

Adrienne, part 1 (bg, intr, lolita, inc)

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Summary: Set in the summer of 1966 in a small town in rural northern Alabama. Adrienne, a young mixed race girl (black and asian) new to town gets some from a local white boy (a descendant of a Confederate Colonel locally famous for saving the town during the Civil War) who already has three lovers (two of them his sisters). Note, this story is written in dialect. As such it will probably not translate properly and may be a bit challenging for people who are not fully fluent in English.

FIRST MEETINGS AND THE BASEMENT

Let me begin by introducin' myself: my name is Jefferson Daniel Atwater, everybody calls me JD. I've lived my entire twelve years right here in Centerville, Alabama. It's a small town, the population is under 500. I live with my parents and two sisters: Daisy is sixteen, Rosie is ten...soon to be eleven. Things here in Centerville generally move at their own pace: that is to say nothin' really changes all that much. That is until Bill Williams returned to town after twenty-four years in the Marines. Seein' as he'd spent most of that time as a guard at the Embassy in Manila and is a very imposin' man (a little over seven feet tall...and built like a brick wall), despite his bein' black he was becomin' a deputy in the sheriff's department...the first black deputy in the state! As you can imagine there was much discussion about it; but he was somthin' of a "hometown hero" havin' played both football and basketball for Centerville High...and havin' saved the lives of six other Marines during the War, while un-armed...so most people were generally receptive to the idea.

Anyhow, one Tuesday at the beginnin' of the summer of '66 (a week or so after everybody heard he was comin' back, and about his new job) I was pulling the weeds that grow along the fence at the back of our yard when I heard an unfamiliar voice say "Hi." Since I know everybody in town I was a bit confused, I glanced behind me and saw no one. So, assuming it was the wind (or, worse yet: I was hearin' things) I went back to pulling weeds. A second or so later the unfamiliar said, "Over here." This time I glanced up through the fence to see a young black girl who, judging by her size looked to be about five or six standing in the Williams' backyard. Since the Williams are elderly (and black) I assumed that the girl must be their grand-daughter; when she introduced herself as "Adrienne Williams" I was sure of it.

Being a gentleman I stood and properly introduced myself, "The name's Jonathon Daniel Atwater, call me JD." I paused for a second. "I'd offer to shake your hand, but mine are a bit dirty," I said showing her my hands.

She bent down and rubbed some dirt on her hands before reaching through the little space under the fence and saying "Dirty handshake?" I can't say I understand why, but the idea of a "dirty handshake"...well, intrigued me somewhat. So I squatted down in front of the fence. As I did, I noticed that from this position I could see down the top of Adrienne's pastel yellow

sundress...her pencil eraser sized black-lickerish colored nipples looked to be hard... The very sight of them made my twelve-year-old cock unexpectedly twitch inside my shorts.

Not wanting to seem like some sort of “creepy guy” I quickly returned my gaze to her face. She looked different than the other black girls I knew: her eyes were somewhat almond shaped, her hair (pulled back in a more than slightly awkward ponytail) was more curly than kinky, the tip of her nose seemed a bit rounder than usual, her skin seemed to have a decided creaminess to it...there was definitely somethin’ different about her. And, I must confess: I do find “different” rather interestin’... Smilin’, I took her small dirty hand in mine. As our dirty hands touched I could feel my cock begin rapidly inflatin’ in my shorts; can’t honestly say I’d know why touchin’ a girl’s dirty hand would be a turn-on... As we shook hands, with a slight bow of the head I said, “A pleasure to meet you;” all the while tryin’ to ignore my now mostly rigid cock.

Her eyes darted down for a second. Then, as they returned to mine, a little smile appeared on her face. She raised her left hand, “I could take care of that for you...” she said in a half whisper pointin’ at my crotch, “If there’s somewhere private we can go.”

Without thinkin’, I replied, “I think you’re a bit too little for that...”

Still holding my hand and giving me a somewhat put-off look, she said, “I been taking care of my male cousins for four years, now...”

I couldn’t believe what she was sayin’. “You mean...you...err your cousins have...” I trailed off.

“Unh, huh.” She paused for a second before continuing, “My cousins have been sperming in me for nearly four years,” there was a definite hint of pride in her voice. I could hardly believe what she was sayin’: if it was true, her cousins started shootin’ in her when she was...well, a baby...

Before I knew what was happenin’, I found myself sayin’, “We could go to my basement. There’s a couch down there; come on ‘round the side of the fence; I’ll open the gate for ya.” Our hands had barely parted when I began wonderin’ what the hell was wrong with me: I mean bein’ attracted to a six, or worse yet, five year old back girl...I mean it’s not like she had boobs or anythin’... And yet, I stood and proceeded to walk down to the gate to let Adrienne into my backyard. Then I lead her to the outside door to the basement.

