**The Twins: Going to See Daddy**

by Knightwolf (OddR)

We were both so excited to finally be heading to the airport. Yesterday was the last day of 7th grade and we were finally getting to go see Dad. During the school year Sara and I lived with Mom in New York City but we got to spend the summer with Dad on his ranch in Texas. We'd done this every summer for five years, ever since their divorce.

As usual, Mom had packed our suitcases. She "disapproved" of Dad's choice of clothes, so she always made sure to pack anything we might need. Plenty of long skirts and "proper" blouses. Shorts had to reach the knees and our swimsuits looked like something from 1925! She didn't know that Sara and I had managed to buy special outfits for the trip and buried then inside our carry-on.

We walked into the airport with Mom, wearing matching knee-length khaki shorts and white button down shirts. With hardly a word of farewell Sara and I walked through security towards our gate. With all the new security procedures, Mom couldn't come with us into the terminal. We were free at last! I think Mom was as glad to get rid of us as we were of her!

Without hesitation we walked immediately to the ladies room, stripped completely nude, and began digging into our carry-ons.

Two ladies washing their hands stared at us with eyes of ice before marching out like two wet hens.

Alone in the restroom I stared at my nude twin. She was gorgeous. We each weighed 88 pounds. Our breasts were just beginning to bud, small and firm, about the size of plumbs. Our pussies were almost bald, just a thin layer of light brown hair. Mom didn't let us sunbathe, so our skin was snow white.

We pulled our dresses out and slipped them on. Our dresses were exactly what we wanted: incredibly sexy but not quite sluttish.

We wore matching white sundresses. A thin, almost invisible string went from the top and tied behind our necks. The bodice fit tight like a corset. Tiny pearl buttons ran up the center from the hips to our breasts. Although the neckline was low and swooping, we made it more interesting by cutting the top two buttons completely off. Anyone looking down at us would easily see almost our entire breasts. The material was just this side of shear. You could see the barest suggestion of our hardening nipples. Just below the hips the skirt flared out and hung loose. And short. Very short. Standing up straight, it hung exactly one and a half inches below our bare buns. The material was so light that it danced and swayed with every movement, every breeze, every hint of a breeze. Sitting forced the dresses up in the back so that there was nothing between our asses and the seat. Stretching our arms above our heads pulled the skirts up so that you could see our bare pussies.

We were stunning. Just one more thing. We quickly put our long brown hair into double pony tails. Perfect. We were every man's Lolita wet dream: 13 year old sex machines.

Giggling, we grabbed our bags and ran to the terminal.

We got there just as they were announcing the last call for boarding. Handing our boarding passes to the attendant (who looked like his eyes were about to fall out of his head), we took each other's hand and skipped down the passageway to the plane.

The plane was full and we didn't have assigned seats. That meant we'd have to separate.

I stopped next to a middle-aged businessman with his tie half undone sitting in an aisle seat with an empty seat next to him. I opened the overhead bin. It was almost full, but not quite. Just enough room for my little backpack. I strained to push it up, feeling my skirt rising, but couldn't quite get it. Impulsively I stepped up on the armrest, balanced precariously, then to keep from falling I stepped across and put my other foot on the armrest across the aisle.

Straddling the aisle with my dress rising halfway up my hips exposing my bare ass and pussy to the entire plane, I leaned across and shoved my backpack into the bin and slammed it shut. I stood there for a second and noticed everyone in front of me staring. I looked down at Mr. Businessman who, for some reason, wasn't exactly looking at my face.

Turning towards my seat, I dove/fell forward. My head went into the empty seat, my knees into the man's lap (I was careful to catch myself with my hands coming down so that I didn't really land on him), and my ass sticking up three inches from his nose, the skirt flipped up on my back.

"Excuse me sir," I stammered. "Didn't mean to fall like that."

Laughing, I rolled over, exposing my bare pussy to his bulging eyes (and pants), then sat up, pulling my legs off of his lap.

By now the steward (we had a man, not a woman - how cool is that?) had made his way to me.

"Miss, is everything alright?" he asked. By the way his eyes were glued to my still exposed pussy I knew that the stories of all stewards being gay was definitely wrong!

"Yessir! I'm fine!" I grinned at him.

"I can see that," he replied. "Please call me if you need anything."

Sitting up, I felt the rough texture of the seat on my ass. I had decided that I wouldn't touch my skirt for the entire flight. Wherever it went it is where it would stay.

"I'm sorry sir," I said, turning to Mr. Businessman. I grabbed his arm and leaned into him. "I hope I didn't hurt you. Are you OK?"

