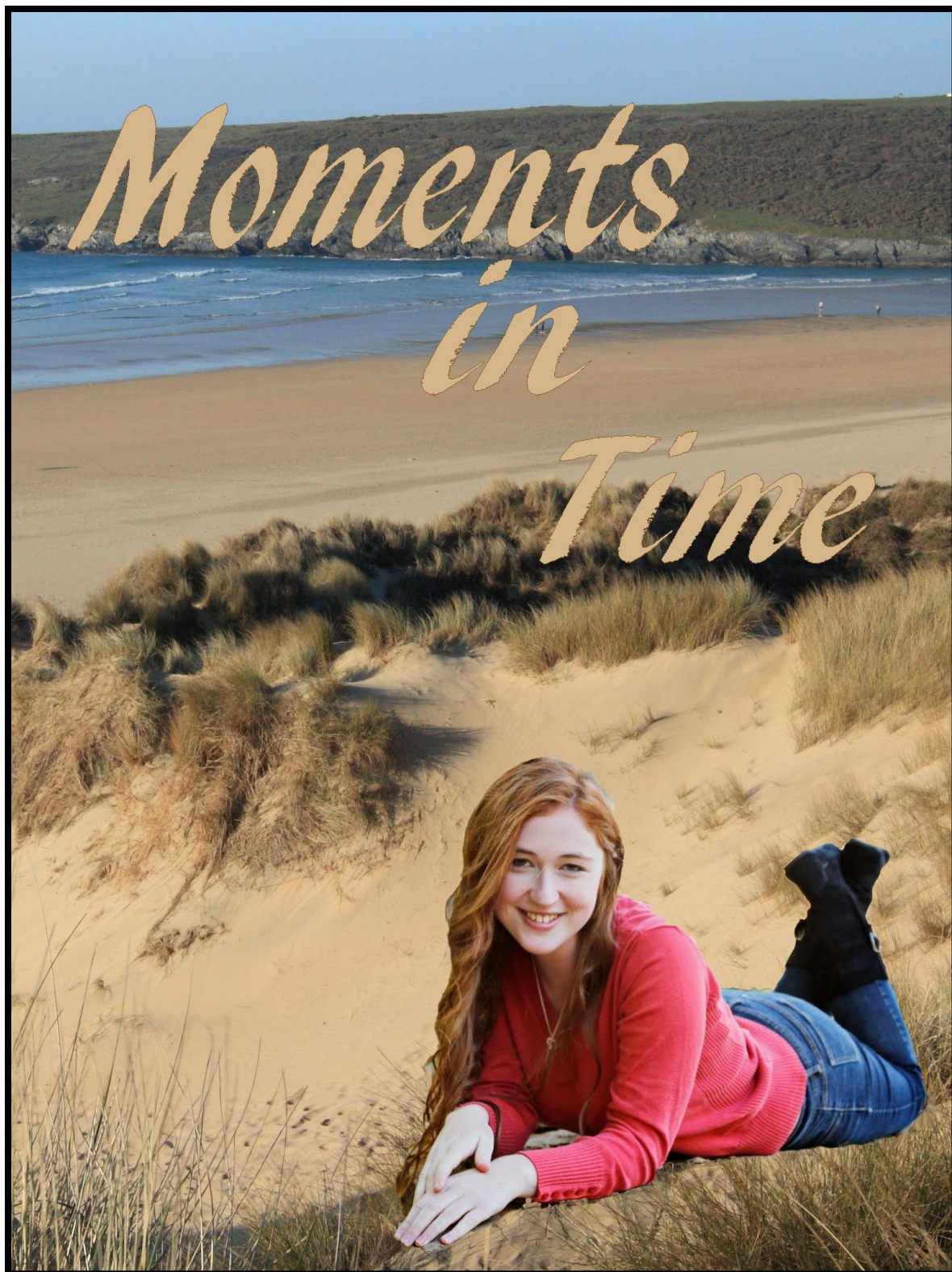




MOMENTS IN TIME

HARRIET

LEWIS ADAMS

INTRODUCTION

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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.

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CHAPTER 1 – SUNDAY

Good Morning world. The sun burns pleasantly against my closed eyelids. My breath rebounds from the back of his neck. His bottom nestles in my lap as we lie in bed like two spoons in the cutlery drawer.

I slide my hand over the hillock of his naked hip and down toward the tantalising valley from whence emerges a rigid stalk of masculinity. The tips of my fingers encounter the small copse of pubic hairs and just below, the firm hardness of his beautiful penis. No time to wait and enjoy it now. I move forward and down until my fingers cup the hairy wrinkled surface of his scrotum. Feeling for the hidden wonder of his testicles. Men do not know how lucky they are to be endowed with their crown jewels. Why are they so fascinated by girl's pussies. What is so spectacular about a hole with ridges of flesh surrounding it. I would much rather do what I am now, rolling his testes in the palm of my hand, gently and lovingly trying not to wake him. How wonderful it must be to have this there all the time. Something to play with when you get bored. Something to pleasure the ladies with whenever and wherever you want.

Time to move on, time to grasp the iron, time to wrap my fingers around his morning wood.

Is he still asleep? His breathing hasn't changed. I think he must be. My fingers close around the root of his shaft. How do they do that? How can they be deep in the lap of Morpheus and yet still stand strong and proud like that. I don't mind, it is nice to have a toy to play with on waking. I move my hand up and down the solid bottom half, feeling his skin move underneath my fingers. A strange sensation, the skin moves over the ridges of his penis. As my hand reaches the middle of his shaft I squeeze very gently and pull down again. I wish I could see what is happening but his back is in the way. I know what it looks like though I have done this so many times for him and other lovers. His foreskin is parting very slightly and the winking eye of his cock is opening and closing as the skin slides apart. Mustn't do this too hard or his foreskin will roll back over the ridge of his glans and then I will be 'fucked'. Well not literally but it is bound to wake him when that happens and then my morning toy will have to go back to the toy store. I move my fingers further up the shaft until they can feel the bulbous head inside the protective ring of his foreskin. Mmmmm that feels so nice. I daydream of feeling it inside me. My pussy moistens as I masturbate him softly trying not to disturb his slumbers.

I continue to breathe gently on the nape of his neck. I love this man so much and it is only a few days since we met. Is that a movement? No, not the involuntary twitch of a penis as it luxuriates in the warmth of a hand moving along its length. His body shifts imperceptibly and his head moves forward slightly away from the warmth of my breath on his neck.

I squeeze the bulb of his penis tentatively to evoke a reaction and I get one. His cock twitches and I feel him push his hips away from my crotch so that his rod slips through my fingers and the head emerges from its hiding place.

That's it he is awake, time to get up. I let go of his cock and shifting his bum out of the way I climb off the bed.

"Hi Horny" I call back to him as I go and stand staring out of the window. Naked and feeling the heat of the sun warming my nipples. Good job the back garden isn't overlooked by the neighbours, well, apart

from that one house with the curtains half drawn in the bedroom of course. No, I'm sure there is nobody behind them, but if there is would it matter? Not to me.

"Morning Harriet"

I turn round to face him and his eyes roam all over my body.

"Oh what a lovely day today" I guess he had been more awake than I had realised.

"It's not that nice actually, a bit cloudy"

"I wasn't talking about the weather" he replied, lying on his back with his penis held firmly in his fist as he stroked it solidly ensuring that it didn't collapse. As if he hadn't had enough stimulation last night.

"Oh leave it alone. If you need it relieving I will deal with it later, there is something I wanted to talk to you about."

"And that is?"

"Not now, later. Let's get dressed and have breakfast first. Oh and cover it up please, I am being distracted."

He let Percy go and it very quickly deflated. Lewis got out of bed and before he could take advantage and get there before me, I bolted out of the bedroom door and along the corridor.

"My turn for the bathroom" I called out as I left him climbing off the bed and watching my bottom disappear into the distance. I closed the bathroom door behind me and went and sat on the loo. Oh that first morning wee is so comforting. My legs parted and the golden shower poured out of my slit and in a fall like Niagara on a hot day headed down into the toilet bowl.

"Look Harriet, I'm going to pop back to my place and get a change of clothes. I can't put that suit on again today it is beginning to annoy me. "I'll be back before you've finished soaping your fanny."

"You better had mate. Or I will be round to Honey Lane with a big stick and you really don't want me putting you to shame by the size of my stick."

I heard the front door close behind him and then the house was in silence again apart from the slowing trickle of my pee as the last few drops fell from my cleft. A quick wipe with some toilet tissue and then time for a shower.

I have to compliment the landlord's of this place I have been renting for the last month or two, the hot water is always plentiful and I usually shower at least once a day. This morning is no exception. I get a towel ready and then dive under the flow from the large shower head. It feels blissful as it cascades over my shoulders and down over my breasts. Soaping a flannel I massage the suds into my skin and over my nipples feeling them harden as I do so. Down over my belly and between my legs the soft cotton soap filled cloth smoothly teases my pussy lips. I know I shouldn't really use soap down there but this moisturising bar is supposed to be better than most. I take care to keep outside my labia, don't want to destroy the good bacteria nestling inside my pussy but the temptation to titillate is so hard to resist. Lewis is going to have his work cut out later today. There is an itch down there that is going to need scratching before bedtime.

After the shower, I dry myself off and apply copious amounts of talcum powder. The bathroom looks as though a powder bomb has exploded. Teeth brushed, anti-perspirant applied, hair brushed and almost ready for the day.

I trip back to the bedroom and get myself dressed in a skirt and top.

It felt as though Lewis had been gone for ages now but in fact it was less than an hour when the door opened and he stepped back indoors looking smartly casual rather than the formality of his office attire.

"That was good timing" I said as he crossed the hall. "My you do look hot, this is the first time I have seen you not wearing a suit. Well, you know what I mean. Wearing casual. Oh and thank heavens you got rid of that stubble, it was beginning to grate on me."

"Yeah, sorry about that, I did think about asking you if I could borrow a lady razor yesterday but I never got round to it."

Poor boy, he obviously had never used a razor after it had worked its way round a girl's armpits and pubes. They tend to lose their sharpness rather fast. He would have ended up with a face like a lobster.

I ran my fingers over his smooth chin. "Mmmmm that's a lot nicer. You might just get a reward for that later on." I winked at him.

"Breakfast or did you grab something while you were at your place?"

"Yes please Harriet. I didn't have time, you would have chastised me if I had taken too long. Although now I think about it there is something to be said for a bit of chastising. "

He followed me into the kitchen and settled himself on one of the stools.

"Come on then Mistress Chef what are you fixing for me today?"

I slapped him on the arm. "You are one big bad boy Lewis, but I love you"

"So what do we have planned for today little lady?"

Little lady, what was he like? That was so cheesy but Lewis could get away with anything at the moment. He was munching loudly, too loudly, on a bowl of Frosties and skimmed milk.

How was I going to say this? I didn't want to frighten him off now we had only just got to know each other but then neither did I want to forego the chance.

"Well, I'm not sure you are going to approve. But you know I said earlier I wanted to talk to you about something?"

"Go on then hit me with it, what's on your mind now?"

"I have only been in this place for a short time and haven't really got used to it yet."

"What this house or Penstone?"

“Oh the house, well and Penstone I guess but it is more the house I was thinking about. Penstone is growing on me just like that beast you keep hidden in your chinos.” I couldn’t take my eyes off the slight bulge in the front of his trousers and I think he knew it as well. “I like the village really but the house is a bit expensive and a bit small”

“So you are thinking about moving?”

“Maybe, what do you think?”

“Yeah, I guess so, going to miss you though.”

“Afraid not mate, I want to move into your place. Any chance?”

I watched his face for signs of panic but there were none. I really wanted him to say yes but it was a heck of a risk to take, so early in a relationship.

“Umm, Wow, that was unexpected. It’s just.”

Here it comes, the brush off. I had been so used to men backing away from commitment that it was what I thought would happen now.

“When can you move in? I guess you have to give notice on this place.”

“Really? You don’t mind? Oh Lewis I love you. You are an angel. Actually I’m on a really short lease, so only a week. I don’t mind losing the deposit if I have to. Obviously I will pay you rent just say how much you want and I will sort it.”

Lewis had just taken a drink of orange juice and picked up the spoon to finish his breakfast when I ran round the table and leapt onto his lap, the bowl of cereal flying onto the floor.

The bowl shattered sending shards of china in all directions.

“Oh dear, that looks like my deposit is going to take a hit then.” I planted my lips on his and was rewarded with the taste of milk and sugar. Sweet.

I wriggled my bottom in his lap and could feel his member firming up underneath me. It didn’t take very much to get him aroused.

“Am I going to help you pack? Or do you want to sit here getting me horny all day.” He said and making me slip off his lap he stood up and plonked me on the floor in front of him. “Oh while I think about it, look what came in the post this morning.”

Was he changing the subject on purpose? Was this his way of rethinking his decision and letting me down lightly? Lewis reached into his pocket and withdrew a postcard and handed it to me. I looked at the pictures on the front which seemed to be Mexican judging by the stepped pyramid in one of them. I turned it over and quickly read the message on the back.

“So who is Amy and when does Amy get home?” He didn’t actually tell me who she was but I think I can guess judging by the handwriting she was no direct threat to me. I reckoned she was still at school.

“They fly back on Wednesday but I guess we will not see her until later in the week. I know her parents were not happy about taking her out of school during term time just to save a bit of money. I am sure they will want to get her back in to school quickly .”

I was right she was still at school. I would have to find out more about her some time. “Do you often have Amy round to your house?”

“Yes, quite a bit I guess. You know I work at home sometimes well it means I can help her Mum and Dad out with a bit of sitting.”

“You can tell me about it some other time, we’ve got work to do” I said as I gave the postcard back to him and pulling him off the stool steered him into the bedroom to get started. “Fortunately I haven’t unpacked all that much yet and a lot of my stuff is still in storage so it shouldn’t take us more than a couple of hours to get sorted.”

I wasn’t going to offer him any opportunity to change his mind. I rushed him through to the bedroom and set him to work helping me empty drawers and stuff things into suitcases and boxes.

“I’m not very good at packing.” He protested. It didn’t take a genius to see that he was telling the truth and I wanted at least some of my clothes to be wearable.

“Well then just sit on my bed and look pretty”

I set to the task in hand taking my clothes out of the drawers and passing them to him to put in the cases. Another bad move, every time he got his hand on my knickers he insisted on sniffing the gusset. What perverts men are.

“Can’t you keep your bestial desires under control for just a few minutes Lewis. We would get this finished a lot quicker if you didn’t keep drooling all over my undies.”

Suitably shamefaced, he concentrated more on the job in hand and after a fairly reasonable amount of time we had enough packed to tide me over for a few days.

I suggested he fetched his car but we then had to have a discussion about the problem of it being a sports car and not enough room to take much. Any excuse but eventually he agreed to go and get it.

“It won’t be too difficult, you will just have to make as many trips as it takes. See solved it” Lewis was sitting on the sofa and I bounced up beside him and planted a kiss on the top of his head where he had the start of a quite defined tonsure.

“Hehehe who’s an old baldy then.”

As I leaned over him, he slapped me hard on the bottom and then playfully threw me down on the sofa beside him.

“Ouch, that hurt you pig.”

It was only a matter of moments before he had ripped my knickers off and thrown them across the room. He dropped his trousers and pants and getting his knees between my legs buried his cock deep inside my soft pussy. I had been ravaged on numerous occasions but he was quick, there is no doubt

about that. At least this time it was a playful ravage, I am not a fan of rape especially when it is being done to me. I have had enough of that in the past as you will eventually learn.

"How do you like that Missy?" he asked as he thrust in and out of my cunt, each thrust and withdrawal making sexy slurping noises. This was not going to be a long slow fuck, it was quick, urgent, frantic but it was still enjoyable. He was forceful but considerate. In next to no time he had shot a load deep into my belly and was continuing to slide in and out as his penis massaged his semen into the sidewalls of my pussy. I could feel his hard member throbbing deep in my vagina but as the excitement started to lessen he pulled out of me trailing white fluid in its wake.

"Well come on then don't just lie there, drive time" He said as his cum dripped from my labia. The speed of his 'attack' had taken me completely by surprise.

"Fuck me where did that come from? I never expected that." I made no effort to move just lay there with my legs apart and semen seeping from my slit. "You just don't respect women Lewis."

"Oh yes I do." He said. "I respect your right to pleasure me any time you like without any complaint from me."

Eventually he let me get off the sofa and I headed into the bathroom. Once I had cleaned up and removed the smell of sex from everywhere I went back out to join him. He was already waiting by the door.

"Well what are you waiting for? Go get the car."

"Aren't you coming with me?"

"Oh alright then I guess I could do with the exercise."

"And I thought getting your cunt stretched would be enough exercise for you, clearly not. I suppose I am going to have to try harder next time." I put some shoes on, unfastened the front door and we left my bungalow hand in hand. When we got to his place I did a quick tour to re-familiarise myself with the layout. Upstairs I checked out the second bedroom.

