

PETHOUSE STORIES - Part 1

Author: Dayvid Notellin (dnt_x-asstr@yahoo.com)

Title: PETHouse Stories 1

Part: Part 1

Summary: Four stories from "PETHouse Letters" - An imaginary magazine for Pre- and Early-Teen fans.

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HTML Stories available at: <https://www.asstr.org/~Dayvid/1Home.html>

[This is an idea I've been kicking around for a while, a sort of "container" to write shorter, more sex-only stories, while still keeping it a complete "story". This way I don't have to spend so much time and text spinning the yarn that contains the sex - which is really all you're interested in anyway, right? Anyway, that's the idea. Hope you enjoy it. Here we go:

PETHouse Magazine is an imaginary magazine which focuses on erotic photos of **Pre-** and **Early-Teens**.

PETHouse PETs are between six and fourteen years old.

PETHouse Letters is a spin-off imaginary magazine composed of letters written by PETHouse Magazine fans.

Each story is marked with a header containing its codes, and the following links are provided for your convenience.]

Shortcuts:

[PETHouse Stories 1](#) - 01/18/2018 - [MFf(12)] [PT] [Short] [Exhib] [Sex] [Cons] [Voy] [Mast]

[PETHouse Stories 2](#) - 01/19/2018 - [Fg(7)] [PT] [Short] [Mast] [Toy] [Cons] [Lez]

[PETHouse Stories 3](#) - 01/21/2018 - [Mbbb+(10)] [PT] [Short] [Bi] [Mast] [Oral] [Anal] [Group]

[PETHouse Stories 4](#) - 01/23/2018 - [Mg(8)] [PT] [Short] [Inc] [F/d] [Oral] [Cum]

Dear PETHouse Letters. I know almost every letter to you starts the same way, but... Well I really *didn't* think it could happen to me either!

Y'see, me and the old lady were getting a little kinky one night on the balcony. She gets off on doing stuff in public, though she never actually does anything in *real* public. She's got the goods for it, God knows. Nice firm tits, not too big, not too small, and an ass that's just made for smackin' while I drill her from behind. Pretty too.

But anyway, there we were on our balcony. They're kinda-sorta private only not really, if you know what I mean. You can see what's going on in other people's places if you wanna, but the apartments are shaped and spaced so you kinda gotta *wanna* see what's going on. That's why Carla - that's my ol' lady - likes fuckin' there. If we're not too noisy, nobody looks, so she feels like she's getting away with it.

We was goin' at it pretty good too. Carla likes it when I smack her ass and bang her hard from behind, and she was gettin' close to cummin' - you know, with the whimperin' and grunting that makes ya feel like a hero when you fill her cunt with goo. Anyways, I was gettin' kinda close too, when I heard somethin' and looked up.

There she was. One floor up, one apartment over, getting an eye-fulla our lovemakin'. And make no mistake, she was totally watchin' us gettin' it on! Couldn'ta been more'n twelve but watchin' us like some porn-hound and we was PornTube! I nodded and winked at her to let her know I seen her, and the little slut just grinned.

Carla ain't seen her on account o' she was on all fours, head down, ass up. So I says to her, "Hey babe, you always wanted a audience, right?" Course she grunts out "yah", so I says, "Is it kay if it's a girl?" Natch she thought I was gonna try to fix up a threesome an started giving me shit about it, so I slapped her ass and told her to shut it. "No joining baby. Just some lil' bitch wantin' to watch us fuck. That okay?" She allowed it was fine, so I pointed out the girl upstairs.

Once I pointed her out, Carla kinda froze for a sec. I think she was freaked that it was such a young girl. But she was all kinda worked up from my fuckin' her and her bein' on display an' all. And I was still fuckin' her - hadn't missed a stroke - so she was maybe a lil' more receptive than usual. Anyways, I wasn't gonna stop at this point - an' I knew she didn't want to neither - so I started givin' it to her even harder.

My pecker was already cocked-n-loaded, if'n you'll pardon the pun, but with the lil' one lookin' on from above as I fucked, it got a whole lot more exciting, let me tell ya! Normally I kinda hunch forward over Carla when I'm getting close like that, you know - to really pound her down. But this time I had a audience, so I kinda leaned back so's the girl could see my cock as I rammed 'er in. I could tell she appreciated that cos she opened her shirt up and started rubbin' her boobs with one hand while t'other slid down her tum, and lower. I couldn't see cos the balcony wall, but by her moves I knew she was friggin' herself watchin' us!

"Looka there, sugar pie," I says to Carla, not yellin like I wanted to, but loud enou52(h)-(a,)4(n).24 584.14 Tm0.298 0.129 0

Usually she'd break out her toys if she needed more while I rested up. But this time she *really* blew my mind. She twisted and looked up at the girl, who was panting, but watching us. Then she says, clear as a bell, "2-B".

Less'n two minutes later the doorbell rang, and there started the best night of my entire life!

Thanks for lettin' me share this with y'all. Carla's here watchin' an' gettin' all wetted up again from me re-tellin' it. Maybe if I survive the fuckin' she 'n Becky's about to bestow on my poor ol' bones, I'll write an' tell y'all what happened that night. Oh, Becky's the girl, case you din'n't figure it out - we three got kinda a regular thing goin' on now!

Wish me luck!

Dear PETHouse Letters,

I know you won't believe me, why should you? I lived through it and I barely believe it myself! But whatever, here goes. I changed the names so nobody gets in trouble. Oh, and I should tell you, I never heard of PETHouse before this happened. I didn't think magazines like this even existed! Thank God they do though, because now I'm hooked!

