TITLE: Sleep Paralysis

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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 not the kind of guy who navigates life with a sound moral compass. As the night-tech at a sleep clinic, he thinks nothing of sitting on his side of the two-way mirror, masturbating to internet porn … or to the sight of the patient in the next room, if they’re female and pretty, that is.

Thirteen year old Lucy is beautiful and vulnerable. She suffers from sleep paralysis, a waking hallucination where her muscles freeze while she is mounted and fucked by an incubus, but never to her final satisfaction.

From his observation booth, temptation beckons and Pete is unable to resist. At first he just watches, but the night is long and Lucy’s young body is so ripe, ready, and available.

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. If you have trouble distinguishing between the fantasy of Lucy and the reality of real girls then you need help; I recommend discussing the problem with a medical practitioner.

Sleep Paralysis

by Fygero

*Dull as dish water.*

*As much fun as watching paint dry.*

*Like watching grass grow.*

There wasn’t a saying about watching people sleep being boring. Heaven knows why; no-one who’d done it for a living would disagree. Some new parents say they could watch their baby sleep for hours, but Pete was pretty sure they’d get over the impulse after the first week or so. He should know, he did it for a living; not babies though, adults mostly. Pete was a night tech at a sleep clinic. He spent his working “day” in a booth attached to a private sleep room and “monitored” the patients. (The air-quotes are Pete’s. He uses them a lot.)

“Don’t get me wrong,” he tells his friends (or at least the few acquaintances he sees often enough to call friends). “I’m not complaining.” (Although he *actually* was). “They’ve got a pretty lax internet policy, which is cool. I mean, I can’t get onto any game servers, but I can stream as much porn as I like, so long as I stick an observation in the log every hour.” This pronouncement usually elicits one of two possible responses from Pete’s friends, though neither of them is the one he hopes for, which is a kind of awed respect. They either view it with disinterested suspicion, because Pete strikes most people as more of a sprinter in the sex department, not the sort of marathon runner who could surf porn all night; or they spare a somber thought for the day shift, who are the next to visit in his vacated workspace.

Tonight promised to be a quiet one. It was just a kid with … what does the run sheet say? … “Sleep Paralysis”, whatever that is. A thirteen-year-old called Lucy. Pete hoped she wasn’t a brat, getting up half a dozen times and wanting the toilet, or a drink of water, or a teddy bear she didn’t even bring. Fucking kids were a pain sometimes. Not as big a pain as fucking geriatrics though; fuck, they had the market on irritating cornered and wrapped up in fucking brown paper, tied off with string. *I don’t give a blue fuck how many wars you fought in, granddad, go to fucking sleep and let me record my obs in peace … or watch porn, whatever.*

Pete looked at the time. They’d be arriving any minute; might be time to clear the screen.

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“Now this is just a baseline,” Dr Ziegler explained to Lucy’s parents. “We’re not doing any treatment, yet. Tonight is all about observation – which is Pete’s job,” he gestured at Pete, who sat back and tried to look nonchalant under the gaze of Lucy’s worried parents. “And it’s also about getting accustomed to the sleep room – which is your job, Lucy. So there’ll be no cameras and no wires, just sleeping, okay.”

“Will Pete be in here with me?” Lucy asked. She sounded neither horrified nor hopeful at the prospect, just curious.

“No sweetheart,” Pete smiled at her reassuringly – she really was a bit of a cutie for thirteen. He didn’t remember girls being anywhere near as cute as Lucy when he was in middle school. “I’ll be right next door though,” he said, pointing to the two-way mirror wall, behind which sat his booth. “If you need anything, you just say so, and I’ll look after you.” Pete hoped she did no such thing, but that kind of bullshit played well with the doctors and the parents.

“What if you can’t hear me?” Lucy asked, the very image of an enquiring young mind. And a cutie, too. Let’s not forget that. Yes, sir; another few years and Pete wouldn’t mind showing her around the observation booth late one night. Maybe let her sit on his lap between hourly logs. Maybe slip her the occasional hourly log beneath her skirt.

“Microphone,” Pete said, pointing to the intercom beside the bed. “It stays on all night, so I hope you don’t fart in your sleep.”

“Eeeew!” Lucy giggled, her cheeks turning a lovely shade of pink as she flashed her eyes at him with amusement. Mom and Dad and Dr Zeigler seemed less amused at Pete’s style of humor, but fuck them, right? “Are you going to stay up all night?” she asked. Kids never seemed to run out of questions.

“Yep,” Pete agreed. “All night.”

“Cool,” Lucy said, clearly impressed. “I stayed up ‘til midnight on New Year’s Eve. I could have stayed up longer, but Mom made me go to bed.” Lucy gave her Mom a smile and a long-suffering roll of the eyes. Pete could see where Lucy’s cute came from, he would definitely slip Mom an hourly log as well. She looked like she was mixed-race with a thread of Latino and maybe something even more exotic like Asian, and Lucy had picked up a little of her coloring and her beautiful, dark, almond shaped eyes.

Dr Ziegler finished reassuring the parents and then stood up, using body language to draw the briefing to a close. Pete had seen him do this before with over-protective relatives, otherwise they’d never fucking leave. It was a good trick. Pete thought he could learn a lot from the sleep doctors about fucking with people’s minds.

“Lucy, your parents and I have to go now, okay?” he explained. “Remember that Pete will be right next door if you need anything, so as soon as you’re ready, you can get dressed for bed in the bathroom and hop into bed. Do you have any other questions for me?” He had the door open now and Mom and Dad kissing her goodnight.

“Can I stay up for a little longer and read?” Lucy asked.

“If that’s your normal routine, then sure,” Dr Ziegler said. “We just need you to do everything as normal as you can.”

“Not too late, okay Luce?” Mom warned. “One chapter.”

“Yes Mom,” she said dutifully, kissing her again. “Night.”

“Night, night, sweetheart,” Mom said.

“Night, punkin,” Dad kissed the top of her head as well.

“We’ll see you in the morning, Lucy,” Dr Ziegler said, ushering everyone out. “Sleep tight.”

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Dr Ziegler sent Lucy’s parents back to reception to arrange a collection time in the morning and then came into the darkened observation booth with Pete. They could see Lucy through the two-way mirror walking slowly around the room, investigating her surroundings.

“I don’t expect you’ll have a busy night, Pete,” he said, clearly keen to get away and go home. “Lucy’s condition is called Sleep Paralysis. She might experience an inability to move when she’s about to fall asleep or wake up, and she may experience some other sensory perceptions – like sights or sounds or the presence of someone in the room with her – but unless she calls out to you, don’t do anything except record your observations.”

“Roger that,” Pete said, giving the Doc a big thumbs up. *Kid has lucid dreams, gottit!*

“Good,” he said. “Her parents will probably pick her up early, so you can finish your shift as soon as Lucy’s gone.”

“Thanks Doc,” Pete grinned. *Sweet!* That was code for *‘Fuck off early and write down a full twelve hour shift.’*

Ziegler closed the door behind him and left Pete alone in the booth. He locked it, insuring against interruptions when he started in with the porn.

Lucy had completed a circuit of the small bedroom and had investigated the very few things that carried an interest for a thirteen-year-old. She opened her overnight bag and took out a small girls’ adventure novel and a purple, cotton nightie and put them on the bed.

Watching her move about unselfconsciously through the glass, Pete thought he might need to give her an upgrade from Cutie to Super-Mega-Cutie. Lucy was about five feet tall and was wearing a snug pair of white short-shorts and a filmy, translucent, purple shift over a white singlet top. She looked to be well into the changes of puberty, although she wasn’t quite done yet. Even though she was small, her legs were so trim – and the shorts so short – they actually looked long and lean. Her pelvis had already changed shape, giving her an obvious curve at the hips that narrowed into the sweetest, tiniest waist that Pete thought he could almost close his hands around and make his fingers and thumbs touch.

She still had some growing to do up top if Mom’s rack was anything to go by, but Lucy had quite a nice little set of tits that were being helped along by a decent bra – Pete could see the bulge of the little plastic adjusting thingies beneath the straps of her singlet. He was partial to a nicely crafted bra that gave a girl a bit of shape and definition; not like those sports tops that squish a nice rack down to pancakes.

Lots of girls Lucy’s age had a nice body, but not all of them could keep it as they got older. Pete wished her luck, because if she could hold on to that figure then she’d be decidedly fuckable by the time she was eighteen. Lucy had one extra advantage in the looks department though, she had a very pretty face. Set above a sleek neck and framed by a well-defined jaw, she had lovely features: beautiful cupid’s-bow lips, dimples in her cheeks that showed even when she wasn’t smiling, a cute little button nose, and long-lashed dark eyes that were set wide in a way that just make you want to keep looking at them. Right now she had her black hair tied up in a high pony-tail that bounced and swayed with every movement, but Pete could imagine it untied and brushed out, hanging in lustrous waves around her shoulders; it would add a few years and with some make-up and the right dress, it might even get her into a nightclub.

Lucy was standing in front of the mirror wall a few feet to Pete’s left, looking at her reflection. He cracked a smile; the two-way mirror was the dominant feature of the room, but it was just so easy to forget someone was on the other side. One time a patient used it to put on her make-up in the morning. It was unexpectedly intimate and so exciting that Pete moved his chair opposite and jerked his cock until he came.

Lucy took the band out of her hair and let it fall to her shoulders, then spent a couple of minutes arranging it in different ways, holding it up with her hands and making different faces like pouting and smiling and sultry eyes to see how she looked.

“Can you hear me, Pete?” she asked. Pete nearly shat himself, he’d grown quite absorbed and was openly staring at her beautiful features – for a moment he thought she could see him.

He pressed the intercom button. “Sure can, Lucy,” he said. He almost said that he could see her too, but held it back at the last moment. It sounded creepy. That level of self-editing was unusual for Pete.

Lucy looked around at the intercom beside the bed where Pete’s voice came from. “That’s freaky,” she giggled.

“Freaky, like creepy?” Pete asked, popping the intercom button again. He was prepared to feel a small amount of guilt for making her feel uncomfortable, although she didn’t seem too worried.

“No, freaky cool,” she said, returning to the mirror and playing with her hair. “Can you do the Big Brother voice?”

“Lucy, to the Diary Room,” Pete said, lowering and slowing his voice to sound like the TV Big Brother.

Lucy’s face transformed from pretty teen to child, tipping back her head and laughing with unguarded joy. “That’s brilliant!” she giggled. She had a big, happy smile and her dimples were deep pits in her pink cheeks. “Now evict me.”

Pete popped the intercom again and prepared his Big Brother voice. “It’s time to leave, …” then he paused for the ridiculous five-count that they used on the TV while Lucy – grinning madly – was almost hopping on her toes with anticipation. “… Lucy!” he finished, letting go of the intercom and laughing to himself while Lucy collapsed in a fit of teenage giggles.

“You’re funny,” she sighed, getting hold of herself. Pete was surprised by her simple innocence. She was being quite genuine, but if a grown woman said the same thing, it would sound insincere at best and maybe even sarcastic.

