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Mf

I'm Not Done Yet

There's a part of me that's bitter, but along with it, there is the sweet. I was roped into something that took on a life of its own, and you'd be bitter too, once you realized the implications.

Four years ago, I helped a friend of a friend, and gave sanctuary within my newly purchased home. I had the room, the heart, and the desire to get into the pants of the friend. I never did, and her name is unimportant now, but I still have the friend of the friend, and her name is Sandy. Sandy is a bag whore, a crew slut, and a fearsome alcoholic. She'd be beautiful if it weren't for the hard eyes, and drug-induced wrinkles on her thirty-five-year-old face. I bet fucking her is like throwing a hotdog into a hallway.

She needed a place to stay for a week, but a week turned into a month, and still she hangs around my neck. About the only kind thing I can say about her is that she holds a job. Her employer has a heart even bigger than mine is, because he only gets Sandy without the benefits.

Sandy is a colossal pain in the ass, and she would have been gone long ago if it weren't for her daughter. I could not bring myself to kick a kid out onto the streets.

Grace was eight years old when they moved in. She was a very quiet, sweet girl, but she already had a weariness about her, and a certain amount of defeat hung off her bones. She was tired. She was tired of getting kicked every time she hoped, but she hadn't lost hope.

She was just a string bean and unfailingly polite, and she always walked around on her tiptoes like a mouse who didn't want to impose, but needed to live anyway. She had bland, stringy hair, a splash of freckles across her high cheekbones, and sparkling green eyes that really came alive once I found the secret to making her smile.

There really was nothing to it, making her smile, and that's probably why I took to the kid so easy. She didn't know anybody in her new digs, and her mother was all too often miserable company for a kid. Any attention she got, she made the best of.

Sandy worked from three in the afternoon to ten at night as a waitress. I'm a technical writer, and I work from home, so this made me a babysitter by default. Nobody asked me to be a babysitter. When Grace got home from school, she had a choice: stay outside until dinnertime, or stay out of my way until dinnertime. She was a good girl, and I feel like shit when I think back to the time I told her those options.

I must've looked like a fool in her eyes after not too long. Stay out of my way... what a crock. There was a charm in her tired bones, and it bled out as optimism. It didn't take too long before I found myself racing the clock to finish a passage I was writing in order to greet Grace at the door. Stay out of my way, indeed. How about you tell me about your day instead? Fifteen minutes is all it took. I'd have a cup of coffee, and I'd listen to a happy, or sad, or funny, or curious tale while I drank it. Usually she made me laugh, but if she was feeling blue, it was usually over a problem that we adults pine for nostalgically. A child draws strength when we show them that their problems can be fixed. Fifteen minutes, and either one, or both of us walks away feeling better, no matter how good we felt before.

A babysitter is someone who is charged with keeping a kid alive for short periods of time. I dropped that moniker fast, but it wasn't by choice. I'd walk back to my study after coffee and a chat, and I'd trail behind me the psychic thread that she'd harpooned me with. I could feel her staring at me as though she hovered in the office with me. I knew she was bored, and it'd bug me. You can't try to ignore something; you either successfully ignore it, or it gets worse. I'd look out my window, curse the colored leaves littering my lawn, and guess who was happy to rake with me?

She had a keen eye, too. I'd come out of my office, and unconsciously pat the pocket my keys were in, and she'd jump up off the couch from watching TV. She'd recover her dignity quickly, and gracefully exit the room on her tiptoes, but I'd hear her racing for her sneakers and jacket. She'd forget, though, and reenter the room with a wide grin.

Grocery shopping was a funny thing. It was a game of wills that I believe she enjoyed as much as I did. I'd race past the bullshit items, maybe knocking paper towels and laundry detergent into the cart, but I'd always go slowly down the cereal isle and the snack isles, and watch her out of the corner of my eye. She wouldn't ask; she'd linger. She'd eye a box of cereal, and then quickly steal a glance at me. She knew I was watching her, even if I wasn't looking. I'd reach for the cereal next to the one she wanted, and there my hand would hover. She'd have a smile on her face, staring straight at the box she wanted. I'd slowly move my hand to her cereal, and she'd look at me and smile big.