My BFF Gwen wanted a few days away with the hubby - sort of a second honeymoon (though really, it's about their twelfth!) - and asked me if I could watch Tammy for a couple of days. The boys were at camp for the week, so it would be just Tammy, and only for Friday and Saturday, since they had to be back Sunday to be ready for work.

I love Tammy dearly, and had sat for her many times before, so naturally I said yes. Tammy is everything I hope my kids turn out to be. She's all of seven years old, with the lightest golden hair and prettiest blue eyes you ever saw. But what *really* does it is her smile. By itself it can light up a room. But when you throw in those dimples - well she's just too cute to be believable! And she shares it generously. She's almost always in a good mood, her musical laughter as cheering as her grin. But I guess I didn't know her as well as I thought!

Friday night, after a day of shopping, playing at the park, seeing a movie, and generally just spoiling the heck out of her, we were both pretty tired. So after dinner and a few shows, we turned in. Tammy has been sleeping with me forever, so I didn't give it a thought when she got into her nightie and climbed in bed with me. We cuddled as always, and it wasn't long before I was gone to Sandman Land.

I thought my phone woke me, and I groggily reached over to smack it and turn it off, hoping the vibration mode had been quiet enough to not wake up Tammy. Only it wasn't on. And the buzzing was coming from the wrong direction. Curiosity woke me enough to realize there was something very peculiar going on.

Tammy was laying beside me, and she was moving rhythmically under the covers. And then I realized that's where the buzzing was coming from - under the covers! Astonished, I flipped the covers aside and saw that she had my "Silver-Rod-O" dildo clenched tightly in her hands, the tip pushed up between her legs beneath her nightie!

My sudden action made her stop and her eyes flew open, looking at me in terror. She looked so innocent and vulnerable and scared it would break your heart. Mine melted. Like I said, I love Tammy, and hated to see her so distressed. I could tell she was frantically trying to think of some excuse, but really, what could she say? It was obvious she'd found the thing in my nightstand and decided to give it a try. Big deal. She was only a little younger than I was when I'd found my own mother's "box under the bed". Of course, I hadn't tried it while she was home, but I *had* tried it. It was my first dildo experience, and I've been a huge fan ever since!

Still, it wouldn't do to let her get away with it without a *little* scolding. Obviously I'd have to tell Gwen about it, and I didn't want her thinking I was being too lenient. So I did scold her a bit. "Tammy honey, it's very rude to take other people's things and use them without their permission - especially very personal items like that."

To my surprise, instead of contrite, this made Tammy defiant. "Momma lets me use *hers*," she said with just a bit of whine in her voice, as if it was totally normal; like I was being *unreasonable* to object.

I could feel my cheeks grow warm at this obvious and embarrassing lie. I looked closely at Tammy's face. *She wasn't lying!* I was sure of it! Gwen actually *was* letting this child use her sex toys! Damn! That girl was a whole lot more open-minded than I'd thought - and I'd always thought she was pretty dang open-minded! The things she told me about her and her husband were pretty wild, after all. But none of it held a candle to *this!*

I admit I was a little weirded out by it, and truly didn't know what to say. Obviously I couldn't scold her for using the damn thing, only for using it without permission. As I tried to formulate a response, I was distracted by the buzzing and realized the damn thing was still on! That made me glance down to see that she still had it tucked under her nightie, held tight with both hands, still rubbing her pussy with it!

Like I said, I never heard of PETHouse before, and had no idea kids were so so sexual. But I knew adults weren't supposed to be sexual *with* them. So the moan that escaped my lips was as complete a surprise to me as the wetness I felt as my eyes remained locked on the silver toy tucked between this child's legs.

Tammy wasn't fazed at all though. She saw where I was looking and grinned, happily realizing she wasn't in trouble after all. Letting go with one hand she lifted the hem of her nightie. "Want to watch Auntie Jill? Momma and daddy like to watch sometimes." With a wicked stage whisper she added, "It makes 'em so horny that sometimes they don't even get to their bedroom before they start doing it!"

Note: Tammy almost never calls her mother "momma" or her father "daddy". I didn't realize it then, but the little minx was playing me!

My mind was spinning in ten different directions . Gwen and Paul watched their little girl play with herself? They fucked in front of her? Was I *really* that far out of tune with the world?

Two things were certain though. One was that my own arousal was growing at a phenomenal rate. The other was that I was physically incapable of looking away as this child's nightie rose, exposing her incredibly beautiful pussy, almost grotesquely distended by the girth of my favorite dildo. I mean, it wasn't that big for a grownup, but *Jesus* did it stretch Tammy out! I thought she'd just been rubbing the tip against her, but in reality she'd shoved the damn thing about a third of the way inside herself!

I know I said "grotesquely", but the actual sight was anything but. It was *amazingly* sexy to see her so filled. I like porn as much as the next girl, and some of my favorites are those mega-sized cocks squeezing into petite pussies. But to see it this close, this personal, on a child - a child I loved dearly - with such a pale, smooth, *bare* pussy... It was impossibly arousing!

Tammy giggled and I realized I'd been staring, slack-jawed for several moments. The gig was obviously up. There was no way I could deny my interest, and Tammy gave me a lovely show, working herself to a sweet, shivering orgasm quickly. She told me she loved the way I looked at her so intently, and that it made her extra horny. And I believed her because when she finally pulled the thing from her pussy, a gush of juices followed. It was amazing in so many ways. I never knew a seven year old *could* cum - much less make juices like that. And seeing them flowing from her deeply-pink, stretched-out cunthole as it still gaped open was beyond incredible.

