TITLE: Room Service

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CATEGORIES: M/g(12), 1st, Lolita, Creampie, Womb Fuck

WORDS: 8571 words

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: Pete is at his favorite hotel – The Metropol – where the devious hotelier offers illicit sexual services in a hidden area of the electronic room service menu. But today there’s a new item on the menu, one Pete has never seen before: “Loli”.

What does that mean? A forty-something dirty blonde hooker in a school uniform? Or something else? Something better. Some*one* better. Younger, riper, and much, much sweeter.

When Lucy arrives, she is beyond Pete’s wildest pedo fantasies, twelve years old with puberty just beginning to flower on her young, virgin body. Sweetest of all, she is totally innocent with no idea what she has been offered for, and Pete must find the right way to encourage her without frightening her.

Perhaps they could make a game of it. Lucy loves games.

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 you enjoy this type of fantasy, I encourage you to read the story, it is very erotic, very graphic in its detail, and very enjoyable.

However, if you have trouble distinguishing between the fantasy of Lucy and the reality of real girls then you need help, because if you ever act on those fantasies then you’re going to fuck up a young person’s life.

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# Room Service

by Fygero

Pete relaxed back on the bed and picked up the universal remote control. Switching on the television mounted on the wall, instantly he felt his heartbeat kick up a notch with anticipation. Part of it was just the excitement of hiring a prostitute, but that didn’t completely explain it. Pete was no stranger to ordering escorts in his hometown; it was the *way* he could order them at the Hotel Metropol that got his motor running.

If he was being truthful, the in-house Room Service was the *only* reason he came to The Metropol; it certainly wasn’t for the price (expensive) or for the service (snooty). But the digital Room Service menu was a delight of fantastic misdirection; it’s true nature hidden behind layers of clever innuendo, understood only by the initiated. The initiated, like Pete.

He navigated the digital menu with practiced ease: *Room Service, Hot and Cold Beverages, Alcohol, Cocktails*. The list of cocktails was impressively long, including all of the standards, like Martini, Black Russian, five flavors of Daiquiri, and Bloody Mary to name a few. Towards the bottom came the lewd sounding ones, like an Orgasm, and Sex On The Beach. And then third from the bottom, there it was: The Metropol Screw. *It’s still there!*

*The Metropol Screw* was greyed out. Pete clicked it anyway, just to satisfy his curiosity, but of course, he couldn’t select it. He scrolled back up to the top and clicked on the checkbox above the cocktail list, the one that selects *everything* in the list. When he first found it, he thought it was a lazy programmer who just didn’t switch off the select-all feature. Who would want to buy five hundred dollars’ worth of cocktails, anyway? *(Answer: not Pete)* He scrolled back through the list, *deselecting* every cocktail as he went … except for the greyed out Metropol Screw – total price: zero dollars.

Pete hit the Checkout key with a wicked grin. The way they hid the Metropol Screw in plain sight was genius, but the next bit was the thing that excited Pete. There’s something primal about ordering a woman based on what sex acts she is prepared to perform. It’s not very PC, Pete reflected, but fuck if it didn’t make him hard.

At the checkout menu, his order was listed:

*1x Metropol Screw – $0*

And then below that, two buttons: *Buy*, and *Extras*. That *Extras* button didn’t appear unless you ordered a Metropol Screw, Pete had checked.

He clicked Extras. There was one optional extra: *Waitress Service*. Pete clicked. His finger was shaking.

This is where the menu stopped making sense. It still didn’t come straight out and say you were ordering a prostitute, but it was only thinly veiled.

The first selection was dress size, with international sizing including UK, Europe, US, and Asia. When he first found this, Pete was delighted to select a ‘waitress’ based on her dress size. It was only after his third visit that he realized it wasn’t just the size, he was selecting her nationality as well. Okay, not quite her nationality, but a rough choice between Anglo, Latino, African-American, or Asian.

Pete was partial to a petite type of lady with a tight snatch, so he chose the smallest Asian size.

The other selection was easier to work out. It was *Language*, with checkboxes for French (that meant oral), Greek (anal), Italian (Pete had originally thought it was 69, but to his great shock, it turned out to be armpit sex), Dutch (straight sex), and German (bondage).

Pete was in a feisty mood, so he checked Dutch and German, already imagining his tiny Asian dominatrix tying him up and going cowgirl on him, her little titties bouncing while she rode his thick cock, squealing as he pumped her full of cum.

He almost clicked on the final checkout – almost – when he spotted a new option. It was greyed out, and he almost missed it.

‘Loli’.

*Loli?* *What the fuck? As in Lolita? As in sexy, young girls? It can’t be, that’s a fast route to jail time.* In a bolt of inspiration, Pete made the connection: *Lolicon*! Those cosplay chicks; they’re legal age, but they dress up as young teen cartoon characters. It was some Japanese thing. Pete got even harder just thinking about his petite little Asian beauty, dressed as an Anime girl in bobby socks and a school uniform, or maybe Super-Girl. The mind boggled.

But the fucking option was greyed out. *Fuck it!* Remembering how he came across this whole sub-menu in the first place, Pete unchecked all of his earlier selections (bye-bye bondage, bye-bye Asian cutie) and scrolled back down.

His heart skipped a beat. *Loli* was available.

But not for long, by the looks! There was a timer next to the selection, counting down with less than three minutes remaining. Pete clicked on *Loli*, for a moment certain that it wouldn’t select, relieved beyond measure when it did.

But the time kept counting down.

