AUTHOR: Fygero

TITLE: Like Mother, Like Daughter

SUMMARY: It’s the near future. The age of consent has been lowered to 12, and sex-ed has moved from the school to the local medical practice. Nobody is happier about this than Dr. Pete.

KEYWORDS: Mg(12), MF/g(12), M/Fg(12), 1st, Inc, Ped, Preteen, Cons, Piv, Creampie, Oral, Womb

WORDS: 22467

WARNING: This story contains explicit sex scenes with a minor. If this is likely to offend you, please close this file of click BACK on your browser now.

SYNOPSIS: \*\*\* CONTAINS SPOILERS\*\*\* Lucy is like any twelve-year-old who’s walked into Pete’s practice – sweet natured, perky, and lovely in her youthful innocence. Walking her through sex-prep will literally be his pleasure, especially if he can encourage her gorgeously petite mother to take part as well.

It is the near future, and the age of consent for girls has been dropped to twelve, resulting in attitudinal and cultural changes that nobody could have anticipated.

Men – not just some, but all of them – have finally come out from behind the curtain of denial and confronted their buried desires. No longer is there a stigma to want for the skinny pre-teen temptresses running around the beach in tiny bikinis – the lovely middle-schoolers with their budding breasts, bundled into last year’s uniform and forever forgetting to sit with their knees together – and the lithe, flat-chested gymnasts, leaping about in gleaming leotards that caress every curve and crevice of their tiny, hairless cunts. A door has been opened, a chance for every man to have what he’d never dared to dream.

The girls themselves haven’t changed though. They’re only children, and they don’t see the sublime beauty of their young, developing bodies – they don’t know the deep, sexual hunger they stir, just by being themselves.

To achieve their full potential, they need to be shown, and it is the medical profession – men of skill and knowledge like Dr. Pete – who have been entrusted to kindle the spark of sexual awakening that glows inside their burgeoning breast.

DISCLAIMER: The characters and events depicted in this work are fictional; and resemblance to actual people or events is entirely coincidental.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This is a work of fantasy. Although many men may think and act like the character Pete, young girls do not think and act like Lucy. Her highly biddable and sexual nature is a fantasy that does not exist; in fact, it would be dangerous to believe that it does. If the Synopsis above makes you cringe, close your browser now – it only gets worse. If, however, you enjoy this type of fantasy, I encourage you to read the story; it is very erotic, very graphic, and thoroughly enjoyable. If you have trouble distinguishing between the fantasy of Lucy and the reality of real girls then you probably need the help of a medical practitioner.

“Shut your eyes, honey.

 I’ve got a big surprise for you.”

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Dr. Pete stepped into the waiting room. “Lucy Winters?”

A petite blond woman stood and smiled. “That’s us.” She took the hand of a young girl wearing horn-rimmed glasses a blue and white striped school dress. She was maybe ten or twelve and very obviously the woman’s daughter – a three-quarter scale carbon copy. “Come on sweetheart. It’s our turn.”

Dr. Pete checked his clipboard. *Patient: Lucy Winters; mother: Sarah; date of birth … oh, wow.* It was Lucy’s birthday. She was turning twelve. “You must be Sarah,” he said, greeting the mother. “Welcome, welcome. Come on in.” Pete held the door for them both and watched Sarah’s slim hips sway beneath her skirt as she walked. Gorgeous.

He offered them both a seat and then took to his own. “So, Sarah,” Pete said, not sure whether this joke was going to fly or not, “you and Lucy are, what, sisters?”

“She’s my Mom,” Lucy said incredulously. *She’th my mom*. Cute lisp – must be the braces.

“Your Mom?” Pete said, copying her disbelieving tone. “What’s a grown woman going to the doctor with her Mom for?”

Sarah watched on, smiling.

“I’m not a grown-up,” Lucy’s blue eyes – improbably large behind the clear lenses – flashed with delight. “I’m only elev— I mean, I’m twelve.”

 “Twelve? You’re kidding.” Pete creased his face into frown and looked at his clipboard. “Well I’ll be darned. You are twelve … today?”

Lucy nodded, beaming.

“Happy birthday.” He shot Sarah a wink. *She’s going to be fine*, it said. Lucy seemed completely at ease. Her mother must have prepared her for this, or perhaps she had older school friends who’d been talking. Whatever, Pete was happy. Nervous mothers, nervous daughters – they complicated things. He liked Lucy already, and he wanted things to stay super uncomplicated.

“Anyway,” he said, rubbing his hands together. “How can I help you ladies today.”

“Well,” Sarah began, “as Lucy says, she turns twelve today, a-a-a-nd …”

“Ah, you’ve come for the sex-prep program.”

“Precisely.”

“Good, good. Just to let you know, I’ve done heaps of these, so you’re in capable hands.”

“My friend Amber came here,” Lucy said.

“Amber’s two months older,” Sarah explained. “It’s all Lucy’s sixth grade class is talking about, and she’s just been dying for her turn.”

“How flattering.” Pete smiled and crossed his legs. “So, Lucy, apart from what Amber told you, have you read any books on this?”

Lucy nodded. “I read My Twelfth Birthday. Twice.”

“Oh great,” Pete said. “That one’s my favorite. “What about Mom? Did she tell you what it was like for her?”

“I was a couple of years older when it came in,” Sarah said, twisting her mouth with a look of disappointment. “I went through when they called it sex *education*.” She said the last word with a sarcastic twist.

Oh, no. You poor thing.” Pete made a face. “Not—”

“Uh huh.” Sarah grinned broadly. “At school. Stuffy old teachers with books and line drawings.”

“And the boys all giggling when they came to the girl stuff, and the girls all blushing?”

Sarah laughed. “Exactly. Oh, it was awful. I learned more in two minutes as a sixteen-year-old in the front of my boyfriend’s truck than I ever did in those awful classes.”

“Yes, well.” Pete said archly. “A lot of women don’t look back so fondly on those moments. That’s why we have sex-prep now.”

“Oh, I don’t look back fondly.” Sarah was shaking her head, eyes wide with wistful delight. “He was terrible. Two minutes is being generous. But if you can’t laugh about it, you’ll cry. I just wish they’d introduced this earlier.”

“Indeed.” Pete uncrossed his legs and sat forward, looking intently at Lucy. “So, Luce – can I call you Luce?”

Lucy smiled and nodded, her blond ponytail bobbing jauntily. She pushed her glasses back up her nose.

She was really very pretty when she smiled, Pete thought. Prettier than Sarah, even, with a spray of freckles that hadn’t faded yet, and her face still bearing those delightfully girlish proportions – large eyes, button nose. The braces gave her a pouty look, like her mouth was especially eager for some fresh new experience.

“Luce, have you and your Mom done any of the exercises in the back of the book?”

“We haven’t,” Sarah replied for her. “You really need a second pair of hands for most of them, and Lucy’s father isn’t living with us anymore, so …”

“Totally understandable,” Pete said, holding up a ‘no more explanations’ hand. “Don’t worry about it. We do them all in this session anyway.” He turned back to Lucy. “Luce, do you ever look at yourself in the mirror?”

Lucy pursed her lips in thought. “You mean, like brushing my teeth?”

Pete laughed in a nice way – indulgent. “No Sweetie, not brushing your teeth. I mean a little lower down. Have you been looking at how your body’s changing?”

“Um, well, I’m starting to get boobs … kind of.” She touched herself there, the fingers of both hands absently caressing her nipples.

Pete had noticed the twin buds when she walked in; they had just enough weight to stretch the front of her dress when she was standing. Slouched in the seat, they were less prominent, and if she wore a bra then he probably wouldn’t notice them at all.

Lucy sat up straight smoothed the bodice of her dress, showing Pete their tender shape – tiny and round, the size of plums.

“They’re sure coming along.” Pete looked at Sarah’s bust, herself barely an A-cup. “You might end up bigger than Mom, maybe.”

“We can only hope,” Sarah laughed. “I dithered about wearing a bra today – most days I don’t bother.”

“Mmm, well I think Lucy is about ready for one. Especially now she’s twelve. She’s going to be doing a lot of adult things, soon. Am I right, Lucy?”

“I hope so.” She turned to Sarah. “Mom, can we go bra shopping tomorrow?”

“We’ll see, Punkin. Let’s get you through today, first.”

“What about down lower, Luce?” Pete said. “Have you tried sitting in front of a mirror to look between your legs?”

Lucy shrugged. That probably meant yes.

“And how was that? Did you look inside? Does anything look different?”

“I dunno. Maybe.” Lucy wobbled her head from side to side. “It still looks like a bottom. I don’t know why girls have two – boys are much more interesting.”

“Ha!” Pete sat back, laughing. “Go and ask a boy, see which one they find more interesting.” He quickly composed himself. “Sorry, but you’re quite right – the vulva does look very uninteresting at first glance, doesn’t it? Maybe we can change your mind on that today.” He looked questioningly at Sarah. “Do you mind if we …?”

“No, of course. God, that’s why we came.” She stood up. “Where do you want me?”

“Let’s sit you on the side of the examination table,” Pete said, kicking out a little step so that Sarah could climb up. “And to get started, why don’t we get your blouse and bra off.”

Sarah perched on the paper-lined table with her knees modestly close and smoothed her skirt down over her thighs. She unfastened the buttons of her blouse one by one, working down from the neck and exposing a dainty, lace bra that matched her blue eyes.

When she peeled off the blouse, Pete lingered a moment and enjoyed smooth, flat expanse of her tummy. She didn’t work out, he hazarded, but she didn’t need to. God, she had the body of a twelve-year-old herself.

“And the bra, you said?” she asked.

“Yes please.”

Sarah reached back to unhook it, arching prettily and shaking her long hair back over one shoulder. Pete swallowed. He couldn’t help but wonder what kind of show she’d put on if she was trying to be sexy about it. She shrugged out of the loops and laid it aside.

Pete saw a lot of women with their tops off, but few stacked up quite like Lucy’s mom. Her breasts were shallow and almost perfectly round, just soft mounds of flesh with tight areolas and pointed nipples. If he had to guess, Pete would say she’d never breast-fed. “They’re lovely,” he said.

“Oh, they’re nothing,” Sarah said. “You should’ve seen them when I was pregnant. B-cup bonanza. I did a lot of Baywatch running on the beach before my belly got too big, I can tell you.”

Pete laughed politely. “You’d never guess.” He placed one hand in the small of her back. “May I?”

“Of course.”

He caught Lucy’s eye. “You hear that, Luce? A boy has no right to touch you without your permission. Not even your doctor.”

Lucy nodded sagely and came closer to watch.

Pete cupped Sarah’s breast – well, cupped is perhaps the wrong word because it was far too small to fill his palm. He stroked the plump underside and lifted it with his fingers. It was so tight – firm to the touch. He squeezed the areola between his fingers, working the nipple until it hardened to a stony peak. It swelled larger and flushed with blood to a deep purple-brown. He drew Lucy’s attention. “See here, Luce?” he said, rolling it back and forth in his fingers. “This little hollow on the end – that’s where the milk came from where you were a baby.” He looked up and caught Sarah’s eye. “Did you breastfeed?”

She nodded, looking back down at her nipple between Pete’s fingers.

“Is there milk in there now?” Lucy asked.

“Not anymore,” Pete and Sarah answered together.

Sarah smiled self-consciously at Dr. Pete. “Sorry, you go ahead.”

“The milk comes in when the baby is born,” Pete said to Lucy, ushering her closer, “but it dries up if you stop feeding for too long.” He took her hand and encouraged her to explore her mother’s other breast. It was a much better fit in Lucy’s tiny palm. He squeezed the one he’d been holding and encouraged Lucy to do the same, making the soft flesh blush a lovely shade of pink.

“Hmm,” Lucy said, stroking the areola as Pete had done until it hardened in her little fingers. She flicked the rubbery tip back and forth, smiling each time it sprang proudly back. “Will mine do that too when I have a baby.”

Sarah nodded.

“They’d probably do it now,” Pete said. “Do you want to try?”

Lucy exchanged a questioning look with her mother.

Sarah nodded. *Go for it,* her eyes said. *That’s what you’re here for.*

“Okay.” Lucy smiled back up at Pete, beaming. Her, eyes sparkled – they seemed even bigger and brighter than before, like a Disney princess ready for a big adventure.

“Sit up here,” Pete said, patting the exam table. “Maybe between Mom’s legs.”

Sarah shuffled back and hitched her skirt higher, giving Pete a glimpse of blue panties that matched her discarded bra. She spread her legs and helped Lucy position herself between them.

The twelve-year-old wriggled to get comfortable. “I need more room, Mom.” She shuffled back as Sarah made more space, rocking her bottom. Her own hem rode higher and showed Pete so much of her trim, milky thighs that Pete was sure he’d get a little panty flash, but somehow they remained hidden.

“I’ll need to undo your buttons,” Pete said, raising an eyebrow at Sarah. “I can help if you like.”

Lucy unfastened them herself – five big blue buttons that ran from her neck to just past her navel.

When she was done, Pete took the lapels and pulled them open to inspect the small bounty inside. He almost gasped. They were delightful. Surely they’d only been growing a couple of months, at most. Set wide apart on her flat chest, just the smallest, tenderest pillows, topped with sugar-drop nipples the color of coconut-ice.

“They’re not very big, yet,” Lucy said in a quiet voice.

“Sweetie, they’re perfect,” Pete said. “They’re just the right size for you.” He spread her legs and stood between them. *There those panties are* – just a little wisp of pink stretched across her vulva. It looked like Sarah had bought her a nice pair for the occasion. People spread rumors that the prep went easier for girls who made an extra effort to look nice – some mothers even brought their daughters in with full make-up. Pete certainly didn’t mind having his middle-schoolers gift-wrapped in a tiny pair of see-through panties, maybe a push-up bra if there was anything to push up.

He put his hands on her waist, his thumbs meeting over her belly-button. His fingers almost touched at the back. He squeezed a little, seeing if he could manage it, and Lucy sucked in a breath to help. It was no good. Maybe if he’d met her six months earlier, but then those little titties wouldn’t be so goddam edible. No, she’d come to him at the perfect time. He shaped his hands beneath them, the webbing between thumb and forefinger describing a curve that perfectly traced the tiny swells.

Lucy’s eyes met his again. They were wide and bright inside her ocean-blue frames. Little Mermaid eyes.

“May I?” he asked.

Lucy swallowed, and after a moment she nodded.

Pete asked the same question of Sarah with a knowing look.

“It’s okay, Punkin,” she whispered in Lucy’s ear, hugging her tight. “It feels really nice. I promise.”

Pete stroked once with his thumb, kneading the soft flesh in slow circles. Exquisite. Softer than Sarah’s. Her young skin felt delicate, like if he was too rough then he’d leave a scar. He did the same with the other one, circling, avoiding the nipple for the time being. “Is that okay?”

