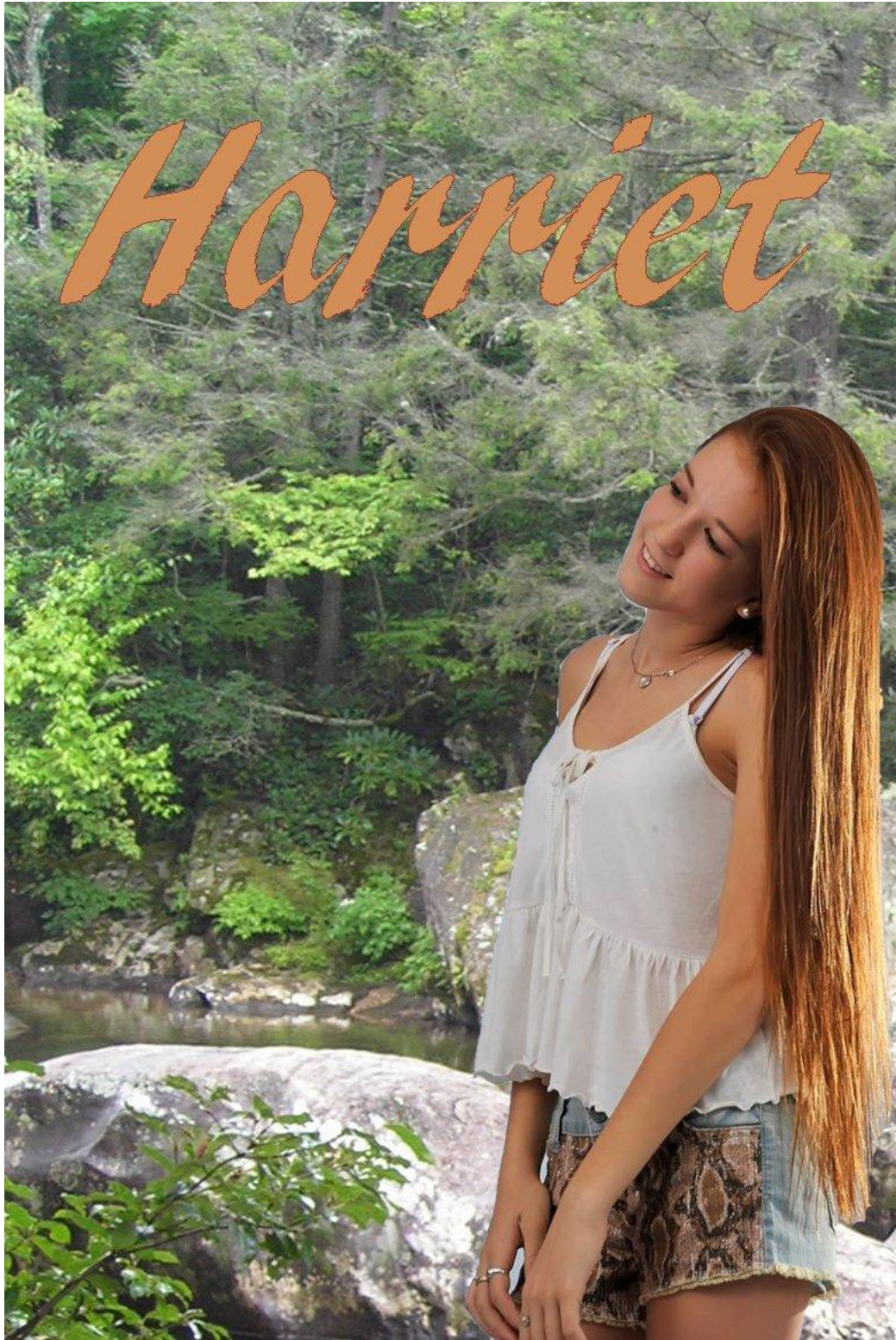




THE LEWIS ADAMS CHRONICLES

BOOK 1

HARRIET

LEWIS ADAMS

INTRODUCTION

Disclaimer

This story contains depictions of sexual activity between consenting adults. It also offers some fictional depictions of sexual and inappropriate activity between adults and minors. It is entirely a work of fiction and none of the characters are based on or should be seen as resembling any persons living or dead. The locations mentioned may exist but as far as the author is aware none of the activities shown have ever taken place at any of the locations referred to. The story is intended for an adult audience namely persons of an age for which reading such written material is not viewed as contravening the laws of the country in which the story is being read.

The views expressed in this story do not represent the views of the author and are merely intended to offer a fictional situation to be enjoyed by adult readers in private. They do not represent any form of activity of which the author approves neither has the author ever participated in such activity. The story is presented purely as a work of fiction and the author does not condone any such activities in real life.

What is Hebephilia?

It is a strong and persistent adult sexual interest in pubescent individuals, adolescents with the features of physical development typically represented by ages eleven to fourteen. Hebephilia differs from ephebophilia, which is the strong and persistent sexual interest in those of later adolescence, approximately ages fifteen to nineteen, and from pedophilia, which is primarily or exclusively a sexual attraction to prepubescent children. Hebephilia is approximate in its age range because the onset and completion of puberty vary in individuals. Partly because of this, some definitions of chronophilia (sexual preference for a specific physiological appearance related to age) show an overlap between the three 'philias'. For example, some studies extend pre-pubescence from eleven to thirteen. Another study includes the early puberty years in its definition of pedophilia, and some definitions of ephebophiles include an interest in adolescents as young as thirteen through to late adolescence. On average, girls begin the process of puberty at age ten or eleven. Whatever the studies might suggest it is obvious why poor Lewis is confused. Why he considers himself to be a reluctant hebephile. How could he be otherwise when as we shall see he is attracted equally but not exclusively to girls between the ages of nine and fifteen but also to adults of any age. While individuals with a sexual preference for adults may have some sexual interest in pubescent-aged individuals, researchers and clinical diagnoses have proposed that hebephilia is characterized by a sexual preference for pubescent in preference to adult partners.

So is Lewis Adams a hebephile? Perhaps not, he may be merely a very confused man with raging hormones. As you will discover the term may be misplaced in relation to Lewis who has wide-ranging appetites and desires. Let us hope that all becomes clear during the telling of this story. Not only for you, dear reader, but also for Lewis who surely needs to understand his own predilections in order to understand himself.

PROLOGUE - SUNDAY MORNING

No alarm clock this morning just the slow lazy feeling of waking when I want to rather than when I should.

The sun is shining in Penstone a quiet little village about four miles east of Woolchester in the lovely County of Barsetshire in the North of England. Nothing much happens here. It is a fairly sleepy little suburban village on the outskirts of Woolchester. Population at last count was 6454. Apart from the obvious jobs you would expect to find in a place like this, most people work in Woolchester or the towns surrounding it.

Those who have found work locally, either do so in one of the few shops or take away food outlets in the village or on the land. There is a long history of agriculture in the area but very few now venture into this as an occupation.

Let us turn to the question raised about my predilections. Why do I describe myself as a reluctant Hebeophile? Well, let me think about that for a moment. I have always enjoyed the company of women, ever since I understood what one could do with them. I know that is very sexist but I believe that deep down men are hard wired to think like that. I have always, as long as I can remember been attracted to smaller, slimmer women. The child woman of Nabokov's writing. Large breasts, Rubenesque figures have never held the slightest attraction to me. If I was the model of the human male and all women were of this type then I would have to decline the offer to propagate the species. Actually I haven't done my fair share of propagation at all yet. Always careful to prevent that happening whenever I could. What is my ideal female body shape. Think Audrey Hepburn, Kylie Minogue, Thylane Blondeau, Brooke Shields in Pretty Baby. Even Tinkerbell has her attraction and there you have the heart of the problem. What I find attractive in a woman is the child-like innocence which so often has been destroyed by life.

How to retain that innocence? I don't know the answer to this conundrum, which is why I am reluctant to admit my condition, if in fact a condition can be attributed to my desires. The only guaranteed way of ensuring that the childishness is still in the woman is to be especially choosy in relationships or to confine them to those who have not been sullied too much by adulthood.

Lying in my bed, keeping my eyes closed, I roll over and turn towards the window, feeling the warmth of the sun beating down on my eyelids. Such a lovely soft glowing feeling knowing that I really don't have to do anything today unless I choose to. What I do choose to do is just lay back and luxuriate in this feeling. I wonder what time it is? I don't worry about it too much just let the question pass me by. I don't need to know what time it is, probably about eight thirty I guess. There I go again guessing the time when I have the whole day to myself and it really doesn't matter whether it is eight a.m., ten 10 a.m. or even four thirty a.m..

No it can't possibly be four thirty, the sun is too warm. It is probably more likely to be eight. Stop it Lewis today is a rest day, today is not a work day. Today is a day when you can stay in bed all day or get up and take pleasure in the sunny summer sunshine without anybody asking you to do anything at all. No boss, no wife, no commitments, no need to do anything, well at least today.

I am lying in bed, sunshine infusing me with feelings of pleasure.

Why is it on days like this I always wake up with a raging 'hard-on'? Today is no exception. I slide my hand under the duvet and reach for the source of many, many moments of infinite delight. I have never worried about whether masturbating is good or bad. I consider it to be essential especially when single or lacking in female company. No be honest Lewis it isn't essential, I am sure many guys get through life rarely playing with their cock but unfortunately, or more accurately, fortunately I am not one of them.

Today's erection is impressive even if I do say so myself. I wrap my fingers around the shaft and slowly slide my hand up and down feeling it throbbing softly in my grip. Mmmmm that is nice. I woke with it really hard but gently stroking makes it stiffen still more. I have never known whether it is better to be circumcised because I never was. My penis is not big, it is adequate but I do have the benefit of a really long foreskin which keeps the head so very, very sensitive. Right now I squeeze and slide, pulling the skin down and revealing the purple head with its little weeping eye.

Pleasure. Masturbating is pleasure, Pleasure is masturbating.

Grip, slide, slide grip, twitch, throb, relax.

I wonder what other guys think about when they do this? Women with big tits? Men with large cocks? Hairy women? Chubby women? Not for me... My pleasure is drawn from the beauty of small things. Pretty things, the cutest things...

Slide, stroke, slide, stroke

Sunshine is pouring through the windows warming my eyelids. I keep my eyes tight shut and continue with the slow sensuous massage of the part of me that enjoys it most. Visualizing my ideal child-women, Sue Lyon in Lolita, Jane March in The Lover, Dominique Swain in Lolita. There is a theme developing here in case you hadn't noticed. If I had to list my all-time favourite movies it would be something like, but not necessarily in this order.

Lolita, Pretty Baby, Taxi Driver, Fish Tank, Leon, An Education, The Lover, Stoker, Beau Pere, Atonement.

But enough of these philosophical musings, I am much too busy to worry about that right now. I have an erection to deal with and so my thoughts inevitably turn from fiction to fact. Amy. Sweet Amy, little Amy, pretty Amy, cute Amy. Oh how I wish she was here today but she isn't, it's just me alone with my memories. This is such a pleasant feeling, gently edging myself slowly towards ecstasy. Pleasant? No it isn't pleasant it is wonderful.

Amy is wonderful. Amy is perfection. She is all I desire and all I will always desire.

My cock responds to the thoughts of her running around the house in her little white top and red skirt. So tiny, so sweet, so desirable. Her laughter rippling and bouncing off the walls as she teases me with her daintiness. All skinny legs and flying skirt.

Stroke, pull my foreskin back until the head explodes out of the end and then the tightness as I run my hand upwards and allow it to hide the purple monster glistening with precum.

Amy, why isn't she here right now? She is so good at doing this for me. But no I have to do it myself

because she is not here this weekend. She is on holiday with her family in Mexico. Another two weeks until she gets back home and we can spend time together. Thank goodness she is able to spend so much time with me while her family are off working. Oh, it's not all me taking advantage of her in fact I haven't actually taken advantage of her in the normal sense of the word, yet. Yes, she has seen my cock and yes she has touched it and yes I have let her play with it which is clearly totally inappropriate, but you know how these things happen sometimes.

In my mind's eye Amy is running around, her soft pleated skirt spinning up as she twirls around like a little dancer offering tantalizing glimpses of her cute little bottom encased in crisp white cotton knickers. Her pretty mound with its tiny cleft pushing against the front and making me hot with desire. A desire that is still to be realized but one which I hope might one day be satisfied. When she is ready to allow such liberties. I love her the way she is now, I will carry on loving her as long as she stays as she is now. I just hope she doesn't change too soon.

Stroke, stroke, stroke. My slender, feminine fingers grasping the thickness of my shaft and gently moving myself closer to climax.

My fingers are not at all masculine but Amy's fingers are so much prettier, clearly feminine as they should be. Smaller than mine, so soft and gentle when they wrap themselves around me. I love to watch her trying to make my cock fit into her hand but even my relatively small member is almost too big to be completely enclosed. It does however make her laugh out loud when the head pops from its hiding place and into view like a Jack-in-the-Box or should that be Jackin-the-Box?

So far I have not let her see me ejaculate, that is something I am keeping for later. I usually have to feign an excuse to rush out of the room before we get to that stage. Straight to the bathroom to finish myself off while she settles back on the sofa and watches TV.

Getting nearer now, slip, stroke, pull down on the foreskin, precum oozing delightfully from the tip.

The image of Amy now half naked in her bikini running in and out of the sprinkler system on the back lawn, her hair wet and shining in the sunlight. Her almost flat chest with its two little buds pushing temptingly against the wet fabric of her bikini top. Her little feet splish-splashing through the lying water. Her bikini bottoms soaked and slightly translucent. Her legs covered in the diamond splashes from the lawn sprinkler glistening in the summer sun. Her pussy cleft delineated against the now wet material.

Stroke, slide, stroke, slide, squeeze, stroke.... Fuck!!!

Fuck it... Going to have to get up now. Semen pulses from the end of my hard cock all over the bed sheets.

Thanks Amy, no excuse to stay in bed now. Better get a shower and see what the rest of the day has in store for me...

Actually it's Sunday, yes Sunday. Amy went on holiday on a Wednesday so only ten days left until she will be back again. I don't doubt that I will be doing this again many times over the next two weeks and at the back of it all will be the wonderful image of my darling Amy coming back to me...

Amy in her skirt and top... Amy in her swimwear... Amy in her nightdress... Amy... Amy... Amy...

CHAPTER 1 - SUNDAY AFTERNOON

I know it had happened again...

Woke up with the biggest erection I am capable of, nothing too spectacular but strong enough to give me pleasure. My ex-wife used to complain about it being too small to touch the sides but I always contend that her vagina was too slack to get full benefit from my endowment. After all when I look in the mirror it seems perfectly adequate to me and it sure as hell works well. I have never had any problems getting an erection, in fact sometimes; it can be a bit of an embarrassment. Like that time in the shopping centre, but let's leave that until another time.

Why is it that men and women have differing opinions when it comes to penis size? Men always think size matters and are either convinced that theirs doesn't measure up or suffer from delusions of grandeur thinking they are hung like a horse. Women, however, say that size is not important and as long as the man knows how to use it that is what counts. Great theory and that works when a relationship is new but as time goes by I have found that women change their opinion and unless you have at least eight inches of hard, muscular, heavily veined meat then forget it. That description is alien to me, I have never been able to produce more than six inches, alright so it gets very hard and the venous issue is not a problem but length and circumference have always let me down.

Actually it's probably just me this happens to and maybe that is why I have given up on permanent relationships with women of my age or is it that they have given up on me. Either way I can cope with it. Masturbating fills a gap and as long as the brain is active and imagination flourishes actually not being able to get it on with a real woman isn't that important.... Deluded or what? If I am not careful there will be a very expensive order winging its way to Orlando Florida for one of those real life sex dolls you find on the internet.

Anyway as I was saying, woke up with a hard on spent a couple of minutes thinking about my little Amy and WHAM!!! The usual cum explosion happened. It doesn't take much these days especially when Amy is in my mind's eye.

So, got up, went and had a shower and got dressed in something casual but smart enough to go out in public later. Had to change the sheets of course and stick them in the washer. I have a tremendously high water and detergent bill these days. I leave it to your fertile imagination to figure out why. I made the bed and settled down to have some lunch. Fortunately I had a few things in the freezer I had prepared earlier in the week. Not your average useless male, I can cook. Actually I like a bit of knitting and embroidery as well but that's just my feminine side running riot.

Sunday afternoon, sun's shining outside for once. Not something that happens a lot round here so better take advantage of it. The question is where to go and what to do. There is obviously lots of choice in places to visit in a village as large as Penstone. I could go to the local shop, it seems to be always open but hardly the most exhilarating experience. I could get a train into Woolchester, the shops in Princesshay are open until late afternoon but that seems a bit of a waste of the sunshine. I could go to a matinee showing at the Odeon cinema but that is even more of a waste. Or, I suppose, just possibly, I could drive over to Badgery St John, go to the park and take in the beauty of the trees and the flowers. I

could enjoy watching the people walking their dogs, the couples cuddling on the benches, everybody enjoying the summer sun. The pretty little girls in the bathing pool and playing on the lawns with their friends... The cuties in their bathing costumes and bikinis... The sexy little skirts and dresses and dainty limbs... The rippling laughter and giggles... The insistent chatter of their pretty voices rippling through the air is like music to the ears of a man with raging hormones and nowhere to expend them.

Yep, no contest, it has to be the Park.

I finish lunch, deal with the dishes, well put them in the washer, check that I look reasonably presentable and head off out into the heat of day. Unaccountably despite this morning's relief I am getting stirrings again. I make a quick dash upstairs to change out of my boxers and into the tight briefs which tend to keep me from embarrassing myself if things get too exciting. Put my trousers back on, fasten the belt, check again in the mirror, downstairs, shoes, car keys, phone, wallet and into the garage to fire up the MX5.

Yeah I know an MX5 is a hairdresser's car but it was the one thing apart from the house that I managed to salvage from my marriage and I haven't had the heart or the cash to change it yet. There goes the dreams of a silicone love lady then. If I can't afford to change the car then spending thousands on a silent bed mate is a non-starter.

The engine fires with a gentle throaty roar, not quite a Lamborghini but it will do. Roll the roof down and back out onto the driveway. The sun is high in the sky now and for the time of year it is pleasantly hot. I move out on to the road and turning left start my drive to the park.

As I move away from the house two girls from a few doors down are walking towards me on the pavement. Lucy is sixteen and she always wears denim shorts in the summer. Today she has teamed them with a red T-shirt and sandals. The T-shirt is too tight. Well no, it isn't too tight that's just me being a middle aged man with society's views of how a sixteen year old should dress. Actually it is perfect, but too tight for a sixteen year old, if the doomsayers are to be believed. As for the shorts, micro isn't the right word for them. Legs all the way from her ankles until forever. We all know what you find at forever... Like the pot of gold at the end of a rainbow. Walking with her is Sarah a mousy little girl maybe fifteen years old, although it is so difficult to tell these days, with auburn hair down below her shoulders. Sarah doesn't go for the chavvy shorts look she is more of a little lady. Today she is wearing a really pretty summer dress, cotton with cute little flowers on a white ground. Halter neck and just the lightest of shaping to the bodice which accentuates her small but somewhat cute breasts.

"Hi Lewis." from Sarah.

Lucy never speaks, she spends all her time with her iPhone to her ear chatting or texting with both hands while she walks. How she manages without crashing into street lamps and such I never understood.

"Well Hello Sarah" I reply as I bring the car to a stop alongside them.

"Where are you girls off to today?"

"Lucy wants to go the swimming pool at the Sports Centre so I said I would go along with her although I would much rather be out in the sun than inside, in that smelly old pool."

Lucy looks up from her phone throws me a weak smile and then buries herself back in her digital life. Well that is an improvement. She actually looked up.

Just for a fleeting second the thought crossed my mind that perhaps, just perhaps Sarah would like to come for a drive but then reality kicked in and I remembered that the last time I gave her a lift home her Dad, Jack Evans, was not pleased with me. I don't know whether he thinks I am some kind of pervert? After all it was raining and Sarah was getting soaked. But she did have on the thinnest of cotton blouses which showed her little lacy bra where the rain had soaked through the material and I, I... did think she looked absolutely stunning. But no, I am sure he couldn't possibly have thought anything bad after all I was just being a helpful neighbour.

It is strange though that every time he and I pass in the street he gives me that sort of knowing look which says in no uncertain terms. You go anywhere near my daughter and you are a dead man.

Sarah is a delightful girl but I convince myself that nothing is worth a risk like that.

"Guess you had better get off then Sarah, don't want to keep little Lucy waiting"

"Huh. What?" Lucy emerged from her stupor and spoke to me. Probably only the second or third time I had actually heard her voice. Surprisingly she had a sweet low soprano with the slightest hint of a Scottish accent. I had never thought about it before but with a surname like McGregor I guess she would have.

"Oh, Hi Mr. Adams, me and Sarah are going swimming"

I do wish these kids would concentrate more on grammar at school.

"O I know Lucy, Sarah just told me" I turned to look at Sarah who had the sweetest little smile running across her face.

"Have fun girls". My vivid imagination was starting to fill in pictures of what they would look like at the pool. Pictures which made something stir in my trousers. Just the slightest twitch but enough to remind me what was there.

I gunned the accelerator and waving behind me as I drove off I headed away from the girls towards my planned destination.

Lovely girls, somebody was going to be very lucky one day.

Lucy had always been a bit of a capricious youngster right from the day she and her family moved into the Lane about ten years ago. A really cute little blonde with fairly tight curls in those days, which have now turned into long flowing blonde locks which I don't think she has ever had cut, just trimmed. The curls have long gone leaving just a beautiful soft wave. Right from the first time I met her and her parents it had been obvious that she was a willful child and was going to be difficult to control. Everything she wanted she got and I don't think that is good for anyone, certainly not the lovely Lucy. Now although she is really nice I guess her parents are reaping the rewards of letting her have her own way for so long.

