TITLE: The Tutor

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CATEGORIES: Mg(12), 1st, preteen, ped, cons, upskirt, oral, piv

SUMMARY: When tutoring turns to roughhousing in 12yo Lucy’s bedroom, Pete has to explain the sudden wet stain in his jeans. Lucy wants him to show her more – what could be the harm in that?

WORDS: 20,000

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 arrives at his new job as a tutor and is entranced by Sarah, a beautiful, petite woman in her 30's with the perfect body of a 16-year-old. His delight is doubled when he meets Lucy, Sarah's 12-year-old daughter. She’s the spitting image of her stunning mother with a pre-pubescent body that is only beginning to take the shape of the woman she will one day become. Still innocent and child-like in so many ways, Lucy can be careless with how she covers her changing body, and over time Pete becomes infatuated and dreams of touching her soft curves. In an accidental encounter, Lucy's sexual yearnings are awoken and she begs Pete to satisfy her curiosity. Reluctant at first, Pete agrees, but he soon becomes a slave to his own yearnings and guides Lucy down a path where she discovers all of the pleasures that her growing body has to offer.

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 ready 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.

THE TUTOR

by Fygero

Among the poor and unfortunate of any city – the homeless, the single mothers, the out of work – there lurks another underclass of citizenry who live below the poverty line. The college student. The lucky ones have parental support or a scholarship. The rest have whatever part-time work they can find.

The one advantage the collect student has over the other sub-classes of poverty, is an abundance of middle-class parents seeking tutors for their school-age children.

This is the situation in which I found myself – broke and in search of weekend beer-money, standing outside the gate of a neat Californian bungalow with edged lawns and clipped hedges, with flowers beginning to show their colorful faces at the beginning of spring. Checking the street number on the letter box against the address on my cell, I walked up the tidy path and rang the bell.

I’d only spoken to Sarah on the phone in what I guess constituted an interview. Yes, I had finished high school; yes, I scored all A's in math; yes, I was used to dealing with kids; and yes, cash would be fine, thank you very much. Sarah was ‘engaging my services’ for her twelve-year-old daughter, Lucinda, who was struggling with 7th grade math. She wasn't in any danger of being kept down a year, Sarah told me, but if she didn't get help, then she might be in a different boat at the end of next year.

The doorbell chimed deep inside the house, and moments later I heard light footsteps and saw an approaching shadow behind the opaque glass set into the middle of the door. When it opened, I had a surreal moment of confusion where I thought the woman standing before me was the daughter, and I came very close to asking her to get her mother for me. I blinked, and the hallucination was gone. This was very clearly not a twelve-year-old, but she must have had her first child very young, because she didn't look a day over thirty.

The reason for my initial confusion was because she was very petite – a little over five feet tall with a slim, girlish body. She wore a soft pink open-knit sweater that draped over her small, teacup breasts, and tight blue jeans, which showed off her slim thighs and narrow hips to advantage. God, how did a woman this small ever push a baby out of those hips? She was incredible – blond hair tied up in a pony-tail and small, elfin features on her heart-shaped face, with pale pink lips, full and soft. I wondered what it’d be like to kiss them.

I took all of this in with what I hoped was the swift, practiced ease of my twenty-one years and didn't think she noticed me checking her out. I smiled and put out my hand. “Hi, I'm Pete. We spoke on the phone.”

“I'm Sarah,” she said, showing me a pretty smile with bright, white teeth. She took my hand, but we were both watching each other's eyes and forgot to shake. Her grip was cool and dry, so small and delicate in my larger hand. We held a moment too long and then both giggled at the same time, realizing our poor greeting manners. Color showed up fetchingly on her cheeks, and she dropped her eyes. For a moment it seemed like she was checking out the front of my jeans.

I took the chance to look at her breasts again and congratulated my good sense, because they were well worth a second look. She probably thought of herself as flat-chested and nothing much to look at, but she had a delicate, miniature beauty that reminded me of nano-scale etchings on a grain of rice. Because they were small, they warranted a finer study of their intricacies. Big boobs – honka-honka, fantastic. But these were fine and delicate, worthy of greater respect. They were more than just bumps, but still not big enough to form a single bosom across her chest. Both stood out individually in their tiny perfection – rounded and full at the bottom, sloping and almost concave like a ski-jump on top. At the point at which these two opposing curves collided, I could see the slight protuberance of her nipples and realized with a shiver that she wasn't wearing a bra.