*What does that mean? What happens when it gets to zero?* Pete thought about it. There was really only one thing that could happen, only one thing that made sense: his little *Loli* girl would disappear. In three … no, two and a half minutes! *Shit!*

He scrolled back up to the other options. If he was getting a tight little *Loli* girl to fuck, he wasn’t going with the bondage. A little Asian cutie, yes, but options-wise, she wouldn’t be tying him up. Pete wanted the works: he wanted to suck and fuck her perky little titties, he wanted to lick her smooth, young pussy lips, and then he wanted to fill her tiny fuck-hole with cum. *God, I’m going to have a fucking heart failure before she gets here!*

But now the other options were greyed out. Not just the Language, but Dress Size as well. When *Loli* was checked, it was the *only* option available on the screen. In one way, that made sense; if they only had one *Loli* prostitute, then you couldn’t select her nationality or size. But the other options, what did they mean by greying them out?

*One and a half minutes.*

Even Dutch was unavailable; that meant no straight sex. No oral, no anal, no nothing. What did that leave? Stripping? A hand job? Maybe kissing?

Was it worth it? *Loli* girl: sounds fun. Not being able to fuck *Loli* girl: sounds shit.

What to do. What to do.

*Fifty seconds.*

Fuck! What’s the worst that could happen? She gets me all hot and then fucks off. So I order another one – a proper one – easy! Hang the fucking expense.

*Twenty seconds.*

Pete scrolled back down to the checkout, clicked *Room Charge*, and then held his breath for an interminable ten seconds while the transaction hung there, *‘Verifying…’*

*Accepted.*

Pete breathed again. *Oh thank God.* His cock ached, already.

\* \* \* \*

Fifteen minutes later, there was a tentative knock at the door. Pete jerked with surprise and spilled a quarter of his vodka and orange *(some working girls will kiss, but not if you smell like beer)*. He had been deep in introspection, regretting his decision more with every minute that passed. He had almost convinced himself that he would open the door to some stunted, forty year old, dirty blonde hooker in a school uniform, with a whiskey-and-cigarettes voice and a twisted-mango snatch.

*Loli girl.*

His imagination was back on song. His dick had gone soft, but his heart picked up again thinking about the sweet little cosplay girl who might be waiting on the other side of his door. What would she be wearing? *Anime. Anime for sure. Push up lace bra, white, open-neck blouse, and a little pleated skirt with bobby socks and stiletto heels. Oh, fuck yeah, and her hair in pigtails. Fucking pigtails!*

The twisted mango nightmares of his imagination were gone, and all he could think about was tight little *Loli* pussy, wet and pink, and slightly open, just like in the *Lolicon* comics.

*Fuck, settle down, Pete. You don’t even know what she’ll let you do. Don’t get your hopes up.*

Another knock at the door; a triple-tap, more confident this time.

“I’m coming,” he called, wiping the orange juice off his hand and onto the sofa upholstery.

Pete walked to the door, and his inner voice insisted upon running a countdown. *Ten seconds to Loli girl. Seven … six … five. Jesus fuck, I’m so hyped! Two … one …*

Pete opened the door.

*Oh, sweet Lord.*

“Hi, I’m Lucy. Are you Peter?”

*Oh, sweet fucking Lord.*

She stood there, looking at him expectantly, waiting for an answer.

She was exquisite. Not short at all, maybe five-five or five-six, but Pete was only five foot nine. She was wearing pink, translucent plastic dress-up heels, a thin little wisp of wrap skirt that might aspire to be a drying up cloth when it grew up, and a tiny tee-shirt with short sleeves that just rounded over her shoulders and didn’t quite cover her navel. She clearly wore no bra, because the tee-shirt – three sizes too small with a picture of Pooh’s friend Tigger on the front – perfectly outlined two of the sweetest little teacup-shaped breasts, with peaked nipples that molded lovingly into the stretched fabric.

*Oh, sweet merciful fucking Lord.*

“Pete,” he croaked. “Just Pete.”

“Oh, thank goodness for that,” she smiled expressively, showing cute dimples in her cheeks and silver braces on her teeth. “I thought I was in the wrong place.” She rolled her eyes melodramatically, stepping into the room past Pete. “How embarrassing would *that* be?”

“I’m sorry,” he stammered, staring openly at her perky ass as she tottered past on her dress-up heels. “What did you say your name was?”

“Lucy,” said Lucy. “Lucinda if you ask Mom, but if you call me that then I’m walking out.” She giggled and flashed her green eyes fetchingly to show she was joking.

Notwithstanding her height and her delightfully work-in-progress breasts, everything else about Lucy just screamed young teen. Her arms and legs were long and smooth, just at that gawky growth spurt stage before they begin to take a more womanly shape. As lean as a cover girl through the torso, her hips and waist were almost flat, with just a hint of a gentle curve starting to take form.

Her face still had the youthful freshness of childhood, with a spray of the cutest freckles over her nose, and her hair – an auburn cascade, the color of fall – was swept over her head into a side pony-tail, which was held in place by a white, satin bow.

Pete’s eyes drifted back down to her teacup breasts. Tigger had his tail coiled into a spring, and the caption over his head read ‘bouncy-trouncy-flouncy-pouncy’, and underneath, ‘fun-fun-fun-fun-fun.’ They we so small and firm. Pete thought the top caption was optimistic – probably the most Lucy’s breasts could hope for was a delicious wobble – but the bottom caption sounded like a gilt edged guaran-fucking-tee.

Pete could hardly breathe. *Makeup wasn’t this good; how did they ever find a prostitute who looked this young?* The freckles and braces and side ponytail might shave off a couple of years, but even so, the result was simply stunning. Even if she was made up to look older, Pete wouldn’t put her any older than fourteen. Maybe not even that.

“Are you …” he couldn’t help himself, his shock at opening the door to a walking, talking, *Loli* wet dream was just too great. “Are you … legal?” he gulped.