She turned side on to the mirror and regarded herself critically, standing tall and smoothing down the translucent shift over her stomach, admiring her breasts in profile; Pete thought there was much to admire about them; they were definitely coming along quite nicely. Not big enough to swell out the sides yet, but there was a lovely, plump curve underneath and a nice roundness to the shape that Pete associated with fulsome youth.

“Pete?” she said, not taking her eyes of her breasts.

“Uh huh?” Pete said, his eyes not moving either as he found the familiar intercom button by touch.

“Do you have a girlfriend?” she asked.

*Shit? Where did that come from? Kids say the darndest things.*

“Um … no,” Pete said. “Not at the moment.” Which was technically true. It had also been technically true for his entire life.

“Have you ever had a girlfriend?” Lucy asked.

*Jesus, it’s like she can read my mind!*

“Yeah, sure,” he said, hoping it sounded confident. “Lots of them.” His mind cast right back to his high school sophomore year and an hour of hand-holding with Zara Harris on the school bus. The seven intervening years hadn’t seen quite that degree of success. *I wonder what Zara’s doing now.* “What about you?” he asked, trying to direct the conversation away from his unspectacular love life.

“Nuh uh,” she said. “But I kissed Jeremy Symonds on a dare.”

“What was that like?” Pete asked, genuinely interested. Pete thought Jeremy Symonds was one lucky fuck.

“Nice,” Lucy said. “Kind of tingly in my stomach. Is that what it feels like when you kiss one of your girlfriends?”

“Mm-hmm,” Pete affirmed. “Usually. So what did Jeremy do wrong if he’s not your boyfriend?”

“He pretended he didn’t like it and wiped his mouth,” Lucy said disappointedly. “But I think he did like it; his breathing was kind of funny when our lips touched.” She looked around at the intercom as she spoke, then wistfully back at her profile in the mirror. *Jeremy wasn’t just a lucky fuck, he was a dumb fuck too.* Lucy squared up her shoulders and pushed out her small bust. “Pete, do you like girls with big boobs?”

*Oh Lordy Jesus! What the fuck is going on?* How to answer that? Pete really did like big, full tits. Not flabby or fake-looking ones, but anything from a C-cup to double-D was pretty hot. Here’s the thing though, watching Lucy he was quickly developing a taste for sweet, perky little titties, too. And he had the hard-on to prove it.

“Um … I don’t really care about size,” Pete said slowly, thinking that as of the last minute and a half it wasn’t precisely a lie. But then he spoiled it with a big fat one, “I think a girl’s personality is more important.” He cringed as soon as it came out; it sounded like bullshit even to him. Lucy didn’t seem to notice though; she just glanced at the intercom as he spoke and then back at the mirror with a wistful smile, maybe thinking about boys who would like her just for her personality. Pete didn’t think that was ever going to be something she’d need to test; he’d long since promoted Lucy up to Super-Mega-Cutie and he was currently re-evaluating her for the position of Little-Hottie.

Finally she abandoned her position at the mirror and pulled the purple shift over her head, leaving her in only the white singlet and shorts. Pete’s breath caught with surprise and delight, the singlet was tight and a little bit short, showing him a band of sleek, tan skin around her waist and a more detailed outline of her sweet, round titties; each one standing out clearly, nestled in their little bra cups beneath the white cotton. He touched his cock in his jeans; it was hard and hot from watching Lucy modelling in the mirror, and now it jerked spastically in the tightness of his underpants.

Pete was just congratulating himself on his good luck – admiring the way the overhead lights cast alluring, curved shadows beneath Lucy’s breasts – when things changed stunningly for the better as Lucy took hold of the hem of her singlet and peeled it up over her smooth, flat stomach to reveal a small, soft pink bra. Pete couldn’t breathe. The singlet came off over Lucy’s head, depositing a spray of loose black hair over her pretty face which she flicked backwards over the top, causing those little titties to bounce inside the perfectly crafted pink cups. Pete was trying to look at everything at once; her tight, flat stomach; the lovely twin mounds of her breasts; and the flawless expanse of décolletage, framed at the sides by the pink bra straps and perfectly smooth everywhere, except at the bottom where there was the tiniest suggestion of cleavage; the hard bone of her sternum in the center forming the shallowest of valleys that rose in soft swells and disappeared tantalizingly beneath the soft, polyester cups.

Lucy reached behind to grip the clasp of her bra and Pete’s cock lurched dangerously in his pants. *Oh my God, she’s showing me her titties!*

“Lucy,” he coughed into the intercom, startling the teenager and making her pause and look at the speaker with her bra unclasped and draped loosely over her breasts. “What are you doing?” Pete didn’t know what sort of answer he expected. Obviously she was doing this for him, but why? Was it because he said he liked girls with any size breasts and she wanted him to see them so he prove it?

“I’m getting ready for bed, silly,” she said to the intercom. “What does it sound like?”

*What does it sound like? What the fuck? It looks like a fucking teenage wet dream, but it doesn’t sound like … ? Wait. What does it sound like? Jesus Christ in a sidecar … she doesn’t know I can see her!*

“It sounds … I don’t know,” he stammered. “That’s why I asked. I couldn’t tell what it sounded like.”

“Well you can go back to whatever you were doing, because I’m going to read for a while” she said, lowing the bra and revealing one of nature’s masterpieces in the making. Pete only had a few moments to see their miniature perfection before Lucy pulled the nightie over her head and covered them again, and it was only afterwards as she lay reading her book that he wished he’d taken his phone out as she began to undress and taken some photos. The image that was burned on his retinas was two perfectly circular swells, heavier at the bottom than the top. They were much smaller in diameter than a grown woman’s breasts and set further apart, like they were making room to grow bigger and therefore closer together, which Pete supposed was exactly what was going to happen. They sat only an inch or maybe an inch and a half off her narrow chest and were capped with the tiniest pink buds that were her nipples.

Pete’s cock jerked maddeningly and he put a hand over it, almost triggering an orgasm. He felt a palpable loss as the purple nightie fell over those luscious little titties and he almost missed the act of Lucy removing her shorts. They had a button but only the tiniest zipper, and when Lucy undid them she still had to wiggle her hips to shimmy them down over her lovely curves, dragging her pink panties down a couple of inches and showing off a few wisps of downy young pubic hair and what might have only been a shadow, but might also have been the dark cleft that marked the beginning of her slit.

As soon as it was shown, this gift of a vision was stolen away as Lucy pulled her little panties back up over her young pubic thatch and let the hem of the nightie fall over them, and Pete got nothing more than the briefest impression of her plump pussy lips outlined beneath the pink cotton. He let out a shuddering breath, and as Lucy lay back on top of the bed with her adventure book, he unbuckled his pants and pulled both them and his underpants down to his ankles, not wanting anything to get in the way while her jerked off to the sight and memory of this miniature goddess in the adjoining room.

When the shock of seeing her breasts and the hint of a pussy had passed, Pete regained control over his cock and was able to slowly stroke it without coming, even though he could feel the orgasm right there, hiding just over the next hill and waiting to ambush him. He was much harder than he usually was watching porn, and strangely that made the edge of his climax easier to control; he could just flex his cock and loosen his grip if it strayed too close and let it melt slowly away.

Lucy was facing away from him and he was concentrating his attention on the hem of her nightie at the tops of her thighs, which must have been covering her panties by less than an inch. She was propped up on one elbow, which lent her body a delicious curve over her top hip and through her waist, and it also allowed her black hair to fall in a glossy pool onto the pillow. With it pulled back at the temple as well, Pete could see her slim neck, her ear and cheek, and just the tips of her flickering black eyelashes as she blinked.

Being unable to see her panties was almost a blessing. Pete was able to imagine they weren’t there; and that if her hem lifted just an inch then he would be presented with the rosebud of her little pussy. From there it was just a small step to imagining himself in the room lying behind her, running a finger through her slit and getting her so wet she finally begged him to put his cock inside her; a request with which Pete would be *extremely* happy to comply.

He was slouched down in his chair with legs wide apart, slowly stroking his six inches with one hand while with the other he mopped up the now continuous dribble of pre-cum oozing from tip. The pile of sodden tissues on the desk was becoming quite prodigious and although his balls were feeling swollen and full, Pete was thinking he could do this for quite a bit longer. Even so, he almost finished accidentally when Lucy rolled onto her other side, now facing the mirror and therefore facing Pete.

If he thought she had a sweet little body from behind, watching her from the front almost blew his mind – and his load! Being propped on one elbow again served to accentuate all those same youthful curves he had been admiring, but now he could see those long, slim legs up so high he could hardly believe that her pussy was hidden. Lying on her side, one breast swelled towards the center of her chest giving a stronger suggestion of cleavage, and the way the neckline hung open, Pete was tantalizingly close to an angle where he would be able to gaze down through the gap and see the pink sugar drop of her nipple.

Half convinced he could make it happen, he even climbed onto the desk with his pants off to try for that perfect sight line, but without success. Moving over to the section of window beside the desk did improve the angle on her hemline though, and with his head right at the edge of the glass he could just glimpse a sliver of the pink panties covering Lucy’s pussy. Pete found it spectacularly easy to imagine that flash of pink was actually the folds of Lucy’s little twat, wet and open and hungry for cock.

“Pete, can you hear me?”

Jesus! He squeezed his cock and almost came all over the glass. He hadn’t even noticed Lucy putting her book down.

He hobbled back to the desk, his urge to cum settling back down again. “Kxxxht,” he made a noise like a CB radio transmit button. “Pete here. Reading you five by five, Lucy. Over.”

“Kxxxht,” Lucy giggled, copying him. “This is Lucy. I’m reading you five-by-five too, Pete.” She followed that with some more giggles and wriggling on the bed that pulled the hem up over her panties. Pete could see the pink cotton stretched over her pussy lips now. He thought he could sit and watch that little triangle of pink for quite some time. “I don’t even know what *five by five* means … kxxxht” she finished.

“Five by five means loud and clear. Kxxxht,” Pete smiled; Lucy wasn’t just a hot little piece of pussy, she was fun, too. “What can I do for you, Luce?” He used the nickname he’d heard her mother use, hoping she wouldn’t mind.

“I’m going to go to sleep now,” Lucy said, watching the intercom with more gravity now.

“Sure thing, Luce,” Pete said. “The light switch is behind your bed. A couple of low lights stay on though for …” *For what? So I can keep watch and make obs? I can’t tell her that now; not after she flashed those little titties for me.* “… so you can find the bathroom in the dark,” he finished, congratulating himself.

“Mmmm,” said Lucy indecisively, not yet reaching for the light switch, although she did prop up one leg, parting her thighs and revealing the silky undercarriage of her panties. Pete thought he could see a line down the middle where the fabric dimpled as it stretched across the little valley of her pussy crease.

“What’s up Luce?” Pete asked, greedily eyeing that little trampoline of pink cotton. “Is something wrong?”

