, I also understand that a girl your age goes through certain developments and feelings. And while they all may be very normal and even healthy, it's important to also learn to control them. Poor decisions at this stage can severely impact your life, and forever, Jasmine. It's only natural for a girl to explore these things, but you are simply not mature enough to act on them in any way or communicate them to any other person in this manner. There are people that are all too willing to take advantage of you and you simply must learn to avoid these situations until you are more grown up."

I looked up, unbelieving, beginning to feel angry.

"Sir, with all due respect, how grown up am I? Do you even know me?"

"Jasmine, I've been a teacher for 28 years and I've seen countless young women like you-"

I stood up and cut him off.

"Like me? You think I'm just like everyone else? You DON'T know me. You don't know the FIRST THING about me. I can make my own decisions, because I'm more mature than you think, mr. Ashford."

"That's what every little girl thinks, but-"

"Little girl?!?"

I walked over to the side of his desk.

"I am NOT a little girl."

"Jasmine... I know you think you know it all, but you are confusing fantasy with reality, letting your daydreams carry you too far. I'm sure some things are fun to dream about, but do you honestly think you'd be ready to carry them out in the real world? It's not what you imagine it to be, and you don't have the strength of character for situations like those yet."

I eyed him silently for a few seconds.

"Wanna bet?"

I placed my hand on my thigh, slowly trailing my fingers upwards, pulling the hem of my skirt up as I went, watching his eyes blink rapidly as he tried to decide what to say to "snap me out of it". The side of my skirt held up to my hip, the fabric still covering my bare pussy, I slowly raised my exposed leg and moved it over his lap, placing my foot on the far armrest of his chair and leaning my butt on the edge of the desk in front of him, sliding on it until I was positioned directly in front of him. I began to raise my other leg to his other armrest, trapping him.

"Jasmine..."

I ignored him and leaned back on his desk, pulling my skirt up to my waist slowly, closing my eyes and knowing he could see everything, trailing a finger up my inner thigh right in front of his shocked face, teasing myself. Circling my pussy, softly petting the slit, sighing at every touch. He was frozen.

"Right here, mr. Ashford. This is where I imagine you touching me, this is where I dream of your cock sliding, probing around, looking for its way into my body..."

He'd moved closer, I knew that even with my eyes closed. I could feel his hot breath on my pussy.

"Mmmmmm. Look at me, mr. Ashford. I'm right in front of your face, completely open, waiting. Look at how wet I am, listen to the slick sounds of my finger dipping into my hot little hole and spreading my slickness around my throbbing little button. Touch it for me, mr. Ashford. Please, sir. Touch my little pussy."

I felt his breath on my leg, and then him kissing my inner thigh, his hand running softly up my other thigh and then finally touching me, his fingers sliding onto my pussy lips, spreading me open and gazing at my pussy, one rough finger gently landing on my desperate clitty, beginning to slowly circle my button... And stopping.

"No... We can't... What am I doing…"

He began to pull away and I quickly reached down, grabbing his hand and pressing it onto me and gyrating my hips, masturbating myself with his lifeless palm, moaning "Please sir... I need this so bad... Please let me cum..."

He groaned. "Ohhhhh God." He grabbed my wrist, pushed it roughly away and took my hips in his hands, pulling me closer. He seemed to suddenly GROWL and all I felt was the softest hottest wettest feeling I could ever have imagined. He had his lips around the top half of my pussy and was sucking on it, pulling my clitty into his mouth and lapping at it with his tongue, grunting the entire time. It hadn't been more than a few seconds before I grabbed him by the hair, grinding my pussy into his face, moaning "Ohhhhhh yessssss mr. Ashford I'm cummingggggg in your mouthhhhh ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh", thrashing and spasming against his lips and tongue as I felt him moan his "Mmmmmmmmhh"s loudly into me and slurp madly while my pussy flooded his lips and tongue with my cum.

He kept licking and sucking at me even as my orgasm subsided, and I wondered for a few seconds why it felt like he was bouncing, until I leaned on my elbows and saw him jerking off furiously, with his mouth still latched onto my dripping pussy. It was so incredibly hot to see his face buried between my legs, his eyes dreamily half closed, slurping and grunting like a starving man while he stroked his cock. I softly stroked his hair and watched as he made contented "mmmmmh" noises into my pussy, suckling at me like a baby, drinking in my juices and working my clitty to make more.

I almost let him continue, but I slid away from his head, his expression of horror almost comical until he realized I was just sliding down off the desk and between his legs, taking him by the wrist as he had done to me and pushing his hand roughly away from his cock so I could take over.