“I know, right?” Lucy gave him a smile full of flashing braces. “Everybody says the same thing. Because of my height, I think.”

*Oh no, sweetie, it’s not your height.*

Lucy moved to the sofa and sat down, and Pete’s breath caught again as she flashed glimpses under her tiny skirt of purple bikini-style panties, covered in a mosaic of tiny, pink love hearts.

“Try and guess how old I am,” Lucy invited with a teasing smile.

*Shit, how do you answer that? If I say an illegal age, then she’ll think I’m a fucking pedo, but if I say eighteen, I look like a fucking tool, because she’s obviously trying to look younger. Much younger. And she’s succeeding!*

“Um,” Pete hedged. “I’m really bad at this, but you could be … you know, just at first glance … maybe fifteen?” He deliberately guessed high. “Sixteen?” He’d forgotten to breathe again, and he whooped in a big breath to replenish after that overly long ramble.

Far from giving him a fearful pedo scowl, Lucy’s face lit up with obvious delight.

“You do *not* think that!” she giggled. “Tell me what you really think.”

*Shit, higher? Or lower? Surely she wants me to go lower.*

“Oh, okay. Um, maybe fourteen then?” *And that’s as low as I go,* Pete thought.

“Lots of people think that,” she said, agreeing with this latest assessment. “Or sometimes thirteen. You don’t need to worry though, I’m totally legal.”

Pete sighed inwardly; it was amazing how relieved he was to hear that, because the longer he looked at her, the more convinced he became that even fourteen was an over-estimate.

“So …” Pete tried to think where to take this next. She was playing the innocent card a little too well, and even though she was sitting on the sofa in a way that let him see her panties, she wasn’t taking the initiative like a regular prostitute.

“So,” he started again. “How long have you been …” *what, hooking? Where are you going with this, Petey boy?* “… doing, um, this.” He gestured ambiguously with his hand, as if to take in the hotel room, the paying customer, and the obviously ripe young girl whom that customer wanted to fuck.

Pete sat down on the chair opposite Lucy. He probably should have sat next to her, but the temptation to see further beneath her skirt was too great.

“What, modelling?”

“Oh, um, sure. ‘Modelling’.” Pete didn’t use his fingers to add the air-quotes, but they were implied by the way he said the word.

“Only about a year,” Lucy replied, she seemed not to notice Pete’s condescension to the censoring of her profession.

*A year. Shit, so that makes her at least nineteen.* It also meant that this wasn’t her first rodeo, suggesting she should have a good, sexy repertoire by now. Pete wondered anxiously whether she’d sixty-nine him. She was sitting with her knees apart, and he could see the gusset of those little panties stretched tightly over the soft pad of her young cunt. Maybe it was his imagination, but he thought she looked clean-shaven, and if so then he couldn’t wait to run his tongue over those bare pussy lips and suck them into his mouth.

“Yeah, a little less than a year,” Lucy went on. “I remember, because it was just after I turned twelve.”

*What?*

Pete stopped breathing again. His pupils contracted, as did his focus on the room. Everything else blacked out, except for the *FUCKING TWELVE YEAR OLD* sitting opposite, waiting to fuck him. If he’d still been drinking his vodka and orange, then he would have sprayed it across the coffee table at her.

His heart seemed to keep on beating, and he continued to draw breath – although it had been a near thing there for a moment.

*Take this one step at a time, Pete? Did you mis-hear her before? Maybe she said she’d been hooking for six years, or maybe more. Nope, she corrected herself – a little less than a year. What about ‘twelve’? What rhymes with twelve? Did you mis-hear that? Fuck, nothing rhymes with twelve.*

There was no getting around it; she looked twelve, she acted twelve, she even fucking told him she was twelve.

*But she’s legal.*

*Is she, though? Wait, I get it! This is part of the game, her pretending she’s really only twelve. It’s an act – and a fucking good one at that. Shit, she almost had me.*

It still made Pete uncomfortable though. Playing along like that felt dangerous – sexy as all fuck, but dangerous. And not just that, he didn’t really like the idea of her judging him and assuming he was a pedo.

“Oh, right, okay, only twelve,” he said, his voice not betraying the outright lust he felt for her tight, young body (his eyes – which strayed down to her panties every few seconds – told a different story). “But ‘legal’, just the same, right?” Pete thought this achieved a nice balance of respect for her role-playing and the assertion of his credentials as a non-pervert.

“Cross my heart,” Lucy said, doing exactly that, and in the process clearing up any doubt Pete had as to whether her breasts would wobble or not. “I won’t be thirteen until next month, so I’m still eligible for ‘Tween Scene’.”

*What the fuck?*

“I beg your pardon?” he asked, sounding less calm, now.

“*Tween Scene*, the magazine,” she looked at him lopsidedly, making her red ponytail bounce provocatively. “You’re supposed to be interviewing me, remember?”

*Oh Jesus.*

“Yeah, of course. Sorry, I just mis-heard you,” Pete let his mouth run while his brain caught up. “’Cause I, um, I thought you said *‘Teen’* Scene, and, um, you wouldn’t … you know … because you’re only twelve, right?”

*Twelve. Oh Lord, why would you put such a hot piece of ass in an illegal body?*

Pete began to quickly piece things together. Lucy wasn’t here to fuck; that explained the greyed out sex options on the room-service menu, at least. Somehow though, the hotel had managed to procure a hot little *Loli* girl to visit his room on false pretenses. So what was he paying for? Just the right to look at her? Talk to her? It wasn’t as though she was chaperoned though, so the unspoken assertion was that he could have whatever he could talk her into. Whatever he was *brave enough* to talk her into. Maybe some photos? Maybe sitting on his lap?