I brought my eyes back up at the same time as Sarah and avoided being sprung checking her out.

“Just a sec,” she said. “I'll get Lucy.”

“Luce,” she called over her shoulder as I sneaked another look at her breasts. “Your new tutor's here.”

I heard more footsteps on the stairs. Then, from around the corner behind the front door, appeared an almost exact miniature of Sarah, right down to the tight blue jeans. Lucy was just beginning to grow into her woman's body. Still tiny at about four and a half feet, her hips were starting to broaden, and beneath her low-cut Levis, I could see that her pelvis curved fetchingly down into her groin. Six months ago, she’d probably been a shapeless and flat little girl. Her breasts were also filling out beneath her tight, stripy T-shirt – not as shapely as Mom's yet, but they too had gone beyond just girl's bumps and were starting to show a little roundness underneath.

“Hi.” I stuck out my hand and reminded myself to shake this time. “I'm Pete.”

“Lucy,” she said, smiling and shaking politely, her tiny hand almost completely swallowed in mine. “I hope you're good at math, Pete.” She grinned good-naturedly and rolled her eyes. “Because I haven't understood a thing the teacher said since school started.” Her voice hadn't broken yet. It sounded perky and chipmunky, unlike her mother's soft, womanly tones.

“Come on in, Pete,” said Sarah. “Grab your books from your room, Luce. You can work at the kitchen table.”

“Awww, Mom!” Lucy said. “Can't we just do it in my room? I've got everything I need up there.”

“No,” Sarah said in a no-nonsense voice. “Kitchen table, please. No arguments.”

Sarah and I both knew why I wasn't going up to be alone with her pre-pubescent daughter in her bedroom, but poor Lucy just thought her Mom was being a pain.

“Humph.” Lucy stalked off up the stairs.

“Can I get you a coffee, Pete,” Sarah asked, walking ahead of me and allowing an extended study of her tiny bottom. I marveled again at her slim thighs; they didn't even brush together as she walked.

“No thanks,” I replied, but then thought it might be nice to share a drink and conversation with her. “Maybe after Lucy and I are done. One-hour tutes, right?”

“Yes, thanks. You know Lucy and I will be super grateful if you can get her grades up. I really have left this way too late.”

I allowed myself a brief daydream of what Sarah's gratefulness might entail. Her small teacup breasts to my lips, her slim thighs open to reveal her tiny, pink pussy, open and wet, the head of my cock touching it, pressing inward, forcing her open, and then heavenly warmth as it closes tightly around my shaft. I glide in all the way to my balls, Sarah screaming my name as she bucks and comes, helpless and impaled on my thick cock.

Whew! That was a bit too real. Better start thinking about the math.

Lucy returned with an armload of books and I spent almost the entire hour getting a feel for where she was up to, where the rest of the class was up to, and how much work there was in between. Quite a bit, it turned out, but she was bright and attentive, and she tried hard, so I thought we would make good progress. It was probably a case that she got left behind on one simple foundation piece, and it compromised the rest of her learning.

At the end of the hour, I told her a joke my teacher had explained when I started seventh grade, a time when algebra seemed new and strange, because we were working with symbols like *x* instead of just numbers.

“All you have to do,” I explained, “is substitute *x* with eggs. They even sound the same. So 2*x* plus 3*x* is just two eggs plus three eggs.”

“Five eggs!” she cried, delighted at how easy it was.

“Right,” I said, smiling. “But remember to convert your eggs back to *x*.”

“So 2*x* plus 3*x* equals 5*x*?”

“Yep,” I agreed, and then slipped in the punch line. “And that works for just about everything in algebra … until you get to eggs squared.”

She collapsed into giggles like I’d hoped she would. We were a few minutes over the hour, so I closed the books and told her she could pack it up.