Lucy licked her lips. “Uh-huh.”

“You want me to keep going?”

Lucy nodded again. “Yes please.”

Pete kneeled on the step. His face was about the height of Lucy’s chest. “Lucy, if a boy respects you, he’ll do this for you every time you’re together.” He kissed her breast, tasting it, licking the gently swollen underside. “If he’s just using his hands,” Pete went on, talking between kisses, “if he’s only touching you through your clothes – don’t let him go any further until he does it properly.” He drew Lucy’s areola into his mouth and sucked hard, eliciting a surprised gasp. He worked the other nipple with his fingers, gently rolling it, pinching, stroking the tender flesh underneath with his other fingers. “Do you feel the difference?”

“Y-yes.”

Lucy’s chest shuddered beneath Pete’s lips. He drew away an inch and blew cool air on the nipple. “Which one feels best?”

“This one,” Lucy breathed, bringing her fingers up to cup it, offering it again to his lips. Pete returned with more passion, more venom. He used his teeth on her – gently, of course; it was only her first time and he didn’t want to frighten her. He did want to show her the adoration her young body could elicit, though. She deserved to know that for all the cover girls out there, all the models and the porn stars, she was the one at the peak of her sexual beauty. Her young body – not yet grown but so, so ripe – was a heavenly delight. With what he showed her today, a cutie like her might make … shit, who knows, ten thou’ a night working out of her junior high – more if she got a stent. They weren’t exactly legal, but neither were twelve-year-olds once upon a time, and pre-teens with stents were like fucking crack cocaine.

Swapping sides, Pete sucked the whole of her other breast into his mouth, voicing his approval with a soft growl. He used his tongue, plowing it through the pillowy flesh, licking her pebbly nipple in long, glorious swipes.

Lucy held them both for him and he dropped his hands. She offered him one, then the other, squeezing the nipples outward and snapping them over his lips. She pushed them together, trying to lend herself cleavage. Pete nibbled at them, moving back and forth like he was watching a tennis match, making a game of it with her and earning himself an amused giggle.

He rested his hands casually on her thighs, fingertips close to her virgin center. Did Sarah notice? Perhaps. He didn’t much care. The sex-prep program gave doctors an almost free rein. The world just about fucking ended when they lowered the age of consent to twelve, such was the backlash. But then some genius YouTubed a now perfectly legal twelve-year-old getting her smooth, virgin slit plowed by a big black dick. A billion hits in forty-eight hours. The tween-porn internet boom preceded the first ads on Craigslist by about a week. Pre-teen sluts were cashing in. Five grand for a cutie. Ten if she’d do two guys at once. Even a plain looking girl could fetch a grand or so – providing she was clean and smooth.

Viva la free market. Pete fancied Lucy would amass quite a college fund even before she finished junior high.

He stroked a thumb over her pussy, just a graze, a touch – a reminder if she needed it, about what it meant to invite a man between her legs. Her breath caught and her thin chest shuddered. He licked her breast fiercely, growling low in his throat. He wanted her badly, and he was letting her know it. She was exquisite, so pure and unexplored. Her body teemed with hormones, rattling their cage and screaming how ripe she was. Pete was going to set them free.

She blew out a long breath, almost whistling. Pete felt it ruffle his hair.

How could she not know? Men would do anything – literally anything – to have her tiny body, and it was his job to show her. Every time she ran around at the beach in her little bikini, dicks were getting hard for her, watching her do cartwheels in the sand, just hoping for a glimpse if her costume slipped. And Lucy was completely oblivious, teasing them mercilessly just by being herself.

Pete felt her body soften as she relaxed into the caressing and perhaps began to realize her power. With instinctive sexuality, she arched her breasts into his tongue and opened her legs wider. He stroked her pussy again, tracing the edges of her puffy lips, finding the sleek center line with a searching fingertip. He touched her clitoris, rocking back and forth over the top.

Lucy whimpered. Had she ever explored that place? It thrilled Pete to think he was playing tour guide, introducing her to fresh pleasures that had been right there for the taking. Such a waste it would be to indulge them by herself. Soon she would grow and mature and it would be too late. Men would have her now, over and over, alone or in pairs while her straining pussy was still too small to take their full length.

“Dr. Pete?” Sarah said. “We probably should keep moving. I need to get Lucy back to school before third period.”

It took an almost physical force, but Pete released her. He longed to slip beneath the gauzy sheath covering her sex. Sighing, he treated each sugar-drop nipple to one final suck before stepping back. “Was that nice, Luce?”

“Hmm?” Lucy opened her eyes and blinked. She seemed disoriented. “Is that all?”

“It’s not even nearly all, Sweetie,” Pete said. “We’re just getting started.” He helped her down from the table, touching her young breasts again – he was powerless not to. “See, they’re hard. Just like Mom’s.” He rolled a nipple between his fingers, bringing it back to a stiff peak.

“What are we going to do next?” Lucy asked, her voice betraying a breathy hint of eagerness.

“Well, if Mom’s ready” – Pete exchanged a look with the bare-breasted Sarah, whose eyes flashed almost as excitedly as Lucy’s – “then we can take a look at her downstairs and show you what girls look like up close. Do you want to do that?”

Lucy nodded, following Pete’s eyes to the sheer strip of blue gauze between her mother’s legs. There was a dark blot in the middle, Pete was delighted to see – evidence of Sarah’s rising anticipation for what Lucy had coming.

“Sarah,” Pete said. “Could you pop your feet up in the stirrups? Do you want your skirt on or off?”

“On,” Sarah said, sliding down to the end of the table. With practiced ease, she kicked off her heels and used the stirrups to lift her ass, skimming her panties down past her ankles and off.

Pete smiled appreciatively. “You look like you’ve done that before.”

Sarah blushed. “It saves on medical if you can pay in kind.”

“Smart woman.” He winked at Lucy. “Listen to your Mom, Luce. “A pretty girl like you shouldn’t need to spend a penny from now on.”

Lucy frowned uncertainly.

Not to worry, she’d learn. She was going to get plenty of practice. Pete led her to the end of the examination table and showed her how to adjust the stirrups, and together they cranked her mom’s legs wide apart.

“Do you want to lie back, or watch?” he asked Sarah.

“I usually just lie back and enjoy it,” she said. “But I probably should watch this time.”

Pete raised the other end of the table into a back rest. “Better?”

“Mm-hmm.” Sarah wriggled in her seat – Pete would’ve bet her breasts couldn’t jiggle, but it’s a bet he’d have lost. She saw him looking and smiled. “That feels great. Thank you.”

“Now,” he said, returning to the other end and stepping between Sarah’s open legs. “Let’s see what we’re working with here.” He took the hem of her skirt, and after getting a nod of consent, he lifted it and laid it back on her flat tummy.

*Oh my.* “Oh.” Pete gulped. “Wow.”

“You don’t mind, do you?” Sarah said. “I had it done when I was young. Just after they changed the Act.”

“It’s …” Pete touched her cunt – her completely smooth cunt. “It’s wonderful.” There weren’t even any follicles. Sarah was as flawless as any ten-year-old. If they gave Barbie dolls cunts, they’d look like hers.

“The laser removal takes a few treatments,” she said. “But everyone seems to enjoy the results. We’ll get Lucy done too, as soon as she needs it.”

“Mo-o-om. Do I have to?”

“You should.” Pete gave Lucy a sober look. “This is excellent work.”

“It was only wispy fuzz to begin with,” Sarah said, touching herself, stroking her own flawless lips. “I was fifteen I think – I hardly remember. I was one of the first, though, so a lot of men thought I was younger. They say it’s better if you get it done before the hair grows in properly.”

Pete could hardly believe he wasn’t looking at a girl from elementary school.

Nobody could have predicted the wild swing in public sentiment that followed the amended Act. Pedophilia was still reviled, and rightly so – girls under twelve were children, after all. Pete was a bit more *avant garde* – he drew the line at eight, maybe few years younger if the girl had a stent – but that magical moment when puberty took hold, the golden year of perfect, budding breasts and a bare, doll-like mound was something every man craved whether he admitted it or not. Just the thrill of pulling down a little girl’s panties, that beckoning crease, like a ripe peach, scarcely a hint of an opening between smooth, soft labia – no man could sink his cock into a hairless pre-teen pussy without acknowledging he’d known her at the breathy peak of her desirability.

“Truly, truly excellent results,” Pete said. He’d never expected to meet a grown woman with such a lovely cunt. “You were a very lucky girl.”

“If you want” – Sarah raised a querying eyebrow – “you can … you know …”

Pete smiled. “Just take it off the bill, right?”

Sarah shrugged coyly. Her nipples were dark pink chips of granite.

It was a tempting offer, but looking after Lucy was his top priority. Just in case, he palmed a Viagra from his jacket pocket and swallowed it dry. “Let’s have a closer look, shall we Lucy?”

Lucy nodded eagerly, still viewing everything in this brave new world through excited Disney Princess eyes.

Pete touched Sarah at her center. That was all it took – that and the strain of her parted thighs. Her inner labia peeled slowly open to reveal her shiny pink clit mounted above a slick, heart-shaped entrance the size of a button.

“How you ever got a baby out of there is an eternal mystery,” Pete muttered.

“Shh,” Sarah giggled. “Don’t tell anyone, but I might have gotten a little work done.”

Here was a woman who’d had some serious good fortune in the cosmetic surgery game. She was beyond perfect. Pete’s dick hurt just to look. He stroked a finger down her slit, spreading her welling nectar and making everything in there glisten seductively.

Sarah flexed and closed her pussy over his fingertip.

Pete took a slow breath, his balls lifting and tightening. “Nice trick.”

Lucy stared intently into her mom’s silky purse. “That doesn’t look like a bottom.”

Pete suppressed a laugh. “It sure doesn’t, Sweetie,” he said. “Do you want to touch it?”

Lucy nodded, her ponytail bouncing double-time.

“Start down here.” Pete showed her where, sliding his own middle finger into Sarah’s tight box, working his bony knuckle in and out past the narrowest point behind the opening.

Lucy copied, fingering her mom with a tentative, nervous touch. “It’s slippery.”

“That’s what happens when you’re excited,” Sarah said.

Lucy licked her lips, obviously framing her next question. “Will mine do that?”

“It might take a little practice,” Pete said. He sat down and pulled his office chair up between Sarah’s legs, patting Lucy’s bottom. “Sit on my knee, Sweetie. We can get a closer look at Mom together.”

Lucy sat down, sweetly compliant.

“Scoot up here a bit higher.” He closed his big hands around her hips and coaxed her back, sliding up his lap till she was perched on his dick. “That’s better. Are you looking after Mommy? Why don’t you ask what she likes?”

Lucy looked back over her shoulder and then at Sarah. Her wide-eyed expression was too easy to read. *Are you serious?*

“Use two fingers, Punkin.” Sarah held up her first and second finger like a pistol. “Like a …” Sarah arched and closed her eyes. “Mmm.” She rocked her pussy into Lucy’s hand. “A bit deeper … yes-s-s-s.”

Pete closed his arms around Lucy’s body and held her breasts again, his touch rougher than before, less mindful. He pinched her nipple and made her moan.

Lucy writhed on his dick, sweetly oblivious to the trembling pleasure her young body could deliver. She fingered her mom slow and deep, quickly discovering they went all the way in, and then pressing home, rhythmically massaging Sarah’s cunt lips with her knuckles.

Her mother encouraged her with tender sighs and gasps, rewarding the touches that brought her closer to what was perhaps un unexpected climax.

Pete placed his free hand high in Lucy’s lap, laying his fingers over the velvet pad of her young cunt. At twelve, her breasts and womb were still those of a child, but her hormones knew differently – they ran her body on raw instinct, and they wanted – no, they *demanded*, the touch of man. Helpless to resist, Lucy parted her legs and gave herself to him.

Pete pulled her hem free and pooled the back of her skirt on his lap. Only her thin panties and Pete’s trousers separated them. She was almost ready.

“See this spot here?” He tickled Sarah’s clit, causing her to gasp and pump her hips.

“Uh-huh?”

Pete put his lips close to Lucy’s ear. “Lean forward and give it a kiss.”

Lucy was straddling his lap, resting almost her entire body weight on her pussy, which in turn balanced on the fulcrum of Pete’s cock. She turned her head slightly, questioning, and he felt her tense down there.

*Fuck!* He was about to lose her. His dick ached to finish this. “Go on,” he whispered. “You’ll like it. Mom will, too.”

Lucy seemed to mentally steel herself. She leaned down, shifting her weight delightfully along Pete’s length, and placed a chaste kiss in Sarah’s love button.

Oh, Punkin!” Sarah’s breath came in a shudder.

“I’m sorry, Mommy,” Lucy said, quickly sitting up. “I didn’t mean—”

“Again,” Sarah growled, her voice tainted with lust. “Eat me.”

Lucy kissed her again, letting her lips linger this time, perhaps tasting her mother’s raw essence.

“That’s it,” Sarah said, breasts aquiver, her breath coming in gasps. She wound her fingers into Lucy’s hair. “Use your tongue. Punkin. Make Mommy come.”

Lucy locked her lips onto her mom’s clit and sucked like a babe on the tit. Sarah lost her shit, crying out and bucking into her daughter’s face. Lucy had to hold on tight to maintain contact, and she slid back down to Pete’s knee.

His cock yearned for her. He freed it with one hand and stroked himself beneath Lucy’s dress, touching it to the dampened gusset of her panties. God, she was wet for him.

“Stand up, Luce,” he said, guiding her hips. “Let’s get you out of these panties.”

Without breaking contact with her mother’s cunt, Lucy obediently rose and let Pete slide her underwear down, dropping them to her ankles. They really were very tiny, and she had to step on them with one foot to get them past her white socks and sandals.

Lucy seemed to have discovered a hidden talent for pussy, alternating between finger fucking and eating her mom’s cunt, sucking her clit and grinding it with her nose.

Pete sat her back down and rubbed her succulent pussy over his swollen shaft. He leaned back and peeked beneath the dress. There wasn’t much to see, just her slender ass and a pair of plump, pink lips nuzzling his dick, coating his balls in her fresh young scent.

He pulled a condom from his pocket, letting Sarah see the shiny foil pack, but after rolling it down his cock, he tore the tip with his fingernails, just enough to slip his knob though – friction would do the rest. He made a mental to ensure Lucy put her panties back on afterwards; it wouldn’t do to have her dribbling on her sandals out in the front office.

He slid her forward and burrowed the tip into her tight groove, feeling around for the softening that announced her virgin opening. She was so petite – his dick dwarfed her tiny slit. He could hardly imagine how he’d ever get it inside. “That’s right, Sweetie,” he said, finally slotting into her entrance and guiding her hips, searching for just the right weight and angle that would open her up. “Work it.”