"Are you not going to sleep with me then? I know tenants don't usually go to bed with the landlord, well not straight away, but I thought"

"Of course we are going to share a bed you oaf but that doesn't mean I don't want my own room. A girl needs wardrobe and drawer space you know."

As if he had known I was going to say that he had already opened the wardrobe and showed me the space he could free up by moving some of his things around.

"Oh yes, perfect, I know it looks like I've got a lot of stuff packed up but I should be able to fit everything in there with no problems. Do I get my own shelf in the bathroom cabinet?"

"Of course, just slide any of my bits to one side. I don't need as much room as I'm using now."

I spent some more time looking round the house, trying to decide what would go where and whether I could put my stamp on the furnishings. I wonder why it is, we women need to do that? Why can't we

leave things alone, at least until we have our feet firmly under the table? I'm surprised he didn't kick me out the door straight away but maybe the allure of pussy on tap was too much of a temptation.

By the time evening came I was exhausted. Lewis and I now settled down in front of the TV with a bottle of wine and nestled into each other's arms for some relaxation time. No sex, just cuddles, kisses and the warmth of sharing personal space with each other.

Monday and Tuesday were spent finalising the move. We sorted out cancelling the rental contract with the landlord. He was surprisingly amenable, maybe the flash of thigh and knickers helped. Who knows? He even refunded the whole deposit without quibbling.

It took me no time at all to get used to sharing with somebody again even though it had been some time since my last devastating experience of sharing.

Over the next few days I moved a few things around on the shelves, changed the position of some chairs and made a few other minor adjustments to the decor to make it more comfortable.

CHAPTER 2 – TWO DAYS EARLIER

In the kitchen the kettle has just boiled and I pour water onto a teabag in the mug

I jump as the door bell suddenly chimes behind me. Who could it be? I don't know anybody in Penstone yet, well apart from Lewis. I've only been here a week or two since I moved down from London via my parent's house to take up a job in Woolchester at the Music Room. Nothing for it I guess but to answer it. Open the door and find out who it could be, although it could be Jehovah's Witnesses. Can I be bothered to find out? But if it is Lewis then it would be a shame to miss him.

I put the mug down on the table and nonchalantly go to the door.

I fling it wide and, Phew it isn't a bible basher trying to convert this miserable sinner.

"Hi Lewis, how's things?"

He is standing on the door mat his mouth wide open as he takes in the sight of me in a rather short pleated skirt and a thin cotton blouse. His eyes settle on the latter. I guess not surprisingly as I hadn't bothered with a bra this morning and it wasn't the warmest of days. I can feel my nipples straining against the soft material.

"I didn't expect to see you today. Come on in" I turned and walked back into the kitchen as he followed me like a lovelorn puppy dog. I heard him closing the door behind us. Having collected my drink from where I left it in the kitchen I wandered into the lounge.

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

"Not much actually just work and the train. More to the point I thought you were going to be travelling with me all week. That train was disappointingly lacking in nubiles."

"I know, Lewis. I am so, so sorry" I put on a remorseful look, but I don't think it worked very well. I lowered my eyes and pouted my lower lip 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 in the morning for heaven's sake and drive us both down there. I did worry about you but I haven't got your number. I don't even know where you work. I really wanted to let you know because I was certain you would be worried but what could I do?"

I leaned over towards him and put my hand in his lap. Looking up at him all doe-eyed I gave his cock a gentle squeeze. I think that clinched it, I was off the hook. He pulled me towards him and kissed me passionately. I could feel his cock erupting under the warmth of my hand.

We separated momentarily.

"Of course I was worried" He said as he stroked my hair. "Four days and I thought anything might have

happened”

“Well I’m glad you missed me, anyway” I threw my head back and giggled. “I must have made quite an impression on you”

“More than an impression you little tease” he 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.” He just couldn’t help teasing me 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’?” He put his hand on my thigh and slid it as high as it would go until I felt his fingers touching the leg of my knickers. I opened my legs slightly and in a moment his hand was between my thighs. I lay back on the sofa as he moved over me. I felt his big hand covering my cunt momentarily as his thumb stroked my pubis. A moment later he took his hand away.

“You don’t waste much time do you.” I said as he reached for the buttons on my blouse.

Four unbuttonings later and my nipples were hardening in the cool air. I lifted my shoulders off the sofa just enough so I could peel my blouse off. Lewis leaned over me and then I felt his lips nuzzling my left breast as they took my tiny nipple between them and moistened them with the tip of his tongue licking softly round my areola. He sucked gently on my nipple drawing it between his lips. His hand drew circles around my other nipple and stroked the small fullness of my breast. I was starting to feel horny myself now so I edged his zip down letting his penis which was straining against his fly, escape. I tried desperately with both hands to unbutton the clasp at the top of his trousers but it was difficult given the position I was lying in and the fact that his weight was pushing down against me preventing the free movement I needed.

“Would it help if I stood up?” he said but didn’t wait for an answer. He stopped playing with my boobs which was a real disappointment.

I folded my arms across my chest as he rose off the sofa and stood in front of me, his crotch only inches away from my face. I tried again to free the button on his waistband and in a moment it had sprung open. Because I had already lowered the zip, his trousers dropped a few inches and his cock appeared as a large bulge in his underwear. I grabbed the waistband of his trousers and yanked them down his legs. By the time they reached his knees he was clearly feeling very unbalanced. He tried to stay upright but failed miserably, collapsing in a heap on top of me. I was now in a fit of almost uncontrollable laughter, my body trembling as I tried hard to muffle what was turning into almost hoots. He was lying half way across me now, his cock tenting dramatically and pushing into my soft pliant belly.

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

He put one hand on my thigh, using me as a means of levering himself up slightly and managed with a

bit of effort to turn round so we were lying side by side on the sofa. His cock was poking temptingly out of the waistband of his pants. Of course, apart from being naked down to my waist I was still wearing that little pleated skirt and knickers. I reached behind, flicked the button open and unzipped my skirt. Putting all my free fingers inside the waistband of my knickers I tugged.

Lewis said "Lift your bottom for me." My hips rose enough for him to help by quickly applying a downward tug on my skirt and knickers and in a trice I was totally naked.

I did the same for him, dragged his pants down and his cock head almost hit me in the face as I leaned forward. "Well, well, well I'm not going to waste this chance" and so saying I wrapped my sweet lips around the head of his penis and rolled my tongue around it and under his foreskin seeking out the most sensitive part. His penis was now fully erect. I wrapped a hand around his straining member while with the other I cupped his balls and gently while sliding the skin down so the head emerged from the foreskin, I rolled his testicles around in the palm of my hand.

I was an expert at blowing a guy. At no time did the engorged head of his penis leave my mouth, instead as I pulled the foreskin back my tongue licked and played all over the head lubricating it with my saliva. I raised my hand so the skin rolled back over the tip and teased him with the point of my tongue. I could feel him twitching excitedly as I licked him. Once the foreskin was back in place the tip of my tongue tantalized the little eye on the head of his cock. I doubted he could ever get any harder and I felt that he was right on the edge of cumming when I suddenly pulled my head away, licked my lips and smiled.

"Right, my turn now. I'm going to take a rest while you pleasure me." I turned onto my back, opened my legs exposing my little bald lips to his eager gaze. He slid down the couch and positioned himself between my knees so he could get his mouth to my lower lips.

I may have mentioned this before, but if not I will now. my pussy was so smooth and hairless and my labia so tight together that if anyone had only seen me in that area from this close proximity they would have assumed I was still a pre-teen rather than the twenty year old I actually am. Lewis moved his right hand until the heel of his palm was resting on my pubic bone and then slowly, so very slowly moved it down between my legs. His fingers trailed behind tracing intricate patterns across the softness of my outer lips until they reached the point between my legs where my slit ended and my two lips pointed the way towards my anus. I was glad he changed direction and moved back to my cunt slipping one finger between my labia and teased me by flicking it across my opening. As his finger parted the pink cleft, a second followed it in, making the entrance to my vulva even easier for his eager eyes to feast upon. He leaned in and his tongue joined in the teasing of my lips. He pressed on in his advance on my fortress. Licking and sucking on my labia he gradually overcome my defences with his probing tongue. Gradually my muscles relaxed and he was able to enter the inner sanctum with its delightfully viscous juices. He rolled his tongue around my entrance as he searched for the little button of my clitoris where the two outer lips met at the top of my pussy.

There it was, I could feel that his lips had found it. His tongue teased my clit, sucking it slowly and gently between his lips. As he teased it, I shuddered with pleasure and every so often my legs clamped tight around his ears. The more I reacted in pleasure the harder he sucked on my clit. The harder he sucked the more my legs clenched and unclenched around his head. He slipped his forefinger between my inner lips and gently rotating it left and right slid it up my vagina until it would go no further.

My lips stretched and parted further as his fingers disappeared deep into my moist inner sanctum. I

couldn't decide how many but it felt wonderful and as long as that continued he could have fisted me for all I cared. In and out, in and out, his tongue still licking my button. my legs shuddering with my imminent orgasm and then it came, I came.

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

Although probably not the biggest cock in the world his penis was stretching my vagina and rubbing up and down those muscular folds of my vaginal wall he thrust into me as I wrapped my arms around his neck and my legs around his buttocks. Pulling out, thrusting deep again, faster and faster. He bucked against me in response to my movements. In, out, in, out, my cunt squeezing his cock. I could feel the head pummeling my cervix as it tried to break through into the secret room beyond. Suddenly he exploded inside me. Semen poured down the shaft and out into the warm heat of my vagina, passing through the small hole in my cervix into my uterus. He throbbed and pulsed and inseminated me. I could feel my 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 my 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. He hadn't put anything on the end of it. Good job I was on the pill. The lucky swimmer was in for a surprise when his efforts were all in vain, but the exercise would do him good.

Once again Lewis was lying on top of me still buried deep in my femininity, how I love being female. The sensation of being filled is something that men will never understand. It is almost as if your whole being has been taken over by somebody else and you never want it to end. His penis was slowly shrinking back to its usual disappointing size. I tried desperately to keep it inside me 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 my pale white thigh. We lay like this for several minutes and then I was 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 he nodded in agreement and let me lead him to the bathroom." The puppy dog analogy so often applied to men on heat was so true.

I had forgotten that I didn't have a shower in this rented house and I knew that Lewis preferred them. Well, there is one of those flexi hose things hanging off the bath taps but not a proper shower. No need to strip off, we were both already naked. I 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 I agitated the water until it turned really frothy. I could see Lewis behind me staring at my pussy through the gap in my legs. I just stood back and looking down at my pussy lips filling the triangular space

between my thighs I thought how pretty I was. I 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. He also never seemed to tire of watching my gorgeous kitten. Lifting a leg I stepped into the bath and my labia parted letting him glimpse the beautiful rosy inner lips. He followed me in and ever the gentleman he took the 'tap' end. 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. After the bath Lewis offered to nip home and get some clean clothes but I said I was far too hungry to let him do that and anyway there was nothing wrong with the suit he had put back on.

About half an hour after we climbed steaming and glowing from the bath and Lewis was sitting in the lounge engrossed in Coronation Street waiting for the taxi to take us out for a meal. I had been getting ready upstairs and now came down just as the taxi arrived outside.

We went to a small restaurant about ten minutes drive away and enjoyed a really good meal. While we were waiting to be shown to our table and after we had obtained some drinks I thought it would be a good idea to make sure we didn't lose touch again and gave Lewis my mobile number.

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

"Not for me, I have nothing planned for the next few days so getting laid on demand seems favourite."

Next morning, Saturday, it was Lewis who woke first. When I eventually came to and realised he was not in my bed, I rose and went into the kitchen searching for him. He had made himself a cup of tea and was stirring sugar in when I appeared in the doorway, still naked. He looked up and as usual his eyes roved over my little 34A breasts pointing suggestively at him and then down to my smooth shaved mound with its almost hidden slit winking at him from between my legs.

"Cup of tea, milady?"

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

This reference to Thunderbirds had obviously touched a nerve somewhere in my memory. I guess I must have seen re-runs on the BBC when I was a child. The original programme was before I was born. I turned on my heel and headed back to the bedroom while he made the 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?" He asked me.

"No you dirty dog, not fuck. I will tell you more about what my childhood was like and you can tell me more about yours"

"Nothing much to tell you." He said but nonetheless we settled back for a heart to heart.

Eventually tea and chat palled slightly and I leapt on top of him again, all little tits, belly, thighs, hands, feet, all over him. He had thrown the covers back, my face was now buried in his crotch as I struggled

manfully or should that be little girl-fully to get his sad little penis to rise to the occasion again. It wasn't going to take much. The touch of my pretty lips and my hot breath was having quite an impact on him. His penis was soon pointing at the ceiling, I had my mouth ready to go back down on him at a moment's notice.

"Your call Lewis? We doing this or not?"

"Oh what the hell, of course I never get tired of that."

At that clear invitation I wrapped my lips around his now throbbing cock and sucking for dear life brought him to a very swift climax. His semen burst from him and without a second thought I rolled it to the back of my mouth and swallowed the whole load.

"See, now I can be your little girl whenever you want. Oh and yes I do love the taste of the white stuff."

I felt that I had at last found somebody who would treat me with respect and who liked the fact that I was so much younger than him. It was almost as if he actually preferred that scenario. I certainly was more than happy to pretend to be his little plaything whenever he needed me. I wallowed in the fabulous sensation of holding his cock between my lips as it collapsed inside my mouth. Although I couldn't see it I knew that my lips had turned up at the corners and I was smiling to myself. Lewis seemed happy with his fantasy fuck and I think I had also found what I had been looking for. A surrogate Daddy who would happily treat me like the little girl I had once been. More than that though I thought I had recognised in him somebody who was prepared to indulge my fantasies which I sensed were so much like his own.

We spent the rest of the weekend together. 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, the weekend was not long enough.

The future looked so much brighter now that I had met Lewis. He was somebody who I knew would give me infinite pleasure, someone to whom I could give boundless pleasure. Most importantly though somebody who would not treat me the way Steve had. My faith in men was starting to recover.

CHAPTER 3 – THE WEEK IN SOUTHWOOD

Monday was marvelous but you don't know about that yet.

It was the phone call from my boss when I was alone again which changed everything.

"Yes? Oh hello gosh what time is it?"

The voice on the other end apologized for ringing me so late but apparently it was important.

"Well I suppose so but it is short notice. No I appreciate that. Yes of course I will. What time? Oh that's good not too early then. Will she? Right. Uh huh. Thanks then, Bye, Bye."

That was my week duly sorted. I hadn't worked at the Music Store very long. I had done a couple of introductory weeks but I only started there full time yesterday and now I was asked to go on a training course in Southwood tomorrow. Would you believe it? Tomorrow and I have nothing prepared. Men clearly don't appreciate the complications us girls have to go through in putting together the necessities for a few days away. It is not just a question of throwing a couple of shirts in a bag there is a lot of planning needed.

Apparently Sally was going to pick me up in the morning at the ungodly hour of five thirty. So time to get packed.

Just before two o'clock I climbed into bed absolutely exhausted not just from the hasty packing but from the earlier exercise. Set the alarm clock for four thirty, that is obscene, nobody should be awake at that time of day. Well I suppose if you are coming home then it is acceptable but as a start to the day it just doesn't work.

Riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiinnngggggggggggggggggggg.

Nope that's not the alarm clock it's the front door bell.

Leaping out of bed and slipping into a dressing gown I shuffle aimlessly along the corridor and unlock the door.

"Oh Hi Sally, sorry what time is it?"

"Five fifteen. Am I early? I assume the boss rang you about this?"

She was clearly surprised to see me in a nightdress and slippers with my dressing gown slung loosely around my shoulders. There did seem to be a glint in her eye although maybe that was amusement at my dilemma.

"No, no you're not. Yes he did. My bloody clock didn't go off. Come on in and I'll get some clothes on. There's a kettle in the kitchen if you want to make a drink. Coffee, tea, sugar and stuff in the right hand cupboard and milk in the fridge."

I ran back into my bedroom while Sally came into the house, closed the door behind her and headed for the kitchen.

"Can you make me a black coffee Sal please. One sugar, thanks."

This was going to be a great start to the day. I just hate having to rush and I knew we had to get to Southwood for the start of the course at eight thirty. Actually thinking about it why did we have to leave so early. It only takes two hours to drive there, even allowing for traffic as long as we get on the road by six we will be there no problem. Leaving Sally looking after herself I take a quick shower and get myself dressed. Linen skirt and cashmere jumper. Makeup, hair etc. etc. etc.

Sally brought my coffee and hers up to the bedroom and perched herself on the edge of the bed.

"So who have I replaced on this course today then Sally? I mean this week."

"It was supposed to be Dave, you know the guy in the office?"

"Oh sorry have I spoiled your holiday? Were you planning to have some fun with Dave?"

"No way. He's a real dork and add to that the fact that he's a man and it would have been a really boring four days."