Bein’ a gentleman (as my parents always insist I must, since my great-grand-daddy was the Colonel Buford Atwater of the 3rd Alabama...), I opened the door for her and waved Adrienne through ahead of me. She hadn’t gotten more than a few steps inside when she exclaimed, “Wow, neat basement.” My father had finished the basement into what he called a “game room”: there was a pool table, a little bar with a couple stools, an old ‘frig he kept beer in, the TV he’d bought for \$5 in an estate sale, a couch and a couple other chairs...

Adrienne made straight for the couch. Wasting no time, she pulled her pastel-yellow sun-dress over her head and tossing it on the arm of the couch. Now stain’ in front of me wearing only a pair of bright-pink panties and flip-flops she grabbed the waist-band of my shorts, and in one

quick motion pulled them along with my underwear down to my ankles. I stepped out of my shorts and underwear as I pulled my athletic shirt over my head: leaving me wearin' only my canvas sneakers.

Before I could reach-out to help Adrienne out of her panties, she reached out taking my fully erect cock in her small black hands. Giving it a gentle squeeze she said, "Wow. You're bigger than Tom, and he's fifteen..." Now that was a statement that'll give a twelve-year-old boy's ego a boost... I must have been standin' there for a full five seconds...barely gettin' my head around her ego boostin' statement, when she kicked off her flip-flops and plopped down on the couch.

Just seeing her there: in my basement wearing nothing but panties had my cock all hot and bothered; there was just something about Adrienne that I couldn't seem to resist... I plopped myself down next to her, and hooked my fingers in the waistband of her tiny bright-pink panties. As I began to pull the waistband down she lifted her little bottom off the couch enablin' me to slide her panties down to her knees. She promptly sat her weight back down on her bottom and lifted her slender legs...just enough to allow me to pull her tiny panties further down. Once the waistband of her panties was below her knees I let go.

Adrienne gave me a little grin as gravity pulled her panties the rest of the way down to her ankles. She lifted her left leg slightly and straightened her foot, allowin' the panties to drop off her left leg completely. While this was certainly enough for me (in terms of access), she quickly kicked up her right leg while straightenin' her right foot: sending' the little pair of bright-pink panties sailin' across the room...to somewhere on the other side of the pool table.

Without sayin' a word she rotated her body around, lifted her right leg up onto the couch and leaned back. She gave me a little nod, as if to say "well are we gonna do this..." As I said before, there was just something about Adrienne that I couldn't seem to resist; so I quickly repositioned myself between her small black legs and put the head of my cock against her tiny little-girl hole. I began pushin'...nothin' happened. I pushed some more, and still my cock would not penetrate her little hole. I was dismayed: I was tryin' my darnedest to put my cock in this black girl's hole, and it just wouldn't go in... "Didn't you say you been taking care of your fifteen year old cousins for four years?" I asked, wonderin' how they managed to get inside her tiny little hole.

"Well, you are bigger than him..." she said. Of course a boost to my ego wasn't gonna get my cock inside her hole. "...you'll have to do like he did up till a few months ago: sperm me first." I couldn't believe my ears: had she really said what I thought she said? "Wrap your fingers around it, and move your hand up and down till you sperm," she explained. Hot dog! She actually wanted me to shoot BEFORE puttin' my cock in her. Both of my sisters and Gloria, my eleven year old girlfriend (yes, I have three other lovers), would be real unhappy if I did that... Hesitantly I wrapped the fingers of my right hand around my cock and began stroking it. "When you sperm, try to shoot in my hole, it'll make it easier to get it in..." Adrienne continued to explain.

She looked down towards the area where the head of my cock was nestled in her tiny slit. She was watchin' quite intently for a moment when she spoke again, "You'll sperm sooner if you

twist your hand while moving it up and down.” Holy hell! Not only did she want me to shoot BEFORE puttin’ my cock inside her, but she wanted me to shoot as QUICKLY as possible...so much so that she was tellin’ me how to do it! Figurin’, “what the heck” I started twistin’ my wrist a little as I stroked my cock.

Adrienne was right; twistin’ was greatly speedin’ things up. Barely thirty seconds after I began twistin’ my wrist, I felt my butt cheeks begin to tighten: signalin’ the approach of my orgasm. As my big sister Daisy taught me, a gentleman should always warn the woman (or little girl in this case) when he is about to shoot, so she can ask him to pull-out of her. Of course, I couldn’t pull-out of Adrienne seein’ as I wasn’t actually in her; but force of habit, I guess, had me givin’ her my usual warnin’, “I’m about taa...”