My first close up of a real cock, and my God it looked delicious. It twitched slightly with his pulse and looked strained to capacity with the blood filling it, precum oozing freely from the tip. I took it in my hand and was again amazed at the silky feel of the skin, then tilted my head sideways and sank down to the base of the shaft, placing soft kisses and licks on the underside as I worked my way upwards to the head. His knuckles were white from gripping his armrests and he sounded like an animal now, huffing and grunting as he stared down at me working on his cock.

I fluttered a soft kiss on the tip and snaked my tongue out, giving the head a little lick and pulling back, his precum visibly stringing from his cock to my tongue. I brought my tongue into my mouth and closed my eyes, savouring my second taste of precum. Opening my eyes again I looked up and stared ferociously into his eyes, before growling myself and engulfing the head between my soft warm lips and suckling on it gently while lapping at it with my tongue, making him groan and place a gentle hand on top of my head.

I was in heaven with my mouth full of cock, and so hot I felt like I was going to cum again without so much as touching myself. I reached down and began running my fingers in an upside down V-shape between my pussy lips, placing my clitty between them and pinching them together, massaging it while worshiping this delicious cock, moaning on his hot meat as I fingered myself to the blowjob I was giving.

I circled the head with my tongue inside my mouth and licked at the underside, using my tongue to pull him deeper into my mouth, engulfing more and more of his hard shaft as he dug his fingers into my hair, wanting to taste more, to feel more, sucking and licking and sinking down. Until he was at the back of my throat and I felt like gagging, but God I didn't want to let go, not now, not when I finally had a cock inside at least one of my hungry holes.

And he didn't want me to pull back either, he pushed my head further down and raised his hips up to meet me, and all I could think to do was swallow, working my throat muscles around his throbbing meat and taking it all the way into my mouth, feeling him penetrating my throat, my lips reaching the very base of his shaft and still sucking, licking, swallowing, moaning, fingering...

Feeling him pull back slightly and push forward again hard, in longer and longer strokes until he was thrusting almost all the way out of my mouth and into my throat again. Fucking my mouth and throat hard and growling as he whispered to me.

"Yessss.... you little whore... take it... Take my cock... Ohhhh God let me fuck those soft little cherry lips... taste my cock... Drink my cum you little slut... Ohhhh fuck I'm cumming deep in your hungry little whore mouth, I'm cumming, take my hot cream..."

And me cumming hard all over my hand at these words, hearing him roar as he came, flooding my lips and tongue and throat with his delicious creamy cum, and me swallowing, sucking, licking, swallowing, cumming, cumming, swallowing, swallowing...

**Chapter 6:**

As I guess I should have expected, as soon as mr. Ashford had blown his load in my hungry mouth, everything changed back. He wouldn't let me near him, wouldn't look at me, kept apologizing like I hadn't enjoyed it. He even had tears in his eyes when he asked me to please forgive him and please leave. Nothing I could do could convince him to give me what I needed most. Very frustrating.

I went home. I couldn't face another night at John and Gina's and just dropped a note through their mail slot informing them I'd be at home and I was old enough to look after myself. All I wanted to do was take a long quiet soak in the hot tub.I got in the tub before filling it and laid down on my back, letting the water level slowly rise around me, filling my ears and making the world silent.

My hands absently caressed my body and pinched my nips. The water level rose enough to start tickling my pussy, and I thought back to how it had felt to have my clitty in mr. Ashford's mouth. My hand traveled lower and played with the water streaming from the faucet, angling a small drizzle from the stream towards my clitty. The way he'd taken me into his mouth, sucked me in, licked me like he'd wanted to devour me...

I scooched my butt down and raised my legs to the edges of the tub, letting the stream of water fall directly on my burning button. With my eyes closed, I thought back to his rock hard cock throbbing on my tongue... And to John's cock, teasing just the entrance to my little hole... Why hadn't they let me keep going? Why wouldn't anyone just fuck me deeply? All I wanted was to be filled... completely...

My hips writhed under the stream, making the water land sometimes on my clitty and other times my hot little opening, teasing me but not penetrating. Frustrated, I turned on the jets - ohhh. A strong beam of water shot itself into my little hole, opening me about as far as John had, the tap still streaming on my clitty, reminding me of being sucked by mr. Ashford and almost-fucked by John at the same time... Why didn't they want me? What was wrong with me? And as I came, I cried.

An hour later, James was trying unsuccessfully to cheer me up.

James: Come on, sweet pea. Drop that silly towel and make your sweet pussy giggle for Jamesy ;)

slippery\_lil\_clitty: yeah right. So you can get weird on me too?