Well, there was nothing illegal about sitting here and talking to a twelve year old. Probably even looking at her tight tee-shirt and panties was legal. Probably. *Where’s the harm? We can just play this by ear and see what eventuates*.

“So anyway, the interview,” Pete reset, feeling disappointed but more confident now that he knew there was no sex to be had with this young girl. He wanted more context to her story, and he thought he knew just the way to get it. “Everyone’s going to be jealous as hell of you being in the magazine,” Pete nodded at Lucy, leaning back and crossing his legs painfully over his erection. “Why don’t you tell me how you came to be chosen from all of the other hopefuls?”

“Okay, but I don’t know all of it,” Lucy said, obviously happy to be talking about the reason she was there. “Like, I filled out the survey and sent in a picture, just like everyone else, but they didn’t say why I got chosen to come to the auditions.”

“Auditions? They were today, right?”

“They were downstairs,” Lucy said, sounding surprised that Pete didn’t know this.

“Of course they were,” he said, slapping his forehead. “That’s why they put me up in this room, I guess. I wasn’t involved in the auditions though. What did you do to win?”

“Everything they said,” Lucy said proudly, her voice suggesting that she had just revealed the secret of eternal happiness. “I figured they wanted someone fun and outgoing, so for every game or activity they came up with, I just gave it everything and had fun.”

“Like what sort of things,” Pete asked. This was interesting; if they sent her to his room when he had ordered an illicit prostitute, then it spoke of quite a serious conspiracy. What was going on? Were these people grooming pre-teens for exploitation? Or were they just rolling the dice when they added the temporary *Loli* option to the room-service menu? If it was just a lucky coincidence, then what was their game? Collecting photographs of the girls as they put them through their “activities”? Or did they sell tickets to watch the girls perform? Pete imagined a bunch of perverts sitting behind a glass screen, jerking off to the sight of Lucy performing some sexy dance routine.

“Well,” Lucy explained. “They gave us a dress-up box of clothes and told us to pick an outfit and do a song and dance.”

“And what did you choose?”

“This, silly!” Lucy giggled, pointing to the Tigger tee-shirt. “It’s not mine. I don’t even like Tigger … anymore,” she finished, hedging. “Anyway, it’s too small for me.”

“I think it looks nice,” Pete said honestly, using the opportunity to stare openly at her tiny breasts and peaked, sugar-drop nipples.

“Do you?” Lucy smiled happily. “I grabbed it as soon as I saw it in the dress-up box, because it solves the dress-up, the song, *and* the dance.”

“The Wonderful Thing About Tiggers,” Pete said, remembering the movie from his own childhood. And then, seeing an opportunity, “Do you want to do it again for me?”

“Sure!” Lucy exclaimed, jumping to her feet and demonstrating the agreeable, adventurous nature that won her this ‘interview’. “You ready?” she asked, her hands clasped excitedly together in front of her skirt while she bounced impatiently on her toes.

“When you are,” Pete agreed, almost as excited as Lucy.

“Okay. Here goes!” she said, kicking off her plastic heels before she began to sing and dance.

*The wonderful thing about tiggers
Is tiggers are wonderful things
Their tops are made out of rubber
Their bottoms are made out of springs!*

Lucy’s performance was roughly reminiscent of Disney’s lovable orange tiger, only impossibly sexier. Leaping and twirling around the room, her tiny breasts bobbed deliciously beneath the tee-shirt. She treated Pete to a number of unguarded views up her skirt as she performed high kicks and turned cartwheels. And in one heart-stopping move, she leapfrogged the back of the sofa, opening her legs wide in a straddle-splits and bending over, providing a perfect close-up view of her little pussy, hiding away bashfully beneath a narrow strip of pink love hearts.

It was like looking at the sun. Pete could still see after-images once she had completed the jump, and his imagination added missing details, like a little crease down the middle, where a searching tongue would find the honey pot that was her virgin hole.

Lucy wound up into her finale, back on her sofa, bouncing on the cushions and twirling in circles.

*They’re bouncy, trouncy, flouncy, pouncy
Fun, fun fun, fun fun
But the most wonderful thing about Tiggers
Is that I’m the only one*

On that last line, she turned a cartwheel off the coffee table and stuck the landing on her knees, straddling his lap.

*Uh Pete. I don’t want to upset your contemplation of the little pre-teen titties in your face, but I should point out that softness pressing into your hard-on is nothing less than PRIME, TWELVE-YEAR-OLD, VIRGIN PUSSY!*

Lucy had thrown out her arms and thrust out her breasts like a gymnast, and she knelt in his lap, panting from her effort and awaiting his reaction. Pete drew his hands up from his sides to clap, managing to brush not only her bare thighs, but also the pliant under-swell of both breasts along the way.

“Bravo!” he laughed, continuing to clap, securing a few more stray brushes across her nipples in the process, such was his enthusiasm.

“Didja like it?” Lucy beamed, bouncing excitedly on the stiff bulge in Pete’s jeans. *How could she not feel that?* It felt like she was grinding on him, trying to prize her soft little cunt lips apart on his boner.

“Like it?” Pete smiled, trying not to gasp. “I loved it!” He put his hands on Lucy’s waist and prepared to reluctantly lift her off, knowing that if he didn’t act soon, he might cum in his Levis. The muscle memory of holding her tiny waist while she straddled him evoked real memories of a slim, beautiful prostitute riding him cowgirl style, working her tight snatch so far down onto his shaft that she touched his balls. Without meaning to, he added his own pressure, pulling Lucy more firmly down onto his cock and imagining himself gliding into her wet cunt, he felt the supple pillow of her sex yield as her virgin lips stretched and parted beneath her love-heart panties.

