I had been looking forward to my tenth birthday party all summer. School just started back and my party would be the first of the school year. I’d invited all the popular girls and a couple of cute boys, although mom had frowned at that. I purposefully didn’t invite the losers, they would have just brought my party down. Mom even took me out and bought me a new outfit for the party and I couldn’t wait to show everyone!

After the disaster of the night, I couldn’t face my family. I ran out into the backyard and sat in the far corner, knees drawn up to my chest, crying desperately. None of the popular kids had shown up and two greasy boys had crashed my party…eating all the food and trying to get me to play games in the closet. Mom had burnt the cake and all the decorations she and her boyfriend had hung the night before fell from the ceiling. Although Mom offered to go pick up a birthday cake and Tom, her boyfriend, offered to re-hang the decorations, I just couldn’t take anymore and fled. To top it all off, you didn’t show up. I know I’m not that important to you, but to have it thrown in my face on my birthday was just too much to handle.

“Allyson?” I could hear you calling out to me from the porch and I tried to hide myself against the fence, trying to make myself as small as possible.

“I know she’s out there, Sean…will you just…go talk to her? Please?” I can hear my mom plead. Heavy footsteps sound across the yard as you look for me, calling out my name.

“Allyson, honey, I’m sorry. I really tried to make it,” you say, scanning the yard. I can see you from my position in jeans and boots and a white wife beater, baseball cap on your head. “Allyson?” I must make a noise because suddenly you’re standing right in front of me. I look up at you with tear drenched cheeks, the moon giving off just enough light. You sink so that you’re sitting back on your heels and watch me for a few seconds. You nod, coming to some conclusion before you swing to sit next to me, your back bumping against the fence. We sit together there in silence for a few minutes. You hold something out to me and I realize it’s a cigarette. Shocked, I shake my head and look at you curiously. You shrug and light the cigarette anyway, taking long drafts from it and blowing the smoke above our heads.

“Uncle Sean, why couldn’t you make my party?” I ask softly. You turn your head so that we’re staring at one another.

“We got busy at the diner and I had to help cover,” you say and there’s no way I can argue with that, so I nod and look away from you. “Was it so bad, honey?” I nod, fresh tears welling up in my eyes.

“It all went wrong! I should have known nothing would turn out right!” You raise your right arm and slip it over my shoulders, pulling me up along your side, sticky hot in the late August night. I bury my head against your chest and cry. I can feel your lips against the top of my head.

"How about you and I go back to my place, and we try your birthday again there, just you and me?" I pull back a little, surprised.

“Really?” I ask dubiously. You nod seriously. I pretend to think about it for a moment, but inside I’m really excited. “Okay.” You smile down at me and finish off your cigarette, flicking the butt into the yard where it dies, ember red. Your brother’s going to hate that.

“Okay,” you say, pulling away and getting to your feet and I abruptly feel the lose of your body against mine and wish for it again. You help me to my feet and tell me to meet you at your car around the house that you’ll talk to my mom. I nod and dust off the seat of my skirt. “Cute outfit, by the way,” you call out as I start walking towards the driveway. I blush in the dark and hurry to your car. I don’t know what you tell my mom, but five minutes pass and you’re out of the house and walking towards your car. “Get in.” I hear the click of the door and I slide into the passenger seat, clicking my seatbelt over my lap as you start the car. You twist and put your right hand on the back of my seat to see as you back out of the driveway and I can feel your breath against my cheek. You turn up the volume of the radio and we ride to your house, fifteen minutes away, country blaring from the stereo.

When we get to your house, you jump around to hold the car door open for me, making me smile and blush. You tell me to go inside and wait in the living room, that you have a surprise for me. I wait nervously, twisting the hem of my new skirt with damp fingers. You come into the living room with a cupcake on a small plate, a single candle lit on the top and a bag with ‘Happy Birthday!’ written across the side. I laugh in delight.