Sarah, is different. Her family was already resident when I moved here in the early nineties. A newly

married couple at that time, Jack and Laura were, and still are, devoted to each other. Laura had decided she was going to be a stay at home Mum while Jack brought in the necessary to allow her to live a quiet comfortable life. It was at the end of the millennium when Laura got pregnant and once the baby was born and it was a girl, Jack became a devoted parent. Typical of many men with daughters he treated her like his own private princess. Unlike Lucy's dad, Jack didn't spoil Sarah rotten. She had everything she needed and was treated with real love. They were an 'old-fashioned' family and the way they dressed Sarah showed it. Always immaculately turned out even when she was rough-housing with the other kids. She was never seen in jeans, always in skirts and dresses. A real girly, girl who loved playing with her dolls and teddies. Even now she is a teenager you can tell that she isn't happy with the way some of the other girls in her school behave. Bookish but not frumpy she is a really lovely girl and her parents can be so proud of the way she has grown up. It is clearly no coincidence that Jack has kept her on a tight rein, not that she needed it, and has been so fastidious in keeping an eye on any male that came within a mile of her. If I had a daughter she is exactly what I would wish for.

Turning the corner at the end of Honey Lane my mind returned to a time a couple of years ago when making the same journey I noticed a figure approaching along the pavement. No not another little girl, a man, a man I seemed to recognize but cannot place. Then it hit me and I drew the car closer to the pavement.

"Pete? Pete Middleton?"

He slows as he walks towards the car and gradually a glint of recognition crosses his features.

"Lewis. For goodness sake I didn't know you were in Penstone. Do you live here?"

"Just round the corner at number twelve. I've been down here quite a few years now. How about you?"

Pete leaned over the car door.

"Have you got a minute?" I asked him

"Yeah, just going down the shop to get a paper." He opened the passenger door and sat himself down."

"So where do you live then Pete?"

"Twenty eight, we moved in last week. Me and Roisin, you haven't met Roisin. We got married ten years ago. Got a daughter too. Angela, she is sweet you would love her. She's eight now and growing up so fast too."

I tried to visualize his daughter but failed. All eight year old girls look the same to me. Lovely, and Pete was a friend. I should not be thinking like this.

"You've done more than me then, I don't have any children. Melinda and I split up so it's just me now. Would you like a lift into the village? I'm going that way."

"Mmm Thanks.

I dropped him off at the newsagents. Over the next couple of years it turned out that Pete and I had a lot in common when it comes to the sweeter side of life. We had met at University in Birmingham and on a few drunken nights had got slightly more intimate than may be usual. It seemed that the same

things interested us and we had many pleasant evenings chatting about possibilities.

I carried on driving toward Badgery without really concentrating too much on the scenery. My mind was replaying occasions when Pete and I had been lucky enough to have the company of one or two cute little ladies. Why is it my thoughts head off in that direction whenever I don't have anything more pressing to think about?

Pete had been round to my place over the last year or so, sometimes when I had been looking after Amy but nothing particularly untoward had happened. It was just nice to look and dream. Pete and I had similar dreams. It was interesting that his little girl Angela had been kept firmly out of harm's way. By that I mean he had managed to hide her from his lecherous friend. It is impressive the way men with a liking for such things manage to keep other likeminded individuals away from their own.

I suddenly realized that I had not been concentrating on my driving and was already outside the small row of local shops in Mill Street, Badgery St John about eight miles from home. Why does this happen? Driving the car perfectly safely but not noticing where you are or what is happening around you. My mind was still reveling in the thoughts of Sarah and my manhood was reacting in a pleasant but inappropriate way. Oh well, such is life, well such is my life. I don't go out of my way to get excited but it seems to happen without my involvement. Whatever I am doing there is nearly always some reason for arousal and I have to admit that I don't do very much to avoid it.

Anyway back to the matter in hand and that, dear reader, is the steering wheel. I made a sharp right turn over the bridge and drove alongside the river for about another half a mile. It is quite amazing what a bit of sunshine does for getting the pretty things out of the house. In the next few minutes I pass two or three little groups of schoolies, nearly all playing with their mobile phones, all of them looking delightfully pretty in their summer clothes. One in that last little bevy of beauties was especially entrancing but too late now, I am well down the road and they are in their own little world of makeup, fashion, music and boys.

I have arrived.

Positioning the car in the chevron parking bays just outside the park. Put the lid back up. Check that the embarrassing tumescence has subsided before getting out. Oh shit, the smallest of wet spots on my fly. Better try and dry that off a bit before I leave the car, although anybody noticing would probably think I am just a poor old guy with slight leakage problems, not a lecherous pervert with an unsatiated longing for the younger girl.

Time to go for a walk.

I flick the remote lock on the car and turn toward the gates to the park. No hurry, just idling along the pathway taking in the wonderful scent from the flowers that line each side of the walkway. I'm no gardener but I think these are stocks and behind them a mixed hedge of lilac and rhododendron. A really heady mix of perfumes and all the flowers alive with butterflies and bees.

Just to give you a feel for the layout of the park, it is not large, maybe two acres or slightly more. As you enter the main gate there are two paths leading off diagonally around a central area mainly grass and small borders. Each of these walkways is bounded on one side with the flowers and shrubs I already mentioned. In the centre of the park there is a small cafeteria cum tearoom with maybe a dozen or so

chairs and a few tables outside. Lovely place to get quick refreshment if the day is too hot. That strikes me as mildly amusing. Whatever is a 'cum' tearoom? Whatever it is I doubt it has the connotation I have associated with it. Highly unlikely.

If you take the right hand path it eventually comes to a covered part where ancient yew trees have been carved into fanciful shapes and shade the path from the sun. If you proceed through this green archway you eventually come to a bowling green on the left and a kiddies' play area on the right.

The other path, the one I am following is out in the open for the whole length of maybe a couple of hundred yards culminating in a rose garden where it forks in two directions, left to another exit from the park which leads out, close to Badgery parish church. The church is said to be modeled on Woolchester Cathedral but on a much smaller scale obviously. The right hand path goes all around the rest of the park toward the play area. Before reaching that point however there is a little outdoor swimming pool and a paddling pool for the younger children. Surprisingly, given today's paranoia over paedophiles lurking behind every bush, the people who designed the park had planted several bits of shade cover with benches overlooking the swimming pool, each one quite discreetly placed. One in particular allowed the occupant to sit unobserved while providing a good view of whoever was in the pool. It was to this that I was heading today in hope that nobody else had got to it before me.

I had reached the bend in the path and could see the pools in the distance. There were several swimmers and a few paddlers, mostly girls although one or two boys of maybe six or seven years of age also paddling. The girls were significantly older. The mothers and one or two fathers were lounging around on the grass keeping a watchful eye on their offspring. Walking slowly but purposefully toward the main pool I kept it to my right and headed for my favourite secluded spot.

Yes, I was in luck, the bench was empty. Trying not to appear too obvious I increased my pace, walked to the bench and positioned myself so that I had a good view of the pool but also where none of the parents could see me. This is when I usually get feelings of anxiety wondering what would happen if anybody noticed this old guy nonchalantly observing the girls in the pool. I dread to think what their reaction would be but I am sure it would not be particularly pleasant. They would be bound to assume I had nefarious intentions towards their youngsters when in fact I was just enjoying the view.

The bench is not that far away from the water and offered a brilliant view of the activities going on just a few yards away. If the weather is nice I love to spend a few hours sitting here watching the bathing beauties. Today there are maybe four or five little mermaids splashing in and out of the water. One, a cute little blonde with short hair and a tiny pink bikini immediately attracts my gaze. She is a skinny little thing, a body straight up and down and a bikini with nothing to fill the top half. I cannot guess how old she is, still no sign of any breast development and a pair of bikini bottoms that were probably last years because they are a wee bit too small for her and when wet are almost transparent. Her little pussy making the distinctive outline of a camel toe between her skinny legs. She leaps in and out of the pool giggling insanely as one of her friends splashes her with water making her laugh even more. Why is it so difficult to judge the ages of girls? They all grow up at such differing speeds. One who looks as if she might still be in primary school is in fact an underdeveloped teenager while the ones who seem to be ready to leave school, go out to work and get themselves laid by some lecherous youth, may in fact be dangerously underage.

It is at this point that I find an unavoidable desire to give my cock some attention. I can feel it pushing

against the fly of my trousers. Not possible or appropriate to get it out here, I am no exhibitionist, but still time to get my hand in a pocket to give the head a gentle squeeze. I make it a habit to always buy trousers with darts under the waistband so that there is a little bit more room to play just in case it becomes necessary. There is a definite swelling going on and as I reach into my right pocket I can wrap my hand around it without giving myself away.

Pink bikini is still playing only a few yards away from me and I am 'playing' only a few yards from her. Mutual enjoyment in blissful ignorance of each other's so different pleasures. Her's innocent whereas mine is clearly not.

My cock is straining against the material now and each squeeze results in a corresponding reaction. There is something dangerously naughty about masturbating quietly within sight of a group of bubbly young girls without them knowing anything about it. Fortunately the fact that I had already released the pressure this morning means that I can edge it for quite a long time without any unexpected consequences.

I wonder what pink bikini's name is? Not that it actually matters; I am not planning to introduce myself to her and her parents. She is sitting on the opposite side of the pool now. One leg in the water the other foot resting on the edge of the pool. Her little crotch delightfully displaying her lovely pussy mound and the barely concealed outline of her lower lips. She rocks her right leg back and forth while wiggling her toes under the water. Obviously she has no idea the effect she is having on this aging gentleman. Stroking discreetly I can feel my cock throbbing in my hand, perhaps not so much of a gentleman after all.

The other girls around the pool were all running around, in and out of the water, splashing, swimming, making a lot of noise and generally enjoying themselves. I'm sure they were having a great time, and so disturbingly was I.

Taking a closer look at some of those young beauties, those little water nymphs, they were mostly all cute, petite and ethereal, or was it just my heightened emotions making them seem so.

All of them were wearing bikinis. I couldn't see any in a one-piece. Girls these days grow up so much faster and even if their bodies are not developed their sense of their own place in the world is very advanced.

These cute little angels were like wonderful, summer flowers. Each blooming with the rainbow colours of their swimsuits, their shining hair, their pretty, sun-tanned faces. I spotted one who immediately attracted my interest. She had lovely blonde hair which had not got wet yet and so had not lost its luminosity. The sun was bursting through her golden tresses forming a halo around her head. I looked closer

She seemed to me to be around ten or eleven years old but like I said, could well have been several years older. Once they put on the Lycra suits everything is held in so tight that unless the bra-line is wired a 36C could look like a 32A. I didn't dwell on the problem, as long as I wasn't going to approach them and just enjoyed the view then I convinced myself I was doing nothing wrong. But whatever, just looking at those goddesses enhanced my erection which was desperately trying to escape from my trousers.

From my position I had a great view of the activity round and in the pool. Both of the girls who had drawn my attention, pink bikini and blonde halo, although they appeared young, or maybe, heaven forbid, just because of that, had great bottoms. Pink bikini had jumped into the water too and I was now freely admiring their young, firm buttocks, working just under the surface of the water as they swam.

Pink bikini's bottoms consisted of only a thin strap of material in the back that, because it was a size too small now moved up, high between her cheeks, giving her a lovely wedgie and leaving her buttocks almost bare.

Looking at the other girl, her bikini bottoms also rode up, tight and wet, right into the crack of her bottom. She had beautiful, round, full, firm buttocks already without any traces of baby fat even though she seemed not yet to be in the full flush of puberty.

I felt involuntarily tempted to get up off the bench and go over to the pool but I knew that would be somewhat foolish. I so wanted to grab one of halo girls buttocks, grab one of them, squeeze, caress, stroke, and feel. Well not just her bottom but also the tantalizing triangle between her legs.

I sighed inwardly; as I felt my cock swelling and enlarging even more.

Halo girls bikini top was hooked in front, between her tiny breasts and it had no shoulder straps. I wasn't sure whether that was the design or whether she had just decided to drop the straps off her shoulders. Whatever the reason, the fact is, when she pulled herself up on the edge of the pool right in front of me her bikini top snapped. The hook broke and the colourful bikini top fell off and landed on the edge of the pool in front of her.

For what seemed an age I looked on as she balanced on the edge of the pool, both arms in use keeping her up and her lithe body half naked open to my steady gaze.

She struggled to balance, surprised by what had just happened, especially as she had noticed me staring at her. She was clearly ashamed to be open to the full view of others around the pool.

I let my gaze drop as I looked enviously at her young, fresh beauty. She had small breasts, like buds that were just about to bloom. Little round mounds with big, pink, puffy nipples that topped those lovely tiny twin orbs.

This was obviously my lucky day. I used the precious seconds before she regained her composure to let this wonderful image sink deep into my mind. Halo girl tried to cover herself with her hands, but in doing so she completely lost her balance and fell back into the pool. I did nothing but keep my eyes fixed on her chest as it slipped softly beneath the water.

A woman in her late thirties but still very attractive, presumably her mother, leapt up from the surrounding grass and running across to the pool, grabbed the flimsy cotton top with its broken clasp and handing the towel she had with her to the girl helped her cover her embarrassment. If they were mother and daughter the older woman had certainly passed on the benefits of her gene pool to the younger. The woman was between me and the pool and therefore between me and Halo girl. While she was attempting to wrap the towel around her, the little girl was watching me over the woman's shoulder.

It may be wishful thinking but I was sure that she gave me a little smile before lowering her gaze. I felt a sudden surge of desire for this cute angel and gave my cock a quick firm squeeze. If she had meant that smile for me she obviously read something into my expression which I had hoped to keep hidden. I am obviously not as good at subterfuge as I had thought. But similarly she must have guessed what I was thinking and was not worried by it. Perhaps she made a habit of parading her beauty around in front of other adult men? Or perhaps she had just suddenly discovered that her body could attract attention which she had not anticipated. This was a facility which would stand her in very good stead in the years ahead.

Now that the woman had regained the child's modesty, the girl who had been feigning panic, now gave the impression of having calmed down and with the woman's assistance got out of the pool without any more startling revelations, much to my disappointment. Feeling the ground under her feet, she stood up and with the towel wrapped around her she ran away from the pool, holding the towel firmly against her bare chest with her hands.

It took me a few moments to regain my composure after this incident. My erection was by now a raging hard-on so I decided that I had better take some time out from my afternoon of lechery before I either exploded or somebody walking by spotted the tent in my trousers. To be discovered near a bevy of young beauties whilst in possession of a rampant penis was not acceptable behavior. A couple of minutes later after concentrating on looking at the trees and flowers so my tumescence could abate slightly I decided it was time now for me to get a coffee and cake at the cafeteria cum whatever. I quickly checked that there were no other tell-tale signs of my actions on the front of my trousers, and there were none. So I mentally bade farewell to my little gaggle of giggly girls and walked quite slowly to the cafeteria in the heart of the park.

I was not the only customer there when I arrived; there were a couple of elderly ladies at one table enjoying a cup of tea and a scone. At another was the old guy with the walking stick who is here most weekend afternoons when the weather is nice enough. Apart from them the only other occupied table was taken by a group of schoolboys poring over a music magazine and trying to make one bottle of coke last between three of them.

I went up to the counter, ordered a latte and Danish pastry and when they were ready took them back to a table just outside to the right of the door. I thought from this position I would be able to see any girls who might be passing from the pool to the main gate but there were none. Never mind I had had a good time so far and planned to go back for some more lascivious perving soon.

It must have taken me about a quarter of an hour to eat the pastry and finish my latte and during that time absolutely no little ladies passed my observation point. Back to work then. I wonder whether halo girl will have found a change of costume or whether her mum will have taken her home. I hope she is still by the pool because that little smile got my heart beating really fast and it was a sensation I thoroughly enjoyed. I set off up the path but on the way back from the cafeteria I decided to take a slightly different route back. It is possible to get around the park without using the paths, there are several lawned areas and so this time I thought I would cut diagonally across the grass, through the bushes and approach my favourite bench from the back.

As I got within about twenty yards or so of the bench, amongst some quite tall lilac and azalea bushes I heard a noise. Somebody else was approaching from the opposite direction. Presumably coming from the pool area. I heard a twig break, not loud as if it was a large foot trampling it but a small snap such as

might be made by a child's foot.

My view was obstructed by a large azalea bush, so I moved a little to the right and then I saw her. No more than a few yards ahead of me in a small patch of sunlight. She was petite, very skinny and rather gorgeous. She had dark blonde hair, quite long, that framed her face. I didn't recognize her from any of the girls who had been at the pool when I was there earlier and she was not wearing a costume so had probably not been there yet or had only arrived while I was having my coffee.

It was quite shady underneath the cover of the trees and shrubs but I could still see her quite well, the sunlight illuminated her like a stage spotlight. She came closer to where I was standing holding my breath in case I startled her. I quietly crouched down further so that she wouldn't see me. I did not want to be found by a young girl, in the bushes. That would definitely trigger a hue and cry from enraged parents even though all I was doing was taking a short cut.

Slowly so as not to make a sound I edged forward around the bole of a tree, not the most comfortable place to conceal yourself but I didn't really care, trembling in anticipation as I wondered why she would be here. The girl didn't notice me, somebody must be looking out for me because my luck doesn't usually run this good.

She scanned around to make sure she was alone and apparently didn't notice my crouching presence hiding amongst the bushes. From my position I could see her lovely skinny little legs as she approached. I watched as she lifted up the hem of her skirt and, oh heaven, she pulled down her knickers. To my surprise she took them completely off and dropped them on the ground. She then crouched, facing my hideout although she could not know she was being so closely observed by a horny opportunistic male. As she did so, she pulled her skirt up and as I was now only about a yard or two from her I could not avoid the sight which appeared in front of me even had I wanted to.

Quickly and quietly as if mirroring her actions I unfastened my trousers and slid them down thrusting my hand inside my underpants and grasping the stiff rod which had suddenly come back to life. I didn't even realise I was doing it, my libido had taken over.

From my position under the lowest branches of the tree I had an unobstructed view of her cunt. She had a smooth, completely bare crotch, slightly lighter than the suntanned skin of her legs. As she crouched, she spread her legs and that action pulled her pussy lips wide open. She had the prettiest, puffiest labia. These soft, tender folds of untanned flesh covered the darker, pink interior of her vagina.

Slowly stroking my erect member I felt the familiar sensation of arousal as I dragged my foreskin gently down the shaft and back up again taking care to make not the slightest sound. From my shaded position watching her in the pool of sunlight I could clearly make out her little slit glistening with moisture. She squatted, spreading her legs.

I massaged my penis, wrapping my fist fully around the head and enjoying the lovely feeling as the sensation, pulsing from the bulbous head, hidden and then revealed by my sliding the foreskin down the shaft of my penis, exploded inside me. I know men are not supposed to feel anything except in the penis but I was experiencing the start of an orgasm like no other I had yet had. Not just in the sensitive part of my cock but like I imagine a female orgasm must feel, a tensing deep in my belly.

Her pussy lips opened, revealing her inner most secrets.

My penis throbbed in response to the sight.

I could clearly see the little button at the top of her slit and the slightly darker shade of pink where her vagina was partially obstructed by her young hymen. She tensed slightly and then a stream of hot, yellow, translucent liquid gushed forth uncontrolled from her beautiful cleft, splashing on the ground under the tree, so close to me I could almost feel the heat on my face. I could definitely smell the unmistakable scent of her pretty pee stream even at this distance.

I increased the speed of my strokes until my hand was almost a blur thrashing my rampant member into submission. I wondered whether she could hear the slapping sounds but she showed no signs of it.

I watched in amazement as she peed, her water flowing in an almost endless stream of gold. It seemed to go on for such a long time. Every second seeming like a minute I was so engrossed in the beautiful sight. The thick stream of urine continued to flow from her urethra, on and on and on... forming a small puddle between her sandaled feet.

I was forming a puddle of my own as my ejaculation hit and great spurts of semen shot from the engorged tip of my penis towards the puddle her pee had formed on the mossy ground. The girl was so engrossed in her own activity and so worried somebody might be watching from the pool area or from the paths not far away that she failed to notice my ejaculate creating little white islands on the moss soaked by her golden shower.

Finally the stream started to weaken, then it changed into short splashes and finally into single drops.

My orgasm also started to ease off and I too was just dripping white spots on the ground.

She sighed deeply and pulled a handkerchief from a pocket on the front of her white blouse. She took her time to carefully wipe all the remains of urine from her slit, while at the same time spreading her soft bald pussy lips wide apart. When she was satisfied with her efforts she forced the wet hankie under a tussock of grass and stood up, reaching for her knickers. She pulled them on, looked around to make sure nobody was watching, turned her back on my hideout and slowly walked away.

I just crouched there, completely awestruck, unable to move or think clearly. I never thought a girl urinating could be so sexy, but this little girl had unknowingly introduced me to yet another new experience. I felt certain that I would be investigating water sports in more detail as soon as I got back to my PC tonight.

I watched as she went away, staring intently at her back. She didn't realize just how sexy and exciting she was for me. She didn't even realize that I had seen her peeing in front of me. I took a deep breath and reached down to pull up my trousers and fasten them concealing my fast becoming flaccid penis. My balls ached in the aftermath of such a mind-blowing orgasm.

A few minutes later I looked carefully around, found what I had been searching for and picked up her urine soaked hankie. A lot smaller than the ones I used, white with a lacy trim and some small embroidered flowers in one corner. I bet she really would not have wanted to lose it. I lifted it to my nose, sniffed it and luxuriated in the sweet scented mixture of her urine and the scent she obviously used. I tucked it away in my trouser pocket. Turning my back on the pool I worked my way back through

the bushes to the path and then regaining my car I drove home, feeling in a more exultant mood than I had since the last time Amy had come round for a visit.

