

Kelly 's Diary

August 24, 1999 Doing It On the School Swing Set (mf, oral, exhib)

Steve was the sixteen year-old brother of my best friend. When I was fourteen he was at the receiving end of my first blow job. It wasn't long before he took my virginity and after that we had sex as often as he would give it to me. Steve was definitely a busy boy that summer trying to keep up with the demands of my newly released sexuality. Somehow I don't think he was complaining!

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**PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT**

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Chapter 1 – Bike Riding

One day Steve and I had been riding our bikes and it was near dusk so we started heading towards my house. I was wearing my favorite cutoffs for bike riding. I had ripped them so high that I didn't dare wear them into a store or most public place as I would've probably been asked to leave for indecent exposure! Naturally Steve loved me to wear them when we went bike riding because most of my ass was on display, especially when I leaned way forward on some of the steep hills in my neighborhood – probably why he always wanted me to take the lead! Of course I never wore panties under them because I loved to tease Steve when I sat down by spreading my legs just wide enough for him to get a glimpse of my fuzzy brown pussy hair peeking out the sides.

On top I was wearing my favorite stretch tube halter. I liked it was because it allowed my nipples to easily poke through and, best of all, it was easily pushed out of the way but still easy to pull back in place – perfect for the occasional flash. It goes without saying that there was no way a bra was going to fit under that little thing! My boobs were so small I really didn't need a bra anyway but sometimes I wore one just to give him something to play with.

Along the way we had to stop and wait to cross a busy four-lane road. As usual, the traffic was terrible this late at night and without a stoplight, it was looking like it would be a bit before we had an opportunity to cross. Steve, never one to pass up an opportunity of his own, pulled up right next to me and I felt his hand slide between my ass and the bike seat. I couldn't help but wiggle a little in response to his hand as it started massaging my butt.

"Steve! People can see us you horny jerk!" I said, pretending to be annoyed. In reality I loved it when he touched me "inappropriately", no matter where we were. In fact, I thought it was fun when we fooled around in public and people would stare at us as if they simply couldn't believe what we were doing. Some, especially the older women, would frown and shake their heads in disgust but most of the guys didn't seem to mind the show. I imagined more than a few went home with bruises on their sides from the stiletto elbows they got from their wives when they caught their guy looking at us!

"Ahhhhhhh, who cares?" he said with a grin, "Just a bunch of horny guys heading home from work. Why not give 'em something to think about?"

I shook my head but at the same time I wasn't doing anything to stop him from touching me. As they say, actions speak louder than words! If anything, I leaned forward and lifted myself off the seat just enough to make it easier for him to feel me up. He noticed my little movement and responded by slipping his hand even further under my ass. I was wondering just how far he was going to go when I got my answer. One of his fingers started working its way under the crotch of my shorts until I felt it sliding into my pussy! I was pretty wet already from the anticipation and so he slid easily up inside of me to the first knuckle or so.

"Steve!" I exclaimed, genuinely a little concerned now, "C'mon, you can't do THAT! There's someone behind us!"

"Yep – and I know you love it, you fucking slut!" Steve said as he pushed his finger even further up into me. "Hmmmmmm, somebody's horny!" he laughed as he felt the wetness of my pussy on his finger.

Yes, I WAS horny and yes, there was indeed a big green SUV behind us. I glanced back and I could see that inside was your stereotypical soccer mom with the standard issue two kids, both of whom looked to be around ten to twelve years old. Well mom, it's never too early for them to learn about the facts of life! In reality, it wasn't likely that the kids even noticed what Steve was doing to me and even if they did, to them it probably looked like he just had his hand under my ass. Mom, however, I was sure knew EXACTLY was going on right in front of her. Steve had been working his finger even deeper into me and I couldn't resist moving my ass up and down just a little, literally fucking his finger right there in the middle of traffic!

The sheer naughtiness of it had me soaking wet and I was thinking I might be able to make myself cum when the soccer mom evidently thought that enough was enough. She honked her horn at us but it was too late, I didn't care what she thought at this point. Heck, it wouldn't have mattered to me at this point if the whole

neighborhood was watching. In fact, that would have only made it even better! Steve, however, jumped nervously at the sound of the horn and for a moment it seemed he was going to lose his nerve as he tried to pull his finger out of me. I reached back and grabbed his hand, holding it in place. "Don't you DARE stop now," I begged him, "You started this you bastard, don't stop NOW!"