How the fuck could I kick this kid out into the cold? Christ! A box of cereal tickled her pink.

After a while, it all fell on me, and I could be bitter about that, but I'm not. When Sandy was drunk, she was a cunt to her daughter, and Sandy was drunk most of the time.

Guess who started helping Grace with her homework?

Guess who learned that her favorite dinners were spaghetti and meatballs, roast chicken, and pot roast?

Guess who cooked them?

After a while, guess who made sure she got up for school, looked presentable, and smelled clean?

After even more time, guess who knew her favorite brand of toothpaste, and guess who made appointments with her dentist?

Guess who felt her forehead for a temperature? Guess who worried when she had one?

Guess who cried when she was in the hospital with a very serious bout of the flu?

Guess who noticed when she wore out the tips of her sneakers, and guess who replaced them with exactly the kind she wanted?

Guess who made sure she had her own chest of drawers and posters on her walls, and music in her iPod, and an iPod, and guess who signed her permission slips for field trips, and made sure she had money for school photos?

Guess whose walls sprouted her pictures?

Guess who fucking loved her?

Guess who threatened a boy who was persistently mean to her? I told that rotten little cocksucker that I'd peel the skin off his face, and I told that to him in front of Grace. I empowered her; I said, "Grace, you just have to say the word, and I'll make sure he has to wear a Jason mask for the rest of his life." I told him to go ahead and tell his parents, because I was used to going to jail for peeling the skin off the faces of rotten little fuckers, and I said it just like that.

After a while, guess who gave me a hug before she went to sleep at night?

Guess who remained unfailingly polite and considerate to me... and everybody else, too?

Guess who has great manners, gets good grades, and is a great fucking kid who makes me proud all the time? Even when she's a pain in the ass, I'm proud of her.

Guess who took ownership of the remote control in my bedroom at night? That's when I try to catch up on my reading anyway. She didn't want to be alone all the time, and who would? Like I said, she was good about letting me work up until dinnertime, but after dinner, she'd get into her pajamas or nightgown while I cleared the table and did the dishes. Then she'd plunk herself down in front of my TV. I'd take my shower, put on my own pajamas, crawl in bed with my reading, and in no time, I'd be yelling at her again and again to move her goddamn head so I could see whatever mindless show we were laughing at.

After all she's seen and been through, trust didn't come easy to her, but she came to trust me. I went through a phase of feeling very weird when she would go to me for answers instead of her mother. It was just a phase; I stopped feeling weird after a while. I used to constantly prod Sandy to reclaim her daughter herself, just so she could enjoy her. I used to cover for Sandy, and make excuses for her, but Grace would have none of it. We never talked about her mother. What was there to say?

Hey, Grace, I noticed your mother is a real fucking cunt

Yeah, Pete; you don't even know the half of it. I've got you, though; you won't be kicking me out anytime soon

That's true...

Two years after they came to live with me, just before Grace was ten years old, she and I added a strange ritual to our litany of rituals. This one was weird, and hard to explain without people thinking the worst, so we never bothered to explain it to anyone. I really don't give a shit what you will think of it; there was nothing too it; it was innocent. It started abruptly one evening, and just continued. It became completely natural.

It was a Saturday, and Sandy worked Saturday's because she made good money then. Someone had cleared a rink on the frozen pond near us, and Grace and I made a day of it. I took her to a sports store, and bought her ice skates and a hockey stick her size. Playing hockey is the best way to teach a kid to skate. The stick makes for better balance, and they don't realize they are cutting and turning when they chase a puck... or at least not as much. It sort of tricks them into skating.

We got home at about three in the afternoon, and she was exhausted. She went straight to her bedroom and took a nap. A little after five, I had a spaghetti dinner just about done when little sleepyhead came out of her room already dressed in her pajamas. Her hair was insane, and she was silent and very happy... peaceful and content, I guess you could say. She hugged me from behind as I walked around, and she wouldn't let go. I started walking fast, and making sudden turns, pretending I'd forgotten something. This got her giggling silly, which is no less infectious than Ebola.