Sarah had been chaperoning us from the next room, and came in as soon as she heard me finishing up. “How about that coffee, now?”

“That’d be fantastic, thank you,” I said, genuinely grateful.

As Lucy went upstairs, I sat at the kitchen counter and watched Sarah as she moved around the kitchen – the minute bounce of her loose breasts under the pink sweater, and the flex and sway of her shapely bottom as she walked.

“So, what's the verdict?”

“We've got a bit of work to do,” I explained. “But she seems motivated and ready to learn, so I'd like to do three sessions a week. Is that too much?”

Sarah sighed and smiled, clearly relieved. “Oh, thank you, Pete. You're a life-saver. That sounds perfect. I was worried you'd have trouble with the commitment.”

“No, it's easy,” I said. “I only have fifteen contact hours at college. I can come over Monday, Wednesday and Friday after school if you like.”

That settled, we drank a surprisingly good cup of coffee and talked of things inconsequential – life on campus, where my family came from, what I was planning to do after college. It was friendly, but it also felt a bit like a second interview. She was just checking me out, I guess, and that was pretty understandable.

By the time I left, I had a pretty fierce case of young lust for her and found myself wishing Wednesday would hurry up, goddammit, and get here already.

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After a few weeks of thrice-weekly tutorials, everything was going great. Lucy was learning quickly and had progressed through almost two months of the school syllabus, and Sarah made me coffee after each tutorial while I stared longingly at her breasts – although she always wore a bra now, so maybe I wasn't as discreet as I liked to think that sweet and wonderful first time.

Lucy's little brother was home every afternoon and was bored without his sister to play with. He made such a nuisance of himself that Sarah finally relented and allowed us to study in Lucy's bedroom. It was typical of any pre-teen girl's private space – a single bed with ruffles everywhere, a dozen cushions, hero and heart-throb posters on the walls and clothes strewn all over the floor.

I found myself discretely admiring the tiny cotton panties and little round-cupped bras that more often than not would be hanging from the back of the spare wooden chair that I used. I marveled at how much she resembled her mother and the incongruity of the fact she was so small and child-like, and yet so obviously developing into the beautiful woman she’d become.

Lucy enjoyed the tutorials, and I'm not ashamed to say that I did too. She was funny and vivacious and loved to laugh. She was such a pleasure to be with, I looked forward to every session. She had such a refreshing innocence as well. Still growing into her body, she carried herself like a child, often sitting with her legs apart, or stretching luxuriously with her arms upraised, so that her T-shirt stretched tightly across her small breasts, pulling up at the waist to show her belly button and the narrow curves that were beginning to accentuate her girlish hips.

As spring warmed toward summer, Lucy's Levis and T-shirts were replaced by short-shorts and singlet tops, and on two occasions in particular, I was pleasingly reminded of her relentless charge toward womanhood.

We were sitting at her desk, and Lucy was struggling with a difficult concept that I’d already tried to explain in a couple of different ways. In exasperation, she fell forward on her desk, arms folded with her head resting on her hands. Her blond hair fanned out to the side, and she looked back at me with an expression of misery on her elfin face. The arm hole of her singlet was gaping and beneath her arm I could see straight inside. The two tiny, pale-blue cups of her training bra were doing their best to cover her small breasts, but from my angle to the side and slightly behind, the one on the opposite side had fallen forward and away from her soft pale flesh, showing me the small pink button nipple sitting proud and slightly pointed atop the freshly swelling curve of her young breast. It occurred to me that I could simply reach straight in along that line of sight to stroke it and feel it harden beneath my fingertips. I imagined Lucy closing her eyes and shivering with unaccustomed pleasure, whispering to me in her little chipmunk voice to ask why it felt so tingly.

The following week, I was giving her an oral quiz. Lucy was still wearing her blue and white striped school dress and had moved from the desk to the bed, where she sat with her back to the wall, facing me sitting in the chair. As I asked the questions, she drew her knees up to her chest and, with her feet planted about shoulder-width apart on the covers of her bed, I could see straight between her ankles to the white gusset of her panties.