"Sure. Sure. I'm fine. Nnnno... Nnnno problem at all," he stammered.

"Well I hope not," I said, smiling innocently. "I'd hate to damage anything important." I leaned over and patted his lap gently, feeling a steel rod hiding under his zipper.

I curled a bare leg under me and turned toward him as though preparing for a long conversation. My hand slid from his lap up to his arm, which was on the armrest between us.

"Where ya' headed?" I asked, as brightly as I could.

I watched his eyes as he turned and looked at me. They met mine, then traveled slowly down my face, my neck, by body, and then stopped at my hips. One leg was bent under me, the other dangled off the seat, and my dress was bunched around my waist. My pussy was completely exposed and open to his gaze.

"Where ya' headed?" I repeated.

"Huh? Oh. Dallas. Business trip," he replied.

"Really? I'm going to spend the summer with my dad. He and my mom divorced a few years ago. God I miss him! I only see him during the summer. The rest of the time I have to stay with my mom. I bought this dress just for him. Do you think he'll like it? It's a little short but he really likes them short. The shorter the better he always says. So do you think he'll like it?" I prattled.

"Uhhh. Yea. Yes. I think he will," he replied, still staring at my open pussy.

It was all I could do not to laugh. Men are so easy to control!

"Do you think so too?"

"What? Think what?" he replied, finally tearing his eyes off my crotch.

"Why the shorter the better, silly!" I laughed, hugging his arm and leaning against him.

"Sure," he replied. "The shorter the better!" He looked at me and grinned.

The plane began to move and the fasten seat belt sign blinked on.

I reached behind me and pulled out the two pieces and tried vainly to connect them, always missing the slot.

"Sir, would you help me with this? I never can figure out how to buckle these things. I keep missing the slit!"

"Sure. But you're going to have to sit right for me to tighten it," he said.

I lifted my ass up and pulled my foot out from under it, making sure that my pussy winked right at him. I plopped my leg down but kept them apart.

Taking the buckle he snapped it into place. Then he pulled on the strap, tightening it against my lap and trapping my dress up behind it. As the buckle slid up against me his fingers absentmindedly slid up my slit.

"Thank you, sir. You've obviously had lots of experience with buckles. I bet you never miss the slit," I said.

He grinned, embarrassed. "Well, I try to connect every slit I see," he said.

"My name's Rebecca," I said. "But everyone calls me Becky."

"Well Becky, it's good to meet you. I'm Joe."

I love playing with a man's mind. This was a blast!

"God! I hate flying. Especially taking off. I'm always afraid we're just gonna run right off the end of the runway. I don't fly a lot. Just to and from Texas to see my dad in the summer. I bet you fly bunches. Does it bother you?" I was doing my best imitation of a scatterbrained teenage airhead. And quite successfully it seemed.

He reached over and took my hand.

"Now Becky," he consoled, "there's really nothing to be afraid of. Flying is incredibly safe."

He smiled at me, let go of my hand and gently patted my bare thigh. And left it there.

"I know," I said. "That's what Daddy says too. Says there's nothing to be afraid of. God I miss my dad. You're a lot like him. I can't wait to see him. I wish I could live with him forever. But Mom won't let us. I think she's jealous. Anyway, we have so much fun. He owns a bunch of land in the middle of nowhere. People keep trying to buy it from him so they can develop it. But he won't sell. Says he doesn't need to. He's got enough money. And he likes the peace and quiet. Can't wait to get there and get out of these clothes. So what business are you in?"

"I, uh... , I'm a regional sales manager for Hewlet Packard," he stammered (for some reason he seemed to have a hard time talking. Can't imagine why.) "So, uh... , what do you do on your dad's land?"

Like a bee to honey, I thought to myself.

"Oh we have a blast! There's a beautiful lake with huge trees around it. We go skinny dippin' every day. And we ride horses. And go hiking. And climb trees. And sunbathe. And we hardly ever have to wear clothes unless we're going somewhere."

"Really? Are you nudists?"

"Nudists? I don't know. Not really. We just hate wearing clothes. Mom doesn't like it much. She gets mad if we walk around the house nude after our bath. Doesn't matter though. We never listen to her. If we want to be naked in our own home then we will. Don't you agree? Dad doesn't have a problem with it though. He says God made us naked and that's the way we should be. Says he could sit and watch us swim and ride horses and climb trees all day long. You don't have a problem with nudity do you Joe?"

"Becky, I think your dad and I are a lot alike. I'd love to sit and watch you swim and play. Uh... what does your dad wear?

