



## New Dawning International Bookfair

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### Playin' Doctor

\$2.99

"Johnny, since Momâ€¦ Oh shit!" I hopped back out of the roomâ€¦ Johnny's roomâ€¦ that I'd just barged into. I'd accidentally caught him doing theâ€¦ What was that cute term Becky used for stroking it? Oh yeah, the five-knuckle shuffle. I lifted my hand to my mouth and giggled. "Sorry!" I said loud enough to be heard through the door.

"Dammit Tammy. How many times do I have to tell you to knock before you come in?" Johnny yelled back, his voice shaky.

I bit my lip. "I told you I was sorry." This was the opportunity I'd been looking for, so I was going to follow it for all it was worth. "Can I come in now?"

"I guess."

I swung the door open. Biting my lip to keep from smirking, I waltzed up to his bed and sat at the foot of the bed. He sat at the top of the bed with his arms wrapped around his knees covered by a sheet. He's trying to hide his erection.

I snickered.

"What's so funny?"

I shrugged and wiggled my underdeveloped butt as the image of his boner embedded itself in my innocent, but devious mind.

When I didn't say anything, Johnny asked, "Well what do you want?"

I wasn't sure why, but I was getting warmâ€”especially between my legs. "Ah, since mom and dad are going to be out of town at mom's twenty year reunion for a week and left you in charge, I wondered if I could spend the night at Becky's."

His gaze was glued to my chest.

Being a late bloomer and having relatively flat boobs, I rarely wore a braâ€”like now. I glanced down at my belly shirt andâ€”sure enoughâ€”my nips had hard-ons of their own.

He nodded. "Sure, go ahead."

He probably thought I'd thank him and leave. But I didn't.

My pu\*\*y started to warm up and seep its juices at the thought of what I hoped to do. God, I wanted to touch myself. I moved both of my skinny legs up onto the bed and crossed them Indian Style. "I-eeha changed my mind."

His head tilted and his eyebrows elevated. "Go on."

Brazenly, I reached between my legs and rubbed myself through my shorts. "Well, if I may be blunt, seeing you wanking-off to Penthouse has my pulse rate in the stratosphere and my you know what warmer than Old Faithful."

He turned a pretty shade of pink. "I wasn't wanking-off to Penthouse. And I don't know what."

"Yes, you were, and you had thisâ€”" I held my forefingers six or seven inches apart. "Big erection. The what is my pu\*\*y or as you like to call it, c\*\*t." I crossed my arms under my undersized boobs and gave him a 'so there' nod

He reached somewhere behind him and pulled out a magazine with pictures of naked ladies. He laughed. "It was Hustler."

I stuck my tongue out, then my free hand. "Let me see that."

He passed the naughty magazine to me and hitched his chin toward my crotch. "I wish you wouldn't do that. You're going to make me hard again."

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