Lucy giggled excitedly, probably from his praise, but he also thought she enjoyed the rough contact of his jeans between her pussy lips. As she finally slid backwards over his knees, he caught a priceless glimpse beneath her skirt and saw those tight, cotton panties riding up into her slit. God, he was right! She had opened herself up on his cock!

“Wow!” Pete said, regaining his composure. He didn’t think he could top dry humping a red-haired Loli girl for excitement, but he was determined to keep her around as long as possible, because you never knew, right? “So that was the dance that got you the interview, huh? Or was there more to it than that?”

“No, we did lots of stuff,” Lucy told him, climbing back over the coffee table and plopping into the other sofa. This time she sat cross legged, innocently putting her tiny, camel-toe pussy on glorious display. Pete could see the narrow gusset of pink love-hearts clinging to her vulva and the swell of her mound, and he was more certain than ever that she was smooth and hairless down there.

That’s not from shaving, though Petey-boy!

“I beg your pardon,” Pete shook his head to clear it. Had he been staring? “You did other things?”

“Uh huh,” Lucy nodded, her red pony-tail bobbing vivaciously. “They took about a million photos …”

I bet they did.

“… and there were games, too. I think I surprised them with the last one.”

“What was the last one?”

“It was funny,” she giggled. “We had to put all our clothes on backwards, but it was a competition to see who could do it fastest.”

“Oh, ah, okay,” Pete nodded. He wasn’t sure where this one was going, but he thought the perverts organizing this real-life *Loli* convention downstairs probably knew what they were doing. “And you were the fastest, were you?”

“Uh huh,” Lucy grinned. “Wanna know how I tricked them?”

*I wanna SEE how you tricked them!*

“Sure,” Pete agreed readily. “Or … you could, you know, show me.” His mouth was suddenly dry.

“Hmm,” Lucy mused, her face and adorable mask of considered thought. “Okay, but you have to do it with me,” she challenged brightly.

Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck. Did the Loli girl just ask me to get naked with her?

Pete coughed, barely able to contain his excitement.

“Oh! Okay, like a dare,” he said, making a show of careful consideration, even though his mind was made up the moment she spoke. “Sure, I’m game.”

“Right,” grinned Lucy, standing up and stepping into the open space beside the coffee table. “I’ll say ‘Go’, and then we have to put all of our clothes on backwards.”

“All of them?” Pete asked hopefully? “You’re not shy, are you Lucy?”

“Shy girls never win,” Lucy announced proudly. “You ready?”

Pete stepped out beside his chair. His knees felt wobbly. Lucy stood there, her feet apart and hands poised by her slim hips like a gunfighter. She tossed her pony-tail over her shoulder with a sassy flick of her head, and Pete felt his knees go weak.

“I’m ready,” he gulped.

“Set … GO!”

Pete wasn’t really sure what was going to happen, but whatever it was, he didn’t want to miss a beat. He knew his tee-shirt would cover his eyes for a moment, so he quickly lifted that first, just in time to see Lucy beginning the same maneuver. As it cleared his eye line, he quickly understood her shrewdness, because she hadn’t removed it entirely. Lifting it only to her neck, she pulled her arms from the sleeves and then spun it around, giving him a brief but heart-stopping glimpse of her naked titties.

They were exquisite when outlined by the Tigger tee-shirt, but if anything, they were even more perfect in the flesh. Just big enough to be round, rather than pointed, they rode high and tight on her chest, about the size of plums, and twice as succulent.

Pete was fumbling to get his arms free, and Lucy’s sweet little breasts were covered again before he even got his shirt turned around. Before he knew it, she had wrenched her wispy skirt around one-hundred and eighty degrees, and had her pink and purple panties down around her ankles.

With a pang of disappointment, Pete thought he would miss seeing her bare pussy beneath the skirt, but then the unimaginable happened – in order to put her panties back on with both legs at once, Lucy dropped to the floor and rolled backwards, kicking into the air and fighting to get her feet through the leg holes of the too-tight panties. It could only have been for a few seconds, but it felt like time stopped; her pussy, tiny and perfect with just the lightest dusting of auburn fuzz, nestled proudly between her open thighs, the lips slightly parted from her exertions on Pete’s lap a few minutes earlier.

That was rubbing against my cock.

Pete had never been harder. Any reticence he felt earlier about Lucy’s age had completely evaporated. Her young breasts might be a work in progress, but her sweet cunt was twelve years old and good to go. He wanted for nothing more than to get her nice and wet and then stretch her slick little fuck hole over his cock like an undersized rubber.

“Woo-hoo!” she celebrated, jumping into the air and twirling, flashing Pete yet another glance beneath her skirt. As if he needed it. “Loser!” she pointed gaily at Pete, who was still in the process of pulling his backwards tee-shirt down over his chest.

“Wow!” Pete said, impressed. Amazingly, he managed to slip back into the ‘interviewer’ role. “You did that in front of the judges? You’re brave.”

“Nah, there’s not much to see,” she said self-effacingly, peeking down the front of her top and shrugging at what she thought to be an unimpressive bounty. “Now let’s see how shy you are, Mister Tween Scene,” she teased. “You’re not finished yet.”

*Oh fuck, she still wants me to strip. Has she seen a cock? Will she be curious? Sure she will. Just go with the flow, and let her do whatever she wants to do.*

“Hmm,” Pete grumbled good-naturedly, unbuttoning his Levis. “I think I’ve been had.”

“A dare’s a dare!” Lucy trilled, rubbing her hands together and bouncing on her toes.”

*No showing off, Pete. This isn’t a porno, so don’t jerk off in front of her. Just give her a good, long look and play it by ear.*

He pulled down his jeans and sat on the arm of the sofa to get his feet out, when he noticed a bead of pre-cum staining the front of his shorts. Lucy wouldn’t know about pre-cum; he wondered whether she would think he had wet himself.