Now, Gwen and I have been friends forever, and we'd talked about a lot of things, including the possibility of playing together. While we figured we'd do it eventually, I'd never felt any particular urgency. I mean, we're both pretty enough, but girls didn't really *turn me on* the way a cock did.

It was entirely different with Tammy. I was hornier than I've ever been in my life, and it was all I could do to resist the temptation to dive between that little girl's legs and lick her pussy until my tongue fell off! Lucky for me, Tammy didn't mind at all. In fact, she *asked me* if I wanted to do it! Naturally I said "*Hell yes!*" and dove right in!

Her pussy was so sweet, I could have stayed there forever, but to be honest, I didn't *really* lick her till my tongue fell off. Eventually, after a few more climaxes, she asked me to stop. But that was only the beginning of our fun. Turns out, Tammy's quite the little sex-maniac, and has the open-mindedness and flexibility and endurance of youth to wear me out quite thoroughly. *And* the energy to be ready for more even quicker than me! She's a wonderfully *curious* child too, and pushes me beyond my own assumed limits sometimes.

At first I worried that her pussy would be too small, but I'm not sure why, after she'd handled the Silver-Rod-O. That thing's not gigantic, but it *is* all over eight inches long and of average girth for that length, and she fit that - tight as hell, but it fits. I found that I can fit three of my fingers in her comfortably and suspect I could get a fourth in there if I wanted to. But I don't want to. I like making her cum on my hand while I'm licking her clit, and you need a little "wiggle room" to do that properly.

I did *not* know what an interesting feeling it is to have a squirmy little girl's hand buried all the way up my cunt nearly to her elbow! Like I said, I like *seeing* super-sized cocks in pornos as much as the next girl, but the biggest I've ever actually had was about ten inches, and that was more than I really wanted. But Tammy's little hand goes in fairly easy, and once it's in there, it can move around in the most wonderful ways, not like a cock that's only straight in-and-out. Tammy can actually fit *both* hands in my cunt, almost to the wrist, which gives me the most *wonderous* stretching! I've whole-handed myself of course, but the angle isn't right to do much more than get my hand in. Tammy though - she isn't shy at all about *pushing* her hands into me, hard as I can handle!

It's *amazing*, but what's even more amazing is watching her face while she's doing it. She gets this focused look, serious and almost fierce when she has to apply the force, but also there's a purity of lust there. She goes on all the time about how much she loves my pussy, fingering, fisting, or especially face-first. And that girl can do things with her tongue that would make a lifetime lesbian jealous, let me tell you. And don't *even* get me started about how sexy she looks when she looks up from between my legs, face shiny with my wet, and gives me that incredibly cute, dimpled grin! Jesus, even thinking about it is making me wet as heck!

I'll just skip over the way she goes after my tits. Let's just say my nipples were so deliciously sore after that first night that we had to be careful the second. Since then though, she's learned not to suck quite so hard, or so long - and I've gotten more used to it so can handle more. They say boys are boob-a-holics, but if that's so, then Tammy's got to have those genes too! Gwen says she's just as bad with hers - and always has been. She would *not* be weaned as a baby.

Anyway, after Gwen came back, she could tell right off what happened, and was simply thrilled. Gwen and Paul and Tammy and I have started playing with each other in various combinations (Paul's a *much* better lover than I'd believed!) And yes, Gwen and I have completely explored each other's toyboxes and bodies! She's every bit the slut I thought, multiplied by about a hundred. I guess genetics like that breed true.

Now that I've been introduced to the joys of child sex, I've asked for - and received - permission to introduce the boys to the wonders as well. Gwen and Paul are planning another long-weekend trip next month, and they'll be taking Tammy along. *Someone* has got to watch the boys... guess who volunteered!

Oh, and in case you're curious, it was Gwen who introduced me to PETHouse. Apparently she and Paul have been "reading" it for years - and the stingy little bitch never even told me!

Dear PETHouse Letters,

I'm a man who believes in taking responsibility for his own part in things. So while I cannot condone what they did, I *do* understand it, and I fully admit that I had a hand in bringing it about.

Also, it was the absolute *hottest* event of my life, so I'm not exactly complaining!

So about me. I'm twenty-six, 5'7", 170, brown hair and eyes, 7" cut. I work part time and go to school full time. I'm not bad looking, and have an active social life, meaning I get plenty of sex. Not as much as I want of course, but plenty. Also, I'm bi and have a couple of JO buddies, so when things get slow, there's that. Well, not just JO buddies I guess. We do more than that sometimes, but I'm getting ahead of myself. I'm writing to tell you what happened, right?

So it was last summer. My older sister was celebrating the year anniversary of her divorce in the usual way - by getting drunk off her ass, and I was the designated driver and hair-holder. Like always, her cheer fell off at a certain point - about the point where her words started slurring - and she started telling me all her woes. Pretty typical stuff, I'm sure you've seen something similar.

Her biggest woe though, was her son. She was afraid that without a male influence, the kid was starting to hang out with "bad boys". Naturally I reassured her. After all, he was only nine. How much trouble could he get into. But moms worry, and she's always been more of a worrier than most. Long story short, I promised I'd spend more time with him, as a "positive influence". I figured she was too drunk to remember, but she did, and within a week she called to see if I wouldn't mind taking Jeff (not his real name) on a camping trip or something. I was stuck.