After reading each question, I looked up and waited for her to answer, and, if she was looking away, stole another glimpse at her panties. As her attention waned, she began to fidget, swinging her knees from side to side. Unable to look away, I watched the small bulge of her young pussy swaying back and forth. The side to side swaying morphed into opening and closing. As her concentration waned, she made a game of it with her hands on her knees, swapping sides each time her knees touched, pretending her legs passed straight through each other and out the other side.

Every time her knees parted, I could see the whole front of her white panties and up to the pale skin of her stomach. A tiny crease formed in the cotton stretched over her pussy as it opened and closed with her movements. Stopping her game to concentrate on a tricky question, Lucy held her knees apart and I could see the sheer cotton of her panties dimple a little over her tiny opening.

Finishing up the quiz and our lesson, I realized that my cock was hard as stone. I skipped my coffee with Sarah and rushed home to masturbate, slowly and luxuriously, imagining all kinds of depravities – my shaft sliding into Lucy's tight, pink folds, kissing her tiny breasts while she gasped in pleasure and surprise, and using my cock to explore the shallow depths of her young pussy for the very first time.

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I found myself enjoying the tutorials more and more, and Lucy in her sweet innocence continued to afford me more glimpses of her burgeoning womanhood. Most days I would stay to enjoy a coffee with Sarah, after which I’d go home to masturbate, fantasizing about molesting her twelve-year-old daughter. My orgasms increased in intensity and duration as my fantasy grew more detailed. I imagined sinking into her tiny opening, force-feeding my thick cock into her, her ankles locked around my butt and trying to draw me deeper, even though at only half way, I could already feel her cervix pressing back at the tip of my cock. And then as my climax approached, I would imagine my cum gushing into her and spraying back over my balls, because her pussy was stretched so tight over my cock. I imagined her own orgasm mounting, eyes wide and fluttering with nervous fear, gasping, “Oh, oh, oh,” into my ear in her tiny, sweet voice, and then her thighs clenching and shaking as her first orgasm ravaged her little body.

One holiday Monday, I walked up the neat path and rang the doorbell but received no answer. I rang a couple more times and then walked around the side to investigate, hearing the sound of splashing and laughter from the swimming pool out back.

Sarah saw me from the other side of the gate and waved me back. “I'll come through and open the front door, Pete.”

I went back around the front and Sarah let me in, yelling for Lucy to come inside.

“I'll get her stuff ready,” I said, and headed upstairs to her bedroom. Alone in there for the first time, I picked up a pair of yellow panties. They were inexpensive, thin cotton briefs, and looking through them I could see the shapes of the furniture in the room. I felt a little tingle as I realized that Lucy's pussy had probably been touching them earlier that day, and I wondered whether, if the light was right, I’d be able to see the small, pink shadow of her opening through the weave. I held them up to my face and kissed the inside where her pussy had touched, imagining it was her soft, smooth labia touching my lips. My tongue stole out for a tiny taste of her pussy / panties. I’d lost track of reality in my daydream, but was disappointed to taste nothing. Maybe her young woman's body hadn’t yet matured to the point of developing that sweet musky aroma.

Hearing her hurry up the stairs, I made sure I hadn't left any saliva on her panties and put them back on the floor where I’d found them. As I turned to fumble with the books, Lucy burst in, giggling with youthful exuberance and soaking wet even though she was carrying a towel.

“Pete! Thank God you're here,” she laughed. “I so need a break from all this boring swimming and playing to do some exciting math with my favorite tutor!”

She stood with feet apart and hands on her hips, which were rocked to one side, her head cocked to the other. She wore a purple and gold bikini and for the first time I saw the full extent of her developing beauty. Her waist was so tiny I could have clasped both hands around and made the fingers touch. Her pelvis curved downward from her belly button and flowed smoothly into the swell of her mons pubis, proud and sweetly outlined beneath the wet fabric. The bikini top had an underwire that lifted and gave some shape to her developing breasts, even though she was still a long way from having cleavage. For the first time I noticed they were beginning to swell at the sides – although that might have been the underwire at work – and I wondered briefly whether they would be big enough yet to lift in the cup of your hand, or would the soft flesh still cling to the thin frame of her chest underneath.

