

**A Reasonable Girl - Part 1**

Author: Dayvid Notellin (dnt\_x-asstr@yahoo.com)

Title: A Reasonable Girl

Part: Part 1

Summary: Summary of the story.

Keywords: Keywords of the story

Date: 12/11/2017

[Mainly Romance. Not much sex.]

"You don't know! You don't understand! You're just a snot-nosed brat! Maybe when you finally get a boyfriend you'll understand - if any boy would even ever want a butt-head like you for a girlfriend!" In a tear-filled huff, Eileen fled the room, slamming the door so hard it made the windows rattle.

Ellie was crying too. She hadn't meant to get Eileen in trouble in the first place, but that didn't matter. Her older sister was furious, and Ellie actually *didn't* understand - which bothered her almost as much as her sister's fury. She couldn't help but think that if she understood Eileen's fury better, they'd be able to patch things up easier. So in typical eight-year-old fashion, she decided that the only *reasonable* thing to do would be to go out and get herself a boyfriend. Ellie prided herself on being a "very reasonable girl".

Of course, the problem was - well where the heck does a girl find a boyfriend anyway? She'd never really given the matter much thought. Largely that was due to Eileen's antics making their parents so upset. Dad thought that thirteen was too early to date *at all*, while mom never really said anything against it, but everyone knew that was because mom had started dating at twelve. That was part of why Eileen had petitioned so hard to be allowed to as well. And of course, nobody *dared* mention that the boy mom had dated at twelve was daddy. That was fine for him though - he'd been nineteen at the time. Well beyond what he thought of as "old enough to date".

Still, when she'd been teasing Eileen at dinner about her and one of her boyfriends playing "nakie-games" together, she'd had no idea daddy would blow up so bad. At first Ellie had thought that it was because they'd been cutting class to do it. But as daddy and Eileen lit into it, she realized that wasn't it. It wasn't even that they'd been playing "nakie-games" - or not completely. What had really set daddy off was the fact that Ellie had let slip that Roger was just *one* of the "boyfriends" that Eileen played such games with. The row started, the shouting and accusations grew, and the revelations continued until by the time it was all over, daddy knew that Eileen had at least three boyfriends she played with. That was when he'd stormed off to the bar.

After mom excused them from the table, they'd gone to their room and Eileen had lit into her, calling her a troublemaker and accusing her of getting her in trouble on purpose. She hadn't, of course, but Eileen wasn't being reasonable at all. She was upset of course, but there was more to it than that. She seemed... well, ashamed. As if she'd been bad and knew it, but wasn't going to back down. It was weird, because usually if the girls were wrong, they would own it and apologize and try not to do it again. But Ellie had noticed over the last couple of years that her sister was becoming less and less reasonable when it came to the boys she spent time with.

She didn't understand it, and had made the mistake of pointing out that Eileen was being unreasonable - which had led to her final outburst and storming off. It also led to Ellie's contemplation about boys. Obviously the only way she would understand her sister's strange behavior would be to get herself a boyfriend too, so she could have some of those experiences and understand finally.

Over the next few days she thought about it, and for the first time in her life, actually contemplated kissing boys - and that's when she realized why she'd never thought about boys that way before. The plain fact was that all the boys she knew were *really* the snot-nosed brats Eileen had accused her of being. Why would *anyone* want to let a boy like Jimmy Clark or Benny Black touch her - much less *kiss* her! The very idea was icky to the max! And those

were the two front-runners. All the other boys she knew from school or church or wherever were worse. Loud, ornery, obnoxious, dirty, harsh - the word "icky" was perfect.

She was swinging at the park thinking these things, appalled at the slim-pickings at the playground when she noticed the man on the bench watching her. Again, it was one of the things she'd never really thought about before - there were *always* people watching the kids at the park. After all, that's what the park was for - a place where kids could play, and adults would be on-hand if they got hurt or something. There were always at least ten or twelve adults around the playground. Most were the parents or babysitters of the kids playing, but some were just there to "enjoy the sunshine and scenery", as daddy put it. That made sense - it was a nice park. Only a year old, so it still had that "new playground" look to it, but old enough the kids all were comfortable playing without worrying about scratching something or whatever.