I leaned my head back more and moaned loudly as his finger plunged into me again. I didn't worry about being quiet as with all the traffic noise nobody was going to hear me anyway. Can you believe it? Good heavens I was actually starting to cum standing over my bike in full view of some lady and her kids! It may not have been the biggest orgasm I ever had but I felt that warm glow I loved so dearly between my legs and it even raised goose bumps on my arms as I gripped the handlebars tightly. I could feel myself cumming on Steve's finger, almost like I was peeing on him. When I finished, or at least for the most part, he pulled his finger out of me and immediately stuck it in his mouth like a sucker.

"Mmmmmmm, you're tasting especially sweet today," he said with a devilish grin. "I guess it must be doing it in the great outdoors."

Then he put his finger in my mouth for me to taste. Mmmmmmm indeed! I WAS tasting pretty damn good! Then again, I've always loved the taste of my pussy from the first time as a little girl when I explored myself laying in bed. As I got older I learned that the hornier I got the better I tasted and I was downright delicious at this moment!

My thoughts were interrupted as the soccer mom honked at us again. This time it was probably more out of impatience for us to get out of the way than protesting our little show. Either way, I looked back at her and grinned and wiggled my ass. She gave me with a horrified look which simply made me laugh. I was thinking of ways I could show off a little more to the prude but I didn't get the chance as just then the traffic finally cleared.

Steve and I quickly crossed the road to continue on the way home while she turned to head off for another part of town. I wonder if she told her husband when she got home what she had seen – or least what she THOUGHT she had seen? Better yet, I would have loved to have known what her kids were asking her about what those two people were doing at the stop sign! "Mommy, why did that boy have his hand on her bottom?"

Chapter 2 – Playground BJ

It was still about a mile to my house and on the way we passed an old elementary school where we turned to cut through the playground. It must have been thirty or forty years old with an old playground in the back surrounded by large overgrown hedges and trees that isolated it from the neighborhood. They had closed it last year after building a new school complex but the swings and stuff were still there for the neighborhood kids to play on.

I pulled over by the swing set and jumped on one of the seats. I called over to Steve telling him to come over and give me a push. As he approached me I leaned back a bit and spread my tanned legs wide apart for him to get a better view. I only had a bit of short fuzzy brown pubic hair and I wasn't shaving yet so when my cutoffs rode deep into my pussy crack my hair stuck out on both sides of what little denim that tried valiantly to cover my pussy – but failed miserably in its duties.

"Oh Stevie boy... see anything you like?" I called out to him in the sexiest tone I could.

Judging by the smile on his face and the quickly growing bulge in his shorts I could tell he certainly did! I think his little head was doing all the thinking for the big head at this point because as soon as he got up close to me he unzipped his shorts and out popped that hard cock I'd grown to love so much in the past month or so. It also had the distinction of being the ONLY cock I'd ever sucked and I liked to think of it as something that belonged to me.

I loved Steve's cock, almost like it was some sort of pet. It was always ready for me to suck it and make it cum whenever I was hungry for it – and that was quite often, believe me! I'd only started sucking his cock a few weeks ago and the newness of it had not yet worn off – and hopefully it never would. Steve teased me

sometimes that the only reason I went out with him was because he let me suck his cock whenever I wanted. There may have been more truth in that statement than he realized. After all, it's not just guys that can date for sex.

"God, you are SUCH a slut! Well, does this answer your question?" he said, waving his dick around, knowing how much that teased me.

"Let me guess, is my horny little girlfriend hungry for the real thing now?"

I grinned broadly at that. Silly question – I was ALWAYS hungry for his wonderful cock and just any kind sex in general. He stepped up closer to me so his dick was just an inch or so away from my face. We had been riding our bikes pretty hard and I could smell the musky combination of sweat and sex which made me only want to taste him even more.

"Will you just quit teasing me and come closer," I demanded. "Ahhhhhhh, it looks so lonely and cold, do you want me to make it warm and cozy?"

Steve certainly didn't need an invitation. By now he knew what I craved and besides, he wanted the same thing so while I hung onto the swing he slid his hard cock into my open mouth. My tongue started to wander and tease the tip just the way I knew he liked me to touch him. My tongue moved around as my lips caressed the bottom ridge of his cock head.

Steve gasped out loud as he felt his cock in my mouth. "Oh god Kelly, I can't believe how good you can make my cock feel! Ahhhhhh, suck my dick you fucking little cunt. That's it... lick it just like that!"