James: You know I'd never do that, honey. You have to understand that not all men are like them, and that they do want you. They're just afraid.

slippery\_lil\_clitty: HA. THEY're afraid?? Good one. I thought they were supposed to be the allknowing adults and I was the stupid idiot.

James: Sweetheart, listen. You're not stupid. You know that if they got caught it would ruin their lives. It's not about not wanting you, it's about not being sure you won't tell on them, that it's not a trap. Society doesn't think someone like you should be having sex, and rightly so. Most girls your age are absolutely not ready for this, and anyone that takes advantage of that is a monster. How do you expect them to know you're different? They're just scared you'll change your mind and tell on them.

slippery\_lil\_clitty: you think I'd do that?

James: Of course not. But they don't know you like I do, sweetie.

slippery\_lil\_clitty: great. Then why don't you fuck me?

James: I'm trying :p

slippery\_lil\_clitty: no. I mean for real. Why don't you?

James: Oh honey. You know my situation. I can't just pick up and leave for a day with no explanation to my wife. Don't you think I wish I could?

slippery\_lil\_clitty: but if you could, or if I was there, you really would?

James: God, a thousand times YES. You have no idea how beautiful you are, I wouldn't be able to keep my hands off you, or my cock out of you. So how about it, can I see that lovely smile now?

I smirked a little despite myself, but quickly wiped the grin off my face.

slippery\_lil\_clitty: I'm too mad to smile.

James: So... Don't get mad, get even ;)

slippery\_lil\_clitty: what, tease them half to death until they're as miserable as I am?

James: I don't know about your teacher, but I know at least one guy whose bedroom window faces yours...

slippery\_lil\_clitty: so?

James: Put the laptop on your desk, facing the window, and sit in your window seat.

I frowned. What did he have in mind? I decided to just go with it and do as he said. This was James after all, and he'd never steered me wrong before. Listening to James always meant surprisingly happy outcomes. So I got comfortable on my wide cusioned windowsill, between the window and the laptop.

James: Perfect. Now just do as I say, no need to type. Ok?

I started to reach over to type back, but caught myself in time and just nodded.

James: Hehe, exactly. Now unwrap your towel and drape it lightly over yourself, just covering your nips and between your legs.

I looked out the window - no lights on on the visible side of John and Gina's house. I unwrapped myself and draped the towel over my nips, guiding the tail end between my slightly spread legs.

James: reach under the towel with your left hand and pinch your nips softly, your other hand under the towel on your pussy. Tease yourself, baby. Slowly. Match my rhythm.

His cam view moved down to where his hand was agonizingly slowly stroking his gorgeous cock, close up so it filled my entire screen, larger than life. As I watched and petted my soft pussy lips, I couldn't help but get into whatever this was. I still didn't know what the point of the window seat was, but whatever it was it was working, I was as hot and bothered as ever in no time flat.

We languidly enjoyed each other's bodies like this for at least half an hour, teasing but not cumming, before James typed again.

James: Don't look now, but your neighbour's curtain just fluttered. Wait a few minutes and turn your head slowly with your eyes half closed, tell me if you can see him peeking out from behind it. Don't let him know you saw him yet.

My heart raced. It wouldn't be Gina, she was infamous for passing out on her recliner and only waking up at 3am to go upstairs to bed. If someone was there, it would be John. I tried my hardest to calm down and continue what I was doing, slowly turning my head with my eyes half closed.

At first there appeared to be nothing, and I actually felt disappointed. But then, a glint - John's glasses, without a doubt. He was there, and he was watching. Oh my God. I equally slowly turned my head back to the laptop and gave the cam a meaningful look and slight nod.

James: Good. Match my pace, honey. Just a little faster - the towel should start to slide down, don't stop it when it does.

James' strokes increased in speed, and my petting followed suit. He was right, the towel soon started to slip down from my chest, exposing first one rock hard nipple to the harsh glow of the nearby streetlight, then the other.

James: Pretend you're still playing with yourself, but use your lower hand to pull the towel down bit by bit until it's just covering your mound.

I somehow successfully managed it, and now almost all of me was visible through the window. Still a glint. John hadn't left.

James: Hold your hand slightly above your pussy and raise your hips towards it. Ride your hand honey, and keep moving it higher and higher.

I'd barely started following this instruction before the towel slipped off entirely. I was completely exposed, masturbating in full view of both James and John. I moaned and bit my lips at the thought, ready to explode.

James: I know that look. Don't cum yet, baby. Time to really get this show started. Get on your knees facing the window. Pretend you're just looking at your own reflection. Kiss it, french kiss it, press yourself up against it. Try to fuck your reflection. You can see the laptop reflected in the window - when you see my next message pop up, turn around again.