"Oh, he's naked too. He figures if he can see us we may as well see him. He's a writer and works from home so he hardly ever dresses."

"Drinks sir?" interrupted the steward, grinning at my bare crotch.

"Jack Daniels," he replied after clearing his throat. "What would you like, Becky?"

"Diet Coke please. Daddy said we should always watch our diet. Can't be getting too fat now."

Joe lifted the armrest between us and then lowered his tray while I lowered mine. He then slipped his hand back on my thigh, right against my moist lips. I spread my legs a little as encouragement. He slowly began sliding one finger up and down the folds of my pussy lips. I signed while sipping my coke.

After I finished my coke I looked around at the restroom. The occupied light was on.

I wiggled, emphasizing my discomfort. Joe immediately pulled his hand away from my crotch.

"Are you OK?" he asked. "I... I didn't mean to..."

"No. It's not that. I just really need to pee and all the restrooms are full." I squirmed around in my seat.

"I'm sure they'll clear soon," he said, sounding relieved. "See. It's open already."

As the Occupied light went off someone else stood to go in.

I sighed and crossed my legs, trapping his hand between them. Another light went off and someone else went in.

"I should have known this would happen," I whined. "Daddy says I have a bladder the size of a thimble. I never can hold it. Half the time I end up peeing outside because I can't make it to the restroom. Even at school I usually just step behind a bush if we're at PE because I'm afraid I won't make it inside. I even peed into my thermos on the school bus a couple of times."

Joe was beginning to look rather flushed.

"Daddy complains about it, but really, he likes it. He likes to watch me pee. Is that weird or what? I've even peed in his mouth before. He said it tasted like honey water. I thought it was weird, but he seemed to totally like it. Have you ever drank piss Joe? God I've gotta pee!"

"Uh... Well... Go ahead and use your cup. No one will see."

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Yea. I'll keep my tray down. No one can see you. Go ahead."

I lifted my tray, scooted to the edge of the seat, held my cup to my crotch, and released. I really did need to pee, just not as badly as I pretended.

God this was fun! I was peeing in a cup in the middle of a crowded airplane with a complete stranger watching me. It felt so good to be away from Mom's eagle eyes

When I stopped the cup was three quarters full. I set the cup on Joe's tray and slid back into my seat.

"There. Feel better?" Joe asked. And put his hand back on my thigh.

I sighed.

"Yes. Much better."

I looked at my cup of light gold pee.

"So. Are you going to drink it?"

"What? No. No, I couldn't do that," he stammered. He still looked rather flushed.

"But... But you have to," I said with a twinge of panic. "The steward knows he gave me a coke. When he sees that he'll know I peed in it. And he'll know you saw. And he'll take me away. That's probably against the law or something. I'll be arrested for peein' in a cup. You gotta do something."

I saw his face go pale when he realized that I was right. Not about my being arrested but about his being arrested. The steward would know I'd peed in the cup. And that he'd watched. And I was a minor. And he'd be arrested for child abuse.

He smiled, as innocently as he could. "Relax, Becky. I won't let you get in trouble."

"But you've got to drink it. That's the only way," I wailed (quietly).

"OK. OK. I'll drink it."

He picked up my cup, sipped it. Then drank it in one long swallow.

"Thank you, Joe. Thank you." I gushed, closing my legs and trapping his hands against my moist pussy.

"How did I taste," I asked with a twinkle in my eye.

Joe laughed. "Actually quite good. Better than I expected. I understand why your Dad likes to drink it. Have you ever drunk his pee?"

"Only once," I replied, very seriously. "I didn't like it. It was much more bitter than his cum."

I said that just as he took the last swig of his Jack Daniels and I swear I thought it was going to die right there he started coughing so hard.

"You... uh... You drink his cum," he asked incredulously.

"Oh sure. My sister and I are always blowin' him. He tastes great!" I grinned excitedly.

"Wow. I've never known a girl like you," he said. "Is he the only one you've... you know...?"

"Blown? Oh no. I've blown a bunch of his friends. He has a lot of people over in the summer time. That's one reason it's so much fun. Just one long party!"

Joe's face was really turning red now.

"Are you OK Joe," I asked, innocently. "You look really red."

"No. No. I'm fine," he muttered.

"I know what's wrong," I exclaimed. "I bet your cock's all hard and cramped in your pants!" With that I leaned over and grabbed his crotch and squeezed gently.

"Yep! I knew that was it. Here, let me get it out for you."

He grabbed my hand just before I started to pull down his zipper.

"No!" he said. I looked up at him with the biggest puppy dog eyes I could manage.