“Happy birthday, Allyson,” you say softly before setting the cupcake down on the coffee table in front of me. You set the bag down next to it and sit next to me on the couch. You lean over and I can swear I feel your lips brush against my neck before you’re whispering in my ear, “Make a wish.” I squeeze my eyes shut tightly and wish desperately, certain it will never come true. “What’d you wish for?” you ask, your face still close enough to mine that I feel your breath across my face.

“I can’t tell you that, Uncle Sean! It wouldn’t come true!” I say playfully.

“Remember, just call me Sean,” you say before brushing a kiss across my cheek, then my neck, making me shiver.

“Sean,” I say, the word coming out breathlessly.

“Yes?”

“What are you doing?” I ask, my stomach twisting nervously.

“Nothing,” you reply, sitting back, putting room between us…too much room. “Open your present.” I look at you quietly for a moment before reaching for the bag. I gasp, pulling out a dress so sheer that I’m pretty sure my mother would ground me for the rest of my life before letting me leave my bedroom in it.

“Un…Sean! It’s beautiful, b…but I can’t wear this!” I exclaim, looking at you, shocked and excited.

“Why not? You’re growing up into a beautiful young woman, Allyson. You can wear it here when you come to visit me.” We sit there on the couch for a moment, me clutching the dress to my flat chest, you staring at me levelly. “There’s more in the bag, Allyson.” I look in the bag, a small scrap of fabric at the bottom. I hold it up, looking at it in confusion.

“What is it?” I ask, too curious to feel dumb.

“They’re special panties,” you say. “They go with the dress. I think you should go try them on.” I look at you with wide eyes for a moment before nodding and getting up to go to the bathroom. “No.” I stop and look at you in confusion. “Try them on here, where I can see you.” I instantly blush bright red.

“B…but Sean…I…” I stutter, shocked.

“It’s my present to you. I want to see how you look, Allyson. There’s nothing to be ashamed of,” you say convincingly, leaning back against the couch cushions, your arms spread wide over the back. I nod slowly. I set the dress and the panties down on the coffee table and start undressing. First my new blouse, pulling it up and over my head, revealing a smooth, flat chest, little titties just starting to bud and push out from my chest. You make an encouraging noise and I duck my head in embarrassment. I quickly move to undo my skirt and push it down to my feet, stepping out of it, leaving me in only my panties and shoes and socks. I’m sure you’re going to laugh at my panties, little white cotton panties with ladybugs on them, but you just sigh. I look up at you through my eyelashes and you’re staring raptly at my little body, eyes serious and focused on my panties. I try to cover them up with my hands. “No, don’t. I like them,” you say, voice heavy and thick. “Just…pull them off and give them to me.”

I nod, slipping my fingers under the waist band and pushing down, revealing my bald pussy to your eyes. I straighten and walk closer to you, holding them out. You reach out and grab them with one hand, your other hand gripping my wrist tightly. I gasp as you pull me close. You lift the panties to your face, breathing deeply. I look at you in confusion and discomfort, your hand around my wrist painful.

“You’re hurting me,” I whisper as you sniff my panties. Abruptly, you push me away and I rub at my wrist, looking at you reproachfully.

“Take off your shoes and socks and put on the dress and panties,” you direct. I hesitate, your behavior confusing me. “Please, Allyson. I’m sorry I hurt you…I’m just excited to see you in your new dress.” Placated, I bend over to remove my shoes and socks, picking up the panties and looking at them.

“I don’t know how these work,” I admit. You wave me closer and I step close to you again, handing the new panties to you.

“Lift up your foot,” you direct. I follow your directions, placing one of my hands on your shoulder, your skin hot against my palm, “now the other.” I lift my other foot and you start sliding the panties up my legs, the white fabric silky against my skin. You slip them up over my pussy, a string pushing up between my ass cheeks, and settling them on my hips. I look down in confusion.

“But Sean, these don’t cover my…my special area,” I say, the fabric covering the top of my mound, but was suspiciously absent over my pussy lips. I wiggled a little, trying to get used to the feeling of the string in the crack of my ass.