It really wasn't that bad thought. Jeff and I got along well enough, and I was kind of surprised to discover how much I actually enjoyed our time together. Soon he was spending at least part of most weekends with me, and I was doing my best to set a good example and be sort of a surrogate brother or father-figure for him.

I don't know if you remember being a nine year old boy, but I do. So it wasn't really a surprise when I accidentally caught him beating off. Naturally I checked with Sis to see how I should handle it. Just as naturally, she dumped it in my lap. So I had "the talk" with him, telling him it was natural and all that, and asked him just to not make a mess.

That kind of opened the door in a couple of ways. First off, since I was his uncle, he felt more comfortable asking me about sexual stuff than asking his mom. Fair enough. But it also made me aware of him as a sexual being. Now you gotta understand - until then, I thought of my cousin as just the cutest little boy ever. His deep brown hair and deep blue, slightly almond eyes; fresh face, easy smile and lovely little body were the very picture of *cute*. But I simply never thought of him that way before. Only now, he was asking me questions about girls and sexual stuff and thereby opening the topic. And more than once I noticed his excitement when we would discuss these things.

As he grew more comfortable discussing these things with me, I grew more *uncomfortable*. The kid was so damned cute, it was hard *not* to think of doing things with him. But I hadn't realized how bad I'd gotten until one time he was asking about masturbation and I started explaining some of my own techniques. Bad enough, but then I went on to tell him I had a few JO buddies - and that opened up a whole other discussion.

The Genie was out of the bottle though, and over the next few weeks he pried for details that I couldn't in good conscious deny him. Bit by bit he learned how sometimes a friend or two and I would get together,

look at porn, and beat off together. Then he learned that it wasn't always just beating off, and that it wasn't always restricted to self-touching. That got him asking about what things I'd done with other men, and what I liked and didn't like.

In the end, he learned that I'm bisexual, and that I like sucking cock and both giving and receiving anal. And I learned that telling him these things about me was powerfully arousing for me - and that Jeff made a great focus for my occasional boy-fucking fantasies.

I should have left it at that, but over time I found my fantasies getting more explicit rather than less. I found myself jacking off to the memory of that one brief glimpse of his cock. And yes, I became less cautious about beating off when he visited. Somehow the idea that he might hear me spanking it was arousing to me, just as the times I heard him whacking himself filled me with happy imaginings of watching him.

That would have been bad enough, but the little fucker must have noticed my interest, because he started teasing me, brushing up against me, "posing", and so on. One time pushing past me, his ass bumped into my face and he apologized, though I thought he probably did it on purpose. I told him it was okay, but unfortunately, I didn't leave it there. Jokingly, I told him he had a nice ass, so it wasn't a bad thing to have in my face.

That was a mistake, because after that, he made it a point to flaunt it at every opportunity, and that, of course, brought it more to my attention. Jeff's ass featured more and more in my fantasies. And to be fair, the kid *does* have an incredible ass. Perfectly curved, firm - the damn thing could be sculpted from marble. And the way he was flaunting it made me want to grab him, spread his cheeks, and shove my cock in that tight little butt!

Jeff seemed receptive, the way he was flaunting it, so whenever the topic came up, I'd go on at some length about how much I loved being butt-fucked myself. I do like it of course, but I embellished and built it up in the admittedly foolish fantasy that at some point Jeff's curiosity would cause him to invite me to introduce him to the joys of anal sex.

It didn't turn out that way though - not by a long shot.

A few weeks ago was Jeff's birthday. Since his mom had to work, I suggested I have a little party for him at the lake. Everyone thought that was a great idea, and I rented us a cottage and told him he could invite up to six friends (my Tahoe can fit seven passengers). He did, and we hitched up the jetski. I'd met all of these boys at one time or another, and they were all good kids.

The outing went well enough. We arrived at the cabin early, did some swimming, skiing, played some games and so on. Between riding herd on seven boys and eating too much sugary foods, I nodded off on a lounge chair in the lazy afternoon sun. Not a big deal. There were no other cabins around, and the boys were playing on the beach.

At least, it wasn't a big deal until I woke up. Something was very *definitely* wrong then. I'd woken because I'd tried to move in my sleep and couldn't. My hands and ankles were tied to the corners of the lounge, where I was laying flat on my stomach.

Obviously the boys were playing a prank on me, and I went along with it. "Okay guys, you got me," I chuckled. "Time to let me loose now. I've got to start getting supper ready."

"No Uncle Ricky," Jeff said, walking around from behind to stand in front of me. He had a peculiar look on his face, mischief and arousal. I knew that look well from when it was on my own face. He stood in front of me and motioned the other boys to his side. They all stood facing me, the others looking uncertain, but Jeff was confident.

"These are my JO buddies Uncle Ricky! I told them about some of the things you told me, about how good it is to jack off together, and we all like that lots!" The other boys were looking even more nervous, but I noticed that every single one of them was pushing out their swim trunks in front. This was getting interesting, and my own swim trunks were starting to swell, though the boys couldn't see that with me laying face-down, thank God!

"That's nice Jeff," I said, trying to be encouraging to the boy. "I'm glad you found some friends to share with. But what's that got to do with tying me up?" My pulse was pounding - were they going to jack off and didn't want me stopping them? I wouldn't have, of course! Well, maybe I would have. I guess it would have been the responsible, *adult* thing to do.

"Well," Jeff said, rubbing himself right there in the open as if doing so would encourage the other boys - which it seemed to do! "Remember how you told me it feels so good in the butt? About how you love it so much, and said I probably would too?" Shit. This could get me into *all kinds* of trouble with the boys' parents if word got out that I was encouraging their boys to try anal sex! There's still a lot of homophobia out there, and while I might know these boys, I hadn't met *any* of their parents except briefly!