Still a long time until she finishes her holiday. I hoped she was having a lovely time on the beach. The sight of the bathing beauties round the pool earlier reminded me of what I was missing while she was away with her family. I wondered how many other men were having the pleasure of watching her playing around in the warm Mexican sun, splashing in and out of the surf. Ogling her lovely body as she lay on her stomach on a sunbed, her bikini top unfastened to get the full benefit of the sunshine. Watching her with her legs slightly apart so that the triangle of her bikini bottoms, with the tell tale ridges of her labia and the pretty cleft between getting them all aroused.

I really hoped she was enjoying her holiday but I would be much happier once she was back home in her house in Bickleigh Close on the twenty-fifth.

Not so long now really.

CHAPTER 2 - MONDAY

Well what a weekend, I don't think I told you about Saturday yet, maybe later. Yeah I know you all know about Sunday. That was a special day for me. Start with a morning wood relief and then as for the afternoon walk in the park well that was something else. Going to have to investigate water sports in more detail I guess. I never did get round to it when I got home, too busy preparing for the working week ahead. Perhaps it was the surprise of her appearing right in front of me and letting it flow within a yard or so of my eager gaze that fascinated. The fact that she was young probably helped but anyway it seems like there is a whole new sexual adventure which I should be investing some time in soon and hopefully becoming more familiar with.

But back to the present. Monday morning, work beckons.

Out of bed when the alarm goes off, usual bathroom essentials. Sh**, shower and shave. Dressed in office 'uniform' of suit and tie. Why in the twenty-first century do we still do this? Surely it is not an essential part of working that a man has to be packed into boring, uncomfortable clothes just so that he looks 'presentable' in the office. Women don't do this. Ever since I can remember and that is a lot longer ago than I care to think, women have always dressed for themselves or for the person they are trying to attract. This results in colourful, pretty, alluring outfits whatever job they are working at. From office girls to shop assistants they all dance around the world like flowers or butterflies, attracting every man who has an active libido and whose cock is still in working order. Even nurses, police women and flight attendants manage to have uniforms which are actually a turn on. Or maybe it's just me being attracted to girls of all sizes, ages and appearance. Well actually all sizes and ages is not strictly true but even the least attractive girl can be desirable in the right circumstances.

Not taking the car to the office today. The traffic in this part of Penstone is so bad during rush hour that it is no fun at all and as for the problems in the city, well best not think about it. Lock up the house and walk to the station passing lots of groups of little schoolgirls going in the opposite direction heading for their day of books and lessons. Boredom in class interspersed with brief moments when they can get together in their little girly groups and chat and giggle and laugh about the boys they are going out with or want to go out with. Maybe the conversation turns to those boys who treated them so badly that they had to be dumped. I am sure it turns frequently to the taboo subject of sex, but what would I know I'm just a dumb guy. I do know the boys in my school spent more than a few hours a day talking about nothing so much as getting into a girls knickers.

I love walking to the station. I love watching the little teens and preteens in their cute school uniforms, white blouses, short 'ish skirts. As short as they can get away with usually, even if it means leaving home in a knee length skirt to keep Mum happy and then rolling it up at the waist on the way to school until the hem stops somewhere mid thigh. White thigh, skinny thigh, beautiful thigh. Knees and ankles in frilly white socks and black flat shiny shoes. Such skinny pretty legs which inevitably disappear under the pleated skirts heading for a place which in times to come will give them and whoever is lucky enough to visit it such ecstasy. I know I can't see it but in my mind's eye it is as clear as if I could. That little cleft in the flesh with those pretty puffy lips, those soft puffy lips surrounding it is an oasis from which I would love to drink my fill. An oasis clad in clean pure white or pretty pink cotton or just possibly for the girls who want to flout the school rules maybe silk and lace. Sometimes soft enough for their sweet camel

toe to outline itself against the material and sometimes again in the case of the older more adventurous schoolgirls semi transparent so that any gust of wind would reveal their pussy lips clearly to the world or any passing lascivious male who might be lucky enough to be looking in her direction at the right moment.

Again, just walking to the station and despite having jacked off twice yesterday my cock is starting to get hard again. I know I should control it. I know I shouldn't be turned on by these little beauties with all their lives still ahead of them, good and bad, but all unknown. Unfortunately I have never been able to ignore looking at and enjoying the attractions of pre and post pubescent girls or for that matter anyone of the female persuasion. Women are lovely. Women come in all shapes and sizes. Women can be tall, short, blonde, brunette or redheaded. Women with small breast or racks the size of melons. Women with shaved or hairy cunts. An infinite variety of femininity. I have fucked my share of them over the many years since I first became able to maintain an erection and I loved every last one of them. At least until the post coital depression kicked in and then it was on to the next and the next and the next.

Then marriage happened. Why is that? It seems we humans are programmed to do this at least once in a lifetime. Years ago it was the only way a rampant male got to satisfy his lusts but nowadays there seems to be plenty of opportunity without marriage being involved. It is probably just me but it seems that marriage can work for a very short time but then everything comes down to earth with a bump. Men and women have different expectations of the institution. Men expect it to start a guaranteed life of sex on tap while most women, and I appreciate this is not true for all, seem to view it as a means of settling down and having children. Of course the early years offer plenty of opportunities to try out sex in all its forms. Blow jobs, cunnilingus, anal sex, bondage, straight vaginal fucking. But eventually it all begins to pall, usually more quickly for the woman than the man. Certainly for the man, the familiarity of sex with the same person tends to limit the excitement and over time love and pleasure turns to dissatisfaction, dislike and eventually almost inevitably break-up, or boredom and reluctant acceptance. That is what happened to me and I am sure it happens to lots of guys and so as to not be sexist or genderist about it, women probably feel exactly the same disappointments and disillusionments.

Three little girls, probably not teenagers yet, approach me giggling. Why are girls always so happy? Most boys of their age are sullen, permanently frowning. I take another look at them and one of them looks so familiar, blonde hair, very slim, thin legs. Hardly any breast development yet, I wondered whether she wore a bra or not. Girls tend to get into a training bra a long time before the breast tissue needs supporting. It may be vanity or just wanting to fit in with the other girls who are developing more quickly. Then it struck me...

This was halo girl from yesterday at the pool. This was the little angel who lost her bikini top and hastily covered her budding nipples with her hands. This was the pretty baby who had smiled at me when she noticed I was watching.

This was my friend Pete's daughter Angela from number twenty eight and I hadn't realized yesterday that I knew who she was. Angela, what a fitting name for a girl whose hair shone like a halo in the sun, for a little angel who knew I had seen her budding breasts and who also undoubtedly knew that she had aroused me. It had been quite some time since I had last seen her. Pete and I had not managed too many evenings together of late and I hadn't realized what a pretty little thing Angela had become. I had been meaning to give her Dad a ring some time and see if we could get together over a couple of drinks. But I heard on the grapevine that he had moved out at the beginning of the year. The usual argument

between men and women probably. Sex always gets in the way of a good relationship. None the less I would definitely dig his number out and find out where he had moved to. It would be good to chat again and it would be nicer still to be able to meet the pretty Angela on a more intimate basis. I wondered whether his protective nature had lessened now she was getting a bit older.

The little group passed me. I looked back over my shoulder and there she was, Angela walking backwards away from me with that same sweet smile playing across her mouth. Her lips parted slightly and I swear she pouted them at me. Not an overt pout just a gentle pressure of the lips that brought the corners of her mouth in slightly as if she were puckering her mouth to kiss. Who? Me? Surely not, but then? There can be little doubt that she knew how the loss of her bikini top and the lovely display of her budding breasts had affected me yesterday. She turned around and with her two friends started to skip down the road, her little plaid skirt bouncing up at the back and occasionally offering a glimpse of dark green schoolgirl knickers. I meanwhile carried on to the station pondering what might happen with little Miss Middleton in the future.

I flash my season ticket at the barrier man and arrive on the platform just in time as my train is pulling in. At first sight it seems that it is going to be standing room only again. You pay all this money for a ticket to travel on the train and hardly ever get a seat. Such is the state of the railways these days.

Yes, as I thought, now I am in the carriage there is nowhere to sit. Actually there is hardly anywhere to stand. I squeeze myself into a corner of the coach with my back to the wall and watch as even more people pile on board. A woman in her early twenties I guess, is trying to get on and finally manages it. She positions herself right in front of me with her cute bottom only a hairsbreadth from my crotch which is still suffering from the result of watching the schoolies.

The carriage lurches as the train pulls away from the station and the young lady staggers a little and falls back against my hard cock straining inside my trousers. That does nothing for my state of mind but plenty for my enjoyment. She looks over her shoulder and then flashes a glance downward. Clearly she had felt something. I feel the usual flush of embarrassment being caught out with a semi in public.

Nobody in the carriage has any room for movement, each passenger virtually holding the others up by virtue of being so closely confined.

I am wondering whether I might be lucky and have her fall back again when I feel a gentle stroking sensation on my crotch. Glancing down I can see that she has let her free hand, the one she is not using to hold herself up by clutching the wall of the carriage, slip round behind her. Her palm is facing out and she is gingerly stroking it across my fly. Never one to turn down an opportunity, especially one like this, I push my hips forward so she knows I can feel her hand. An unexpected start to the day to be sure.

Oh dear she took it away. She had moved her hand leaving my cock pleading for more. A request which I guessed was going to be ignored.

The coach is rocking as the train speeds towards its destination. She seems to be making a conscious effort to make sure she doesn't bump into me again. That's a pity I had hoped for more. I wondered whether I could start something. I lower my hand to her right buttock and give it a quick squeeze. There is one thing to be said for crowded trains. Nobody notices what is going on below waist level except the person it is happening to, and I think that might have done the trick.

I feel her hand moving back to its original position only this time she is being a lot more meaningful in her action. Not so much a fleeting featherlike touch but a definite rub. Oh that is nice. She only has small hands and by positioning herself even closer to me she is able to rest her hand on her bottom while keeping in contact with my softly throbbing cock. She is close enough for me to smell the sweet aroma of the shampoo she used to wash her hair this morning. Lovely hair, dead straight, quite fine and down to just below her shoulder blades. It is an unusual colour, obviously natural but somewhere between light brown and auburn. I take a moment while luxuriating in her touch to check out the rest of her. From the back it's not easy to see much. She looks quite slim about five two tall. Wearing a summery yellow blouse under a thin cashmere cardigan. Skirt is not short, she is clearly a classy girl. Probably about two inches above her knee. Pretty, the colour of flax flowers, a lovely soft blue with wide pleats, not schoolgirl pleats but the sort that fans out when turning quickly. Nice legs, slender in light tan nylons. I wonder whether she is a tights or stockings girl. Probably stockings, I decide, mulling over the pleasant thought of suspender clasps against her soft white thighs. High heels, about two inches I guess, another pastel shade. Not sure whether it is taupe. Probably taupe because that sounds so much nicer than beige. Two inch heels means she is only five foot tall in her bare feet and what would I give to see her bare feet.

I am lost in the moment, a heady perfume assailing my nostrils and a warm soft touch assailing my crotch. My penis responding to her ministrations by flexing back against her hand. There can be little doubt that she knows I am aroused and she obviously enjoys having such power over me.

The train brakes squeal and as the wheels spin more slowly we approach St James Park, the only station between where I got on and my destination in the heart of Woolchester. Stopped. People moving around, positions shifting, newspapers being hastily folded. Too many people getting off, too much possibility of vacant seats. She is going to walk away. The doors open, about a dozen people get off, but before she can move to take one of the seats there are other new passengers getting on. She isn't moving. Passengers pass in front of her and take the empty seats. She stays close to me, her hand has lifted off but still rests with her knuckles touching her sweet bottom. Doors closing, all seats full, she edges backward and my cock feels the renewed warmth of her palm. Thank heavens my ecstasy can carry on where it was so rudely interrupted.

The train picks up speed, her hand moving in time with the swaying of the carriage. Not stroking so much now but more gently squeezing and releasing, squeezing and releasing. My cock joins in the rhythm of the rails. Twitch, relax, throb, relax. Twitch relax, clickety clack, clickety clack. It is almost hypnotic. Swelling markedly and pressing against the inside of my fly. It is taking a lot of willpower to overcome the incessant urge to cum. No way. I can't let that happen. Concentrate you idiot. Throb, throb, throb...

At last we arrive at Woolchester Central station and I feel a coolness as she withdraws her hand. The carriage doors open, people exit the train. She steps forward, her head turns and as she glances back at me there is that same smile flickering across her face that I saw on Angela at the pool yesterday. I smile back and follow her off the train, but she is quickly lost amongst the throng of commuters pressing onward down the platform.

Oh well, another fun day at the office ahead, I abandon any attempt at trying to follow and catch up with her and set my mind to the day to come. That was a delightfully unexpected interlude and sure as hell was the best journey to work I have had for a very, very long time.

The rest of the day passed with the usual preoccupations inherent in working in an office. Numerous emails, incessant telephone calls, rounds of meetings and just the occasional bit of paperwork to fill in the gaps. I often wonder how much work I would actually be able to produce if I did not have to waste so much time interacting with the rest of the world. It is ironic that the technology now available to us does not make it any easier to get the work done. In fact it has probably reduced our ability to finish things.

The clock moves inevitably onward until eventually it is time to close the files, turn off the PC and head home.

Back to the station, through Cathedral Close past St Martin's Church, the Museum and Art Gallery. Just a short walk but one I am so familiar with. I have been working in the middle of Woolchester for more than ten years. I could almost do this walk blindfolded and not even trip over a kerbstone. I have it timed to perfection. Half a mile, nine minutes from my office in Barnfield Road to the train, means I rarely have to stand around waiting on the platform. Just pass through the barrier, head for platform three and on to the four thirty train. Like clockwork.

Going home is always so much easier, so much less crowded, so less likely to be sexually assaulted. There is always a down side to everything.

I find a seat in the second carriage next to the window on the St James Park side of the train. The journey at that point is in a cutting so it isn't possible to see the football pitch but being on the south side means any remaining sunshine streams through the train window and I love sunshine.

The train is just about to leave, I am looking out of the window when I sense somebody taking the seat next to me. Not the most sociable of people and with typical British restraint I keep gazing out of the window deliberately trying not to notice the other occupant of the seat. I can feel a certain warmth spreading across towards me but not only that, there is a familiar scent in the air. A hand on my leg startles me and I turn to look at my fellow traveler.

A yellow blouse, flax blue skirt and the most ravishing smile.

"Hi. Sorry, I hope I didn't startle you?"

"Um, yes, I mean no, sorry, hello" the words tumble out of my mouth uncontrollably. I really had not expected to see her again. Why should I? I certainly had never thought she would seek me out in what was a fairly empty carriage.

"I'm Harriet" she said "Harriet Shepard" while I sat open-mouthed beside her.

"Well hello Harriet, nice to see you again" I spluttered "Do you come here often?"

What sort of a dumb question was that, but it was the only thing I could think to say. My mind was in a whirl. She laughed with the sound of water rippling over the smooth stones of a trout stream. Such a delightful laugh. My stomach knotted as I looked at her beautiful face.

"What I mean is, I haven't seen you on this train before today."

"That's because I only started work in the city today. I moved into Penstone from London last week"

I wasn't sure what to say next. It isn't everyday a beautiful young woman makes a play for me. Which is the only way I can describe what had happened on the morning train. Especially a girl of what? Maybe twenty I guessed now I could see her more clearly. A man of thirty-eight usually has to work very hard for a very long time to get to the position of anybody making a play for him, if they ever do. Now, here I was sat next to a cute girl only just out of teenage who had stroked my cock and now had her hand on my leg.

"Do you have family in the area?" I weakly asked her.

"No, it's just that the job came up and the money is good and I had to get away from a bad situation in London. It doesn't matter what but I just had to get away. About this morning..."

"Don't think about it" I replied

"No but I should. I really don't do that sort of thing you know. It's just, well the train was so crowded and when it lurched and I fell backwards and felt your, you know, in my bottom. Well I thought let's have a bit of fun, and once I touched it you got so hard so quick it just got a bit out of hand. Well no actually it got a bit in hand." She laughed quietly to herself. "Then getting on the home train tonight and seeing you sitting looking out the window I thought well why not say Hi."

"So Hi"

I was stupefied. I just sat with my mouth open staring at her in disbelief.

"Well say something. Please?"

"Look Harriet, it is Harriet?"

"Yes you heard that right."

"OK Harriet" I smiled at her. She was honestly the most beautiful girl I had seen in a long time. "Now I am sorry you had to experience my erm problem, but I was thinking of something at the time, and well you know."

"Oh yeah, I know." She giggled. "Anybody special? Your wife?"

"No, I'm divorced." I thought it would be impossible to tell her the real cause of my excitement so I tried to change the subject. "So what do you think of Woolchester?"

"Not so easy" she replied. "It's not every day a complete stranger has a hard-on in front of me on a train. So what did get you like that"

I pondered, what would she think if I told her. Probably decide I was the sort of pervert she should stay a long way from. It may be the truth but it was actually the last thing I wanted to happen now.

"If you don't tell me I am going to go and sit at the other end of the carriage" she threatened.

"Alright, but if I tell you please don't judge me."

"No problem, I'm quite open minded you know" Her face glowed as she stared deep into my eyes and

my heart started beating really fast.

"Well, you see, I was walking to the station this morning and passed a group of girls on their way to school. One of them was a really pretty little blonde and well."

"Go on"

"Well, yesterday I had been in the park in Badgery near the swimming pool, you probably haven't been there yet, but one of the swimmers was this girl and she had a bit of an accident. Her bikini top broke and..."

"... and you were watching and she turned you on."

"Yes" I admitted blushing in embarrassment.

"That's the trouble with teenagers these days." she said "They don't appreciate what the sight of breasts can do to a hot blooded male. You couldn't help it, it's just a physical reaction. As long as you don't want to, you know, with little girls then forget about it."

"Maybe that is the problem, I probably should just forget about it but things like that tend to stick in the mind. No I certainly don't want to do anything like that but thinking about her again after seeing her this morning got me aroused, which is how you found me on the train. She wasn't exactly a teenager though. I don't know how old she is but I suspect she is an age that any decent man would not even think about" I pondered what she had just said. Was that the problem? Do I have desires for young girls? I didn't know the answer but was certain that although I could sense the beauty in their lithe limbs and supple bodies that was all it was. An appreciation of beauty. I frequently pleased myself thinking of sights I had seen but at no point did I ever contemplate doing anything inappropriate with a girl who was not ready to experience similar pleasure. I had looked at lots of pictures of attractive preteen models in magazines and yes there was a stirring down below but who would not be stimulated by the prospect of the beauty to come and the thought of who might be the lucky recipient of it once they reached a legal age. As for ever contemplating taking advantage of an underage girl, the whole thought was abhorrent to me. I shuddered. But deep down inside I knew the truth, the ugly truth, and it actually frightened me. All this denial and yet.

Harriet looked at me quizzically. "Not exactly? What does that really mean?"

This was it then. The moment when she gets up and walks off never to be seen again. "I told you I'm quite open-minded." She continued. But could I tell her the truth? I was uncertain. She smiled that disarming smile again and my defences collapsed.

"She was probably eleven or twelve I guess. Definitely not a teenager or if she was then she was most definitely a late developer. I'm sorry, that's not what you needed to hear."

I looked at her to see if she really would be that unconcerned about what she would almost certainly consider a predilection for pre-pubescence. Her gaze had not wavered from my face and her smile was still fixed. Not falsely but as if she really was truly open-minded. She didn't answer but her grip on my thigh tightened. I felt that things might actually work out OK. She hadn't cast me aside as a hopeless deviant

"You are remarkable Harriet" I said. I wondered whether I should push my advantage and try and ask her out. What the heck, nothing ventured as they say and she did still have her hand on my thigh "Do you have anything planned this evening? I can always knock up a meal for two as easy as one."

"I guess I could, it will save me trying to find a ready meal. I don't have any friends locally yet so it would be churlish to turn down an offer." she looked away for a moment and then thoughtfully. "Where do you live by the way?"

"I've got a little place in Honey Lane"

"Really? I'm renting a house on Danesway, that's only just round the corner isn't it?"

"Yes, it's only five minutes walk away. Does that mean you might consider my suggestion then?" I asked her in eager anticipation that she might agree.

"Oh why not" that smile was so beguiling I could feel stirrings again only inches from where her hand was resting. I just hoped she didn't notice, but her eyes flicked down and up again and her smile broadened even further. "Naughty boy" she said.

The train had passed St James Park, stopped, let passengers off, others on and left the station without me even noticing and now were pulling in to Penstone. Harriet and I stood and moved toward the door, then off the train, onto the platform and a few yards away through the little white painted gate which led out to the Station Approach.

The walk back home along Station Road and Main Road past the now closed 'Brandistone Arms' was uneventful. Just casual conversation about where she was working now and how long had I been in the area and what went wrong with my marriage. All the usual getting acquainted chit chat but carried out at a pace I could not believe. By the time we turned into the little path that led through to Honey Lane it was as if we had known each other for ever. I opened the front door, stood back to let her pass and then closed it behind us.

"This is a lovely bungalow Lewis." Politeness personified, she could not possibly know that from just inside the front door.

"Thanks Harriet, I like it"

"It's clean too. Obviously a man who knows how to take care of things" and she winked at me knowingly.

I showed her into the lounge and divested her of her cardigan. She sat on the couch and I settled down in the recliner opposite her.

"Sorry this is very rude of me, I should have thought. Would you like a coffee?"

"Rather have a tea if you can manage it please. Do you have Earl Grey?"

"Of course" I stood and went into the kitchen to fix us both a cup. Looking back at the lounge I could see that she had stood and was taking a metaphorical inventory of my possessions.

"No pictures of your ex-wife Lewis?"

“Definitely not, bad memories are enough without having to look at her every day.”

She had picked up a photo frame and was studying it intently. “So who is this little angel then? I didn’t know you had a daughter”

“Um, I don’t. That’s Amy she is the daughter of one of my neighbours.”

“Really.... So what are you doing with her picture on your mantelpiece?”