“Did they tell you what was wrong with me?” Lucy asked.

“Um?” Pete looked away from the magnetic vision of Lucy’s panties so he could concentrate. “Doc Ziegler said something about … um … paralysis?” Pete wasn’t sure about that; he hadn’t exactly been concentrating.

“Sleep Paralysis,” Lucy confirmed. “You probably have lots of people come in here with it.”

“Actually, I think you’re the first,” Pete said. It was true, he’d never heard of it before today. Mostly they treated sleep apnea and insomnia. “What is it?”

“Do you have the internet where you are?” Lucy asked. “Google *‘Sleep Paralysis’*. I found out more about it that way than from the doctors or my parents.”

“Hang on a minute,” Pete said, wiping pre-cum from his fingers and sitting back up at his computer. He already had a browser open ready to surf porn, so he just typed in *Sleep Paralysis* and clicked straight through to Wikipedia. “Holy crap!” he breathed. The first think he saw was weird enough it made him forget about the smooth, pink bud between Lucy’s parted thighs. It was a gothic painting of a hot girl in a white nightgown, lying limp and unconscious with a green troll-like demon sitting on her chest.

“Did you see *‘The Nightmare’*?” Lucy asked. “That’s the name of the painting.”

“Yeah, that’s some scary shit, Luce,” he said gravely, unaware he was swearing in front of the teenager. “Is that what happens to you?”

“Nuh uh,” Lucy said, although she didn’t sound all that happy about it. “But some people with Sleep Paralysis do think there’s something scary in the room with them,” Lucy said as Pete scanned some of the same information on-screen. “Other people hear noises, see moving shapes, or smell or taste things. But the one thing that happens to all of us is that we can’t move while it’s happening because the part of the brain that stops you moving around when you dream has kicked in, but you’re not asleep, not really.”

“So what *does* happen to you?” Pete glanced back up at Lucy, his eyes going immediately to her panties. *Was that a little wisp of dark hair sticking out beneath the elastic of one leg?*

“My parents say they can hear me crying out and groaning,” Lucy said, her voice the tone of a confession. “I told them I didn’t know why, but Dr Ziegler asked if it was because I thought there was an ‘intruder’ in the room. That’s the word he used, ‘intruder’. I found it on the Sleep Paralysis page on Wikipedia. That’s the one people are frightened of, the demon.”

“But that’s not what you see,” Pete said, confirming what he thought Lucy was saying.

“I told Dr Ziegler it was,” Lucy said. “Because ‘intruder’ was kind of right. Just not the way he meant it.”

Pete scanned through the article until he found mention of *The Intruder*. It said, *‘while ISP episodes are typically associated with the intruder and incubus visitations …’* The word *‘incubus’* was hyperlinked, so he clicked it, sensing that was what Lucy was hinting at.

He had no idea what an incubus was, but the opening paragraph was pretty clear: *‘An incubus is a demon in male form who, according to mythological and legendary traditions, lies upon sleepers, especially women, in order to engage in sexual activity with them.’*

*Holy shit? Did Lucy think a demon was fucking her in her sleep?*

“What did you mean when you agreed with him then?” Pete asked, thinking he already had the answer. The possibility of getting Lucy talking about fucking had pre-cum drooling from his cock again.

“I just meant that …” Lucy paused, choosing her words. “I do feel an intruder in the room,” she continued. “Just not a scary one.”

“But you said you were crying out,” Pete countered, loving where this was going. “Sounds like maybe you *were* scared.”

“Mmm,” Lucy mumbled noncommittally.

“Or was it something else?” Pete asked carefully. “Not scared, maybe some other feeling.”

“It’s embarrassing,” Lucy said quietly.

Pete had followed another link to a Wikipedia entry called Hypnagogia that had a paragraph on Sleep Paralysis.

“Luce?” he began. “I found something on the things people with Sleep Paralysis feel. Can I read it out and you tell me if any of these happen to you?”

“Uh huh,” Lucy agreed, listening intently.

Pete began to read, “Feelings of being crushed or suffocated …”

“Nuh uh,” Lucy shook her head straight away.

“… electric tingles or vibrations …”

“Sometimes,” Lucy agreed. Not like a zap, just tingly.

“… imagined speech and other noises …”

“Um, maybe,” she said. “I’m not sure.”

“… the imagined presence of a visible or invisible entity …”

“Uh huh,” Lucy gulped nervously. “Visible.”

“… and sometimes intense emotion: fear …”

“Nuh uh”

“… or euphoria and orgasmic feelings,” Pete finished, smiling.

“Um, I’m not sure what those words mean,” Lucy said, but it didn’t sound much like the truth.

“It means a kind of sexy feeling,” Pete said helpfully, watching Lucy closely. “A really nice feeling in your …” he searched for the appropriate word. “… in your privates.”

Lucy didn’t answer, but her hand moved to her panties and she slowly massaged the soft pussy lips beneath them.

“That’s nothing to be ashamed about, Luce,” Pete said, watching her fingers move the thin film of cotton over her young pussy. He wondered whether he might be lucky enough to see a little bead of moisture bloom on the pink fabric. “Everybody has dreams like that,” he said. “Especially at your age.”

“Really?” Lucy asked. “Did you?”

“Sure,” Pete said. “Everybody, like I said. Just when it happens to you you’re sort of awake. That probably makes it feel even nicer.”

“It does,” she whispered shyly.

“So what’s so bad about that?” Pete said. “I wish I was you. It sounds pretty alright.”

“But what if it happens tonight?” Lucy husked. “What if I say something and you write it down?”

“Oh, I see,” Pete said slowly, finally realizing that this was about him all along, not her. “You don’t want anyone to know about the real feelings.”

“Mmm hmm,” Lucy agreed.

“Well if anything does happen,” Pete thought about what would make her happiest. “Then I could say it sounded like you thought someone was in the room with you. That wouldn’t be a lie, would it?”

“Nuh uh,” Lucy said, looking at the intercom with more interest.

“And they’d just think it was the same thing they already believe,” he finished.

“And you’d do that?” she asked hopefully.

“If that’s what you want,” Pete said. “Sure.”

Lucy sighed with relief. “Thanks Pete.” She pulled back the covers and slid beneath them, finally hiding from Pete the sweet sight of her panty-covered pussy.

“Lucy, can I ask a question?” Pete said, leaning over the intercom and watching her in the window, she hadn’t switched off the lights yet.

“What is it?” she said.

“With your intruder,” he said softly. “What does he do that feels so nice?”

Lucy turned her head and looked at the intercom again with concern.

“That’s okay Luce,” he said, trying reverse psychology. “It’s too personal. I shouldn’t have asked. I just thought maybe you wanted to talk about it.”

“He …” Lucy began, then she paused. “He lies on top of me …”

Pete remained silent, waiting. Rapt.

“… and he puts his thing between my legs … in my … you know …”

“He just puts it in and leaves it there?” Pete asked, his heart pounding.

“He moves it around,” she said softly. “Sliding it in and out.”

“And how does that feel?” Pete asked.

“Wonderful!” Lucy breathed. “It’s the best feeling in the world.”

“Have you ever felt that for real?” Pete asked. “Like not in the dream?”

“Nuh uh,” Lucy said quietly. “That’s called ‘having sex’. I haven’t done it for real.”

Pete wanted to say “Do you want to?” but he stayed silent, not sure how he could keep Lucy talking about sex.

“I’m not a virgin though,” Lucy announced. “I don’t think so anyway.”

Pete laughed, and counted himself lucky he wasn’t holding down the intercom. *How can you not be sure?*

“What do you mean, Luce?” he asked.

“Mom has a thing in her drawer … like a guy’s thing,” Lucy said. “Do you know what I mean?”

“Did you try it out?” Pete asked.

“Uh huh,” Lucy said. “But it didn’t feel like with the intruder. It hurt.”

*Mom probably has some lube too. Should’ve used that.* “Did it make you bleed?” he asked out loud.

“A little bit,” Lucy agreed. “I looked it up. It means I broke my hymen, so I’m not a virgin. But I tried it again and it still hurt, so maybe I’m still a little bit a virgin.”

He was talking to a thirteen year old about masturbating with a vibrator. This was fucking surreal.

“You could always check,” Pete said flippantly, thinking out loud.

“Check?” Lucy asked. “How?”

“Your hymen’s pretty easy to find,” Pete said, thinking about pictures of virgins he had looked up on the internet. “You could just look in the mirror.”

“Really?” Lucy said, sitting up in bed, excited again. Suddenly Pete’s heart was in his mouth as he realized ahead of time what Lucy was about to do.

“Uh huh,” Pete gulped. “You just have to look inside your … your vagina … and … you know … check,” he finished weakly, dizzy with excitement.

Lucy jumped out of bed and pulled a straight-backed chair up to the two way mirror. She lifted her nightie and quickly skinned her pink panties down her thighs, giving Pete a quick, heart-stopping glimpse of her pussy before she sat down. Then he thought his heart really might stop when Lucy plopped onto the chair and lifted her bare feet to brace against the glass, spreading her legs wide and allowing her nightie to puddle in her lap.

The earlier glimpse of her sparse pubic thatch and the sight of those pink panties stretched across her slit was no preparation for what faced Pete now, which was the most perfect little pussy he could have imagined. The dark hairs on Lucy’s mound were thin and wispy, but the ones on her pussy lips were almost non-existent. Barely the suggestion of hairs at all; they were little gossamer filaments barely half an inch long and all smoothed down in the same direction, laying flush against her lips.

Her pussy lips themselves looked softer than any porn star’s he’d seen on the internet; like two little pillows nestled in the junction of her thighs. But it wasn’t the lips that were the most incredible, it was the heavenly crease that lay between them. Deeply dimpled at the apex where the nub of her clitoris would be hidden away underneath, Lucy’s slit was tiny, barely more than an inch and a half from end to end, and Pete could absolutely everything, all the way down to the puckered hole of her ass.

It was the most exquisite and sexy thing Pete had ever seen. All he wanted was to run his tongue through her soft little folds and to taste her sweet nectar before he entered her. He had to let go of his cock and only just avoided spraying his load before the show had even started.

Working frantically, he moved the intercom over to the edge of the desk where he could reach it and rolled his chair up to the glass, dropping the gas-lift to its lowest position and putting his feet on the glass right up against Lucy’s. Scooted down in his chair now, his swollen knob was almost perfectly in line of sight to Lucy’s tiny tight pussy, and he could already imagine what it would look like when he came, just is if he was filling her little cunt with cream. He almost couldn’t wait.

Lucy placed her fingers either side of her pussy and pulled her outer lips apart, showing an exquisite little pink slit, with the button of her clitoris hidden near the top, and the folds of her tiny entrance – barely the diameter of Pete’s finger – closed tightly down below.

“I don’t really know what I’m looking for,” Lucy said slowly, studying her vagina with almost the same intensity as Pete. “How can I tell if it’s still there?”

Pete wasn’t exactly sure. He’d seen pictures with the hymen present and clearly labelled, but it wasn’t as though he’d ever gone looking.