“They’re not supposed to, Allyson. I told you these were special panties…do you like them?” you ask. I nod even though I’m not really sure that I do. “Now, put on your dress.” I back away from you, starting to enjoy the fabric rubbing against me down there. I slip the white dress over my head, the bottom just barely covering my pussy and the sheer fabric easily showing my baby titties. I look at you for approval. You’re staring at me, an obvious bulge in your jeans. “Oh, honey…you look so grown up,” you say and I beam at your appreciation. “Come here.” I don’t hesitate, walking up to you, between your knees. I gasp in surprise when you reach out your hands and grip me around the waist, easily picking me up and laying me back on the couch, my thighs falling open, leaving my pussy exposed to your eyes.

“Sean?” I ask, my voice nervous.

“Yeah, baby girl?” You ask absently, your gaze focused on my pussy lips.

“What are you going to do?”

“This is the second part of your birthday present…trust me, you’ll like this.” Your fingers move down my thigh, hot and rough against my smooth skin. I jump when I feel your fingers at my pussy lips, just barely rubbing there.

“But mom told me I shouldn’t let anyone touch me there,” I whisper, uncomfortable with your fingers touching me.

“You trust me, right, Allyson? You know I’d never do anything to hurt you, right?” you ask, your eyes penetrating mine. I nod, my heart beating faster. I watch as you suck a finger into your mouth, moving your tongue around it and I’m about to ask why you’re doing that until you stop, moving that finger back down to my pussy lips, rubbing at the seam. “Need to get you nice and wet, Allyson. Gonna make you feel so good, baby girl,” you promise, the finger just slipping between my pussy lips before you pull it back out and do it again. You set up a rhythm, thrusting your finger into my pussy shallowly. “You’re getting wet, honey…do you like this?” I nod, looking down the length of my body, watching your finger disappear and then reappear. I’m really starting to enjoy the feeling of your thick finger fucking into my pussy when you pull it out and put your finger to my mouth. I open my mouth automatically, sucking your blunt finger into my mouth, wrapping my tongue around the digit. It tastes salty and a little sweet, sticky. “You like the way your juices taste, Allyson?” I nod. “Good girl.”

You pull your finger from my mouth and place it back at the entrance to my pussy, my legs spread as wide as they’ll go now. This time, you add another finger, thrusting them in shallowly, getting them both wet with my juices. I groan at the feel of two thick fingers entering my tight pussy. Suddenly, your thumb brushes against something at the top of the folds of my pussy lips and I jump, pleasure wracking my body.

“Sean!” I exclaim, panting.

“Relax, honey…that’s your clit. Feels good, doesn’t it?” I nod, wide eyed as you do it again. I groan at the feeling and fling my head back, arching my back into your fingers. “Oh, I knew you’d like this…knew you’d make a perfect little slut.” I ignore your words as your fingers start working my pussy earnestly, fucking in and out, not going too deep.

“Sean, yes,” I moan, rocking my hips up into your hand, trying to get more of your fingers into me. You pull away suddenly and I feel empty. I look up at you in disappointment. “Is that it, Sean?” I ask. You laugh.

“Oh, no, honey…we’re just getting started.” You get up and start undressing in front of me. Now…mom’s had a talk with me about what a boy looks like under his clothes and what it means to make a baby, but I’m not prepared for the monster cock that springs free from your jeans. My mouth falls open in surprise.

“Oh my God!” I exclaim, sitting up and closing my legs tightly, suddenly afraid.

“Relax, Allyson,” you say soothingly. You finish undressing and stand straight, your cock curving up towards your stomach, fat and long and angry red, dripping something from the tip. “You ever seen a cock before?” you ask and I shake my head vigorously. You grip the base with your hand and tug a couple of times, letting go and letting it smack against your stomach, leaving a smear of the liquid against your belly. “This is my cock, honey. It always looks this way when I’m excited…and you excite me baby girl,” you explain. I gulp, watching you with wide eyes as you move closer to me, sitting next to me on the couch. I try to edge away, but you settle your left arm over my shoulders, holding me in place. “How about we watch a special movie that will show you what’s about to happen?” you ask. I nod slowly, curious. You lean forward and click a few buttons on a remote, the big screen tv coming to life quickly and a movie starts playing. Quickly, I understand that this isn’t a normal movie.