"People will see. We can't," he moaned.

"Oh." I pouted, still holding his cock through his slacks. "But you're so hard! It seems such a waste to let all that white cream just bubble away in there without tasting it. Daddy loves it when I blow him. Specially when I slide his cock all the way in my mouth. God! Sometimes he's so far in my throat that I don't even taste his jism!

"The bathroom! We can go in the bathroom!" he muttered.

"Yea! Why didn't I think of that?!"

My God! I knew how a cat felt playing with a mouse. The power I had over this man was incredible. I was leading him around like a trained show dog!

"Let's go," I said enthusiastically.

"No! We have to go separately." He was desperate now.

"OK. One's open now. I'll go first, then you follow."

I squeezed his cock one last time and stood up. Sliding past I made sure he had a clear view of my dripping pussy. Then I sashayed up the aisle to the restrooms. I stepped inside the empty one.

Airplane restrooms are tiny. There's barely room to move around. I was incredibly excited. I was about to blow a complete stranger in a public airplane restroom. I unbuttoned my dress and pulled it off then gently rubbed my clit while I waited.

A moment later I heard a soft knock and opened the door. Joe's eyes bulged out when he saw my nude body. Hastily he squeezed inside.

He was speechless as I opened his pants and pulled out his cock. His underpants were soaked with precum and he was as hard as a rock.

I delicately licked the tip, swirling my tongue around his peehole. He shuddered. Licking my lips, I looked up at him and slid my mouth all the down his shaft to the base. The head of his cock was tickling my tonsils. I slid it all the way out and then back in. Without warning he tensed, grabbed my head, held it, my nose smashed against his hairy base, and exploded into my mouth.

My tongue felt gallons of cum pulse up his shaft and burst out into my throat. He pumped and pumped and pumped. I was afraid I was going to suffocate it lasted so long.

As it subsided he let go of my head and I pulled back enough to breath and looked up at him. I sucked the last few drops out of his softening cock like a straw.

I stood up on my tiptoes and kissed him, rubbing my bare pussy against his cock.

"See Joe," I purred. "Don't you feel better?"

"Yea." He muttered.

He quickly zipped up and stepped out.

He felt better. But I was still extremely horny.

Just as I was picking up my dress the door opened (I'd obviously forgotten to lock it) and the steward stepped in.

I looked up at him, bare as the day I was born, liquid excitement sliding down my thigh.

"Hello Angel," he purred. "You look like you could use a little personal stewardship." He flashed a brilliant row of pearly teeth at me.

With the confidence and ease that comes with a great deal of experience, he slid his cock out, lifted me up on the counter, and started sliding his it into me.

I didn't say a word. I just spread my legs as his head entered my wet lips. Arching my back I slipped off the cabinet and in one movement impaled myself on his rod. He held me easily, with one hand on each ass cheek, pulling me apart.

He leaned his back against the wall while I put my hands on his shoulders. Then I slowly pulled myself up off his cock. Let go. And dropped back down with a rush. Then pulled myself up again. And dropped. Up and down. Before long he was pushing up as I was falling down, slamming his rod deep into my cunt. Sweat was running down my spine and into my crack. I pushed myself up and met him coming down.

As he tensed, his hands slid up to my waist and he held me against the base of his cock. I ground my clit into the rough curly hair. I'd never felt cum roll up a cock like his did. He was so far up me and he wasn't moving in and out. Just pumping, roll after roll of cum tickling my most inner walls and exploding out with a force I'd never felt before.

My climax built slowly, with each pump, until I was biting his shoulder to keep from screaming as waves of ecstasy enveloped me.

He gently set me on the counter and slid out, trailing a string of cum after him.

He kissed me gently on the lips.

"Welcome to the mile high club," he whispered.

Buckling his pants, he stepped out.

As I stood up I felt his cum running down my leg. I scooped it up with my fingers licked them clean, then pulled my dress back on. I thought about cleaning myself out better but decided I liked the idea of feeling his cum slide out of my pussy.

Leaving the top half of my buttons undone, I stepped out of the restroom and headed back to my seat.

As I spread my legs to step past Joe, a large dollop of cum plopped out and landed on his knee.

"My God, it's amazing how fast that stuff passes through me," I grinned. Joe just smiled worriedly.

As I sat down I felt more rushing out and coating the seat beneath me.

The fasten seat belt sign came on and we landed without much more discussion between Joe and me. I think the realization that he had just had oral sex with a minor had scared him shitless. All he wanted to do was run away. I think he was the first one out of the plane. This vacation was going to be Great!