“So, what do you think?” she asked, wiggling her bottom.

I thought I would like to tear it off her and lick the beading water from her sweet, hairless pussy lips. “What do I think of what?”

“My bikini, silly!” She shook from the shoulders and I saw her breasts wobble deliciously in response. Maybe they really would be heavy enough to cup. I imagined standing behind her in the mirror, a hand beneath each one and watching as the softness dimpled beneath the touch of my fingertips.

“Mom got it for me new this week,” she enthused. “It's my first one because this is the first year I've had the boobs to pull it off.” With a complete lack of self-consciousness, she cupped them herself and squeezed, exactly as I had imagined a moment earlier, the only difference being that she didn't tweak her nipples to tiny peaks. They did however mold enticingly around her splayed fingers and bulge out the tops of the cups.

“Right, of course.” I carefully admired her sweet, young body now that I was given permission to do so. “It's lovely. Do you like it?”

“I love it!” She giggled, shaking again with glee.

“I'll get out while you get changed,” I said, brushing past her near nakedness toward the door.

“Don't bother.” She grabbed my arm in her small hand. “I'm just going to jump back in the pool when you're gone. I'll dry off a bit and sit on my towel.”

I couldn't argue with that logic, and so I braced myself to spend an hour sitting with her wearing the sort of under-garments I’d spent the last few months trying to glimpse beneath her clothes. She toweled her dripping hair, arms, tummy and breasts, and then bent over to dry her slim, shapely legs. I hoped her bikini top would gape and give me another look at her little, pink nipples, but sadly it was too well made and didn't open at all as she bent over.

Making an amused face at me while I waited for her, she vigorously rubbed her bikini bottom front and back to get it as dry as possible. When she dropped the towel and started to tie up her damp blond hair, I noticed with a surge of adrenalin that the gusset of her bikini had pulled to the side and now one edge was running up the middle of her virgin slit, exposing the soft, hairless flesh of her labia to one side.

I almost said something … and then reconsidered, anticipating what would certainly be the longest and most explosive session of masturbating yet when I got home. Incredibly, Lucy didn't notice a thing. She just sat down beside me in her bikini and started working patiently through the problems I’d prepared for the session. As she concentrated on the paper in front of her, I kept looking down between her legs at that exposed half of her vagina. With my cock and balls throbbing painfully in my shorts, I longed to reach between her legs and touch it, just to see if it was as soft and pliant as it looked, maybe stroke along its length to savor its smooth texture. And maybe, just maybe, get Lucy's developing young body excited enough for her to take off the bikini altogether, so I could inspect progress on the tiny paradise that right now was still under construction between her thighs.

With my poor swollen balls aching between my legs, I was too uncomfortable to remain seated, and briefly flirted with the idea of excusing myself to unload what felt like about a gallon of cum in the bathroom next door. Steeling myself to endure the pain, I thought better of it, wanting to save it until I got home. Instead I lay down on Lucy's bed, back propped up on her scatter cushions so I could gaze at the slim curve of her hips from behind and give my poor balls a rest from sitting up straight.

“Finished!” she sang, a few minutes later, turning around and smiling at me. “Are we done now? Can I go back out to the pool?”

“We'll see,” I said. “Bring it over here. You know your mom would slap me silly if I didn't give you a full hour. If they're all right, then we'll do an oral for five minutes until your time is up.”

She bounced over to me with her answer sheet. “Well they'd better be all right,” she said, trying to sound scary in her sweet, squeaky voice. “Otherwise I'll slap *you* silly!” She jumped on the bed, straddling my hips and landing right on my swollen cock, pretending to slap me as I pushed backward into the pillows in surprise, shock and pain.

I looked down and saw the soft, creamy flesh of her labia pressed against the outline of my cock, which bucked and strained beneath her.

“Man, you're bony!” she said, wiggling her hips and rocking her pubis painfully back and forth over my straining shaft. I stared in paralyzed horror as the exposed half of her pussy opened and embraced my thick tool through my shorts. I could see the tiny points of her nipples standing out through her bikini top, and realized that in her innocent way, she’d discovered she enjoyed the feeling, and was now deliberately pleasuring herself on my cock.