Perhaps Lucy misunderstood, because she attacked Sarah’s cunt with renewed zeal, her own noises of breathless lust mingling with her mother’s, the pair of them rising in volume until Sarah’s moans took on a frantic note.

“Luce! Honey! Stop!” Her strained voice became a croak. “I’m going to … I can’t …”

Lucy ignored her and buried her tongue in Sarah’s tight box, eating out her mother’s hairless cunt with great, lustful bites.

“Ye-e-e-e-e-s!” Sarah came on Dr. Pete’s examination table. Uncontrollably. Her legs shook with spastic glee and the tendons in her groin stood out like suspension bridge cables. Her cunt bucked madly beneath Lucy’s searching tongue, spasm after spasm wracking her body, slowly unwinding until finally she had to pull Lucy’s lips from her incandescent slit.

Lucy straightened, slipping free of Pete’s dick, her innocence still intact. “Mom? Are you okay?” She wiped her mouth on her arm.

“I’m wonderful, Punkin,” she sighed. “*You* were wonderful.”

Pete slipped the condom off and wrangled his straining dick back into his trousers, trying not to groan. “Did you like that, Luce?”

Lucy turned and sat sideways on his knee, rearranging her school dress over her lap. She smiled shyly and nodded, braces flashing. The right lens of her glasses was steamed over.

“Do you want to have a try on the table? Like Mom?”

Lucy licked her lips and touched herself absently. If only she knew how close she came to having a dick in there. She looked from Pete to her mother, eyelashes batting nineteen to the dozen. “Will you do it, Mom?”

“Some girls like a man to do it,” Pete said, nodding encouragingly. “It’s the whiskers.” He stroked the stubble beneath his bottom lip. “They say it feels nice.”

Lucy looked hopefully at her mother. “Mom? Can I?”

“If Dr. Pete doesn’t mind. Not all men like the taste.”

“I liked it,” Lucy said, licking her lips again. “It tastes like … fun!” She reddened and lowered her eyes. “That sounds silly.”

“Not at all, Luce,” Pete said. “Mom and I know exactly what you mean. And she’s right, lots of men don’t like it, but I can show you a trick if you like, so they’ll do it even if they don’t want to.”

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Lucy watched him intently. She swallowed heavily. “O-o-o-kay.”

“Do you want to practice with me?”

She nodded eagerly. “Okay.” She seemed inordinately keen to discover what it felt like to get eaten.

Pete patted her bottom. “Hop down on the floor and I’ll show you.”

Lucy got down on her knees in the middle of the office, blinking up at Pete with an expectant look.

Pete laid his white coat over the back of the chair and kicked off his shoes. “What you just did for your mom,” he said, adopting an instructional tone he thought Lucy might need now the stakes were rising, “you can do for a guy, too. Do you know what I’m talking about?”

Lucy nodded. “I think so.”

“Kids at school talk about it?”

She shrugged, which seemed to be Lucy’s version of ‘Yes, but I’m too shy to talk about it.’

“What do they call it?”

Lucy glanced at her mom and then back at Pete, her brow creased with worry lines. “I think it’s a bad word.”

“We’re in a safe place here, Luce. I don’t think you’re going to get in trouble.” He really wanted to see her pretty mouth form the words.

“I think … I don’t ever say it, but I think they call it cock-sucking.”

She caught Pete mid-swallow and he almost choked on his own spit. “Oh!” He coughed, clearing his throat. “Yeah, that one maybe is a swear word. *Cock-thucking.* Pete’s dick heaved. The perky, bespectacled middle-schooler talking about sucking his dick was divine, but the lisp was the icing on the cake.

“I think we should call it a BJ,” Sarah said archly.

“What’s a bee-jay?”

“It’s short for blow-job,” Pete said. He looked up at Sarah, who’d taken her feet out of the stirrups now and put her skirt back down. She still had her tits out, though, so that was nice. “What do we reckon, Mom, is that one a swear, too?”

Sarah waggled her hand. *Maybe*.

Lucy frowned again. “I don’t think they’re the same thing.”

“I don’t get you, Luce.”

“Well, isn’t one, you know, sucking – and the other one blowing?”

Pete laughed, and Sarah joined in. “You’re absolutely right,” he said, ruffling her hair. “Whoever called it a blow job really messed up.”

“So, you’re supposed to suck it, then?”

Pete nodded. “You’re definitely supposed to suck it.”

“’Cause Amber says you can just hold your mouth open and let him put it in.”

Pete blinked. “Well, I mean, you *can* do that—”

“But it feels nicer when you suck,” Sarah finished.

Pete smiled. She was doing half his job for him. “And if you really want him to lick yours—”

“Then you do what feels nicest,” Lucy finished, nodding slowly and smiling. “Sneaky, huh?”

“Are you going to give it a try?” Pete asked. “Do you want to try sucking mine?”

“You mean bee-jaying yours?” Lucy said precociously, the delight at correcting a grown-up making her eyes sparkle.

“I think we can say ‘sucking’.” Pete gave her a wink. “It’s the other word that’s the swear.”

Lucy licked her lips, making them shine. She just knelt there, looking at Pete’s trousers, then up at Pete, then back down again.

“Do you want me to get it out? Because I don’t mind if you do.”

Her eyebrows knitted. For a moment she was paralyzed by indecision, but then she shuffled forward on her knees in front of him. Her hands stopped just an inch from his zipper. “Do I just …?”

“Yep, just unzip me.”

She struggled a moment with it, touching him half a dozen times though his trousers before she finally slid it down. Exploring gamely, she slipped a hand inside and found his hard dick, now tucked safely back in his shorts. She probed around blindly and grabbed his cock and balls a few times without finding the opening. “I can’t … seem to …”

“I’ll give you a hand,” Pete said. He unbuckled and stepped out of his trousers off, draping them over the chair with his coat. And then, only because he was too hard to properly enjoy Lucy’s fumbling, he pulled down his shorts and kicked them off. His dick swung free in front of her face – God, that was better. It was so hard, it gleamed.

Lucy sat back on her heels and peered anxiously over at Sarah.

Pete touched her hair. “What’s the matter, Luce?”

“Mom, it’s too big. I thought it was going to be like Benji’s.”

Sarah caught Pete’s eye. “Ben is her little brother.” To Lucy, she said, “Punkin, Benj is only nine. He’s a little kid. His’ll be just as big when he grows up.” She looked at Pete’s bobbing cock and then up at Pete, a half smile forming. “Maybe.”

“I don’t want to anymore, Mommy.”

Oh, this was not good. Not good at all.

“Luce,” Pete said, “it’s really not that scary. Why don’t you just hold it and—”

Sarah silenced him with a hand. “Lucy, Sweetie, you don’t have to do anything you don’t want to.” She kneeled down next to her daughter and they hugged. “It’s scary the first time, isn’t it?”

Lucy nodded, her face buried between Sarah’s breasts.

“I was scared too. Did you know that?”

Lucy shook her head.

“I really was. I was older than you, but I wasn’t with a nice man. He wasn’t very gentle.”

Lucy spoke in a tiny voice. “What happened?”

“He tried to put it in too far.”

“Is that bad?”

“It is if you’re not ready. It made me feel like I was going to be sick.”

Lucy shook her head again. “I don’t want to be sick.”

“You know what, Punkin? I don’t think Dr. Pete is like that man. I think he’ll be much gentler.”

Lucy pulled her face from Sarah’s breasts and looked up at her beseechingly. “Can we go back to school, Mommy? Please? I don’t want to do it anymore.”

Sarah sighed. “Okay, but do you mind if I try? I like sucking cock.”

Pete smiled. Things were looking up.

Lucy’s eyes bulged.

Sarah gave her a look of mock indignation. “What? I’m a grown-up. I’m allowed to say it.”

“But you said it’s a bad—”

“If you can suck it, you can say it. That’s my new motto. Now move over – I want to suck Dr. Pete’s cock.”

Pete turned to Sarah so she wouldn’t have to make an ungainly shuffle on her knees, hovering his dick a few inches from her mouth.

She looked up at him hopefully. “Do you mind if I get something from my bag?”

*A condom?* Jesus, a blow job with a condom was as dull as a half-sucked popsicle. “Yeah, sure,” Pete said, trying to keep the disappointment from his voice.

Sarah popped to her feet, breasts jiggling again – *God she was hot* – and fussed about in her tote. “I used these all the time when I was a junior making money for college.”

Pete sighed. The Viagra was starting to kick in and his dick throbbed like a motherfucker. He’d gone from almost bare-backing a twelve-year-old to a raincoat blow-job from her mom. He could look forward to an uncomfortable afternoon with an infinity-boner.

Sarah cast him a self-conscious backward glance. “It’s silly,” she said, “but they make me feel younger.” She pulled out a metallic red and gold bundle, which she separated into a flimsy nylon crop-top and cheerleader’s skirt.

Things just got better again.

She modelled the crop-top over her breasts. “Is that okay? It’s not weird or anything?”

“It’s perfect,” Pete said. “You could totally make the squad back in high school.”

“Oh, I never cheered in high school.” Sarah waved off the idea, pulling the top over her head. “I was still a double-A cup when I graduated.” The filmy garment was far too small and had no elastic – it hugged her breasts but hung loose, just barely covering the nipples. “I wore this in junior high. It used to come down a lot further then.” She shimmied her chest, offering Pete tantalizing glimpses of her wobbling under-breast. “If you wore a bra then it wasn’t quite so …”

“Arresting?”

“Still,” she went on, dropping her skirt and stepping into the obscenely short, red and god uniform, “it’s not like today. The seniors at Lucy’s junior high have their booking numbers printed on the back. Cheerleaders make crazy money after a game – especially if the team wins.”

“That so?”

The skirt was shorter than the crop top, and Sarah’s hips weren’t as narrow as they’d been when she was thirteen, so he could see the silky lobes of her pussy beneath the hem.

“Sorry, one more thing,” Sarah said, holding up an apologetic finger. “Promise I’ll be quick.” She fished around again in her bag and found some hair ties and a comb, and with a speed borne of years’ practice, she tied her bouncing blond locks up into twin pony-tails, tying them off with red and gold ribbons that matched the uniform.

She presented herself front-on for Pete, perky and smiling. “Worth the wait?”

“Okay,” said Lucy. “*Now* we look like sisters.”

“I wasn’t joking before,” Pete said. “Walk around a high school car park like that after the game and you’ll make enough for a holiday in Aspen.”

Sarah shrugged, kneeling again in front of Pete. “Not like Lucy will. I dunno, maybe we’ll do some ménage stuff together if the price is right.”

“Mom, can I try out for cheerleading next year?”

“We’ll see, Punkin,” Sarah replied. “See how you go today, though. Junior High cheerleading is a lot different to when I did it. The girls need a whole extra skill set.”

“Like giving bee-jays? Don’t the boys all have to play football, though?”

“Not the players.” Sarah frowned. “Geez Lucy, don’t go giving it away. Cheerleading’s not for the players, it’s for the men in the stands. Hell, they don’t come for the sport.”

Lucy’s lips narrowed. “Mom, I thought you were going to suck Dr. Pete’s cock.”

“I am.” Sarah took Pete in hand and flashed Lucy a look. “And you watch your language, young lady.”

Pete’s dick bucked in her fist. He hadn’t been listening very attentively because Lucy’s dress still hung wide open, and from where he stood above her, he could see straight down the middle to her pussy.

“Once you’ve got his dick,” Sarah said, using this as a teachable moment, “you can just stroke it with your hand for a bit.” She jerked his cock slowly, using the full length and allowing the cock skin to float freely over the hardened shaft beneath.

Lucy shuffled closer. “I thought Dr. Pete said it was better to use your mouth.”

“With boys you need to build up slowly.” She moved her grip closer to the end, making space down by the root. “Do you want to help me?”

Lucy’s face took on a worried look, like maybe she was being tricked. She took a hold anyway, her fingers almost able to close around the girth, and together they worked his long cock as if they were one.

“Do you want to try on your own?”

Lucy didn’t take her eyes off it. She just nodded. “Shivers,” she gasped when Sarah let go. She shot a look at her mom. “It’s heavy.”

“Why don’t you get closer? Take a better look.”

Lucy rose up on her knees, bringing her face very close and giving Pete a brief fantasy of coming over her glasses. She raised his dick straight up, and still stroking it, she cupped his balls with her other hand.

“Do you know what those are?” Sarah asked.

Lucy nodded. “It’s where the stuff comes from.” She shifted her attention to the other end, watching Pete’s cockhead magically fold away and reappear, over and over.

Sarah leaned forward and kissed the tip, then sat back on her heels.

Lucy kept pumping, but she watched her mom cautiously for a few moments, perhaps waiting to see what would happen next.

Sarah just looked back at her daughter, her face unreadable.

Lucy brought Pete’s cockhead to her lips and kissed it too. She glared back at her mother. You didn’t need to speak twelve-year-old to read her expression. *You happy now?*

Sarah closed her hand over Lucy’s to hold Pete’s cock still, and she treated the top few inches to half a dozen slow, wet kisses, finishing with her lips over the tip. Pete watched rapt as her tongue snaked out and licked three or four slick circles around his knob.

Again, she sat back and looked at Lucy.

“I know what you’re doing, Mom. I’m not stupid.”

“I never said you were, Punkin.” She nodded at Lucy’s hand. “That cock tastes nice. You should try some.”

Lucy gave her a withering look. She turned her attention back to Pete’s dick, wrinkling her nose. “I’m doing this because I’m curious,” she said flatly. “Not because you tricked me.”

*Frankly my dear,* thought Pete. *I don’t give a damn. You can blow me. Har har. Get it? Blow m— JESUS CHRIST!*

Lucy had taken his dick in her mouth and sucked the head like a lollipop. With long, deep slurps, she drew his tender knob-flesh down the channel of her tongue, working the shaft with her lips and getting it wet all over. God, he’d never been sucked so furiously.

His balls boiled. He was going to come if he wasn’t careful. *Jesus! Stop looking.* The sight of the gorgeous middle-schooler eating his cock was pre-ejaculatory kryptonite. Her little hand around his too-big cock, her lips stretched over the knob, working like mad – it was too much. Pete groaned, utterly conflicted between the need to hose Lucy down with a hot load of cum and the overwhelming desire to keep ravaging her tiny, willing body.

She kept at it for how long – ten seconds? twenty? It couldn’t have been much longer because Pete had stopped breathing and he would’ve passed out. At the critical moment, right when he felt that first warning contraction in his balls, Sarah moved in and placed her hand over Lucy’s.

“Slow down a little Punkin. It’s not a race.”