Ellie had seen this guy there often enough, but had never paid attention to what he was doing - he was just part of the background. Only today she was actually looking at people - paying attention to them as prospective boyfriends, so she was noticing their actual behavior. That's why she finally noticed this guy seemed to look at her a lot. Like he was worried she might hurt herself or something. But that was just silly - Ellie wasn't the type to scrape a knee or fall off a swing. She didn't take outrageous chances - she was a very reasonable girl, after all!

It wasn't until he grinned at her that she realized that she'd been looking at him back. Not intentionally. Not staring or anything. Just looking at him as she thought about why he might be looking at her. But when he grinned, it was such a friendly, *fun* grin - she automatically grinned back. It was a grin like daddy had when they played sometimes. She hadn't seen it so much lately, and kind of missed it. They hardly ever played together anymore. She wondered if this guy would play with her, and then stopped herself, giggling as she realized that "play with her" could mean playing with her the way Eileen's boyfriends "played" with *her*!

That was so outrageously silly she burst into giggles. This guy was *way* too old to be a possible boyfriend. He looked like - well, not as old as daddy, but definitely out of school. Even out of high school. But then, daddy had been out of high school when he'd started dating mommy. But then, mommy had been twelve, and Ellie was only eight so that meant that they were even further apart in ages than mommy and daddy had been - and she'd heard plenty of times about how that made it hard for them to be boyfriend and girlfriend.

Totally worth it of course, cos they loved each other very much. Mommy had even said they were even closer because of it once. Ellie hadn't really thought about it from the perspective of her having an older boyfriend, but it kind of made sense. None of the boys her age were worth bothering with, and she'd been kind of thinking about maybe one of Eileen's classmates... but this would be even better. She didn't really want any more of Eileen's hand-me-downs anyway, and she *sure* didn't want to end up with one of Eileen's rejects! If Eileen had rejected them, why would *she* want them? And besides, Eileen would lord it over her about that.

But if she got a boyfriend *older* than Eileen - even older than Eileen's boyfriends... That might be perfect! She could actually show-up her sister. It wasn't that they were overly competitive or anything, but they *were* sisters, and siblings always compete some. She nearly giggled again as she thought of taking this boy - well, this man really - up to her big sister and introducing him as her boyfriend. Her eyes would probably bug right out of her face!

The man was still looking at her, and smiling - probably in response to the big grin on her own face at her thoughts of Eileen's face. Ellie didn't know what to do next though. How did a girl tell a boy that she wanted... well, she wasn't exactly sure what she wanted really. But she wanted *something*. Maybe not really a boyfriend, but at least a friend who was a boy who would be able to help her understand what this whole boy-girl thing was about and why her big sister was so "boy-crazy", as daddy called it. She had his attention, and he seemed friendly toward her. Should she go over to him?

She knew that wouldn't do. Not at all. She knew enough about grownups to know that when a kid approached them, they changed. They were on guard. And rightfully so. Kids could be awful - often were, in fact. She didn't want the man on guard. She wanted him happy, smiling like he was now. But she also wanted him to know she...

how did they put it? She was "interested"? That sounded right. She was interested in him. Maybe. No, not maybe. She actually was interested, she just felt like when people said they were "interested" in something, they meant something more than just interest.

There was a nervous little tickle in her tummy. This w(w)d-P"(d)-a nonus" andshe knewlit. Tht icle (w)ast h-(e)-(s)amre

icle sThe whensh esnuh ancoNoor whenE"le(e)-(n)-(a)-(n)-(d)-(h)-(e)-(r)-(p)-(ay)(e)-(d)-(d)-(e)-(s)-(d)-(Puh)-(p)-(l)-(wr)-a hystuf when  
he w(w)d)-Pohu.aDaunonus  
ent fonsle(t)-(o)-(r in a and then heedthat he

Shekane aout inmeant theyth d ash aedset. ddy inkaed when he her dy while(mom( )TJETEMC 2 MCID3DC qmmewhBTEPP fmmf

She'd never heard the man's voice, but she knew it was him. She also knew she had to come up with some incredibly clever reply. Mom said a million times that you never got a second chance to make a first impression. It had to be funny. It had to be clever. And by God, she wanted it to be naughty and dangerous. Since their last encounter, Ellie had been having all kinds of thoughts - strange thoughts, foreign to her. Thoughts about this man, and what she might have done better to catch his attention more. And the more she thought about it, the more she felt like she should do or say something flirty. Like they do in the movies. Something with a double-meaning would be best.