Interesting, I had seen Sally around the shop but had not had time to decide which way she preferred things. I had assumed, as most of us do when we meet people for the first time, that she was straight but perhaps I was mistaken. If so then just perhaps this course could be more interesting than I had expected. I certainly hoped so. She was so cute.

"Anyway I'm sorry to keep you waiting Sal. I'm almost ready"

"That's OK Harriet. If we get held up in traffic I can always put my foot down when we get to the dual carriageway near Metherringham. I'm sure we will get there on time.

I finished off my preparations, checked that I hadn't left anything switched on which shouldn't be and then grabbing my shoes and coat I picked up my case and we went out to her car. It was still only six fifteen as she turned on the ignition and we headed off down Church Hill and turned towards Woolchester.

Southwood is a pretty little seaside town and the hotel that the course was being held at, the Lee Hotel was on a cliff road above the town. There were only twelve delegates which was good but the course was not particularly interesting. It was all to do with interpersonal skills and I don't think I actually have a problem with those. At least when I have been personal with people nobody has ever complained or failed to get satisfaction.

The first day finished just before six and Sally and I went back to our rooms to freshen up before dinner. One thing I love above anything else is spending all day amongst people with whom I have virtually nothing in common and then be able to have dinner with them as well. Thank goodness for Chardonnay and Pinot Grigio they at least manage to make things a little more bearable.

Day two was equally exhilarating but this time Sally and I decided to bow out of dinner with the others and see whether we could find somewhere a bit more entertaining down in the town.

After a quick drink in the hotel bar we got a taxi down the hill and found a nice little restaurant near the harbour. I hadn't spent much time with Sally at work because she was mostly in the front shop while I was more involved in the tuition side of the business. She was, I discovered very

knowledgeable and exceedingly pretty. Over dinner we had a discussion about men and sex and then more discussions about sex and eventually the conversation turned to sex.

Sally was taller than me probably five three or five four. Slim, good figure, pretty breasts I guess 36A's. Fascinating hair, just off the shoulder and a wonderful copper colour similar to mine but much nicer, probably not natural but it was lovely.

"What do you think of the West Country then Harriet?"

"Nice so far but the weather has been pretty good since I moved down here. What is it like in the winter?"

"Wet, but not too cold usually. Are you enjoying the job?"

"Yes it's nice being in a musical environment at work and hopefully if there is any interest I should be able to start giving some lessons soon as well. By the way what are we actually doing here on this course?"

"Keeping the Management happy that's all. They have this wonderful idea that if you send the staff on courses then everything in the world will be perfect and profits will increase. Not sure I agree with them but if it keeps the peace and we get a few days in a nice hotel all expenses paid then who am I to argue."

She was a lady after my own heart. The first half of the training wasn't too bad and after a few glasses of wine I was beginning to loosen up and enjoy the experience. Sally is pretty too, or have I said that before? The conversation went back to sex again, funny that.

"So you're not married Harriet?"

"No I had a partner last year but that's over now thank goodness. Although I did have an interesting experience on the train in to work on Monday. Quite forward the guys down here aren't they."

I suddenly realized something I should have thought about before this. Lewis must wonder why he hasn't seen me on the train for the last two days. Oh shit, I should have let him know. Sorry bad language, too much wine, no never too much but anyway. I don't have his number and it was too late on Monday to walk back round to his and tell him what was happening. I hope he understands it wasn't my fault. I suppose I could always call round at the weekend and sort things out with him.

"So what happened on the train?"

Yes that's what I will do I'll go round to Honey Lane on Saturday morning and make it up to him.

"Harriet? The train? What happened?"

"Oh sorry I was miles away. Yes the train. Right."

I told her all about Lewis and the train and Monday night and although I was now sure she was gay she was very interested in what I had to say.

"So are you planning on seeing him again?"

"I don't know. He didn't give me his number and I forgot to give him mine. It might have been deliberate on his part though."

"But you know where he lives?"

"Yes."

"So nothing to stop you calling round then."

"Only my self-esteem and pride. I hate being made to look like an idiot and if all I am is a Monday fuck then I would rather not know about it."

"Well if you decide not to pursue him there are plenty more fish in the sea." Sally put her hand on my arm as she said this and there was a frisson of excitement that passed between us. "You are really cute you know Harriet." I was right she was not just consoling me. I put my hand on top of hers and gave her fingers a gently squeeze.

"Why don't we finish this wine and get back to the Hotel?"

Was I wrong, had I misjudged the situation? No I don't think so. Sally emptied her glass while I got the bill.

"How much do I owe?" Sally asked.

"Nothing, this one's on me. You can pay next time. Tomorrow night."

I dropped my credit card on the plate and the waiter produced the card machine. Ten minutes later and we were back in a taxi heading up the cliff road towards the hotel. Throughout the short taxi ride Sally had her hand on my leg. We picked up our keys from reception and then she took my hand and led me like a nervous schoolgirl on a first date upstairs to her room. We were hardly inside when she put her arms around me and pulled me towards her. It had been a while since I last kissed a girl but the familiar sensation of the soft feeling of her breasts against mine and the tender way she let her hand run through the hair on the back of my neck as she moved my face towards hers was so wonderful. Our mouths met, lips parted and tongues touched as our breath mingled in a passionate but lingering kiss. I wrapped my arms around her waist as her tongue sought out the tip of mine and they both entwined like lampreys in a summer stream.

"Mmmm I wondered how long it would be before this happened." Sally murmured as she momentarily disentangled her lips from mine. "I noticed you when you came down for that interview last month and thought to myself, I bet she's straight, what a waste."

"I've never been straight or gay." I replied stroking a strand of hair out of her eyes and running my fingers over her prominent cheekbone. "Why do we need labels. If somebody is attractive then it doesn't make any difference what gender they display does it?"

"To be honest I couldn't fuck a man. All that machismo is too much for me. I haven't met one yet who didn't want to dominate. Have you?"

"I guess not, but there are times when a little bit of gentle submissiveness is called for. I don't mind responding to that as long as it's not violent. I have had too much of that." I ran my fingers through her beautiful copper coloured tresses while I spoke.

"You have been with women before though?"

"Oh yes. There are some things only two girls can enjoy. Men just don't get it sometimes, although I haven't met one yet who didn't enjoy watching."

"Well nobody is watching tonight Harriet." With that Sally took my hand again and led me across the room to the edge of the bed.

I stood, feet together demurely while she pulled my jumper off over my head revealing the jonquil yellow bra I had put on for the evening.

"Oh you are so tiny." Sally breathed as she ran her hand down from my shoulder and over the small cup of my bra. "Mmmm"

I reached behind me and unfastened the bra clip shrugging my shoulders and allowing the straps to fall down my arms. I dropped the unwanted fragment of cotton and lace on the bed as Sally cupped both of my almost non-existent breasts in her hands moving her palms so slowly but so entrancingly over my nipples. I could feel them rising to the warmth of her hands and I knew she could feel my arousal. I leaned in and turning my face up to hers we kissed again this time it lasted so long I thought I was going to run out of breath.

"May I?" I asked as I drew the kiss to a close and put my fingers on the front of her blouse.

"Of course." She replied and I slowly but decisively unbuttoned the four pearl studs holding her blouse together down the front until I could take it off and allow it to join my bra on top of the duvet.

I am quite happy having bee stings for boobs but it must be nice to be fuller in that area I thought as I removed her bra and released her pert firm breasts to the air. Her nipples were large rising from the centre of two pale brown areolae and as soon as the cool evening air hit them they stiffened dramatically. I had never seen nipples quite so long. Her breasts were gloriously pale fruit sitting temptingly on her chest but her nipples seemed too large for them. I ran my hand over her left breast and her nipple hardened dramatically.

"Wow" I couldn't help it, the exclamation escaped my lips before I could stop it.

"I know, awful aren't they." Sally said as her face slipped into one of sadness. "I so wish I had little titties like yours Harriet."

I attempted to console her by lowering my chin and bending my knees slightly so I could get my lips to her chest I took her left nipple in my mouth and ran my tongue over the tip. It seemed to respond and before long I found myself with both hands on her breast suckling her like a baby.

"They taste wonderful to me Sally, don't put yourself down, we are all different." I continued sucking on her teat as she stroked my small tits.

The sensation of her long nipple against my tongue was so arousing I wondered whether she felt the same pleasure at the other end of my tongue. I was starting to melt as her hands ran circles all over my chest and I wanted to get her naked. We separated for a moment and quickly removed the rest of our clothes before standing together beside the bed and admiring the different figures that emerged from within them.

I am small, no doubt about it. Slender hips, narrow waist, vanishing tits and between my thighs the soft smooth hump of my pudenda with the tight pussy slit disappearing between my legs. Sally had a body that was so different but so feminine. Sally is twenty eight, only a few inches taller maybe four or five but her body shape was so much more womanly than mine. Her shoulders were quite broad and her chest with those two glorious pink grapefruits and their extended nipples so much more tantalizing. She had a little bit of weight, not fat, but fuller in the waist and hip. Child bearing hips they used to call them but given her obvious dislike of the male species whether they ever would bear fruit who could tell. My eyes were drawn to her pubes however. Unlike me she did not shave and I now knew that she was a natural redhead. A mass of copper curls crowned the triangle at the junction of her thighs and spread like a soft carpet up the base of her tummy culminating in a point just below her belly button. I am not a fan of hirsute ladies usually but the glowing copper colour of her bush was actually really, really pretty and although her slit was concealed in the undergrowth I knew that it was going to be fun searching for it.

We sat on the edge of the bed as I kissed her and then fell backwards onto the pillows while we embraced and our legs intertwined. I could feel the hair on her pussy mound tickling my thigh as I rubbed my leg back and forth between hers.

The good thing about lesbian sex is it doesn't have the urgency of that between men and women. There is no rush, everything is done almost in slow motion. Our breasts rubbed together as we clung to each other. Her long nipples pressing against the firmer tissue of my little nubs. Our arms wrapped around each other in such a loving embrace I never wanted it to end. Our mouths sought out each other's lips our tongues teased and tasted the sweetness of each other's saliva. Our juices mingled in a moment of such intense ecstasy it was like nothing I had ever felt before. Yes I had made love to girls before but Sally was different. Was it the novelty of a new situation or was it that she had more experience in the Sapphic arts than I. Time was flying by as we held each other, and twenty minutes later we were still entwined in our loving knot, arms and legs blending together as our bodies joined in the softest sweetest embrace. Our faces clung together as kiss followed kiss.

"Would you like a drink?" Sally eventually said as she pulled her lips away from mine."

"Sure, shall I get it?"

"Please, I want to watch your little bottom anyway and the mini-bar is on the other side of the room." Sally smiled as I untangled my legs from hers and got up off the bed. As I trotted across the room to the bar I wiggled my hips at her. "Lovely. I can't wait for the view when you come back."

I bent over and opened the door on the mini-bar and in doing so succeeded in displaying my slit through the gap in my thighs.

"Like that Sally?" I looked back over my shoulder to see her lying on the bed her hand between her legs. "Yes I guess you do." I giggled. "There's red or white wine in here which one?"

"I prefer white if you don't mind the red."

"Anything for me as long as it's wet, even wine."

I took both little bottles out and poured us a glass each taking them back to the bed.

"Thanks my love." Sally said taking the glass of Pinot from me. "Cheers."

I sat on the edge of the bed and sipped from my glass of Merlot. I let my hand rest on Sally's stomach and absentmindedly twirled her pubic hair between my fingers. Sally returned the favour and sliding her hand between my thighs her fingers sought out the puffy lips hidden away in the pink triangle formed by my legs and pudenda. I parted them slightly so she could reach deeper between my legs. It felt so nice having the slender fingers of another girl touching my pussy. I was starting to moisten under the stimulation as her hand pressed against my leg and the side of her palm rubbed up and down between my lips.

My juices are starting to flow freely now. Sally is so wonderful to be with and I am enjoying the touch of a soft body against me. Sally continues to kiss me and caress my pussy, exploring a little more each time. She takes her hand away for a moment and strokes my chest her finger running down between my little tits and then down further again back towards my tummy. I shuffle further onto the bed and as she touches me my back arches in response. She must be able to feel my juices starting to flow

"Are you alright with this Harriet?" Sally looks imploringly into my eyes.

"It's fine Sally. We are just having a little fun. Nobody is going to get hurt." I replied.

I lean over towards her and start kissing her again. Sally melts under the touch of my lips on hers. I move further onto the bed and then lifting myself up I move on top of Sally and her breasts flatten between us. My weight on top of her extracts an even more passionate response from her lips and tongue. I start to move my weight and transfer my kisses down her body. First I tease her neck and then my mouth finds her collar bone and between her beautiful breasts as they fall to each side leaving her chest free for my advances. I pause and turn aside to administer my love to each breast in turn. I lick the soft mounds and Sally moans with pleasure. I am getting so wet now.

I continue down her body. Kissing her ribs, the swell of her belly. I start to notice the scent of Sally's pussy as it moistens. The scent is intoxicating and I respond in kind.

I am so turned on now I have to resist the temptation just to plunge my fingers into my own pussy and masturbate as I would have done had I been alone. I move my face lower until my mouth is within kissing distance of the forest of copper curls rising above the top of Sally's thighs. My chin brushes her pubic hair and it must be transferring a tickling sensation down the rise of her mound. I put my face between her thighs and she moves them aside to let my mouth burrow in her bush in search of the source of those wonderful aromas. I find her slit and kiss along the crease where her lips reunite at the base of her pudenda. I have never kissed a girl who hasn't shaved her pussy before and it was a different experience, but I was so turned on nothing was going to stop me getting to the elixir of her pussy juices. As my tongue reached the top of her cunt Sally gasped in anticipation and excitement. I laughed softly against her mound, my amusement muffled by her dense shrubbery.

I avoided going straight in for her slit and started to lick Sally's inner thighs. Her legs spread of their own accord and her hips started to rise towards my mouth. The smell of her juices was intoxicating. Sally started to buck her hips more and more as I increased the pressure.

Now I had found El Dorado I stared at her soft lips hidden amongst the copper curls. Her pussy juice was making the inner edges of her lips shiny and inviting. I returned to licking Sally's thighs and slowly pushed her legs further apart, opening up the lips and giving full access to her wonderfully

pink and wet vulval cave.

I moved my face further forward. My tongue traced from the bottom of her cleft right up to her clitoris. I licked my lips not wanting to lose any of the lovely taste of her cunt juices. Sally's breathing was speeding up slightly and that encouraged me to press on with my explorations..

I leant in again and my tongue started to explore the folds of her gorgeous quivering pussy. Sally's hips were bucking and as I looked up I could see she had her hands on her breasts pulling at those long nipples, getting her more and more excited. I put my hands under Sally's bottom in order to push her delicious pussy further into my mouth. I located her bud and rolled my tongue around her now hardening and sensitive clit causing more moans and groans to emit from Sally's lips. I lifted my head again to stare at the precious grotto in front of me and gently but firmly pushed two fingers deep into Sally's vagina. Once I could feel the wet muscular sides of her vagina throbbing against my probing fingers I went back to suck on Sally's clit while I continued to finger fuck her.

As Sally's movements grew more pronounced I pushed a third finger inside her. She was so wet now It was starting to run down my fingers. Sally's breathing was getting erratic and she took one hand away from her tits and pressing down on the back of my head held me firmly against her cunt.

Soon I could feel both her hands on my head and her bucking hips meant I had little to do she was actually fucking my mouth and fingers as my tongue flicked around her sensitive clitoris. I sucked harder on her clit and my fingers started to move faster and deeper. Once more Sally thrust her hips up and I tasted a mouthful of her gorgeous juices as she came against my face The scent from her slit was now that of a woman in the full throws of orgasm.

Eventually her movements slowed and she released her grip on my head. I removed my fingers from my lover's dripping cunt and watched as more juices flowed out of her. I leant forward and lapping like a kitten at a bowl of milk I cleaned up all of her wetness causing Sally to moan again.

Now the first flush of passion was over I knelt between her legs and watched my lovely Sally as she lay back, sweaty and satisfied from her orgasm. After a few minutes of thinking how wonderful she was I moved up and lay beside Sally on the bed, our heads together on the pillow. I leant over her and kissed her deeply with her pussy juices still on my lips. Sally returned the kiss hungrily.

"Mmmmmm, can you taste it how lovely you are on my lips?" I said as we parted.

"Yes, sorry I came so hard. I hope it wasn't too much for you?"

"Too much? Compared to the mess men seem to get us into that was perfect. I love the taste of girls actually. Would you like to share some of mine now?" I replied hoping Sally would say yes.

"Of course I would. Lay back and let the Sally see the kitten."

I lay on my back as Sally traced a similar route down my body as I had done on hers before. She spent a particularly long time paying extra special attention to the flatness of my chest and the little breast bumps. Nothing like hers but my nipples were still firm and jutting up from my chest. Sally positioned her lips over my right nipple and sucking gently took what little there was of it between her lips and rolled her tongue over the sensitive tip making me shudder.