When dinner was on the table, I pulled out my chair, and I pretended that I was going to sit on her. Instead, she moved in front of me, gently pushed me into the chair, and then she hopped up onto my lap. She wrapped her arms around me, and laid her head on my chest. I stroked her head, trying to tame her wild hair, and then I wrapped my arms around her, hugging her tight, and then I kissed the top of her head.

"You're such a good girl."

"And?" she asked.

"And I love you to pieces."

She looked up at me, and asked the next ritual question. "Truly you love me?"

"Yes, Shakespeare; truly I do."

"Forever?"

"Forever or for eternity; whichever comes sooner."

She sighed deep.

I chuckled, and I expected her to jump down, but she didn't move. I said, "You know, your head is right in the way of my mouth, and you have your very own chair sitting not too far away."

She said, “I have an idea, Pete; I can sit here and hug you, and when I’m hungry, I’ll just open my mouth, and you can have food ready on a fork, and feed it to me. How does that sound?”

“It sounds like two people will go hungry, that’s how it sounds.”

“Alright, I’ll get down, but... when we watch the video tonight, you have to let me crawl under the covers and hug you just like this, okay?”

“I do? What if I don’t want to?”

“Then you would be a giant ass. Can’t you tell I need hugs? When I look at you with longing eyes, it means I need a hug.”

“What have you been reading?”

“My mom’s book... An Endless Summer.”

“Don’t read those books. Naughty things happen in them; read Dr. Seuss or something.”

She said, “Alright,” and then got down off my lap. Nine-year-old girls don’t excite me, especially one, who for all purposes, is like my daughter. Excitement is a mental phenomenon, so the fact that I was sitting on a semi-erection when she got off my lap was purely a physiological reaction to her pressure or something. I thought nothing of it, but I did beat off in the shower... nothing strange there. Plenty of men with daughters beat off in the shower without thinking of their daughters, just as I did. I thought of my current client, and she’s older than me, but supremely fuckable. The other day, I came damn close to telling her that the man in me wanted to fuck her silly. I will when the job is finished. I had a need to seed, but it all went down the drain.

That night, when I crawled under the covers, Grace was true to her word, and she got under the covers and hugged me. Her being under the covers wasn’t that unusual, but she had never been clingy before. The only time I had ever hugged her while I was in bed was in front of her mother when Grace said goodnight. This she did standing up next to me. So this was a little weird.

I made a giant mistake, and things got weirder.

It’s sad, really; I had never scratched her back before, but you’d think her mother would have often enough. Grace acted as if her back had never been scratched, and she never wanted it to stop.

Thus started our unspeakable ritual: me scratching her back while lying in bed.

A thing becomes familiar, and you don't think anything of it. Each night, after I crawled in bed, she'd let me get settled, and depending on what was showing on the TV was how she would position herself. If it was one of her favorites, she'd lie on her stomach, legs bent against the headboard, and she'd watch facing the TV as I scratched her back. Other times she'd lay the same direction as me, or close to it, as she bent to watch the program. She would lie next to me, and I'd have to scratch her back until my arm fell off. Occasionally, she would become bored with the TV, and roll all the way on top of me, chest to chest, and that was actually the easiest back scratching for me, but she couldn't watch the TV then. On several occasions, she fell asleep on me that way, and I'd hug her so tight. She's such a good girl, and I know she fell asleep feeling loved.

This went on for two months... until she turned ten, actually... and then she insisted that I scratch her back under her gown. I felt a little weird at first, because she'd hike her nightgown up past her ass for easy scratchin's. That in itself wouldn't have been that strange, but I discovered that I had been buying her thong underwear. I had no idea that I'd been buying it for her, but apparently I had for over a year. Socks, underwear... whatever she picked out, into the carriage, and onto the credit card it went. Who the hell looks at little girl's underwear in a store? There's a reason they are called unmentionables.

So there she would lay, her nearly bare ass pointed up, as I scratched her back. She thought nothing of it, and soon it was as familiar as seeing her bare feet.

It didn't take long before I had to scratch her ass, too. The goddamn things we do...