Suddenly it hit her. She turned and looked over her shoulder. Sure enough, the man was behind her, and she knew that men in movies and stuff, they liked butts. There was even that weird rapper song about butts where the rapper goes on about how much he likes them. It was *perfect*! She arched her back downward, making her behind stick out more, and then before she could lose her nerve, she blurted out, "Do I *look* like I got a tail!?"

It was perfecter than she'd planned. The man's eyes naturally went to her behind cos - well, cos she'd asked him if she had a tail, of course! So then he was looking at her butt! And she was sticking it out, and he just *froze*! Then his face turned kinda red, and he made this sort of choking sound for a second before he forced himself to inhale so he could answer. But by then it was too late. She totally *got* him, and when their eyes met, his full of shock-and-awe, hers full of devilish merriment, he grinned so big he looked like he grew extra teeth just for that grin.

"You set me up!" he accused, knowing full-well she couldn't deny it.

She was high on her success now though, and totally into the groove. She'd seen this sort of thing in movies plenty of times, and now that she had one success, it was easy to ride the tide and go with it. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean," she said coquettishly, with a faintly pseudo-British accent.

"I'm sure you *do* know what I mean," he chuckled - a low, happy rumble that made her want to hear it again. "You totally set me up like a pro! Well done!"

She grinned, delighted with herself, her skills, and the compliment. So she pressed on. "You didn't answer though," she smiled, daring him to answer in a daring manner, and hoping like anything that he would.

The man's eyes danced, and he may as well have shouted "Challenge Accepted!" He paused for a moment to formulate his response, then a moment longer to build her anticipation, then said in a voice low, but thick with meaning. "Yes you do. You have one of the loveliest tails it's ever been my pleasure to contemplate." Then he leaned back a bit, as if having thrown down a gauntlet and watching for her response.

This was fun! But it took her a moment to work through his response. He used some fancy-talk there, and she wasn't prepared for that, even though she'd started it with her "accent". But when she worked it out, it was *her* face that reddened. She could actually *feel* the heat in her cheeks, and he grinned hugely, knowing he'd won the point. She dropped her own eyes, conceding his win - and that was a mistake, for it gave him an opening for the coup-de-grace.

"No honey," he said, his voice low, but thick with naughty humor. "That's not a tail, though it does sometimes look kind of like one."

Again it took a moment for her to put it together, and when she did, she was suddenly furious. She was *not* looking at his thing! Her head raised, and her eyes flashed at him. But when they met his, all the anger disappeared. His face was so happy and friendly, and their shared secret seemed way more intense. He knew she hadn't been looking at that - he'd just said that to score another point! If she'd been her mother, she'd have used one of her naughty words. Then she realized that this was *exactly* the time to use the word.

"You bastard," she said, her voice quivering slightly at using such a word out in the open. Part of her wanted to glance around and see if her parents had heard. But the look on his face was pure approval - admiration even. She'd done it right, there could be no question, and her heart felt full.

"Tom," the man said, extending one large hand.

"Ellie," she responded in kind, but when she went to shake his hand, he instead took hers and kissed the back of it. It was so unexpected it made her giggle again, which brought another of his charming grins.

"Ellie. A cute name for a cute girl," Tom said, stopping immediately at the look on her face. Immediately he corrected himself by forcing a continuation. "... and a lovely name for a lovely young lady," he added, bringing Ellie's smile back. Seeing he was on the right tack now, he carried on. "And is milady unescorted today?" he asked. She looked confused at this, and he started to explain what that meant, then thought better of it. Instead, he leaned closer and in a low tone, added, "An unescorted lady might be waylaid by the ruffians hereabouts. Never fear though, milady, Sir Tom is here to escort you safely through the badlands!" which he finished with a low, sweeping bow that was comically theatrical.

That gave her enough info to figure out what he meant without him having to mansplain it at her. His manner and tone were plainly playful, cheerful, and flirtatious, and now that she'd figured out what he meant by "escort", she saw it for what it was - an offer to spend time together. That suited her plans just fine. Ellie might not be polished in the rituals between men and women, but neither was she entirely in a vacuum. She'd seen movies and TV; and had witnessed her parents and other adults doing the dance. And she *liked* this Tom guy - he was funny, and playful. And he didn't talk down to her.

