

**SLIGHTLY AWKWARD
ADVENTURES**

The Dildo I know

By, Dai

Hi, my name is Dai. Ok, it's really Daisy, but only my sister calls me Daisy. Bitch. This last year of school has been epic. From my first time to my epic party fail. I don't see how it could get any better or any stranger.

The Dildo I know

My sister is getting married to a nice guy who could do better, but none of that matters now. The most important part of the wedding was taking place tonight. The bachelorette-party. At first, I was spared this because it was being held in a strip club. Then my sister said to her maid-of-honor, "*if Daisy can't go then I won't either.*" She has always tried to have this sisterly bond with me. She keeps calling me Daisy no matter how many times I say, "*call me Dai.*" Like the word day. I am almost 18, so I can't drink or go to strip joints, but if they either rent a room or use one of their homes, I would have to go. Mom was already mad she couldn't come so if arranged just for me I had to go.

One of her friends named Stacy said they could use her father's old business. He had an old building near downtown where he was pimping, I mean arranging work for attractive young women. The government shut him down, but they couldn't charge him with anything. I guess there was no smoking cum. Sorry. Now I had to go to the party. Stacy came over and picked me up. We went to the site and cleaned it up as much as possible setting up tables and some office chairs into a semi-circle. I stayed behind while Stacy and her "crew" went to kidnap my sister. As I waited, a phone rang. I answered it, "*hello?*" The voice on the other side said, "*hey doll I'm looking for a date.*" I said, "*July 13th that's a date or October the 9th.*" He said, "*no I want a little something.*" I said, "*you know the police are monitoring this right?*" Click. I left the phone and went to the party stuff. There was a lot of lube, handcuffs, and dildos. Just what kind of party are they throwing? I found a hand-written list of activities ranging from condom demonstrations to a dildo ring toss. One item caught my eye. Strippers. They hired what I assume will be male strippers, but I wouldn't put it past her friend Genny to hire girls since she is into that.

They arrived, and the party started. Amber emptied three bottles of vodka into a table full of shot glasses. The plastic red disposable cup kind. You know the song red solo cup just not as redneck. On a second table, she made up some shots of strait Pina Colada drink mix she called, Cum shots. The mix was thick and white, and the idea was nasty. She also brought a couple bottles of sparkling cider. One of their friends I think her name is Jennifer is pregnant and not drinking.

Everyone arrived, and the first thing they did was shots. Then came condom demonstrations. Stacy grabbed a large green dildo and a condom. She opened it and put it in her mouth, so she could show how to choke on a condom jammed down her throat. I don't think that was her intention, but that is what happened. Genny took the big green thing and a fresh condom. She stuck the tip of the condom in her mouth. Then slipped the dildo into it as it slid down her throat. The demonstration was both nasty and impressive. Also, shockingly the only one at the party not interested in dick is the best at dressing one. I shocked the group by demonstrating how I was taught in health class. Grab and hold the tip of the condom leaving room for the cum, then roll it down the shaft.

From the list, I knew what was next. I found a harlequin mask on the table. Just as I put it on three guys came inside. They were dressed like Marines in desert camo and USMC on their chests. My sister was marrying a Marine, so I guess this was their idea of a joke. Oh shit, I know one of them. His name tag says Private Long, but I know him as Tim from three seats in front of me in homeroom. I sat down between the tables with the non-alcoholic drinks on my right and the vodka table on the left.

All the girls were into it. Even Genny was clapping and laughing. They pushed Tim to me. I spun around and took a drink. From the wrong table. Instead of water, I got 151 proof Vodka. Everyone laughed as I turned red and gagged. I grabbed a shot of water and shot it. Once

again not water. I looked back, and Tim was down to just a thong that was too small for him. He was all but hanging out of it. Another guy giving my sister a lap dance moved out of the way. She got up and handed Tim a \$50 bill. Then she went back to her dance. Tim came up, and the thong came off. There he was, Tim from three seats up in homeroom with his large dick all out. I think my sister was trying to get me laid. The others started to clap as Tim moved over to me. My sister mimed, *"touch it."* I nodded, *"no."* She gave me the angry mom face. That is when I realized mom was in on this. The two of them wanted me to do this guy. Did they know who he was? I grabbed him a little harsher than I should have by the shaft then I took his balls in the other. He somehow grew harder and bigger in my hands, and I let go of him. My sister said, *"take her back."* Soon the others were chanting, *"take her back."*

He took me by the hand, and we went into a room nearby. Inside there was a cot. He spun me around and went to take the mask off, but I stopped him. I think I decided right there that I would just let things go where they were going. Or it was the two shots of 151-proof vodka. I took my top off which wasn't easy with the mask. Then my jeans. He walked up to me and felt up my breasts. Then the bra came off and finally my panties. There I was naked with a teenage male stripper from three seats up in homeroom. I took off my clothes so nothing nasty would get on them. I whispered, *"this is my first time."* He pulled back and put on a condom. He said, *"I will go at whatever speed you feel comfortable with."* I somehow pictured his dick as a transmission selector with one, two, three on it because you know it would be a manual.

We got on the cot, and he entered me. It felt weird. It hurt but not like in the movies. I shifted and tried to find a better position. I had this old BMX bike when I was younger, and the seat was jacked up and would ride me in a way that felt wrong and good all at the same time. It was like a bicycle seat with a very aggressive front. I said, *"you can go a little faster Tim."* Shit, I said his name. He looked down at me and went to plowing hard. He wanted to finish so he could get out. It started to hurt a lot. I said, *"slow down asshole."* He stopped and looked down. Then he said, *"Dai?"* I took my mask off, and his face turned red. Then he smiled and went back to a slow rhythm. With all the cards on the table, we went at it. He started to feel good. I mean really

good. Then he came. He later told me how he would dream about me at night. No, that doesn't sound creepy at all. No.

Outside I could hear a commotion. The other two strippers wanted more money. I looked out and saw them just standing there with their dicks out. Genny had white stuff on her face and neck. I later found out it was the Pina Colada, not cum. They wanted money for sex. Genny is a police officer. She took out her badge and said, "*do you want to revise that?*" And just like that, the party was over. Both the guys and my sister's friends got dressed. At some point, everyone had gotten into some state of undress. My sister was only wearing her bra and panties, except the bra was on her head. The guys left, and the girls went to doing shots. The plan was to drink the table dry then go to a strip joint. They all ended up underneath the table, and I am not cleaning that up.

The following Monday I was in homeroom when Tim walked in. I had a difficult time looking him in the face and not the crotch. He came up to me and said, "*hey Dai, you busy this weekend?*" I said, "*it depends on what it will cost me?*" He said, "*we can work it out.*" Then he went to his seat as I stared at his ass as he went there. My bestie Tara said, "*damn he is hot I wonder just how he looks without the clothes.*" That is when I got a bad idea. I got a terrible, awful bad idea.