She eventually relinquished her hold on my budding breast and moved down further where she was presented with my perfectly smooth and hairless pussy mound. I was lying still breathing heavily in anticipation

"Just touch me Sally I need your fingers. Slip one into me please."

Sally leaned forward and tentatively slid her forefinger in between my puffy cunt lips. I couldn't help myself I instantly moaned as I felt her entering my vulva

"Oh yes, that's it. Mmmmm move it deeper. Oh yeah. Oh Sally, more. Give me more."

Sally added another finger and as they parted my soft lips that familiar scent rose into the air between my thighs as my vagina started to leak juice.

"Taste me Sally, lick me. Oh taste my pussy."

Sally took her fingers out of my slit and putting them to her lips sucked the sexy moisture off them. I watched as she tasted the juices on her finger. After the first lick she went back for more and once her hand was wet she again took her fingers away from my cunt and licked the juices from them.

"Mmmmmmmm, now I want more" Sally said. "Men don't know what it's like to enjoy a woman properly. Too intent on getting their cocks inside us when the tongue is a much more pleasurable experience."

She settled between my legs and expectantly licked her lips while looking at the dripping cunt before her. She leaned forward and plunged her tongue inside my vulva. She explored the folds with her tongue and finding she wanted to drink more and more of the succulent juices she pushed her tongue deeper into the opening of my vagina. I started moaning loudly and started to fuck her face as Sally sucked and licked my swollen pussy lips. It was my turn to get close to orgasm now and I knew that I was the equal of Sally. When it came to orgasms I could compete with the best of them. Her tongue hit a sensitive spot inside my vagina and that was it. I went over the edge and ground my slit onto her mouth as I came like a torrent.

Sally seemed to enjoy it as much as I had when she came on me. When she lifted her head and looked at me her face was slick with my juices. She looked beautiful. I took hold of her hair and gently lifted her towards me so I could taste myself on her lips. I kissed her long and hard. We lay together again, breasts heaving with the exertion and with our hands between each other's thighs feeling the dampness of mutual satisfaction on our cunts.

"I have an idea" Sally said after we had regained our composure.

She got out of bed and I watched her walk over to her suitcase. I watched as she bent over it and from behind I could see the delightful sight of her bare wet cunt and her pubic hair also sodden with sex. My hand moved down to my own slit and I started to spread my moisture over my own pussy lips. When she stood up Sally was holding a double ended dildo. I gasped. Sally climbed back into bend and ran the end down between my legs.

"You brought that with you?" I asked, "What on earth were you expecting from this course?"

“Well you never know when the opportunity might arise” Sally winked at me. “If you had proved to be a boring person and not into a bit of fun then it would have given me something to amuse myself with.”

She continued to move the thick dildo up and down between my thighs taking care not to touch my outer lips. Just teasing me with it. She then knelt and placed the head in her mouth. I watched as Sally sucked deeply on the dildo. My eyes stayed locked on Sally as her eyes glazed over in sexual anticipation.

She withdrew the head and as I moved my legs further apart she placed it at the entrance of my cleft. The anticipation of what was to come resulted in my juices flowing again. So much so that the thick long dildo easily moved into my aching cunt. Sally started to fuck my pussy long and hard with the dildo. She kept getting me closer and closer to the edge but refused to let me boil over. I couldn't stand it I was begging her to let me cum. I needed relief but Sally would not give it to me, at least not yet. I guessed that Sally's juices were also flowing like mine as she positioned herself between my legs. She took the other end of the dildo and plunged it into her own slit. Once it was joining us together like two bookends I started to buck against the dildo wanting to feel it go in and out of me. I was desperate to be fucked by Sally. We were now lying with our heads at opposite ends of the bed legs draped over each other, dildo trapped in the two slick pussies and our cunt lips now grinding against each other like two lovers kissing passionately.

It wasn't long before we got into a rhythm of moving back and forth on the dildo while also grinding our clits against each other. I reached out and took hold of Sally's calf and she grabbed my ankle.

Holding on to each other we were able to increase the speed of our fucking and the dildo went in and out of our pussies harder and harder. I was in ecstasy and could not hold back from my orgasm which surged up my body from where we were conjoined at the hip until my face flushed with the intensity. However Sally wasn't finished yet. She made sure I didn't allow the dildo to slip out and holding my ankle tight she pulled me towards her until I could feel the head of the plastic penis rubbing against my cervix deep inside. I was so wet now. I had never squirted before but I was sure that if it was ever going to happen, tonight was the night. I joined in again and thrust my hips down and back again feeling the thickness of the silicone deep inside me vagina. The room was filled with the smell of sex and the sound of muffled screams of two girls in the throes of orgasm. The bed sheets were wet with sweat and pussy juice. Not a nice job being a chambermaid.

After a while, our bodies both tensed at the same time and our juices mingled once more.

We fell back, collapsed exhausted, panting and satisfied against the bed. Legs still pointing up towards each other's breasts and pussies touching in a final kiss of delight. We gradually, once we had settled, pulled our hips apart. As the dildo was withdrawn from our aching cunts I moaned slightly and the soaking wet dildo fell onto the sheet between us. I moved it aside and turning round so we faced the same way I drew Sally towards me. Our hot sweaty bodies intertwined. We were happy and satisfied. Sally's head rested upon my breast as I stroked her hair.

“I have to tell you something”, I whispered softly, “Ever since I first saw you in the shop when I was waiting for my interview I wondered what it would be like to make love to you. That was before I was offered the position and I thought it would never happen. Then when I started on Monday and there was no sign of you anywhere I thought the chance had gone forever.”

Sally looked up at me and said "I actually have something to tell you too. A confession I guess."

"Oh dear what?"

"Dave isn't sick."

"No? Then why isn't he here on the course?"

"Because I convinced him that he didn't really want to get any more training and I had plans. He didn't take much convincing to feign illness and I knew if he wasn't coming then the boss would fall back on you to stand in. Just so glad you didn't cry off as well."

I looked at her with that devious glint in her eye. "You cunning little minx. So this was just you being devious, just so you could get into my knickers. So was it anything like you expected?"

"It was brilliant," Sally said as she gently kissed my forehead. "I was really unsure about it. I was taking quite a chance, you might have been straighter than a really straight person. That's why I brought the dildo with me. The thought of spending four days on my own or worse still with somebody who didn't want to play would have been unbearable. So I brought my little friend Percy along."

"Umm I'm glad you did. Glad I agreed to step up and also very glad to meet Percy." I gave her a slobbery kiss on the lips to underline how much fun I was having.

"Do you have to go back to your room tonight? I can set an alarm so you can go back to yours and get changed before breakfast. I would really love to sleep with you tonight."

I agreed to stay and as things turned out we didn't actually get much sleep. I explained to Sally that having met Lewis I was now a bit confused and would need to work out where things went from here. I did want to make the best use of our time together in Southwood and the training sessions were going to get in the way but at least we had another night we could spend in each other's arms before going back home.

We did agree that even if anything came of the Harriet Lewis relationship this was not going to be the end of our 'friendship' and I would make certain that Lewis knew I was not going to be his exclusively. Sally would always be there, even if our liaisons were infrequent, this was not going to be the last time we made love to each other.

CHAPTER 4 – MONDAY EVENING

Monday evening in the same week. 48 hours BS (Before Sally)

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

I drifted in and out of sleep for a couple of hours after our first delightful fuck. I pondered what had happened. Lewis was cute. He had a really pretty penis, not too big but big enough and I loved the long foreskin which kept his delights hidden so long even when fully aroused.

Lewis's arm is draped across my hips as he sleeps half on top of me. My cute little breasts are rising and falling in time with my soft breathing. My shoulders are soft and smooth and white. He lies spooning my bottom and I let myself relax so completely. Occasionally he stirs, he slightly wriggles his hips against my cheeks and his manhood responds in the only way it knows how. Semi hard now, his weak erection twitches against the crack between my cheeks.

If I didn't know this was for real I would swear I was dreaming the whole thing. It had been so long since I had had a man in my bed I had almost forgotten the wonderful feeling of a penis slipping into my crack. Not overtly sexual but holding so much promise of pleasure to come.

The late evening sun pours in through the bedroom window. There is still a reasonable amount of heat in the sun's rays which warms my arm resting limply on the pillow as my hand lies underneath my cheek. I feel Lewis's fingers as they softly trace the outline of my spine while his other hand which is resting on my hip curls inward so his fingertips softly stroke my bald pussy mound. It feels wonderful. Not a hard sexual stroke but a soft, tender display of what actually really feels like true affection.

Firm beneath the skin my pubic bone presses back against his fingers, my skin smooth as a baby. He moves his elbow just ever so slightly and eases himself closer to my arched back. His hand creeps forward and rests gently with his palm on my pubis and his fingers trace the sweet outlines of my twin labia. My pussy has the outer lips of a child not of a fully grown woman. My inner lips are small, hardly formed yet and my outer lips are soft and perfectly closed hiding the beauty of my vulva. Why my sex has stayed like that I have no idea but it has always had the effect of turning men on really fast. Are they all addicted to childlike pussies? I move my leg very slightly as I feel him easing a finger between my outer lips and then sliding it gently up and down my slit. Up and down my pretty slit taking care not to wake me. I am sure he thinks I am still fast asleep and the thought that he is taking illicit liberties is having a massive effect on his erection.

Now he is getting more serious. I feel his finger as it slips between my lips and I find it difficult to maintain the pretence of sleep. I just want to push my hips onto his hand and bury his finger deep inside my vagina.

I wonder whether he can feel the dampness starting to leak out of me. Without my intervention my lips are parting in anticipation. His fingers continue drawing circles around my pussy. It is such a lovely feeling.

I decide to make my presence felt and stir slightly so he knows I am waking. My breathing gets less

shallow. My eyes flicker slowly open and I can see my reflection in the mirror as he nudges his hips away from me and I roll onto my back.

I make no effort to dislodge his hand though as it now cups the softness of my pussy. Freed from the constraint of my buttock cleft his penis springs hard and erect in the cooling air. His hand covers my slit and he eases two fingers between my lower lips now, he parts them slightly revealing inside the lovely pink colours of my sex.

He looks at my face as his penis reacts to the sensation of my moistness on his fingertips. I am wide awake now, staring at him with a tantalizing smile flickering across my mouth.

"So, are you having fun?" He asks. I look at him and my 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 I don't know about you but 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" I laughed "Oh and I'm so glad you like me." I whisper as his hand moves away from my cunt and up my soft sloping belly.

"No, don't I was enjoying that". I catch his hand just short of my belly button and force it back down between my legs. "Do you like me, really?" I simpered, a little girl lost look crossing my 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 were on the train home from Woolchester.

"Yeah and within an hour of those first special words you had your penis buried in my cunt" Hearing me say that word made his cock twitch in excitement. I guess he wasn't used to hearing girls using words like 'cunt'.

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

"Well, you want me to brutally honest?" I 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"

"Yep, spot on. Leave my bed and never return. 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"

He didn't need asking twice but rolled me onto my stomach and getting behind me hoisted my hips up slightly so he could get a good thrust between my butt cheeks and into my deliciously damp pussy. With his legs each side of my lily white thighs his penis disappeared between my cheeks and I felt it nudging

against my lower lips. Not far now, just one more push and my outer lips parted allowing his rock hard member to edge its way between my tiny tight inner lips. The feeling as the tip slipped between them and his foreskin rolled down the shaft allowing the engorged head to enter my sweet tight vagina was absolute heaven. I could feel every movement as my vaginal muscles milked his hard penis to the point where I was almost screaming with pleasure. Each slide in was greeted by my vice-like grip which squeezed and held his cock so tight. After ploughing the depths of my womb he pulled back and the backing out gave a whole new meaning to ecstasy.

Unlike earlier when the urgency of getting inside me for the very first time had meant that he had exploded almost as soon as his cock head touched my cervix this time he took things so much more slowly. Inch by pleasant inch his penis rubbed inside me. I could feel every contraction of my muscles, as they squeezed the life out of his cock.

He wrapped his arms around my slender upper body and reached for my tiny almost pre-teen breasts, so soft, so pert, so beguilingly deliciously wonderful. Each breast settled neatly in the palm of his hand my tiny pink nipple hardly discernible until it started to swell almost imperceptibly and responded to his ministrations the way I so wanted it to. Gently circling his palms, right clockwise and left counter clockwise he gradually brought me to a heightened state of arousal which made my vagina leak juice as it wrapped his penis in soft wet heat. My nipples were now fully erect and I knew he could feel the little buds pressing into the palms of his hands

He thrust harder and deeper until his stomach was pressed right up against my buttocks and his member was buried deep inside. A few more plunges into my warm inviting cunt and it was all over. His penis throbbed, swelled and disgorged an enormous wad of semen against the walls of my vagina and the entrance to my uterus. I twitched and convulsed as my orgasm hit and my body received his loving gift.

“Oooooooooooooooooohhhh Goooooooooddddddd” I suddenly realized it was me screaming in ecstasy while my body tensed and relaxed in absolute silence underneath his manliness.

His weight was crushing me into the bed so he lifted himself off me and rolled away to lie beside me as his cock went flaccid and leaked all over the sheets. Not my problem though, this was his bed and his laundry.

He turns my head towards him and plants a soft kiss on my 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?”

“I guess I 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 saw you and 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”

He let me carry on talking without interruption while I could see him feasting his eyes on the beauty of

my 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"

"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."

I had always had a mild father daughter complex, but then I think most girls have a secret crush on their fathers.

"You had that same little boy lost look in your eyes and when I saw you look at me in such a sad way but with just a hint of interest it reminded me of what my Daddy looked like. Maybe you and I can do what he never did but what I always wanted him to." He didn't know I was not telling the whole truth.

"After that first meeting I had to work out how to meet you again. 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, that you were either divorced or separated. I decided to see if you were on the train on the way home"

"Why didn't you just wait for tomorrow?"

"Because I was feeling bloody horny, I haven't had a good fuck for ages. Fortunately you were on the train, 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" He interjected. "Boy am I glad you found me or this evening wouldn't have happened. 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"

He had completely forgotten that he had invited my round for a meal and that was ages ago.

"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've got a Paella in the refrigerator, 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 a shower and don't you dare come in and start over, I need food."

He got a silk dressing gown out of his wardrobe.

"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."

I jumped off the bed all pink flesh, little bouncing tits and flowing auburn hair. I grabbed the gown and swirled into the bathroom leaving him alone in the bedroom. Before turning on the shower I took a quick pee. The sound of the shower flowing disguising the sound of me tinkling in the loo.

I showered, went back to the bedroom when I heard him calling to see if I was ready yet.

"Nearly ready. How's the food coming along?"

"Same as you, nearly ready" He 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"

When he appeared at the bedroom door I was still in the silk dressing gown but now almost fully made up again, my hair still slightly damp from the shower. I was putting the finishing touches to my mascara and the gown had fallen open slightly revealing one pale soft breast with its subtle pink nipple. He handed a glass to me and I hastily brought the edges of the gown together and took it from him.

"I thought you would have been dressed by now." He said.

"No, didn't seem to be much point in that" I 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?"

"Of course not. So, it's Prawns, Paella and Profiteroles, is that to my ladies satisfaction?"

"Sounds like a lot of 'Pee's' to me. " My little joke making him laugh out loud.

"I love a bit of 'Pee' He replied"

"Next time" I winked again "I will let you help me".

He moved closer put his glass on the dressing table and nuzzled the back of my neck where my shiny auburn hair flowed down over the shoulders of the gown. I put my head on one side as his warm breath stirred the shorter hairs on my neck. I felt his hand which had slipped unconsciously inside the front of the gown and was gently rotating around my right breast. My soft nipple hardened again under his touch as he turned his face to me and we kissed tenderly. He gave my breast a quick squeeze and then

said.

"Come on then, let's get to it"

We sat opposite each other at the Dining Room table and I made a start on the prawn cocktail.

"How do you like Penstone then" He asked.

"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?" He was fishing for compliments, typically insecure man.

"Probably, I need to give you a good trial first." I replied. "Anyway tell me something about yourself, I don't know anything apart from that you fuck nicely."

"Right, stand by for astounding revelations" He laughed.

"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 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."

I looked up from my prawn cocktail at that. "So you liked little girls then as well?"

"What do you mean?" He looked a bit uncomfortable. "You said you were twenty."

"Which is true but you are old enough to be my Daddy."

"Anyway." He returned to his story. "I went to 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 together for about five years before the relationship broke down. I moved out, 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?"

"Not really, not according to Melinda anyway."

Melinda I thought, what sort of a name is that. I giggled uncontrollably

"It's from the Greek word for honey but believe me she was far from sweet but did have quite a sting."

Lewis fetched the Paella and garlic bread. Hmm Garlic. Oh well at least we were both eating it.

As for the rest of the evening well I would hate to excite you so let's just say after the meal I was on the menu and Lewis sampled a little of everything on offer.