She gave him an awkward little curtsy (she wasn't practiced at it) and said, "Thank you, Sir Tom. No, I'm not alone - I'm with my sister. I mean, she's here..." she glanced around and didn't see her. "I mean, she's somewhere around here." She knew where Eileen was though. She was almost certainly in some secluded corner, hidden from view, with some boy or other. For a moment Ellie was annoyed at being ditched, then shrugged it off. Eileen was still miffed with her, but even if she hadn't been, she wouldn't hang out with Ellie if one of her boys was around.

"I see," said Tom, taking her hand and placing it on his arm as a man escorting a lady might. "Then perhaps milady would deign to spend a little time with me? Perhaps take a walk around the pond and make faces at the ducks?" She gave him a quizzical look, and he grinned. "They like it when you make funny faces at them - it quacks them up."

Her laughter was far more than the lame-duck joke warranted, and she wondered why she was so giddy. It was like she'd had too much sugar (as if there *was* such a thing!) But Tom just took it as assent and led her down the path.

The next two hours were a revelation for the young girl. She found in Tom a boy (a *man*!) who was not only not icky, but was actually fun to be with. And flirty! Almost outrageously flirty! As they walked and chatted, he made a number of suggestive comments and observations of a rather mature nature, every one delivered with aplomb that she would both "get it" and wouldn't be offended by it - in short, he treated her like an older, more mature girl, and she reveled in it. It wasn't long before she was flirting back and even chancing another comment every now and then.

They'd been on the trail for about a half hour, and were at the far end of the pond where the people were fewer and further between when Tom stopped, peering into some bushes with a grin. "Yup! It's still there!"

"What is," Ellie asked, standing on her toes to try to see over the bushes.

He looked at her for a long moment, as if trying to decide if he should tell her. Then he shrugged. "Nothing really. It's just this path - it used to go out away from the pond here, into the trees and bushes. See, you can see where it

was," he pointed it out. "Anyway, there's a nice, secluded bench back there, and sometimes if you're not careful, you can accidentally interrupt boys and girls... uh..." he trailed off as if uncertain if he should continue.

Ellie knew though, and her heart thumped in her chest as she finished his sentence, "... making out?" She could feel her cheeks getting warm, though there was no reason for it. It wasn't as if *she* was the one making out with some boy in the bushes! Her cheeks grew even warmer.

"Exactly," he said. "But I can see there's nobody back there now, so we don't need to worry about interrupting anyone if you'd like to see it - you know, so you'll know where to avoid." The twinkle in his eye sent a shiver through Ellie. Was he trying to lure her back there so that he - they could do some smooching and stuff? No, of course not. And yet she could feel tingles all over her cheeks and neck as she reddened. The way he was looking at her made her feel like... she wasn't sure what. Like... She got it. Like the way daddy looked at momma sometimes. Whenever they were like that - and it seemed like they *both* got that way at the same time - mom would get kind of silly and tease-y and they'd flirt and kiss a lot. One time momma had said like it was a scold, only it wasn't, "Calm down. I'm not a steak, and you're not a lion!"; to which daddy had growled in a low tone and they both laughed. She felt like *that* the way Tom was looking at her. Not like he was going to *eat* her of course, but like he wanted - that was it! Like he wanted *her*!

The tingling in her cheeks and neck suddenly coursed through the rest of her body at the thought of being *wanted* by this man. She'd never been *wanted* before - and the sensation made her giddy. The tingles migrated to just below and behind her belly button, and to her as-yet-non-existent breasts. She could actually *feel* her nipples crinkling up like they did when she got out of the shower when it was cold - and that's when she realized it. She'd *heard* of this sort of thing! She was getting "excited!"

Ellie had only begun to explore the possibilities of her body so far - a little touch here, a little prodding there - usually in the shower or when she was laying in bed trying to get to sleep. She hadn't done much of course. With a sister sharing her room and demanding entry into the shower ASAP, she never really had any truly "alone" time. And with the explorations only beginning, she hadn't a clue of the rewards in store, so she hadn't been overly eager to press on. But now, with this man looking at her this way, her body was on auto-pilot. The tingles (they weren't really "tingles", but they were definitely feelings!) in her nipples grew stronger, and the one in her tummy seemed to be migrating South, warming her between the legs.