“Um, I’m no expert, Lucy,” he said, madly trying to think of a way to keep her legs open and maybe to start masturbating.

“Look it up on Wikipedia,” Lucy said matter-of-factly, touching a finger to her closed entrance.

*Fuck! Why didn’t I think of that? Double-fuck! Computer’s over there; super-mega-cutie with a juicy, open pussy is over here. Smartphone! Fucking brilliant.*

Pete grabbed his pants off the floor and fumbled his phone out the pocket. “Good idea, Luce. Hang on a sec.”

*Wikipedia app. “Hymen Inspection”. Redirects to Virginity Test, perfect.*

Pete quickly scanned the entry, looking up every couple of seconds to make sure Lucy’s pussy was okay and hadn’t rushed off anywhere. It referenced the Two Finger Test, but Pete thought it would be easier to just look. He read on further, but there was no real help to be had. It seems that hymens come in many shapes and forms and virginity tests were notoriously unreliable.

He pressed the intercom. “Hmm, Wikipedia’s no help,” he said. “I don’t think this is as easy as I thought.”

“What does it say?” Lucy asked.

“It says there’s this Two-Finger Test, but it doesn’t say how to do it,” Pete replied, putting away his phone and returning all attention to his throbbing cock and Lucy’s maybe-virgin pussy.

“Two Finger Test?” Lucy said with surprise, looking around at the intercom. “What am I supposed to do with them?”

“I think you put them … you know,” stumbled Pete, “*inside*.”

“Ohhhhh!” Lucy’s eyes lit up with understanding. She stroked over her little opening again and then probed gently with a fingertip. “Ow!” she said. “It hurts.”

Pete was panting now; his unblinking eyes locked on Lucy’s finger trying again to penetrate her little hole. He could see that her pussy was dry even though she’d been playing with it for a minute or two, and he wrestled for a few moments with the complex question of how to let her know what to do.

“Lu-…” his voice caught for a second, and he had to wipe away a tear that had formed from straining his eyes without blinking. “Lucy?”

“Uh huh?”

“I’ve found another page that might help,” he ventured.

“What is it?” she asked, glancing between the intercom and the reflection of her stubbornly closed pussy.

“It says here you should lick your fingers to get them wet,” Pete began tentatively.

“Eeew!” said Lucy, frowning and screwing up her face. “But I’ve been touching my … you know what.”

“I wouldn’t worry about that,” Pete said. “People do it all the time. Never heard of Third Base?”

Lucy gasped and flashed her dark eyes with surprise. “Is that real?” she exclaimed. “I thought it was a myth. Putting … things! … in your mouth … and tongues! … really?”

“Really,” Pete reassured her.

“Do you do it?” Lucy asked, a lot of the vehemence almost instantly gone from her voice. “With your girlfriends?”

“Uh huh,” Pete lied. *Every night in my imagination*. “Girls say it feels really nice,” he finished, getting a few steps closer to the truth.

“What does it taste like?” she asked. No disgust now, just curiosity.

“Everyone’s different,” Pete trotted out the stock answer of experienced pussy-lickers. “But it’s usually kind of salty. Nice.”

Lucy was looking back at her pussy now with much more curiosity, perhaps imagining what it would feel like to have a boy’s tongue in there, telling her she tasted nice. Pete shut the fuck up and let her work it through in her mind; some kind of rat cunning told him that he’d done his best and that maybe it won’t be enough, but more would be worse.

Lucy brought two fingers up to her nose; the ones she had been using inside her slit. She made a small movement with the corners of her mouth, not disgust, more like resigned agreement, as if saying *Hmmph, it actually smells okay.*

Pete’s own lips opened in sympathetic resonance, as if those fingers with their heady, young aroma were going into *his* mouth. A moment later Lucy popped them into her own mouth and sucked, her nostrils flaring and eyelashes flashing. She left them in there for several seconds and was clearly enjoying the new sensation.

“Now what do I do?” she asked

*Oh-God-oh-God-oh-God-oh-God-oh-God-oh-God. Please God make this happen.*

“Now touch yourself with them again,” Pete breathed.

Lucy held her lips apart with the index and middle fingers of her left hand and slowly explored her open slit again with the wet fingers of her right. Pete could see her tiny pink lips unfold – glistening now with her saliva – and his cock jerked desperately, wanting to dive head first into the tight little heaven it knew awaited within.

“It says here,” Pete risked guiding her a little further, “that you should use your wet fingers to rub in circles around your … around the little bud at the top. Do you know where I’m talking about?”

“I think so,” Lucy said, her attention shifting between the reflection and straight down at the hood surrounding her clitoris. She sucked her fingers again – for longer this time – and brought them away much wetter than before. She touched again in the middle of her slit, but this time stroked upwards instead of lower around the opening.

“Ohhhhhh-h-h-h,” she moaned quietly, her voice beginning to break at the end of the syllable.

Pete opened his mouth to encourage her and a voice in his head slapped him down. *Shut the fuck up and watch. This will never – I repeat never – happen again in your short miserable excuse for an existence. Do NOT fuck this up.*

Lucy became an expert clitoris diddler in approximately seven and a half seconds. She circled it two or three times like Pete suggested, discovering how the different points around her little love button delivered different sensations, and then she settled into a light flicking motion back and forth across the middle rather that straight up and under, which is probably what Pete would have done if he could get a finger or tongue nearer the action.

“Mmmmmmm,” Lucy moaned softly, her eyes were closed and she wasn’t really inviting any discussion on her progress, so Pete just watched and stroked his cock, his feet still resting up on the window, mirroring Lucy’s position. He was utterly transfixed by the young girl masturbating right in front of him, and as he watched the most beautiful transformation took place; Lucy’s delicate inner folds slowly peeled back, revealing an entrance no bigger than Pete’s thumbnail which opened into a short passage of glistening pink flesh that was the beginning of her tight, virgin sheath. Lucy was a certainly a virgin in the spiritual sense, though physically he thought it unlikely. He could see no corona at all around that silky little hole, certainly nothing that would obstruct a gentleman caller such as himself from sliding in and depositing a thick wad of cum in her silky depths.

The shallow well of Lucy’s pussy began to fill with her lubricating juices, and Pete was torn between the joy of watching her rub her clit and the desire to escalate the scenario, to somehow encourage her into finger-fucking and stretching her tiny hole further open. The problem was that she was so absorbed in her own pleasure that any word from him could bring her out of the moment and make her stop. Just in case she did stop, he began recording her with his phone, perfectly framing the rectangle defined by her angelic face at the top, her feet planted high on the glass at the sides, and the pink paradise of her sex at the bottom, now brimming with pussy juice and dribbling out the bottom of her slit.

Unable to contain himself, he pressed the intercom. “Luce, I’m just ducking out for a toilet break. I’ll buzz you when I get back.”

Her eyes flew open as he expected but – as he had also desperately hoped – she didn’t stop. She just acknowledged “Mmm hmm,” and kept rubbing her clit. After a few for seconds, she asked “Pete? Are you still there?” to which he wisely didn’t reply; he just kept watching to see what she would do.

Lucy regarded the silent intercom for a second and then turned her attention back to the mirror, noticing possibly for the first time the shallow, wet well of her pussy. Still stroking her clit, she touched the middle finger of her other hand between her inner lips and made a soundless “Oh” with her lips before she tentatively pushed the fingertip inside. Experiencing no obvious pain, she bit her lower lip in anticipation and slowly slid her finger deeper – up to the second knuckle – where she held it for a few moments, puffing out excited breaths.

Pete could see her slit flex and ripple as she squeezed with her pussy muscles, wallowing in the exciting new sensations of her first ever vaginal sex. Lucy withdrew that one finger as slowly as she put it in, her pink folds clinging and sucking as if unwilling to let it go. She brought it to her mouth and tasted her own juices, a richer and fuller flavor than the dry scent of her slit from before.

“Ohhhhh, yeeees,” she murmured, her eyes closing again as she increased the speed and pressure on her clitoris and fucked her mouth with the wet finger, still fresh with her virgin scent. Returning it to her entrance, she dove inside without any of the timidity of the last time, gasping softly as she bent and twisted it inside her, exploring and stretching her inexperienced pussy and making room for a second digit, which she welcomed with a soft cry, throwing back her head and moaning wordlessly to the ceiling.

Pete had been holding back an orgasm for a long time and he figured the opportunity to cum wasn’t going to get much better than this. He pulled his chair towards the glass to bring himself a little closer to Lucy’s writhing, thrumming, young body, and picked up the pace on his cock. Trying to hold his camera steady on Lucy’s pussy, he quickly passed the point where he knew his orgasm was a foregone conclusion, and that it would be fruitless to hold it back any longer. Saying a quick prayer to the minor deity of tight, pink, thirteen-year-old pussies, Pete wished for Lucy to orgasm with him while he strained back his own climax, building upon the already relentless pressure in his balls to a degree that was probably dangerous.

“Ohhhhh-w-w-w-w-w-w!” Lucy’s sigh turned into a moan and then became an ululating cry, as her trim thigh muscles began to tremble and her feet flexed, pointing her toes against the mirror wall. The finger on her clit was almost a blur now, pressed into the top of her bud and vibrating with the intensity of a store-bought toy. Trying to co-ordinate both hands, she plunged the first two digits of her other hand frantically into her cunt, bending awkwardly at the wrist to go deeper and mashing the webbing into the delicate pillows of her young sex.

Her eyes flew open and they appeared to lock on Pete’s, staring into his soul. She sucked in an astonished breath. “Oh jeepers! Jeepers, JEEPERS, JEEPERS! OHHHHH MYYYYY GOOOOOOD!”

Just the suggestion of this angelic little girl coming was enough for Pete; he dropped his feet to the floor and leaned forward, spraying his prodigious load onto the window and coating the image of Lucy’s open mouth with long, thick ropes of cum. Quickly regaining his focus, he changed his angle to watch Lucy’s climax so that his spend appeared to be plastered over her trim thighs and dripping from the pink, open wound of her cunt.

Lucy’s first orgasm was a delight to watch and Pete had the presence of mind to steady the camera again after he lost the shot during his own climax. Her face was a mask of ecstatic surprise; eyes wide, nostrils flared, and lips open in a climactic ‘O’ that put Pete in mind of another place he could fill with jizz as soon as he recuperated. Her thighs contracted and she was unable to thrust any longer with her fingers now trapped inside, but the one on her love button continued to vibrate and her voice warbled to its beat as she drove herself powerfully over the edge, her long cry lowering first to a moan and then to a feral growl. Finishing in a breathless grunt with her hips convulsing, she fell forwards off the chair and onto the floor, writhing and twitching as the juggernaut orgasm ripped through her innocent body.

“Oh holy fuck,” Pete breathed to himself, surveying the sticky mess running down the window and the young teen curled on the floor beyond, still panting and breathing ‘Oh my God’ over and over. He stopped recording on his phone and quickly reviewed the video; the exposure wasn’t great from recording through the glass, but Lucy’s orgasm was every bit as erotic as in real life and Pete foresaw many happy evenings playing it on a loop at home on the big screen television.