CHAPTER 5 – THE TRAIN

Monday morning.

Dressed in a summery yellow blouse under a thin cashmere cardigan. Short skirt but not too short, about two inches above the knee, after all I'm not on holiday. Have to go in to work today. I am enjoying going to work at the moment. I haven't been down here in Bassetshire very long and at last I am doing something I have always wanted to do which is work involving music and instruments. My skirt was a recent purchase from Debenhams, it is a sort of blue, 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, sunray I think they are called. I prefer to wear skirts above the knee because I am quite proud of my legs. They are reasonably shaped and in stockings can look quite alluring.

A pair of two inch high-heeled court shoes in beige completes today's ensemble.

Heels make me feel quite tall, well anything that adds to five foot has got to be an advantage.

A short walk to the station down the hill and in through the white wicket gate onto the platform. Just in time, the train is already there. Have to get my ticket at the other end again. The ticket office is rarely open in time for the morning rush.

I squeeze in through the open carriage door just before the train starts to move off. Nowhere to sit, typical. I move forward avoiding the sweaty armpits of business men in suits blocking the way. Being short does have some advantages. In the far corner of the carriage there is a guy standing alone, well as alone as you can be in crowded train. He looks quite cute, late thirties I guess. Suit and tie but he has lovely eyes. I ease myself towards him for a closer look. He doesn't seem to have noticed me. That's disappointing, a girl goes to all that trouble making herself pretty in the morning and then becomes invisible? Going to have to do something about that I guess.

He seems to have squeezed himself into the corner. Maybe I can squeeze myself into the space in front of him. I just get myself into position but before I can grab hold of one of the hand rails the train starts off and lurches quite violently and I can't prevent myself falling back against him.

Ah, that was a surprise. My bottom fell back against his crotch and instead of encountering nothing of any significance, I find myself rubbing my cheeks against what can only be a semi-rigid penis.

I can't just ignore it after all, like I said, he is kind of cute. I look up and back over my shoulder and then moving away slightly down to the offending object. What am I talking about. Offending? I was not offended, it has been ages since I have been that close to a penis, erect or otherwise

Nothing much to see regrettably, but I wasn't mistaken I am sure something had got him stirring early today. I carefully take another look over my shoulder. He is staring down the carriage, almost as if he realizes that I might have noticed his excitement. Nice face, not rugged, a bit effeminate maybe but attractive. Dark hair with a few flecks of grey, medium length maybe in need of a trim soon. His suit fits well, not an athletic build but not flabby either.

The man in front of me has edged slightly closer which is a bit embarrassing because he clearly missed out on this morning's shower. I move myself as far back from him as I can given the fact that the carriage is really crowded. My handbag is hanging on my left shoulder while I keep myself from falling by gripping the hand rail. With my other hand I reach behind me and smooth my skirt down over my bottom. The carriage shudders again as we go over some points and I realize that with the back of my hand brushing my skirt down my palm is facing outwards. Oops, there it is again but this time I feel it with my fingers rather than my buttock. It's not getting any smaller.

I sense that the man is getting closer and it feels as if he is looking down over my shoulder. Not much to see today, no cleavage and for that matter not much in the way of tits either. Without realizing what I am doing while brushing the pleats of my skirt I am also obviously stroking the front of his trousers with my palm and at the same time seem to be stimulating the hidden sausage inside his fly.

Now that wasn't the train, that was deliberate, he moved his hips and his penis pressed firmly against my hand. I continue stroking it. Seems we have both found a pleasurable way of passing the journey. This carries on for several minutes before I ask myself what on earth am I doing and take my hand away.

A mile or two later, five minutes at the speed we are moving and I feel a gradual warmth as he places his hand on my right buttock. Yeah this is fun, haven't had quite such an interesting trip to work for a long time. The coach is rocking as the train speeds towards its destination. It isn't a stroke on my bottom now, it is a definite squeeze. He's getting bolder. Good job this is all happening behind me and out of sight of the other travelers. Good job I am enjoying it as well. I guess it would have ruined his day if I had swung round and slapped him. No, I would never be that mean, if I hadn't been enjoying it then I would just ignore him until we got to our destination. No point in getting violent, that never achieves anything.

So, decisions, decisions, what to do about this? Only one thing in my mind. I put my hand back and this time give his crotch a distinct rub. Ooo that is hard now. Feels lovely too. I step back just an inch or two so my bum can put added pressure on my hand where it is stroking up and down the front of his trousers. I can feel his little friend responding to my touch. His face has moved right up behind me now, although he is taller than me I can still feel his chin against my hair. Good job I washed it this morning, at least he can enjoy the scent of my shampoo while his cock gets some attention. Must be careful not to overdo the secret masturbation after all he is on his way to work as well. I really don't want to stop though. The feeling of a man's cock in my hand again is so exciting, I can feel myself getting damp between my legs.

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. I wonder whether he is going to get off here. The train comes to a stop and people move around, positions shifting, newspapers being hastily folded. Several leave the carriage and are replaced by new passengers but my tame penis stays where it is. Not being stroked but waiting patiently for my hand to return. The carriage doors close. All the seats are full. Still a few standing but not as many as before. To keep the action hidden I edge back further until my hand resumes contact.

The train picks up speed, my hand moving in time with the swaying of the carriage. Not stroking so much now but more gently squeezing and releasing, squeezing and releasing. His 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 my hand.

At last we arrive at Woolchester Central station. I feel a certain sadness as I take my hand away giving him a final squeeze as I do. The carriage doors open, people exit the train. I walk forward and as I get off the train turn and throw a smile back at my new found friend. He smiles back and then I am gone, off along the platform and he is lost behind me among the throng of people leaving the station.

Walking through the city toward the Music Store I ponder the events of the morning. Not every day I get a chance like that. Indeed I guess many more well behaved young ladies would have been a little more circumspect in how they responded. Not me, I take the view that in life nothing is offered without a good reason. If I was going to be offered a penis to play with then I was not going to turn it down.

This was my first day at work and I wondered what time he went home. I had planned to get the five thirty but if I did that he might have got an earlier train. I decided to head for the four thirty and trust to luck that he might be on that one. If not then I guess I could hang around outside the station and wait for the later train. If that failed then I would just go home, masturbate and try again in the morning.

As the working day drew to a close I walked back to the station and got on to the train literally moments before it left.

Oh joy, there he is in an almost empty carriage. He is seated facing away from the door I have entered by. I quietly sit myself down next to him ensuring that my thigh rubs against his leg as I do. No reaction, he is pre-occupied staring out of the window. Not to worry, nothing ventured as they say. I rest my hand on his thigh and watch as he turns to look at me. As our eyes meet I smile sweetly at him.

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

"Um, yes, I mean no, sorry, hello" the words tumble out of his mouth uncontrollably.

"I'm Harriet" I said "Harriet Shepard" Nothing for a few moments as he attempts to take in what is happening.

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

"Do you have family in the area?" He asked.

"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" He 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." I chuckled quietly to myself. "Then getting on the home train tonight and seeing you sitting looking out the window I thought well why not say Hi. So Hi. Well say something. Please?"

"Sounds like an excuse to me. Don't tell me you didn't check out this carriage to see if I was here before

you got on? Look Harriet, it is Harriet?"

"Yes you heard that right."

"OK Harriet. 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." I giggled. "Anybody special? Your wife?"

"No, I'm divorced and to be candid how many men do you know apart from newlyweds who get an erection thinking about their wife on the way to work? Anyway what do you think of Woolchester?"

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

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

"No problem, I'm quite open minded you know" my face glowed as he 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. 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" he admitted blushing in embarrassment.

"That's the trouble with teenagers these days." I 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."

"Trouble is, she wasn't exactly a teenager and after seeing her again this morning in her uniform I got inadvertently aroused, which is how you found me on the train."

I looked at him 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." I continued.

"Probably eleven or twelve I guess."

"Hmm definitely not a teenager then."

He looked at me to see if I was disturbed by what he had just revealed. I put his mind at ease by increasing my grip on his thigh and smiling at him.

"You are remarkable Harriet. Do you have anything planned this evening? I can always knock up a meal for two as easy as one if you would care to join me."

"I guess I could, it will save me trying to find something. Thank you. Where do you live by the way?"

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

"Really? I'm just round the corner from you."

The walk back home to Lewis's house was uneventful. Just casual conversation about where he was working now and how long had he been in the area and what went wrong with his marriage. A girl needs to be prepared and have all the relevant data to hand. Lewis opened the door and we went inside. He showed me into the lounge and then having offered me wine which I declined he put the kettle on.

"No pictures of your ex-wife Lewis?" The only photograph I could see in the room was of a pretty blonde girl on a swing. Definitely not his wife. Maybe they had a daughter, I would have to find out later.

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

Once he had made the tea and I had started drinking it I threw a curved ball at him.

"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 and I would hate to sit down to food like this."

"Sure I'll take you upstairs when you are ready,"

"I bet you will" I winked again.

It must have been maybe half an hour before I raised the question again. He took the empty cups into the kitchen and then led the way upstairs. By the time we got upstairs I was down to my skirt, bra and knickers and they quickly came off as I walked along the landing.

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

Who would refuse a suggestion like that? Lewis certainly didn't. In no time at all we were both naked and he was standing next to me staring at my pussy mound. Never one to look a gift horse in the mouth or for that matter a sex kitten in the pussy, he pulled me into the shower. The warm water quickly soaked us both. I wrapped my arms about his neck and he kissed me deeply. In an instant, I felt his tongue probing my lips, then darting past, onward into my mouth like a slippery little eel writhing around on my tongue. He put his left hand on my breast. I was in heaven.

Slowly, he began to move against me, his hands steadily roaming over my slender young frame, to my cheeks, my neck, my shoulders, my back. He eventually broke from our ecstatic embrace, knowing that I, the object of his desire, was his for the taking. He ran his hands over me once more as he slid onto his knees, kissing his way downward, ever closer to the part of me he desired the most. Lovingly licking each erect nipple as he passed by, stopping to plant a kiss on my belly-button, and then, down, down towards the seat of his desire. He found my smooth shaved pussy nestling between my legs. Totally bare, not a sign that I had shaved, almost as if I were still waiting for puberty to set in and make me the woman which I undoubtedly was.

He was soon kissing my mons pubis, so soft and smooth as it jutted above my cleft. Having his tongue so

close to my cunt actually heightened my arousal. He moved further down, towards my labia, my womanhood, and buried his face deep between my thighs,

I moaned as he tongued my pussy, whilst I told him how to give me more pleasure, my hands first running through his hair, then grasping and pushing his face further into the V where my thighs didn't quite meet.

After what seemed an eternity of bliss, my moaning began to intensify to screams of pleasure, as his tongue was achieving what fucking alone often cannot.

He stood, his tongue grazing my belly as he moved upwards.

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

Shame, no possibility of a fuck now, his cock had already started receding back to its former little self. Maybe later.

We toweled each other dry and then searched the route from lounge to bathroom for our clothes.

I gathered them up but decided not to get dressed yet. I followed him naked, with a small towel wrapped around my head into the bedroom. Once in the room I just fell back on the bed amongst the pillows and cushions, legs spread, giving him the opportunity to gaze at the beauty of my bald pussy between my thighs. I was not in the least embarrassed as he feasted on the sight. Eventually he produced another towel and offered to dry my hair for me. I told him I was still a bit damp elsewhere as well which received a quizzical grin from him.

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

I was lying completely naked now on my side, while he was using the towel to dry me off. It felt so beautiful. I watched him as he worked, his hands were moving all over me as his eyes were taking in the whole of my frame from head to toe. The gentle curve of my hip, my slender waist, two tiny feet, and my twinkling eyes, alight with what was an undeniable spark of desire.

By now my skin was starting to glow and the cool air from the window was making my little pink nipples stand proud from my small breasts. He transferred his attention to these, applying gentle pressure to each, squeezing and then tenderly pulling them slightly with shaking hands in the towel. Soon my nipples began to stiffen. He cupped each of my little breasts with his hands. It was as if his palms had been built specifically for this purpose. I had very small breasts which fitted his hands perfectly as he

massaged them, first one, then the other.

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

With his other hand, he drew me closer, pulling me on top of him.

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

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

"It is my first time. With you" He smiled at me.

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

He pressed me tightly against him, stroking my back and thighs and continued kissing my lips while I enjoyed the erotic sensation of his cock rubbing against my slit. Sliding up and down stroking the engorged head against my labia and gently, so tenderly allowing it to slip between them and push up against the firm little bud of my clitoris. All the time, as his cock sought out my inner delights he was stimulating my clit with his finger.

Penetration came without warning.

I was moaning as he fingered me with one hand, while he was playfully pinching one of my nipples with the other. Then suddenly, he lunged his hips violently towards my thighs and in one fluid motion his penis buried itself inside my soft warm folds. My vaginal walls responded as the muscles contracted and his cock drove deeper and deeper inside my exquisite wetness. His face is what I remember most clearly in spite of all the pleasurable sensations between my legs. His mouth was wide open as he sought to gather enough breath to maintain the gentle ferocity of his attack.

My mind went back to the bad days with Steve but this was different this was forceful but at the same time gentle and loving.

We fucked slowly, this first time. Although his initial assault on my honey pot was dominant now he was inside me he was more than willing to let me control his movements. He let me decide how fast or how deep I wanted him to be. Sometimes I would moan some instruction to him, at other moments guiding him with my hands. I spent some of my time on top, sometimes side by side and sometimes beneath him where he seemed to engulf me completely, so childlike was my body and by comparison so large was his.

When he rode me I was able and more than willing to stimulate him with my fingers at the same time while he 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, he would try to tickle me, or he would stroke my smooth soft back causing me to start giggling infectiously. .

Sometimes he would whisper something in my ear. I relished the feel of his penis as it filled my vagina completely.

After a time, perhaps it was forever, I felt the surge of his semen as it burst from the tip of his penis and coursed inwards towards the entrance to my womb.

He must've felt it, too, but merely continued thrusting, not slowing at all until the last drop had left him. Yet even after he finished ejaculating he still moved back and forth inside me massaging his cream into my vaginal walls. Eventually he slowed the pace rather than coming to an abrupt halt. The sensation was so delightful, the feeling of my vagina squeezing his penis helped by me also controlling my pelvic floor muscles. I could feel, and actually hear his semen squelching inside my love tunnel but I was in no hurry for him to withdraw.

Eventually however his cock returned to its unaroused state and unwillingly I let it slide out of me leaving a white trail of semen over my pussy lips as it went flaccid. I pulled my knees up to my belly, turned over into the foetal position and sighing contentedly to myself, fell into the arms of Somnus until morning.

CHAPTER 6 – STEVE

Keith had left town. Who is Keith? All will become clear later. For weeks I was lost not being able to concentrate at work not wanting to go out in the evenings. Sitting at home moping most of the time. He was only a man, everybody said there are plenty more fish in the sea but I didn't want fish. I wanted to get fucked. I had spent so long without a penis I had got used to it but Keith ruined all that. I was nineteen now, I had friends and schoolmates who were married, some with children already. Those who were still single were only single in the legal meaning of the word. None of my girlfriends except me had nobody at all to slip them six inches when they needed it.

Well, that is not totally true. Fiona didn't but then Fiona liked pussy so she was sorted as well.

I had resigned myself to being a spinster all my life and even for my slit to heal over eventually. Then one day, out of the blue and when I least expected it Steve happened.

I was shopping in a local supermarket for, I don't know what for, but something anyway. I had a trolley with about a dozen items in it when I turned out of the aisle where they displayed the sanitary towels and tampons and collided with Steve coming in the opposite direction. I don't think he was aiming for the aisle I was leaving, probably using it as a shortcut to the Beers and Wines. Anyway it doesn't matter where he was going I ran over his foot and smacked him in the ankles with the front of the trolley.

"Jeezus!"

"Oops sorry, did I hurt you?"

"Umm well yes but don't worry about it. I've got another one."

"Another one what?"

"Another leg."

Apart from the fact that he was hopping around on one leg and rubbing his shin with his hand while he had a shopping basket in the other hand, he was quite cute. I quickly appraised him and decided that for somebody an inch shorter than me he wasn't too bad to look at. Left hand, third finger, empty. Clean shaven, well dressed, nice aftershave. Possible.

"Do you need anything? Is your leg alright?"

He put the basket down and holding on to the edge of my trolley rubbed his shin again.

"No it really is OK. I'm a big boy I can take a bit of pain."

He smiled at me and after a few minutes inane chat we separated and he walked off to another part of the shop. I carried on with my shopping adding a box of cornflakes and a packet of teabags before going to the checkout. I unloaded my items onto the conveyor belt and stood waiting for the previous customer to pay when I became aware of somebody standing behind me in the queue.

"Well fancy seeing you again." I turned and there he was behind me. "We must stop meeting like this."

Talk about an obvious line. He unloaded his few items behind mine and standing closer than I usually felt comfortable he whispered into my ear.