Lucy took her mouth away and the volcano in Pete’s ball-sack bubbled back down to a simmer. He took a shaky breath. *Shit, that was close.*

Sarah let Lucy keep a hold while she gave Pete a long lick up the underside. “Pretend it’s an ice-cream cone,” she said. “Go too fast and you’ll get brain-freeze.”

Lucy giggled. “And if I go too slow will it melt in my hand?”

“You don’t know how true that is.” Sarah took over holding Pete, just her thumb and forefinger in a circle, way down low to expose his full length. “Watch Mommy, Punkin.”

Sarah closed her mouth over Pete’s dick and set to work with a slow, wet blow job. Using her hand and mouth in a hypnotic rhythm, she bobbed her head and slithered her tongue around his knob, the whole time maintaining a sweet suction that enveloped his cock in wet, tropical heat.

Lucy watched on closely, occasionally licking her lips as she waited her turn.

Pete caught her eye and winked. “Your sister’s very good at this, Lucy.” He felt Sarah’s soft mouth harden in to a smile. Looking down at the cheerleader and the schoolgirl, a couple of skinny ice-blonds in pony tails – from his angle, the illusion of being sucked off by twin pre-teen sluts was almost perfect.

He delved into Lucy’s dress to fondle her breasts and she rose up on her knees to help him reach, cupping his balls in one hand and stroking behind them with her fingers. Sarah gave a jealous moan and looked up from her mouthful of cock, so Pete caressed her tits as well, gaining the easiest of access beneath the dangling hem of her cheerleader’s crop-top. The comparison from mother to daughter was exquisite. Sarah was firmer, fuller – the curve underneath each one describing shallow arcs that met in the middle. Lucy’s were tiny and soft – mouthfuls, really – little islands of desire set far apart in the flat sea of her skinny chest.

Sarah came up for air, drawing Pete’s dick from its wet heaven with a loud plop. “Mmm, Dr. Pete’s got clever fingers, hasn’t he Lucy?”

“Uh-huh.” Lucy’s body swayed like a reed, teased into motion by the breeze that was Pete’s clever fingers.

Sarah drew her closer with a touch beneath her chin, and together they shared Pete’s cock, kissing and licking it all over. “Do you think he has a clever tongue, too?”

“Mie-mummo.” *I dunno*, Lucy said through a face-full of dick.

“If you’re nice to him then he might use his clever tongue on you.” Sarah’s hand disappeared between beneath Lucy’s school dress, forcing a hot gasp from the girl’s nostrils and bathing Pete’s wet shaft in the blast. Sarah’s voice took on a teasing, sexy tone. “Do you think you’d like that?”

“Mm-hmm.” Lucy didn’t break contact with her kissing and licking.

“Do you want him to lick it all over? Do you want him to suck you … here?”

Lucy flinched and let out an excited squeak. She broke contact for a second, just long enough to breath the one word. “Yes.”

Sarah kept going, whispering in Lucy’s ear and stroking her cunt. “He knows just how girls like it, long slow licks all over … here … and here …”

Lucy whined with rising pleasure. She slid Pete’s cock in her mouth, socked into her cheek, licking and slurping on it like a chicken drumstick.

“Do you feel a tingle inside?”

“Mm-hmm.”

“That tingle is like paddling at the beach – it’s just getting your toes wet. When he sticks his tongue inside you … here …”

Lucy whimpered. Her jaw quivered, and Pete slipped deeper into her mouth.

“… a big wave is going to pick you up and carry you away, and it’ll feel like a million tongues and a million pairs of lips are kissing you all over. Does that sound nice?”

“Mmmm.” A note of urgency turned her moan into an erotic plea for release.

“Boys love when you suck their cock. You know that? They’ll do anything for a girl who sucks them off. If you do that for Dr. Pete, he’ll do all of those things for you – he’ll eat your pussy till you come like Mommy did.”

Sarah got out of her way and handed over control of Pete’s cock. Lucy took hold down near the base, just like her mom had shown her, and she set about copying her example, gliding a couple of inches of thick meat through the slick cavern of her virgin mouth.

Sarah got behind her and cradled her in both arms, fondling her cunt, her breasts, and whispering words of encouragement in her ear. “Lucy, you’re such a good cocksucker. Are you sure you haven’t been practicing on the boys at school?”

“Nn-nnn.”

“Isn’t she good, Dr. Pete? Have you ever had a BJ this good?”

Pete gulped. “I don’t think I have.” Pete had had his dick in a lot of inexperienced mouths, but never like this. He quite literally had his own gorgeous cheerleader, a teen look-alike, rooting for him to fuck her daughter’s face.

“What do you like the most, Dr. Pete? Is she using her tongue?”

Pete felt Lucy’s tongue go to work, snaking down his dick, darting past her lips to follow a rigid vein along the underside. “Uh-huh. She’s really good with that.” He felt Lucy smile around his cock.

“Is she sucking hard enough?”

The pressure tightened around his shaft and Lucy’s cheeks sucked in.

“It’s just right. Exactly how I like it.”

“You’re doing great, Punkin,” Sarah whispered. “I think Dr. Pete really likes it. See if you can suck him deeper. Boys like it when you suck it down.”

Lucy gobbled a little more, her tiny mouth stretched wide around the thickest part of his cock. Pete’s knob sank into the silky heaven of her soft palate. He flexed his dick, making it swell in Lucy’s straining jaws.

*“Guk!”*

“Careful Punkin.” Sarah put a warning hand on Pete’s hip and pushed him back to a safer depth. “Did you almost sick up?”

“Mmm.”

“There’s a trick to not sicking up. You want me to show you?”

Lucy nodded and pulled Pete’s cock out of her mouth.

“Put your fingers here,” Sarah said. “On my throat.” She held her hand over Lucy’s and leaned over her shoulder to take Pete back in her mouth, quickly sliding him in and out and wetting his cock down in her own saliva. Bringing him to the back of her mouth, she held him there and swallowed down on his cock – twice, three times – before drawing him back out.

Pete’s balls lurched. Sarah’s action was hot and tight, and she’d taken him at least an inch deeper than Lucy had.

She slid him in again – swallow, withdraw, swallow, withdraw – each time a little deeper, drawing him out at last with long wet slurp. “Watch this, Punkin.” With a lick around his cockhead, Sarah went down again, swallowing and withdrawing one more time before she tipped her head back and slid his long dick straight down her throat.

“Oh, shivers,” Lucy breathed. “Where’d it all go?”

Pete’s dick was in heaven. Sarah wasn’t just mouthing it, she was sucking and swallowing, working the thick root with her lips, sliding out her tongue to lick his balls. He strained against the insta-gasm, pulling his cock back through unbearable suction, but Sarah gobbled him back down, cramming his thick tool down her throat and pressing her face into his groin.

“Oh God,” Pete groaned. He put his hand on the back of her head, cupping the nape, pressing his dick deeper and preparing to unload a steaming wad down her throat.

“Mommy, no fair. It’s my turn.”

For the second time, just before Pete reached critical mass, the bliss ended, and Sarah drew him out, disgorging long, glistening inches of cockmeat as if from nowhere. “I’m sorry, Lucy,” she said, sitting back and returning Pete’s dick to Lucy’s small fist. “I got a bit excited.”

“You and me both,” Pete muttered.

Lucy put him back in her inexperienced mouth and sucked contentedly on the first couple of inches until she had a tight fit.

Pete was at the edge now, and more than ready to give Lucy her first dose of tonsil cream. He couldn’t wait to see the look in her eyes when the first shot went off in her mouth.

He put his hand on the back of her head, as he’d done with Sarah. As if on cue, Lucy looked nervously upward through batting blond eyelashes

“Don’t you hurt my baby,” came the low warning from below.

Pete held Lucy’s face still and fucked her slowly in the mouth, just the first couple of inches.

Lucy watched on, peering over the tops of her horn-rims, her wide eyes never leaving Pete’s.

“You are so beautiful,” he whispered.

Lucy smiled and blushed.

Pete pressed a little deeper, slowly feeling his way into the back of her mouth. The moment he sank into her soft palate, Lucy swallowed over the top of his knob – *good girl* –caressing it with her silken muscles and furiously working her tongue from beneath.

Pete withdrew, slowly, no fuss, just like he had when it was only the first couple of inches. *Trust me,* Luce, he told her with his eyes. *Trust me with your pretty little mouth.* He slid back in, swallow and squeeze, then pulled out again.

Sarah stroked her hair. “Now you’ve got it.” She tucked back in behind and wrapped Lucy up her arms, one hand caressing her breasts, the other beneath her school dress, teasing her cunt in ways Pete could only imagine with burning envy.

“Mmmm.” Lucy responded to the sweet attention on her pussy, moaning around her mouthful of dick and sending rich vibrations through Pete’s shaft. Her action was tight and wet – almost perfect. The boiling pressure in his balls told him he wouldn’t last much longer, although he wasn’t finished yet defiling Lucy’s lovely mouth.

“Keep swallowing, gorgeous. You’re doing great.” Pete took her head in both hands, signaling a change, and the next time she swallowed his knob he left it in, making her do it a second time before he withdrew.

Her eyes bulged and her nostrils flared, but she didn’t panic. A little drool dripped from her bottom lip.

Pete stroked her hair. “You’re such a good cock sucker, Luce.”

She smiled happily, sucking him harder, swallowing down the cocktail of saliva and pre-cum.

He slid in deep again – swallow one, swallow two – and on the second one he allowed his dick to get dragged in by pressure and channeled into the back of Lucy’s throat. Reflexively, she swallowed a third time, and when the hard muscles of her trachea closed over his knob and squeezed him tight, Pete gently withdrew, letting her finish the action without his dick blocking the way.

“Careful,” Sarah warned.

“That was incredible,” Pete said, smiling down at Lucy. “Most girls don’t learn that till they’re grown-ups.” He kept fucking her mouth slowly while she got her breath back and the worry lines on her brow softened. “I’m nearly finished, honey. Just a few more big swallows.”

Sarah put her lips close to Lucy’s ear. “Get ready Punkin – it’s gonna squirt in your mouth.”

“Mmm!” Lucy’s urgent cry might have passion or panic, it was impossible to tell.

“Get ready to swallow, sweetheart.”

Pete went deep again, squeezing his soft cockhead past her tongue and down into her throat. Lucy swallowed like a super-star and he rewarded her by taking it out and doing it again. Over and over, he pushed his throbbing meat into her mouth and Lucy gobbled it all down.

He held her head still, but the rest of her writhed erotically, and when she wasn’t swallowing cock she moaned in an increasingly frantic tempo to the ministrations of Sarah’s magical fingers.

*Jesus Christ. She’s about to come!* The realization was an instant aphrodisiac – or maybe it was the Viagra talking. Pete’s balls boiled, lifting in readiness. *Not yet! Not yet!* He held his dick at three-quarters, resting on the back of Lucy’s tongue while he strained to hold back the tide.

“You’re almost there, Punkin,” Sarah urged. “Let it go.”

Lucy closed her eyes. Her breath came in shudders, then whimpers. She stiffened and arched, her tiny body trembling as she silently screamed into the skin-flute lodged between her yawning jaws.

Even if Pete hadn’t been on the edge, the stunning sight of Lucy’s first orgasm would have been too much. No sooner had he relaxed his balls than they were seized by a powerful, heaving contraction. The rush was exquisite. Hot cum flooded his cock, searing his vas – he gave an almighty pump and hosed it into Lucy’s waiting mouth.

Still coming, Lucy jerked back, squealing and bubbling cum out her mouth while Pete pumped helplessly, laying four more juicy ropes across her face and glasses.

“Oh, Punkin,” Sarah said, folding her into loving hug. “Your first facial. You’ve done it, baby, haven’t you?”

“Mm-hmm.” Lucy laid her head back on her mother’s shoulder, her face loaded with cum like an artist’s palette.

“You’re almost done. Just suck him dry and you’re finished.”

Following Sarah’s lead, Pete put his softening cock back between Lucy’s lips.

“That’s it, my baby,” Sarah whispered. “Swallow it all down.”

Blinded by her cum-coated glasses, Lucy obediently sucked him back in and laid his cock down the length of her tongue, milking the last weak spurts of jizz from his balls with long, powerful sucks.

“All done, baby,” Sarah said softly. “Let go now and Mommy’ll clean you up.”

Pete slid his dick free and passed the Kleenex from his desk down to Sarah. He still had an impressive semi from the Viagra, but he’d need a few minutes to get back to peak. He flopped back in his office chair and held the wastebasket for Sarah while she wiped cum from her daughter’s face.

He bent down to catch Lucy’s eye. “You were fantastic, Lucy. Congratulations.”

Lucy mumbled something that might have been *thank you*.

“And you had an orgasm. Did you know that was going to happen?”

Lucy shook her head. She took her glasses back from Sarah, mostly streak-free, and put them on.

“It felt good, huh?”

She nodded.

“Did you get a surprise when I came in your mouth?”

Nod.

“How did it taste?”

Lucy shrugged. “I dunno. Okay, I guess.”

Pete had a middle-schooler suck his dick most days, and for the fifty percent or so who were good enough to make him finish, he usually came in their mouth. Some took it better than others. In terms of reactions, Lucy was somewhere in the middle. In terms of technique though, she’d just raced right into his top ten along with her Mom.

Like mother, like daughter. Most girls don’t show so much talent at her age, but Lucy was a natural born slut. She was going to swallow a lot of cum in the next twelve or eighteen months.

“I know it probably doesn’t seem worth it now,” he told her, “but when you suck a boy off like that, you’re putting money in the bank.”

“You mean, like getting paid for it?”

*More than you can imagine.* “I meant it figuratively, but yes, boys will pay a lot for a girl who’ll swallow. What I meant was that after a blow job like that, a fella feels grateful – like he might want to return the favor.”

Lucy nodded uncertainly.

“Do you want another orgasm?”

“Um …”

“Punkin?” Sarah leaned around from behind to see Lucy’s eyes. “Dr. Pete’s asking if you want him to lick your hoo-ha?”

A smile stole slowly across her face, and once Lucy had succumbed to it, she nodded eagerly.

Kids. Pete smiled back and shook his head ironically. They bounce back so quickly.

\* \* \* \*

“Hop up on the table, Luce,” Dr. Pete said. “Pop your feet in the stirrups, just like Mom did.” Pete pushed the stirrups close together so that Lucy wouldn’t have to stretch.

She clambered up via the step, her school dress sliding up one cocked leg and offering Pete a tantalizing flash of the plump crease where her thighs met. She settled into the seat with her feet up, still in her white socks and sandals. Her lips pulled back in a nervous smile that threatened to collapse with every breath.