Lucy finally picked herself up and walked to the bathroom, shutting the door behind her. Pete took the opportunity to clean up and get dressed, almost filling his wastebasket with spent tissues. *Might actually have to flush those before end of shift.*

“Zat you, Luce?” he asked, punching the intercom as Lucy emerged from the bathroom.

“Yep,” she said contentedly, her short nightie now covering her pussy again. “I took a powder too.”

“Did you want to keep talking about … that thing?” Pete asked hopefully. You never knew, Lucy might ask him to come in so she could try out some real cock.

“No,” she sighed. “I’m going to go to sleep now.”

“Oh,” Pete exclaimed. “Do you think you’re going to … you know … do that paralysis thing?”

“Not going to sleep,” she explained, hopping between the sheets and curling into a small ball on her side. “It only happens when I wake up in the morning. Night, Pete.”

“Night, Luce.”

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Pete had missed a log entry, so he made one up and went back to surfing the internet, watching Lucy’s sleeping form out of the corner of his eye. He was so mellow after the joint masturbation session he didn’t even go to his favorite porn sites, just checked the news and browsed Reddit for a while.

Ultimately, thoughts of Lucy returned and he watched his video again from the beginning, transferring it to the computer so that he could see it on the larger screen. After that, nothing was able to hold his attention except for the small, sleeping girl on the other side of the glass, so he simply sat and watched her sleep for twenty minutes until it was time to record another log entry.

Initially he typed in *“Sleeping angel Lucy. I want nothing more in this world than to look in her eyes while I stretch her tiny hole with my cock and fill her with cum.”* Then he backspaced over it with a sigh and entered the usual drivel that they liked to see.

When he looked up again, Lucy had moved. She was still on her side, but now both hands were pulled up; one under the pillow and the other resting on the sheet in front of her face. The position of her upper arms had the effect of pushing her small breasts together, lending her the sort of cleavage that she might not develop for another year.

*And the neck of her nightie was gaping open.*

Pete’s heart began pounding again. Having already seen her fingering her wet and open pussy, Pete couldn’t explain his fascination for her small breasts. All he knew is that there was nothing like them in porn – even the petite porn stars still had that look that they had finished growing. Lucy’s were so obviously a work-in-progress, so young and sweet … you could almost *watch* them budding. And the knowledge that they’d never been cupped or tongued or worshipped by a man made the attraction that much more enticing.

Incredibly, he could see right down the middle and past the point where they curved back into her narrow chest, but frustratingly he was unable to see her nipples. The memory of his earlier glimpse was beginning to fade in the shadow of the much more erotic masturbation, and now he was deeply regretting not having had the presence of mind to get some photographs. More frustrating still was the fact that it was just a matter of angles; he could tell that those little pink sugar drops were on perfect display from the correct vantage point, just not from anywhere in the observation booth.

Pete sat and watched; waiting and hoping for Lucy to move again and perhaps give him a view of her budding chest that was worthy of a photo or two.

*But what if she moves and her nightie falls closed again?*

The thought haunted him. He could stand the waiting if it resulted in a view of her nipples – or even just the fuller curve around the sides of her breasts – but to lose what he already had … to lose the *opportunity* … that would be unbearable.

*The opportunity? Just exactly what are we talking about here by ‘opportunity’, compadre? Might as well admit it; if only to us folk in the observation booth.*

“I could go in there,” he said out loud, hardly any intonation in his voice.

*There, I said it. It’s out. So what kind of madness is that? It’s … well … is it mad? I mean, really, the girl’s asleep; what could possibly happen? She wakes up? We’re talking about a kid with waking hallucinations, here. She wouldn’t believe it herself in the cold light of day, much less anyone else. And it’s not like she’s going to get hurt, is it? Just a quick peek down her top.* Pete’s camera was excellent in low-light, so maybe a couple of Kodak memories as well.

The more he thought about it, the more sensible it seemed. It was downright *reasonable* in fact. Just nip in there, take a look, snap, snap, and out again. *What would be* more *wrong is wasting this chance.*

*So what are you still doing here? She could move at any moment and the opportunity will be gone!*

He needed a sign. Something to get his ass moving. Heads or tails. Pete pulled a coin from his pocket and flipped it in the air. *Heads!* He caught it and turned it out onto the back of his hand. *Tails; fuck it!*

He looked back up at Lucy. She hadn’t moved, but now her lips were pursed and slightly parted, and there was a gap in the center almost the exact size and shape as the entrance to her pussy.

*I was going to pick ‘tails’ anyway.*

Pete got out of his chair.

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Pete closed his eyes as he exited the booth into the brightly lit hallway; he wanted to get in and out of Lucy’s room quickly, and that meant not fucking up his night-vision. Finding her doorknob was a breeze, as was silently opening it and slipping inside.

*Close door. Open eyes. Listen …* Silence; just the soft sound of Lucy’s breathing. And there she was. God, she was beautiful. Pete couldn’t really understand why he didn’t see it when he first met her. If he was back with her in the briefing again now, he’d be staring at the modest swell of her little titties and adjusting the much more pronounced swell of his boner.

*And speaking of little titties … there they are, my friend. Feast your eyes.*

Pete padded silently over to the side of the bed, and sure enough he could see straight down the neck of Lucy’s nightie. *Fuck, those nipples are amazing!* They put Pete in mind of hot chili peppers; the smaller the chili, the more intense the flavor, or so he’d been told. Lucy’s nipples were cotton candy pink and the size of raspberries, and the effect they were having on Pete felt like he’d just swallowed a mouthful of habaneros; his heart was pounding, sweat was beading on his brow, and he’d suddenly lost the ability to inhale or exhale normally. God, what he wouldn’t do just to take one of them between his lips.

He took out his phone again and snapped a couple of photos, impressed at how well they were turning out even in the low light. After a couple of close-ups, he pulled out to take some that included her face; the combination of her child-like features and those lovely little titties plumped up between her arms made for an intoxicating blend.

*You know what would be a fucking amazing photo, Pete? Face, breasts, and your cock poised in front of her parted lips. Oh, fuck yeah!*

But what if Lucy opens her eyes with his boner in front of her face? Pete tried to remember when he’d woken up and simply opened his eyes. *Never, that’s when*. He always stretched first, maybe rolled over. He figured he’d get plenty of warning if Lucy was waking up.

He took another look at the little peaks of her nipples. *Fuck it, let’s do it.*

He lowered his zip as silently as he was able, watching Lucy closely; she didn’t even stir. His cock was so hard it was difficult to get through the fly, so to avoid unnecessary rustling about – and to make a better photo – he just unbuckled and dropped his jeans and underpants to his ankles.

Leaning his cock close to Lucy’s mouth, Pete held his breath while he framed the picture; breasts at one end, face at the other, cock poised and lips parted … click! *Gottit! Fuck, that’s going to be awesome!* Pete let out the breath he had been holding and instantly froze as he saw it disturb Lucy’s hair. *Shit dude, are you* trying *to wake her up?*

As he watched in silent horror to see if she would stir, Lucy’s tongue snaked out and licked her lower lip. Pete jerked in surprise and as it disappeared back into her mouth it grazed over the tip of his cock.

*Oh … my … fucking … God! She just licked my cock!*

Pete didn’t need to tell his cock; it already knew. It was rearing and straining and he could feel his balls boiling away as the guys down there raised the alert level. *Get busy fellas! We got another delivery comin’ up real soon.*

*It was my breath. Must’ve been. Blowing across her face; made her lick her lips.*

*But the million dollar question: would she do it again? And if she did, what would happen if my cock was closer? Like, really close? Well Pete, I reckon you’d get your knob licked by that little thirteen-year-old cock-magnet, that’s what I reckon. Good fucking deal!*

Holding his cock steady at the base, Pete positioned it right at Lucy’s lips – maybe an eighth of an inch away – and blew gently down onto her face. Nothing. *Fuck!* Thinking about how he had seen her hair move before, Pete considered that he was being too delicate and blew a longer breath at her, increasing the intensity until her saw her hair stir.

Her tongue shot out again, sliding hotly down the underside of Pete’s knob before it disappeared again back inside her mouth, taking the bead of pre-cum off the tip as it went.

*Oh God, I think I’m gonna cum.*

Pete closed his eyes and tried not to think about thirteen-year-old hotties tonguing his cock. It wasn’t easy, but he kept the orgasm at bay.

*Pete, you need a photo of that.*

*Fuck yeah!*

He lined up another shot: titties, face, cock, lips … perfect. He moved as close as he dared and blew once again, long and gentle, his finger poised over the shutter button. Lucy’s tongued his cock again and snapped the photo, jerking a little with excitement; and when her tongue disappeared this time, the tip of his cock ended up nestled in that little opening between her lips.

*Oh, fuck me Jesus.* He almost jumped back, afraid of waking her by touching her lips, but somehow he managed to hold steady. *Oh man, my cock is almost in her mouth!* Pete was beginning to hyperventilate and forced himself to calm down.

*Once more. I’ll just do it once more, then I leave. Fuck getting caught! I don’t need that shit.*

He blew on Lucy’s face. This time when she opened her mouth to lick her lips, her tongue made its warm, wet contact with Pete’s knob before it even got to her lower lip, and at the same time her upper lip slid erotically over the head. He must have leaned forward because now more than half of his cock-head was in her mouth and her lips were pursed and pouted out around his glans.

*I’m in her mouth! I’m in her fucking mouth!*

Pete strained his cock – trying not to cum all over Lucy – and he felt a little dribble of jizz seep out onto Lucy’s tongue – just a pressure valve – it happened sometimes when he jerked off, too. He felt her tongue move beneath him, and then it undulated, wrapping around his knob as she swallowed the little cum deposit.

*Oh Jesus! She swallowed my …*

Pete didn’t get to finish the thought. As soon as she completed the swallow, reflexes and birth instinct took over and she pulled the soft teat of Pete’s knob between her lips; and poking out her tongue to underlay his shaft, she began to suckle at his cock. Lucy took long, searching sucks; pulling him a little deeper into her mouth until her upper lip closed completely over his head. Pete felt her get a little more cum that had been left in his shaft from his almost-orgasm and saw her swallow it down.

*She’s sucking my fucking cock in her sleep! The little cum-slut is fucking sucking my cock in her sleep! Oh my God, I’m going to cum in her mouth.*

Pete strained against the orgasm, wishing there was some way he could go deeper inside and cum down her throat. Giving in to compromise, he let her suck him a little deeper – just an inch and a half – and it made all the difference. The heat of her mouth wrapped around his cock was exquisite; the softness of her lips and her tongue working on that sensitive zone underneath was like he’d died and gone to heaven; the kind of heaven where the angles have gorgeous little titties and suck your dick dry. There was only a small proportion of his cock in her mouth, but it was his first blow job and it felt amazing; the sucking, the warmth, the wetness; and it was all wrapped up in the sexiest little package, slurping down his cum and parading her smooth Barbie-doll titties for him.