I tried to think of something to say, but Jeff went on. "I want to try it Uncle Ricky. But they're all scared!" My dick was aching-hard now, hearing this after all my jack-off fantasies about fucking little Jeffy's ass! He was going to actually let me do it! Then Jeff went on. "So I told 'em I'd show them all how good it felt. I knew you'd have to say no cos grownups are that way, so we tied you up so you can't say no." Then the little shit stepped forward and before I knew what he was doing, had slid a bandanna between my teeth and tied it around the back of my head! Now I was gagged, so I *couldn't* say no!

The next thing I knew, the boys were tugging down my shorts, giggling nervously at first, but quickly gaining courage from their shared misbehavior. Of course my cock sprang out, and in their struggles, managed to move me around so much it slid between the thick padded wires to hang down. The boys noticed this and marveled at its size, even touching it a bit - then a whole lot more at the groans of pleasure this brought from me. Shortly they were taking turns jacking me off, and I couldn't do a damn thing to stop them. I'm not sure I would have anyway. Do you have *any* idea how good it feels to have seven ten-year-olds taking turns stroking your cock and balls? No you don't. If you did, you'd understand why even when I came (very hard, making a large puddle under the chair), my cock didn't even *think* about going soft.

They all made a big deal of my cum, marvelling at it, since I gathered that only a few of them had started making cum yet - and they only a few drops. By contrast, I'd released a torrent.

In my thrashing as I came, I'd dislodged the bandanna from my mouth. I could yell for help now, or at least order them to stop. Jeff would listen to me. So I didn't. There was no fucking way I was going to interrupt them now!

After they got done looking under the chair and going on about my cumming so much, Jeff (I assume it was Jeff) got the tanning oil and poured it into the crack of my ass. In my discussions with him about anal sex, I'd emphasized how important lube was. My reasoning had been to put him at ease with the idea of me fucking him by giving him all the details. I had no idea he'd be turning the tables on me! But I was glad for the lubricant, because when Jeff climbed up and pushed his hard little dick into my butthole, he didn't have any experience to draw on. He just put the tip on my rosebud and drove it in till he bottomed out.

Fortunately, I had some experience in relaxing my muscles, so it was fine. Also, his dick was only about four inches long - easy peazy. But the way he groaned told the story. The kid was a sudden anal convert. Again, without experience but with much eagerness, he began fucking my asshole, quickly bringing himself to a grunting orgasm. Have you ever heard a ten-year-old boy cum? It's so fucking cute!

Once he got his head cleared, he told one of the other boys to have a go. The second one seemed hesitant, so I twisted a bit to look back at him. "Go ahead kid. Like Jeff said, I like it!" I grinned at their

shocked faces, then looked at Jeff. "That felt really nice Jeff. I like your cock a lot! Next time you should let me suck it nice and hard first!"

Well that was pretty much that. My words encouraged the rest, and in moments the next boy had his own cock buried in my butt. Moments after that, another boy had taken my suggestion, and was feeding me his cock. I'd never had such a little guy in my mouth, but it was a wonderful experience. Plenty of room in my mouth to let my tongue slide round and round his cock, and even before the boy in my butt finished, this kid came in my mouth. There was even a couple drops of cum for me to taste, and I continued sucking him to make sure he didn't go soft before he mounted me.

I need not have worried. None of the boys went soft after cumming in my mouth, and each went, one after the other, from cumming in my mouth to cumming in my ass. After the third one, they untied my hands and feet so I could help more easily, stroking the next couple of boys by hand until it was their turn in my mouth.

Once all of them had a turn in my mouth, Jeff tried to put his dick in my mouth, thinking it was his turn, and I had to explain to him that mouth-to-ass was fine, but the other way round was not. But a quick wash-off took care of things just fine, and soon enough his freshly-washed dick was in my welcoming mouth. After a few minutes (I didn't let him cum yet) the last boy had finished in my ass, and I rolled over, picking Jeff up and holding him over me, his dick still in my mouth. He was so small and light it was easy to turn him around so he was facing my dick, which was now standing tall as I rolled onto my back.

The little darling didn't hesitate in the slightest, reaching for my cock and taking it into his mouth. Of course he couldn't fit it all-in like I was doing for him, but he tried, and just seeing his mouth on my dick was almost enough to make me fire again. I only held back because the other boys were joining in and I was *not* going to miss the opportunity to get a seven-boy blowjob! It was everything I'd dreamed of - seven little mouths, seven little tongues, fourteen little hands. They swarmed on me like ants on a picnic. And I in turn did my best to suck every freshly-washed dick that came within range, but always returning to Jeff's, until he finally came with a shudder, his cock *and* balls in my mouth!

After that, things sort of deteriorated. My own cock needed a rest, so the boys turned on each other - not excluding me, but my limp dick not as interesting as the many hard ones. I encouraged them all, while they were sucking and jacking each other, to experiment with putting a finger into the ass of their friend, whoever they were with at the time, and I of course, worked my own finger into Jeff's insanely-tight little butt. He liked it well enough, but it was obvious that I was going to have to work on him a while before he'd be ready for my cock.

And that is how I became an honorary member of Jeff's Jackers, as I named them. In addition to my own JO buddies, I now have seven young boys to play with, and they're a whole lot less shy about it than my older friends.

