

Adrienne, part 2 (bf, inc)

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Summary: Set in the summer of 1966 in a small town in rural northern Alabama. JD's big-sister confronts him about the pink pair of little-girl panties she finds while cleaning the basement. 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.

## TROUBLE BREWING IN THE GARAGE

The next day I was sweepin' the garage (it's a separate buildin', 'bout thirty feet from the house) as usual. While I wasn't surprised to see the (people) door open, the fact that it was my sixteen-year-old big-sister was most definitely a unique occurrence. "Shouldn't you be cleanin' the basement?" I asked, seein' as I usually finish the garage before Daisy finishes the basement.

Judgin' by the look on her face I knew I had reason to be nervous. She held up a tiny pair of pink little-girl's panties, "they're too small to be Rosie's or Gloria's..."

"Adrienne must have forgotten..."

"Adrienne?" my big sister asked: clearly wonderin' who she was.

"Adrienne Williams: the Williams' grand-daughter..." I explained.

Holding them from the waistband, Daisy spread the pair of pink little-girl panties, "How old could she be: four?"

"Actually she's nearly nine..." I replied.

"Oh sure..." she sarcastically retorted, before explicatin', "look how small these are..."

"Her mom's Pilipino..."

"Oh...kay..." my sixteen-year-old sister paused for a moment, "but Bill Williams is a big guy..."

"Yes, he is...but her mom is only four-and-a-half feet tall..." I explained.

"Oh..." my sixteen-year-old sister's arms began droppin' to her sides as the tiny pink pair of little-girl panties slipped from her fingers; fallin' to the floor behind her. "Bill Williams is a big guy...that must be..." she drifted off into thought. In a dream-like state Daisy turned around, and bent at the waist. As she was reachin' for the pair of little-girl panties she had dropped on

the garage floor, my gaze happened to drift to my big-sister's sixteen-year-old bottom. What I saw nearly made my jaw drop: a wet spot was rapidly formin' on her skirt!

Now, I know my big-sister well; and if a wet spot is formin' on her skirt, she is goin' to be in need of a proper screwin' right soon. Without really thinkin' 'bout it, I walked over to where Daisy was standin'. I pulled her skirt up, layin' it on her (now) horizontal back and began pullin' her panties down. By the time I had her panties to her knees I let go, allowin' gravity to pull them the rest of the way down to her ankles.

I quickly pulled my rapidly inflatin' cock out of my shorts. As I stepped behind Daisy, I shook my cock a few times bringin' it to its full rigidity. I held my cock steady as I lined its tip up with my big-sister's sixteen-year-old hole. Movin' my hips forward, my cock was engulfed by the warm wet recesses of her hole. I grabbed hold of her hips and began rocking back-and-forth: my twelve-year-old cock easily slidin' in-and-out of her sopping wet hole.

In a matter of seconds, Daisy began quietly moanin', "Oh yeah...oh yeah..." over and over. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the sensations of havin' my big-sister's soppin' wet pussy wrapped around my cock as I continued thrustin' in-and-out of her.

After a few minutes of thrusin' I began to feel the first tinglin's of my orgasm. "I'm about taa..." I groaned my usual warnin' to her.

"Unh...good: do it..." Daisy moaned back.

Barely a second later, I felt my butt-cheeks tighten. I thrust my cock into my big-sister's sixteen-year-old hole once again. Just as I felt her bottom press up against my belly, my twelve-year-old balls drew 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...shootin' deeply into Daisy's sixteen-year-old hole.

Her orgasm began the instant the first spurt of my hot cream touched her insides. Suddenly her hole was wetter, hotter and its wall began ripplin' around my cock: practically sucking the cream out of my member. I continued standin' there behind her: my cock buried to the hilt, emptyin' my balls into her hole, as her teenage body shook with delight. Spurt after spurt, my hot cream spewed out of my cock into my sister's soppin' wet hole...

As the fifth spurt of my hot cream spewed out of the little hole on the end of my cock I sensed my orgasm was beginin' to die-down. By flexin' my cock muscles twice I managed to squeeze another two spurts of my hot, thick, sticky twelve-year-old cream out of my cock. That was it: seven spurts...a not spectacular, but better-than-average orgasm.

My twelve-year-old cock began softenin' inside Daisy's sucking, hot, wet, and now cream-filled hole. As I rocked my hips back, withdrawin' my cock I noticed that my big-sister's orgasm was dyin' down. I waited until my mostly soft cock slipped from my big-sister's hole before I spoke, "Thanks Daisy..."

“Unt-unh, thank you JD: I needed that,” she panted as she reached down and began pullin’ her panties back up her sixteen-year-old legs.

“You’re welcome...any time,” I replied as I was stuffin’ my twelve-year-old cock back into my shorts.

There was a moment of silence as I bent over to pick up the small pair of pink little-girl panties. The moment I grasped the pair of panties Adrienne had forgotten the previous day, Daisy spoke, “It’s a good thing I found those instead of Dad. Screwin’ such a little black girl: he’d a tanned your hide for sure.”

“Yup,” I instinctively replied without thinkin’. As I stood I began to realize how much trouble could come out of me and Adrienne screwin’. “You gonna tell anybody?” I asked my big sister, as fear began grippin’ my mind.

She paused for a second before replyin’, “Na. It ain’t really my place...”

“Thank you,” I cut her off.

“But,” Daisy continued, “Just because I don’t care where you try plantin’ your seed, doesn’t mean other people won’t take issue with it...” She took a breath before continuin’, “As a black girl...”

“Half black and half Pilipino,” I cut her off for a second time.

My big sister smacked me on the shoulder as if to tell me not to interrupt, then continued explainin’, “Alright: fine. As a bloriental girl, she’s far beneath you in the social order...don’t forget you are the great-grandson of the Colonel Buford Atwater...” she trailed off.

Hangin’ my head slightly I commented, “yeah.”

Daisy just nodded.

Holdin’ up the small pair of pink little-girl panties I broke the silence, “I’ll give these back to Adrienne the next time I see her.”

“You do that,” Daisy quickly replied, before turnin’ and takin’ a step towards the door. She stopped, looked over her shoulder and commented, “Remember what Deputy Morris said, ‘it’s tough to say if a crimes been committed if there ain’t no evidence a one.’” With that she left the garage.

As I was stuffin’ the small pair of pink little-girl panties into the waist-band of my underpants I vowed to be more careful in the future...