“Her family have been good friends to me and she does come round here quite a bit”

I could tell from her body language that she suspected something, but she didn’t say what was in her mind. “I’ll leave it there then” Harriet seemed to be a very discrete young lady even if she was quite forward when it came to men on trains.

I had made the tea, brought it into the lounge and we were drinking and chatting when she surprised me, not for the first time today. This was completely out of the blue though.

“Look, I know this is probably a bit unorthodox but would you mind if I took a shower when I’ve finished this? It has been a warm day today.” Not the most expected gambit at this stage but who was I to argue.

I quickly wracked my brain to think whether I had left the bedrooms and bathroom tidy this morning. I was pretty sure it was OK. “Sure I’ll take you upstairs when you are ready,”

“I bet you will” she winked again.

It must have been maybe half an hour before she raised the question again. I took the empty cups into the kitchen and then led the way upstairs. As I reached the top of the stairs and turned to see if she was following she had already taken off her cardigan and had the buttons of her blouse undone. Her small breasts encased in a pretty white bra tempting me from below. I backed along the landing as she reached the top of the stairs. Turning the corner she had divested herself of her blouse and skirt. Just her underwear remained. Unbelievable. What had I done to deserve this, or was I really on ‘Candid Camera’

“Come on Lewis, I really don’t like showering alone. Aren’t you going to get naked too?”

What could a poor man do under such provocation? I started to take my clothes off and headed into the bathroom at the same time. Turning the shower on, I shucked off my shirt, trousers and underwear dropping them to the floor. Harriet appeared in the doorway standing like a stork as she struggled to get her remaining leg out of her knickers. No bra and her perky little tits pointing at me.

I couldn’t fail to notice that her pussy mound had been shaved smooth leaving her looking like a five foot nothing teenager with the cutest little slit and tightly closed pussy lips surrounding it.

Never one to look a gift horse in the mouth or for that matter a sex kitten in the pussy, I pulled her into the shower. The warm water quickly soaked us both.

I watched her as she stood beside me her eyes fixed on mine. Looked down at her wet nakedness. I beheld her slender femininity close to me for the first time.

Curves which had previously been concealed by her clothes were readily visible now.

She wrapped her arms about my neck and kissed me deeply. In an instant, I felt her tongue probing my lips, then darting past, onward into my mouth like a slippery little eel writhing around on my tongue. She took my left hand and moved it to her breast. I was in heaven.

Slowly, I began to move against her, my hands steadily roaming over her beautiful, slender young frame, to her cheeks, her neck, her shoulders, her back. I eventually broke from our ecstatic embrace, knowing that she, the object of my desire, was mine for the taking.

I ran my hands over her once more as I slid onto my knees, kissing my way downward, ever closer to the part of her I desired the most. Lovingly licking each erect nipple as I passed by, stopping to plant a kiss on her belly-button, and then, down, down towards the seat of my desire. I found her smooth shaved pussy nestling between her wonderful slender legs. Totally bare, not a sign that she had shaved, almost as if she were still waiting for puberty to set in and make her the woman which she undoubtedly was.

When some men dream of lovemaking it is just a desire to fuck. But not for me, I love foreplay almost as much as girls do. I wanted to enjoy every second of this, I was in no hurry to get inside her even if my cock was telling a different story. Tasting her on my tongue, smelling the unmistakable aroma of arousal. I wanted to be on my knees, my head between her thighs, practically drowning in the streaming shower water as it poured over her and then downward on its endless journey to me. I was worshipping at the altar of her body.

I began by kissing her mons pubis, so soft and smooth as it jutted above her cleft. It tasted very slightly of the salty remnants of her perspiration, but not in a bad way. It actually heightened my arousal. Lovely. Then moving downward, towards her labia, her womanhood, I buried my face deep between her thighs, first taking a breath of the musky aroma of her arousal. I kissed the puffy lips at the entrance to her vagina. Not like the labia of most mature women but so much more like those of a teenager. Seemingly not fully developed although clearly that was not the case, the outer labia still concealed the entrance to her opening. There was no sign of the sometimes slightly unattractive inner labia which older women these days are often having reduced in an attempt to regain the beauty of youth or maybe just to please the lustful demands of a husband who dreams again of the girls of his younger days.

She moaned as I tongued her pussy, occasionally instructing me how to give her more pleasure, her hands first running through my hair, then grasping and pushing my face further into the V where her thighs didn't quite meet.

After what seemed an eternity of bliss, her moaning began to intensify to screams of pleasure, and I knew that my tongue was achieving what fucking alone often cannot. I was fulfilling her. I continued, enjoying the taste, her scent, the warmth of her crotch, until she again cried out. This time, she pulled me away from her. Her fists buried in my hair. I leaned forward against the pressure that was trying to pull my hair out at the roots. I had to have more of her cunt. I kissed her again. Again she dragged me away.

I stood, my tongue grazing her belly as I moved upwards. My face drew level with hers and she pulled me to her until our lips met. She didn't seem to mind the taste of her pussy which was still lingering on my mouth and tongue, rather, she seemed to revel in it, kissing me more deeply than she had kissed me before.

She drew back and spoke: "Now, what would you like me to do for you, big boy?" Clearly an ironic description but it made me smile. She pushed me away slightly so she could look at my body with the rivulets of water running down either side of my erect member and down my thighs. I must be honest for a guy in his late thirties I scrubbed up quite well. Not gym fit but no unsightly paunch either.

"How about, if I," Her sentence was left hanging in the air as she proceeded to rub her hands over my erect cock. It took no more than a few moments stimulation to bring me to a full erection and a few seconds more brought me to orgasm. A huge wad of semen shot from my engorged member all over her belly and into her waiting hands. Without pausing and in the most erotic fashion, she immediately scooped up all the cum that had not yet been washed away by the jet of water from the shower. Both of her little hands coated with my semen. She lifted her hands to her lips and licked my ejaculate daintily from between her fingers.

Any chance of me losing my erection faded as I watched her doing what none of my previous partners had ever done. My ex-wife never even wanted to fellate me, let alone take any pleasure in the end result of an orgasm. Harriet eagerly feasted on all she could find, even a small remnant she spotted on the wall next to her, which she brought her lips toward and in the most erotic way I have ever seen, even in porn movies, licked it from the shower wall.

What she said next was more than I could ever have dreamed of.

"More? Pretty please". Her smile lit up the room.

Toweling off was a very interesting proposition. As I live alone I didn't have a lot of towels in the bathroom. Most of them were in the airing cupboard in the bedroom. So, there was only one towel between the two of us. This did not stop us however, we made do, playfully drying each other, touching each other, fondling each other.

My clothes which had been discarded on the way into the bathroom were, to say the least, soaked, we had been so enthusiastic in a shower cubicle designed only for one person that the water had gone everywhere. I made a quick exit back to my room for replacements.

Harriet followed me, naked, with the small towel wrapped around her head. A vision of loveliness if not of modesty. I have seen many Sikhs in turbans of many colours but Harriet in white was far more attractive than a bearded Punjabi could ever be. On the way to my room she picked up her clothes which lay strewn along the landing.

Once we reached the master bedroom, I opened the window, as the summer heat was quite stifling now. Still being slightly wet from the shower heightened the difference between the heat of the room and the cool breeze coming in through the window.

I watched in wonderment as Harriet's lithe naked body fell back onto my bed where she luxuriated amongst the pillows and cushions. The cushions were left over from my marriage. You would not believe the Ideal Homes touches which still remained. I marveled at the beauty of her form. Her legs, the colour of warm sand, parted slightly allowing me to see the beauty of her bald pussy between her thighs. She showed no sign of embarrassment and let her legs stay parted as she wrapped herself in the coverlet. It gave just enough protection to take the chill off but not enough to prevent me from watching her sex in all its glory. She saw me looking and covered her embarrassment with the coverlet

Still dripping slightly from the shower. I opened the cupboard and grabbed another towel, climbed on to my bed where Harriet snuggled up against me making purring noises just like a soft, fluffy kitten. Which is what she was right now, my little fluffy kitten.

"Let me help, please" she said as I began to dry myself.

She took the towel from my hands and began to gently rub it all over my body. I rolled over to let her dry me and then turned onto my back so she could rub the soft towel all over my chest and arms.

"Sit up. That's better. Let me dry your hair."

She stopped for a moment.

"I'm still a little bit damp, too." she said. I smiled to myself thinking that I was glad she was, that was going to make things so much easier.

"Not there, you creep." She laughed throwing her head back and letting her hair fall free from the towel in which it was wrapped.

She resumed what she had been doing by rubbing the towel over my face, which I found to be still pleasantly soaked with the smell of her sex. She moved the towel downward, toward my now flaccid organ, making ever broadening circles about my chest and belly, until she at last reached my crotch.

I turned toward her, pulling off the coverlet that partially covered her firm young body. She lay completely naked now on her side, using the thick towel to caress me. It felt so beautiful. I watched her as she worked, taking in the whole of her frame properly, for the first time. The gentle curve of her hip, her slender waist, two tiny feet, and her twinkling eyes, alight with what was an undeniable spark of desire.

I took the other end of the now damp towel, and began to reciprocate her caress. She didn't really need drying off. By now her skin was starting to glow and the cool air from the window was making her little pink nipples stand proud from her small breasts. I began with these, applying gentle pressure to each, squeezing and then tenderly pulling them slightly with shaking hands in the towel. Soon her nipples began to stiffen. I cupped each of her little breasts with my hands. It was as if my palms had been built specifically for this purpose. She had the most beautiful small breasts which fitted me perfectly as I massaged them, first one, then the other.

She kissed me again. More tenderly than passionately, slower and softer. My hands moved from beneath the towel to encircle her waist, then up her chest, tracing the outline of each rib as I went, cupping her lovely breasts again then sliding one hand to her shoulder.

With my other hand, I drew her close to me, pulling her on top of me.

She smiled as she felt my firm body against her softness, my cock pressed against the wet folds of her labia for the first time.

"You look so excited" she said "Anyone would think it was your first time."

"It is my first time. With you" I smiled at her.

"OK then. I'll try to make this special for you, my little virgin boy" her voice trailed off to nothing, as our hands continued to explore each other's body.

I pressed her tightly against me, stroking her back and thighs, but I found that I could not bring myself to make the necessary move to penetrate her just yet.

I continued kissing her perfect lips and enjoyed the erotic sensation of my cock rubbing against her slit. Sliding up and down stroking my engorged head against her labia and gently, so tenderly allowing it to slip between them and push up against the firm little bud of her clitoris. All the time stimulating it with my hand as I rubbed her between her pussy lips.

Penetration came without warning.

She was moaning as I fingered her, while she was playfully pinching one of my nipples. Suddenly, she moved her hips violently towards my thighs and in one fluid motion my penis buried itself inside her soft warm folds. I could feel the ridges of her vaginal walls as the head of my cock drove deeper and deeper inside her exquisite wetness. Her face is what I remember most clearly. Her forehead and cheeks glowed beneath the fringe of long, now dark hair, still damp from the shower. Her mouth was wide open, her lips engorged with blood in the heat of passion, while her smiling eyes spoke of the feelings she was experiencing between her lower lips.

We fucked slowly, this first time. I was more than willing to let her control my movements inside her. Not wanting anything more than to ensure we both got the most out of our first experience of each other. I let her decide how fast or how deep she wanted me to be. Sometimes she would moan some instruction to me, at other moments guiding me with her hands. She spent some of her time on top, sometimes side by side and sometimes beneath me where I seemed to engulf her completely, so childlike was her body.

When she rode me I was able and more than willing to stimulate her with my fingers at the same time while she fondled my body, teasing my nipples and stroking my chest.

I really don't know how long we spent making love. It seemed at the time that it went on forever.

Occasionally, she would try to tickle me, or I would stroke her smooth soft back causing her to start giggling infectiously. I know now how ticklish she is.

Sometimes she would whisper something in my ear. I never really understood what she said then, being too caught up in the fact that we were making love and relishing the intense heat from her vagina as it squeezed my throbbing penis. I was making love to probably the most desirable female I had for many years. Certainly the youngest girl I had fucked since I was in my twenties.

After a time, perhaps it was forever, I felt the surge of something not far from pain filling me, starting at my balls and swelling upwards through my belly. My engorged penis was involuntarily throbbing deep inside her as the head touched the entrance to her womb.

She must've felt it, too, but merely continued to meet my quickening thrusts. I felt wave after wave of pleasure sweep through me, running from the top of my spine through to the end of my penis, as spurt after spurt of my semen squirted into her hot, tight, wet pussy. Yet even after I finished, I continued to thrust, slowing the pace, rather than coming to an abrupt halt. The sensation was so delightful. The feeling of her vagina squeezing my penis helped by her obviously controlling her pelvic floor muscles. I could feel, and actually hear my semen squelching inside her love tunnel but I was in no hurry to withdraw.

Eventually however my cock returned to its unaroused state and unwillingly I let it slide out of her leaving a white trail of semen over her pussy lips as it went flaccid. She pulled her knees up to her belly, turned over in the foetal position and sighing contentedly to herself, went to sleep.

I watched her for a while and then wrapping my arms around her slumbering form I too faded to grey.

CHAPTER 3 - HARRIET

There is something so sinfully delicious about post-coital drowsiness.

I drifted in and out of sleep for a couple of hours after that first delightful fuck with the gorgeous Harriet. How could I be so lucky as to have been chosen by her? All thought of the meal I was supposed to be preparing for her were put away as my mind replayed the sensation of sharing first a shower and then a vagina with the lovely creature.

My arm draped across her hip as she slept beneath me. Her cute little breasts are rising and falling in time with her soft breathing. Her shoulders are soft and smooth and white. I lie spooning her bottom and let myself relax so completely. Occasionally she stirs, slightly wriggles her cheeks against me and I respond in the only way I know how. Semi hard now, my weak erection twitches against the crack between her cheeks.

If I didn't know this was for real I would swear I was dreaming the whole thing.

Harriet's beautiful hair catches the late evening sun as it pours in through the bedroom window, making it look almost red. There is still a reasonable amount of heat in the sun's rays which warms my arm resting limply across her slumbering form. I let the fingers of one hand trace the outline of her spine as it curls in front of me while the other resting on her hip curls inward so my fingertips softly stroke her bald pussy mound. It feels like a soft warm cushion. Firm beneath, where her pubic bone presses back against my fingers, her skin smooth as a baby. If I move my elbow just ever so slightly and ease myself closer to her arched back I can extend my hand so it rests gently with my palm on her pubis and my fingers tracing the sweet outlines of her twin labia. She has the outer lips of a child not a fully grown woman. Her inner lips are small, hardly formed yet her outer lips are soft and perfectly closed hiding the beauty of her vulva. I ease my finger between them and so, so slowly move up and down. Up and down her pretty slit taking care not to wake her. It is not easy keeping my lust under control but I force myself to do so. Soft lips, lovely lips, lips moistening from within. My finger slips between them reveling in the sensation.

Harriet sleeps soundly but her pussy is responding subconsciously to my ministrations. The lips almost imperceptibly part and the beautiful cleft between them gets delightfully moist and yielding. My fingers continue drawing circles around her pussy. Such a lovely soft, sweet little kitten and all mine to pet.

She stirs, her body moves slightly, her breathing gets less shallow. I can see her reflection in the mirror. Her eyes flicker slowly open as she nudges my hips away from her and moves onto her back. She makes no effort to dislodge my hand as it now cups the softness of her pussy. Freed from the constraint of her buttock cleft my penis springs hard and erect in the cooling air. My hand covers her slit and I can ease two fingers between her lower lips now, letting me part them slightly revealing inside the lovely pink colours of her sex. Pink is such a simple word for a colour but what is revealed is not that simple. The folds inside her lips reveal every shade you can possibly imagine. Rose, fuchsia, blush, rouge, flamingo, coral, peach, strawberry, hot pink and in the centre of all this loveliness where her vulva leads the way to the fascinating grotto of her vagina... deep, deep magenta.

I look at her face as my penis reacts to the sensation of her moistness on my fingertips. She is wide

awake now, staring at me with that tantalizing smile flickering across her mouth.

“So, are you having fun?” she looks at me and her smile turns to a giggle. “I don’t know, a girl can’t even take a nap without some lascivious pervert poking her private parts.”

“Erm, sorry but it was too tempting to resist and yes I sure am enjoying myself. By the way while I think about it, how old are you? You feel so tight, just like a teenager and I don’t want to get into any trouble”

“You know you should never ask a lady her age, but I’m twenty so you’re quite alright, no chance of the law banging on your door like you’re banging on mine” she laughed “Oh and I’m so glad you like me.” she whispers as my hand moves away from her cunt and up her soft sloping belly. “No, don’t I was enjoying that”. She catches my hand just short of her belly button and forces it back down between her legs. “Do you like me, really?” she simpered, a little girl lost look crossing her face.

“Why would I not like you? It’s not every day I end up in bed with a lovely young lady hardly out of her teens within less than twelve hours of having met her. Especially since I only spoke to you for the first time only, what, three hours ago?” It didn’t seem like it but it was less than three hours since we caught the train home.

“Yeah and within an hour of those first special words you had your penis buried in my cunt” Hearing her say the one word that I tried not to use made my cock twitch in excitement. There was something deliciously naughty hearing girls using words like ‘cunt’.

“So tell me” I queried, “Why is that? What was it that made you want to let me make love to you so quickly. It sure as hell isn’t my stunning beauty and manliness.”

“Well, you want me to brutally honest?” she countered.

“Yes, burst my bubble and tell me you only wanted a quick fuck and are about to leave and plan never to let me cum inside you again” my face fell as I realized I was probably only saying what she was intending to say to me any minute.

“Oh no, that’s not my plan at all. In fact if you can spare the time and stop stroking my kitten I would be very pleased if you would let that hard thing between your legs become a hard thing between mine”

Never one to need asking twice I rolled her onto her stomach and getting behind her I hoisted her hips up slightly so I could get a good thrust between her butt cheeks and into her deliciously damp pussy. With my legs each side of her lily white thighs I watched as my penis disappeared between her cheeks and I felt it nudging against her lower lips. Not far now, just one more push and her outer lips parted allowing my rock hard member to edge its way between her tiny tight inner lips. The feeling as the tip slipped between them and my foreskin rolled down the shaft allowing the engorged head to enter her sweet tight vagina was absolute heaven. Tight is not really the word for it. I have fucked quite a few girls and women in my thirty-eight years, well since I was fifteen anyway and none came so close to perfection as Harriet. I could feel every movement as her vaginal muscles milked my hard penis to the point where I was almost screaming with pleasure. Each slide in was greeted by a vice-like grip which squeezed and held my cock tighter than any hand could ever have done. Not to be outdone by the pleasure from the forward thrust, backing out gave a whole new meaning to ecstasy. This was so unlike the feeling of fucking my ex wife which of recent years had been more like stirring a jar of honey. Nice

honey but such a big jar. The feeling of making love to Harriet brought back distant memories of my first girlfriend when I was thirteen and she was twelve. My penis was even thinner in those days but just the right size and shape for its first quest into the much desired but uncharted territory between the legs of a girl who had not yet experienced the joys of her first period. So tight, so unexpected, so delicious. Yes Harriet was going to bring back many latent memories and I couldn't wait.

Unlike earlier when the urgency of getting inside her for the very first time had meant that I had exploded almost as soon as my cock head touched her cervix. Also having cum all over her belly in the shower I worried that I might have nothing left for her. This time though, I took things so much more slowly. Inch by pleasant inch my penis rubbed inside her. I could feel every contraction of her muscles, what control this girl could exert.

I wrapped my arms around her slender upper body and reached for her tiny almost pre-teen breasts, so soft, so pert, so beguilingly deliciously wonderful. There I go again, drawing comparisons between Harriet and what I spent so much of my time dreaming about. Each breast settled neatly in the palm of my hand her tiny pink nipple hardly discernible to my touch until it started to swell almost imperceptibly and responded to my ministrations the way I so wanted it to. Gently circling my palms, right clockwise and left counter clockwise I gradually brought her to a heightened state of arousal which I could sense by the increased movement of her vagina as it wrapped my penis in soft wet heat. Her nipples were now fully erect and I could feel the little buds pressing into the palms of my hands but, I know this sounds wrong, it was as if I were squeezing and fondling the breasts of a girl much younger than Harriet's twenty years, perhaps one of maybe thirteen or fourteen years of age. At least it felt the way I imagined an early years teenager would be. Stop fantasizing Lewis, Harriet is more than enough for you at the moment.

I thrust harder and deeper until my stomach was pressed right up against her buttocks and my member was buried deep inside her. A few more plunges into her warm inviting cunt and it was all over. My penis throbbed, swelled and disgorged an enormous wad of semen against the walls of her vagina and the entrance to her uterus. I sure hoped she was on the pill. My usual caution in wearing a condom had been completely disregarded this time. Harriett twitched and convulsed as her orgasm hit and her body received my loving gift.

"Oooooooooooooooooohhhh Goooooooooddddd" I suddenly realized it was me screaming in ecstasy while Harriet's body tensed and relaxed in absolute silence beneath me.

My weight was crushing her into the bed so I rolled away to lie beside her, my cock going flaccid and leaking all over the sheets, and I only changed them yesterday too. Never mind, I guess it is unlikely I will be entertaining anybody else in my bed for a few days.

She turns her head towards me and I plant a soft kiss on her cheek. "This has got to be the best Monday I have had for a very long time. You are such a lovely girl, what on earth are you doing here with me?"

"Well, let's just say that when I got on the train this morning I saw you in the corner looking so sad and forlorn that I immediately felt sorry for you"

"Oh thanks, you sure as hell know how to make a man's confidence grow, don't you."

"No, I didn't mean it in a bad way. I got in the carriage and you were there and I thought he reminds me

of somebody but, for the life of me I could not think who. Then it came to me. Not your face or anything but just the way you were standing. All so smart in that suit of yours, ready for the office. That was it, the office, just like my Daddy used to be when he went out of the house in the morning. I used to watch him from my bedroom window when I was quite little and think to myself how handsome he was and how big and strong”

I let her carry on talking without interruption while I feasted my eyes on the beauty of her slender form.