Pete felt himself tip over the edge. The next time he released the pressure on his cock – which had to be in the next few seconds – cum was going to spray out. Either he pulled out and doused his wad all over Lucy’s face, or he let her suck him dry. Either way she might wake up. Indecision made his mind up for him; unable to hold out any longer, he relaxed and with a low groan he felt his balls swell and the first wave of cum began to gush into the girl on the bed. As she swallowed that first vanguard, Pete flexed again and pumped the main load into her waiting mouth, grateful that her throat was closed and that he didn’t choke her. Lucy didn’t spill a drop. She slurped and sucked at Pete’s throbbing shaft as he emptied great, hot wads of cum in her, which she quickly swallowed and then mined for more.

As he softened and became more pliant, it got more difficult to control his depth in Lucy’s mouth, and he watched with mingled horror and ecstasy as she sucked his wilting cock deeper, pulling him into the back of her mouth and milking him with her tongue, squeezing out the last few drops and treating him to the whole-of-cock blow job that he wished for before he came. But he couldn’t let her keep this up. Even flaccid he was big enough to choke her; and he knew if he left it inside her mouth he’d be hard again in a few minutes, and then his growing cock would drive down her throat. With great reluctance, he pulled back with his hips, working against Lucy’s suction until his dick popped free, now purple and swollen from her powerful action.

Lucy licked her lips and moaned in her sleep, then she sighed and for a terrifying second Pete thought she would open her eyes, but she just smacked her lips and rolled over.

Pete began to breathe again. *Fuck me, that was close.* He bent down, pulled up his pants, and held them closed with one hand while he retreated from the room.

*Fuck it! I can’t believe I didn’t video that! Next time.*

Pete smiled to himself and recorded an hourly observation, *“Best BJ ever; the girl craves cock”.*

Hmm. Have to delete that later. But the night wasn’t over yet.

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Pete settled back into his designated role of night tech; recording his observations, surfing the net, and daydreaming about Lucy. Would they marry? How would they deal with the age difference? They could fuck at Pete’s place all day, every day if Lucy skipped school, so it shouldn’t be too hard to keep it a secret; he’d just need to start cat-napping at work. It’s not like *that* had never happened … the cat-napping, of course, not the fucking. The fucking had never happened, but it was just a matter of time now that Pete knew what cum-hungry little slut Lucy was. A virgin she may well be, but that wasn’t a situation likely to last for a girl with a tight little pussy and a taste for cock.

Pete could just imagine teaching the little minx how to fuck (and himself at the same time). Let her practice swallowing his cock until she could get it all the way down her throat; show her how to lube up her little titties and hold them together for him to fuck while she chased his cock head with her tongue; maybe even take a couple of days off to build up a big load and blow it inside her so hard that cum squirted out her cunt while he was still pumping it in.

Pete loved the sight of cum on a girl, or even better, *in* a girl. Creampie compilations might just be his favorite videos, and he felt a bit cheated that Lucy had managed to slurp up his entire package. *Can you imagine one of those photos with a rope of sticky cum trailing down her chin?* Pete could imagine it; he’d spent quite a bit of his daydreaming time browsing his little collection of photos and tagging his favorites. He thought maybe he could PhotoShop in a little drool of cum, but he also understood it would lack impact without the actual memory to back it up.

All these thoughts had made him hard again and his attention gradually shifted from his photos and daydreams to the small, sleek girl under the blanket just a few feet away. She’d moved a few times since he left the room, and although she was still faced away from him, the bedcovers had started to bunch up and now they only just covered her ass. If they lifted another two or three inches, Pete would be able to see her trim thighs and the hem of her nightie.

*That little pink ball on the floor. That’s her panties. If that bedcover lifts a little more, you might just see more than a bit of thigh, my friend, because that nightie’s not very long.* And she’s been shifting around. Pete slept in a t-shirt, and fuck knows it rode up on him all the time. Lucy’s nightie probably did too.

*You know what’d be easy? Just nip in there, lift the covers a bit and check. Maybe leave them that way and come back in here. If her nightie hasn’t ridden up, so be it; but it might later on. Think of it as an investment in your future. But if it has ridden up then maybe we can snap a couple of shots of her pussy, maybe bring out the star of the last show for a cameo.*

God, a photo of his cock, beading pre-cum right in front of her tiny love-nest. That would be mucho sweet, muchachos. *I wonder if she’s still opened up from before. One way to find out!*

Pete didn’t go through the same crisis of indecision as last time; as soon as he’d thought of the idea, he’d pretty much committed to it. With a last look through the glass at Lucy’s sleeping form, he got up and almost skipped to the door. Eyes closed in the light-filled corridor, through the door, moving swiftly and silently, Pete was filled with confidence and anticipation. He didn’t feel any of the fear or reticence as last time; in fact he had a little fantasy scenario in his head where Lucy actually *did* wake up and ask him to hop in bed with her so she could get back to sleep. *Sure thing, Luce*, he’d tell her, stripping off his clothes and sliding in behind her completely naked. And then she’d reach behind, grumbling about the hard lump in her butt, and she’d grab his cock and steer it into the soft little triangle where her thighs met, sighing happily at the snug fit and the throbbing weight running down the rapidly moistening length of her young slit. Pete’s let out a shaky breath and banished that image from his mind.

This was going to be too easy. The covers were only draped over her hip, so just lift them up and … *Oh, God she is lovely!* Pete took a couple of slow breaths just to prove to himself that he could. Lucy’s nightie actually *was* bunched up beneath her, but on top it was pulled most of the way down over her hip. The result was a tantalizing, sexy mix of naked thighs, half exposed ass cheeks, and the tiny rosebud of her virgin sex cradled in the middle. Pete laid down the bedcover – leaving her exposed – and lined up his camera for a super close-up on that little honey-pot. It was extraordinary; the fine peach-fuzz hairs on her lips were all smoothed down, and he could make out every single one in the shot, which was zoomed in to around three-times life-size. The lips themselves looked so plump and soft and utterly lickable; he wanted to suck them into his mouth and get them all pink and excited, glowing with vital youth and ready to welcome his cock into the silky opening that they guarded.

Her entire sex was small and plump – no bigger than an actual rosebud – and he marveled again at the tininess of her slit, just a short crease two-thirds of the way down the center with the pink wingtips of her inner folds now peeking out after her earlier excitement. He conjured up a memory of her entrance – literally thumb-nail sized – and tried to imagine it stretching and expanding, yawning wide to accept a man-sized cock.

*I need that photo.*

Pete dropped his pants in silence this time, having cleverly unzipped before he entered the room. Putting the tip of his cock close to Lucy’s slit, he snapped off a couple of shots from different angles, his dick flexing and straining to be so close to the object of its obvious desire. A heavy bead of pre-cum strung out from the end and landed on the uppermost pussy-lip, and as gravity pulled at it, it made a slow, tortuous path down towards her slit. Pete got another close-up just before it trickled in, and then it melted into the short line of her crease.

“Fucking awesome,” he mouthed silently to himself.

He stroked his cock and deposited a few more drops onto Lucy’s pussy, building up the volume and making her cunt glisten as if with her own juices. Lucy didn’t move. Another big drop built up and moving with infinite care, Pete laid it on one pink wingtip of her inner lips without touching his cock to her. Still she didn’t stir.

His heart was drumming in his ears now; this was much more than he intended … and soooo much sweeter. He had to touch her. Just had to.

Holding his cock up and treating it to a dozen long, slow strokes, Pete built up another big droplet and then steeled himself.

*I’m about to touch my first pussy.*

And he knew exactly where he wanted to put it; right in the middle between those pink inner lips, because behind those is her opening. Just the thought of being at the threshold of that tight little sheath *(she buried her fingers in there and drove herself to that shuddering orgasm)* had Pete’s balls boiling again, and he was already thinking about cumming over that plump little rosebud. *And the photos … Lucy’s sweet cunt coated in creamy jizz … oh my fucking God!*

Gently, gently, he touched the bead to the center of her sex and they were finally joined with just that microscopic layer of cock-juice between them. He held there, barely able to breathe lest his knob come away, then almost exploded when he felt that first feather of contact. *Oh fuck, I’m touching a pussy! And she’s not waking up. She’s not fucking waking up!* Pete flexed his shaft and his knob swelled prodigiously, making fuller contact with her pussy lips and spreading his now streaming pre-cum through her slit.

It might have been the slight pressure of his cock or Lucy’s earlier exertions, but he could see that the clamshell of her pussy wasn’t completely closed. Her slit was actually a dark crevice and the temptation to open her lips and nuzzle his knob between those warm, plump little pillows was irresistible. Vigilant for movement from the girl, Pete pushed his slick cock-head slowly into her virgin cunt, parting her young lips like a silken purse until he met the soft resistance of her tight opening.

*Oh, Christ, don’t cum yet!* Pete strained his poor, tortured balls to stop from spraying everywhere. *Photo!* His mind screamed at him. *Do not miss this! How many guys have a picture of their cock in its first pussy? None, that’s how many. Because it doesn’t fucking happen!* Not that he was actually *in* Lucy’s cunt; that would take the fucking prize. But having his dick sandwiched between those tight, little-girl cunt-lips was fucking close second.

He heard her take a sighing breath. *Fucking hurry!* It was hard to line up the shot without taking his cock out of Lucy’s pussy lips *(and that’s not going to fucking happen!)*, and it took a couple of attempts trying to get the framing right but he finally got one he could be happy with. Lucy moaned softly in her sleep and moved her hips slightly, angling them back towards Pete’s throbbing shaft. *Fuck! Don’t wake up. Don’t wake up!* He held still, not daring to even breathe with his knob still three-quarters inside the sleeping teen.

Lucy settled again. *What do I do? What do I fucking do? Option one: get the fuck out of here. Clearly that’s the smart choice. Option two: grab Lucy by the hips and fuck her brains out. Clearly that’s the dumb choice.* Was there an option three? *What if …? Just hear me out, Pete me ol’ pal; hear me out. What if … just saying … we leave our cock in the girl and just … you know … jerk off until we cum? What about that idea?* Pete couldn’t believe what he was contemplating, but his cock could; it swelled and reared and almost sprung free of Lucy’s soft, little pussy lips. It would have too, if he wasn’t holding it. He could already imagine his cum pouring into her slit and filling it like a tiny éclair. He didn’t think about cleaning her up afterwards; didn’t want to, either. Worry about that later. Worst case, if Lucy woke up with a cunt-full of cum, who was she going to tell? *Shit she’s only thirteen, she’ll think it’s some kind of reaction from fingering herself earlier.* And with a shiver, Pete realized the truth of that thought; Lucy would blame herself. She’d wake up with a big load of Pete’s jizz all though her cunt and plastered over her downy peach-fuzz and she’ll think it came out of her pussy.