I may not have been sucking cock for very long but I felt that I was already pretty damn good at it. It just goes to show that when you love doing something you learn quickly and I was learning FAST. I got a kick out of the way Steve reacted when he even thought that I MIGHT suck his cock. Once his dick was in my mouth it was like he was completely under my spell, willing to do anything just to get me to keep his cock in my mouth.

Steve's cock was just the right size for me at this age – small enough that it was easy for me to take all of him into my mouth without having to deep throat him (I wasn't ready for THAT quite yet), but large enough to feel nice and big inside of me when he fucked me. I loved to bury my face in his crotch, holding him inside of my mouth and feeling his bushy black pubic hair tickle my face. Steve kept himself clean for me which I also appreciated. He always smelled and tasted so good! At this moment I could smell the strong odor of his crotch with him being all sweaty from bike riding which was a turn-on for me.

I held my head still when Steve groaned and started stroking himself in and out, fucking my mouth as if it was my pussy. I loved the feel of his crotch hitting me in the face, my mouth pushing against the base of his cock as he thrust forward into me. Steve put both of his hands on the back of my head, pulling me tighter into him as he moved faster and faster.

I let go of the swing and put my hands on his bare butt, one on each cheek, squeezing his luscious tight ass as it clenched each time he pushed himself into my mouth. I could always tell when Steve was getting more aroused from the way he would start talking dirty to me. The closer he got to cumming, the more he talked and the nastier his vocabulary became.

"That's it Kelly, yeah that's it... Take my big dick in your mouth... God I love fucking your face. You're such a slut, just little whore. Damn you look so slutty sucking my dick!"

He just went on and on, calling me nasty names and urging me on. It wasn't that long ago when if a guy had called me a slut, let alone a whore, I would've been furious. I STILL didn't really care much for the whore nickname but I knew Steve wasn't really thinking straight whenever we had sex so I just ignored it during those times. Now that I realized how much I loved sex though, the slut label took on a whole new meaning to me. If some guy saw me as a slut then I assumed that it meant he thought I was hot and enjoyed sex. Well, I certainly wasn't going to argue with that so now being called a slut had actually become a compliment to me!

Regardless of what Steve might think, the truth was I never did anything with him that I didn't want to. I was always the one in control, even when I let him THINK he was in control. After all, it was MY teeth surrounding his cock! Fortunately for him, right now the thing I wanted most to do was suck his hard dick until it exploded in my mouth so we were both getting what we wanted.

Keeping his lovely cock in my mouth, I slipped off my shorts so I was sitting bare-ass in the swing. I slid my tube top down from my boobs and instantly my nipples tingled from the touch of the cool evening air. Holding onto the swing for balance with one hand, I fondled my pussy with the other which was still pretty wet from Steve's earlier stop sign fingering, even more so if anything thanks to the excitement of sucking him right smack in the middle of a public playground where anybody coming by would see us

I could tell Steve was getting close to cumming as his stokes got faster and he was ramming himself deeper into my mouth with each one. As I worked my clit it became swollen and soooooo wonderfully sensitive! I heard him groan and then felt his cock expand ever so slightly and so I pulled him partly out of my mouth just in time before his dick exploded into my mouth.

The feel of his hot semen bursting into my mouth and the rubbing of my clit was bringing me to another orgasm, but this one was much better than the little thing I had on the bike. I held my mouth still and let his cock squirt his sperm again and again into my mouth. Even though I had pulled him out a bit to make room, some of it still began to run down the sides of my mouth and it dripped from my chin as I just sat there and allowed the wonderful sensations of my orgasm run through my body.

After his last load was delivered he held himself still in my mouth, shaking it to get the last drop of cum out. Then he pulled it out from my mouth and watched me as I let out a long low guttural moan. It wasn't until then that he realized I was cumming again and he watched as his naughty little girlfriend came hard, fingering her pussy for him to watch.

Chapter 3 – Sex on a Swing

As my orgasm ebbed I opened my eyes and saw he was ready to go again. Well, that was my horny boyfriend for you! I just loved the way his cock stayed hard after he came. Even after a couple of times it didn't take long for me to get him ready again. My dad use to tease me about it, asking me how many times Steve could cum on one date. I don't think he believed me when I told him once that Steve had fucked me four times during one date but really, that was the truth! From my dad's comments I guess when guys get older they lose stamina in more than one way!

Steve licked his lips as he looked at me the way a hungry dog would look at a raw steak. My pussy tingled as I knew what it meant when he looked at me that way. Some girls try to claim they hate it when men look at them as just sexual objects. Oh bull! At times like this I found it incredibly exciting that I could drive a man into this state of mind just by having him look at me! If that made me an "object" to him, so what so long as he fucked me? I knew what he wanted before he said it but I still loved hearing him tell me that he wanted me.