When I returned Jeff to his mother's that night, I gave him instructions, and the very next weekend he was able to take my cock in his ass. The other boys were so jealous! But I gave them the same instructions, and this weekend we'll be having a little get-together to see who else is ready. Boys are competitive, so I'm betting all of them will be ready!

Dear PETHouse Letters,

When I say your magazine changed my life, I mean that literally. And not "literally" in the way kids throw the word around these days, which makes it mean nothing, I mean the literal dictionary definition of the word "literally".

So what happened, you ask? Well let's start at the beginning. First, I've been reading your magazine for years, though "reading" might be a stretch. I've been beating off to the many lovely layouts of your early-

and pre-teen boys and girls. Mostly the girls (though I do enjoy the boy ones too, especially when girls or women are with them!) And while the photography and layouts are excellent, let's face it, it's the little girls' bodies and private parts that really get me going!

But back to my story. I was laying in bed the other night with my wife when Shelly (that's our daughter, Michelle) called for a story. She's nearly nine, which I think is too old for bedtime stories, but the wife disagrees, and Shelly *certainly* disagrees.

"Can you do it tonight honey?" I asked, deep in a spreadsheet I was working on.

"You know our deal," she said, returning to her TV show.

The deal she spoke of is one we made years ago. She'd take care of Shelly's "morning stuff", like helping her get ready for school, making her lunch, that sort of thing; I'd take care of her "evening stuff", making sure she went to bed on time, getting her a drink of water when she wanted one, and yes, reading her bedtime stories. Generally speaking, I got the better deal, it's just that every once in a while it was inconvenient. And sometimes I could talk the wife into taking on a task, but almost *never* was a bedtime story one she'd accept. That was my job, beginning to end.

So I put the laptop away and went into Shelly's room to read to her. She was already in bed, nightie on, glass of water on the nightstand, tucked in and ready to fall asleep to the sound of my voice. Usually it took only ten minutes or so, occasionally longer, and I was hoping tonight would be a short one.

She did look like a little angel though, in her white nightie, her pale blonde straight hair so long it spilled over the blanket and bright blue eyes. An angel up to something though, I could tell that at a glance. She had that "I'm pulling a practical joke on you" look that always gives away her practical jokes - only I always fall for them on purpose even if I see them coming. It's all part of the game. I didn't see *this* one coming though! Not at all!

"So what'll it be sweetie," I asked, glancing at her bookshelf.

"I found a new fairy story I want you to read to me," she said, almost unable to contain herself from bursting out laughing.

"Okay," I said, sure I was in for some sort of joke. I pulled the chair up beside her bed and said, "Let's have it."

She pulled a magazine out from under the covers, already open to the page she wanted. I took it, and my eyes nearly popped out. It was *your* magazine, open to the layout you did a couple of months ago, with the blonde little girl and the three big burly men - the one you titled "Goldi-licks the Three Bears".

Shelly was grinning so huge I feared the top of her head was going to fall off, while I was fearing for my life. If my wife found out about these magazines - much less if she found out that *Shelly* had found one - I'd be deadlier than dead! But Shelly is a bright girl. She saw my terror, and took my hand. "It's okay daddy," she told me in reassuring tones. "I'm not going to tell mom - no matter what." My eyes met hers, and I could see she meant it. But I also could tell that she wasn't done with me.

Still, her reassurance worked. My terror eased enough for me to recognize that she *had* got me. Totally freaked me out. "Well, that was a good one honey," I told her with frank admiration. "You totally had me going." I wasn't sure she even recognized the significance of the fact that the magazine was illegal, immoral, and possibly even fattening. That if anyone else had found it, I could have been hauled off in handcuffs. I put the magazine down, and said, "Okay, now the joke's over, what do you want me to read to you - or do you even want a bedtime story?"

"I want you to read that story to me daddy," she said, simple and straightforward, without a trace of humor or artifice.

I tried to talk her out of it, but she held her ground, and eventually I realized that if I persisted, an actual argument might break out. I sure couldn't afford for that to happen. And besides, quite honestly, the idea of reading a porn story to my eight-year-old girl was starting to get me a little worked up. Sure, I know it's fucked up, but there it is.

So I did. I picked up the magazine, and started reading. As you'll recall, the layout *does* read sort of like a fairy story - a short one, with bad words and worse intent. The little girl finds the cabin, tries the porridge, the chairs, and falls asleep on the bed. Then she wakes up surrounded by three big men with their cocks out, who tell her she has to pay for the porridge and broken chairs and beds by sucking their cocks. And of course, since it's a porn magazine, she does exactly that.

We were at the part where she was on all fours with the first one fucking her face while the middle one was eating her pussy from behind, when I noticed my movement beneath the covers. And guess *where* beneath the covers? That's right - right where my little girl's legs joined. The little minx was touching herself while I read! To confirm, I glanced at her face. Sure enough, pink cheeks and rapid breathing.

The story and pictures had already been stoking my arousal anyway, but seeing my Shelly rubbing herself, getting herself off caused a surge of desire through me that had my cock rock-hard and tenting harshly in my PJ's! I started to cross my legs, but Shelly had been watching me as I was looking at her, only she hadn't been looking at my face. "Don't daddy," she said, gesturing to the leg I was bringing up. "I wanna see it!"

She wanted to see my cock? My pulse hammered before I realized that wasn't right. No, of course not, she wanted to see my bulge. Don't ask me how that made more sense to me - my brain wasn't working all that well at this point. And when I noticed she was *definitely* staring at the large bulge (loose boxers and silk pajamas don't hide a bulge *at all*), the damn thing only swelled further. I know, big surprise, right? Not! If you ever saw my girl, you'd be eager to have her ogle your junk too!