With her pussy clamped over my throbbing length, she stopped rocking back and forth, and instead pumped her tiny hips, saying “bony, bony, bone-boy.” She was still playing her innocent game, but was enjoying the way it made her feel at the same time.

I felt my balls surging and realized with sick horror that I was about to come in my pants. My only chance was to get her off my cock straight away and get her pussy covered up again so that I couldn't see it. And I should have done it in that order. I should have just put my hands around her waist and lifted her off me. For reasons I still don't understand, though, I tried to cover her up first. I reached down and slipped a finger into the gusset of her bikini, and slid it downward, trying to pull the fabric out of her open slit. But as soon as I touched her soft, smooth pussy flesh, my cock cramped, and my balls swelled to take that deep breath that they seem to do before jetting the first gout of cum. “Oh, God, no!” I croaked, trying to clutch at my cock, but my finger was still caught in Lucy's bikini and I succeeded only in uncovering her entire pussy.

Time seemed to stand still. Lucy was on the back-thrust of one of her dry humps and as her pussy tilted up toward me, I saw everything in its sweet youthful glory. With her lips pulled wide and forward, her tiny pink clitoris, hard and engorged, was peeking out from its hiding place at the top of her opening, which was also visible – a little pink heart-shaped depression about the size of a button.

I barely had time to think that my little finger wouldn’t fit in there, let alone my cock, and then my tortured balls finally released and pumped a sac-load of cum into my shorts. I endured the first two pumps spraying thickly against my skin in a blissful haze, but then – since the worst had finally happened – I began to think more clearly and plan my escape. I expected my convulsions to weaken with just the excess fluid seeping from my poor spent cock, and couldn't believe when a third pump sprayed just as thick and hot as the first, followed by a fourth and fifth. In a moment of panic, I thought I might come forever, but finally the intense contractions began to fade. I regained enough control to do what I should have done in the beginning – I picked up Lucy's almost naked body by the waist and lifted her off my aching but greatly relieved cock.

Eyes wide, she stared at the spreading wet patch on my shorts with her lips frozen in a small ‘o’ of shock and wonder. Finally, she noticed her exposed vagina, and with one deft flick of her finger, she did what I couldn't and tucked it back behind the sheath of her bikini.

“I've gotta go,” I blurted, and without waiting for an answer I ran downstairs and out the front door before anyone could see the huge, wet cum-stain on my shorts.

For the rest of the afternoon and evening, I didn't budge from my bedroom. I was shaking and sweaty and every half hour to an hour, I would get hard again and lie back, shutting my eyes to think about Lucy's tiny pink opening while I masturbated. I wondered how much it might stretch and what I might be able to fit in there. My finger? Certainly. My tongue? Probably. What about my cock? It was impossible to imagine, but I managed it anyway, and in my fantasies my cum didn't go in my shorts. The ultimate fantasy, of course, was to finish inside Lucy, filling her little pussy to overflowing until creamy spunk poured from her spent, punished hole.

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I almost didn't go back on Wednesday afternoon. Three times I grabbed the phone to call Sarah, to tell her any lie I could – I had another job, I was leaving college, whatever. But I couldn't do it. Every time I came close to calling, I thought about Lucy, how she’d pumped her little-girl hips in an unconscious parody of fucking. She didn't know what she was doing, but she knew she liked it, just as I did. If I bailed on her now, then she might blame herself (or me) when all it had been was an unfortunate accident. Better that I go over there, act normal and apologize to her like the grown-up she was becoming, and then assure her we did nothing to be ashamed of.

Well, that was the plan. I did go back, and to my great relief, Sarah met me at the door with her usual bright greeting and called out to Lucy. Even better, Lucy came running out smiling and pleased to see me, and then led me upstairs to her bedroom like nothing had happened.