Of course Ellie knew the basic theory of the mechanics of lovemaking, though the intimate details were of course unknown. Still, she did know *where* the magic was supposed to happen, and there seemed to be some stirrings of that magic going on inside her. It wasn't that she was "horny", whatever that actually meant. But it was *something*, and it was something that had a strangely dangerous, fun, exciting promise hidden to it that she was both scared of and eager to experience more of.

"It's okay honey," Tom said in a low, gentle, and very, *very* kind tone. "We don't have to go back there."

His words made her realize that she'd been standing there, frozen like some kind of idiot for the *longest* time - at least an hour, she was sure. It was *embarrassing*! And worse, it was like he *knew* what was going on, and he was giving her an "out". It was almost insulting, as if she'd be too chicken to go into the private, to look at the make-out bench with him!

With a sudden burst of courage, she grabbed his hand and practically dragged him along the overgrown trail. She *had* to hurry. She knew her "courage" could vanish in a puff of smoke in an instant, and she wanted to get beyond the "point of no return" before that happened. She wasn't gonna chicken out, no sir!

"Easy hon!" Tom said suddenly after they were about twenty yards along. With effortless power, he pulled her back, catching her in his big arms when she nearly lost her footing. His arms wrapped around her protectively. "That's poison oak there sweetie," he said, nodding toward the growth she'd been about to brush aside. "You don't wanna get any of that on you!"

"N-no," she agreed nodding. But it was a rote reaction. Her head with swimming with the "hon" and "sweetie" he'd called her. Those were things you called someone you were like, like dating or something! True, daddy called her those kinds of things too, but that was different. *Totally* different. And it made her heart thump hard in her chest. Was he... were they... No, of course not. And yet... it felt *so nice* there with his arms wrapped around her.

Subdued, she walked meekly beside him the rest of the way, realizing immediately that when he released her from his embrace, he didn't let go of her hand. They were holding hands as they walked! His hand was gi-normous - hers felt like a little kid's in comparison! But his grip was firm-and-gentle, and as they walked and talked (well, *he* talked, she was having trouble finding her voice), his big fingers didn't just *hold* her hand, but also gently squeezed hers, and lightly rubbed along the back, or intertwined their fingers. She'd never know that "holding hands" could be so *active*! Or so - what was the word? Stimulating. Yeah, that was it. It was like he was *touching* her! Well, of course he was, but it was only on the hand.

But it *seemed* like more than just holding hands. Like he was touching more than just her hand. Only he wasn't. It was all so confusing! Or maybe it was just the feelings rushing through her body what were making it all seem so much more confusing that it should be. It was hard to focus on this stuff when your nipples were tingling so much they almost hurt - she wanted to rub them so bad! And that was *nothing* compared to the itchy feelings going on between her legs!

Thank God the bench finally hove into sight. She wanted to let go of his hand and run to it, as if it was some sort of finish line she could attain and end her torture. Only it was a torture she not only liked - or loved - it was one she wanted more of. Much more.

Suddenly she *didn't* want to reach the bench. Ever. When they got there, she was almost positive they'd sit together a bit, then Tom would want to kiss her. And she wanted that. More than anything she wanted that. Unfortunately, if that happened, Tom would instantly know that she knew nothing whatsoever about kissing. Her mother told her once (well, many times actually) that nobody ever actually *died* of embarrassment, but Ellie was absolutely positive that she'd die of embarrassment if Tom found out she'd never actually ever kissed a boy before. Not *really* kissed. Not the kind of kiss she knew Tom would want. And the bench - it was only a few yards away. They were almost there!

Ellie stopped in her tracks. She just couldn't go on. And Tom stopped as he realized she had. He turned to her, looking at her face, then down her body as if checking to see if she'd hurt herself. Satisfied she was okay, but somehow stressed, he knelt down on one knee. Now instead of towering over her (he was like *twice* as tall as her!) he was a few inches below eye-level. Looking up at her, he seemed even cuter than before, his deep brown eyes bright and gentle and full of concern for her distress. Part of her wanted to kiss him for the care she saw, part of her wanted to laugh in glee for the way he didn't press her or ask any awkward questions. He just waited, giving her time and room, neither pulling back nor pressing her.