As if of their own accord, my eyes returned to the now-more-active movements under the blankets, and Shelly giggled as she noticed where I was looking. Without a word, she kicked the covers off, and yes, her hand was under the hem of her nightie. No question what was going on there.

I didn't realize I'd licked my lips, till Shelly mentioned it. "You wanna see more daddy?" she asked, and without waiting for the answer (which would have been a resounding "Yes" in any event), she used her other hand to pull her nightie up, lifting her butt to pull it nearly to her chest.

Now fully exposed before me was the most arousing sight I had ever seen in my life. No insult to your models, but I'm absolutely certain that my little girl's pussy is ten times as beautiful, her body ten times as sexy as your best. I'm sorry, but that's just the way it is. And to see her little fingers rubbing her smooth, pale little cunny, two fingers spreading her puffy lips while the middle one tickled her engorged (and surprisingly exposed) clitoris - well let's just say the only reason I wasn't drooling was because most of the fluids in my body were busy filling my cock to a preposterous hardness!

Shelly giggled, and I glanced at her face. I'd never *seen* her so radiantly happy. She was not only highly aroused, but she was also proud, and deeply pleased to be showing me her goodies like this. My heart melted at the sight, but also a pleasure swept through me. I knew that this wasn't just a lark for her, it was something she wanted, had thought out, planned and executed. In a way, I was actually *proud* of her for executing this entrapment! And I also knew that unless I fucked up, this was going to redefine our relationship.

"Well, I guess you got me baby girl," I said softly, surprised at how throaty my voice was.

"Not yet daddy," she said, smirking because she knew she *had* got me. "But I will soon. And 'till then theres other ways we can play!"

There was no mistaking her intent. The little angel was saying that she wanted me to fuck her, but wasn't quite ready yet. I'd imagine not! She hadn't actually *seen* my cock yet, but I knew damn well it was too big to fit into her tiny little pussy! At least, at present. Her words implied that she was working on the problem though, and expected to fit it soon. I could hardly wait for that, though of course, I'd wait as long as it took until she could take it comfortably.

At the moment though, my cock was *aching* for some loving, and she'd implied there may be some relief in sight. "What other ways honey?"

She looked at me as though I was the dumbest man on earth, but didn't dissemble one whit. "Duh daddy! We can use our fingers and mouths and stuff to make each other feel good!"

"Duh princess," I said, grinning. "And how would that work?"

Shelly hadn't stopped diddling herself for one moment, and I could see by her squirming that she was getting close to a culmination, so really my feigned ignorance was a tease to her. I got the definite impression that she wanted something other than her fingers down there, but after the way she'd tricked me, damn if I was going to give her what she wanted without payment - in this case, by making her state her desire.

She knew what I was up to, and with the forwardness of the young (an older girl would have been embarrassed, or hinted, or evaded in some way) she said simply, "You can lick my pussy daddy, and I can suck your cock!"

I had no idea where she had learned those words (though in retrospect, it was probably by reading my porn magazines!), but hearing such sex-infused words from the lips of my pristine little angel was like dousing a bonfire with kerosene. In a moment I was leaning over her, gently-but-hurriedly moving her hands aside, and attacking her pussy with my tongue.

A squeal escaped before she could stop it, and we both froze. "Everything okay in there?" the wife called. "All good honey, just spilled a bit of water on her. Got a towel, all is well." We looked at each other with baited breath to see if that was the end of it.

Once sure she wasn't coming, I eased down on that sweet little pussy once more. Shelly moved her legs apart further, inviting me like some eager slut (which I guess she was, though in my mind she was somehow pure as the driven snows). I dipped down and, after inhaling of her warm, beautiful fragrance, began to work my tongue along her slit. She came almost immediately, struggling to keep silent and managing to stifle all but a few gasps and some groans that weren't too loud. The master bedroom is some ways down the hall - intended so that the wife and I could make whoopie without disturbing the kid, but working in the opposite direction now.

Shelly's pussy juices were light, fragrant, sweet, and like nectar to my tongue. I thrilled to every fold, every creast of her eight-year-old pussy, every drop of that sweet, sweet fluid; every musical gasp and moan as I pleased her. I neither knew or cared if she was a virgin, but to me she was *pure* in ways that defy explanation, even while she was cumming on my tongue - which I did eventually manage to force up her incredibly tight passage.

I can't even say how long I feasted on her delicious kitty, only that at some point she literally had to pull me from there by my hair. She was covered by a sheen of sweat, and was panting hard, but the look on her face was positively beatific.

She was both exhausted, and extremely pleased, and I couldn't help but smile down on her with pride beyond bounds. Somehow while I'd been slurping her nethers, she'd completely removed the nightie. And if there's a more perfect rendition of what an angel must look like, I challenge anyone to show me. Never mind that her cunny was deep pink and shiny wet, with her legs spread wantonly wide. She still looked like the Creator's most beautiful creation - Lucifer be damned!

I was turning to go, with plans to stop by the loo to get some relief (and brush my teeth) before re-joining the wife, when I felt her hand reach out and grab mine. I turned back to her. "What's up sweetheart? Want tucked in? You seemed like you were still cooling off..."

She swallowed a couple of times, so I gently fed her a sip of water. When she lay back (still panting from her multiple climaxes) she said - again in that childish forthrightness - "Daddy, you need to cum too! Don't you *want* too?"