Delirious, I obeyed. I got on my knees facing the cold glass, looked it up and down and nuzzled it, kissed it. Pressing up against it it grazed my sensitive hard nips and I moaned at the sensation, fogging up the glass with my breath and feeling my hips buck, my little mound bumping the glass. Spreading my thighs to slide down, feeling my mound dragging on the glass, pulling my clitty up, rubbing it on my own reflected clitty. Repeating the movement more and more intensely, masturbating fully on the window now... And there was the message. I turned my head.

James: Put the laptop on the window seat, next to your head. Lie down. Show him how you lick and suck a cock.

His hands dropped away from the screen, just his cock remained. And I went to work, licking my own laptop screen but imagining his cock. Trailing my tongue all over it, kissing and sucking as best I could.

James: God baby that reflection looks so fucking hot I can almost feel your mouth on me. Get on your knees and put the laptop between your legs with the screen just behind your butt.

What? Oh fuck it, just do it. As I placed the laptop on the window seat facing the window and began to straddle it, I saw my own reflection and the reflection of the laptop - oh wow.

James' cock was huge on the screen, and I appeared to be straddling it.

I quivered as I watched him start to thrust upwards on the screen, the reflection looking like he was pushing into me. I began to mirror his movements, sinking down on each of his upward thrusts, fingering my clitty and pinching my nips as I watched myself being "fucked", the image so vivid I could almost feel it.

A twitch in John's curtain, a rapid movement near the bottom - he emerged from behind the fabric and faced the window. He was stroking his cock and watching me! I was so ready to cum, and James' balls were drawing tight as they always did just before he came, and...

Both my men, cumming at once, one aimed into my starving pussy and the other coating his window with his cream in front of my face, me licking my window in the places the cum was landing on his, imagining the taste, cumming hard with both of them, and feeling dizzy and blacking out for a few seconds - actually almost fainting from the pleasure of this strangely distant threesome.

I knew it hadn't been real, and that the whole thing had even been a little silly, but I was happier. John did want me. And James, bless him. Even from afar he'd been there for me and helped me to make John jealous. He really was an amazing friend.

I decided then. James had been the one to accept me when no one else would. He'd advised and taught me things about myself and others that I'd never known. He was there for me no matter what crappy situation I found myself in. He should be the one to pop my cherry.

**Chapter 7:**

For the next day or two I tried to convince him to visit me, but he kept insisting he couldn't. He didn't have an excuse to give his wife. His stupid wife that wouldn't even fuck him anymore. He was giving up having sex with me, having anything he wanted from me, just to keep that stupid selfish bitch happy. He just couldn't get away. I eventually stormed offline and stopped replying to his texts, I was that pissed.

But just because he couldn't come to me didn't mean I couldn't go to him, right?

I was home alone and unsupervised! I could easily sneak out for days and my dad wouldn't know, he was in the hospital. John wouldn't come check on me, he was being weird. And all I had to do to get out of school was call mr. Ashford and tell him to make sure I got the day off, and he'd be too scared I'd rat him out to say no.

So I looked up James' address and hopped a train. It was 1am when I finally got to my stop, and wandering the streets at night in a strange place was kinda spooky. After walking around for an hour and starting to think I was lost, I finally found James' street, and then his house. But what was I gonna do, ring the doorbell?

I was almost convinced this had been a really stupid idea until I remembered a chat we'd had weeks earlier about how he'd forgotten his keys and spent an hour waiting for his wife to get home, only to be reminded that they kept a spare in a fake rock next to the porch. The rock was easy to find even in the dark, but now what?

I decided I'd come all this way and might as well sneak in and try to get James' attention without alerting his wife. I stuck the key in the door and cringed when the hinge squeaked a little, but nothing happened and the house stayed dark and quiet. So I snuck up the stairs and started looking for James' bedroom.

There it was. The door was open, and they were both in the bed, asleep. She had her back turned to him. Of course. What a total complete bitch. She'd even called him stupid that time he forgot they had a spare key. And what girl lets a guy (and a cock) like James just go to waste and never fucks him?? Man I hated her.

I don't know why I did what I did next, but I tiptoed into the room and to the foot of their bed, and stripped. I lifted the covers at the bottom of the bed and crawled under them on James' side, sliding up his body until my face reached his boxers.

I put my hand on the crotch and pawed at him softly, feeling the outline of his soft cock under the thin fabric, kissing the swell in the material, reaching into the flap to grip him and guide his cock out, stroking it and feeling it begin to twitch and swell in my hand.