Finally she came to the only reasonable conclusion. They'd have to leave this place. She'd have to say goodbye to Tom and never see him again. And she'd have to live forever alone in the world, never knowing what it was like to have a boyfriend. It wasn't that she *wanted* these things, it was just that she could not - *not* - go on like this. It was just too intense. Too uncomfortable. Too embarrassing.

Ellie opened her mouth to tell Tom that they had to go back, but before she could say a word, Tom said - flatly - "No."

That stopped her. What the heck? He didn't know what she was going to say! She had her apology all worked out - about how it was all her fault and she was sorry for leading him on and all that! What the heck?"

"No." He repeated. "I'm not going to kiss you when we get to the bench."

Horror tore through her. *He knew!* He was some kind of mind-reader! No, that was stupid, but then how could he know? And how could he refuse her if he *did* know how mixed up she was? Her mind was swirling and buzzing and...

"Stop," he said. "You're going about it all wrong."

"Huh?" she asked. That made *no* sense.

"Look kid," he said, "if you want to kiss me, you don't have to make a big production out of it. But I have on condition. Be gentle with me - I'm new to this sort of thing, and I'm not quite sure how to kiss a girl."

That totally confused her. Was he kidding? Was he *mocking* her? She was just about to get angry, sure he was making fun of her when he added, gently. "But I'm willing to kiss you anyway, cos you're just so darn pretty. It'll be totally worth it, even if I mess it up!"

Ellie didn't know what happened. One moment she was standing there all confused, not sure whether to be mad, or scared, or what. And the next her lips were pressed to his, firmly. Not at all like a daddy-kiss or a boy-kiss. And his big strong arms were wrapping around her. And she felt safe, and warm, and she knew - just *knew* that it was going to be all right.

The kiss was long. And it was delicious. She was lost in a dreamy haze as she realized she was kissing - really kissing - a guy! And it wasn't all awkward and scary like she thought. It was as if her body knew what to do without her telling it. And it wasn't just their lips kissing. She could feel Tom's arms caressing her back, his fingers running through her hair. And they moved together, like a dance the both practiced and knew how to do. It was so blissful she didn't even notice when his lips parted, and she was too caught up in the joy of it all to even notice the details. When his lips parted, it was part of their dance and hers did as well. And when his tongue slid out to caress her lips, well that was part of it too, and hers followed suit. She followed his lead from kiss to French kiss as naturally as a baby duck follows her mother to the pond; and before she knew it, she was swimming in the sea of sensations as she discovered her mouth has thousands of sensitive nerve endings, each of which can give pleasure in the act of meeting another mouth. She'd never known what "intimacy" meant before - until she'd let part of another person's body interact intimately with a part of hers, and the sensations were mind-boggling.

They kissed forever, and in addition to sharing her mouth with him, she found she was sharing other parts of her with him as well. As their tongues entwined and danced together, Tom's hands began to roam as well, drawing more and more of her being into their joy. And everywhere he touched, she found nerve endings eager for those touches. Her sides shivered with delight. Her back arched with pleasure. And when his large, warm hands gradually encroached on her nearly-flat chest, to gently rub those achingly-stiff nipples, the relief and pleasure that swept through her made her moan into his mouth. It felt *so* good! It was like those parts of her had been crying out for his caress forever, and when it finally arrived, it was beyond relief, it was fulfillment!

It simply couldn't get any better than this, she was certain. When she'd moaned at his caress, part of her thought he'd break the kiss, but he didn't. His touching simply continued, and increased, and after the first, she didn't worry about moaning again. She was completely and utterly enveloped in their kiss, their embrace, and in his caresses. Everything he touched brought her more, and greater, pleasure. When his fingers traced over her tummy, her tummy sang with joy. When they slid under her shirt to touch her *bare* skin, the joy and pleasure only became that much more wonderful. Even when his fingers were no longer only caressing her hard little nubs, but actually *squeezing* them - she too found that almost unbearably wonderful.

In fact, it wasn't until he'd been caressing her legs, sliding up under her skirt to touch her panties that she found anything wrong with any of it. And then it was all horribly wrong in the most awful way ever. As his fingers came into contact with her most sensitive spot, she realized with mortification that she had wet herself down there!

Ellie pulled back with a sudden jerk, breaking the kiss and almost tearing herself free from his embrace, but not quite. Before she had only *thought* she might die of embarrassment, but now she was certain. It was going to happen. She'd been having the best time in her whole life, and her body had betrayed her by having an accident - right there in front of him. And he *knew*! How could he not? His finger had *touched* it!