You have to understand there was nothing to this. If you've ever had your ass scratched, then you know it feels good. It's not like I rubbed her ass in some sexual way and got off feeling it. I'd just lightly swoop my fingernails over her ass during my swoopings around her back, and I did this at her insistence. It was no big deal to her, and it was no big deal to me, but you can see where I'd be reluctant to tell anyone. Maybe that was wrong; we weren't doing anything bad. I never asked her to keep quiet about it. I didn't want her to think we were doing something naughty and stigmatize her.

Over the course of a couple more months, both she and I made adjustments to make it easier to scratch her back and her ass. Eventually it came to be where I'd have her lay on her belly, her head pointed at the TV, and I'd lie on my side, throw one of her legs over my shoulder, and scratch her that way. With thong underwear on, it would have been quite a view if I were inclined to look at her that way. I wasn't. There was nothing to it.

Sometimes I'd tease her, and give her wedgies. I'd push on her other leg just a little, and she'd quickly move it so her legs were spread wide. It was all ritual. I'd grab her tiny thong panties, and pull them up hard so the narrow strip of cloth would fit into her tiny slit. If it didn't, she'd say, "Fix it," and I'd spread her little lips apart and tuck the string between them. There was nothing sexual to it; it was just teasing. Everybody has given and received wedgies. If I forgot, she'd spread her legs wide, and pump her ass up and down to remind me.

Rubbing her chest was the same way, and now I know you are thinking the worst, but hear me out before you throw out your condemnations. First off, it's not as if she had tits. All she had on her chest were a couple of dark, puffy nipples that were surprisingly large. Those nipples were very itchy one night... along with the rest of her dry skin.

She was driving me crazy as I scratched her back. It wasn't her fault; the dry winter air made her itchy as hell. I'd start scratching in one spot, and she'd start rolling, and directing me to the next spot to itch for her. I couldn't scratch fast enough for the poor thing. Normally, if I scratched her side, she'd become real ticklish, and get mad at me. On this particular night, I'd go from scratching between her shoulders, and she'd roll to where I had to scratch down one side, then across her belly, and up the other side. I felt bad for her. She finally rolled onto her back, and pulled her gown all the way up to her neck. She gave me a sad, pathetic look, and said, "I'm sorry for making you scratch me so much. These are so itchy too..." She pointed to her nipples when she said this.

I rubbed her chest, and I had to pinch her nipples between my thumb and index finger, and twist them like I was tuning in a radio station. They were itchy, and it felt so good to her. I'd pinch them, and pull on them hard. They looked so dry, and she was very appreciative when I moistened them with my mouth. They were shaped perfectly, and very easy to suck on. Instead of itching them, I lightly bit them.

And so the ritual grew, and morphed, and it became so that as soon as I crawled into bed, she'd take off her gown, crawl under the covers with me, and I'd have to give her the "full treatment," scratching and rubbing anything not covered by cloth. She loved it, and it's not as if we were doing anything bad.

I guess I'd be a liar if I said I was completely unaffected by this. There were times when I would get an erection, but I swear it wasn't because I was thinking of anything sexual. I guess it's just a biological response to touching Grace all over, and pinching a pulling on her nipples... at her insistence. Usually the TV would provide me the cover to discreetly adjust myself so she didn't notice, but I guess it was inevitable that she would.

She becomes rambunctious at times, and one night she rolled on top of me, lying down with her chest in the air. Her head was right below mine, so I kissed the top of it like I so often do. She moved both of my hands to her nipples, and she was making me pinch them tight and pull them straight up in the air as far as they would go. She spread her legs wide to scratch her itchy crotch for a while, as she often does, and her leg dragged across my erect penis.

She was astonished.

"What's that?"

"It's nothing, Honey. Watch TV."

"That's your thing... it hard. Why is hard? Why is it so big?"

"I told you; watch TV. It just happens sometimes. Forget about it."

“Did I do that?”

“How the hell could you have done that? It’s me. Do you want your goddamn back scratched or not?”

That was enough to shut her up, but from then on, every night, she’d periodically check to see if I was hard. She’d try and make it seem casual... an accidental leg position, or a sweep of her arm. If it was hard, she’d turn around and give me a sly smile, and I’d become embarrassed, and mad, and tell her to knock it off and watch TV. Kids will be curious, and I understand this, and that’s why after a while of her “accidental” groping, I one night let her take it out of my pajamas, and stroke it a few times. Her hands looked so ridiculously tiny on it that I made her stop - hands that small shouldn’t be stroking a hard cock. People wouldn’t understand.