He groaned. But didn't move. I stroked him to a full erection and gasped at how much bigger it looked up close. I couldn't resist anymore and engulfed the head between my hot wet lips, suckling and sliding them up and down his shaft the way he'd taught me to. He groaned again and stirred, and I watched as his hand reached over to his wife and under her nightgown, fingering her but apparently still asleep. I was sure she'd wake up, but she just moaned and opened her legs to grant his hand better access. He must have thought she was doing this...

I held his hard cock still in my mouth, feeling the pulse on my tongue, suckling on it softly like a baby bottle, and watched as his hand moved more intensely on his wife's pussy, fingering her deeply... And she began moving her hips, fucking his fingers, still asleep. It didn't look like it would wake her up after all.

I couldn't wait any longer and slid my body further up his, finally placing my knees on both sides of him and sitting upright, his cock sticking up proudly in front of my pussy, reaching up almost to my chest. I raised myself up a little and began stroking his shaft with my pussy lips, coating him with my wetness, stroking my clitty along his hot cock.

He opened his eyes, blinked a few times, and jerked half upright.

"JASMINE WHAT..."

I quickly put my hand over his mouth and gestured at him to shush, but his wife was already getting restless - he'd stopped fingering her. I quickly took his hand and guided it to her pussy, but he looked at me like I was insane and pulled away. So I started to stroke her clit, and as she fell back into a peaceful murmuring hip thrust, he finally got the idea and added his hand to mine, sinking his fingers back into her while I continued to tease her clit.

As we masturbated his wife together, I looked down at the place his cock met my pussy and looked back up at him questioningly, and he followed my gaze and stared, softly groaning and looking up at me with a nod.

And so I rose up until I was positioned above him, his swollen head pressed up against the entrance to my hot little hole, and sank down, feeling the pressure of his smooth slippery head on my smooth slippery entrance, both lubricated but still having to push and stretch painfully, and finally my pussy enveloped him to just below the head. I groaned and held still for a moment, getting used to this new feeling (he was bigger than John had been), feeling my pussy spasm around him as it slowly relaxed to accomodate the invader.

When it felt perfectly nestled inside me, I pushed down further. There it was. My cherry.

And the pressure I was putting on it with James' cock stung. It hurt more the harder I pushed, but I NEEDED him inside me. I moved back up, closed my eyes, and sat down hard - and a searing pain ripped through me as I impaled myself, his cock sliding into me deeper than anything had gone before.

He whispered to me to stop, to take it slow, but I no longer cared about the pain. I was only halfway and I needed him to FILL me, my pussy was squeezing and pulling at his cock like it was a matter of life or death, and I kept pushing through the pain, impaling my tiny tight hole on his huge gorgeous cock until there was nothing left of it that wasn't buried inside my tiny body.

My pussy was spasming crazily around his cock now and I started sliding up and down his shaft, my pussy muscles squeezing and jerking him off, pulling at him and milking him, feeling like I was still empty even when he was buried to the hilt, even when I looked down as I fucked him and saw his enormous cock disappear into me entirely, saw it making my tummy swell each time it went in. I needed more. My greedy little pussy was hungry for his cum, and when he told me to stop or he'd explode, it just milked him harder, trying to suck every drop out of him and drink it deep into my unprotected little body.

I couldn't stop. I was going to cum on his incredible cock and there was nothing in the world that could make me stop now. Finally I was being fucked. Finally I'd get filled.

All the while he was still fingering his wife, but watching me - and I kept stroking her clit, but watching him. And she was about to cum. She was going to cum, oblivious to the fact that the hands that were bringing her to orgasm were her husband's and his lover's, that as she was blissfully ignorantly asleep and cumming on our combined fingers, he was buried inside a young girl, in her own marital bed...

"Cum inside me... please... please.... I... I need... please... cum... cummmmmm...."

I don't know who started it, but all three of us exploded then. His wife moaning loudly and coating our intertwined hands in her juices, unknowingly blessing our union as her husband pumped my tiny hole full of the creamy cum that rightfully belonged to her, should have been hers, my pussy spasming and contracting and milking his cock for more, drinking every drop in deeply as it fluttered on his cock with its own cumming kisses.

**Chapter 8:**

Which brings us to now. I just got back and I still have his load buried inside me. I stuffed my panties into my little ravaged hole to keep the cum in. And I felt satisfied. For a while. But already it's not enough. I need more.

I told you earlier that I'll always wonder if the people I meet have read this. Maybe you'll do the same. Now that you know about me, maybe you'll wonder if that's me walking down the street tomorrow, or sitting across from you on the train. Maybe it will be me. And maybe you can help me quench my thirst, just for a while.

But until you come along, I have to find a way to scratch this itch again, and soon.

Daddy gets discharged from the hospital today...

END