She was shaking with reaction, feeling the tears welling up, preparing to run all the way home - if her heart didn't explode in grief first! But he had her by the shoulders, holding her, and she couldn't get away no matter how she struggled.

"Ellie!" he said, urgently, over and over. Not loud, but demanding her attention, again and again until finally, he got it. She looked at him, the tears about to spill over, unable to speak in her shame.

"Ellie! Honey! It's not what you think!" he said hurriedly. "It's not, really it's not! You didn't do anything wrong! I know! Trust me! Can you do that sweetie? Can you give me... what, ten seconds before you run away?"

Dully it occurred to her that she could do that if he'd let her go after, so she nodded.

"Look honey, I know what you think, but it's not pee. Girls get wet with girl-juice down there when they're really excited! It's normal! And it's not a bad thing - it's a good thing. A *very* good thing. It means you're not just a woman, but you're a woman who's really enjoying herself!" He'd gone past his time, but she was too busy puzzling out his words to flee. "Sweetie, believe me. The juices you make down there are *not* a bad thing! Just the opposite. They're wonderful! Can you trust me just one more second? And not be afraid to for just that long? And do one little thing for me?"

Hope springs eternal in even the biggest disaster, and he was *so* sincere. She just *knew* he was trying to reach her, to comfort her, to make it all okay, and she wanted that too - she just didn't see how it could *ever* be okay. Still... she nodded.

"Okay honey. One thing. Now don't freak out, but do this." He held his finger up to his nose and sniffed, then brought it beneath her nose for her to sniff.

She cringed, naturally. Nobody wants to smell their own pee! But the way he was looking at her... and she had promised. She sighed, giving up. If this got her out of here...

She sniffed. Her brow furrowed, and she sniffed again. It didn't *smell* like pee. It smelled like - well, she didn't know *what* it smelled like, but it wasn't a bad smell. And it certainly wasn't a pee smell. Could Tom be telling the truth?

She looked at him, saw the way his eyes were dancing, and realized it *was* true. She hadn't had an accident - and she immediately fell into his arms, sobbing with relief. It *was* okay, it really, really was!

Tom rose to his feet, hugging the little eight-year-old girl, caressing her, soothing and comforting her. She'd had quite a fright, and needed a few moments to get re-centered. He carried her to the bench and eased her down, kneeling before her as she got herself back together.

Being the reasonable girl that she was, Ellie got back on-track quickly enough, and soon they were kissing once again. This time though, Ellie was far more eager, and infinitely more self-assured. She knew what she was doing now, and what she wanted. And she had a deep trust in Tom now. So deep that when his fingers lowered her panties and he touched her bare pussy, she didn't object at all. She merely reveled in the sensations. *This* was the magic. *This* was the thing that she'd always wanted but never knew.

Tom knew her anatomy far better than she did, and with sure movements, he increased her pleasure in a steady climb until she achieved a bliss so powerful that had his mouth not been covering hers, her cries would have

scared the ducks on the other side of the pond. He caught her as she fell from the pinnacle, and comforted her as she found her way back to Earth, holding her and speaking softly, petting her gently, soothing her. Loving her.

She gazed up into his eyes, her whole body trembling with the release he'd given her, and in a voice as soft as a breeze; as warm and calm as a summer meadow, she looked at him and said, "That was amazing."

"Oh honey," Tom said softly, "we haven't even begun yet."

Ellie giggled. She was sure Tom was right. He had a *lot* to teach her, and she was going to be the best student ever. Boy was Eileen going to be jealous of her new boyfriend!

---

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

---

*If you leave feedback, please, please, 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: [dnt\\_x-asstr@yahoo.com?subject=Feedback\\_ReasonableGirl1](mailto:dnt_x-asstr@yahoo.com?subject=Feedback_ReasonableGirl1)

**Note:** *Email links like this open your default email program, which will likely 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\\_ReasonableGirl1](https://www.reddit.com/message/compose?to=u%2FDayvid_Notellin&subject=Feedback_ReasonableGirl1)

3. There are a number of free anonymous emailer services out there. If you use one of these, PLEASE include the subject "[Feedback\\_ReasonableGirl1](#)". 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!

---