Pete rolled his office chair up close to her knees, which were still pink and dimpled from kneeling on the carpet to suck his dick. “Are you nervous?”

She nodded, cutting her eyes across to Sarah.

“You want Mom to hold your hand?”

Sarah didn’t wait for the answer – she just moved in close to Lucy’s shoulder and clutched her daughter’s hand in both hers. “You’re going to be fine, Punkin. Dr. Pete’s going to be really gentle, right Dr. Pete?”

Pete winked at Lucy. “You bet.” He wound the Velcro ties around Lucy’s ankles to hold her feet in the stirrups, and swallowing back his own nerves, he cranked them apart.

Lucy allowed her feet to part but kept her knees together, her breath coming in a ragged whistle now as she was quickly coming to realize what it meant to open her legs for a man.

Her school dress was still smoothed down over her thighs and Lucy probably thought her modesty was intact, but from Pete’s angle, he had the perfect view between her ankles at the lovely clamshell of her pussy, tucked primly between a pair of slender girlish thighs.

Lovely. Absolutely lovely. Pete’s cock gave a small jerk of approval.

Lucy’s slit still glistened from her mother’s earlier ministrations. Had Sarah fingered her? Or had she just rubbed her clit? Pete hoped it was the latter. He wanted to watch Lucy’s eyes the first time he squeezed a finger through her entrance. She probably knew girls had a hole down there, (probably – more like certainly) but in Pete’s experience, girls Lucy’s age never really understood the reality of it until someone showed them.

More than anything else in this job, Pete loved being that someone.

Coming up from underneath, he stroked Lucy’s silky cunt lips for the first time, making her jump. Her hem slid into her lap and her thighs parted – almost involuntarily it seemed – before snapping closed again.

“Punkin,” Sarah said softly in her ear. “You have to open up if you want Dr. Pete to lick you down there.”

Lucy shot her a worried look. “It’s embarrassing,” she whispered desperately. “Mine doesn’t look like yours, Mommy.”

“They all look different, Sweetie.”

“But … what if …?”

“What if, what?” Sarah asked, her voice still an indulgent whisper.

Lucy writhed, clearly reluctant to give voice to her worries. “What if he doesn’t like it?” she whispered.

“Oh, Sweetie,” Sarah said, knitting her eyebrows. “I don’t think that’s very likely.”

Pete placed his hands on Lucy’s knees, offering a token pressure to let her know which direction they would be going. “Lucy?” He gave her a friendly smile. “It’s going to be fine, I promise.”

Lucy relaxed her thighs and let Pete draw them apart.

*Oh, fucking hell. This is what heaven looks like.*

She was … There was no other word for it – Lucy was perfect. As she spread her legs, her pussy resolved into a single tight crease, separate and distinct from the slim globes of her ass. It was tiny, barely a couple of inches from top to bottom and sitting open like an expectant lover’s kiss. Her delicate inner lips glowed a deep pink, glistening with her own juices.

Pete swallowed. The poor girl looked beyond horny. She didn’t need tongue – she was open and ripe, ready for business. Pete wondered whether she’d mind if he gave her a little cock first. Just the tip. Maybe a few inches. He closed his eyes and had a vision – so strong it was virtually a premonition. It was Lucy coming with his dick inside her, her heaving cunt clutched tight around his shaft while she trembled through the throes of a powerful climax.

That never happened. Very small girls needed a patient teacher to help bring them to climax on a cock , but Lucy might be different. He’d never seen a girl so obviously gagging for it.

Lucy sniffed. “Dr. Pete? Is it okay?”

Pete swallowed hard again. “It’s perfect, Luce. I was just admiring it. You’ve got a very pretty pussy.”

“Really?” That seemed like the very last thing she’d expected to hear.

“I was trying to think when I’d seen one so pretty, and you know what?”

“What?” She stifled a flattered giggle.

“Yours is the prettiest.”

The giggle found its way out this time. She waggled her bottom, teasing Pete mercilessly with a wink of her pussy lips. “You’re just saying that.”

He leaned closer. “Can I kiss you?”

“Um? On my li—?”

“On your pussy. Can I kiss you down here between your legs?”

Lucy’s breath whistled through her nose. Her voice came in a whisper. “Uh-huh.”

Pete leaned in and kissed her softly, down low over the top of her opening. He finished it with a smack of his lips, knowing she’d feel the vibrations through her clit.

Lucy wriggled again in her seat, chasing Pete’s touch as he withdrew.

“Was that nice?”

“Yes-s-s.” Lucy sighed out the sibilant. “Can you do it again?”

Never one to disappoint, Pete kissed over her parted entrance again, not so slowly this time. He grazed across her hairless lips and showered her pussy with tiny kisses until he reached her clit, where he held for a long moment before touching her there – *flick, flick* – with the tip of his tongue.

Lucy grunted, deep in her chest, and she arched upward. Her open lapels fell away from her breasts and a tremor swept her thin frame. “Please,” she whispered. The naked lust in her voice was the sweetest aphrodisiac.

Pete stroked his palm over her smooth mound. His fingers cavorted upwards, dancing over her flat tummy, finding her navel and circling there.

“That tickles,” Lucy whispered. She didn’t stop him though.

He swept his hand higher and brought the other one into play as well, slipping through the narrow waist of her school dress and over the budding plums of her breasts. Lucy’s nipples peaked beneath his fingers. He pinched them, unleashing a rolling wave of goosebumps across her thin chest.

“Dr. Pete,” Lucy purred. “Please. My pussy …”

Sarah swept back a lock of Lucy’s blond hair. “It feels better when you take it slow, Punkin.”

Lucy looked up at her mom with pleading eyes. “I think I’m going to come again, Mom.”

“Just go with it, Sweetie. Let yourself go. Lots of girls have two in a row.”

Pete placed his open mouth over Lucy’s pussy and slowly licked the length of her swollen labia, sucking the virgin girl-flesh into his mouth and lashing it all over with long, wet swipes of his tongue.

Lucy’s moan was a low, keening wail of potent need.

He delved between her lips, raising her pitch an octave. Leaving her clit alone for the moment, he swept the tip over her tiny entrance, applying enough pressure to stretch but not to penetrate. Her unbroken hymen was like a drum, taut and firm beneath his tongue, just a crescent of opportunity that pulled her young canal tight without hindering gentle exploration.

Pete was just such a gentle explorer – he would pleasure her with fingers and tongue, and then when she was ready, he’d follow it up with the something larger. He couldn’t wait to be her first. Almost literally. He’d come only a few minutes earlier, but the exquisite throb in his balls reminded him of his own first time, an honor he’d shared with his fourteen-year-old cousin in a tent in his aunt’s backyard.

He ate Lucy like an apple, in long cunt-munching bites, pressing his lips deep between hers and slurping up her juices as they ran down his chin.

Lucy wound her fingers through his hair and guided him, having him lap at her opening and nuzzle her rigid love-button with his nose. “Harder,” she pleaded – it came out little more than a squeak.

Pete mauled her soft, wanton pussy, peeling back her succulent girl-flesh to ravish the clinging virgin purse at her center. He tasted the acrid tang of her lust as fresh, pre-teen jizz spilled from her cunt, making a slick passage for the cock her ripe young body so desperately craved.

“Oh! Oh! *Yes*!”

Watching her angelic, pre-orgasmic face, Pete worked the tip of his finger into her glistening hole and stroked the knob of his first knuckle past the clutching crescent of her cherry.

Lucy’s eyes shot open and her thighs clamped shut around his ears. “Oh jeepers! You’re in my … Ohmygo—”

Pete slid past the knuckle, driving a squeal from her chest. Pulling against the clinging suction, he withdrew, then slid smoothly back inside, squeezing the second knuckle beyond that tightest barrier to earn himself another lustful cry.

“Y-y-yes.” Lucy’s lips stretched tight across her teeth.

Going for broke, Pete slurped up her clit and attacked it with his tongue. Driving deep into her cunt, he stroked her slick innards with his fingertip until she found her secret muscles and squeezed them around him. When he found her G-spot, Lucy cried and bucked, but the stirrups held her fast. Pete abandoned her breast to shove her legs open, hauling back mercilessly on the stirrups with a whir of metal ratchets until she was spread and helpless.

Lucy’s breath caught. Splayed and utterly vulnerable, she thrust her slender pre-teen body onto Pete’s fingers and tongue, and then with an ululating cry of release, she finally tripped over the crest and climaxed. Her flat chest shuddered through the release and her cunt sucked down on Pete’s finger like a wet glove, and then, with a surprised squeal, her first spray of girl-jizz shot forth and trickled down Pete’s chin.

\* \* \* \*

Pete couldn’t wait any longer. He rose and stood between her legs, his cockhead resting heavily on her smooth mound. “Shut your eyes, honey, I’ve got a big surprise for you.”

Sarah squeezed her hand. “This is what we talked about, Punkin. You ready to become a big girl?”

Lucy stared wide-eyed down at Pete’s cock.

He rode it slowly forward, dancing across her tummy until his balls nuzzled her silky lips. A bead of pre-cum dripped into her navel making it glisten like her clinging virgin hole. Pete closed his eyes, imagining himself balls-deep inside her. He’d be so far up there she’d be able to taste him. He pressed against her open lips, relishing the slick heat warming the root of his long cock.

Sarah stroked a blond lock from Lucy’s forehead. “Sweetie?”

“Mommy, I don’t think it’s going to fit.”

“He won’t stick it all in, Punkin.” She looked up. “Will you Dr. Pete?”

“Girls her age don’t usually—”

“Not today,” Sarah said, jumping back in before Pete could finish.

Interesting. Pete wondered whether Sarah was considering a stent. He glided the underside of his cock through her slit a few more times, getting himself nice and slick for her. Lucy was so wet and ready, he wasn’t going to need any lube at all.

Sarah reached down and covered Lucy’s pussy with her hand. “Aren’t you … you know, forgetting something?”

*Condom.* “Shit … I mean, yeah, sorry.” Pete grabbed a fresh rubber from the drawer and rolled it on. Damn, he must be wound up to have forgotten that. He mourned the missed opportunity to fuck Lucy earlier when he’d torn the end of the condom; he wouldn’t get a chance this time with Sarah watching so closely.

He dragged his sheathed dick one last time across her clit, making her shudder, and then slid the tip down and into her juicy cleft, probing around for the soft depression that marked her entrance. When he found it, his knob settled deeper, pushing out her plump young lips.

Sarah squeezed her hand. “Ready for your first big dick, Punkin?”

Lucy scarcely had time to nod. Young girls got nervous easily and Pete found it rarely paid to make them wait. He flexed his cock and pushed manfully into her willing little hole, tearing her hymen as quickly and gently as he knew how, and eliciting only a single shallow cry.

Pete’s heart almost stopped. “Oh! Fuck!” Lucy was beyond tight. She was a velvet glove, clamped in a vice, sunk to the bottom of the ocean. He’d gotten barely two inches inside her before the wet, clenching pressure was too much to push past.

Lucy was panting, open mouthed, staring down at Pete’s thick tool splitting her pussy.

Sarah stroked a lock of hair back from her forehead. “Look at you, Sweetie, with your first big dick inside you.” She kissed Lucy’s cheek. “Mommy’s so proud.”

Lucy stole a glance at her, returning quickly to the gorgeous sight of her freshly popped juice-box. There was only a little blood trickling down between her legs, which she wouldn’t be able to see from her angle. She licked her lips and caught Pete’s eye. “Is that it?”

Pete smiled and shook his head. “We’re not done yet, Luce.”

Sarah stroked her fingers over Lucy’s hairless mound, touching her pussy lips and feeling for herself how tight her daughter’s young cunt was stretched. “I think you’re ready for a little more, Punkin. Dr. Pete’s gonna be really gentle; he’ll do it nice and slow until he’s ready to finish, won’t you, Dr. Pete?”

“You bet.” Pete smoothed his hands over Lucy’s flat tummy and gripped her round the waist, delighting in her slim girlish curves. In the next year or so, her hips would flare and her waist would tighten, and even with a perfectly hairless pussy, she’d lose some of her uniquely pre-teen allure. “Nice and gentle,” he said, pulling the tip of his dick back through her clinging lips. He danced his cockhead around her opening again, spreading her own copious juices. Slower this time, he pressed inwards, watching his thick, purple cockhead open her up, wider, wider, until with an almost audible pop and a gasp from them both, he slipped inside again.

She felt hotter this time. Wetter too, if that were possible. Lucy whimpered quietly. Pete could tell she was going to be one of those girls who loved the sensation of being entered—having a dick play around in her opening and the tight channel right behind it. He gave her what she craved, just his cockhead, rocking in and out, stretching and penetrating her tiny cunt, getting her hotter and wetter. Every few strokes, he gave a deeper thrust, just an inch, and such was the heat, each time he thought she’d melt through the rubber.

Lucy watched, eyes wide and lips slightly parted, while over and over his enormous cockhead disappeared inside her.

“That looks fun, Punkin.” Sarah said, rolling Lucy’s nipple between her fingers. “I think I should have gotten Dr. Pete to fuck me, instead.”

Lucy shook her head, not taking her eyes off the spectacle below. *Get your own dick, Mom,* that look said. She swallowed heavily and shifted her ass, edging from side to side. “I think I’m gonna come again, Mommy.”

“You go ahead,” Sarah reassured her. “I think Dr. Pete likes it when you come.”

Pete kept fucking the wet rim of her pussy. “See if you can squeeze me, Luce.”

Lucy frowned. “Squeeze you?”

Sarah closed her fingers around Pete’s cock and stroked the ridge behind Lucy’s cunt. “Back here. Use your secret muscles.”

Lucy arched her pelvis, and Pete felt her pussy clench—just enough to squeeze his cock out. He caught Sarah’s eye and nodded.

“Well done, Sweetie,” Sarah said. “Ask Dr. Pete if he likes it.”

Pete was back inside, and Lucy squeezed his dick out again. “Do you like that?” she asked.

Pete nodded. “Keep practicing. Guys love girls who can do that.”

Lucy grinned proudly, taking over from Pete and rocking her groin, pushing herself onto his cockhead and then squeezing it out again. Soon she began puffing heavy breaths out through her pursed lips. Picking up the pace, she added more whimpers and moans to the playlist.

“Are you about to about to come, Sweetie?” Pete asked, readying himself to drill her when she tipped over the edge.

“Uh-huh.” Her voice had a note of urgency, and tears were welling in her eyes.

“You’re doing great, Luce,” he said, rubbing her clit. “Get yourself off. Remember, guys will look after themselves.”

It was all Lucy needed. With a rising squeal, she peaked and tripped into an arching, shuddering climax. Goosebumps pricked her breasts and her glasses skittered down her nose, the bridge falling between her parted lips, steaming the lenses.