A month later, on a warm spring night, I had just got done rubbing her chest, and she wanted me to rub her back and her bum again. She no longer wore a nightgown until the moment we heard her mother’s car pull up, so when she stood up to reposition, all she was wearing was her thong underwear. It was a familiar sight, and I thought nothing of it, but this night, she stepped out of her underwear, and tossed them on the floor next to me. She didn’t look at me, or say anything; she just stood there with her bald pussy staring right at me. I was instantly hard, but I didn’t let on at all, and made as if this was something that happened every night. It was just biological; I did what I was designed to do. She lay down on her stomach, facing the TV, and she was on top of the blankets. She turned around, and asked, “Will you scratch the inside of my butt cheeks? They’re itchy.”

I said, “Jesus Christ! What’s next? I can’t even reach you.”

She shifted over on top of me, but the blanket was between her and myself, so it was alright. She spread her legs wide, and then reached back, and spread her cheeks. The view was extraordinary, and I was rock hard, but that was just a normal male reflex. I had to look to see what I was doing so that I didn’t touch anywhere where I shouldn’t be touching. Using both hands, I lightly scratched the inside walls of her cheeks, and she loved that. I was glad to see her happy and enjoying it. She really is easy to please. She’s such a good girl.

It wasn’t so much that her butt cheeks itched as her tiny, pink asshole. She had me lightly rub it with my index finger, and she groaned when I inserted just the tip of my finger... just up to the first knuckle into her asshole.

In and out, I rubbed the inside of her itchy asshole, and I could tell she really appreciated it by the way she stuck her ass in the air, and rocked back and forth.

She asked me to stick it in deeper, but I told her that it could hurt her, so I said no. I felt terrible about that, and I looked at her tiny slit, and I pressed my middle finger into the fold along the whole length of it. I thought that would distract her from the deep itch inside her ass, and she liked it very much. She reached between her legs, and took that

finger and inserted it into her vagina. I asked if she was itchy there too, and she gasped, “Yes! Very!”

I became careless, and didn't even notice that my fingers were going all the way in and out of her asshole and cunt. Actually, it wasn't really me doing it; she was rocking back and forth on my fingers. When we heard her mother's car pull up, she had her face buried in my crotch, lightly biting my erect penis through the blanket. I know what it's like to be so itchy and have it scratched. Sometimes you just have to bite on something.

Later, I gave her a big hug and kiss goodnight, and I told her that she was such a good girl, and that I loved her. Sandy actually smiled at that, and never even seemed to notice her daughter's underwear on the floor next to me.

You can see where this ritual was becoming something we most definitely didn't want to mention to anybody. People are quick to jump to conclusions, and they always want to think the worst. The less they know, the better, and Grace agreed with me completely.

Grace is not spoiled. She doesn't expect anything from me, and she doesn't whine. That's why I tend to spoil her. It was almost summertime now, another warm night, and she asked why she had to be the only one naked in the bed. She wanted me to take off my clothes, but I told her that it would be wrong. She didn't understand that. I thought about it, and realized that my attitude was exactly the sort of thing that could stigmatize a kid, and make them think that nakedness was something dirty. I took off my clothes, and it was sort of liberating. I didn't even keep the blanket between us.

I was itching inside her asshole with one finger, and itching inside her cunt with two others, and she was rubbing my cock all over her face, telling me how smooth... and big! It was. I almost had to laugh when I moved her hair out of the way and saw how outrageously huge my cock was in her mouth. There was nothing sexual about this, it was just some kind of natural cock-sucking instinct that she had, and I thought it was so sweet. The problem was, she didn't know better, and I told her that it wasn't the same for a man and a woman. I told her that she couldn't keep sucking on it for too much longer because something biological would happen... like a shiver.

I told her to be ready... that I would pull it out of her mouth, and she should watch what happens. In the meantime, I pulled one finger out of her cunt so I could pull on the wall between her asshole and pussy. She loves that... it really itches there. I told her that I was getting ready, but she didn't have to stop sucking on it yet.