“I always wanted to get close to Daddy, he was so nice to me, he used to let me sit on his lap when I was tiny, and he smelled of cigarettes and whisky which is the one thing I remember about him most”

Where was she going with this story I wondered.

“Sometimes when he put me to bed at night he used to give me such big cuddles and he used to kiss me so softly that it was like I was his real little princess. He never did anything bad to me then, although I often wondered if he loved me more than other Daddies loved their little girls. The way he used to watch me getting ready for bed and when I was in the bath or shower, there was a sort of light in his eyes and a distant faraway look which never really went away.”

So Harriet had a father daughter complex, that could explain why she latched on to me so quickly. After all I am thirty eight and she is just twenty. Almost too old to really be my daughter but far enough apart in years to make the possibility just that bit more tantalizing. What would I have done if she had been my daughter? I put the thought away, buried it deep in the murky recesses of my mind.

“You had that same little boy lost look in your eyes and when I got on the train I saw you look at me in such a sad way but with just a hint of interest that it reminded me of what my Daddy looked like and I wondered whether if he hadn’t been who he was would we have ever done more. I like to think that you and I could do what Daddy and I never did. So I took the chance and positioned myself right in front of you. The carriage was so crowded any way that nobody would have noticed anything.”

It was all starting to make sense in a wonderfully serendipitous way.

“When the train lurched and I felt your hard cock up against my bottom I knew, I just knew that I had to make sure we met again. Soooooooo, I decided right then that I would get your attention by rubbing you through your trousers. I guess it worked because I could feel it getting harder and when it twitched I felt so powerful...”

I must admit I had felt quite powerful as well at the time....

“So the next problem was how to engineer another meeting. I was worried that you would be one of those guys who get into the office early in the day and then spend hours and hours at their desk. Probably not rushing to get home as there was nothing much to get home for. I had already checked out your ring finger and although there was a slight mark where a ring had been it seemed to be quite faded so I guessed, luckily for me rightly, that you were either divorced or separated. How was I going to ensure another meeting happened? I guessed all I could do was to get on the train I had started using to go home. If you were not on it, and I really didn’t expect to see you, then I would get off at Penstone and lurk around just outside the station until the next train came in. I know that would have meant an hour stood around like some sort of criminal but the sun was shining and I remembered that the

benches near the station had a good view of the entrance and were in the sunshine. If you hadn't turned up by the five thirty train then I would have given up and tried again tomorrow."

"Why didn't you just do that? Wait for tomorrow?"

"Because I was feeling bloody horny, I haven't had a good fuck for ages." She was very forthright, that's for sure. She is one scheming little minx this one. I thought I was cunning when I was on the hunt for cunt but she outshone me in every respect.

"But, I needn't have worried because there you were, right at the end of the carriage, lost in your own little world looking out the window. When I spotted you my heart leapt into my throat and I almost ran down the carriage to make sure I could get sat next to you. It was almost as if I was running to meet my Daddy when he came home from work. The same excitement, the same feelings of love and longing."

"... and the rest is history" I interjected. "Boy am I glad you found me or none of what has happened since would have. When I felt your hand on my leg I must admit it was a shock but one that I would be happy to undergo every day of the week."

"Are we going to get anything to eat Lewis? I'm starving"

I had completely forgotten that I invited her round for a meal and that was ages ago. All the excitement since then had sort of let things slip from my mind. I wondered what I actually had in that would work quite quickly. I had 'wasted' ages doing unimportant things like getting laid when I should have been in the kitchen like a good host preparing a lovely repast for my new found friend.

No point getting anything out of the freezer, it would be breakfast before it was ready.

"Do you like 'Spanish' Harriet?"

"Depends what it is, are you going to do a Tapas?"

"Hardly, unless you don't mind waiting. No, I just remembered I've got a Paella in the refrigerator. I got it in Woolchester on Friday and haven't got round to eating it yet. I am sure it will still be alright and it only takes ten minutes to prepare"

"Yeah, that sounds good do you have any garlic bread to go with it?"

"Of course, always keep bread in the freezer so we are looking at dinner in about half an hour if that's good with you? Nice bottle of Tempranillo would go nicely with the meal and if you want to be posh I can manage a sherry before if you want"

"Not bothered about the sherry, just get me a glass of red while I freshen up. Going to get another shower and don't you dare come in and start over, I need food."

I got a silk dressing gown out of my wardrobe, the one I usually wear when I am either feeling horny or feminine. Either way it was going to look a heck of a lot better on Harriet than me.

"Take this, no point getting dressed for dinner and I really would like to see you in it"

"You are a dirty old man Lewis, and I love it"

Harriet jumped off the bed all pink flesh, little bouncing tits and flowing auburn hair. She grabbed the gown from me and swirled into the bathroom leaving me alone in the bedroom surrounded by the remains of her scent and the smell of sex. I could hear the shower start and the sound of Harriet taking a pee. Perhaps she thought the flowing shower would conceal what she was doing but the noise made by a girl taking a leak cannot be mistaken for anything else. I just love hearing the golden shower as it tinkles into the little pool of water in the porcelain toilet bowl. It always conjures up images in my mind's eye of a pretty little slit with a stream of pee pouring out and flowing down between a pair of parted thighs like I had watched on the internet. But right now it also evoked the memory of the little girl in the park and the pretty knickers I had brought away with me yesterday. I went to the dressing table and opening the bottom drawer located a pair of pretty little girl knickers. Putting them to my nose I inhaled deeply and the image of the park girl came back to me. Listening intently as the final few drops of her pee tinkled into the bowl now her stream ebbed the next I heard was the toilet flushing and the shower door opening.

I picked up my shirt, pants and trousers and throwing them on I headed downstairs to the kitchen.

While Harriet is otherwise occupied, now might be a good time to describe my little place in Honey Lane so you will be able to visualize where these events are taking place.

I live in a sort of chalet type bungalow. It isn't huge but it is big enough for a guy on his own. On entering the front door there is a hallway with stairs up to the first floor. To the right of the stairs the hall leads into the main living room and then through two small paneled wooden doors into the rear dining room. If you bypass the door into the living room from the hallway there is a little passage beside the stairs that leads to the fully fitted kitchen and there is also a door from the kitchen into the dining room. Attached to the rear of the dining room is a conservatory that has a sliding door out onto the secluded back garden with a small patio where I often have barbecues. I like the garden. It was laid out before I moved into the property. There is a grassed area and the paved patio with steps leading up to a graveled part with a circular central border of conifers and shrubs. The fairly small lawn made it quite easy easy to maintain which is my sort of garden. I don't want to spend all my time gardening. Back into the conservatory there is a small suite which can prove very useful when the sun shines through the windows and warms the room. Ideal for sex au naturel without being out in the cool air. Upstairs there are three bedrooms. The master bedroom is quite large with an en suite shower room which is where Harriet is right now. The other two bedrooms are smaller and there is a family bathroom which I don't use often. I prefer to shower and although there is a shower cubicle in the bathroom, the one in the en-suite is larger. Perhaps we should have used that one earlier although she would have found it easier to escape my clutches.

In the kitchen I clattered around preparing the meal. Defrosted a few prawns and knocked up an impromptu starter to be followed by the Paella. If she wants anything else I have got some profiteroles in the freezer which I got out just in case. The more I looked at what I was putting together the more it looked like a Saturday night at a Harvester or Berni Inn.

A quarter to eight and still no sign of Harriet. I went to the foot of the stairs and called out to see if she would be down soon.

"Nearly ready." Sounds as if she is back in the bedroom. "How's the food coming along?"

"Same as you, nearly ready" I called back. "You want a glass of wine up there or when you come down?"

“You can bring another one up if you don’t mind, I’m decent”

You sure are I thought. Not what she meant but anyway. I went back into the kitchen cracked open a second bottle of Toro Loco and poured two glasses. Carefully made my way up to the bedroom to be greeted by Harriet, still in the silk dressing gown but now almost fully made up again, her hair still slightly damp from the shower. She was putting the finishing touches to her mascara and I couldn’t fail to notice that the gown had fallen open slightly revealing one pale soft breast with its subtle pink nipple. I handed a glass to her and she hastily brought the edges of the gown together and took the glass from me.

“I thought you would have been dressed by now.” I said. She took the glass and raised it to her lips.

“No, didn’t seem to be much point in that” she replied. “I don’t need clothes to eat and this silk is so sexy I just couldn’t bear to take it off. You don’t mind do you? You don’t have a problem with girls eating while half naked?”

“I wouldn’t have a problem sharing a meal with you if you were as naked as the day you were born. In fact I almost wish you were but perhaps we can leave that adventure for another day. Assuming there will be another day?”

“Oh you can count on that” she winked knowingly.

“So, it’s Prawns, Paella and Profiteroles, is that to my ladies satisfaction?”

“Sounds like a lot of ‘Pee’s’ to me. “ Her little joke making her laugh out loud.

“I love a bit of ‘Pee’ I replied” I am pretty sure she and I were in agreement on that little matter.

“Next time” she winked again “I will let you help me”.

I moved closer put my glass on the dressing table and nuzzled the back of her neck where her shiny auburn hair flowed down over the shoulders of my gown. She put her head on one side as my warm breath stirred the shorter hairs on her neck. My breath tickled her nape and she reached up cupping my head in her hand. My hand meanwhile had slipped unconsciously inside the front of the gown and was gently rotating around her right breast. Her soft nipple hardened again under my touch as she turned her face to me and we kissed tenderly. My cock started its relentless rise again but I decided now was not the time, there was hot food in the dining room. I gave her little tit a farewell stroke, drew the gown together and helped her off the stool.

“Come on then sweets, let’s get to it”

I led the way downstairs, through the lounge into the dining room, two glasses of wine in hand while Harriet followed me bare-footed and clad in rustling silk.

We sat opposite each other and made a start on the prawn cocktail.

“How do you like Penstone then” I asked her.

“So far it hasn’t been great, it’s a quiet little village and I haven’t had much to do with anyone yet. But I have a suspicion that things are just about to get a lot, lot better.”

"Glad we met then?" I still could not get my head around this fact.

She didn't answer this time, just looked across at me with those sultry green eyes and the faintest of smiles.

"You told me why you moved down here but in spite of the last very intimate few hours I really don't know much about you yet. If I tell you some of my history will you let me in on your past?"

"Of course I will but you go first" she replied.

"Right, stand by for astounding revelations" I laughed knowing that my life was pretty normal and probably infinitely boring.

"You know I'm thirty-eight and divorced. I was born in Brighton in 1977. I lived my formative years in Rottingdean going to the local Primary School. Mum and Dad were my best friends until my little sister arrived in 1985, then they seemed to give her more time than me but I guess most little boys feel that way. I carried on growing up and doing all the things little boys do, including playing doctors and nurses with my little sister. I really liked those make believe games."

Harriet looked up from her prawn cocktail at that.

"So you liked little girls then as well? How old were you and she when you played?"

I began to feel a bit uncomfortable, had I actually confessed to that? Subconsciously I must have wanted to let out a pent up memory. How was this going to affect our 'relationship'? I know it isn't that yet but my hope was that it would be.

"Well when I said that, I didn't mean anything bad you know, just surely a lot of boys and girls learn about the difference between the sexes that way. Don't they?" I was blushing as I tried to back-pedal on what seemed as if it was going to be the wrong move. "I, I must have been thirteen or fourteen and Jenny maybe five or six?" Nothing for it now, I had started so probably had better finish.

"I used to go into her room as well sometimes when I was getting ready for bed. I used to take my trousers and pants off and before pulling on my pyjamas I would nip in to watch her asleep. I guess I hope she would wake up and see me. Latent exhibitionism I suppose." As I listened to myself talking I realized how bad this must sound, but I continued anyway. "On one occasion when I went in she wasn't asleep. I thought better of it and quickly turned my back on her. As I started to walk away her voice halted me in my tracks. "Why is your willy bigger than usual Lewis?" I didn't know what to say to her so I just turned back around so she could take a good look at me. "That is so weird" she continued. Can I see it close up?"

I moved over to her bed and unexpectedly she put her hand out. I know I shouldn't have but I let her touch it with her tiny little fingers. Of course it twitched and she giggled. I lost a little self control and took the opportunity to slide her duvet down the bed. As I uncovered her I could see she was wearing her pretty pink nightie with the teddy bears all over it. But, and this is when I held my breath, the hem was up above her belly and with her legs slightly apart I had the most awe inspiring view of her little pussy. Being only young her outer labia formed a perfect slit with a pretty pink mound either side. No sign of what lay inside but enough to get my juvenile cock raging with excitement. She felt it and tightened the grip of her little fist. I couldn't help myself and reached over putting my hand on top of

her slit. I rubbed slowly up and down and gently eased my forefinger between her lips until I could feel the heat and moisture of her young vulva.

This was too much for me to take. I had orgasmed once or twice before but they were always still dry orgasms and this time was no different. My cock convulsed in her hand and I felt a familiar trembling in my legs. In less than a moment it had passed. I took my hand reluctantly away from her little slit and covered her over again. I told her she should not tell Mum and Dad and rushed back to my room in a mild state of panic combined with ecstasy.

We only ever looked and touched a bit over the next few months but every opportunity was heaven to me. What teenage boy would not have enjoyed learning about girls in the same way. As far as I know she never let on. Anyway can we move along a few years? Nothing serious came of it, just foolish kid's stuff. I certainly didn't recognize it as a being a paedophilic tendency."

"Stop panicking" Harriet reached out her hand and held mine. "I can probably trump your story later on and I don't think badly of you, yet." she squeezed my hand.

I returned to my tale. "By then I was at Senior School at Longhill High. Reasonably good GCSE's, A levels and then University in Birmingham where I did a BSc in Geography. Geography had always been the cop-out course for people who want a degree but don't have a plan."

"After University I got a job in Brighton but that only lasted about six years and then I moved to one of the Company's other offices in Woolchester"

"It was here where I met my ex-wife. We married and lived happily together for about five years before the relationship broke down. She moved out, I sold the house in Topsham because I couldn't afford to keep it on and bought this one. That's me in a nutshell"

"Have you always been as sexy as hell then?" I wondered what gave her that idea.

"Not really, not according to Melinda anyway."

"Melinda? What sort of name is that?" Harriet giggled uncontrollably. I stood up pushing my chair back with my legs.

"I'm going to fetch the Paella, you just wait there minx and stop taking the piss. Melinda was a name that definitely did not suit her personality. It comes from the Greek meaning 'honey'. She was a somewhat dominant woman. Oh and she didn't really like sex so once she had denied access to her honey pot I spent a lot of my time pleasuring myself to pornography. Not so easy in those days before the interweb."

I went into the kitchen leaving Harriet to top up her own wine glass. Not very chivalrous but I needed a few moments to sort out the next part of the meal. Easy to prepare, simple to plate up and actually it looks quite attractive when the plates are dressed with a bit of salad. The garlic bread steamed on the side plates as I brought them all back into the dining room.

"I never said before, but don't worry about the garlic as far as I am concerned, I love women who smell French. I've always loved a bit of French. As for me I will get to the mouthwash after dinner."

Harriet took the plate from me “What makes you think I will be kissing you again tonight?”

“Ever hopeful I guess. Anyway your turn to reveal all now and I don’t mean stripping off again.”

I settled down opposite her with my plate of paella and waited for her to tell me all about her life so far. I thought this can’t take long she isn’t old enough. I had managed to cram thirty eight years into about five minutes surely her life story would be a lot quicker.

“Are you certain you’re ready for this Lewis? It might be a bit surprising.”

“Let me have it Harriet, I’m sure nothing you can say will shock me.”

“You asked for it. The early years were pretty uneventful, nothing much happened until I was starting to show signs of puberty like I said before. I was born in Manchester but Dad got a job in Bristol when I was two so we moved there. Mum stayed at home with me all the time, Dad earned enough so she didn’t need to go out to work. I used to love it when Daddy came home from the office and used to read me stories while I cuddled up to him in my big snugly bed.”

I couldn’t help but ask her outright “Did your Dad ever do anything he shouldn’t have? I know you said not but there must be more to it than just cuddles. Your eyes are telling me there was something else”

Harriet looked away and then back at me, staring deep in my eyes. I could sense her uncertainty after all I had been through the same emotions only a few moments previously.

“Yes, he did. Sorry I lied to you earlier but I have always been ashamed of what happened. Not just ashamed of what my daddy did to me but of the fact that I didn’t do anything to stop it happening. Of course at the time I didn’t understand but now I do. Whether it is because of what happened or because there is something wrong with me I don’t know but looking back I find the whole episode quite exciting. I must have been eleven or twelve I guess at the time, the bedtime stories had stopped but the goodnight kisses still happened. One evening Mum was out with her girl friends and Dad came into my room to say goodnight. It was a warm night and I had on the thinnest nylon nightie I had. It was actually a bit too sheer, you didn’t need to look hard to see right through it. I was lying outside the blankets, on my side, reading a book when he came into the room. I didn’t notice him at first I was so wrapped up in the story and I was facing away from the door. I didn’t see that he was staring at my bottom and at the mirror. I think he had had a few Malts because he just stood inside the door looking at my reflection in the wardrobe mirror. Because of the angle of the mirror and the fact I had my nightie quite high up my legs, he was actually staring fixedly at my little girl pussy which was clearly visible to him. At first, like I said I didn’t notice him but when at last I did, I was shocked to see he had opened his fly and his penis was standing really hard and erect as he stroked himself. That’s why I think he had been drinking, I am sure he would not have done it otherwise.”

She was beginning to get quite flushed and all thought of what was left of the meal had gone.

“I didn’t react the way I probably should have done though. Instead of covering myself up and hiding under the covers, I just turned over to face him and in doing so my nightie erode up even higher so everything was open to his gaze. I know I should have covered myself but whether subconsciously I wanted him to look I don’t know. Now I am sure though that I felt I needed to let him continue looking at me.

'Hi Dad.' I said. Instead staying where he was and just looking he came over to my bed and put his hand right between my legs and onto my pussy. I could feel the heat from his palm and gradually he moved his hand slightly and slipped a finger gently inside me. Surprisingly my attitude which had at first been confused changed. I felt so loved at that moment that I just lay back and let him do whatever he wanted. It didn't last long but every second was precious to me. I didn't realise it was me turning him on I just sensed that I was pleasing him and I always wanted to please Daddy. Eventually with one hand on my pussy and the other stroking his penis he exploded all over my nightie covering me in semen for the first time in my young life."

"No wonder you were not too shocked by my little brother sister incidents then Harriet. That was tame by comparison, at least, what my sister and I did wasn't overtly sexual more childlike innocent inquisitiveness than anything else."

I realized that all I was doing now was justifying actions which for me, at the time, were definitely sexual even though I would not admit it. I wondered whether there was still more to her relationship with her father than this and decided to wait for the end of the story. After all if she could limit the truth once, she could probably do it again.

Harriet looked around the room before continuing with her tale, almost as if she was worried there might be somebody else listening. "That was that, he said how sorry he was and he really shouldn't be there and would I promise not to tell anyone. Of course I promised and he quickly went out of my room. A few moments later he was back with a warm flannel, a towel and a change of nightdress for me. I just lay very still and looked at him. For a moment he did nothing but then he asked me to sit up, pulled my nightie off over my head and gently sponged me clean with the flannel. I knew that he was taking in every inch of my body with his stare as his hand and the flannel gently rubbed the semen off my little belly and from between my legs where some had run down onto my pussy. I am sure he was spending a lot longer on the task than he needed to. Once he was satisfied that I was clean he wiped me dry with the big fluffy hand towel."

"You think he was enjoying this? Or was he just being a good dad who had gone a bit wild because of the drink."

"Oh at the time I didn't know what to think. Now though I know for sure he was enjoying it, but to be brutally honest, I didn't mind whether he was or not. It hadn't hurt me but had given me a glimpse into a different world which at the time I knew nothing of but which I now realise is quite widespread.. Eventually he finished and handed me the clean nightie. I pulled it on over my head and let it fall around me slowly covering myself from view."

She pushed her plate with the few remnants of the paella to one side. "Sorry that's me done, don't I get any more wine" as she held her empty glass out to me. I took it from her, picked up my equally desolate glass and went into the kitchen for refills. I got a couple of pudding bowls out of the dresser, filled them with two or three profiteroles. It was clear that neither of us had much of an appetite for food now but something sweet always finishes a meal off nicely. On returning to the dining room Harriet took the glass from me "Thanks" she said and before I had a chance to sit down had swigged half of it and held it out to me again.

"Slow down gorgeous, you're leaving me behind." Nonetheless I went back to the kitchen and refilled her glass. This time I carried a bottle through with me. I couldn't be doing with all this coming and going.

“Do you feel up to telling me what happened next? If not we can leave it there for now”

I watched her as the signs of emotion and uncertainty flitted silently across her face. She was looking so wistful now almost as if she had transported herself back in time to those younger days. I couldn't tell whether she viewed them as really pleasant moments or whether that was just her mind trying to rationalize what would clearly have been a disturbing situation. I could not imagine what went through her head at the time. She had said that she was not unhappy with what was happening to her but surely there must have been some part of her which hoped it wasn't really true. I know all little girls idolize their fathers but surely not in this fashion.

“It's OK Lewis, nothing else happened that night. Daddy stroked my nightie down smooth, tucked me up in bed, kissed me and turning out the light went back downstairs. I could hear him in the lounge pouring another Scotch but fairly soon I had fallen asleep and remember nothing else until the morning. Sunlight was streaming through the window as Mummy drew back the curtains and told me it was time to get up and get ready for school.”

“Are you alright?” I asked her as we both finished our meal and then moved into the lounge with what was left of our wine and the other bottle.

“Yeah, I'm fine, honest. Look there is more to tell but can we keep it for another time please. Everything has moved so fast today I really think we need to slow down and consolidate our feelings for each other”

I took her hand and holding it tight said that as far as I was concerned we had come a hell of a long way in virtually no time at all. I didn't want to spoil whatever the future was going to hold for us and I was in no hurry to hear any more.

