**The Young Exhibitionist**

by

'Are you ready, darling?'

'Almost Daddy'

Tom smiled as he watched his daughter buckling up her brown sandal. She looked particularly attractive today! She was wearing a short pink, gingham frock, which barely reached mid-thigh, white knee length socks and her brown sandals. She was sitting on the edge of a kitchen chair, with her foot up on the chair to do the buckle, so Tom could plainly see the gusset of her plain, white knickers and he felt himself stiffen as he gazed at the beautiful sight.

Emily was Tom's perfect dream - her shoulder length golden blond hair framed a pretty but innocent face, a creamy-white complexion, big blue eyes, small upturned nose and a little but full, pouting mouth. The effect was finished by the hint of freckles on the rosy cheeks and nose.

For a ten year old, she was quite small for her age, but her slim body was perfectly formed, slim and lithe, with a golden tint that came from endless days in the sunshine with little or nothing on.

Finally, Emily jumped up and ran over to her father, hugging him briefly before following him into the garage.

'Where are we going, daddy'

'Where would you like to go first?'

'I don't know', Emily mused.

'How about the park; there are always lots of boys in the adventure playground'

'mmmm...yes, OK then'

'Do you want to show everything today'

'Oh yes, EVERYTHING', Emily giggled, deliberately emphasising the word.

'I'm glad I brought my camera then. Oh, here we are already.'

Tom parked the car, and they both got out and walked over to the adventure playground. It was a lovely sunny day and the place was crowded. Being close to the town centre, it was a popular place for parents to leave their children while they went shopping. There were also several parents standing around, so Tom did not feel uncomfortable or out of place as he found an empty seat and sat down.

'Go and play for a while, he told his daughter, slapping her bottom gently. 'Come back when you're ready.'

Emily skipped away and began to climb and swing with the other children.

The main climbing frame was made to look like a ferry, with plenty of things to keep children busy for hours. It had two chimneys you could climb into, a realistic bridge, complete with working talking-tube to the space below, and plenty of other paraphernalia.

The main point of interest, though, were the climbing bars that covered the structure, and the slide that descended from one end. Tom watched Emily climbing for a while, but then his gaze strayed to the other children. There were at least thirty others playing, the numbers of boys and girls about equal, but Tom was only interested in the girls!

He was delighted to see that most of them were wearing short dresses or skirts; he did not like shorts on girls, and Emily was forbidden from wearing them. He much preferred flared skirts which rose up to display knickers whenever the girl moved.

Now, as he watched the girls climbing, Tom was rewarded with glimpses of several pairs of knickers as their legs innocently slid apart. However, most of them seemed to be aware of their modesty, and made sure their legs closed again rather quickly. Tom thought this a shame. As well as his own reasons, he also liked to see girls enjoying the freedom of childhood while it lasted, without caring about things like whether their knickers were showing.

Some of the girls did not seem to care though, and Tom soon concentrated his gaze on these. One girl in particular he picked out as being ideal viewing - she was nine or so, and was wearing a pink sweatshirt and a short, blue skirt. Her long brown hair was plaited into two pigtails, with red ribbons, and Tom found her delightful. He watched her for several minutes, and several times he was rewarded with a flash of pink material as she swung and climbed. He was not surprised at all to notice that a small gang of boys followed her around, and he could see that they were also enjoying the sights, although at much closer range!

The girl was swinging round one of the horizontal bars when, quite suddenly, she hooked her knees over the pole and hung upside down. Her plaits naturally fell down but, more importantly for Tom, her short skirt turned inside out and he found himself staring at a small pert bottom, barely covered by the thin, pink knickers!

The girl seemed to stay like this for ages, and Tom noticed all the other boys pointing and whispering to each other.

Finally, the girl swivelled round and landed on her feet, but even then her skirt seemed to fall down in slow motion, and Tom could feel his prick, stiff in his pants.

After this, watching the girl was rather an anticlimax. She had obviously gone as far as she dare, and a few moments later she leapt down and ran to her mother and they left together.