Sarah kissed her forehead. “Don’t stop, Punkin. Ride it out.”

Fucking a twelve-year-old to climax was a rare treat. Doing it for one as hot as Lucy, so young and tight—hell, she didn’t even have tits a few months ago—that was almost unheard of. It didn’t matter that Pete had come in her mouth only a few minutes earlier, he was already about to blow his load again in her cunt.

He gripped her around the waist and pushed slowly in though her small, convulsing entrance. The tightness was exquisite. She was so wet; there was no friction, only unimaginable pressure and pleasure. “Oh, fuck,” he groaned, easing the fattest part of his cock into her pleasure center. It was almost too much to—

*—when he was suddenly blocked.*

Or at least, his cock was blocked. With just two and a half inches of dick in her, Lucy was full. Pete closed his eyes and silently swore. He hadn’t quite realized how big he’d built this moment up in his mind. A pre-teen being too small or too tight was almost an oxymoron.

“What’s wrong?” Sarah had sensed something. Her face was flushed. Nostrils flared and eyes wide, she was anticipating watching her daughter get her first proper fucking—probably reliving her own first time.

Pete took a slow breath and probed gently into Lucy again, and again he came up against that hard barrier. “Her cervix is too low.”

“My what?” Lucy had come down from her climax and was again watching her own swollen and impaled pussy with interest.

“Sorry, Luce,” Pete said, reluctantly pulling his dick free and stripping off the condom. “Seems you’re not quite ready after all.”

Lucy’s face fell. Three orgasms in the last fifteen minutes and still she was keen for more. It was a cruel twist not to be able to give it to her.

“It’s your womb, Punkin,” Sarah said, patting her arm, “where you’ll make a baby when you grow up. Yours is in the way.”

Lucy’s brows knitted. “Does that mean I can’t ever—?”

“No, no,” Sarah and Pete answered in a chorus. Pete continued, “It’ll probably lift when you get your first period. That’s only six or nine months away. A year, tops.”

Tears were forming in Lucy’s eyes. “Mommy, no. I told Amber—”

“Shhh, Sweetie.” Sarah gave Pete a look. “A low cervix isn’t *always* a bad thing, is it Dr. Pete? With the right” – she paused meaningfully – “*treatment*, lots of men even prefer it, isn’t that right?”

Pete’s heartrate suddenly spiked. Good God, she was really going to do it. “Strictly speaking,” he said, choosing his words carefully, “there *are* treatments, but they’re not FDA approved for children. I can only prescribe them for adults.” He and Sarah shared a knowing look.

“Adults,” she said. “Like me, for instance.”

“Exactly.” Pete released the ratchets on the footrests and tore open the Velcro around Lucy’s ankles. “You can get dressed again, Lucy,” he said, still looking at Sarah. “I think we’re done, unless your Mom has some other condition she wants treatment for?”

“Actually.” Sarah pursed her lips thoughtfully. “I’ve been having this problem with my …”

“Painful sex?”

“Um, yes? And no,” Sarah said, her eyes crinkling with a smile. “You know, it might be easier if I show you. And since you’re already” – she eyed his bulging erection – “ready …”

“I do have a little time,” Pete said, nodding. “Hop down, Luce.” He took her under the arms and helped her down to the floor. “Mom and I are gonna finish up quickly. You might even like to watch.” He patted the seat of the examination bench for Sarah.

“Would it be okay over here?” Sarah laid the backrest down flat and climbed onto the little wooden step. She leaned forward over the bench, proffering her ass and smiling coquettishly at Pete.

She was a doggie fan. A shame, in a way; Pete was looking forward to seeing her gorgeous pussy again, even though memory and cool logic dictated it was a far cry from the succulent little peach tucked between Lucy’s legs.

“Happy to oblige,” Pete said, grabbing a fresh condom.

“You won’t need that.” Sarah winked at him. “Latex allergy.”

Bareback. Nice. Sarah had this payment-in-kind act down to a fine art. “As you wish,” he said, moving in behind her and lifting her little cheerleader skirt onto her hips. *Jesus Christ.* Screw the view of her cute pussy; her ass was even cuter. Small, tight, and high, and not even a hint of cellulite, despite—what was it, two kids? The blond pig-tails, the perky A-cup tits peeking out beneath her cheerleader’s crop-top—from behind, Sarah had the near-perfect body of a fifteen- or sixteen-year-old, which wasn’t too old for Pete. Not by a long shot. He got more than a few high-school sophomores coming in for their first time—even a few juniors—and they balled every bit as well as middle-schoolers. Better, sometimes, because they often came in without their parents and he could do them bareback.

“Lucy,” he said, cocking Sarah’s left leg in air with one hand. “Could you help put my cock inside your mom?”

Lucy quickly skittered beneath the bench and took Pete’s cock in hand, and together they conspired to guide the tip between Sarah’s wet cunt lips.

Pete lowered her leg, letting her stand thighs-together again. “Keep them tight,” he said, cupping one ass check in his palm.

Sarah squeezed her thighs together, flexing, squirming his swollen knob around in her entrance.

Pete held her by the hips and pushed a little way in, testing to see how wet she was. ‘Plenty,’ was the answer. And tight to go along with it. Not as tight as Lucy, but tighter than other women her age, and more than tight enough to sustain that mental image he had of a hot high-school sophomore.

He felt Lucy moving around down there.

“Oh, Punkin,” Sarah groaned. “Yes.”

Lucy was sucking her mom’s clit, again. Pete shook his head in wonder. Here was a little girl set to make a lot of money in the next two or three years. Between the stent, her natural twelve-year-old curiosity, and an insatiable lust for cock, Lucy was going to become a very popular feature at Junior High football games.

Pete pushed slowly into Sarah’s cunt, opening her up like a long-awaited gift. She took it all with a low moan, using her cunt muscles to massage the root of his cock with a practiced squeeze. Cupping her tits beneath the crop-top, he set about fucking her long and slow, tip to root, feeding her all eight inches with every stroke.

“Mommy?” A voice of wonder from under the bench. “Does it hurt?”

Sarah rocked back hard onto Pete’s cock. “Play with my clit, baby.” Then after a moment, “Mmm,” and, “Ask Dr. Pete if he wants you to lick his balls.”

Lucy didn’t bother asking. He felt hands on his thighs and then the warm delight of a wet little tongue laving his balls.

“Jesus Christ,” he moaned under his breath. He was already on the edge from being inside Lucy only a moment earlier, and between Sarah’s preternaturally tight snatch and Lucy’s angelic lips sucking and nibbling at his ball sac, he was almost ready to blow.

He fucked Sarah harder, banging her from behind, slapping her tight ass with his groin. Lucy couldn’t keep up down below and went back to tonguing Sarah’s clit. Long and hard, wham, wham, wham, Pete pounded her cunt, building the friction up to a furnace heat.

“Yes! God, yes!” Sarah went down, flopping over the examination couch on her stomach, arms and tiny breasts dangling over the opposite edge, but she held her legs together, squeezing Pete’s cock tight. “I’m coming.”

Pete pinned her to the table with both hands. With Sarah’s legs quivering, ass writhing, he drove into her, straining and twisting at the end of each stroke, spreading her ass cheeks to get himself deeper. Right at the dizzy limit, the very tip of his reach, he felt the nub of her cervix, soft and high, right at the peak of her fertility. That was it for Pete. He let go. Pressed up against the gateway to her womb, he came inside her. Lucy chose that moment to cup and squeeze his balls in her hand, and after the long build-up from mother and daughter alike, it felt like he emptied the contents into Sarah in a single stream, jetting long hot ropes of fresh spunk directly into her fertile core.

He held there, deep inside, his cock still jerking and spasming while Lucy again licked her mother’s slick musk from his balls.

Sarah propped back up on her elbows on the bench, panting, rolling her ass and stirring his seed in her depths. “Mmm,” she sighed. “I’d forgotten how good that feels.”

Pete was still hard. The Viagra had really taken effect. He could probably do her again and plunge out that hot load of cum until it ran down her legs, but there was still business to transact. He pulled his dick slowly free, and Sarah’s surgically enhanced pussy squeezed closed to a coin-sized slit without spilling a drop.

The girls cleaned up with Kleenex from Pete’s desk while he sat and wrote out a prescription. He handed it to Sarah when she’d finished buttoning up her blouse. “One a day,” he said, holding onto it and waiting before he released it into her grasp. “Any more than that” – he made sure he had her eye – “like, two for instance, and the cervix softens too much and opens.”

“Understood.” Sarah stuffed her cheerleader’s outfit back in her bag and tucked the prescription into her purse.

“I’d like to monitor Lucy,” Pete said. “You know, just to make sure she’s fit and healthy.”

“I’ll be needing a refill of this script,” Sarah said, patting her purse. “Do you make house calls?”

Pete smiled. “Not usually …”

Sarah tucked her gorgeous, pint-sized daughter under her arm. “But you’ll make an exception.”

\* \* \* \*

Pete let himself in the squeaky garden gate and approached the porch via a cobbled path lined with rosebushes. He spied both the brass knocker and the doorbell early enough to resolve the internal conflict over which to use. Obvious choice, really. Knockers are ornamental. A doorbell can be heard even when the family is out the back.

*Bing … bong.*

The sound did indeed come from deep inside the house. Pete waited a few seconds in silence, and for a moment wondered whether he had the date and time right. Sarah had sent the invitation via private text, so he’d had to copy it manually to his calendar.

Footsteps. Quiet ones. Bare feet on hardwood floors. He detected shadows moving on the other side of the opaque glass doorframe before he heard a bolt clunk and a safety chain rattle.

The door opened a crack on the chain, and a blue eye peeked out from behind horn-rimmed glasses.

“Hey, Lucy,” Pete said. “It’s me, Dr. Pete. Did Mom tell you I was coming over?”

 The door clunked shut, the chain rattled, and a moment later it was pulled wide by a beaming Lucy, looking radiant in a blue and white cheerleader skirt and crop-top, leaving her tummy bare. “Hi, Dr. Pete.” Her long hair was done up in some kind of elaborate braid that probably had a name.

“Wow, cheerleader. You made the squad already?”

Lucy wrinkled her nose. “Tryouts aren’t till next month, but Mom says I’ll get plenty of use out of it even if I get cut.”

*Mom shaysh.* Pete smiled and shook his head. He’d forgotten about the lisp. “I wouldn’t worry, Sweetie. Something tells me you won’t get cut.” There might be prettier girls in Lucy’s middle school, but none as adorable. With the school taking 10% of what she made on her back, they’d be mad to cut her, even if she had two left feet. “Hey, can I come in?”

Lucy pulled the door wide and stood aside.

“I love your hair,” Pete said, touching it on the way through.

She shut the door behind him. “It’s a mermaid braid,” she said, leading him down a long central hallway. “Mom helped.”

“You look beautiful.” Pete watched her ass all the way down the hallway, the flimsy cheerleader skirt flipping left and right, always threatening to flash her ass, but never actually delivering. He felt the first stirrings of a hard-on.

Lucy led him through a set of double-doors into an open-plan family area, with a dining table and chairs, a warm TV area surrounded by sofas, and a modern, white kitchen off to the side. “Mom, Dr. Pete’s here to finish off our thing.”

Sarah was in the kitchen, separated from the living area by a breakfast counter. “Hi, Dr. Pete.”

“Just Pete’ll do.”

Lucy went to the dining-room side of the counter where she had a little plastic step set up, bringing her up to a comfortable height to work at the counter. She took up a vegetable peeler and resumed work on a half-peeled potato.

“You found the place okay?” Sarah asked, opening the obligatory chitty-chat. Pete had done a few home-visits like this one. They were almost always awkward, being less formal, but things usually loosened up by the time he got their daughters’ panties off.

“God bless Google Maps,” he said, pulling out a straight-backed chair. He laid his bag on the table and sat a few feet behind Lucy, intending to enjoy her lovely ass some more. “I love your house. Is it just you two?”

“Lucy’s brother Ben is staying with a friend.” Sarah gave him a wink. “I told him we were watching Frozen.”

Pete laughed, suddenly remembering where he’d seen Lucy’s hairstyle before—not from the movie, but from the countless animations on Pornhub of Queen Elsa getting her tiny, hairless cunt reamed.

“Can we, though, Mom?” Lucy ventured. “Watch a movie?”

“We’ve got a guest, Punkin. I don’t think Dr. Pete came over to watch Disney.”

“Yeah, but after we’ve had sex …”

Sarah smiled apologetically at Pete, who waved it off. “No, don’t worry about it,” he said. “That *is* why I came. Are you looking forward to it, Lucy?”

Lucy looked over her shoulder and gave him a smile that was all braces, and, he noticed for the first time, lipstick. “I’ve been taking the pills, one in the morn—”

“Uh-uh-uh!” Pete and Sarah silenced her with stop-sign hands from both directions. Lucy’s face fell, distraught she’d done something wrong without knowing what.

“Sweetie,” Pete said, “we don’t talk about the pills, not even with your friends.” He zipped his fingers across his lips and threw away the imaginary key. Lucy nodded warily and copied the gesture.

It’d be Sarah’s job to discreetly let the johns know that Lucy had a stent. Pete had prescribed the pills to Sarah, of course, not Lucy, but he would also fit the stent – probably later that evening – so it was a flimsy defense that wouldn’t hold up to close inspection in a court.

“Have you been practicing, Luce?” Pete asked, getting the conversation back on topic.

Lucy nodded, turning back to her potato peeling. “Mom and I have been doing it after Benji’s bedtime. Just, you know, with our mouths. Mom likes when I eat her out.” Lucy wiggled her ass proudly, flipping the skirt and flashing what Pete thought was the curve of her bare buttocks. Was she wearing a thong?

“I bet she does,” he said, crossing his legs and stretching the top one out to lift Lucy’s skirt. “I remember how good at it you were the first time. You must be amazing now you’ve had practice.”

Sarah caught Pete’s eye and nodded. “Amazing, is right. I’ve retired my Magic Wand.”

Pete got his toe under Lucy’s skirt and raised it the few inches needed to see where her legs met, and there it was, her tiny pussy, tucked up high and tight in her thigh-gap. She’d already taken off her panties for him, it seemed, probably when she’d heard him at the door. Pete was instantly hard for her.

“Pete,” Sarah went on, “will you stay for supper?”

Lucy for appetizer, Sarah for dessert—or maybe both together. “Yeah, that’d be nice.” Pete hadn’t taken a Viagra, so a break between courses would be welcome.

“I wanted to get your thoughts on a few options for … you know, marketing.”