Finally getting his feet free, he gave Lucy a rueful smile, as if to say ‘Are you sure I have to do this?’

“Come on,” she goaded happily, twirling her finger. “Keep going.”

With another shy smile, Pete pulled down his shorts, taking care to release his erection carefully so as not to frighten Lucy with sudden movement.

*Shit! Look at that!*

Even though he saw himself hard almost every day, he was still surprised and impressed at how thick and ready he was for Lucy. His cock was at its absolute peak, fat and angry with bulging veins, it stood straight up and brushed his stomach with the tip.

“Oh, jeepers,” Lucy breathed, eyes wide with wonder.

“Have you seen a penis before?” Pete asked, stretching out the moment so that he could stay exposed to her.

“Uh huh,” Lucy nodded, her eyes not wavering from his straining cock. “But not like yours,” she continued. “My brother’s is smaller – a LOT smaller – and it’s not hard.”

“Mine’s not always hard,” Pete admitted. “It’s just because I’m around a pretty girl.”

Lucy stared at his dick a few moments longer until that finally sunk in, and then looked up into his face, surprised.

“Do you think *I’m* pretty?” she asked.

“I don’t think it,” Pete corrected her flatteringly. “I *know* it.”

“But I’m too young for you,” she countered. “Even the boys in my grade don’t look at me, because …” she cupped her small breasts. “You know.”

“The boys in your grade are stupid, then,” Pete told her truthfully.”

“And your thing is hard because you think I’m pretty?”

Pete nodded. He noticed that Lucy’s nipples were standing proud again.

“Does that mean …” she began, biting her lip as she contemplated not asking the question. “Does that mean you want to do the sex thing with me?”

“What do you think, Lucy?” Pete asked, his sense of pedo self-preservation still making him unwilling to admit to his desires.

Lucy appeared to consider the idea for a few seconds, and then nodded uncertainly.

“I think you’re a smart girl.”

She smiled more confidently at his compliment, once again watching his dick with interest.

“What *is* doing sex, exactly?” she asked openly. Her fingers were twitching like she wanted to reach out and handle Pete’s cock, and as far as Pete was concerned, she was more than welcome.

“What do *you* think it is?” he asked, enjoying her naiveté, and the power of answering a question with a question.

“Is it touching our things together?”

*OUR things! Shit, she’s talking about it like it’s a foregone conclusion.*

“Just touching?” Pete asked, leading her along.

“Well, not just that,” she corrected herself, her eyes quickly flicking up and then back down to his cock. “Other stuff too.”

“What sort of other stuff?” Pete was trying to find the line between teasing and coaching, exploiting her natural competitiveness.

“Um … just … stuff,” she hedged uncertainly. “It’s hard to describe.”

“Do you want to show me?” Pete asked.

“What, us? Together?” her green eyes flashed beautifully with a combination of apprehension and delight.

“If you want,” Pete gulped, trying to conceal his own delight. “But if you’re frightened …”

Her eye’s flashed again at the challenge.

“I’m not frightened,” she retorted. One hand stole unconsciously to her crotch, slowly rubbing her pussy while she considered his offer.

“That’s okay,” Pete conceded, silently praying to the gods that everything he had ever heard about reverse psychology was right. “I can see you don’t want to. It’s kind of a grown-up thing anyway.”

“No, wait,” Lucy blurted. She peeled her little skirt down over her thighs. “I do want to.”

Oh thank God!

“Wait,” Pete panted. She had her thumbs in the waistband of her love-heart panties. “Let me help. It’s how grown-ups do it.”

He dropped to his knees in front of her and sat back on his heels, putting his face right at the level of her pussy.

“Step out of your skirt,” he directed, holding it ready to pull free. Lucy lifted one leg and put it to the side, and as she lifted the other one, Pete drew the wisp of nylon away.

Her pussy was less than a foot from his nose, and with her legs parted, he could see every soft curve outlined beneath her tight panties. He took the waistband between his fingertips and folded it down, just an inch to start with, enough to see the first filaments of wispy red fuzz on her mound.

“Do you want me to keep going?” Pete asked, confident of the answer.

“Uh huh,” Lucy gulped.

“You have to tell me what to do,” Pete said, following his instinct, knowing this would be so much sweeter directed by innocent little Lucy.

“Um … keep going,” Lucy directed nervously.

“Keep going where?” Pete asked, not trying to tease, but just wanting to hear her make the forbidden request.

“Keep going … and … um, pull down my panties,” Lucy whispered shyly.

Pete folded them down again, exposing the rest of Lucy’s mound. Her panties were now just a horizontal strip across her thighs, the gusset scarcely cupping her young sex. He couldn’t help himself, he just had to touch it. Curling one index finger into a hook, he used the second joint to stroke along her tender pussy lips, once, twice, basking in their unimaginable softness. On the third stroke, he used just the fingertip, running it up the line of her slit and tickling gently at the top where he imagined her clitoris was hiding.

“Oh jeepers, that tickles,” she shuddered, goosebumps breaking out on her legs and across her flat tummy.

“I’m sorry,” Pete apologized. “Is it okay?”

“Uh huh,” Lucy breathed. “It tickles in a good way.” She swallowed heavily and looked down at Pete’s lap, perhaps contemplating the demonstration she had promised.

Pete touched her through the panties again, stroking along the line of her slit, and then up over the bunched waistband to groom the short, auburn wisps on her mons. Unable to prolong the waiting any longer, he took hold of her bunched panties and tugged them lower. Slowly, slowly, the hips came first, and the gusset seemed to cling stubbornly over her pussy lips, but then it finally fell away too, revealing her tiny, tight, virgin cunt.