We worked through some new material on geometry and I found my old rhythm in the normality of the lesson. By the time it was almost over, I realized I hadn't thought about her pussy or her perky breasts for the whole time. Incredibly, my cock, still aching a bit after its punishment from two days earlier, was still blessedly soft and neutral about the ripe and hot little middle-schooler sitting next to me.

“Pete?” she asked softly as I checked my watch. Ten minutes to go.

“Yep?” I looked down at her sitting beside me, her blue eyes wide and frightened. I realized with heartbreak, the enormous courage it took for her to begin what she was about to say, and I was embarrassed to admit to myself that I hadn't even practiced what I needed to say to her. Part of me probably hoped it would just go away.

“I'm sorry about last time,” she said. “I was sort of mucking about and forgot my bikini bottoms were still wet.”

I very nearly accepted her apology and pretended that was exactly what had happened. But although she didn't understand now, she would later, and that would make it worse for her than if I came clean now. I decided not to make a big deal of it. Treat it as something normal and natural. Shit happens, don't sweat it. “Lucy, you don't need to apologize. You were almost dry, anyway. I just wasn't ready for you, and … the thing is, I accidently came in my pants.”

“Oh, right,” she said, then paused and curled an eyebrow. “Uh, I don't get it. Did you pee yourself? Why didn't you go to the toilet if you needed to?”

“No, Sweetie,” I laughed. “I didn't pee, I came. Do you know what that is?”

She shook her head, blond eyebrows drawn together with concern but still curious.

“Oh, wow. Where to start?” I sighed. “Okay, do you know where babies come from?”

“Mom's tummy.” She smiled, happy she knew the answer to that one.

“Yeah, but do you know how they get in there?”

That one stumped her for a moment, but then she answered. “Jenny Truro at school reckons it's when a guy pees on your … you know … down there.”

“Your vagina,” I said. “Or pussy, if you think vagina sounds too grown-up.”

“Yeah, on your pussy,” she agreed. “But I don't think that's right, ‘cos Mom's always complaining about people peeing in the pool, but she's never worried about having another baby.”

I smiled. “Smart girl. Jenny Truro is kind of close, though. It's not on your pussy, but inside it. And it's not pee, but it's cum.”

Lucy's eyes and mouth opened in shocked surprise. “Yes,” she said with sudden realization. “That's why they say boys want to put their thing in you! It's to make a baby.”

“Well, not always.” I smiled and rolled my eyes. “Mostly people just do it because it feels nice. They don't always have a baby.”

A shadow of concern crossed her face. “I'm not going to have a baby, am I? Because of your cum?”

“Don't worry,” I said seriously, trying not to laugh. “I just came in my pants, I didn't have my …”

“Your thing?”

“Yeah, my thing, my cock. I didn't have it inside you.” Relief washed over her features. “Besides, you can't have a baby yet. Have you ever had a period?”

No surprise at that one, she knew what it meant and shook her head. “Mom says maybe not too long now … you know … because of these.” She looked down and cupped her small breasts, giving them a little squeeze with her thumb and forefinger.

I’d been coping fairly well up to that point, but watching Lucy caress herself, I felt my cock swell in my shorts. “Understand?”

“M-o-o-stly.”

There was obviously a question in her voice, and I gave her a few moments to think about how she should ask it.

“I still don't get why?”

“Why what?” I thought the ‘why’ of babies was self-evident.

“Why did you come?” she said hesitantly. “Even though your … your cock wasn't in my pussy?”

“Ah, the hair trigger. Story of my life.” I realized that wasn't an explanation that would make sense to her. “You don't always have to put it in to come. Sometimes it just happens when you play with it enough. That's what happened when you sat on me.”

“So, it *was* kind of my fault,” she said sadly. “I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.”

“I know you didn't, honey.” I said. “It's nothing to be sorry for. It felt nice. That's why I came.”

She seemed happy with that, but she was still thinking hard. “Can we do it again?”

“Oh, no.” I shook my head. “I don't think that would be a—”

“I won't tell anyone!” she pleaded. “Please! I just want to see where cum comes from.” I was doing okay resisting her and then she giggled, smiling. “Cum comes from, get it?”

And looking at her sparkling eyes and shining smile, my resolve melted away. “Oh, crap,” I said under my breath. “I'm going to regret this.”