A few minutes passed, and then Emily came running up, a little breathless.

'Did you see that girl', she gasped.

Tom nodded, and took Emily on his knee, rubbing her bottom through the thin dress as she continued.

'I was standing right beside her when she did it', Emily said gleefully,' and her knickers were so thin I could see her fanny right through them!'

'Did you like looking at it', Tom asked, surreptitiously slipping a hand under her dress and feeling the back of her warm knickers.

'Oh, yes, it was lovely. But the boy's liked it more. They're still talking about it'

Tom began to rub between Emily's legs, making her squirm a little, and he lowered his mouth to her ear and whispered 'Shall we give them an even better show.'

Emily giggled delightfully, then nodded her head vigorously, a wide smile on her face.

'Right, I've got my camera. Off you go'

Tom placed Emily on her feet, and she ran off to the ferry again.

Tom had done this with his daughter many times now, and they both knew what was required, so no planning was needed. First, Emily joined the queue for the slide, and Tom stood at the bottom. As the girls in front of his daughter came down, Tom saw glimpses of all their knickers, but that was nothing compared to when Emily took her turn!

Sitting at the top of the slide, she drew her knees up and opened them wide, so that the gusset of her pink knickers was fully on display. She waited like this until Tom had taken a photo, then she lowered her legs, still keeping them apart, and slid down. As she went, the thin material of her dress rucked up, and by the time she reached the bottom, most of her pants were on show again. She pretended to slip as she stopped, and her legs splayed madly to reveal everything, just as Tom pressed the shutter again.

The boys had not been slow to notice Emily's position, and as she ran over to the bars, they placed themselves so they could watch her, while trying to look as if they were playing innocently. They were not to be disappointed! With a quick smile at Tom, Emily hoisted herself over the bar, and then let herself hang. The result was far more effective than with the other girl. As Emily turned upside down, her dress fell and because it did not have a belt at the waist it fell all the way down to her shoulders. This meant that all of Emily's tummy was bare, although all the boy's stares were directed at the snugly fitting, creamy-white knickers that were totally on display.

However, as Emily had gone over to the bar, she had reached under her skirt and pulled the material of her knickers into her crease. This meant that her bare cheeks were almost completely on show!

Emily hung like this for at least twenty seconds, while Tom took several photos and the boys stared, dumbfounded, but eventually she turned the right way up. Her dress was in a bit of a tangle, and she took as long as possible to lower it, showing her pants for another few seconds. Then she skipped over to Tom and took his hand, and they made their way back to the car. Tom knew that it was best to leave, before anyones' suspicions were raised. Besides, he had plenty of other ideas for Emily yet!

'Could you see my bare bum, Daddy', Emily asked as they drove out of the car park.

'I certainly could, and I got a photo for your scrapbook as well. But it was very naughty of you and I will have to give you a good spanking later.'

The little girl giggled, then pouted and stuck her tongue out at her father.

The pair continued chatting as they drove, and soon they reached their next stop - the local river.

Once they had parked, Tom collected the large bag from the boot and they took the short path to the river's edge. On a sunny day like this, it was always busy, but they managed to find a free space on the grass and sat down on their rug. While they ate some sandwiches, both Tom and Emily watched the other children as they played.

This particular beauty spot was very popular with children, for a large tree overhung the river and a rope had been tied to a handy branch to create a swing. As the pair watched, the children swung out on this rope, then let go and landed in the middle of the river. There were about a dozen children using the swing, mostly boys. Once they landed in the river, they climbed back out and swung again. All the boys were wearing the currently fashionable knee length swimming shorts, and Tom wished that these particular garments would be banned for children. He much preferred to see boys in brief, figure- hugging swimming trunks, so he could see the curve of their bottoms and the bulge at the front.

Soon, Emily had finished eating, and was ready to play. Quickly she slipped off her sandals and socks, then stood up and simply pulled her dress off over her head to stand in just her knickers. Tom pulled his daughter to him and pulled her knickers up tight, then playfully slapped her bottom and told her to enjoy herself.