There on the screen is a young girl. She looks about my age and she’s dress kind of like me, but her dress is black and she doesn’t have on any special panties. Her hair is in pigtails and she’s lying on a couch, legs spread wide. She’s touching herself…down there, her fingers slipping in and out of her pussy quickly. There’s a man with her, a much older man with graying hair. He’s naked, just like you are…his cock big and angry looking too, just not as big as yours. He’s stroking his cock above her, “this is going to hurt a little, sweetie, but you’re going to feel so good in a little bit…I promise,” he says as he lowers himself between her legs. The camera angles so that I can see his cock pressing into her pussy. He grips his cock tightly, having a little trouble pushing into her tight pussy. He slips in suddenly, pausing before going too far. “You sure you want this, Amy?” he asks, poised above her. The camera shows her face, her lower lip between her teeth. “Yes, Uncle! Please fuck my pussy!” she exclaims and I gasp at the pain on her face when he plunges deep inside her pussy, aware of your eyes watching my reaction. “Ohhhh god, that hurts!!!!!” she cries out, back arched as he buries himself inside her. He holds still above her, “Told you this would hurt, Amy…but I’m about to make you feel good, sweetie, just hold still, okay?” She nods below him, her face red. He pulls out almost all the way before thrusting in again, she groans below him as he sets up a rhythm, fucking into her in long strokes. I watch in fascination as the camera shows close views of his cock fucking in and out of her wet pussy.

I jump a little when I feel your big palm on my thigh as I watch the movie. Your hand starts moving higher as he fucks his young niece on the couch, the sounds of their fucking filling your living room. My thighs open of their own accord as your hand slips up against my pussy, fingers reentering me, sliding against my clit, making me moan. I close my eyes and let you position my body willingly. You sling my leg across your lap, opening up my pussy wide to your fingers. I moan loudly as you fuck two of your fingers in shallowly, thumb rubbing quickly against my clit in sure strokes. My hips are moving against your hand wantonly.

“That’s a good girl,” you whisper into my ear, your other hand coming up to smooth my hair from my face before kissing my neck. The sounds from the movie are getting heavier, more frantic and I open my eyes to watch as the uncle pulls his cock out of the girl. He sits on the couch and easily lifts her so that she’s straddling him facing away from him. He lowers her down onto his cock, her pussy slipping easily down the length. They both groan once she’s completely seated on his lap.

“Oh, yes, Amy, love you…good girl, sweetie,” he murmurs as she starts lifting herself up and down on his cock, riding him. She throws back her head, pigtails bouncing as she fucks herself on his cock.

“Sean?” I ask, hips still moving against your hand, my leg bumping against your cock with my movement.

“Yeah?”

“Are you going to fuck my pussy?” I ask, my eyes glazed with the pleasure your fingers are giving me, certain that I want your big cock in my pussy just like that girl in the movie.

“Yes, Allyson. I’m going to fuck your pussy.” You lift me so that I’m lying back on the couch. I spread my legs wide and wait as you position yourself above me. You stroke your cock a couple of times before placing the head at my entrance, rubbing it there and against my clit, making me moan. You push your way inside, slowly, inch by slow inch, until you stop, pressure building in my pussy. You look down at me, sweat dripping from your forehead. “This is gonna hurt,” you warn before thrusting forward suddenly. A cry is caught in my throat at the stab of pain and my little body arches beneath you. You’re buried deep inside my pussy, your hips against mine, pain radiating out around your big cock inside my little channel. I beat at your chest ineffectually, trying to push you away, but you just hold still, letting my body get used to the intrusion. “That’s a good girl…it’ll feel better in a minute…good girl, sweetie…yes,” you moan out that last word as you pull back and fuck in a little. I grunt beneath you, the feeling of your big cock moving inside me, the pain lessening a little as you start moving. You’re filling me up so much, it feels so strange having your cock inside me. You start moving quicker, fucking me in long deep strokes. “God, Allyson, your pussy’s so fucking tight, squeeze it around my cock,” you grunt above me. Not sure if I’m doing it right, I start squeezing my muscles down there and from the way you groan, I must be doing something right. I look down at where you’re cock’s entering me, watching the whole length disappear inside me, only to reappear covered in my juices and a little bit of blood. You grab my legs and push them up towards my chest, bending me in half; your cock going even deeper on the next thrust if that’s possible. I cry out, rocking into you as you start pounding my pussy. “Good slut, good fucking slut, knew you’d be so good at this, are you my little slut, Allyson?” you demand.