"Steve."

I turned towards him, "Who is?"

"I am and now you are supposed to say Hi Steve I'm Rosie."

"Well I will if you want me to but it would be a bit stupid seeing as my name is Harriet."

"Ha Gotcha. So would you like to buy me a drink Harriet? You know to say sorry for assaulting me earlier."

He was a cheeky sod but I have to admit he was attractive and I was a bit horny and, well, long story short I agreed and after leaving the shop and putting my things in the boot of the car I followed him to a local hostelry for a G&T. He was gentleman enough when we got there and he paid for the drinks. I liked him right from the start and we were late leaving the pub. Fortunately I hadn't bought anything perishable so I was able to leave my car in the car park and get a taxi home. I had to remember to get back early in the morning to move it before I got done for overstaying the parking times but it was worth it. I had a great time with Steve and even arranged to meet up with him again at the weekend.

The weekend came around, we went to the pub again, but this time I went back to his place afterwards. As I am sure you can imagine before the night was out we had made love a few times Well an evening out doesn't feel right if you don't get to sit on something hard before it finishes does it?

Over the next few months we spent more and more time together and eventually I agreed to move in with him. After all a girl has needs and there is no doubt he was satisfying mine. He may only be short but he had compensations in other areas. Yes you guessed it he had a big cock. The biggest I had seen in all my extended experience of the male member. Oh and he knew what to do with it as well.

After the sadness of losing Keith, to find another man who was kind and loving and had a cock which fitted my fanny like a glove in a relatively short time was an unexpected thrill. We quickly became an item. He never went anywhere without me and I hated it if I had to leave him behind for whatever reason. I guess some people might say that was the start of our problems. We were too reliant on each other but I could not or would not see it.

I guess it was maybe six weeks after I moved in to his place that I came home late from work after having a drink with two of the Agent's who were celebrating some major house sales. Steve was waiting up as I walked through the door a little bit worse for wear.

"What time do you call this then?" he bellowed at me while I wobbled about trying to get my coat and shoes off and failing miserably in the attempt.

"Oh it's not very late."

"It's eleven thirty, you said you would be back by ten."

There was something about the tone of his voice which even in my slightly befuddled state I wasn't comfortable with.

"Never mind come and give me a hug." I said and started to walk towards him but before I had managed a couple of steps I went over on the heel of my right shoe and almost fell. But he saved me and, I could be wrong, but it seemed he almost dragged me across the room.

He pushed me back onto the sofa and without saying a word. Shoved his hand up my skirt and grabbed my cunt.

"I hope you haven't let those bastards anywhere near this."

I couldn't believe he was even suggesting such a thing.

"Of course not Steve. It was just a drink after work."

"Work finished ages ago, what have you been doing since then?" He roughly slipped his hand inside the leg of my knickers and was fumbling around inside them.

"Nothing, just a drink and some food. That's all. You know I wouldn't do anything else."

I had never seen him like this. I could not believe it was the same man I had left when I went to work in the morning. It was as if he had had a personality transplant. He carried on berating me for getting home late and all the while his fingers were roughly pushing into my pussy and squeezing my lips without taking my knickers off.

"Steve, please don't" I managed to splutter eventually and surprisingly he took his hand away. Pulled me roughly off the sofa and pushed me toward the stairs.

"Just make sure you don't stay out this late again."

I staggered upstairs my coat still hanging half off while he settled down on the sofa to watch the television again. I thought the best thing to do would be to get a shower and go to bed. Perhaps he had been drinking while I was out, I don't know but it was so unlike him. Maybe in the morning things would be back to normal.

When I woke up Steve was not in bed. Had he been there at all? His side seemed to be unslept in but I could not be sure. I got up, put on a dressing gown and went gingerly downstairs. Not there either, where had he gone and what was wrong with him last night? I got myself something to eat and made a coffee. By the time I had finished them both and he had not appeared I went back upstairs, dressed and put on my makeup. The sound of the back door closing drew my attention.

"Steve?"

"Hi Baby, you been awake long?" He appeared at the bedroom door. I just went out for some milk. Are we still going into town later? I could do with getting a new shirt."

It was as if what happened last night was all a dream. The normal lovely Steve was standing in front of me again. He came across to the dressing table put his hand under my chin and tilting my head back kissed me tenderly on the lips.

“Did you have a nice time last night? I missed you while you were out.”

Try as I might I could not relate the two Steve's. This one, the one I loved and knew or thought I knew and the other, the harsh, uncaring, violent person who actually frightened me.

Life went on as normal for the next few months and then one day Steve came home with the news that the Company he worked for had a branch in Croydon and he had been offered a small promotion which included additional payments to cover the increased cost of living in the London area. If he took it then we would have to move. My job would have to come to an end if I went with him but I felt certain that I should be able to find something in a city as large as London and in spite of what had happened that night the real Steve had returned and I really didn't want to be left behind when he moved on. He was after all my partner and I was a gullible nineteen year old.

It was after Steve and I moved that things got worse and it happened so quickly.

When the time came to leave the area I had grown up in, gone to school in, had my first sexual encounters in I was sorry to leave but the future beckoned. Daddy and Mummy were not that comfortable with the thought of Steve and I setting up home so far away from them and I think Mummy was a little concerned about my relationship with Steve. I had told her about his violent outburst. There had been one or two more times when he seemed to be unable to control himself but I had chosen not to make anything of them.

Daddy went so far as to try to dissuade me from going by offering to set me up in a place of my own if I would leave Steve. That is probably the worst thing he could have done if he expected me to stay. I have always been pretty resistant to pressure and once I have made my mind up it takes a lot to get me to change it, gullible or not. I knew why Daddy was so keen on me staying though and it was nothing to do with Steve. Perhaps that was another reason why I was adamant about leaving.

My last day at work came around and I went with my colleagues to the local pub for a drink and lots of farewell hugs and kisses from the girls. I took care to not get too close to any of the guys from the office, just in case. The next day Steve and I packed up the car and with a boot full of stuff headed South and East towards the big city.

Steve had found a small flat on the outskirts of Croydon and for the first few weeks everything went well. We carried on as we had in the past. Occasional sex, more frequent arguments, Steve drinking too much and me enjoying life while he was at work and feeling more and more threatened and frightened when he got drunk. Unfortunately I found myself a job. Not unfortunately for me but the other Steve had started to make his presence felt much more frequently. When I told him I had got a place in a small estate agency in Thornton Heath he went very quiet and I knew that he was not pleased for some reason. I eventually managed to talk him round to at least letting me try it out for a while and for the first week or two things seemed to settle down. Then one evening it all went wrong.

I had been to the Wheatsheaf with Julia, Len and Brian and didn't get home until mid evening.

Steve was on the sofa watching TV and as I walked into the room he looked up and glared at me.

“Is this going to be the way it is now then? Now you are working again. Going off for hours on end without checking with me?”

I recognized it straight away, the usually placid Steve had been replaced by 'Mr Hyde' and this time he seemed more frightening than the last. I tried to placate him but whatever I said didn't seem to be working this time. I decided it would be better if I said nothing and let him calm down a bit. I took my shoes off. This time I had only had one glass of wine so I was in total control. He kept up the argument while I went upstairs to get changed. I could hear him banging about downstairs so I stayed in our bedroom. I thought there was no point in going downstairs until I could be sure he had regained his composure. I took off my office things and instead of getting into more clothes just put on a nightdress and dressing gown. It was at that point that I heard his footsteps pounding up the stairs. He burst into the bedroom and taking me completely by surprise he grabbed my shoulder and spun me round before slapping me hard across the face.

I fell backward and my knees caught on the edge of the bed. I put my hand out to stop myself falling but before I knew what had happened he had me pinned to the bed.

"You bitch." He screamed at me "How can I ever trust you if you are going to keep doing this?"

I didn't know how to respond. He had never been like this even at the worst moments. He had never struck me before.

"Steve, please, don't" I begged him as his weight fell on top of me. "What's wrong with you?"

"Me? What's wrong with me? You cow, it's you who keeps going off and having goodness knows what done to you when you should be here with me."

His hands were holding my arms on the bed as I tried desperately to get out from underneath him. All in vain, he may be smaller than me but he is so much stronger. My legs were kicking out as I struggled in vain to free myself, when he released one of my hands and struck me again hard across the mouth. I could taste the metallic tang of blood as my lip split with the strength of his slap.

"Oh God, Steve stop, please stop."

But by now he had lost control completely. His free hand was now forcing the hem of my nightdress up my thighs and then he plunged it between my legs and grabbed my pussy. This was impossible, I could not resist him, he was too strong. He plunged two fingers between my pussy lips and slid them in and out violently. It hurt but he didn't seem to know where he was or what he was doing to me. His legs were on top of mine the weight of his thighs stopping me moving. I struggled but could not get free.

He pulled his hand away from my sex and unzipping his fly pulled out his penis which was already rock hard. He lifted his hips and forced himself between my thighs as the head of his cock rested momentarily at the opening of my pussy lips. I knew I was dry and that this was going to hurt. He waited for a second making sure he was in the right position and then without a sound apart from the whimpering noises that were escaping from me he pushed forward and my lips parted painfully allowing his huge penis to enter my vulva.

"Steve, stop you're hurting me."

His weight bore down on my chest and stomach as his cock entered me and then ignoring the discomfort which he must also be experiencing he plunged it deep inside me and then thrusting back and forth his cock buried up me as far as it would go he just kept on and on thrusting and

withdrawing until he came with such violence I felt it flowing through my cervix into the depths of my womb.

It seems stupid but once he had ejaculated everything felt so much better. His semen lubricated my vagina and in spite of the pain I felt from the violence of the rape it somehow soothed the inner lining of my cunt. This was no act of love making though. What he had just done was a violation. We didn't lie as we usually did enjoying the comfortable afterglow. Instead he pulled himself out of me and leaving me lying on the bed my legs apart, my pussy lips bruised and sore, his semen dripping from my slit, he stood up and put himself away. I watched through half closed eyes as I lay motionless on the bed my mouth bleeding from where he had hit me as he zipped up his fly and left the room.

A minute or two later I heard the front door open and close and then the sound of the car being started and driven off.

He had gone too far this time. I may be a foolish girl who is led easily but nobody, I mean nobody gets away with hitting me and as for rape? He was lucky I didn't call the Police but all I wanted to do was get away.

I got up, showered and dressed myself. Putting a few essentials into a suitcase I called a taxi and within half an hour I had left the flat and was being driven home to my parent's house. I didn't tell them everything that had happened, just enough to explain what I was doing there in the middle of the night. I think Mummy knew something really bad had happened but they never asked so I didn't say anything about it.

Steve tried to get in touch a few times but was put off by Daddy and eventually he gave up pursuing me.

I found a job in Woolchester, well away from him and the bad memories of the short time I had spent in London. What my old employer's thought when I failed to turn up for work I have no idea but there was no way I was going to go back there again it was too close to Steve's flat and I sure as hell did not ever want to see him again. What few belongings I had left behind I just abandoned and determined to start afresh in a new town.

CHAPTER 7 – MY FIRST BOYFRIEND

I had a few crushes when I was at school but my first proper boyfriend was actually not until I was eighteen. Yes I had been to the cinema with boys and I had been at sleepovers with girlfriends where there were plenty of boys as well. But I never had what you could call a real full-time boyfriend.

I guess it was as much my fault as anybody else's.

I spent so much time at school trying to be good and study like Daddy wanted me to that I never actually got around to getting involved with boys at all.

I suppose my experiences at home might have had something to do with my reluctance as well.

The first real genuine love of my life was Keith. He had grown up where I was born, in Manchester. I never knew the city at all because we left when I was very small and if he had stayed there we would never have met each other. Fortunately he didn't and by the time I first encountered him I was just eighteen and he was twenty three. He had moved to live in the same town as me four years ago and was working as a trainee solicitor in a local firm. I was an office assistant in an estate agents two doors down the street.

Working in an estate agents is like being a goldfish. Admittedly there were a few people who were upstairs in offices but my job was to help out with the paperwork, filing and stuff for the agents who were all sat at desks on the ground floor and we could all be seen by anybody walking past the shop front.

That is how Keith first noticed me. Apparently he was going to lunch one day and I was getting some house details out of one of the filing cabinets just inside the window. He didn't come in but just kept walking by. I hadn't even seen him but from that day for the next week or two he said he made a point of stopping to check out the houses in the window in the hope of seeing me again.

Eventually his plan worked and it was on a dull Tuesday lunchtime that he walked up to the window while I was changing some of the cards in those little display frames that hang down on strings to attract potential buyers. I couldn't fail to notice him this time. He was stood right in my line of sight and as I reached up to fasten another card into one of the frames I could see his eyes moving down from my face to my breasts where my blouse was being forcibly stretched over the little mounds and the outline of my bra could be seen through the thin material. I immediately realized that he was looking and hastily brought my arms down in a vain attempt to conceal what he was staring at. It didn't work. I looked up to see him smiling at me and before I knew what was happening he had moved away from the window and was coming into the shop.

"Good Morning Sir, can I show you anything in particular?" Geoff was on him like a shot. He was the star agent and seemed to manage to get hold of potential buyers quicker than the younger men.

"No it's fine thank you, I was just browsing the window and saw something I liked the look of. I'm not actually looking for a house at the moment but if you have the details of that three bed semi in Weston I would like a copy please. I have a friend who might be interested."

The number of times I had heard the 'I have a friend' ploy since I had started work there I couldn't count. It always worked though, even hardened experts like Geoff who can spot a lost cause from miles away would never take the risk of losing a sale.

"Certainly Mr.?"

"Jordan, Keith Jordan. But like I say it's not for me."

"That's fine Mr. Jordan, Harriet can you get the details of number 53 Green Street for me please." I scuttled away from the window to the back of the shop where the files for the Weston properties were held. "Could I take a few details Mr. Jordan please, just for our records."

"Er no not at the moment, if my friend is interested then I will ask him to call in tomorrow."

"That's fine sir." Geoff was being obsequious as usual. I returned clutching two A4 sheets with a photograph of the house at the top,

"Thank you Harriet, there you are Sir and if there is anything else we can do to help please don't hesitate."

"I won't and thank you." Keith although I didn't know that was his name at the time took the sheets from me and shaking Geoff's hand turned to leave the shop.

I followed him to the door and opened it for him.

"I hope you don't think me cheeky Harriet? It is Harriet isn't it?"

"Yes, and no I don't" I said colouring slightly under his stare.

"Would you like to come for a drink after work? I'm at Glossop and Thorne just down the road. I finish at six. If you would like I can meet you and then we could go the Frog and Thistle?"

Now don't think I am easy but he was very cute and it's not every day somebody invents a friend to get to talk to me so I said I would and later that day as I was closing up I saw him walk up to the front of the shop. I waved and mouthed to him that I wouldn't be long. I hastily finished what I was doing and then getting my coat and handbag went out to meet him.

Two hours later after a few drinks and a lot of chat about each other he walked me home and we agreed to meet up the next night after work.

By the time we had been seeing each other most nights for two weeks things started to get serious and he took me back to his place which was a one bed-roomed flat on the third floor of a sixties concrete housing development on the other side of town. Not the most salubrious of homes but at least it had a comfortable bed.

Keith was not the most romantic of guys but as I was to discover he had a very pleasant penis, small but beautifully formed if you know what I mean. It went quite a long way to make up for any shortcomings.

After a perfect evening of dinner and wine and deep meaningful glances, we reached the top of the stairs and he put his key in the lock, turning to me with a smile. I had been wondering how long it would be before we got to this point and now all I felt for Keith was desire.

I can sense my need for him building, but had no wish to hurry things. Once we are inside his flat he turned to me and kissed me passionately not even giving me the chance to get my coat off.

Breaking off the kiss I peel my coat off and look around for somewhere to hang it but he takes it from me and hangs it over the back of a chair. Keith takes me by the hand and leads me along the hallway and into the living room then through towards the bedroom. With me in tow, he led me through the door on the right side of the living room and gently pulled me inside and shut the door behind us.

I stood with my back against the door, my heart pounding, my mind still adjusting to the fact that I had entered his domain. He watches me as my little breasts rise and fall with each breath, perspiration beginning to bead on my forehead as the reality bites. One drop of perspiration falls between them where my cleavage would be if I had one. The damp spot spreads slightly marking my blouse. I don't perspire easily but right now I was hot. Was it a sign of my eagerness to consummate our love or was it just lust?

I reached for the top button of his shirt. My hands trembled as I slowly unfastened each button until I reached the top of his trousers, then putting my hands round his waist I pulled his shirt out of the waistband before coming back to the front and unclipping the clasp and lowering the zip on his fly. I waited, pausing to allow him to kick off his shoes and then lowered his trousers to the floor. He stepped out of them as I knelt down to take hold of his pants and pulled them down and off.

Now he is stood in front of me naked from the waist down and he takes over the situation. He grabbed me gently but firmly by the shoulders and raised me back to my feet. I start to speak but he puts his finger across my lips swollen with desire. He gently cups my face with both his hands, and kisses me deeply but undemandingly, exploring my soul as well as my mouth.