She scampered off and Tom watched her with a warm feeling in his groin, then reached for his camera and zoom lens. Emily meanwhile, ran immediately to the rope. A boy of about 12 was holding it ready to jump when he saw Emily coming towards him. The sight of a girl in just her knickers made him stop and he just stared as Emily came up to him. She took the rope from the startled boy's grasp, and then swung out into the river.

All the other boys had noticed her by now, and they watched as she swung back and forth several times, letting her legs fly apart and generally showing her knickers off from every conceivable angle. Then she let go of the rope, and hurtled feet first into the river with a loud 'splash'. She surfaced, and swam slowly to the bank, then climbed out and stood on the edge for a moment. Not entirely through chance, Emily's knickers were rather thin material, and now that they were wet they had become quite transparent! This gained the boys' interest even more, and Tom could see them watching her wiggling cheeks as she walked back to the swing.

Emily continued playing for about half an hour or so, and Tom took several photos as she jumped and swam. She soon made friends with some of the boys, and had a crowd of them around her laughing and chatting. But Tom could also see them looking at her almost naked body. Every time the girl turned, they stared particularly hard, and Tom was sure that they could see Emily's bare bottom through her wet pants!

Finally, Emily said good-bye, and came back to her father. She was dripping wet and shivering slightly, but had a broad smile on her face.

'How was that, Daddy?'

'Fine. I got some lovely photos. Now lets get you dry before you get cold shall we.'

At this, Emily just yanked down her knickers and stood naked while her father reached for the towel. He dried her slowly, making sure that the towel fell down several times so that all the boys who were surreptitiously watching got an eyeful of his daughter's naked body. When it came to drying her between the legs, he turned her away from them so they could not see, then rubbed Emily's cunt quite hard. He let the towel slip down at the back, to reveal her bare bottom to the boys, and slipped his hand under the towel and rubbed a finger along the bare slit, then pushed.

Emily rested her hands on Tom's shoulders, and let her legs open slightly, but they were only small movements and the boys stared at her small bottom with delight, totally unaware that she had a finger up her cunt!

Tom reluctantly had to stop quite soon, before anyone got suspicious, and he continued drying his daughter. When he finished, he picked up her wet knickers from the floor, and noticed that they now had soil on them.

'Just go and wash these for me, darling', he said, handing them to Emily with a smile.

She grinned back, and took her pants, then turned and began to walk down to the bank. At the sight of a completely bare girl, the boys forgot to pretend to look at something else, and just stared at Emily's little cunt and bottom while she washed the knickers in the river, then walked slowly back to her father, who was beginning to pack up.

'Wonderful', Tom whispered as he slipped Emily's dress over her head. 'You should have seen the look on those boy's faces!'

Emily quickly put her shoes and socks on, and then held her father's hand as they left, leaving the boys chattering excitedly about what they had seen.

Back in the car, Emily asked where they were going next.

'How about the woods?'

'Great. Are you going to fuck me?'

'Do you want me to?'

'Oh yes please, Daddy. I really like it when you fuck me.'

Tom could hardly wait to get to the woods, and five minutes later he parked the car and they both got out. Tom led the way, and Emily skipped after him happily. They were the perfect image of a normal father and daughter out for a afternoon walk. The only difference was that Emily was still bare under her dress!

Soon, they reached the spot they were heading for, and squeezed between two bushes. This led into a hidden glade, completely surrounded by dense trees and bushes and invisible to anyone who did not know it. Emily had discovered when hiding from Tom once, and they now used it regularly for their 'games'. It was perfect for their needs, as the trees ensured their privacy, but allowed enough sunlight through to make the glade almost as bright as outside.

They went over to the far corner of the glade, and sat down together. Tests had shown them that they could make quite a lot of noise here, and still not be heard from the nearest path.

'I think it's time for that spanking I promised you', Tom stated, grabbing his daughter.

She pretended to struggle, but eventually let her self be draped across her father's lap. He gripped the hem of her dress and yanked it up, and seconds later the child was bare from shoulder to ankle! Tom felt the small, pert bottom for a second, then began to slap it quite firmly. He was well aware of how much spanking his daughter could take without causing undue distress, and he did not hold back.