“Yes, Sean, yes!!! I’m your little slut!” I cry out as your cock pistons in and out of my wet pussy, sucking noises and wet slaps accompanying your cock’s thrusts. I turn my head so that I can watch the two on the screen. Now, she’s bent over the couch cushions on her knees, him taking her from behind like I saw my neighbors dogs do once.

“Look at me!” you demand. I return my eyes to your face above me, sweat dripping down onto my skin as your hips thrust into me. You pull out and slap your cock against my pussy lips, the head slipping against my clit, making me moan. You let go of my legs and pull me up and turn me around so that I’m draped over the couch arm. I look back over my shoulder, watching as you position your cock at my entrance again. “Beg for it, Allyson,” you say.

“Please, Sean! Please!” I say imploringly, watching you with wide eyes, eager to be filled again.

“Please, what?” you demand, rubbing the head of your cock against my slit.

“Please, Sean! Please fuck my pussy with your big cock!” I say, waiting breathlessly for you to impale me again. You shove forward in one smooth thrust, filling me completely, your balls slapping against my clit, making me moan.

“Good girl!” you praise me. You place your hands on my shoulders and start fucking me back onto your cock, roughly, quickly. I’m moaning below you, hands gripping the arm of the couch as you fuck me from behind. I start moaning loudly, gasping and crying out, just like the girl in the movie, assuming it’s expected of me since she’s doing it. You reinforce the idea when you praise me, telling me how good I’m doing for my very first fuck, telling me that I’m the best fuck you’ve had, telling me how tight my pussy is around your cock. I really like this position, your cock seems to be able to fuck deeper than before and every thrust ends with your full balls slapping my clit. I feel you spreading my ass cheeks and am surprised when a lob of spit lands right on the crack, right where the thong lies. One of your fingers works its way beneath the fabric, touching against my tight little bud and I tense up. “Don’t worry, baby girl, you’re gonna like this.” You spit again and start rubbing the hole, working the spit in, still fucking me. Your fingertip slips in, burning a little, but my ass quickly adjusts and before I know it, your finger’s buried deep inside my ass, working it like your cock’s working my pussy. I clench my ass muscles around your finger and you groan, “God, gonna have to fuck your ass, too!” you grunt.

“Yes, Sean, you can fuck my ass!” I agree, looking back over my shoulder, watching you fucking me. I can’t believe this happening. This is the best birthday present ever! Your fucking starts becoming erratic, short thrusts and long and soon you’re saying you’re going to cum, bury your seed inside me, shoot off deep in my pussy. I make encouraging noises, not exactly sure what’s about to happen. You stiffen above me, cock buried deep, one hand gripping my shoulder tightly, the other with a finger still buried to the knuckle inside my asshole and I can feel spurts of hot liquid start shooting into my pussy. I moan at the feeling of you cuming inside me. You collapse with a grunt, forcing me down, making me bear your full weight. The couch arm presses uncomfortably into my chest. We lay that way for a few minutes until I think I might pass out, your cock still buried inside my pussy, but getting smaller every minute. You finally pull out and sit back. I move stiffly off the couch arm and sit next to you, my pussy feeling used but empty and sticky.

“You enjoy that?” you ask sleepily. I nod, squeezing my legs together to keep your cum inside me. “Good, I’m going to take a nap, but then I’m gonna wake up and fuck your ass…make sure you cum next time,” you say. I nod like I understand, but surely I can’t cum like you just did. You slide an arm around my shoulder and pull me close to your chest. I snuggle against you and as you start snoring in my ear, another movie starts playing…this time with a mother, daughter, and uncle. I wonder if we can try that some time as I fall asleep next to you.