*This one is going on video.* Pete switched his camera to video mode and pressed record, trying to hold the frame steady with one hand while he experimentally stroked his cock with the other. Talk about fucking dexterity! Pete silently wished he’d persisted with piano lessons as a child.

Trying to hold his cock in a flexed state so that it wouldn’t jerk against Lucy’s opening, he set to giving it long, slow strokes, squeezing from the base and pulling forwards, his sticky pre-cum drizzling into Lucy’s slit and making her entire cunt glisten with his slick lubrication. His dick wanted to slide out and he had to struggle to keep it in place, adding another ounce or two of pressure to form a dimple in her little entrance to hold him.

That sensation was building again in his balls. He’d cum twice already, but he’d been hard for over an hour so he knew he had a big, powerful wad ready for her, and the slow jerking-off almost guaranteed it as well. He wanted to speed up but couldn’t, not without waking Lucy, and he was so close to the edge, straining on his cock but unable to trip the switch.

Lucy moaned again in her sleep – erotically by the sound – and weakly ground her hips, making it difficult for Pete to follow her without slipping out of her entrance. *Fuck! Don’t wake up, I’m nearly there.* She must have been having a dream about the pleasure and pressure in her pussy. He strained again, his knob angry and purple, swelling massively and splitting her plump cunt-lips open like a melon.

*Nearly … there!* Pete risked jerking a little faster and pushed harder against Lucy’s virgin pussy to hold the other end steady.

The girl whimpered softly; whatever her dream-lover was doing, it was something she liked. She moved around under the covers and pushed back against Pete, doubling the pressure at the point where his cock-head met her pussy, and with a heart-stopping rush he felt her cunt begin to open. Not moving forwards or backwards, nor altering the pressure, Pete stared with wide, wild eyes – checking and double-checking the camera was recording while Lucy unconsciously backed herself onto his throbbing tool.

*Oh Jesus-fuck! It’s going in! It’s going into her cunt!*

She was so tiny and tight; Pete felt like the soft skin of his cock-head was being extruded through a drinking straw. As more of his dick went into her, her plump lips stretched and spread wider, hugging his shaft while bit by bit his knob worked its way into her hole until finally it disappeared inside her.

That was it for Pete. This wasn’t just touching your cock to a girl’s pussy, this was fucking – the genuine article. He wasn’t a virgin anymore and neither was Lucy; she had a cock in her little pussy and he had the video to prove it. He couldn’t take it anymore; and to the erotic sounds of Lucy whimpering and moaning, he finally tipped over the edge and came, his iron rod jerking and spasming and filling with cum. With Lucy’s un-stretched hole nearly cutting off his blood supply, the first spurt didn’t even get past his knob and Pete thought he’d nearly burst from the pressure. When he released for the second pump, it felt like a reservoir in the base of his cock was filling up with cum, and then he flexed with every muscle in his groin to empty it. His knob almost exploded with the pressure as he finally broke through the seal where Lucy’s hole sucked tight around his shaft, and thick, white cum poured into her tiny body. Now that she was opened up, she stayed that way, and Pete pumped three, four, then five long, hot waves of spunk into her sleeping body, groaning with the effort and trying not to cry out. When his spasms weakened, he milked his cock with his hand, stroking it down the length and emptying the last of his seed into her, and all the while she moaned and rolled her narrow hips, dreaming whatever thirteen-year-olds fantasized about happening to their virgin pussies.

Softening now, Pete checked the framing of the camera and gently withdrew his knob from Lucy’s sex, moving slowly and allowing her hole to pinch shut again over the rounded dome of his cock-head. As he pulled free, he was delighted to see a bead of cum the size of a melon seed in the center of her glistening, pink entrance, and he moved the camera in for a super close up.

*Oh my God, her little cunt drank up every drop!*

Pete had felt it gush through his cock, so he knew he’d cum inside her. She was just so tight it couldn’t find its way out. He imagined her silky sheath filled with jizz like a water balloon – slowly deflating as it leaked into her womb – and he shivered with renewed passion. Fuck it, he wanted to get back in there and pump her again; fill her with cock this time and feel all that jizz spill back out her hole and onto her thighs.

*But not right now…*

Pete briefly contemplated draping the bedcovers back over Lucy’s nakedness, but that pearl nestled in her open lips bade him to leave her uncovered. Hoisting his jeans and holding them closed, he retreated again to his booth.

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*Oh God, that was fucking amazing! You fucking stud!*

Pete was watching the video of his cock-head pushing into Lucy for about the hundredth time.

*Yeah! Fuck that little slut! God, she loves it!*

Deep down, Pete understood that as far as fucking goes, getting your knob inside and then cumming was not exactly studly; just as he knew that Lucy’s unconscious reaction to the stimulation of her pussy not only didn’t make her a slut, it didn’t even make her a willing participant. But at some level he also understood that acceptance of these facts made him not just a child molester but also a rapist, so he chose not to think about it.

Besides, there was so much more to capture his attention, not least of all the extraordinary video. He had already cut it into a super slo-mo movie on his computer and was now working on another video, running his penetration of Lucy’s cunt forwards and backwards in a loop to simulate a much longer and more impressive fucking, finished of course with his ejaculation, withdrawal, and that first class creampie. That creampie, yes; the one that was now both haunting and thrilling him in roughly equal measures. The one bead of cum in her entrance hadn’t stayed that way. Over the following half hour, more had leaked out, and in an effect that Pete couldn’t have planned better if he’d tried, it slowly filled the length of her slit and thickened into a pearlescent still-life sculpture, seemingly frozen in mid-drip from her oozing cunt onto her thigh and the sheet below. It wasn’t frozen, of course; it was moving, just too slow for the eye to detect.

As wonderful as it was to watch her open, cream-filled pussy, Pete realized how exposed he was. What if someone walked into the booth and saw him watching a thirteen-year-old with cum dripping from her cunt? Lucy might not realize what caused the sticky mess oozing from her loins, but it wouldn’t take an adult too long to work out what had happened.

So he should fix it, right? Go in there and clean her up? Wipe up the pool on the bedsheet and then cover her up? Sure, but she was still fucking dripping. He might only get one chance and if she woke up with him in the room and a pussy still full of cum, then he was finished. But if he waited until the flow had stopped and mostly run down her thigh, then he could mop up the pool first, then give one quick wipe of her cunt lips and get out while she was still stirring.

It looked like it was maybe finished now. It had been three full hours since he left the room and at least fifteen minutes since she last dripped. She was *probably* empty, but then again she might do nothing more than clench her cunt-muscles and squirt a fresh stream of jizz out onto her thigh.

The thing was, morning was approaching. If he didn’t do something soon then she might wake up on her own, but if she slept late then her parents might arrive and see her flagrant *(… rape!…)* post-coital state.

*Fuck it, I’ll work it out when I’ve finished cutting the video!* Pete was reviewing the edit of his cock-head sliding in and out of Lucy’s pussy, and he had been hard again for quite some time. He’d already cum three times, and while that wasn’t a record, the hardness of his cock and his readiness for a forth release was pretty impressive. *The problem is, Pete, how do you follow a blow job and a bareback creampie fuck with a thirteen-year-old?* Having only been knob-deep in each of his two favorite holes, Pete knew exactly how he wanted to follow it up: a long, deep fuck with Lucy’s ankles over his shoulders and his balls slapping her ass.

A low noise from the intercom caught Pete’s attention; he looked up from the computer, but Lucy hadn’t moved. He leaned closer to the speaker and listened carefully. Silence … at first, but then – just as he began to think it had been his imagination – there was a short, vocal gasp, sort of a cross between a sigh and a moan.

*Oh fuck, she’s waking up. No wait, that’s a good thing … maybe. If she wakes up, she’ll clean herself up before anyone arrives and save me the effort.*

Lucy released a longer moan – definitely not a sigh this time – and began to move, rolling onto her stomach in the middle of the bed. Pete heard her breathing pick up, and within a minute she was moving and moaning almost constantly, her hips grinding in slow circles that Pete associated immediately with sex – and not just because it was on his mind.

*It’s a dream! She’s fucking again in a dream!* Pete watched intently, wondering whether he would be treated to another show of Lucy climaxing in front of him. *Or … wait a minute … it could be that Sleep Paralysis thing? She as good as said that she had hallucinations of some guy coming into her bedroom and fucking her while she watched, frozen and unable to move.*

*Was that happening right now? Did Lucy think someone was fucking her?* This was an entirely hotter proposition than a dream; to watch her dreaming of sex was one thing, but to watch her lie there awake and helpless while her young body was ravaged by an imaginary lover. *Oh, dude, that’s sweet!*

Lucy rolled onto her back and spilled the bedcovers off her body. Her nightie was still pulled up from when Pete was in there, so he could see everything (well, almost everything – those lovely titties were covered again), and if there was any doubt about the sexual nature of what was happening to her, then it would have been instantly dispelled by a quick look between her open legs. Pete thought there could be nothing prettier than the cum sandwich he had been gazing at up until a few minutes ago, but he might need to revise that opinion. Lucy was aroused. *Really* aroused! She had her feet drawn up and her knees apart, pulling her thighs wide open and stretching back the outer lips of her pussy. No longer a dark crevice; her slit was now pink and open and glistening with her natural lubrication, the last of Pete’s cum having rubbed off when she rolled over. The tiny bud of her clitoris was poking out and her inner folds lay spread, revealing the tiniest heart-shaped opening.

*God, did my cock really fit in there?*

Pete realized that the soft flesh of his knob was an easier squeeze than the thick meat of his shaft, but even so … *Fuck, it’s tiny! And my God, so perfect!*

There was no way Pete was going to watch this from the booth. The cover story was already forming in his head as he ran for Lucy’s door. The girl sounded distressed so he went to check on her. Most natural thing in the world, right? No way could he have foreseen she’d have her panties off and her legs spread.

He closed the door behind him and went to the foot of her bed where he could look straight down the barrel of her wet and open sex. *So lovely … and so ready!* Lucy was slowly undulating her hips in a convincing display of rising to meet a gently thrusting cock; moaning and gasping her obvious pleasure. Pete’s gaze travelled up her slim form, stopping briefly to enjoy the outline of her erect nipples beneath the nightie, and then further up to her parted, gasping lips and … *oh Jesus fuck … her eyes!* Open! And staring back at Pete.

“Lucy?” he said, suddenly fearful again of being caught. “Are you okay?”

No response, she just lay there staring; but right at him! That was the most unsettling thing, she was definitely aware of him.

“Luce? Can you hear me?” Still no response. Well not *no* response, exactly; she was still slowly pumping her hips and moaning, and if anything her pussy was even wetter than when he came in. Pete moved to his left and Lucy tracked his movement with her eyes. *Weird! Hot, but weird.*

“Sweetheart?” He walked up beside the bed and sat on the edge, watching her small, aroused body. “Is there something you want?” There was something Pete wanted, and he began to wonder if Lucy wanted the same thing too, but she didn’t give any indication. “Honey?” he asked softly, placing his hand on her smooth, firm stomach underneath the hem of her nightie. “Can I do something for you?”