... I just realized how bad that looks on paper. It's not what you are thinking.

I told her to stroke it, and she did with both hands. After a minute, I quickly pulled it out of her mouth, and said, “Watch. It's going to ejaculate sperm,” and then I started shooting cum. I like to tease, and I aimed it at her chest, and shot cum onto her nipples, and she laughed. She was astonished by the whole thing. It was like a trick to her, and because she could make it happen, it empowered her, and I'd have to amuse her constantly. On

her face, in her hair, and her favorite was in her mouth. I'm sure there are cynics out there who think the worst, but all I was doing was letting her play. One time I really surprised her and pressed it right up against her cunt, and shot more cum than I thought possible. It was like salve to her, and it helped her stop itching. I came all over her stomach one night, and she scooped up a handful in her little hand, and started rubbing it into her pussy. I helped her because she was so itchy.

One night I had scratched her three or four times, and let her play with me to where I couldn't play anymore. She wanted me to scratch her just one more time, but I looked at her cunt and I refused.

"You poor thing... you're all red and raw."

"It's okay, Pete..."

"No it's not, Honey. Roll over onto your back. I'll make it feel better..."

The things we do for the ones we love. I laid flat on my belly, and spread her legs as far as they would go. Grace is very limber, and she grabbed both her feet to keep her legs spread that far. I looked at her red and raw little cunt, and placed four fingers on both side of it, and pulled her little slit open wide. First I kissed her poor little pussy, and then I gently licked it all over, soothing it with my tongue. There was nothing sexual in this; I just wanted her to feel better. In case she thought otherwise, I told her that her cunt tasted so good. I even licked her little pink asshole, and told her that tasted well, too. She loved me for it. She loved when I stuck my tongue inside her. She loves watching me too. True to form, she helps me... pulling her little lips apart... she even hooked her index fingers into her pussy, and pulled her hole open as wide as she could so I could soothe her inside for as far as my tongue would go. She made me do it until her mother not only pulled into the driveway, but actually came into the house.

She had pulled her nightgown over her head just in time, and I was buried under the blanket, pretending I had dozed off when Sandy walked in. I looked guilty, but she probably assumed it was because I had fallen asleep on the job. A wave of panic crashed over me when I realized Grace's hair was plastered to her head in several places with dried cum. If anyone knew what dried cum was, it would be Sandy. I heard she once sucked and fucked over twenty guys in a row, each coming all over her head. Someone has a picture of her completely covered in cum, but I haven't seen it.

Then I realized Sandy was drunk, and that was a good thing.

The next night, I was trying to resist, but Grace is such a good girl, that it's nearly impossible. She was amusing herself with my penis in her mouth, but she caught me off guard, and tried to sit on it. I lay her down next to me, and decided to have a talk with her.

"Grace, we can't do that. It's one thing for me to scratch your itches, and last night I licked your pussy to soothe and heal it, and I let you play with my penis. I come in your

mouth because it makes you smile, but if I put my cock inside of you, then that's having sex and that would be wrong."

"I can't help it, Pete. I just want to."

"I know, Honey. I actually wanted to fuck you last night, and I feel very guilty about that. We can't be doing that, so please don't try that again. You didn't know, so don't feel bad."

She was upset, and she said, "But... I just wanted to learn..."

Now that's a different story, and I said, "You mean you want me to teach you about intercourse... about fucking?"

"Indeed. Very much so."

"Okay, Shakespeare; that I can do. I don't think we can do it tonight. I think my cock is too big to fit inside you without lots of lubricant, but lie back, and let me show you what we will do. We'll get some lubricant tomorrow."

My cock was rock hard, and I pressed it against her thin little slit, but there was no way it was going to happen. I figured I'd just simulate it, and cum on her belly. I rested my penis on her stomach, and said, "Now you realize I can't put it all the way inside you. Look; it would have to go up almost to your tits. Tomorrow, when we get some lubricant, I'll try to get it a couple of inches inside of you."

"Just try, Pete. It might fit."