Her smooth, round pussy lips were sparsely covered in short, downy hairs, each less than half an inch long and lying flat against the skin like baby hair. Pete guessed they had only been growing for a few months, maybe weeks. Taking her panties down to her ankles, he let her step out of them as he had done with the skirt, watching her pussy carefully as she moved her legs and hoping it would open wider and let him see the warm, pink heaven hidden inside.

“There you go,” he said, cupping her small round ass in both hands and guiding her to sit on the edge of the sofa. “They’re not on backwards anymore.”

Lucy giggled nervously.

“Now,” he said gently, walking forwards on his knees, his erection swaying menacingly in front of him. “You were going to show me what sex was about.”

Lucy swallowed again. “You have to rub your thing against mine,” she said in a small voice. “And then I think you’re supposed to wee on me.”

“I think I know what you mean,” Pete coaxed. “But you have to show me. Here, let me bring it close.” He put his hands on her knees and drew them wide, allowing him to kneel in the middle with his cockhead hovering in front of her slit.

“Show me what you mean, Lucy,” he said gently. “It’s okay to touch it.”

With shaking fingers, Lucy reached between her thighs and touched his cock, making it jerk with anticipation.

“It’s easier if you hold on,” he said, taking her fingers lightly and wrapping them around the middle of his cock in an underhand grip, her middle finger and thumb only just crossing over. “Oh, yeah, squeeze it, sweetie.” He released a shuddering breath at the wondrous feeling of her tentative fingers encircling his shaft, and his legs almost buckled when she gripped him tight, milking slightly forwards.

“There’s wee on the end, already,” she observed.

“That’s not wee, Lucy,” Pete advised. “It’s called pre-cum. It makes everything slippery so that it feels nice when we touch.

Using her other hand, she touched the bead with her thumb and smeared it in a slick trail over his knob.

“Coooool,” she breathed.

Pete offered his hips closer, and Lucy guided his cockhead into her slit without hesitation. With her twelve-year-old fingers around the shaft, and her twelve-year-old pussy lips closed around his knob, Pete contemplated whether even the inside of a grown woman had ever felt so wonderful.

Guiding him with a deliciously tight grip, Lucy stroked his weeping cockhead up and down her young crevice, shivering happily every time he grazed over her clitoris.

“Is that nice?” he asked.

“Uh huh.” Lucy bit her bottom lip and nodded, peeking up from their coupling through her eyelashes. “Now you’re supposed to move your hips,” she instructed, pumping her own narrow hips in an erotic demonstration.

Holding her by the waist to guide his thrusts, Pete pushed slowly forwards, ploughing his cock through Lucy’s cunt lips and up over her clitoris. His dick popped out the top, but the underside continued its path along her clit, playing her like a violin.

Lucy shut her eyes and released a soft, fluttering moan. When Pete withdrew, he saw her cunt was now laid open, and her tiny, pink center was glistening with what looked like her own lubricating juices.

Riding forward again, she guided him over her clit, moaning softly and grinding his hard dick into her love button. Pete established a nice, slow, fucking motion. Closing his eyes, he flexed his cock in the tight grip of her fingers and imagined it was the clinging walls of her cunt.

“Oh jeepers, we’re really doing it,” Lucy gasped excitedly. “We’re f-f-…”

“We’re fucking?” Pete asked.

“Mmm! Mmm!” Lucy thrummed, her excitement clearly mounting as she ground her little love button on his throbbing, veiny cock.

“Not quite,” Pete corrected, his own climax not too far away. “You have to put me inside you to be fucking.”

“You are inside,” she argued, looking between her thighs and observing how his knob was almost completely enveloped by her pussy lips at the point of his back stroke.

“Down here,” he guided her hand to push his knob lower, gliding down and seating in her opening. “That hole goes all the way inside your vagina,” he said, wondering how much of this, if any, she already knew.

He forced the tip of his cock inside her, just enough to stretch but not break her hymen, and Lucy cried out in a breathless combination of pain and pleasure.

“I’m sorry, did that hurt?”

“Yes … no …” Lucy shook her head, perhaps settling on ‘No’.

Holding his shoulder with her free hand, she rose up an inch on the soft sofa cushions, easing Pete’s knob out of her pussy, and then she sank back down onto it, moaning wantonly as she squeezed the throbbing tip back into her slick, virgin hole.

Pete thought she could only be a few pounds of pressure shy of popping her cherry. He desperately wanted to stuff his fat dick inside her, but the sight of her ever more daring explorations was too sweet to forego. Providing he was patient, he was sure she’d get there in the end – her tight, young hole overflowing with cock, and still begging him for more.

He held still and let Lucy bounce on him, using the sofa cushions to catch her weight and stop her from impaling herself. She moved slowly at first, but after a dozen strokes, she was bouncing vigorously, slipping his cockhead into her miniature Barbie doll love tunnel and voicing little shrieks of delight.

“Oh jeepers,” she gasped, looking up at Pete, her eyes bulging with delighted surprise. “Something’s happening … I feel all …”

*Oh fuck, she’s going to come.* The idea of a quivering, shuddering *Loli* girl driving herself to her first climax on his dick was Pete’s new life ambition. Throwing caution to the wind *(maybe it’s a bit late for caution)*, he peeled off her tight Tigger tee-shirt, hoping to watch climactic goosebumps peak on the firm swells of her teacup breasts.

Letting go of Pete’s cock as the cotton slipped over her head, she pulled his body into the cradle of her trim, open thighs, and he could feel the tropical heat of her heavenly Loli-snatch pressing into his navel. She moaned softly into his ear as her hardened nub grazed the line of hair down there. With both arms around his body, Lucy clung on with grim determination as she tried to stuff his man-sized meat into the tiny opening of her fuzz-lined peach. Her pink sugar-drop nipples tickled his chest as she bounced up and down, moaning and gasping in wordless expressions of unimagined joy, stretching her steaming, untrained fuck-hole closer and closer to breaking point.