“Thanks Lewis” she smiled so sweetly my heart melted. “Look I'm a bit tipsy, would you mind if we called it a day and I went home?”

I was a little disappointed, I had hoped she might stay over, but it was obvious she was getting sleepy and I didn't want to push things.

“Would you like me to walk you home?”

“Yes please, not like this though.” She laughed looking down at the silk dressing gown she was still wearing.

“No I guess not, look you go and get changed. I will clear some of this stuff away and then we can walk round to your place. Who knows you might even invite me in for a nightcap?”

“Don't push it mate” she chuckled. “I think you have had all you are going to get today. There is always tomorrow and all the other tomorrows to come.”

Harriet put her glass down, rose from the sofa and went upstairs to get back into her clothes while I started taking the dirty plates and stuff from the table and loaded them into the dishwasher.

Ten minutes later and I heard her bouncing down the stairs like the young girl she still appeared to be. She came along the passage to the kitchen, threw her arms around me and planted a wonderful soft kiss

on my lips.

"We are going to have such fun Lewis" she gushed with excitement, no sign of the tiredness which had washed over her a few minutes before. "But not tonight. Tonight you can walk me home, I'll show you around my little palace and then you can bring your dirty thoughts back here. I will be on the train in the morning and we can see where we go from there"

"From there we are going to Woolchester again for yet more stifling office work" I feigned a sad face but couldn't keep it up confronted with her bubbly exuberance.

"Then, who knows, hopefully we can get right into each other's lives, apart from the fucking amazing sex, I think we may just have a lot in common" It was my turn to wink at Harriet and she smiled back knowingly.

"Time to go home cuddle bunny" I got a jacket out of the hall cupboard for her, as the evening had turned a bit chill. Wrapped it round her shoulders and we both left my house for the short walk to hers.

Up Honey Lane and along the little passage that leads to Main Road. We turned left towards the 'heart' of the village. Passing Wang Li's Chinese takeaway where a small group of teens were huddled outside the doorway with little boxes of Chow Mein or some other Oriental delicacy. On any other evening I would have made sure to get an eyeful of the girls but tonight my thoughts were all on Harriet. Turned right at the crossroads by the defunct public house, up the slight rise of Church Hill and then right again into Danesway. The road bends slightly left and Harriet's place was the first on the left.

From the outside it was what you would expect of a two bedroom rented property. Pleasant enough but very overlooked on all sides so any activity of a sexual nature here was going to have to be limited to inside the house. Not that I really mind where I fuck but it is sometimes nice to get outside for some al fresco frolics. Here I go again making assumptions and thinking of sex as always.

We walked up the path, Harriet unlocked the front door which is actually on the side of the house and went inside. She put the lights on and I took a quick look around. For a rented house it was actually nicely decorated and the supplied furniture also looked quite new. The hallway, lounge and dining rooms had stripped and varnished light wood flooring. The two reasonable sized bedrooms were carpeted in blue. Not my choice but OK. There was a small but serviceable kitchen and a bathroom with no shower. No signs of a staircase. Damn it's a bungalow.

"I thought you told me you rented a house?"

"House, Schmouse, what's the difference" Harriet giggled. "It's got two bedrooms so we can at least chase each other around a bit." I wrapped my arms around her and kissed her passionately our tongues intertwining. After what seemed a lifetime she gently pushed me away. "Sorry but I really must get some rest. Too much exercise is nice but I need to recover so I am fit for work tomorrow. I have a penis to entertain on the way to Woolchester."

I didn't want to go, but if that is what she wanted I wasn't going to argue.

"I'd better go then" I said, "You can 'feel' me on the morning train." I unwrapped myself from her and headed towards the door.

“Of course, I wouldn’t miss my morning cock grope for anything.” She said. “Have to see how good you are at touching me up in public as well and not just a bum touch either.”

One more kiss and then I was out on the street for my ten minute walk home.

What a day...

CHAPTER 4 - THE WEEKEND

After the unexpected delights encountered on Monday I was all set to carry on throughout the week in the same vein. I wasn't sure my libido, would be up to such a deluge of sex after such a long spell of abstinence but I was more than willing to give it a try. I am used to masturbating regularly so it's not as if my penis isn't used to being handled roughly. It was however an unaccustomed pleasure to be able to exercise it in a woman rather than my usual fistful of fingers.

A woman.... Not just any woman.... Harriet was a revelation. Not for many years had I been able to plunge myself into such a wonderful warm, moist grotto and so many times as well. I dreamt a lot on Monday night, sweet dreams where Harriet was mostly lying on my bed legs apart her glorious shaved smooth pussy winking at me enticingly. Whenever I managed to get my erection back she would pull me on top of her and let me bury myself inches deep up her sweet cunt. These dreams were almost as exhausting as the real thing.

Anyway, Tuesday morning roared in like every other work day offering promises of boredom, mad panic, more boredom and the usual inane conversations with my work colleagues. The good thing about Tuesday was seeing Harriet again on the train...

Penstone station, the usual time, the usual crowds jostling for space on the usual train. Once again no seat, once again my regular place crushed into the corner. The usual sweaty male backs and occasional jabs from unwarranted umbrellas or the corners of briefcases made the journey as unbearable as usual. The occasional sweetness of feminine scent and makeup wafting through the carriage alleviated the boredom. The apparent absence of Harriet upset me badly.

What had happened?

She had said she would be on the train this morning and now I am travelling to Woolchester Harriet-less. I craned my neck constantly trying to see if she had got in the other door. No sign of her. On arrival at Woolchester Central I rushed up the platform to try and get ahead of the crowds spilling out on to Queen Street. Still nothing...

All day I was wishing that I had taken the time yesterday to get her phone number. What a stupid schoolboy error, how could I have been so ridiculous. That's the problem when your blood is up, all sensible ideas seem to vanish in the heat of the moment.

Still no sign of Harriet on the way home.

I made myself something to eat while I pondered what I should do. I didn't want to appear too desperate, even though I was gagging for her again. I consider myself an adult, I am a man of the world, I am not lead everywhere by my cock. Well, yes I am actually, to lots of different places, but this time I was going to pretend that I could be patient and not start chasing around after a 'bit of skirt'. It wasn't the skirt I was keen on catching anyway, it was the pussy hiding inside its pretty folds.

An evening in front of the TV is not what I had hoped for today. A few hours on the Web? Well maybe. It took a lot of self control to stop me visiting the various porn sites and forums that I enjoyed pleasuring

myself to. After all, if and when Harriet reappeared I was going to need all the stamina I could muster. Turned in early and before long it was Wednesday morning.

Penstone station... Woolchester train... No Harriet... Same on the way home.

Thursday. No Harriet

Friday still nothing.

After four days at work getting hornier and hornier I determined that I would go round to Danesway and see if she was still lodging there, or was the whole experience on Monday just a figment of my feverish imaginings.

I didn't even bother with going home when I detrained at Penstone station. I had decided that I would go straight to Harriet's and see whether she had had a better idea than having sex with a sad old man almost twice her age.

Fifty yards down the station approach road, left onto Station Road. One hundred yards along Station Road past Oakley Close. One hundred yards and passing Yvonne's Hairdressing Salon.

My heart was thumping in my chest as I got closer to the answer I half wanted and half feared.

Sixty yards , Penstone Pharmacy and the Oriental Wall Chinese Restaurant. Twenty yards then left into Church Hill, Dawson's Estate Agents, Uni-Q Hair Salon. Thirty yards then turn right into Danesway.

Panic starting to set in. Would she be there? Would she tell me to get lost? Had she moved again? What was the outcome of this quest going to be?

Seventy yards and Harriet's place on the left.

Less than five hundred yards from the station to the home of my one and only desire.

Open the little gate, up the path. Standing in front of the door. Door bell or knocker? Door bell I think. The sound of a faint chime rang out from the bell in the hallway. Then silence. Suddenly the door is flung wide open and there she is. Harriet as beautiful as the last time I saw her. Harriet in the cutest of little skirts, pale cream and those darling pleats. Harriet, her tiny breasts pushing against the thin cotton of her blouse and this time bra-less so her taut nipples strained against the material.

"Hi Lewis, how's things?"

I stood on the threshold my mouth wide open like a randy goldfish.

"I didn't expect to see you today."

I could not grasp what was happening. It was almost as if we were just mates and that my anticipation of seeing her all week and being utterly devastated that she had failed to appear was something that hadn't even crossed her mind.

"Come on in" she bounced away from me across the hall as I followed her like a lovelorn puppy dog. I pushed the front door closed behind me. Harriet flounced, that is the only description of it, into the

lounge "Come and sit by me. What have you been up to all week?"

I did as I was told. I couldn't have been more obedient if I had been wearing a collar and lead.

"I haven't been up to much actually." I stuttered. Just that bloody train journey and four days work.

"More to the point" and now I was regaining a bit of composure and attempting to take control of a very unexpected situation. "I thought you were going to be travelling with me all week."

"I know, Lewis. I am so, so sorry" she actually did look remorseful. Her eyes were lowered and her lower lip pouted prettily. Don't shout at me but after you left on Monday night I had a phone call to say that they had booked me on a course which had suddenly come up starting Tuesday through to this morning in Southwood. I couldn't say no, after all I haven't been in this new job long and I didn't want to upset my boss. He said Sally would pick me up on Tuesday about five thirty and drive us both down there. I did worry about you but I haven't got your number, don't know actually who you work for or anything. I really wanted to let you know because I was certain you would be worried but what could I do?"

She leaned across put her hand in my lap and looking up at me with those lovely doe eyes gave my cock a gentle squeeze. That was it, I was lost again.

I pulled her towards me and kissed her passionately as my cock erupted in response to the warmth of her hand. I could sense that what she had said was true from the way her mouth melted against mine and our tongues twined together in their moist little caves. Oh how I wanted my tongue inside her other moist cave. All my concerns about being dumped faded in an instant.

We separated momentarily.

"Of course I was worried" I said as I stroked her hair. "Four days and I thought anything might have happened"

"Well I'm glad you missed me, anyway" She threw her head back and giggled. "I must have made quite an impression on you"

"More than an impression you little tease" I replied. "You cannot know how boring it has been all week. Nobody to 'talk' to on the train. Evenings of abstinence. Dining alone. Television programmes are incredibly boring when the alternative I really needed was making love to you. I really missed you. I know we have only had a very short time together but I think we made good use of it." I couldn't help teasing her a little. "Did you find any nice cocks to play with in Southwood? Or are all the sailors gay these days?"

"That's a bit mean. I've a good mind to show you the way out"

"Wouldn't you rather show me the way 'in'?" I reached across and putting my hand on her thigh where it emerged from her little skirt I slid it as high as I could until my fingers contacted her smooth silky knickers. Oh she felt so good. Lovely soft outer thighs getting even softer and smoother as my hand slid round to her inner thigh. She let her legs part slightly so I could move my hand higher between them. In a moment I had my hand tight between her legs as I reached for the damp spot on her knickers which led the way to her pussy.

Harriet lay back on the sofa as I moved over her. I gave her pussy a little squeeze and then withdrew my hand so I could concentrate on getting her naked.

"You don't waste much time do you." She said as I reached out and started unbuttoning her blouse.

One button, two, three, four and there she was, her breasts open to the air and each one surmounted by a cute pink nipple hardening slightly in the cool air. She lifted her shoulders off the sofa just enough so I could peel her blouse back and down, her arms sliding smoothly out of the short cap sleeves and then it was off.

I nuzzled her left breast with my lips and taking her tiny nipple between them I moistened the tip with my tongue as I licked softly round her areola. I sucked gently on her nipple drawing it between my lips as I felt it growing, oh so slowly. My left hand drew circles around her other nipple and stroked the fullness of her little girly breast.

Harriet's fingers were now edging my trouser zip down, down, down as my penis strained to escape. She tried desperately with both hands to unbutton the clasp at the top but it was difficult given the position she was lying in and the fact that my weight was pushing down against her preventing the free movement she needed.

"Would it help if I stood up?" I asked her. I didn't wait for an answer but abandoned her boobs, much to her apparent disappointment.

She folded her arms across her chest as I rose off the sofa and stood in front of her, my crotch only inches away from her face. Harriet tried again to free the button on my waistband and in a moment it had sprung open. Because she had already lowered the zip, my trousers dropped a few inches and my cock appeared as a large bulge in my underwear. She grabbed the waistband of my trousers and yanked them down my legs. By the time they reached my knees I was feeling very unbalanced. I tried to stay upright but failed miserably, collapsing in a heap on top of her.

Harriet was now in a fit of almost uncontrollable laughter. Her body trembling as she tried hard to muffle what was turning into almost hoots. I was lying half way across her, my cock tenting dramatically in my pants and pushing into her soft pliant belly.

"Get off me you great oaf" she chortled. "and what is that thing sticking in me." Of course she knew exactly what it was and it was a matter of seconds before she had reached inside my pants and drawn the half-awakened monster from its slumbers.

I put one hand on her thigh, using her as a means of levering myself up slightly and managed with a bit of effort to turn round so we were lying side by side on the sofa. My cock was poking temptingly out of the waistband of my pants. Of course Harriet, apart from being naked down to her waist was still wearing that little pleated skirt and knickers. I reached behind her, flicked the button open and unzipped her skirt. Putting all my free fingers inside the waistband of her knickers I tugged.

"Lift your butt baby?" Momentarily her hip rose enough for me to quickly apply a downward push on her skirt and knickers and before she knew what was happening she was totally naked alongside me.

"Right if that's the way we are playing it, stand by." She did the same for me, dragged my pants down my legs and my cock head almost hit her in the face as she leaned forward to free my pants from my

ankles and feet. "Well, well, well I'm not going to waste this chance" and so saying she wrapped her sweet lips around the head of my penis and rolled her tongue around it and under my foreskin seeking out the most sensitive part of me. The instant sensation in my glans as her tongue flicked against the frenulum was like an electric shock. My member flexed and if it hadn't been so before was now as erect as I had ever known it. Harriet wrapped a hand around my straining member while with the other she cupped my balls and gently while sliding my penis skin down so the head emerged from my foreskin, she rolled my testicles around in the palm of her hand.

She was an expert at blowing a guy. At no time did the engorged head of my penis leave her mouth instead as she pulled my foreskin back her tongue licked and played all over the head lubricating it with her saliva. She would then raise her hand so the skin rolled back over the tip and teased me with the point of her tongue. I could feel her sucking softly on my cock head and then repeating the same procedure over and over again. At the moment when the foreskin was back in place I could feel the tip of her tongue tantalizing the little eye on the head of my cock.

I couldn't get any harder and I was right on the edge of cumming when she suddenly pulled her head away, licked her lips and smiled. Fuck this girl knew how to torment a man.

"Right, your turn now. I'm going to take a rest while you pleasure me." You turned onto her back, opened her legs exposing her little bald lips to my eager gaze.

I slid down the couch and positioned myself between her knees so I could get my mouth to her lips.

I may have mentioned this before, but if not I will now. Her pussy was so smooth and hairless and her labia so tight together that if I had only seen her in that area from this close proximity I would have assumed she was still a pre-teen. In all my years of fucking grown women I had never seen such a perfectly formed pussy on a girl who had passed adolescence. I was mesmerized. I moved my right hand until the heel of my palm was resting on her pubic bone and then slowly, so very slowly moved it down between her legs. My fingers trailed behind tracing intricate patterns across the softness of her outer lips until they reached the point between her legs where her slit ended and her two lips pointed the way towards her anus. I decided not to pursue that route right now but slipped one finger between her labia and moved back in the opposite direction.

My finger acted in the fashion of a snow plough but it wasn't snow that parted ahead of my probing digit but her tight smooth labia. As my finger parted the pink sea, a second followed it in, making the entrance to her vulva even easier for my eager eyes to feast upon. I leaned in and let my tongue join in the teasing of her lips. I could taste the sweet sexy saltiness of her juices as my tongue went between her now parted outer lips and prised their way into the really tight slit between the dainty inner ones. I still really could not believe that I wasn't tonguing a twelve year old, so tight and unyielding was her pussy entrance. She would not remain that way for long however. I pressed on in my advance on her fortress. Licking and sucking on her labia I gradually overcome her defences with my probing tongue. Gradually her muscles relaxed and I was able to sense the inner sanctum with its delightfully viscous juices. I rolled my tongue around her entrance using a similar motion to that which she had applied to my erect member a few moments before. Plunging in and out, licking all around her sexy lips I searched for the little button of her clitoris where the two outer lips met at the top of her pussy.

There it was, about the size of a cherry stone, an apt description given its location. How I wished I had known her when she was still a virgin. If she was this tight now what delights would have awaited me if I

could have popped her cherry for her. How I would have loved introducing her to the world of adult pleasures but unfortunately somebody had been there before me.

Given what she had said about her father, I couldn't help wondering. Was it he who had taken her virginity or did she manage to keep it until some other lucky lover stole it from her. Perhaps I will find out one day soon.

My tongue teased her clit, sucking it slowly and gently between my lips and I took care not to spoil the moment by letting my teeth get in the way. What a pretty little bud, As I teased it, Harriet shuddered with pleasure and every so often her legs clamped tight around my ears. I was finding it difficult to breathe but who cared, the lovely aroma rising from between her legs was like a narcotic in its intensity. The more she reacted in pleasure the harder I sucked on her clit. The harder I sucked the more her legs clenched and unclenched around my head. I slipped my forefinger between her inner lips and gently rotating it left and right I slid it up her vagina until it would go no further. My fingers were short but I had something slightly longer to be used when the moment was right.

I let my second finger and then a third join the first in burrowing into her cave. Her lips stretched and parted further my bunched up fingers disappeared deep into her moist inner sanctum. In and out, in and out, my tongue still licking her button. Her legs shuddering with her imminent orgasm and then it came, she came. I almost came but managed to hold it back.

She must have orgasmed for almost a minute. My mouth and chin were soaked with a combination of my saliva and her exquisite pussy juice. I loved every second of it. Cunnilingus had always been one of my more pleasurable pastimes ever since I first tasted a pussy many, many years ago. I wonder how long now? Oh of course now I remember. That is why the smooth tightness of Harriet's slit brought back such vivid memories of an underdeveloped pussy. I am sure one day I will tell you more about Jenny.

I lifted my head from between Harriet's thighs and gradually crawled up her belly past her pert little breasts and planted a kiss on her lips. She was a lot shorter than me but by the time my eyes were level with her hairline I could feel the tip of my cock rubbing lightly on her labia. She was very wet from her orgasm and so it took no effort at all to slip the head between her outer lips, nudge aside the little inner lips and plunge into the hot welcoming depths of her vagina.

After being without her all week this was like coming home to a familiar place. I was becoming very familiar with this part of her. Although not the biggest cock in the world my penis was stretching her vagina and rubbing up and down those muscular folds of her vaginal wall. I thrust into her as she wrapped her arms around my neck and her legs around my buttocks. Pulling out, thrusting deep again, faster and faster. She bucked against me in response to my movements. In, out, in, out. Her cunt squeezing my cock. My cock burying itself as deep as it would go, the head pummeling her cervix as it tried to break through into the secret room beyond. Suddenly my cock exploded inside her. Semen rushed down the shaft and out into the warm heat of her vagina, passing through the small hole in her cervix into her uterus. I throbbed and pulsed and inseminated her. I could feel her cervix opening to receive the gift of life which promised so much in terms of propagating more human beings. In my mind I could see what always used to be shown in those family planning videos. An army of little swimmers pressing ever onward in their warm white tide heading for the chance to bury themselves in her fertile egg. Only one lucky one making it all the way. Only one being offered the opportunity to expand the gene pool and make another little boy or girl who in turn and in time would be doing the same thing

that we were doing now. Procreation and propagation of the species. A simple mechanism but what a delightful way to ensure there were more little beings to keep the world turning.

Thank goodness for birth control. I really should remember to put something on the end of it but that always seemed such a shame to me, dulling the sensation and denying the Olympic swimmers their break for freedom. I just hoped that Harriet had it all under control. I really should check.

Once again I was lying on top of her still buried deep in her femininity, my penis slowly shrinking back to its usual disappointing size. I tried desperately to keep it inside her by constantly nudging upwards and flexing my pelvic muscles but eventually gravity took over again and my sad limp friend slipped out and hung flaccid and useless against her pale white thigh. We lay like this for several minutes and then it was Harriet who was the first to spring back to life.

“Come on you sexy old man. Let’s get in the bath, clean up and go out for a meal.”

“Exhausted, ecstatic and eager to please I nodded in agreement and let her lead me to the bathroom.” I had forgotten that she didn’t have a shower. Well, one of those flexi hose things hanging off the bath taps but not a proper shower. It was years since I had used a bath I much preferred the soothing cleansing feeling of a shower. But dirty beggars can’t be choosers.

No need to strip off, we were both already naked. Harriet ran about a quarter of a bath of water and threw some foam bath powder under the water flowing down from the hot tap. Leaning over the edge of the bath she agitated the water until it turned really frothy. I just stood back and watched her pussy lips filling the triangular space between her thighs. She had what is these days known as a ‘thigh gap’. Something a lot of girls seem to yearn for and something that I was delighted to look at. Another different view of her gorgeous kitten. Whatever she did just kept on adding to the variety of views of her beautiful cunt-ry scenery. Lifting a leg she stepped into the bath and her labia parted letting me glimpse the beautiful rosy inner lips. I followed and got the ‘tap’ end. Never been much of a fan of sitting on the plug hole either but ever the gentleman. So there we both were knee to knee, feet to feet and genitals very close to genitals. Harriet made the unilateral decision that we would wash each other even though that would almost certainly delay the time when we could get out for something to eat.

About half an hour of hilarity ensued as we tried to get each other clean without getting equally aroused. Not an easy task but even rampant bathers like we were achieved the desired result eventually.