I run my tongue across his teeth, searching, learning, exploring. Breaking away eventually, Keith looking deeply into my eyes, slowly unfastens my blouse, his fingers working their way down towards my skirt. I help by pulling my blouse off completely, the sleeves sliding down my arms to reveal my thin white lace bra.

Keith leans down and softly kisses the top of each creamy breast as my chest heaves and my excitement mounts. Pulling away from me momentarily he kneels in front of me, undoes my skirt and gently lowers it to the floor, revealing my matching white lace knickers and tonight a suspender belt. I don't often wear stockings and suspenders but somehow I must have known that tonight was going to be different.

He took hold of my right leg by the ankle, and helped me free myself from my discarded skirt, first taking off my shoe, pausing to kiss the top of my foot. He then repeated the process with my left leg, again kissing the top of my stocking-clad foot before allowing it to resume its place on the floor. He stood in front of me while I, glazing over with the excitement of being stripped by this wonderful man, did nothing, my heart beating and my lips swollen with desire.

I reached for him but he brushed my hands aside denying me the pleasure of touching him. He puts my arms down by my sides. He is definitely attempting to control the situation now. He takes a step back,

his eyes roving up and down my body still clad in silky lingerie. Soon he took me in his powerful arms, once again kissing me deeply, one hand gently stroking my hair.

Reaching around behind me he unclasped my sheer, lace bra, allowing the straps to slowly fall from my shoulders, revealing their faint imprint in my alabaster skin. I gently rubbed the mark but it wouldn't go. I hated the way clothes can leave their impression on the skin, like knicker elastic and waistbands do.

I have the sort of skin that bruises so easily, probably being a redhead doesn't help. The merest touch of my fingers raises a weal on my skin, which usually fades quickly from view when I remove my fingers. But tight clothing leaves marks which seem to take forever to fade. Keith stands back as my bra falls completely from my shoulders exposing my dark pink nipples to his gaze. They stand proud but small, the areolae puffed and swollen as they respond to his stare.

He pulls me gently towards him and as I get close enough he buries his face against my breastbone. I am sure he wished I had fuller breasts but all I have is all there is. He plants a kiss on first the right then the left breast, gently flicking his tongue over and around each nipple causing me to shiver. I stare back deep into his eyes as he looks into mine but I am having difficulty focusing. For a moment he comes clear and then my lust for him takes over and I am lost again. Slowly his tongue makes its way down my abdomen and he gently kisses my smooth belly. When he reaches my belly button he flicks the tip of his tongue into my little inny buttonhole. I unconsciously tense my stomach muscles as the unfamiliar sensation takes me over.

His mouth continues heading south and I quiver in anticipation of its eventual target. I try not to do it but I can't stop myself moaning with pleasure as his head gets closer and closer to my honey pot. His every touch is causing me to shudder with excitement.

Now he is within an inch or two of my pussy I wait for his tongue to arrive but he stops, he pauses. His fingers slide down my leg over the soft pale skin of my thighs until they reach the stocking tops and the fastenings of my suspenders which he deftly flicks open and then rolls the stockings down towards my knees. His roaming hands move back up my thighs and encircling my hips go round my waist so he can release the fastener on the back of my suspender belt. The elastic pings back and he drops the belt on the floor beside us.

Now all that lies between him and my infinite pleasure is the thin coating of my sheer knickers covering my jutting pubis and the camel toe of my slit lower down.

He sits back on his heels and feasts his eyes on my camel toe. Meanwhile I wait in eager anticipation of the joy to come. Standing he puts his arms around my waist and as if I weighed no more than a feather he lifts me in his arms and carrying me the short distance to the bed he lays me down on my back. I can't wait for him to take me, the thought of his cock is too much to bear. My nipples are hardening and even though they are so small they begin to feel really hard and tense. There are tremors shaking my body now, so hard I feel certain he must be able to see me shaking.

My pussy is aching to be touched but he goes down to my feet again. God this man is such a tease, I wonder how much more I can take. He kisses my ankle and then working his way up my leg he trails his tongue over my knee. My pussy is screaming for attention now. His fingernails scrape up the back of my thigh and I let out another moan. Getting closer now, surely he is going to touch my cunt. But no he transfers his attention to the other leg and putting his face on my knee his mouth starts a slow

tantalising crawl up the front of my thigh while his fingers graze the sensitive patch of skin on the back of my knee. For goodness sake I am getting so wet now, when is he going to touch me?

And then it happened. His face was so close to my dripping wet knickers the scent of sex must have been overpowering. He at last hooked his thumbs in the elastic at the waist of my lacy pants and as I lift my hips off the bed he finally pulls them down and off.

He rolls them down my legs and as they pass over my feet and I am no longer inhibited by clothes of any kind I spread my thighs giving him a close up view of my vertical smile waiting for his ministrations.

He grips my knees firmly and turns me over onto my stomach and then runs his tongue all the way up the back of my thighs from my knees to the point where my buttocks and legs meet. All the while kissing and nibbling at my skin.

Now it starts. His mouth has reached the V at the top of my legs and parting my buttocks he manages to get his mouth to the bottom of my slit.

I am fast losing control of my emotions as my body shudders under the onslaught of all sorts of feelings and desires. I can feel myself perspiring madly and my pussy is starting to leak uncontrollably. My eyes are closed and I am biting my lip in an effort to prevent any more moans which I am concerned will almost certainly come out as screams now. His tongue flicks in and out of the base of my cunt lapping gently against my vulva and the inner edge of my outer lips.

I know Keith is my first proper boyfriend but he isn't my first fuck by any means but I have never experienced anything like this for keeping me hanging. He turns me over again. When is he going to stick me with it. I haven't even seen it properly yet. My thighs fall open as my knees spread. Keith grabs my ankles again and this time lifts my legs so they bend at the knees. He then raises them and putting his head between them he kisses my inner thighs. My whole being is shuddering if he doesn't get inside me soon I will have orgasmed without him.

For the first time I beg him.

"Please Keith I can't take any more I need you inside me. Fuck me please, please."

His face moves closer to my cunt and he places his mouth on my outer lips as his tongue plunges between them drinking in the taste and scent of my pussy.

For the first time since this torture started I feel his fingers on my lips and the pressure of his tongue inside my opening. He is still being circumspect about which parts of me he wishes to stimulate. I need him to stroke my clit but he keeps well away from my little bud concentrating on licking all around my inner lips and the lower part of my cleft.

His tongue flicks along the soft folds of my pussy as he drinks in the nectar of my juices. Wrong way, the bastard is going away from my clit, his tongue is snaking between my outer lips and over my perineum to the little rosebud of my bottom.

Then, at last, he changes direction and running his tongue the length of my cunt he sucks my clitoris between his lips and then runs his tongue all over the little sensitive bud rescuing it from within the folds of the protective hood under which it has been patiently waiting.

I explode, my orgasms washes over me and I see fireworks behind my eyelids. My legs shudder and my thighs crush his ears to the side of his head. One orgasm after another rips through my body as he continues his long delayed but now merciless assault upon my clitoris, very gently nipping at it with his teeth as my body twists and turns until, finally, my climax abates and I can see clearly again.

“You bastard, where did you learn to do that. If you treat all your girls like that they must be begging you for a fuck. Which reminds me.”

I open my eyes and look at him as he moves his face away, stands and starts to take off his underwear. Then when he is naked and his penis is standing erect and ready for action he climbs back onto the bed. Kneeling between my knees with his throbbing erection in one hand he guides it towards my aching and still pulsating pussy lips. He holds it at the entrance to my now soaking wet pussy lips, rubbing it up and down my slit, then holding it against my clitoris.

Eventually, as I twist my hips trying to get him closer to me he thrusts forward, easily sliding deep into my vagina, parting my warm flesh with his penis and plunging right up inside me until I feel his cock head rubbing against my cervix. At last I am swallowing his member with my cunt and I squeeze my vaginal muscles in an effort to apply as much pressure as possible to his hard cock. He starts moving inside me and as he starts to fuck me with long strokes I arch my back to meet him. He forces himself deeper and deeper into my body, first slowly, then increasing in speed as I quiver and shake under his loving onslaught. He slams his hips forward to meet mine. I sense another orgasm is not far away as I also feel a throbbing inside my love tunnel. I think he too is getting close to climaxing. Yes I was right, he starts to slow his pace now, pulling his penis all the way out and then forcing it back between my inner lips and all the way up inside me.

He holds his position presumably in an attempt to forestall his ejaculation and then after a few moments respite starts thrusting and bucking against me again. His hips grind against mine and his balls bounce off my bottom as he reaches the furthest point he can inside me.

Keith has apparently given up on teasing me now and is intent on fucking me hard and deep. My orgasm rises within me as he plunges in and out, in and out. Eventually I come again and as I do he joins me and we explode together in a kaleidoscope of light, our bodies crushed against one another, attempting to prolong the moment.

Finally he collapses onto the bed beside me. I am exhausted and I am sure he must be as well. We both lie silent and exhausted. An occasional shudder flows over me and now the heat of the moment has passed I start to feel slightly chilled. I pull the edge of the duvet up over my body and luxuriate in the feelings of the post-coital come down.

We gradually regain our composure and whispering sweet nothings in each other's ear we lie quietly, gently stroking each other's bodies

No doubt he is one heck of a lover, unlike any I had encountered before or to be honest since.

This was the first of many such evenings we spent together but our relationship was short lived. A few months later he moved to another office in Edinburgh and I never had the pleasure of his pretty cock inside me again.

CHAPTER 8 – IN MY TEENS

My sixteenth birthday was on a Friday. I decided I wanted a party but my parents for whatever reason said it wasn't going to be possible. It took a lot of time and effort on my part to convince Daddy that all the other girls, all my friends had parties when they were sixteen and that it was only fair that I should be able to have one for mine.

I don't think he was being deliberately mean, I know money was a bit tight and that he and Mummy were doing their best to get enough saved up to allow us to go on holiday later that year.

I finally compromised and instead of the 'rave' I had hoped for I settled on just a gathering of a few friends over the weekend after my actual birth date.

It was agreed that four of my best friends would come round for the day on the Saturday. Mum would sort out a meal. We would go out to the cinema in the afternoon and then after tea we could all hang out until bedtime when the girls would go home. Not exactly Saturday night at the Brixton Academy but if that was the best that was on offer then I knew better than to argue. The one good thing about it was that Mum and Dad had decided they would leave us alone for a large part of the time. We went to the cinema on the bus after lunch. Five giggly teens being far too noisy for the other passengers but having a great time none the less. We watched the second part of the Harry Potter last film, the Deathly Hallows and then laughed our way back home where Mum had left the tea set out for us. The parents had gone out and we had the house to ourselves for the evening so we mucked about in my room. Played with makeup and clothes. Watched some TV, played music. Made too much noise.

I had been told that we had until ten when M & D would be back to take my friends home.

Time flew and I was having a great time as were my friends when the front door opened and Dad came in to break up the fun.

"Where's Mum?" I asked as he dropped the car keys on the side table in the hall.

"Round at Pam's still. She was having too good a time apparently and although I told her it was time to get your riot broken up she insisted on staying for some more drinks. That's the trouble with your mother, one or two sherries and she's anybody's. Not literally. Anyway I agreed she could stay and Pam is going to put her up for the night. So guess who drew the short straw."

"You did, never mind Daddy at least we are all sober." I said

"I should hope you are, I don't expect to come home to a bunch of drunken teenagers."

"No fear of that Daddy."

The party wound down slowly and half an hour later Daddy had rounded up a bevy of excitable girls and managed to get them into the car for the ride home. He seemed to relish the task and as I said goodnight to all my friends with loads of hugs and kisses he just stood back and watched.

By eleven thirty I had almost finished clearing up the mess left of the tea things, putting most of them in the dishwasher and then ran the Hoover over the carpet to remove any traces of the evening. Mummy would expect the house to be back to normal when she came home in the morning.

I heard the front door closing and the rattle of keys in the dish on the hall table.

"I'm back Harriet, how are you doing?"

"Almost finished Daddy, that didn't take you very long."

"No, they are nice girls, your friends, and very polite. I'm just going to get a drink, this evening was far too dry for me but I couldn't risk Mum and me both having too many to drive or you would have had to spend the night on your own and you would have hated that."

"Oh of course, why would I want to be treated like an adult and trusted to look after myself?" I felt a bit sad that he didn't think I could be relied on to behave sensibly.

"You want to be treated like an adult?" He said as he fixed himself a glass of malt, a large glass of Laphroaig.

"Yes, I am sixteen now, why shouldn't I be?"

"Because being an adult has responsibilities and I'm not sure you really understand what is involved."

I finished the carpets in the lounge taking care not to Hoover Daddies toes in the process as he had sprawled out on the sofa and surprisingly almost drunk the whole tumbler of whisky.

"Alright then let's see how good you can be at being grown up." He smiled at me and when I came back into the room from putting the cleaner in the cupboard he handed me his glass.

"Being an adult does not mean being a servant you know." I handed it back and he stood up and went to the cabinet to pour his own refill."

"True but whatever happened to 'Honour thy father and thy mother' or is that not part of the rules today." I could tell he was having fun with me so I decided to join in the game.

I tested the waters by going to the cabinet and pouring myself half a glass of wine. When he noticed what I was doing I expected to be told to put it back but instead he came back towards me and taking the bottle from my hand filled the glass almost to the top.

"No point in half measures. My little princess is a big girl now." He smiled and kissed me on the top of my head before settling back in the corner of the sofa. Well that was a surprise. "So did you have a nice day today? I'm sorry we wouldn't agree to you having a big party but I have seen how they get out of control when a few kids get onto Social Media and before you know it there is a riot in the street."

I walked towards him and like the adult I was now I sat beside him on the sofa. "That's alright Daddy we had a good time anyway and the film was brilliant. Shame there aren't going to be any more of them. Oh and 'Cheers'"

I clinked the rim of my glass on his and took a large swig of white wine before coughing and spluttering as it went down the wrong way.

"Here, give me your glass." I handed it to him as I continued choking. He put both glasses on the side and grabbing me by the shoulders turned me round and gave me a few gentle slaps on the back until I regained control of my breathing and after a few final splutters brought the coughing fit under control.

"Thanks Daddy, sorry I don't know how that happened." I put my hands over his shoulders and kissed him on the cheek.

"You drank too much too quickly." He said and as he did he turned his face towards me and intercepted my cheek peck so that our lips met and before I realized it he was kissing me full on the mouth. I pulled away slightly shocked at what he had done.

"Daddy!!"

"I thought you wanted to be an adult now?"

"Yes but, not with you." Actually it hadn't been unpleasant but I wasn't going to tell him that. I turned my back on him and picking up the glass drank some more of the wine, my head was beginning to get a bit fuzzy. Not drunk but downing it that quickly and not being used to alcohol I could feel the effects already. "I'm sorry I didn't mean I don't like you Daddy but."

He put his arms around me and pulled me gently towards him taking my glass so I didn't drop it. "That's alright baby girl" I could smell the whisky on his breath as his face nuzzled my hair. The wine was definitely taking its toll on my senses now because instead of pushing him away I snuggled in closer to his chest and put my arms around his back.

We sat like that for several minutes before he started stroking my hair and I put my head back to look up at him. I had never noticed before but he had a wonderfully comforting smile. I felt so safe as he continued caressing my hair with one hand while the other encircled my shoulders and held me tight against him. Looking up I suddenly realised that the one thing I wanted more than any other at that moment was for him to kiss me again. I tried to move my face closer to him but his embrace was too strong and I couldn't do it. But then, he solved my dilemma and lowering his head just enough our lips met again and then his mouth was pressed firmly against mine as it turned from a superficial grazing of lips to a real proper grown up kiss like on the movies. It lingered on and on until I thought I was going to run out of breath before Daddy let me come up for air and the smell of whisky almost overpowered me.

"Oh Harriet you are so pretty." He was still stroking my hair but his fingers moved over my cheekbones at every stroke. Lightly and sensually and wonderfully. I felt so loved at that moment. I hadn't felt like this since he, since I was, since...

I blushed and put my mouth back to his lips and opening mine slipped my tongue between them until I could taste the sour smoky flavour of the Laphroaig. Why was I doing this? It was wrong I shouldn't be kissing my Daddy and more to the point he was not supposed to be kissing me. But, and I couldn't get the thought out of my mind while our lips gently pressed against each other and our tongues danced a mini gavotte around our mouths, I am sixteen for goodness sake, why not.

I am a young adult. I have rights and privileges and if one of those was to kiss my Dad then I would and I would not feel shame. I knew that incest was wrong but we were only kissing, just the kisses were not those I had been used to growing up.

All the while this had been going on I still had my arms wrapped tightly around him and I could feel his chest expanding and contracting in my embrace. The slightly rough texture of his shirt and one of the buttons was pressing against my cheek. For some reason that made this feel more real, silly I know but through the slight haze of the wine I knew what I was doing and I wanted it to go on and on.