Pete smiled. It seemed they were on the same page. With the stent, Lucy was suddenly premium product. Even without it, men would still pay a lot of money for sex with a little cutie, but to feel their cockhead slip past her cervix, to drop a load directly in her young womb, they’d pay a fabled king’s ransom. “Don’t you plan on going through the school system?” he replied, making sure of his guess. “I thought she was trying out for cheerleaders.”

Sarah wrinkled her nose. “Mmm, that was the plan, but then …” She zippered her lips and rolled her eyes playfully. “It just seems like a waste, if you get my meaning.”

“Loud and clear,” Pete said. “Five G’s is a big motivator.”

Sarah’s eyes bulged. “Five?”

Pete laughed. “That’s just the premium on top of the base. And it goes up from there if Lucy gets certified to Level-2 or 3.”

Sarah seemed surprised. He reckoned that once she got Lucy’s college fund loaded up, she might be planning a European vacation to celebrate. And maybe a European car to match. “Good God,” she said, taking the peeled potatoes from Lucy to wash them. “Where do we find people who can afford that?”

“You’d be surprised.” Pete stood and moved next to Lucy at the bench, placing his hand on her ass. It fit perfectly in just the one hand. “Girls like Luce” – he winked, implying ‘girls with a stent’ – “are prized. And most of them aren’t nearly as pretty.” He squeezed Lucy’s ass and smiled down at her. “They’ll come find you,” he said, directing his attention back to Sarah. “Especially if they see her in the cheer squad but not for sale.”

“Won’t the school be suspicious if she’s not … making herself available?”

Pete shrugged. “Not if they’re compensated.”

Sarah looked shocked. “I’m supposed to offer them a bri—”

“Uh-uh!” Pete held up a hand to silence her – the one not fondling Lucy’s ass. “Nothing untoward. You still bank whatever you charge via their account. Sticker rate for the first game or two, then when word gets around and a queue begins to form, you make a silent auction of it. The school gets their cut, so they’re more than happy. Then you ask if you can drop Lucy from the roster but keep your charge-account open. If they say yes, you say thank you, wait for the whales to find you, and keep banking through the school account whatever you make at the game.”

Lucy looked up at Pete. “Are we talking about having sex for money?”

Pete smiled. “Yes, Sweetie.” He lifted her skirt and cupped her bare bottom, the middle finger finding the soft meeting point where her cheeks curved up into her pussy.

“I don’t really know how to do it yet,” Lucy said. “Does that mean we won’t make as much money?”

“Not in the slightest,” Pete said, shaking his head and trying not to laugh. “In fact, most men like a girl who’s just learning. If you’re good at play-acting, you can pretend it’s your first time even when it’s not.”

That silenced her for the moment, and a look came over her face suggesting this was her first realization that sex was more multi-layered than she imagined. He moved his hand down and stroked her pussy. She wasn’t wet yet, but she welcomed his touch, rising on her toes, and Pete figured some fragrant pre-teen musk was probably not far away.

“And that works?” Sarah asked.

“What, pretending you’re a virgin? Sure, I mean, you have to—”

“No, the thing with the school. Going off-roster and waiting for people to ask.”

“Not every game. And especially not at Lucy’s price. She’s a unicorn – pretty, petite, and she’s very, very tight. She’s going to be popular until she hits puberty, and even then, if she stays smooth …” He teased a bead of juice from Lucy’s cunt, and was using it to spread and separate her plump pussy lips, greasing her whole slit without touching her clit. “Ten’s gonna be entry price,” he went on. “You’ll need to hunt if you’re looking for proper whales, but you should find a handful of regulars that Lucy likes, who’ll pay for something extra.”

“You mean like a fantasy?” Sarah asked, adjusting the temperature on the oven. “Isn’t she already the fantasy, though? The schoolgirl, or the cheerleader?”

“Or the kid sister,” Pete said, waving his free hand speculatively. “Or the daughter.” He tickled Lucy’s soft opening without penetrating her. “Luce, do you think you could pretend a man you were having sex with was your father?”

“Daddy, don’t,” Lucy hissed, *sotto voce*. “You’re not supposed to be touching me …” – she rolled her eyes – “*down there*.”

Pete and Sarah laughed together, out loud and from the belly. Lucy was a natural. Pete was already hard, but the look of daughterly betrayal in her eyes when she’d called him out made his dick lurch with desperate want.

“I saw that on YouTube,” she explained, smiling proudly.”

Sarah frowned. “So, incest fantasies are where it’s at, huh?”

Pete waggled his hand – *comme ci comme ça*. “Incest fantasies are just another variation on a costume,” Pete explained. “Cheerleader, first communion, school uniform. Her behavior –reluctant, curious, Lolita – that’s another layer, and so is the relationship. She can be a lost child seeking help from a stranger, a daughter, a student – they’re all part of your base offering.”

“Sorry, I don’t get it.” Sarah drizzled olive oil over the vegetables in a roasting pan and put them in the oven. “I thought the fantasies were all extra.”

Pete worked a fingertip into Lucy’s hole, making her gasp and drop to her elbows on the kitchen counter. “Proper fantasies are bigger – all afternoon, or even all night.” He stopped fingering for a moment. “Luce, what would you think if a man wanted to pretend to be your dad and take you to the carnival. You could go on rides and stuff together, eat candy-floss – you know, normal family stuff.”

Lucy pursed her lips in thought. “Do we have to have sex *at* the carnival?”

“No, no. Nothing like that. But he might want you to sit on his lap on the Ferris wheel, and if no one was watching, he might touch you a little.” Pete used the hand not in Lucy’s pussy to demonstrate, cradling her ribcage and stroking her breasts.

“Is that all?” She looked from Pete to Sarah, then back again. “And I’d get free candy-floss?”

“Yes, free candy-floss,” Pete said, laughing. “And you’d get paid. “But you’d also have to give him a BJ and have sex when you got home.”

Lucy thought it over. “And I’d have to call him Daddy and pretend I didn’t want to do it?”

“Or pretend whatever he asks for,” Pete explained. “Some men like a Lolita. Do you know what that is?”

Lucy shook her head.

“It’s when he pretends *he* doesn’t want to, and *you* have to talk him into it.”

Lucy bit her lip, suppressing a smile. “Like by forgetting my panties and letting him see up my skirt?”

Pete had a moment of realization. The cheerleader skirt, Lucy standing up on the plastic step – he’d been played by a twelve-year-old. Sure, he’d come with the intention of molesting her anyway, but in truth, the finger in her pussy wasn’t his doing, it was hers.

Sarah came to the counter opposite Lucy and held both her hands. “So the more elaborate the fantasy, the more … valuable? If it was a Mommy *and* Daddy thing, like a family outing …”

“Exactly what I’m talking about,” Pete said, fucking Lucy deeper, working his knuckle through her opening.

Lucy moaned and sank lower on the counter, and Sarah pulled her arms straight, stretching her out like on a spanking horse. The idea of Lucy’s mother holding her down for him – while they were talking about child-sex fantasies, no less – was erotic beyond even *his* experience.

Pete tried to keep his mind on the conversation. “I know your son is young, but if you did a whole family outing with a client, like the carnival, or better, to the beach or a water-slide park …” He conjured a mental image of Lucy in a little bikini, perched in his lap to go down a water slide and squealing all the way.

Lucy’s moans were coming louder. She arched and angled her hips, inviting Pete’s finger deeper. He went all the way to the webbing and then worked on getting a second one in – a task more easily imagined than achieved.

“I like the idea of being involved,” Sarah said. “Not just to keep an eye on her, but now we’ve been practicing together, I think it’d be fun to share her with a man.”

Pete knew a cue when he heard one. He pulled his fingers out of Lucy with a slurp and quickly stripped, while on her side of the bench, Sarah pulled over a gas-lift stool and adjusted it to counter-height. She sat and lifted her dress to reveal she too was panties-free, and shimmied her ass closer to bring her pussy beneath Lucy’s mouth.

“Eat me, Punkin,” she said, grapping Lucy’s arms and hauling her closer. “Just like we practiced.” Lucy, up on her toes now on the plastic step, dipped her tongue into her mother’s tight seam, making her gasp. “Mmm, there’s Mommy’s good girl.” She bit her lip and let a shudder take her body. “What would this be worth?” she asked Pete, releasing Lucy’s arms and lacing her fingers through the girl’s hair, guiding her tongue to her clit. “The two of us together?”

Pete stroked Lucy’s pussy again. He wasn’t yet ready to fuck her until he’d exhausted the possibilities of this unexpected situation. “Basic extras usually go around $250 each. Like kissing, using his fingers and mouth on her, having a parent watch.”

“Watch?” Sarah cried out probably louder than she’d intended when her clit disappeared between Lucy’s sucking lips.

Pete laughed. “It’s semantic, I know. But it’s not worth as much as you’d imagine. The kind of men who want Lucy …” He shrugged, not wanting to say, ‘don’t like them older than fourteen.’ “The premium extras,” he went on, tickling Lucy’s clit and making her squirm, “are all for letting *him* go further.”

Sarah raised her chin, silently asking the obvious question.

“You know, ropes and stuff …”

Sarah sniffed. “That needs a Level-3 certification, doesn’t it?”

“Soft restraints are only Level-2. I’d be happy to take her through it,” Pete said. “We can try it out tonight if you like – start out with you holding her down …?”

Sarah looked like she was thinking it over, but she didn’t seem convinced. She sank lower in the bar stool. “Go deeper, Punkin,” she said in a soft voice.

“Or toys?” Pete suggested. “Spanking? They’re both Level-1. Popular with the daughter kink, too. I brought a little plug if you want to try.” He fished in his bag and found a slender blue anal-plug, just wide enough to accommodate a AAA battery.

“Lucy?” Sarah asked, stroking her hair. “Dr. Pete wants to know if it’s okay to smack your bottom.”

“Hmmph?” Even with a mouthful of pussy, Lucy’s shock was apparent.

“He won’t do it hard, Sweetie.”

Pete lifted her skirt and gave her a little smack, aiming it low and over her pussy.

Lucy moaned and plunged deeper into Sarah’s folds.

“I think that’s a yes,” Sarah said.

Pete slid the little toy in and out of Lucy’s cunt, greasing it up with her own nectar, and smearing some more Lucy-juice around her ass with his finger. “This is going to feel nice inside you,” he said, pressing the tapered tip to her puckered hole. “Try to relax, okay?”

Lucy’s moans became louder and more plaintive as he pressed harder, and as he squeezed the tip inside, she broke contact with Sarah’s cunt and cried out, grabbing on tight to the counter.

“That’s it, Sweetie,” Pete said, pressing it gently home until her sphincter squeezed tight around the narrow neck, and the nickel-sized base sat flush against her skin. He tapped the end to start it up on Slow, just a low, background vibration.

Lucy came up for breath. “Mommy,” she said excitedly. “It’s buzzing inside me.”

“I know, Punkin. Does it feel nice?”

Lucy thought about that for a moment and nodded.

“Are we going to let Dr. Pete spank you, now?”

Lucy nodded again. She was panting.

“Good girl.” Sarah passed the nod on to Pete.

Pete raised her skirt up over her lower back and gave her another soft smack. He used his whole palm, spreading the blow over both buttocks, rubbing her there and deliberately grazing her pussy. Lucy moaned into Sarah’s cunt, and Pete felt a fresh wellspring of hot juice wet his fingers. He spread it round, mauling her puffy lips and diddling her clit.

“Smack her again,” Sarah demanded.

“Mmm!” Lucy complained, her mouth full of pussy. The look of ecstasy on Sarah’s face suggested she was receiving a hummer directly on her clit.

Pete smacked Lucy again, a little harder than the last one, raising a pink glow on her cheeks. This time when she cried out, Sarah cried with her, “Yes, Punkin! Oh my God!”

Pete rubbed her ass and fingered her pussy hole, in and out, round and round, making her legs quiver. “Have you been a naughty girl, Lucy?”

“Mm-mmm!” The denial was automatic.

“She has,” Sarah panted. “She was wearing panties before you arrived.”

“Mmmm!”

“Lucy, really? Did you take them off to try and tease me?”

“Mm-mmm!”

Pete landed another smack, much louder than it would have been painful. He held his hand against her ass while she squealed her pain and excitement, letting the warmth of his touch stimulate her now-sensitive flesh. He stroked his cock, gliding the tip through her wet cunt lips, adding his own pre-cum to the slick cocktail of juices weeping steadily from her hole.

Lucy pushed back onto his dick, and he let it slip inside. Just the tip. She felt every bit as magical as he remembered – tight and wickedly hot. It was all he could do not to just shove the rest in.

“Lucy? Answer me, Sweetie. Did you take your panties off to tease me? Be honest, or I’ll have to smack your bottom again.”

“Mmmm!”

Her mother held her fast, fingers twined in her blond hair, never letting her up for air. “She hid them under the cushion,” Sarah said, indicating the chair Pete had been sitting on.

Pete flipped over the cushion and found them – a flimsy scrap of simple white cotton with a pink Hello Kitty embroidered on the front. “Lucy, I’m very disappointed in you. I think I’m going to keep these, now.” He found a leg hole and looped it twice around his cock, sliding it all the way down and over his balls till it nested in his pubes.

Little-girl panties wrapped around his cock. *Oh my God.* Pete’s balls boiled. He knew what was coming – Lucy’s cervix, soft enough now to penetrate and let him drive all the way into her core.

He rubbed her bottom again, letting her anticipate what was about to happen.

Lucy whined pitifully but never left off licking her mother’s pussy.

“I’ll tell you what, Luce, make Mommy come, and we’ll forget all about your punishment.”

“Mmm-hmmm.”

That sounded like a *yes*. Pete wound up and gave her three more. *Smack! Smack! Smack!* The squeals and snorts came. Lucy, gasping for air in Sarah’s cunt and expelling it just as quickly with cries of rapture and outrage, utterly immersed in the unanticipated bad-girl fantasy.

Sarah arched, eyes shut. She was right on the brink.

Pete slid two fingers into Lucy and fucked her hard and fast. No more gently-gently; he plunged her tiny cunt, plowing right into the webbing, diddling her clit with his ring finger at the bottom of each stroke.

Lucy lost control, crying and shaking, struggling to regain her balance on the plastic step so she could drive back against Pete’s hand.

Sarah tipped back her head, gasping and moaning. “Yes, baby! Mommy’s coming.” She bucked her cunt into Lucy’s sucking, slurping lips. Her thighs shook, and with a long, low wail, she came all over her daughter’s face.

Lucy wasn’t far behind. Finally free of her pussy-munching obligations, she turned her head in Sarah’s lap, whimpering and moaning in time with the pounding fingers in her cunt. Pete touched the toy in her ass, raising the speed and eliciting a surprised, ‘Oh! Oh!’ from Lucy, whose hips pumped madly in a furious imitation of the fucking motion.