Harriet didn’t seem too bothered that I would be going out for a meal in my office suit but she made a particular effort to ensure that she looked stunningly gorgeous in what she chose to wear. I offered to nip home and get some clean clothes but she said she was far too hungry to let me do that and anyway there was nothing wrong with my suit.

I rang the nearest restaurant that I knew served great food. The least I could do was take my lovely girl out for a special meal. I booked a table for about eight o’clock at the restaurant in Bradhurst. The JK restaurant offered the best and friendliest dining anywhere this side of Woolchester. The team were always very friendly and efficient when I had been there before and I was sure Harriet would love it there. It had been well reviewed locally for unpretentious dining. The head chef Jimmy Kenyon had trained under Raymond Blanc in Le Manoir and prided himself on a menu which reflected the best in modern French cuisine using only local ingredients where possible.

I then got in touch with my favourite taxi firm and told them we would need a cab to take us to Bradhurst at about seven thirty and back later in the evening.

About half an hour later I was sitting in the lounge engrossed in Coronation Street which had just started when Harriet appeared from the bedroom. Rita Fairclough was having another minor spat with Norris Cole in the Kabin. Harriet was a vision of loveliness. Her hair had been taken up and some of the lower layers cascaded over her shoulders. Her makeup was right for the evening but still fairly discreet. This girl knows how to make the best of her features. She didn't need makeup but what she used enhanced her features in a very subtle way. As for clothes she had on an almost Grecian looking white dress, just about knee length with a bodice beautifully cut and off one shoulder. White strappy sandals with discreet two inch stiletto heels.

"Taxi should be here any minute." I told her and as I said it I heard the sound of an engine outside the window.

"That'll be it then. Come on lover boy let's go and get fed. I think you are going to need building up if you are going to survive the weekend."

The taxi journey took less than ten minutes to travel the three miles to Bradhurst. We didn't talk much on the way. Just sat holding hands on the back seat.

The restaurant was in a white cottage on the left hand side of the road in the middle of the village. The taxi pulled over to let us out and I arranged for him to come back in a couple of hours to take us home again. Harriet's home, not mine. She had agreed that I should spend the weekend with her. I just hoped my stamina would hold out.

Getting out of the taxi, I noticed the kerb was very high so I took her hand and helped her on to the pavement. I opened the door to the restaurant and held it open as she led the way inside. It was a quaint little place, only about twenty covers. Each table was immaculately laid with spotless linen, glassware and cutlery. Each table was laid for four and there were attractive leather backed chairs at each. We were greeted by Louise the Restaurant manager, a lovely girl with dark brown eyes and shoulder length hair. I can't help myself, I never fail to notice a pretty girl whoever or wherever she might be.

Louise showed us through to the little bar area where we settled down for pre dinner drinks and a look at the menu. I ordered a Laphroaig Malt and a G&T for Harriet. I love the menu at JK's it is always changing in line with the seasons and it doesn't matter when you come the food is always beautifully prepared.

Harriet had never been here before and decided to start with the salmon followed by the balsamic banana, shallot & blue cheese tart with new potatoes. My choices were actually something I had eaten there only a couple of weeks back. Starter of rabbit pithivier & garlic spelt garnish and for the main course pork loin served with vegetables. Last time I had to ask what a pithivier was but it was such a delicious puff pastry pie and the rabbit was so tender I just had to have it again.

There were only a few other diners when we arrived and we were the only ones waiting in the bar area for our table. I spent most of the time until we were shown through in just casual chit chat although I did make a point of getting back to the subject of having been without her for the week.

"I'm sorry" she said "I felt really bad not being able to let you know where I was and I was convinced that you would not want to see me again. I am so glad you called round. By the way that reminds me, we are going to exchange numbers right now so this never happens again."

I pulled out my mobile and tapped in the number she gave me. "Don't worry I've got you now," I completed the exchange and watched as she entered it into her phone. It tickled me to see that after my name she added an emoji of an erect penis. Following her lead I searched online for something suitable to put in my phone against her entry. Just the thought of her 'entry' got me excited. I eventually found one of a pair of tightly closed pussy lips which I added to her name. When I showed her what I had done she slapped me playfully but hard on the thigh but I knew she took it as a compliment.

"I was really concerned all week that we had lost touch for good" I said "but after this afternoon my confidence has been restored. You are sure you want me to stay this weekend? It isn't too soon to be that close?"

"Not for me, I have nothing planned for the next few days and I would like us to get to know a lot more about each other. I have plenty to tell you which I hope will not be too shocking and I bet you have lots that I would like to know about as well."

I was just about to answer her when Louise came back and told us the table was ready. She seated us at one near the back of the restaurant where we could talk without being overheard by the other diners. She was a very considerate girl.

I won't bore you with the rest of the time in JK's. Suffice to say the first two courses were delicious, washed down with a bottle of Garnacha Rosada 2009 and followed by Harriet's choice of sweet, chocolate mousse and my crème brulee with berry coulis. When it came time to leave, my wallet was over £100 lighter, my stomach was several pounds heavier and my love for Harriet was infinite.

A short taxi ride back to Harriet's little love nest and straight to bed. To sleep.

Next morning, Saturday, I woke first, went to the kitchen and made myself a cup of tea, leaving Harriet asleep in bed. The kettle had boiled and I was just adding sugar and milk to my cup when she appeared in the doorway, still naked. Still gorgeous. Her little 34A breasts pointing suggestively at me and her smooth shaved mound with its almost hidden slit winking at me from between her legs. Such a temptation but I decided to be grown up about it and pretended she wasn't standing there like Botticelli's Birth of Venus made flesh.

"Cup of tea, milady?"

"Oh yes please, Parker. Oh and bring the Rolls round when you're ready." She giggled.

This reference to Thunderbirds had obviously touched a nerve somewhere in her memory. Probably used to watch re-runs on the BBC when she was a child.

She turned on her heel and headed back to the bedroom while I did as requested. Not the Rolls Royce, because I didn't have one, but at least I could make another cup of tea.

A few minutes later and we were both propped up in bed drinking our steaming cups of Earl Grey.

“How about we stay in bed for a while and get to know each other better?”

“You mean fuck?” I asked her.

“No you dirty dog, not fuck. I will tell you more about what my childhood was like and you can tell me more about you and your sister”

I knew this was going to come up sooner rather than later and I guessed there was no getting out of it this time. I wondered whose history was the more lurid, the more titillating. The more illegal?

“OK Harriet let’s do it. But you go first I don’t think I would be open and honest enough if I did.”

What follows is Harriet’s reminiscences of her father as she told it to me snuggled up against me in bed her little breasts being gently fondled by me.

It must have been when I was probably about thirteen years old maybe fourteen but no older than that. Dad and I were alone in the house, Mum had gone somewhere, I don’t remember where. It was a sunny morning, Dad had finished shaving and I was in my bedroom still in my night clothes waiting for the bathroom to come free.

Daddy called out to me and said if I was ready I could go into the bathroom and he would help me shower. That really surprised me. Why would he want to help me? I was a teenager not a child, I knew how to bathe myself for goodness sake. Why a shower? What was he thinking?

I had always had baths until today, If I had to shower this was going to be my first shower at home. I had them at school after sports but wasn’t that keen on them actually so this was going to be a new experience, although I didn’t realise how much of an experience.

“What’s with the shower Daddy? I want to have a bath like I usually do?”

“Time for something a little different today honey” he called back to me. “I know you don’t like showers but I think you will enjoy this one.

I really wasn’t sure this was a good idea, in fact I knew I should not be going along with whatever he had planned. I was still wearing my nightie as I went in to the bathroom where Daddy had turned the shower on and checked that it wasn’t running too hot. He watched me as I entered the room. What I certainly hadn’t expected was to see him standing in the middle of the room his back to me but naked. I could never recall seeing him standing totally naked like that except, almost, at the beach when he had those little Speedo trunks on and he bulged a lot at the front. He turned round and I found myself looking not at a bulge but an almost erect penis with his balls hanging below it. It actually didn’t look quite as scary as when he had come into my room that other time and played with himself. This time however I suspected that I was going to be more involved in his plans and I felt a bit uncomfortable.

I guess I should say here that I was very late getting into puberty and had hardly any significant breast development. As for pubic hair, well yes, there was some but it was more like the fuzz on a peach than what you would call hair. I guessed what was coming and should have turned tail and run back to my room and locked myself in. I felt embarrassed standing in front of my Daddy with his man bits pointing at me. But, and this was what worried me, I also felt a moment of excitement thinking that at last I was going to be able to do something with my Daddy that the other girls at school had not done however

much more developed they were than me. It was wrong, I knew it was wrong but I loved my Daddy and I wanted to please him, I had always wanted to please him.

Daddy suggested that I take my nightie off and so I pulled it over my head and dropped it on the bathroom floor. I covered my breast buds with my right arm and my little slit with my left hand just like the Birth of Venus but without the body to match. I then stepped into the shower and waited.

“That’s some coincidence” I said “The Birth of Venus was exactly how I envisaged you when you came into the kitchen this morning. Botticelli has a lot to answer for.”

Daddy just stood and stared at me, his eyes showing that same look of amazement and I know now of desire which he always adopted when he saw me naked even when I was far too young to realise that he was ogling my body. He approached the shower and then stepped inside with me. I was still very small and only came up to the bottom of his chest so his erect penis was only just below my line of sight. I couldn’t but help marvelling at how big it looked close up. He soaped up a flannel and passed it to me.

“Would you like to wash me Harriet?”

I wasn’t sure if he meant what I thought he did but I was pretty sure that is exactly what he had in mind. I took the flannel from him and gingerly applied it to his stomach. I washed him in the same way I would have washed my own tummy until he took hold of my wrist and moved my hand downwards. The flannel went exactly where he wanted it to. In no time at all I found myself soaping the shaft of his penis. It kept slipping away from me as I rubbed the flannel over it. Daddy took my other hand and wrapped my fingers around the now erect shaft so I would have more control over my washing actions. I began to wash it, as it grew even longer and thicker. Soon it was bigger than I ever thought it could be, it looked like it was going to burst. It was darker than the rest of his skin and I could see the veins throbbing along its length.

My little hand was not really big enough to encircle it but I had to get a good grip enabling me to rub the flannel up and down with my other hand. It felt so very warm in my hands and seemed to throb with a life of its own. I carried on soaping and washing and then when he asked me to I applied myself to Daddy’s bottom and thighs. Eventually he said that was enough and he would wash me next.

I gave him the flannel and he added even more soap and worked it up until it was really sudsy. Starting with my shoulders he ran the flannel all over my back and chest giving special attention to the little buds which were now showing where these skinny tits would eventually grow.

I looked at her, “I’m not having that Harriet, your breasts are beautiful. They may be skinny tits but I love them, the last thing I would want to see is some great melons drooping off your chest. Little titties are the cutest titties. In fact little titties are the only titties as far as I am concerned.” I stroked her hair while she continued with her story. She smiled up at me and then carried on.

Anyway, Daddy was very fastidious in his efforts to make sure I was squeaky clean. His hand and the flannel ran down past my belly button across my little flat tummy and disappeared between my legs. By now I had realised that there was no getting away for the inevitability of the occasion so I might as well go along with everything he wanted. He put his hand between my thighs and moved them a bit further apart so he could get his big hand between them more easily. It felt so lovely and soft and soapy and it tickled quite a lot too. It felt badly wrong but at the same time stimulating and in a funny way

pleasurable. Once he had made sure I was really well soaped up he dropped the flannel into the shower tray and carried on washing my pussy with just his hands. They were so big and strong it made me go weak at the knees, I tried to control what I was feeling. This was my Daddy, he should not be doing this, he was supposed to be protecting me not taking advantage of being alone in the house with me. He seemed to have finished with my front bottom now and slipped his hands around my hips and massaged my buttocks with his soapy fingers. He really didn't need a flannel or sponge. The lather he had built up was enough for his hands to slide all over me.

Once he was satisfied that everywhere had been cleansed to his satisfaction he rinsed me off. While I stood under the shower flow, my long hair plastered down over my shoulders he stepped out of the cubicle and towelled himself dry.

Next it was my turn and making sure there was no soap left, he helped me out of the shower and wrapped me in a big fluffy bath towel. Leaning forward he picked me up in his arms and carried me out of the bathroom and into his and mummies bedroom. I felt so protected wrapped up in that big towel with his arms enclosing me. All thoughts of what had just happened evaporated, I was back to being his little girl wrapped up after her bath like I had always been. Except I wasn't that little girl any more, something had irrevocably changed. Our Daddy daughter relationship was now becoming something so totally different. I did not really want it to be changed but there was nothing I could do about it. I could hardly scream, there was nobody else to hear me and I didn't want my Daddy to get into trouble. He may be doing something I should not want but he was still my Daddy and whatever he did I would always love him. He laid me gently on the bed still wrapped in the towel. Daddy looked so much taller than usual as he stood beside the bed, his now slightly shrunken cock close to my face. He took hold of it and slowly stroked it back until it regained the size it had been in the bathroom. As he pulled the foreskin down the shaft I noticed what looked like a tear drop on the end.

For a moment I was back as his little girl having little girl thoughts. Why was his penis crying, no that was a silly idea. Was I regressing in an attempt to remove myself from the current situation? I suddenly realised that I hadn't thought it, I had actually asked the question. He was entering into the spirit of what I assume he thought was a game I was playing with him

"Yes baby, but it's not sad, that's a happy tear. Daddy loves his little Harriet so much. I hope she loves Daddy too." I wasn't stupid, I knew that what I could see leaking from his cock was a precursor to something a lot more threatening and not tears but that really didn't matter I was his special bunny and he loved me. I had assumed an alter ego, one where Daddy was my protector and defender and where nothing he did could ever hurt me.

All the time daddy hadn't taken his eyes off my little virgin pussy. At a distance my labia looked hairless still but I knew that there was a very light downy growth starting to appear. I didn't like it much, it was so much better when it was all smooth which is why I make sure I keep it that way now. My outer lips were still tightly closed forming a really sweet little slit which hadn't changed in the way it looked since I was very small. I didn't want puberty to kick in properly. I liked my kitten looking like a ripe peach. I didn't want it spoiled by those jutting inner lips most girls have. Not to mention the horror of pubic hair forming a nasty black triangle below my tummy. I promised myself that whatever might grow down there I would make absolutely sure it wasn't allowed to stay there. I wondered whether the appearance of my genitals was adding to my Daddy's inability to remember to control himself now.

Leaving her tale of familial debauchery for a moment Harriet turned to me and said, "I have managed to keep myself smooth too and it seems you like the look of me down there. Actually I haven't been with any men who want me to stop shaving. Are you all perverts?"

"No of course not. What could be more natural than loving a smooth girl. Thank goodness you keep the undergrowth down. I would also hate it if you had a growth of 'short and curlies'. Your little kitten is so much sweeter the way it is now." I reached over and down so I could stroke her pussy while she lay quietly beside me. "There little kitty, you are so beautiful" Harriet resumed her story but I began to see that her view of most men as closet Humberts was probably correct..

Daddy asked me to turn over so I was on my hands and knees on the bed. I wasn't sure I felt comfortable like that but he was my daddy so I did as he asked. He stood behind me, lifted my little bottom slightly and with one hand each side of my buttocks he pulled them gently apart so he could get a really good look at my little pussy slit. I watched his face over my shoulder and I could see from his expression that what he was looking at was getting him really excited.

My bottom cheeks were now quite a long way apart and I could imagine the view he was getting of my bottom hole and my slit. He reached for a little jar of Vaseline on the bedside table. I was a bit worried at that because he was a bit close to my bottom and I didn't know what he was planning to do with the lubricant. To my relief he unscrewed the jar, took a finger of the greasy stuff and so, so softly rubbed some on and between my labia. I could feel the lovely sensation of his fingers stroking my pussy lips and gradually easing them apart as he slipped them in between the lips. After a few moments of this, which I was actually beginning to enjoy, very much against my better nature, he took his fingers away and I could feel something slightly thicker in their place. I realized now that he had slipped the head of his penis between my outer labia.

I was feeling very nervous now but, he stroked my hair like you are doing as he slowly edged forward and allowed his cock to prise my inner lips apart and move between them as well. I was surprised it didn't feel like I expected. It was just a light pressure and then the head was inside my little pussy. I guess, although he had looked so big to me in the bathroom, actually he didn't have a very big one. Well not too big to fit inside me anyway.

"A bit like yours actually." She laughed.

"What? You mean my cock isn't big enough for you? I stared at her in amusement knowing she was only kidding. At least I hoped she was.

"It'll do for now Lewis" and she gave it a playful squeeze.

Daddy's penis slowly began to sink into the yielding opening of my young pussy. Fortunately I was able to fit him in without it stretching me too much. It wasn't painful but it was slightly uncomfortable.

Although I didn't know at the time, he only told me later, Daddy could not believe the feel of my vagina gripping his shaft so tightly. He was fighting the urge to drive his penis fully into me. I already felt stuffed almost to bursting as the head pushed against my hymen and I think he had it only a little way in.

Daddy had held on to my hips but now he moved his hands up to surround my tiny waist and pulled me back towards him, at the same time he eased forward. I felt this sudden sharp pain, not bad but noticeable, deep inside me. My virginity had gone and it was my lovely Daddy who now held it.

My pussy lips were wrapped tightly around the shaft of his penis as he gently slid in and out gradually easing the pain which seemed to move around my vagina. At no time did he ever get it more than half way into me. I leaned forward as well and my face sank into the pillow as my bottom stuck up in the air with my Daddy's thighs between my thin little legs and his penis buried deep inside me. He was pushing in and then relaxing as his cock slid in and out of me. All the time he was being so loving and tender, as he massaged my vagina with his lovely hard cock. My initial feelings of fear and uncertainty at having my father fucking me were gradually being replaced by a cold unemotional enjoyment of the sensations that were moving around my nether regions.

It seemed an eternity of conflicting feelings and emotions before I sensed that he was getting bigger inside me and there was an unusual throbbing sensation against the walls of my pussy. Suddenly I could feel, deep, deep in my belly what was almost like a tap opening and a surge of hot warm semen exploded against the entrance to my uterus. My labia were wrapped tight around his penis and as he slowly withdrew I could feel my soft skin gently pulling against his movement. He leaned back slightly and as my labia distended, his cock head suddenly burst out trailing a thread of semen from its tip. I looked back from my position with my head on the pillow and watched between my legs as his whole long penis hung down between them. After a few minutes he let me get up off the bed, slapped my bottom and sent me back to my room to get dressed before Mummy came home.

"So much for Daddy never did anything bad. You are going to have to stop telling me fibs Harriet especially if we are going to make a go of this relationship thing. It looks as though your family home was a hotbed of incest and child abuse."

"It wasn't that bad Lewis. He didn't take advantage of me very often and at least I was not far off maturity before he started. I guess I was as guilty as him. I shouldn't have been so attractive to him and I could always have said no when he did what he did."

"But you were a child. It's not your responsibility to say yes or no. What he did was illegal and not what a father should do to his child." I was feeling quite angry, I could not understand why because I knew that I had the same feelings for underage girls as her father, even though I had never actually had sex with one. At the same time as feeling incensed I was also feeling quite aroused but surely that was so, so wrong and who was I to be so outraged anyway. I suspect it was the fact that her abuser was not a stranger but her own father who held the responsibility for her safe upbringing.

"OK Mr Morality, your turn. Let's have the full dope on you and Jenny, and don't give me any of that I was a good boy I never touched her bollocks. I know you did more than the usual brother sister look and not touch stuff."

"That might be true but I promise you – I never touched her bollocks"

I had told Harriet about being inquisitive with my little sister Jenny when she was about five or six.

So here is a bit more to enable judgment to be made on this miserable sinner. The full gory picture of what happened in Brighton back in the heady days of the early nineties when I was a hormonally challenged teenager. There you go another excuse even before I have explained what happened.

Jenny was growing up slowly and I was working my way through all the usual emotional torments that teenagers do. Nothing much took place between Jenny and me, apart from the occasional accidental trip to the bathroom while she was in the bath. These were always magical moments for me and probably not always accidental. They certainly had nothing to do with wanting to look at her rubber duck. I knew that what I was experiencing was not acceptable but my sense of morality was affected by the hormonal changes I was experiencing.

My sister and I started playing around more a year or two after the first incident when I was fifteen and she would have been probably eight or nine years old.

I thought, probably erroneously, that she would be curious about cocks, I assumed most girls her age would be and I had an unnatural desire to see and touch her pussy. Had it been any other girl than my sister it would probably have been a more natural albeit unacceptable desire. I was attracted by the thought of girls who were obviously totally different from boys. The thought of a smooth puffy pussy was never far from my mind as I grew into a permanently horny teen. I guess I had been fascinated by girl's genitals ever since I first discovered that they didn't have a penis. It must have been when Mum used to visit a friend of hers who had two little girls. I was probably three or four at the time so obviously she took me with her on these visits. The younger of the two girls was three and for some reason used to spend most of her day wearing a little dress and no knickers. Little girls seem to spend a lot of time sitting on the floor with one knee bent and the other leg straight which meant that whenever I looked at her the most obvious sight was her little infant pussy slit. I couldn't take my eyes off it. I am sure it was this which planted a desire to look at little girls in my head to such a level that by the time I was a teen it had almost become a fetish. Whenever an opportunity arose I would seize it. I suppose I shouldn't blame my Mum for my becoming a pervert. All she did was looked after her son, it was me who from a very early age decided to study little girl's genitals.

One day when Jenny and I were alone at home after I had fetched her from school for Mum who was busy that afternoon, I was feeling especially bored. We had been home about half an hour when out of the blue she suddenly said. "Lewis, will you show me your willy again?" I was honestly surprised, I thought I was the dirty boy who couldn't get his mind out of the gutter. Prior to this any naughty play had been initiated by me under some pretext which I knew Jenny would probably never see through.

To say I was surprised is really an understatement. In reality I was shocked and excited all in one. Obviously I was not going to turn down an invitation like this. "Sure, where shall we go?" I said, my penis twitching slightly in anticipation of things to come.