"So, ready for more you little slut?" he growled at me, "God, you're SUCH a fucking whore!"

Yep, he was REALLY horny now! I just looked up at him and grinned, the taste of his cum still overwhelming my mouth. I knew what he wanted and I also knew he loved me to beg for it so I responded, "Oh yeah, lick my tight wet pussy. Please... Oh god I need it so bad!"

I lifted my legs up and spread them wide apart. Steve grabbed them and draped them over his shoulders as he kneeled between my smooth thighs. I watched his face while he stared at my fuzzy pussy as if it was the first time he had seen it, licking his lips like a cat after a drinking a bowl of milk.

"Damn Kelly, I can never get enough of your pussy. Wow, I love looking at it when it's all fuzzy and wet like this."

The heck with these games! I was getting way too horny to mess around much more. My pussy was throbbing

as I waited for his tongue to be on me so I just grabbed his head and started to pull him towards me. "The hell with looking at it! Lick it dammit!"

I pulled his head to my crotch where he was only too glad to oblige me. Steve knew by now just where my hot spots were and he started to lick me all over with his wet tongue. He softly grabbed my clit between his teeth, making me almost jump right out of the swing. It was still incredibly sensitive from my last orgasm and it was like an electric shock had run through me when he grabbed it.

"Oh my god!" I exclaimed, "That feels so damn good! Keep going and don't you DARE stop until I tell you to."

Steve explored my pussy with his tongue as my hand reaching down to rub my clit. The two of us worked on my pussy until it was overflowing again with my juices and his spit. His face was wet and I could tell from the grin on his face that he was loving the smell and taste of me. Then I suddenly pushed him away. He looked totally confused but an idea had just come to my mind, a wonderfully naughty one.

"Ok Steve, I know what I want now. I want to ride you while you're on the swing. I want you to fuck me as we swing back and forth!"

Steve got this huge grin on his face. Then he looked around a bit nervously but there was nobody near us and I don't think anybody in any of the nearby homes could see us through the trees and bushes. It was starting to get dark anyway so even if someone DID see us they probably would just see our outlines at most.

Did it really matter anyway? As horny as we both were at this point I don't think we would have really cared if we had an audience watching us! I stood up and we switched places on the swing. In the process I peeled off my tube top so if anyone should happen to stop by they would have seen me completely naked except for my sneakers. The odds of that happening were actually pretty low but I still loved the way it made me feel as I stood there, knowing that there were a dozen homes within sight of the playground if they only knew where to look. Steve was naked as well by now and I took all of him in, admiring his slim athletic body and the way his hard cock pointed up at the sky like it was ready to blast off. Who cares who could see us? All I could think about was him putting it inside of me as soon as possible, to feel him in me as far as he could push it.

"Ready big boy?" I asked him seductively.

Steve looked around once more time before answering. As horny as he was and as bad as he wanted to fuck me, I think in the back of his mind he had images of someone calling out from one of the nearby homes, asking us what we were doing.

"Damn, I can't believe I let you talk me into doing this," he said in a hoarse voice, "You're fucking crazy, you know!"

I laughed and reached out to grab the chains. Then I pulled myself up and over him, straddling his waist in the process. As I slowly lowered myself down on him he used his hands to guide his cock into my soaking wet pussy hole. Once I felt him pressing against my pussy I wiggled my butt a bit to help him push into my tight pussy. I hadn't lost my virginity all that long ago and despite my almost daily fuckings from Steve, he usually had a hard time getting himself in me the first time. It was especially difficult now as I couldn't help him because I had to hold myself up with both arms.

Fortunately, Steve had fucked me (and Lord only knows how many other girls before me) enough times to know what he was doing and suddenly it felt like I was literally being split apart as his cock successfully penetrated me. I loved the sensations created in me when his cock first violated me. It still hurt just a little the first time he put it in me as it felt like my pussy was being stretched apart to allow him inside but that quickly turned to intense pleasure once the thick head passed through my pussy opening.

I kept letting myself down until finally I could feel his thighs against my bare ass and I knew I had his entire cock inside of me. I looked down and I could see his dark thick pubic hair smashed against my fuzzy pussy. All I could see was the very base of his cock as the rest disappeared inside of me. It was always such a turn-on for me to see his cock INSIDE of me when at the same time I could feel him in me as well. The idea that a boy's

dick was actually inside of my body was still hard to comprehend at times. It was like we were joined like interlocking pieces of a puzzle. I squeezed down on him with my pussy and he gasped as my pussy grabbed onto his cock like a vise.