Soon Emily's bottom turned pink, then red and still he slapped her until she began to wriggle. Then he took a firmer grip of her waist, and lashed his hand into her bum with double the force. This left clear palm prints on her small cheeks, and she cried out on each one. When Tom turned her over, a tear trickled down her cheek, but she was still smiling at him and obviously not bothered by the spanking.

Tom cuddled her on his lap, and it was not long before his hand found it's way under Emily's dress and began to fondle her cunt. A moment later, and his finger slid into her sweet hole and began to move in and out. Both Tom and Emily spent several happy minutes like this, but finally Tom stood her up and pulled her dress over her head. She then watched while her father removed his shirt and trousers, then pulled down his pants to reveal a VERY stiff prick, throbbing with lust.

Emily did not need any instruction, and kneeling in front of her father, she wrapped her little fingers around his trembling member and began to rub back and forth. Tom ran his hand through his daughter's hair as she wanked him, and watched as her tongue flicked out to touch the tip of his prick. It only needed a very slight pressure on the back of her head, and she smiled up at him, opened her mouth wide and then slid it over the swollen glans.

Tom gasped as he felt the little hot mouth close over his prick, as well as the tongue rolling around the end, and he was soon thrusting in time with his daughter's movements. Hardly surprisingly, it was only a matter of moments before he felt his climax approaching, and he reluctantly withdrew his wet cock. There were other things to be done, and Emily knew exactly what. Lying down on the grass, she gripped the back of her knees and pulled them up onto her chest, opening them wide to expose her pouting cunt. Tom dropped to his knees and buried his head between his daughter's thighs, licking and sucking the mouth of her vulva.

Now it was Emily's turn to breathe deeply, and she gasped when her father's tongue pressed and slipped between her lips into the tight crevice. It slid all the way inside her, and her hips pushed up as she felt the wetness inside her.

Finally, it was time for the ultimate pleasure, for both of them. When Emily had asked her father to 'fuck' her, she did not mean in the usual way. Tom would never harm his daughter, and he was well aware that her small cunt was at present just too tight to take his prick, even though it was not particularly large. However, about a year ago they had discovered that there was another way of doing it. Emily was now on all fours, with her knees wide apart and her bottom thrust backwards and up to reveal her little anus.

Tom had come prepared, and he took the tube of cream from his pocket. Squeezing out a handful, he began to rub it into Emily's crease, concentrating on the tight little hole. Covering a finger with cream, he pressed at her anus harder and harder, until it slid in. As he pushed it in and out carefully, the resistance disappeared and Emily showed no signs of distress.

'Are you ready, darling?'

'Yes, Daddy. Please fuck my bottom.'

Tom needed no second invitation, and he covered his throbbing prick with cream, then applied it to the little hole. He began to push and there was a momentary tightness, then Emily gave a cry and he slid into her.

'Does that hurt', Tom asked immediately, worried by the cry.

'No Daddy, don't stop. Please fuck me hard.'

Satisfied, Tom began to push in and out of his daughter's tight bottom. He had done this many time before and it soon became much easier, allowing Tom to thrust in and out fully, bouncing his balls against Emily's bottom. His hand slipped round under her, and rubbed at her cunt, pressing in and out in time to his thrusts into her bottom.

Emily began to gasp louder, and pushed her bottom back to meet the cock that impaled it, and it was clear that she was enjoying it just as much as her father.

Tom could not take too much of this excitement and he pushed forward violently, then cried out as he shot his hot spunk into Emily's bottom, again and again. Emily also panted with pleasure as his thrusts became slower, then subsided, and he withdrew his limp cock.

Ten minutes later, the two were dressed again and making their way back to the car, Emily still wearing no knickers under her dress. With this in mind, Tom could not resist getting her to do some handstands on the way, so he could take some more photos for the scrapbook. He especially liked the looks on the football team's faces as she cartwheeled on the touchline...........