She interrupted me, “Start pushing just after you start sperming me.” She had barely completed her suggestion, when I felt my twelve-year-old balls draw up under my cock. A second later the hot cream began surgin’ up the little tube on the underside of my cock, before spewin’ out the little hole on the end...directly into the mouth of Adrienne’s little-girl hole. Followin’ her suggestion, I pushed forward just after the first spurt had left my cock...and low and behold, the head of my cock popped into her tiny hole. My god was her hole tight. Spurt after spurt, my hot cream spewed out of my cock into Adrienne’s tight little hole, as I did my best to push my member the rest of the way into her young little body. With each spurt of my cream my squeezed in another half-inch, or so... Just as my orgasm subsided, I felt my balls back contact with her tiny bottom.

Despite havin’ just dumped my load in Adrienne’s tight black little-girl hole, my cock stayed upright...with no sign of softenin’. Clearly this was a sign of good things to come...

It wasn’t until my orgasm had fully and truly subsided, after the fifth spurt, that I noticed how truly tight her hole was: so tight it was almost painful...we both looked down between our bodies too where we were joined at the crotch. There was somethin’ strangely erotic about the sight of her little dark-chocolate colored pussy-lips stretched tightly around my ivory colored cock... Adrienne began rockin’ her hips slightly.

Despite our racial differences (somethin’ that could be a real problem), I liked Adrienne. I suppose you could say “she was my kind’a girl” of course maybe I felt that way ‘cause we were screwin’ barely fifteen minutes after first meetin’... Seein’ as I liked her, I figured it’d be good to get to know her a little better: so I tried to learn a little more about her while we were screwin’, “You said you’ve been taking care of your cousins for four years...so you started when you were...” I trailed off.

“Five.” She replied quite definitively. I couldn’t believe it: she was tiny. Seein’ the surprised look on my face she asked, “How old did you think I was?”

The instant she asked how old I thought she was I knew I was in trouble: I liked her, so didn’t really want to lie to her; but if I told her the truth she might make me take my cock out of her, and not let me put it in ever again... Thinkin’ quickly for a second or so I replied, “I had assumed you were seven, or so...” I trailed off, before adding a half-hearted explanation,

“judgin’ by how tight your hole is...and your height; it’s not like your father’s a small guy...” hopin’ it might reduce the possibility of my answer causing trouble...

“No, I’m eight, be nine in a couple months.” Adrienne paused, took a breath and continued, “my dad’s big, but my mom’s small: she’s four-feet seven... most people are shorter in the Philippines...”

Before I could open my mouth to reply, a wave of pleasure seemed to come over Adrienne: her eyes rolled back in her head slightly, her mouth suddenly opened, her breathin’ quickened, she was rockin’ her hips back and forth faster and harder... Then all of a sudden she threw her head back; her tight little hole got hotter, wetter and tighter (if that was actually possible); the walls of her eight-year-old hole began ripplin’: practically suckin’ on my cock. Wow did that feel amazin’!

I began rockin’ my hips back-and-forth. As my cock was sawin’ in-and-out of her tight little eight-year-old hole I glanced down between our bodies again. It was a sight to behold: my ivory colored cock glistenin’ with wetness slidin’ in-and-out of her chocolate colored slit...WOW! I couldn’t believe how seein’ somethin’ as simple as the contrast of our skin tones could be such a turn-on... I just had to see more of it; so I put my right hand on her flat little-girl chest and began very gently rollin’ her left nipple between my thumb and finger. An instant after I began rubbin’ her black-licorice colored little nipple Adrienne panted, “Harder.”

Havin’ always been good at followin’; directions, I began slammin’ my twelve-year-old white cock in and out of Adrienne’s tight little eight-year-old black pussy as fast as I could. Less than two minutes later I felt my butt cheeks tighten for a second time. Once again I gave her my usual warnin’, “I’m about taa...” In what seemed like an out of sequence occurrence, my cock exploded deep inside Adrienne’s tight little hole. It all happened so fast, I never even noticed my balls draw-up under my cock... However, I didn’t have any time to contemplate that as the second spurt of my hot thick white cream spewed into her black little-girl hole. Spurt after spurt, my hot cream spewed out of my cock into Adrienne’s tight little hole...

Just as the fifth spurt of my hot cream was oozin’ out of my cock the second worst imaginable thing happened: “JD, you didn’t finish weedin’ the fence! Where are you?” it was my mother’s voice comin’ from upstairs... Thankfully, as this was my second orgasm in the past ten, or so, minutes; it was lookin’ like this was only gonna be “a five-shot load” for me.

“I had to use the bathroom,” I yelled back, as I hurriedly pulled the head of my softenin’ cock from Adrienne’s properly seeded little hole. Quickly pullin’ up my shorts and underpants, I continued to yell back to my mother, “I used the bathroom in the basement so I wouldn’t get dirt in the rest of the house...” by the time I had my shorts up to my waist Adrienne was pullin’ her pastel yellow sundress over her head. Not more than seven seconds after my mother had called out lookin’ for me, we were both fully dressed and walking’ through the outside door to the basement; Adrienne returned to her grand-parents’ house, while I went back to my weedin’.