"Fuck Kelly, you're going to flatten my dick if you squeeze any harder!" he protested, as if he really meant it, "Crap, you're so hot inside! My dick feel like it's on fire!"

I leaned over him and whispered in his ear, "You know Steve, I LOVE the feel of your dick inside my pussy."

Steve just grinned as I wrapped my tanned legs tightly around him, pulling my nude body close to him. With me planted on his lap and his cock buried deep inside of me, Steve started the swing moving back and forth. At the height of each arc I would automatically lift up slightly and then settle back down hard in his lap at the bottom creating a natural stroking rhythm. We kept this up while I rubbed my tiny tits in his face and he sucked my hardened nipples.

As we fucked Steve kept pumping the swing to take us higher and higher. At the peaks I was actually lifting completely off of his lap, sometimes barely able to keep his cock from slipping out of me. When we hit the bottom of the arc and started going up I would press down hard on him, driving him deeper with each higher pass. I loved it best though at the top when it felt like I was literally flying with only his cock connecting us together.

Steve was sucking my nipples hard, pulling my little tits into him when I would move away at the top of the arc. I was feeling incredible and it wasn't long before another orgasm began to well up inside of me like a volcano about to explode.

"Oh yes Steve," I moaned, "Fuck me...yea fuck me more... fuck me fuck me fuck me!"

Yet another orgasm swept through me and my pussy clenched his cock tightly, actually holding me down like an anchor to his lap for the next few peaks. I heard him groaning as I pulled his cock upward, holding onto it with my pussy as tight as I could. Finally I could feel him swelling again as he was getting ready to cum. He looked up at me and I knew he was waiting for me to tell him where to cum. He had been a good boy tonight and I knew what he liked the best and besides, it was what I loved most as well.

"Keep swinging tiger. I want your cum to fill my pussy. Oh yeah – cum inside of me!"

Steve kept swinging and at the top of one arc he finally started to cum. One thing I loved about Steve; it didn't matter if he had just cum a few minutes before, he always seemed to have a reserve load ready to go. If anything this time was a bigger delivery than the first as I felt him pulsing over and over, each time driving himself into me, each time leaving more of himself behind inside of me.

When Steve came it was like someone lit a match inside of me, creating a burst of heat which exploded deep inside of me that glowed for a moment and then slowly died out. When he finished he let the swing slow down until finally it stopped, allowing me lift myself out off of him.

As usual, my pussy wasn't happy when his cock slipped out of me but I wanted to taste his cum again. I knelt in front of him, milking his cock to pull out the last drop of his cum and then licking it off the tip of his cock as it came out. Mmmmmmm I loved the taste of his cum, especially when it was spiced with my pussy. I looked up at him with my mouth open, my tongue sticking out to show him his gooey cum sticking to it.

"Damn you look like such a nasty little slut when you do that," he sighed, "I just love it when you have my cum on you! You are fucking incredible!"

"Mmmmmmm, well I love your cum," I whispered back to Steve, "Did you know I can feel it in me?"

By now it was almost completely dark and I was due home a half hour ago. We dressed quickly and headed off for home. When I got back my dad saw me coming in and walked over to where I was putting my bike away. He looked over my outfit, seeming to take a special interest in the wet spot between my legs where Steve's cum

had been draining on my way home.

My dad knew full well what Steve and I had been doing so it wasn't like he was overly surprised or anything. He just smiled at me and shook his head slowly. As he returned to the family room and back to his TV show, I heard him mutter something about "doesn't she EVER get enough?" or something like that. It wasn't like he was mad or anything but more like he just couldn't believe what a slut his daughter had suddenly become.

In a way it made me feel proud I could impress him that way. I also thought it was pretty cool of my dad that it didn't seem to bother him that his fourteen year-old daughter was on her way to becoming the biggest slut on the street, especially considering what most fathers would say in his place.

Up in my bedroom I fell back into my bed and reflected on how great it was not having to hide anything from my parents. If anything, it was just the opposite as my mom was always pestering me to tell her all about my latest date – and the more detail, the better! Well, I couldn't wait to see her face when I told her what I had just done with Steve. She was going to love hearing about it and I made a bet with myself this one would send her to her private drawer in her bedroom afterwards!

One more thing – I will never look at a swing set quite the same way again!