She was sexually aroused, and this bothered me until I remembered that arousal was a part of intercourse. Maybe I was a good teacher. Her little clitoris was standing straight out, and her slit had actually opened up all on its own. She was glistening wet as she hooked both her index fingers inside her cunt, and pulled it open. I was stroking my cock, and trying to ram it inside her, but it was not going to go. My cock was too fat. It could actually touch both her legs, even with her legs spread.

Even though it wouldn't go in, it was so arousing to me, that I didn't stop stroking my dick. It's all part of intercourse... the thing I was teaching. I told her to keep her hole open because I wanted to shoot my load inside of her to show her what happens at the end of intercourse. She was breathing hard... we both were, and she pulled hard on the walls of her pussy. I had the head of my dick right up against her opening, and I started to shoot my load. It was all going into her cunt, and she was gasping with excitement. Cum started leaking out of her cunt and it was just the lubricant that we needed; I was able to get the head of my dick inside her.

I had never had this happen before, but I don't believe my cock deflated at all. It was sensitive in her tight twat, but she started rocking, and soon, I was fucking her, moving it

in and out... eventually about five inches. There was nothing sexual about this; I was only teaching her how to fuck. Because I had just come, I fucked the hell out of her for a long time before I finally shot my load inside of her again. Her cunt was full of cum, and I made her go into the bathroom, squat on the toilet, and push it out.

I taught her how to fuck a lot

The teaching was intense, and there were times when I would start fucking her at 3:15, right up until 10:15 when her mother got home. Seven hours of fucking her little cunt, and she would wait until her mother passed out, and come back in and sit on my face so I could soothe her delicious, tiny pussy.

It was surprising her schoolwork didn't suffer. We'd sit at the kitchen table, doing her homework, and the next thing I'd know, she would be lying down on the table, sticking a pencil in her twat. I'd pull her to the edge of the table, and ease into her. We'd see how far I could get my cock inside of her, and she loved to watch the hump under her belly go back and forth as I slid in and out of her. We were up to nine inches at that point.

It fell to Sandy to pick up after our dinner when she got home. I told her I was too busy to do dishes, and this was true. I had begun helping Grace with her bath, and I would take one with her to save water. Kids should learn about conservation.

She would get on all fours in the tub, and I'd gently dab her tight little asshole with a soaped facecloth, cleaning it very carefully. Good hygiene is very important. I would goop up my fingers with liquid soap, and insert one, then two, and then three fingers into her ass, working on a stretching regimen in preparation for her lessons in anal intercourse. I can't imagine what the lady behind the counter at the drug store thinks about the amount of jelly I buy. It's not even needed much anymore, but still Grace and I use it.

All my teaching was technique up until the point when she could take the entire eleven inches of my cock into her ass. There was only one thing left for her to learn before my teaching would be finished. It was time to move beyond technique, and into situational sex. We made a list of situations that both she and I thought she should learn, and there was something very sad about that. The list had an end; it was right there, and that was sad. Her days as my pupil were numbered. We counted the number, and assuming one act on the list per day, her lessons would be over in just under nine years. It was sad, and I hugged her tight as she sat on my lap. I kissed the top of her head, and told her that she was such a good girl, and that I loved her to pieces forever. After hugging her tight, and kissing the top of her head, I flipped her upside down so I could suck her cunt while she gagged on my cock. I wasn't quite done with technique.

We started with all the cliché situations... French maid, farmer's daughter, nurse, dirty uncle... you know. I was not thrilled about one situation that she'd added near the top of the list, but I think I handled it correctly. It was rape, and I surprised her one day when she got home from school. I tore her clothes off, threw her on the bed, and smeared jelly

all over her asshole and my cock. From behind, I fucked her in the ass right up to the hilt. I had a hold of her hair, and I banged her head against the headboard with every violent thrust. She cried a deep, braying cry, and screamed a couple of times, but nobody could hear her. After I came deep in her ass, I made her lick my cock clean. It frightened me, how much she enjoyed it, and she asked me to do it again. I didn't have the heart. The lesson was done. I didn't want it to turn into sex.

Nine years is not forever, but I'm not done yet. It's bittersweet, really, but so much of life is.