"Shall we go to my bedroom" she replied. "Just in case Mummy comes home early?"

I eagerly agreed and followed her as she skipped up the stairs ahead of me. If we were in her room I would hear the front door opening which would give me plenty of time to get to my room. I switched my computer on so I had an alibi in place in case it was needed. As Jenny and I walked upstairs I watched as her little skirt kept flicking up giving me a tantalising glimpse of her little white cotton knickers. We went in to her room and I didn't give her the chance to change her mind. I dropped my trousers and my

underwear while she sat on her bed and looked at me. She gazed down at my not quite flaccid penis and then looked me in the eyes as she said. "Can I touch it again please Lewis?"

I nodded. She reached out, wrapped her little hand around and slowly stroked it, her fingertips touching my balls. By now I had passed through puberty and had grown quite a lot of hair around my cock. She edged her hand towards my pubis and gently twisted a few strands of kinky dark hair around her fingers. Obviously I started getting harder and my penis which had been looking at the floor now lifted slightly and pointed in her direction.

"Wow, that's so cool Lewis," she whispered as I got harder and she stroked it some more. It didn't take long before I lost control and came. Now I was getting older it was no longer a dry one. Not much of an ejaculation but enough to take her by surprise. I came, splattering all over her hand. She squealed a little, but then giggled. I giggled as well. It was funny, it was clearly inappropriate but still funny. She pulled a tissue out of the box beside her bed and wiped herself off as I pulled my trousers up.

"That was really silly Lewis, I didn't know that was going to happen. Why did you do that? I remember when we used to play sometimes, it just used to twitch but that was so funny. Does it always do that when girls stroke it?"

"Probably, it does whenever I stroke it but you are the only girl who has ever done that to me." I decided it was time she learnt the truth so I explained a bit about sex, not too much, just enough so she could make sense of what had just happened.

"I don't really understand Lewis but shall we play that part where you look up my skirt?" She asked "I know you like doing that." There was something so innocent in the way she asked.

Of course I wanted to, that was something that I never tired of doing, looking at her pussy. She lay back on the bed and pulled her knickers off in one quick motion, displaying her pussy for me under her little skirt. I thought it was much more exciting to look up her skirt rather than have her stripped off completely. Another little fetish I had got into I guess. When had looking up skirts started for me? Thinking about it must have been when I had just started at Grammar School and I used to go round to my friend Nigel's to do homework. He had a little sister probably six or seven who was invariably either doing cartwheels or handstands up against the wall of the house. I never knew why at the time but the sight of her little legs and her pussy slit covered by powder blue cotton knickers used to make me feel very excited. My sister Jenny was a very slender little girl and her smooth pubis was still totally devoid of any sign of the hair which would inevitably spoil the view in future years. She sat on the edge of the bed her feet together and her knees wide apart. I don't know how girls can get into that position but it did give me an uninterrupted view of her little pussy between her legs.

It was gorgeous. I knelt down in front of her and with a little coaxing from me, got her to move her legs apart more so I could really see her outer lips, which were perfect and pink. I could smell the little girl scent mingling with that of Johnsons baby powder which emanated from her pretty little slit. I must be honest I can still recall it and every time I smell baby powder, a vision of her pussy flashes before my eyes to this day.

Jenny didn't say anything as I reached forward with my hand and reaching up under her skirt ran my finger down the smooth tight cleft of her slit and then up again to her little clit, making her gasp and jerk a little. I rubbed it gently and she squirmed around, her legs jerking slightly.

"That's enough for now" she said. I wondered what the problem was but stood back anyway. As I did, she closed her legs together, reached behind her for her knickers and quickly put them back on getting her toe caught in the leg hole momentarily. The back of her skirt ended up tucked into her knickers until she reached back and freed it.

"Did you like what I did to your willy Lewis?" she asked in a childlike way

"Of course" I replied "but, did you like what I just did to you?" It was probably the first time I had actually got to touch her properly. Certainly I had never managed to get to her clitoris before today.

"I guess so. But I'm not sure I should let you do it again though." She smiled at me and kissed my cheek. That was it for the day. We both went downstairs and carried on as if nothing at all had happened. I did a bit of homework and she watched The Borrowers on TV. To be honest, I also stole a furtive glance or two at the television as well. Who doesn't love Rebecca Callard who played thirteen year old Arriety Clock in the series. She may have been sixteen at the time but I firmly believed that she was the thirteen year old she was meant to be.

It must have been a week or so later, I think, before I asked Jenny if she would do it to me again and delightfully for me, she agreed. This time Mum and Dad were out shopping and we were in my bedroom. I lay on my bed, naked after a shower and she was in her little white nightie with the pale blue flower pattern. She stroked my penis while she was sitting next to me, until I came all over my stomach. It felt great. I cleaned up and she lay back for me. After the last time when she seemed doubtful about it, I thought this was a pleasure I was not going to experience again but pulling her nightie up I slipped my hand inside her underwear and stroked her little pussy. She did not stop me this time, letting me finger her and experiment with stroking just inside her pussy lips as she sighed and jerked her hips. I couldn't be sure, I was never an expert on little girl's sexual responses but I think this was probably her first ever proper orgasm and it was quite an intense one considering she was so young. Her legs went rigid, her mouth opened and her head fell to one side. She pushed my hand away then and just lay there, smiling at me, her cheeks flushed.

No homework or Borrowers this time, we just lay together on my bed.

Unexpectedly she suddenly said "There is a girl at my school who says she sucked a boy's willy behind the curtains in Assembly Hall. I think that is so gross"

Now how should I react to a statement like that? I didn't want to confirm her opinion that it was 'gross'. I had to be careful how I handled the situation to turn it to my advantage. See, I am starting to think in terms of getting pleasure for myself and disregarding the fact that it was my sister and my younger sister at that who was providing my kicks.

"But grown-up girls like sucking willies" I told her. I am sure she didn't believe me. Nonetheless a few nights later when Mum and Dad were going to some friends for a party leaving me in charge of babysitting, I decided I would see if I could get her to try it out on me. I wasn't at all hopeful though I thought the whole idea had turned her off.

"How late will you be?" I asked as Mum came in to say goodbye.

"Late, I think," Mum said. "I want Jenny in bed by nine and you by ten and no later. I will ring a couple of times before then to make sure everything is OK."

I nodded and about ten minutes later they left calling goodbye as they went out the door. I heard the car drive off. Jenny was in her bedroom. It must have been about half past eight, Mum and Dad had been gone about an hour and I was playing a game on the computer in my room. I had no need to get Jenny to go to bed by nine, she had dropped off soon after our parents left the house. It must have been about half an hour later that I heard her coming along the landing, her little bare feet almost silently padding across the carpet. The next moment she was in my room, wearing only a pair of little red silk knickers. She was rubbing the sleep out of her eyes as she entered the room. I was fairly sure the knickers were not her own, but they looked great on her cute little bottom. Her chest was bare and the two little buds pointed at me as she approached. They looked so small and tempting.

"What on earth have you got on Jenny? Where is your nightie?" She came further into the room looked at me through bleary eyes.

"I took it off I was hot"

"Not sure you should be wandering around dressed like that though. I told her. "Mum wouldn't like it."

"Yes I know but Mummy and Daddy are out and I wanted to see my big brother."

I decided not to question her further and watched as she walked up to me sitting at my computer desk.

As she stood in front of me her little hips covered by red silk and her slit showing through the material as her lips pushed against the crotch of the knickers, I ran my hand down her back to her little bottom while lowering my head to her chest and sucking one of her little buds between my lips.

She was obviously not properly awake yet because she just sighed and stroked my hair.

"I know you're my bratty little sister but I really like you Jenny, you are so nice," I said. She carried on stroking my hair, her sleepy eyes flickering. "You know you mentioned a girl in your school and what she did with the boy?"

"Yes" she said "she sucked his willy"

"You want to try it?" I asked more in hope than expectation.

"Eurrgh No." She said. "That must be really, really nasty 'cos you wee out of your willy"

I patted her on the bottom and pulled her closer to me. "That's true Jenny but I do wash as well you know. It's actually something I think you might like, you suck your finger don't you?"

"What has my finger got to do with anything? I don't wee out of my finger." She laughed that tinkling little laugh of hers. I smacked her bottom gently again and then slipped my hand inside the back of the red silk knickers squeezing her left buttock. What a sweet tight little bottom she had.

"You silly thing Jenny I know you don't. What I mean is my willy isn't very big, you know that, from when you played with it, not much bigger than my finger anyway. So perhaps you could try putting my finger in

your mouth and see whether you like that first?" I really didn't think this tactic was going to work but she looked back at me and I could see she was thinking it over.

"Alright then let me try your finger first. But if I don't like it I'm going back to bed"

I gently pressed the index finger of my right hand against her mouth. The other hand was still squeezing her cute buttock. She let me rub my finger along her lips and gradually opened her mouth so I could slip it inside. She rolled her tongue over it and sucked a little like she used to with her dummy when she was a baby. To get her more familiar with having something in her mouth I slowly slid it backwards and forwards over her lower lip. Feeling her warm mouth on my finger was starting to have an effect on my penis as well and she seemed to be enjoying tonguing my digit.

"What do you think" I asked her taking my finger out of her mouth.

"Yeah it's alright" I slipped my finger back again.

"So would you like to try my nice clean willy?" I said

"I guess so, as long as you promise me it doesn't taste like wee."

"I promise." Before she could change her mind I stood up, so her face was level with my crotch and quickly undid the fly of my trousers. Slid my pants to one side and brought my still relatively small penis out into the open air. I took my wet finger from between her lips and replaced it with my stiffening member. Again she rolled her tongue over the end of the new intruder and it twitched as she did so. A moment later she pulled away.

"OK I was wrong it tastes alright. Quite nice actually" and without any help from me she popped it back in and started sucking quite hard. My penis responded with yet more little twitches.

Again she took me out of her mouth. "I quite like this Lewis, will you do it to me as well" she said.

"I can't, soppy thing. You don't have a willy"

"No but I do have a peepee place where I wee so maybe you could lick that if you wanted to?"

"Do you want me to?" I asked. She nodded, blushing, her hands grabbing mine and pulling me up. I knew what she wanted, so I followed her to her room. She helped me strip off and then she lay back on her bed. I pulled her knickers off and stroked her thighs, which were silky and firm but incredibly skinny. I put my head to the triangle where her belly met her thighs and kissing gently I prised her legs apart. She looked at me, her head on the pillow.

"You know where to lick me?" she asked.

"Uh, I think so, probably more than you do. You can find out a lot of things from the right magazines"

My hands eased her little thighs apart and my face nuzzled between them, the aroma of her sex a heady perfume. I had found her clit with my fingers before, making her cum, but this time she helped and using her fingers spread her pussy lips

"I want you to lick my peepee Lewis."

"Sure, why not." I slid my tongue between her outer lips and sought out the entrance to her urethra rather than trying to find her clit like last time. It was easy to locate just between her vaginal opening and the bud of her clitoris was a tiny hole only a fraction of the size of her vagina. I put the tip of my tongue on it and flicked my tongue tentatively at first, wondering how she would taste, but it did not take me long to learn that I loved it, and so did she. She moaned and groaned and ground her hips against my mouth as I licked her. So unlike the eight year old she was, more like somebody twice her age.

"Oh, don't stop Lewis" After, I guess maybe, ten minutes of licking I let my tongue move between her urethra and her clit and vibrated it as much as I could to give her the most pleasure. After a few moments of this, she orgasmed much harder than the last time, her hips pushing up and her thighs coming together, almost trapping my head as she cried out.

"Oh, that was so nice." she said. "It made my tummy go all funny"

It was my turn now to get some pleasure "Now you have to carry on sucking me Jenny." I lay down on the bed and got comfortable. She moved around the bed then climbed up on it and positioned herself between my legs.

She touched my penis gently, making me groan with pleasure as she did so.

Her small, warm mouth finally engulfed the head of my semi-hard cock and I groaned and sighed as I watched her lick and suck on it. I grew fully hard in seconds, filling her baby mouth. It was so erotic, watching her little pink lips moving up and down on my cock. She had never done it before today, I was certain of that, but I guessed that girls must have an in-built knowledge of how to give pleasure to others with their mouths."

"Not all girls" Harriet interjected. "I have been with a few girls who didn't know one end of a cunt from the other although maybe they would be better with a penis. Personally I enjoy giving and receiving cunnilingus as much as fellating a big cock, but perhaps I'm just weird."

"I take your word for that but let's get back to my story, I am getting hard just thinking about it." I replied.

"Oooo Goody" Harriet was insatiable.

In a few moments I was hard as a thin little stick of rock. Jenny's mouth was heaven. She sucked slowly at first, then faster as she gained some confidence. We had not talked about what would happen when I came, but when I did it was glorious. I had never come like that before and I know my semen must have shot down her little throat. She gagged a little, seemed to almost choke, but kept sucking until I could not take it anymore and pulled her head away. She made a little face at me and I saw that some of my cum had run down her chin and was dripping onto her chest.

"Oh, that was so good, little sister."

"Eurrgh I forgot that was going to happen and you didn't remind me. There was quite a lot of that horrid gloopy stuff Lewis! I never thought there was that much when it went on my hand before. It tastes really weird, all sort of sticky and salty"

"I, I didn't think you would swallow it! Who told you to do that?"

"Nobody, but what else was going to happen to it. It just went down the back of my throat so I swallowed it. Was it wrong to swallow it. Is it poisonous? Am I going to die??"

"Oh no Jenny, of course you're not going to die, silly. It was great and no it isn't poison, lots of girls really like to swallow it."

"I suppose I actually quite liked it too." She said.

"I am glad you liked it. I really liked licking your little peepee too. Did you like me licking your little weewee place, Jenny?"

"Mmmmm, It tickled quite a bit in the beginning but I didn't know it was going to actually feel so nice." she said, wiping the remnants of my semen off her chin. She lay down tight against me on the bed. We dozed for a while and then I went and got us a lemonade and biscuits, which we ate naked while watching TV.

Later that evening, I guess about two hours later Jenny said she didn't want to watch TV any more. I asked her what she did want to do. I hoped I knew what her answer would be, but she didn't say anything else. She started playing with my penis again. Rubbing it with her little fingers and pulling the foreskin down so she could look at the head. It wasn't very long before she was making me hard again. She put her little mouth over the end and sucked me, but this time she took longer and it took a while before she managed to get me to cum. When I did it was less intense and apparently, so she said, she liked it even more this time. Probably because I didn't drown her with semen.

I lay there, naked and exhausted as she climbed on top of me, spreading her slender thighs and positioning her little sweet pussy in front of my hungry mouth. "I want you to lick me again," she said.

I knew we might not have another chance like this evening to have such a long time together to play, for ages, so I did as she asked, licking her pussy while she straddled my face, a little knee on each side of my head, her hips moving up and down as my tongue worked on her slit. Her baby slit was all over my mouth so I had no choice but to put my tongue between her puffy lips and lap at her open pussy. When I had licked her before, I had hardly noticed any sign of moistness. Now though, she was positively gushing. In a few moments the lower half of my face was covered with a sweet wetness. It really turned me on. It was only when she started to giggle that I realised what she had done. Urine actually doesn't taste that bad after all. The cheeky monkey had wee'd on my face. I wiped it with my hand and then licked the few drops left on her urethra until she was as clean as if she had wiped herself with paper. Even then she insisted on pressing her little cunt on my mouth and getting me to keep licking all round her vaginal entrance.

Finally she had had enough and almost threw herself off of me. That was it, nothing else happened that evening. She lay on my bed for a while, then got up and, kissing me on my forehead left, picking up her

little silky knickers on the way out, her cute hips swinging seductively. That girl was becoming a regular little tease and I loved it.

"Whose are those knickers Jenny?" I called after her.

"Mine now" she said "My friend Mary gave them to me"

"Better not let Mum find them she would go mad at you."

I watched the television some more. Answered the phone when Mum rang to check we were both still alive and went online to find some more porn to watch. I couldn't find anything anywhere near as stimulating as my little sister though.

Jenny must have fallen asleep quite quickly because I didn't hear a sound from her room. I wandered along the landing and took a look in to make sure she was OK. She was lying on her bed fast asleep wearing her 'My Little Pony' nightie. I decided I ought to check that she had remembered to get rid of those silky knickers. I crept into her room, she wasn't under the bedclothes so I lifted the hem of her nightie up far enough to be able to check between her thighs. No red knickers, in fact no knickers at all. I couldn't be so unkind as to leave her without a kiss goodnight. I leaned over her little belly and placing my mouth firmly over the 'V' at the top of her thighs I planted a soft sweet kiss on her little kitten's lips. Then I covered her with the hem of her nightie, pulled the duvet up and left her fast asleep, She was still asleep when Mum and Dad came home. I never noticed them get back because by then I had drifted off too with a silly grin on my face.

I paused for breath wondering what Harriet was thinking at what I had said so far. All the time I had been talking she had lain with her head on my chest and I could sense her breathing was getting faster and it seemed more excited. What I could not know was whether this was because she was enjoying hearing about it all or was I disturbing her with my misconduct with Jenny.

It wasn't long before she let me know.

"Wow, seems we are both pretty good at keeping secrets from each other, now doesn't it." Harriet had lain almost totally silent while I recounted this little history. Now she bounced up onto her knees and positioned herself so she could look me straight in the eye. I tried to judge from her expression how she had taken my revelations. "The only difference seems to be that, you were the one who initiated the sexual contact in the same way my Daddy always took the lead during my growing up. I guess that means you are both the perverts and me and Jenny were the victims"

I sensed that something had changed in her attitude towards me now. I panicked inwardly. Had I made a mistake in opening up to her? Should I have treated what she told me as a bad thing that had happened to her, understood, acted the concerned adult and blamed her father for being the pervert she considered him to be? What I did was the complete opposite. I knew I had compounded her feelings of disgust at her father by showing her that even while I was growing up I was doing exactly the same things that he did. I had blown it, I knew now that if this relationship had stood the slightest chance of moving forward I should have kept my mouth shut and not mentioned anything about Jenny. What an idiot, what an absolute solid gold idiot.

"You are a fucking wonder" she said, leapt on me, all little tits, belly, thighs , hands, feet, all over me. "I

knew I was right, you are my Daddy reincarnated. Are we going to have fun or what?"

She had thrown the covers back, her face was now buried in my crotch as she struggled manfully or should that be little girl-fully to get my sad little penis to rise to the occasion again. It wasn't going to take much. The touch of her pretty lips and her hot breath was having quite an impact on me.

"So the fact that I am a bit of a paed like your Dad hasn't put you off?"

"Don't you call my Daddy a paedo, he was a wonderful man, just like you." She said as she came up for air.

"OK so let's say that, the fact my sister was a lot younger than me, you are a lot younger than me and I love little girls a lot younger than me isn't a problem?"

"Of course not you stupid boy. That is half the attraction. I just hope that I won't be too old for you soon. It would also be nice if you would include me in your plans for any future liaisons?"

"What liaison?"

"Well I don't know do I. You can't expect me to know everything. When does Amy get home?" My penis was pointing at the ceiling, Harriet had her mouth ready to go back down on me at a moment's notice. "Your call Lewis?"

"Oh what the hell, of course I won't get tired of you. As for any future plans, maybe we can make them together? Now I know that we both like the same things."

At that, Harriet wrapped her lips around my now throbbing cock and sucking for dear life brought me to such a wonderful climax. My semen burst from me and without a second thought she rolled it to the back of her mouth and swallowed the whole load. "See, now I can be your little Jenny and yes I do love the taste of the white stuff."

I had come home at last, Harriet was going to be everything I had ever dreamed of in a sexual partner, unlike any girl I had ever had a relationship with before. She was not just fun to play with, although without question she was a lot of fun, but it seemed that she was also going to want to join me with any other little playmates I might be lucky enough to attract, in the future. I wallowed in the fabulous sensation of my cock collapsing inside her mouth. Although I couldn't see it I could feel that her lips had turned up at the corners and she was smiling to herself. I think she had also found what she had been looking for. A surrogate Daddy who would happily treat her like the little girl she had once been. More than that though she had recognised in me somebody who like her Daddy was attracted to young girls and who was prepared to let her play the same games.

I spent the rest of the weekend with Harriet. Most of it was in bed, bath, on the couch, on the floor anywhere where we could have sex in most of its glorious forms. Not all of them obviously. There was one vital ingredient missing to allow us to fulfil both of our identical fantasies.

What I knew I wanted more than anything now was miles away in Mexico. I knew that Harriet would love her as much as I did. I also sensed that things might progress a lot more quickly than I had anticipated once the opportunity arose. How would I get through the coming week knowing that the smallest object of my desires was coming back home?

The future looked so much brighter now that I had met Harriet. She was somebody who would give me infinite pleasure, someone to whom I could give boundless pleasure. Most importantly though somebody who would not judge in the way that Melinda had always judged me. I would be free now to look without criticism, to look whenever I wished, to revel in the beauty all around me and to share that beauty with somebody who felt the same as me.

Come home Amy, we both need you.

CONCLUSION

So have we answered the question posed in the introduction?

I think not. Lewis has shown some indications of Hebephilia during his early adolescence and still enjoys looking and fantasising but can he rightly be condemned for this? Is it not in the nature of all men to take pleasure from voyeurism to some extent? I suspect that it is inherent in the human condition, the need to watch all possible partners whatever the age in an attempt to gauge their suitability for procreation. It is society's mores and the individual's self-control which must determine whether the fantasy is acted upon.

Perhaps Lewis pursued his investigations beyond the point at which you, dear reader would have said 'enough is enough' or maybe you would have gone further. Who am I to say? Lewis clearly finds mature females as attractive as the younger model so maybe we do not have enough evidence on which to base our decision.

My suggestion can only be to read on and as you follow the path of Lewis's life withhold judgement until you know enough to decide whether he should be condemned for what may be latent in all of us.