No response. Just moaning and sighing. Hey, it wasn’t a ‘No’, right? Her skin was so warm and soft beneath his palm. Greedily eyeing the outline of her nipples, he slid his hand upwards beneath the nightie and cupped one small breast in his fingers.

“Is this what you want, Luce?” he asked softly. “Do you want me to do this?” He stroked his thumb over the hard peak, adding a pitch of desperate satisfaction to her moans. “That *is* what you want, isn’t it? You like that!” Pete pinched her nipple and Lucy vocalized a small cry; her hips lifting briefly off the bed.

“Let’s get a closer look at these titties,” Pete said, taking Lucy’s nightie in both hands and sliding it up to her shoulders. “You just say stop when I’m doing something you don’t like, okay beautiful girl?”

Her immature breasts were every bit as gorgeous as he remembered, but now the bunched up nightie covered that lovely, smooth décolletage that linked the youthful beauty of her face to the tiny perfection of her titties, so it had to go. He pushed it over her head and then threaded her arms through the holes, and now she was completely naked, hopelessly aroused, and helplessly paralyzed before him.

She was like a mannequin. Not thinking now, just acting, he raised her hands to the bedhead and tied them loosely with the discarded nightie. Not that this was necessary, she was completely helpless already, but the light bondage was just sexier and it lifted her supple young breasts and drew them together, making them even perkier – if that was even possible.

Pete bent down and kissed her nipples; and then sucking each small breast into his mouth, he gently nibbled at the tips, following Lucy’s moans to learn what she liked.

*God, she loves it! She’s a little slut and she loves it!*

Still kissing her breasts, he moved one hand down to explore her sex.

*Fuck, it’s tiny!* Her entire vulva nestled in the cup of his three middle fingers. With her inner folds peeled back, he could feel the heat and wetness pouring out of her core, and the tip of his middle finger unerringly found its source. The glistening, soft flesh of her opening beckoned him onwards, and he raised his head to look into her eyes as he entered her.

“Ohhhhh-h-h-gh-gh-gh!” Her moan transformed into a deeply satisfied grunt and he pushed the first two joints into her hole. And tight? Oh, good Lord, it was unbelievable! Enough pressure and heat to create diamonds! He actually had to push harder to get the knob of his second knuckle past her entrance.

Pete had thought the inside of a pussy would feel like sucking your finger, but it wasn’t the same. It wasn’t just the soft, rippling flesh of her vagina; it was the *closeness*. It was like the difference between being tucked into bed and being wrapped tightly in a blanket. Lucy’s pussy clung so tightly everywhere; all the way around and even on his fingertip. He fucked her slowly with his middle finger, marveling at how she clung to him as he withdrew and rose to meet his return stroke, crying softly as his knuckle passed into her.

“Do you want something bigger, Luce?” he asked quietly. “You moan for me, baby, moan for me if you want some cock?”

He pushed his middle finger all the way into the webbing, brushing the swollen nub of her clitoris with his thumb as well. Lucy cried in wordless pleasure and pumped her small hips into his hand.

“I thought so, sweetie,” he reassured her, quickly unbuckling his pants while he continued to finger-fuck her. “I’ll give you what you need; don’t worry. Do you want me to cum inside you?”

Lucy continued moaning and watching him with desperate, plaintive eyes.

“You do, don’t you?” he smiled, taking a pillow from behind her and lifting her small body to prop it under her hips. “You love cum, isn’t that right? You want me to fill your little cunt with creamy spunk? Let me get right in deep and blow inside you? Yes?” He stroked a thumb over her clitoris making her tremble all over. “Don’t you worry sweetie, I’ve got a huge load ready and I’m gonna get it way down deep.”

Naked from the waist down, Pete climbed onto the bed between Lucy’s open thighs, which he lifted and walked his knees up until the base of his erection pressed into her steaming slit.

*Fuck! How is this going to work?*

His cock laid over the downy hair of her mound and reached most of the way up to her navel. There was no way it was all going to fit, but that wasn’t the immediate problem: he had to get his cock through her opening first. It seemed laughable; he could feel her opening stretch to take just one finger, but his cock was the width of two fingers, and deeper as well.

“I’m going to fuck you now, Lucy,” he told the girl, locking eyes with her while he positioned his cock-head at her entrance. “You be a good girl and open up wide; take in as much dick as you can, okay honey? Then I’ll give you all that juicy cum you want, alright? All the way, deep inside.”

As before, he began to apply pressure, pushing his glans against her entrance; and as before, she rose to meet him with her hips, gasping and pressing harder as his slippery cock-head slowly opened her up and disappeared into her cunt, pausing when the purple head was fully inside. Lucy’s cheeks were puffing out with her elevated breathing and her pussy was literally crushing his knob, squeezing it down the narrow canal of her sex.

Pete said a silent thanks for the several orgasms he’d already had that night, because under normal circumstances (normal? really?) he’d be on the verge of cumming, but he felt in control and ready to give Lucy the long, leisurely fucking she yearned for.

“That’s just the tip, sweetheart,” he told Lucy. “The rest of it is lot thicker. Get ready, baby, cos this is going to stretch your little pussy some.”

Pete spat on his fingers and smeared saliva around his shaft, moving his cock-head in and out of Lucy’s opening to combine it with her juices.

“Here we go, gorgeous.” Pete closed both hands around the narrowest part of her waist to gain leverage against her hips and slowly increased the pressure on Lucy’s pussy. The girl’s choofing breath turned into excited, vocal gasps and her eyes widened, showing the whites all around as she stared incredulously at Pete. “That’s it, baby,” he praised her. “You’re doing great. Just keep stretching that little pussy.” He watched the pink rim of her entrance stretch around his shaft, turning pale as the thick meat of his cock pushed into her young body. The pressure was extraordinary; even if he got all the way in, he wasn’t sure how he was going to get it out.

“You’re nearly there, Luce,” he breathed. He was about two inches inside and nearly at the thickest part of his cock, and then all of the sudden the resistance melted away and he slid effortlessly into her steaming sheath, touching down at the back of her pussy with more than two inches of cock to spare. Lucy grunted with combined relief and passion as the stretching ceased and the hot, inner reaches of her love canal peeled back to welcome their first cock.

Pete looked down in amazement, just a short stump of thick cock showing and Lucy’s hole stretched almost to breaking point, yawning around his shaft with the plump pillows of her pussy lips bulging out around the outside in exaggerated parentheses. The four inches buried in her pussy felt like King Arthur’s sword in the stone; he tried to move his hips, but he was locked in so tight he just couldn’t. And pulling out was like trying to take off a pair of wet boots; her cunt sucked at his meat and clung so tight he thought he’d pull her inside out. He needed more leverage.

Lying down on top of her, he balanced on one elbow and slipped his forearm beneath her, cradling her thin torso, and with the other he removed the pillow from beneath her bottom and held both small cheeks in his hand. She was so tiny beneath him; the top of her head only came up to his chin and he could feel her breath on his chest. “Here we go, Luce,” he whispered, kissing her on the crown. “I want you to try and take it all, sweetie. Can you do that for me?”

Lucy didn’t say anything, but she moaned as he stirred the tip of cock in her entrance.

“Good girl,” he said, then he slid back inside, much more easily this time. Lucy wailed with pleasure when he touched down deep inside her, probing the deepest reaches and getting a feel for her elasticity. He felt her pussy stretch as he pushed a little deeper and some more of his shaft discovered the wet perfection of her sheath.

Having found her depth, he started fucking; slowly at first, gently gliding in and out, relishing the tight suck of her opening clinging to his shaft with every withdrawal; then he began to increase the pace and Lucy responded by meeting his thrust with her hips, driving up onto his cock and gasping as every breath was driven from her chest with a whoosh and a passionate cry.

He could hear her cries beginning to peak towards a crescendo and the thought that he might make the girl come on her first fuck only heightened his excitement. He felt in perfect control of his cock; it was hard and thick and warming to the delicious friction of Lucy’s tight pussy, and even fucking at this pace he felt like he could control the timing of his orgasm. Just so long as Lucy came in the next minute or so.

Her tiny body cradled in his arms felt so sweet and defenseless. He was fucking her fast but not hard, although she was meeting every stroke and obviously loving it when he touched down inside and pushed back her cervix, stretching her pussy deeper. Squeezing her tight little butt in one hand and wrapping the fingers of his other one over her shoulder for leverage, he increased his stroke, driving her body onto his cock and pumping hard into her tiny cunt, burying himself almost to the hilt and powering her to the brink of orgasm.

“Oh, oh, oh, uh-huh, uh-huh!” Her breathless cries almost took the form of words as her climax crested. Pete could feel the muscles in her thighs quiver and knew she was about to come. Hugging her tiny body to his chest, he drove his cock into her hard and fast, straining his balls and screaming silently at them *‘Now, do it now!’*

Lucy’s thighs lifted and her ankles locked behind Pete’s thighs, dragging him deeper until finally his pubis touched down on her pillowy pussy lips; his cock-head mashing into her cervix wall.

“Oh God, it’s happening. It’s finally happening,” Lucy croaked beneath him.

*What the fuck!*

Pete raised up onto his elbow to look at Lucy’s beautiful face beneath him. She was looking up into his eyes with a mix of greedy lust and thankful bliss.

“Please!” she gasped. “Inside me … you promised.”

“Oh Go-o-o-o-o-d!” Pete’s cock leaped ad his balls throbbed massively. Straining against the release, he pumped Lucy another half a dozen stokes, as deep as he could possibly be with her cervix straining and dilating beneath his pounding cock. “Here you go, sweetie,” he groaned. “Here it comes.”

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Lucy thrust her hips up into his, angling her hips to get his throbbing meat deeper into her cunt, then she held him there, clinging to him with her ankles. “Fill me!” she cried as her tiny body shuddered through the release of orgasm.

And he did. Pete’s balls unloaded powerfully in her overstuffed hole, spraying cum hot and thick into the back of her cunt and through the dilated opening into her womb. The pressure of his cock and his ejaculation combined to open her up and the tip of his cock slipped moistly inside that most intimate opening. Four more thick ropes of jizz painted the inside of her womb white with sticky cum, and Lucy threw back her head, crying out with release; her cunt finally full of cock and dripping with hot spunk, just as she had imagined every morning for the last fortnight.

But this was no hallucination. It was a real cock and it filled her real cum, hot and vital, deep in her core. Her pussy squeezed Pete’s cock with orgasmic contractions, milking the last of his seed into her young womb.

She unwound her hands from the loosely tied knot on the bed-head and grabbed Pete by the hair, bending him down to her lips for her second-ever kiss, tasting his shock and surprise and loving it.

She released him with her ankles and he slipped free, but there was no creampie this time – his spunk was too deep inside her.

“I want your tongue. Show me what Third Base feels like,” she breathed, breaking their kiss and smiling. “Then I want turn on top.”

THE END