Daddy stroked my hair and his other arm draped over my shoulder allowed him to position his hand where he wanted it to go and I was pleased to feel that where he wanted it to go was exactly where I needed it to be. His hand reached down from my shoulder and cupped my left breast. I could feel the intense warmth as his fingers slowly stroked the underside of my bra cup and his palm grazed across the tip of my nipple beneath the double layer of material. My blouse was a thin nylon and my bra was cotton, not padded although I often thought I should get a padded one to make my little tits a bit bigger. I don't know whether he could feel it but I sensed my nipple was getting ever so slightly harder as his hand went back and forth across my breast.

"You want your wine back Harriet?" at first I didn't realise he had spoken to me I was lying against him my eyes closed luxuriating in the sensations his fingers were sending through me. "Harriet?"

"Huh? Sorry what did you say Daddy?" I opened my eyes to see him smiling down at me while his hand continued its tender massage.

"I said would you like another drink."

"Oh yes, I guess so, sorry I was day dreaming."

He stood up and picking up both glasses proceeded to get himself another whisky and refilled my wine glass.

"There you go and don't drink it all at once." I took it from him, took a sip and put it down on the side again. He swigged from the whisky glass and then resumed his position on the sofa beside me. He was sat in the corner now so I turned round and lifting my legs up settled down with my head in his lap. My feet were resting on the cushion at the other end of the sofa and my legs were bent at the knees. This had an obvious effect on my skirt as I am sure you can imagine. Daddy had started stroking my hair again and as my head rested on his crotch I could feel some movement from within his trousers. It wasn't very long before he took advantage of the inches of pale leg that had become visible now my skirt had slid down my thighs towards my waist. Initially he rested his hand on my knee but gradually it moved inch by inch down my thigh towards the receding hem of my skirt. I loved the sensuous feeling of his fingers against the top of my thigh as he drew patterns with his finger tips on my skin. His other hand was stroking my temple and I felt so wonderfully relaxed I almost fell asleep.

Drifting away until his hand moved up under my skirt and into the V formed at the top of my thighs. I was already quite hot there and as his hand slid between my legs and rubbed up and down the gusset of my knickers I felt myself getting warmer and wetter. Once again perhaps I should have stopped things at that point but I didn't want to. I was enjoying having his big hand between my thighs. I loved the way it rubbed against my tight little cunt. I relished the feelings of excitement that started to build inside me.

So, instead of intervening and preventing his hand from stroking me, I did what any good girl would definitely not have done. I opened my legs further so he could get better access to the camel toe showing through my knickers. He leaned his face towards mine and we kissed again. I lay in his lap feeling a wave of love and anticipation wash over me.

“Daddy?”

“Yes, what is it honey.”

“Honey? You hardly ever call me Honey.”

“I hardly ever play with your pussy either. What is it Harriet?”

“Can we go upstairs to your bedroom?” I looked him straight in the eyes and fluttered my eyelashes at him. “Pretty please?”

“Mummy wouldn’t like it if she thought I had taken you to bed Harriet.”

“Well surely you’re not going to tell her? I certainly don’t plan on it.”

“Come on then missy your boudoir awaits.”

He took his hand away from my crotch and helped me up off the sofa. Hand in hand we left the lounge and started walking upstairs but before we had gone more than a couple of steps he swept me up in his arms and carried me the rest of the way, setting me down on the floor beside his bed.

I suddenly realized I was bursting. “I need a wee Daddy.”

“It’s been a long time since I heard you say that Harriet. I don’t think I’ve known when you wanted to do that since Primary School. You’re a big girl now so I should just let you get on with it but I have a much nicer idea if you want a bit of fun.”

“Oh dear I don’t like the sound of that Daddy.” I was clearly a bit more tiddly than I realized but Let him carry on with his suggestion. “What do you suggest? You want to watch or something?”

“Or something sounds good to me.”

What on earth? I was well gone on the wine and it seemed Daddy was equally hammered. Why else would he be talking about watching me go to the toilet? That was just so weird but I needed to pee and if he wanted it then what harm could it do.

“Well you had better hurry up whatever it is because I am desperate.”

“Ooo good. Come on then let’s get you into the bathroom.”

I staggered along the landing in front of him and when we arrived at the bathroom door I went in and he followed me. As soon as we were both in the room I headed straight for the toilet but before I got there Daddy had other ideas. He put his hand on my shoulder and turned me round to face him.

“Daddy, I’ve got to go.” I said crossing and uncrossing my legs as I tried to hold it in and having difficulty. I could feel myself starting to leak one or two drops in my knickers. I put my hand between my legs and

squeezed my pussy to prevent further problems. He quickly stripped off his shirt, trousers and socks. Then while I leaned against the wall gripping my crotch and bouncing up and down as the urge to urinate grew stronger and stronger, he peeled off his pants and came towards me.

"Your turn now, just don't have an accident yet." H

"Well hurry up then or the carpet gets it."

He quickly unbuttoned my blouse and unfastening my skirt took both of them off. My bra followed suit and we were now both stood in the room in just our underwear. "In you get, into the bath." He said and climbed in himself before sitting down at the opposite end to the taps his back against the end of the bath.

"In you come" He took my hand and helped me over the rim of the bath and then sat me on his lap facing him. There were already two small dark spots on the front of my knickers where I had failed to contain everything.

"Now you can go."

"What do you mean go?"

"You need a wee then do it." I could not believe he really expected me to sit on his lap in my knickers and piss all over him.

"My knickers will get soaked." He smiled at me and with his hands on my waist nodded.

"That's the whole point. Mummy would never do this for me and I love to see girls having a pee especially with their knickers on. Please do it for Daddy?"

The decision as to whether I wanted to piss on him or not was quickly taken away from me because I was so desperate there was nothing I could do to prevent it happening anyway. I relaxed my pelvic floor muscles and slowly at first urinated in my underwear. The initial sign of anything happening was the two small damp spots turning into a larger wet patch on the front of my knickers which slowly grew and grew until I was sitting in wet pants and then the full flow started and it could be seen gushing through the material. It was at this point that Daddy put his hand up the leg of my knickers and pulled it to one side so the golden flow from my urethra flooded out and all over his pants and the growing bulge of his penis inside them. I was stunned that he found watching me pee stimulating but there is no doubt it was definitely having that effect on him. However much he was enjoying it though, I quickly discovered so was I. Not exactly in the same way but just the action of emptying my bladder was such a wonderful relief. As my flow started to slow down Daddy slid his fingers between my lips and allowed the last remaining drops to flow out all over his hands.

"Mmmm that was the most beautiful thing I have seen for ages Harriet. You are a wonderful girl. Thank you for doing that for me. Now then time to get you cleaned up and that's going to be my job."

I stood up and let him peel my sopping knickers down my legs and off over my feet. Next he took his own pants off and dropped both of them in the hand basin. The bath has a shower head at one end and Daddy asked me to stand away while he got the water to a nice warm temperature before he helped me

back underneath the shower and proceeded to rinse me off. Next he got a flannel and soap and just like he used to do when I was a little girl he washed me all over before doing the same for himself.

"Very pretty." He said

"What is? Me?"

"Of course you are pretty but I never knew you had started growing hair down there. It is lovely."

"Why would you? It must be five or six years since the last time you had anything to do with my bath time."

I actually wasn't too keen on the hedgerow growing at the top of my legs but at least it was blonde and quite sparse still. He took his time over washing between my legs as his prick twitched in response to the arousing sight of his teenage daughter's pussy mound.

"How about you do the same for me now?" He handed me the flannel so I took it and returned the favour by washing his genitals. Not an easy thing to do when what you are trying to wash keeps moving and his cock and balls would not stay still until I took hold of his shaft and gripping it firmly prevented it from escaping. There is no question, girls are much easier to wash than men. I guess years of practice playing with himself meant he had mastered the self control necessary because he managed to get through the whole process without any accidents.

Once we were both clean I climbed out of the bath and took a couple of towels from the airing cupboard.

"You can dry yourself Daddy you naughty man." He frowned at this. "I'm not doing it for you."

I threw one towel at him and he clambered out of the bath after me. Once I had got myself dry and wrapped the towel around myself to preserve my modesty, although why I bothered I have no idea, I turned to see him busily wiping his bits.

"Shall I get some more drinks?" I asked him.

"Yes please, bring them into the bedroom." I think it's time for a lie down.

I tripped downstairs refilled both glasses and carried them back upstairs to Mummy's bedroom where Daddy had already arrived and was lying naked on top of the duvet. As I walked into the room the towel which had been clinging on more by luck than anything suddenly fell off and I was left standing beside the bed, a glass in each hand and tits and pussy on display.

"Oh now that is what I call waitress service. Thanks Harriet." Daddy took the whisky with one hand and me with the other. His hand slipped between my thighs and he cupped my pussy gently pulling me towards him. I was not going to complain and being careful not to spill my wine I sat on the edge of the bed and then swinging both legs up settled myself with my ankles crossed, knees out like a naked fairy.

"Cheers Daddy." We clinked glasses took a drink and then put them down on the side table. Daddy lay down on his left side and I mirrored him by lying on my right. He started by stroking my little breasts running his finger round the areola and tweaking my pink nipple until it stood erect. I returned the compliment but not his nipples. I had my hand wrapped around the shaft of his penis and it was swelling

noticeably. He was circumcised and the purple head of his cock was getting bigger and bigger as my little fist slid up and down the shaft and as I got near to the tip I enclosed it in my fist feeling it throbbing as I held him tight.

“Will you suck me Harriet?” Not the question you usually hear from a parent to his daughter but one that I was more than willing to accede to. I positioned myself cross legged between his knees and proceeded to wrap my mouth around the head of his penis. For some reason I didn’t think I would be doing it for long. The erratic movements of his cock as I rolled my tongue round and round the head and flicked the tip of my tongue on the sensitive part just below the end indicated that he was having problems stopping himself ejaculating. I slowed my sucking so that I didn’t push him over the top.

He reached out with his hand and placing a finger on my outer lips ran it over and between them sliding it up and down the inside edge until he reached the little button at the top of my slit which had already started swelling in anticipation. A moment later and I felt his finger slide between my inner lips and thrust gently in and out while his thumb continued stimulating my clitoris. I lifted my head off his cock.

“Now Daddy?”

“Mmmm yes please honey.”

I unfolded my knees and keeping his shaft in my hand knelt with one leg either side of his thighs while my pussy hovered about six inches above him. Lowering myself inch by inch until I felt the head nudging my lips. I made the final move and buried his penis deep inside me. From this position I was able to control my movement so that I could let him go as deep as I wished and then lifted my bottom up until his cockhead was just held between my lips before driving it back deep into my soaking wet vagina. Up and down, up and down just four or five times and the excitement of fucking his teenage daughter was too much for him. As I came down he thrust his hips up to meet me and grabbing my hips held me tight with his shaft buried deep inside my cunt. He ejaculated ferociously inside me and I could feel it, spurt after spurt rebounding off my cervix.

When he finished instead of withdrawing, he held me firmly and his cock twitched in my vagina for a long, long time until there was nothing he could do to stop it shrinking and slipping wet and shiny out of my pussy leaving a trail of semen all over my pussy lips. As it dripped from me his pubic hair started to glisten in a mixture of his spunk and my pussy juices.

I fell forward on top of him and threw my arms around his neck my little tits rubbing against his hairy chest while his wet slippery penis lubricated my tummy. I wrapped my legs around one of his and my pussy rubbed against his thigh. I slid myself up and down as I masturbated myself against his leg. One more kiss and I settled comfortably against his shoulder and fell asleep.

The next morning when I awoke I was alone in my bed. Daddy must have carried me into my room and put my nightdress on for me. I could hear him clattering about in the kitchen. I slid my hand between my legs and felt the warmth of my pussy, the puffy lips and tight slit between them none the worse for being stretched by Daddy’s big hard penis.

I wish I was sixteen every day...

CHAPTER 9 - GROWING UP

It must have been when I was 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. Now that was weird for two reasons. The first being that I never showered up until then. I hated showers they were what we had to go through at school after sports and PE. At home I was a bather. Baths were more sensual, more relaxing more pleasurable. Secondly who ever heard of a Dad who helped his teenage daughter shower any way.

What was he thinking?

"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."

Curioser and curioser. Beginning to sound like Alice in Wonderland now and that was what it felt like. I was 'wondering' what on earth was going on although thinking about it there was nothing to figure out. I was being hit on by my father.

I knew this was not a good idea. In fact I knew for certain I should not be going along with whatever he had planned. But you know me by now, never do the sensible thing when there is a more stupid idea.

I was still wearing my nightie as I went into 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. I don't know quite what I had expected but what happened was so far out of court that I was too shocked to object. I certainly hadn't expected to see my father standing in the middle of the room his back to me but naked. I could never recall seeing him standing totally naked like that ever before. Yeah we had been on beach holidays where he had only worn skimpy swimming briefs and there was always plenty to see when he had his Speedos on. Occasionally when getting changed he would drop the towel by mistake and I would catch a glimpse of hair and flesh. But this was different.

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 I had thought it might. This time however I suspected that I was going to be more involved in his plans than just seeing him hard. I was pretty sure that this was going to be a much more interactive experience and I felt very uncomfortable.

I guess I should say here and now 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 probably never done with theirs, 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.

For a long while as the water flowed down over my body 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 me. 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 first 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 and I expected 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 his 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 my skinny tits would eventually grow.

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 from 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 to be dried off 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 my 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. 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.

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 and my back bottom. 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 realised 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 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 edging 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.

Daddy's penis slowly began to sink into the yielding opening of my young pussy. Fortunately I was able to fit him in my vulva 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 labia 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, as his cock pushed past the gateway to my love tunnel. My virginity had gone and it was my lovely Daddy who now held it. Whatever else happened to me in the future it would be his forever.

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 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. I wasn't feeling love or desire or any of those intangible feelings it was purely a physical stimulation of nerve endings and as they responded to his movements I felt my muscles contracting and then releasing again and my pussy getting wetter.

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 the whole length of his 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.

CHAPTER 10 - EARLY YEARS

My life before puberty was pretty uneventful. I was your average girl with average girly enjoyments. Dolls and music and dressing up nothing much happened that would interest you until I reached the age when curiosity about boys started taking over from an obsession with dolls.

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 loved 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. He used to smell of whisky and cigarettes. Not a nasty drunken smell just like a big cuddly teddy bear in his winter woolly jumpers.

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.

I must have been eleven or twelve 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 really, you didn't need to look hard to see right through it. I don't know why Mummy agreed to let me get it when I said I liked it in the shop.

I was lying outside the blankets, on my side, reading a book when Daddy 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 where the nightie had ridden up slightly and at the mirror which was providing a reversed image of my youthful beauty.

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 eventually I did. The surprising thing to me was that he hadn't just walked in on me but he had his trouser zip down and his penis was in his hand. I was certain if he had been totally sober he would not have been so blatant. As it was he was gently stroking his cock and as he did it was gradually getting bigger and bigger.

I know I should have screamed or something but I was so surprised at what was happening I could do nothing but lie there and watch as he approached slowly across the room towards me. I didn't make any effort to cover myself up. I didn't hide under the covers. I didn't pull the hem of my nightdress down. I just lay still as he got closer and closer and his cock got harder and harder until it was standing firm and erect and his hand was pulling his foreskin back so the livid purple head bulged out over the peeled back skin. I don't know whether I did nothing because I was in shock or because I didn't want to do anything.

'Errr Hi Dad.' I said.

Instead of stopping his slow advance toward the bed he just kept his gaze focused on my tight pussy

and as he got closer to the bed he reached out with his hand and putting his hand right between my legs he made contact with my thigh and then sliding his hand upwards eventually he encountered my puffy outer lips. I could feel the heat from his palm and gradually as he moved his hand slightly his fingers were on the edge of my labia and he slipped a finger gently inside me. Surprisingly my attitude which had at first been confused changed at that moment.

Where until then I had been compliant by lying still now I became complicit as I lay back and spreading my legs apart allowed him to touch whichever part of my cleft he wanted to. As his finger slipped into my tight vulva I felt so loved and so wanted. I needed to show him that so I just lay there and let him do whatever he needed to do. 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. Actually it wasn't only him who was being turned on, I felt a difference in the fluidity between my lower lips as my body reacted in the only way it knew how. 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.

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."

At the time I thought he was just being caring by cleaning his sperm off my body but in fact he was compounding his pleasure by prolonging the time before he had to help me cover up and hide the source of his excitement. 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."

I climbed into bed, he pulled the covers up to my chin and tucked me in before kissing me goodnight and giving me one last hug.

"Please don't tell Mummy Harriet. She would be very cross."

I didn't understand whether he meant cross with me or cross with him. Either way, I had seen Mummy angry and I would not risk that happening even if it did mean keeping the experience internalized.

He kissed me again and then 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."