“Ugh! Gah!” she squealed, bucking her hips into Pete’s stomach as she began to come, her trim thighs quivering against Pete’s hips and her bare feet drumming on the carpet. Lucy leaned back, her lovely red ponytail waving as she sinuously writhed her smooth, pre-teen body. Like a banquet laid out for his enjoyment, she pushed out her fresh young breasts, offering them to his lips. Her nipples were little pink shards of granite, and Pete took one between his teeth and bit down, probably a little harder than he intended.

“Mmm-ughhhh!” Lucy quivered in his arms, and with muscles taut and shuddering, nature finally took over as she sank her slick, clenching cunt onto his fat cock. The ancient drive that until now had only been a kindling spark in her young, pubescent body, suddenly roared into a full womanly inferno. It was the siren call of Lucy’s fertile young womb, her cervix softening and dilating, somehow aware of the throbbing bar of man-meat waiting to cleave its way into her clinging, wet purse and squirt thick white ropes of sperm through that gap and into her waiting uterus.

Pete felt the pop-tear of her hymen giving way, and then inch after slow inch of sweet, wet heaven rippled down and enveloped his cock, swallowing him into her silky depths. Looking down, he couldn’t believe his eyes, her pale and almost hairless young cunt, stretched and distorted and almost white with strain, opened up so wide that her little red clit rubbed mercilessly against his shaft.

She was so tight that she extruded his cock as it passed through her opening, making the portion not yet inside her even fatter and thicker. Working together in a groaning, straining partnership, they stuffed her young hole so full of dick that Lucy couldn’t even close her thighs. With only a couple of inches to go, she exhaled an injured gasp and Pete felt his knob plug the tender seat of her cervix.

“Are we fucking now?” she asked, her voice quavering with post-orgasmic emotion. Pete saw that her flat tummy and young breasts were studded with goosebumps, and he felt touched to have guided her down the path of her maiden orgasm, knowing that even though she was so young, she would never forget the feeling of the first cock in her pussy.

“Almost,” Pete conceded. “It’s not really fucking though unless you let me cum inside you.”

Seeing the naïve gratitude in her smile, he knew now that Lucy would let him do anything; having just discovered the joy of hot, hard cock, she would gladly submit to being his little fuck slave – at least until it was time for her mom to take her home.

“I want you to cum inside me then,” she breathed. And then, with a little wrinkle of her eyebrows, “That’s like weeing in my hoo-ha, isn’t it?” she asked.

“A bit,” Pete smiled, loving the playful innocence of fucking a *Loli* girl. “But cum is thick and hot, and it’s going to make you feel all warm inside.”

He pulled back through her clinging, distended pussy lips, making her moan. “No, don’t take it out,” she pleaded in a small voice, gasping and pinching her eyes closed. “I don’t want you ever to take it out. It feels so good – like I’m full.”

He cupped a hand beneath her tight ass and with the other between her narrow shoulder blades, he lifted her from the sofa and laid her on the carpet. Perched on one elbow, he cradled her perfect, pubescent body in his arms and probed gently into her young cunt, finding her depth again by touch.

With slow, shallow strokes, Pete eased his dick in and out of Lucy’s slick love tunnel, each time finding the ring of her cervix and plugging it with his fat knob. Probing and delving to the music of her satisfied moans, he stretched and massaged the gateway to her womb, where even now the first of many ova to come was taking root in the fertile lining.

“Fuck me now!” she begged. “Please. I want you to cum inside me.”

My pleasure.

Drawing a longer stroke, Pete held until he could feel the hot twelve-year-old pussy juice steaming off on his cock into the cooler air of the hotel room, then he glided back into the warm and cozy center of Lucy’s peach. She squeaked in delight as he plugged her cervix again and stretched it with a hard thrust.

Pumping faster as his own orgasm mounted, Pete fucked Lucy’s slick love tunnel with increasing vigor, sliding his cradling hand from between her shoulder blades upwards to the slender curve of her neck for better purchase. Bracing her with that gripping hand, he jammed his dick deep into her cunt, making her squeal as the soft tip of his cockhead squeezed into her young womb.

“Oh God!” Pete groaned, the hot ring of Lucy’s cervix constricting his knob. Pumping her again and again, driving deep into her tiny, clenching hole, he finally broke through that deepest barrier and slid home.

“I’m going to cum,” he panted, pounding his bulging, rearing meat into her slick sheath, slapping his heavy, loaded balls against her ass and finishing every stroke with a wet, satisfied thwack. Pete felt them lift and tense, readying for release, and one last time he forced his dick through Lucy’s tiny opening, burrowing his knob into her fertile core where he finally unloaded. Her crushing pressure tried to strangle his cock, but on the third pump he opened her up and creamy spunk gushed into her hungry cunt. He could feeling it streaming down the underside of his long cock and spilling into her womb, filling her up with his creamy, life-giving seed.

“Oh-h-h-h-h-h.” Lucy shuddered with another climax as her young body filled with thick cum, swirling around Pete’s throbbing tool and painting every corner of her precious, young womb.

Spent and exhausted, Pete held his softening cock inside her until the natural elasticity of her cervix closed over his cockhead and forced him out, trapping his seed inside her fertile core where it could take root and produce new life.

Pete looked down into her angelic, green eyes and kissed the tip of her nose.

“Is that what you were expecting when you came up here?”

“I didn’t think it would be this much fun,” Lucy grinned, wriggling her hips happily and allowing Pete’s dick to slip free. “Can we do it again though? I want a turn on top.”

THE END