There was something about the way she said it that tore at my heartstrings. As if telling her "no" might break that delicate little heart. And I'm sure you know that I *did* want to achieve bliss - more than I've ever wanted to in my life. I was just more concerned with my child's happiness, and I had thought she was done and in need of rest.

Men are kind of stupid about the limits of women (and children). We either over- or under-estimate them regularly and in this case, I was sorely underestimating my little darling. Sure, she needed a minute, but now she'd had it, and though she was still panting, the desire was back in her eyes. Only it wasn't the desire of arousal, it was the desire to please her man - and in this situation, I was "her man".

So it wasn't really a surprise when she lifted herself on one elbow and reached over to grab my cock through my PJ's. Her little hand didn't make a good job of it though, and the silk caused it to slip free of her grasp. But the intention was obvious. And even that one touch, through two layers of fabric, of her tiny hand was enough to send electrifying jolts of pleasure from my cock, up my spine, and into the pleasure center of my brain.

I turned back to her bed, and she lay back, grinning. I wasn't sure what I was going to do exactly, but I damn sure was going to do *something*! I slid my pajama pants down, along with my boxers, and my cock sprang up so fast that Shelly giggled as drops of precum landed on her tummy.

And that's when I knew what I needed to do. I pulled my little girl to the edge of the bed and let her take my cock in both hands, guiding her and teaching her briefly how to stroke a man's cock. She's a quick study, so it was no time before I was receiving the most thoroughly erotic handjob of my life. Partly it was that her hands were *so small* on my massive cock, partly it was looking down at her prepubescent little body beneath my member, drops of precum landing here and there, and of course, part of it was just the sheer perverse knowledge that my little eight-year-old girl was stroking me off. But much of it was the certainty of what was going to happen next.

I could feel it building rapidly, so I warned her, telling her what to do, and she acceded with zero hesitation. When I gave the word, she placed one palm in front of the head of my cock, but not touching, and stroked faster with her other hand.

To say "I came" would be an understatement worthy of song. I didn't cum. I *gushed*. I *spurted*. I streamed, sprayed, flooded, and spewed. My cum came out in such force, and such quantity that it seemed like it must be someone else doing it - some porn star who'd been edging for a week. And the pleasure was immeasurable. It was like every climax I'd had since I was fourteen were all balled up together and combined into one mind-breaking rupture of the cosmos. And all of it multiplied a hundredfold by the sight of my little girl - my sweet, innocent angle - beneath the torrent as it sprayed down onto her bare chest and tummy.

Shelly held true, riding out my gasping, groaning, jerking climax, hand in front to keep my semen from shooting all over her bed, shooting instead all over her. By the time I was finished, she had to suck her tummy into a concavity, where a lake of her father's jizz was pooled.

As I came to my senses and my vision returned, I looked down at my mess in frank astonishment, then I looked at Shelly and the look of pride on her face. Yes, she knew she'd just given me the best orgasm of my life, all right - and she had the cum to prove it!

Eventually I got enough air to tell her to wait while I got a towel, but the little darling just shook her head. Then she began to rub the cum over her chest. I was so happy I felt like a kid myself, and Shelly and I spent the next few minutes "finger painting" every inch of her porcelain-smooth skin with my spunk. Literally. I even rubbed it into her toes and face. She'd read enough porn to take particular giggly-joy in her cum-mask.

When we were finally done, and most of it was worked into her skin, I reminded her she'd have to wash that all off before mom came in to wake her up, and she agreed. She was almost always up an hour before our alarm clock went off anyway. Then, after several long-and-lingering kisses which were quite adult, but also sweetly amateur, I turned out the light and slid out of her room. Making a quick detour to brush my teeth (I'd have rather tasted her pussy all night, but you know, the wife and all!) and wash my hands (which reeked of my cum-body-paint), as well as change my boxers (I didn't want to have to explain the precum stains!) I returned to bed with my wife.

She was still watching TV, but feigned interest. "What did you read her?"

"Goldi-Licks the Three Bears," I answered truthfully.

"That's a nice story," she replied, obliviously.

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FEEDBACK:

Thank you for reading! If you'd like to leave feedback, please read the following:

If you leave feedback, please include the Name & Part / Chapter you're talking about. Thanks! Please use TEXT ONLY. Do not send me any pictures of any type, even cartoons.

Most writers appreciate feedback on their work. However most users would rather do so anonymously, especially for questionable subject matter such as that which I write about.

ASSTR used to have a feature to give anonymous feedback, but it now appears to be broken. So if you wish to leave feedback, you have some options:

1. Send me email directly at: mailto:dnt_x-asstr@yahoo.com?subject=Feedback PETHouse 1

Note: MAILTO links open your default email program, which may include your real email address.

2. If you have a Reddit account, you can leave me feedback there. My username is Dayvid_Notellin. The following link will start a message for you on Reddit:

https://www.reddit.com/message/compose?to=u%2FDayvid_Notellin&subject=Feedback_PETHouse 1

3. There are a number of free anonymous emailer services out there. If you use one of these, PLEASE include the subject "Feedback PETHouse 1". A quick search found some examples:

<http://anonymouse.org/anonemail.html>, <http://5ymail.com>, <http://www.sendanonymousemail.net>,
<http://www.sendanonymousemail.net>, <http://send-email.org/>,
<http://gilc.org/speech/anonymous/remailer.html>

Note: I am not affiliated with any of the above, nor have I researched them thoroughly. I'm only offering them as some examples. Please do your own research according to your own security concerns. I take no responsibility your actions!

4. If you have another method to recommend, I'm all ears! Thanks!