“Come on, gorgeous,” Pete said. “Your turn.” He got down on his knees and plunged his tongue in to Lucy’s center, licking her succulent lips, slurping her tiny, pink clit.

“M-o-o-o-m-m-y-y-y!” Lucy cried as Pete ground the length of her slit with his nose.

“I know, Punkin. Let it go, sweetheart. Make it snow.”

Perhaps Lucy had a Queen Elsa fantasy, too, because her mom’s Frozen reference tipped her over the edge. With a shudder and a long, quavering moan, she came, her squeaky, pre-pubescent voice tracking the three, no, four glorious peaks of her climax.

Pete licked her out thoroughly as she crested the final summit, swirling his tongue around and beneath her clitoral hood, munching her soft lips, finding and drilling her little hole until he’d slurped up every drop of her sweet, little-girl musk.

“That’s it, Punkin.” Sarah’s voice. “Ride it out.”

Pete retreated as she came down, nuzzling her opening, kissing and laving her plump, pink lips with his tongue. “Did you like that, Luce?” he asked, standing and patting her ass. He touched the toy in her asshole twice more, switching it off.

“Mmm-hmm.” Lucy remained flat-out, bent over the counter with her head in her mother’s lap.

\* \* \* \*

“Come on, Punkin,” Sarah said, stroking Lucy’s mermaid braid. “Let’s go to the bedroom and Dr. Pete can finish off your certification.”

Pete caught her eye. “Actually, she’s perfect just the way she is. He stroked his cock using her twisted panties, touching the tip between her legs and milking pre-cum into her slit.

“Sweetheart?”

“Mmmm?” Lucy’s voice was drunk and sleepy. Her eyes fluttered and then closed again.

Sarah spoke softly. “Do you want Dr. Pete to do you bent over the counter? It’ll be just like Mommy back in his office.”

Pete didn’t care. He wanted her *now*. “Lucy, reach back for me, Sweetie, and spread your cheeks.”

Lucy did as he asked, straight arms, fingers in her thigh-gap, spreading herself down there and peeling open her puffy lips. It exposed her clit and the closed eye of her entrance. A fresh trickle of juice leaked out and ran down her thigh.

Pete lined up his dick, the crown bulging twice the size of Lucy’s tiny hole. He slotted it between her lips and found the soft, yielding depression of her vestibule. Lucy gave a little moan, wriggling her hips to help him get it seated. Jesus Christ, Pete was falling in love. This tiny, blond angel just wanted him inside her. With all the lovely, pre-teen girls he’d fucked, he didn’t think he’d ever encountered one this hot – this hungry for cock. He lifted her braid and ran it through his fingers.

“Are you ready, Queen Elsa?” Pete asked. Lucy lay with her head to the side, and he could see the smile curling at her lips. The blond Disney Princess was exactly who she was channeling when she did her hair. “Do you know the words to the song?”

A bigger smile, this time.

Sarah rolled her eyes. “Oh, brother. Here we go.”

“Hey Google,” Lucy giggled. “Play Let It Go.”

Google was every bit as ready to please as Pete was. In a trice, it had queued up the warm mezzo-soprano snow queen, ably accompanied by Lucy’s sweet child-soprano.

*The snow glows white on the mountain tonight*

*Not a footprint to be seen*

Pete pushed, slowly stretching her untrained hole to take his big cockhead, watching her tiny lips spread under the mounting pressure. On the second bar of the song, her entrance yielded; the blind eye peeped open and Pete eased his thick tool inside.

Lucy kept singing, a crack in her voice the only concession to the slab of meat now splitting her young, hairless peach.

*A kingdom of isolation*

*And it looks like I'm the queen*

Pete moved his cock in and out. Two, three inches at most, pulling back and letting Lucy’s elastic opening almost squeeze him out, and then pushing back inside, stretching her all over again, as if for the first time. She was smooth as silk, warm as melted butter –wet and tight beyond his wildest imagining. Sweet pussy-musk glistened off his shaft and trickled down to his balls.

*The wind is howling like this swirling storm inside*

*Couldn't keep it in, heaven knows I've tried*

With the rising tempo of the song, Pete ventured deeper, sinking nearly half his dick in the gorgeous twelve-year-old. Lucy grew short of breath, panting out her lines.

*Don't let them in, don't let them see*

*Be the good girl you always have to be*

“Yes. Good girl,” Pete breathed, gripping her girlish hips, fucking her a little faster, a little harder. He found her depth, filling her utterly with barely half his manhood, however this time her cervix was a spongy pad beneath his cockhead, softened and dilated with the hormones she’d been taking.

Lucy’s voice dropped, either sensing what was coming next, or perhaps forewarned by Sarah.

*Conceal, don't feel*

*don't let them know*

Pete nuzzled his cock against the gateway to her womb—

*Well, now they know*

—probing, shifting his angle, finally finding the opening. Pressing, stretching her most intimate hole.

*Let it go, let it go*

*Can't hold it back anymore*

Suddenly, the resistance was gone, and Pete sank deep into heavenly, silken warmth. He gazed down, disbelieving, as inch after inch of rearing meat disappeared into her tiny, straining cunt hole.

*Let it go, let it go*

*Turn away and slam the door*

*How?* Jesus Christ, he held her tiny ass in his hands, for fuck’s sake. She was a Barbie doll – a pixie. She wasn’t big enough to take so much dick.

*I don't care*

*what they're going to say*

*Let the storm rage on*

And then, incredibly, he was there. Balls-deep in a twelve-year-old, her little hole convulsing around his thick root, squeezing, milking pre-cum down his length and into her hot womb.

Lucy, what a gorgeous, pedo’s delight. Slim and lovely, skirt raised, bent over the counter and taken from behind, with her own Hello Kitty panties twisted around her molester’s cock. Like a trooper, she gasped out the last line of the chorus.

*The cold never bothered me anyway*

Sarah stroked her hair. “Punkin, are you okay?”

“Uh-huh.”

“How does it feel?”

“Full,” Lucy whispered. She wriggled her ass, unsuccessfully, for the most part, because the lower half of her torso was skewered all the way to the belly-button. “I can’t move, Mommy.”

“You don’t need to, sweetheart. Just hold on tight to the counter and let Pete fuck you.”

“Mommy!”

Sarah laughed. “What? It’s not a swear word when you’re doing it.”

Lucy reached back again, spreading her cheeks, easing the strain on her overstuffed holes, for the plug was still in her ass. “It feels so naughty.”

“Saying fuck?”

Lucy shook her head. She whispered to Sarah, “Dr. Pete put something in my ass. When I squeeze, it feels like I’m going to come again.”

“Do you want to switch it back on?” Pete offered. He’d been listening patiently, welcoming the opportunity to settle the turmoil in his balls. “Just touch the end.”

Lucy looked up hopefully. “Mommy?”

“Of course you can, Punkin. You do what feels nice.”

Lucy stole a shy glance back at Pete, a big grin lighting up her young features. She reached between her ass cheeks and touched the base of the plug – “Mmmm” – bringing it to life on Slow, with a low, buzzing vibration. Everything down there was so tight, so packed full with flesh and latex, it set Lucy’s insides aquiver, massaging Pete’s cock as if from her magical cunt itself.

“Lucy, are you ready?” Pete certainly was. It was time to complete her education – the serious business, the reason Sarah had brought her into the clinic. Yes, Sex Prep was about learning to let men fondle her tits and touch her pussy. For some girls, that was as far as it went. For the ones who wanted to go professional, though, they needed to be certified *by* a professional. As part of his service, Pete would let them suck his cock, he’d come in their mouth or on their face, and he’d use his tongue to show them how to achieve orgasm, but those were only extras. They qualified the girls for nothing. His primary service was making sure their tight, twelve-year-old cunts could take a cock. He was paid, in other words, to teach little girls how to spread their legs and take a long, vigorous fucking.

It was why Lucy’s certificate was still in his bag, unsigned. Because it wasn’t enough to let a man put his thing inside you – she’d done that in the clinic. Now she had to bend over and take it all like a grown woman. Willingly, and under adult supervision, she had to let a man invade her little fuck-hole and pound her till he came.

“Lucy?” Sarah said, stroking her cheek. “If you’re not ready, sweetheart, you don’t have to.”

Lucy reached back and touched the toy up to Medium. Gripping the counter with both hands, she looked over her shoulder and offered Pete a determined face. “No, I’m ready.”

Sarah sighed. “That’s my girl.”

Pete stroked his hands up her sides, and sliding beneath the crop-top, he fingered the budding nubs that were her boobs. “You’re going to be fine, Luce,” he said. “But if you want me to stop, you just say.”

Lucy nodded.

Squeezing her tits, Pete eased his cock out of her womb and then slowly fucked her there, stretching and desensitizing that delicate gateway with his slick knob. He’d insert the stent later, a permanent collar to hold her cervix open, but for now he’d train her on his cock, taking her young womb over and over until it was supple and open.

Lovely, hot, pre-teen cunt enveloped his cock, sucking, distending, clinging to his shaft with every stroke. He went deep again, burying the entire eight inches and making Lucy moan. “Squeeze me, Sweetie,” he said, screwing it in tight.

Lucy arched, trying to find her secret muscles. Pete pumped his dick, making it swell, and the next time she arched, her womb contracted and clamped down on his cock, wringing pre-cum from his burning knob.

“That’s perfect, Luce. Good girl.” He grabbed her panties, still wrapped around his dick, and with both hands, tore them apart, letting him drill her deeper still. He leaned into his work, rising up on his toes and using his weight to plow Lucy hard, slapping her ass with his pubis and mashing her into the counter.

Lucy cried out. “Ugh! Ugh! Yes! Yes!” Pete pinched her nipples and made her squeal. She flopped like a landed fish, writhing on his cock, squirming and trembling and squeezing his shaft.

Sarah pried her hands from the counter and handed them to Pete. “Level-2?” she mouthed, signaling to Pete she wanted Lucy Light-Bondage certified.

Pete twisted them behind her back, holding both wrists in one hand and riding her like a cowboy. Hard and fast, he got down low and fucked upwards into her cunt, drilling her, lifting her onto her toes with powerful blows that rang out in the kitchen.

Lucy climaxed again. Her feet came off the step and she floundered on the counter, held in place by Pete’s restraining hand on her back and his fat cock skewering her tiny, rosebud pussy. Wailing, clenching her thighs, she trembled through two separate peaks before he released her wrists and instead grabbed her hips.

His swollen cockhead passed effortlessly now from her clinging vagina to deep in her womb. Harder and harder, with long, full thrusts, he punished her tight cunt and slapped his big, swinging balls into her mound.

Not much longer. By any measure, Lucy had passed levels 1 and 2. She was pre-teen royalty – a sweet little virgin snow-queen, ripe for any man’s plucking … if the price was right. For Pete, of course, the price was free. Lucy had spread her legs and sucked his cock, all for the privilege of becoming a fantasy, twelve-year-old fuck-slut for cashed-up fathers who couldn’t or wouldn’t fuck their own daughters.

Pete grabbed one leg and lifted it high, scissoring his crotch into Lucy’s, driving his fat dick so deep, he could feel her supple cunt lips lapping at his swollen balls. He fingered the toy in her ass, taking it up to Max, it’s buzzing intensity ringing out in the kitchen like an angry beehive, even over the sound of Lucy’s plaintive wails, begging him to “Come! Please, come!”

It was all the permission Pete’s balls needed. A tickle down low in his sack became a tingle, and in a few pounding strokes – *whap-whap-whap* – it became an undeniable pressure, the point of no return. The snowball started rolling, picking up speed, building in size. His cock burned, every inch lovingly caressed by Lucy’s succulent, warm insides.

He strained against the release, desperately building up his load, wanting Lucy to feel him explode in her core.

Ten more strokes! If he could last ten more strokes …

*Nine-eight-seven-six …* They came so fast, and yet the sweet heat and pressure threatening to burst his balls made it seem a lifetime.

*Three-two-one …* And he released. His vision went grey and his eyes rolled back. Pressure flooded from his balls into his cock. For one heartbeat, two, there was nothing, then …

Bliss.

Thick, hot gouts of cum exploded from his cock, in an instant painting Lucy’s innards white and flooding her womb. Long, burning ropes burst forth inside her, seeding her tiny cunt for the first time. He raised her leg high and scissoring up from underneath, somehow squeezed his dick deeper, lifting her by the pussy till her supporting leg kicked uselessly over the step. Four spurts of rich, creamy jizz. Five, six, injected straight into her hungry core. Even when he thought he was done, his cock kept spasming, draining his balls dry, and a few last lazy wads of spunk seeped from his cockhead and deposited deep in Lucy’s flooded purse.

Lucy was gasping. “Off. Turn it off.”

Pete thumbed the ass-toy off but left it inside her. He wasn’t done yet. He’d use it on her again, maybe diddle her beneath the table during supper and tease her to a reluctant orgasm. Or, if he was lucky, she’d take it out and let him fuck her in the ass.

So many possibilities.

Pete slid his softening cock slowly free. He helped Lucy regain her balance and step down to the floor on wobbly knees. “Are you okay, Sweetie?”

Lucy nodded, looking down between her legs where a thick rope of cum hung from her hairless seam. Sarah offered a box of Kleenex. Pete plucked a few and kneeled before Lucy, wiping carefully around and between her pussy lips, cleaning her up.

“Luce,” he said, looking up and smiling. “Pass my bag, will you?”

Lucy handed it down from the table, and Pete fetched a soft, leather strap-on harness and snapped a thick, eight-inch dildo into the internal mount.

“This’ll keep your cervix open,” he said, working the fat, latex cock into her hole. He fucked it slowly back and forth, found her cervical opening, and slid the entire shaft inside. “Hold this for me,” he requested, cupping the leather harness to her lips.

Lucy held it in while he buckled up the straps. “What’s this thing on the front?” she asked, indicating the ring and loosened straps for attaching an external dildo.

Rather than explaining, Pete showed her, picking out a studded, purple cock which he snapped into the mount.

“Oh!” Lucy exclaimed, gripping her new cock and waggling it up and down. “Wow. What’s it for?”

Sarah came around from the kitchen, smiling broadly. “Sit down on that chair, Punkin, and I’ll show you.”

\* \* \* \*

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*That’s all, readers. I might reprise this universe when Lucy goes for Level-3 certification, but for now, Like Mother, Like Daughter is done. If you were one of the patient souls reading along chapter by chapter, thanks for sticking with me.*

*Want to hear about new stories as they come out? Drop me a line and I’ll put you on my top-secret mailing list.*

*Got a pre-teen fantasy of your own? I know she’s small and cute, and never been so much as touched. But is she seductive or reluctant? Curious or needing encouragement? Let’s make her first time into a hot new story. Some of my best works have come from commissions – why not make yours next?*