We both got up and faced each other. The top of her blond head came up to the bottom of my ribs. She was standing close and looking at my shorts and then craning back to look up at my face. With a deep breath, I unbuttoned my shorts and let them drop to the floor, boxers and all.

“Oh, holy heck,” she breathed. “It's huge!”

It was swollen and heavy and standing out a bit but still drooping downward. She watched entranced as it thickened and swelled, raising up almost to its full seven inches. My heart was beating fast just watching her watch my cock. I gave it a flex and it swelled and hardened and bobbed up toward her face. She took a surprised step back and looked up at me.

“Tell me when you’re about to come,” she said, staring back down with rapt attention.

“I’m not going to come,” I told her. “That only happens when a girl is touching it.”

She licked her lips and looked up at me nervously. “Would it work if *I* touched it?” she asked seriously.

Giving up completely, I nodded. Licking her lips again and with a look of great concentration on her face, she put out her right hand like a handshake and nervously took my cock around the middle, her fingertips not quite touching around the girth. The soft touch of her cool fingers felt like a tiny slice of heaven, and it bucked in her grasp, making her yelp.

She looked up with a big grin, “Did you do that to scare me, smarty pants?”

“I can't always control it,” I said. “I didn't mean to do that one. It just feels nice when girls touch it.” I gave it another flex and it bucked hard in her hand, making her yelp again in surprise, and giggle from the embarrassment. I smiled. “That one was deliberate.”

“Is this all I have to do?” she asked.

“Well, sometimes you can make it come with your hand,” I said. “But it's easier if you show me your pussy again.” She looked nervous at that, so I added, “Or just your boobs if you want?”

She looked at me quizzically, probably wondering why I’d be interested in her little breasts, but she didn't hesitate. She let go for a second and unbuttoned her school dress down the front, pulled it off her shoulders and let it fall to the floor. She slipped the shoulder straps of her little bra down her arms and shimmied it past her hips to the floor as well. And there she stood, a picture of pre-teen perfection, naked but for a pair of pale blue panties with a satin bow on the front.

She took my cock in hand again. “Now what?”

Seeing both her breasts for the first time, my breath caught in my throat. God, they were perfect. Small round swells at the bottom and – I was right – filling out with a little bulge at the sides as well. They sat apart with her perky little button nipples pointing slightly up and out to the sides. They were right at the level of my cock and I longed to push them together (they were nearly big enough to manage it) and glide my manhood through their soft perfection.

Instead, I moved my hands down and in front of them, pausing and waiting for her permission. “Luce,” I said. “Can I touch them?”

She looked up with big, nervous eyes and, biting her bottom lip, she nodded for me to keep going. Just using my fingertips, I grazed the soft curves at the bottom, feeling them give at my touch, pliant but firm. I don't think I’ve felt anything so smooth and delicate, except maybe that fleeting touch of her pussy. Heart in my mouth, I lifted with my fingertips, half expecting them to simply slide over her silky smooth skin, but to my delight they lifted to my touch. Bouncing them gently, I measured their petite weight, her nipples bobbing and pointing upward at my eyes.

My cock swelled and bucked in her hand.

“Now?” she asked.

“Not yet,” I said. “But soon. You need to stroke it.” Reluctantly taking one hand from her lovely, young breasts, I closed it gently over her fist and increased the pressure, showing her how tight to hold. Then very slowly I pulled it toward her, the soft skin of my cock sliding over the hard shaft underneath, like silk over steel, bunching over the end of my knob. Then just as slowly I glided her back down.

Repositioning her grip further down near the base, I took her other hand and got her to gently cup my balls, and to massage them softly between her fingertips and palm. Looking down at her with my thick tackle in her tiny hands, I pumped involuntarily again. My balls swelled in her hand and my knob strained and doubled in size under her tighter grip at the base. She looked up at me, her face filled with wonder and delight. “Unreal,” she whispered.

Don't I know it.

I repeated the motion from before, stroking slowly forward and then all the way back, getting her to give my cock a tighter squeeze at the end.

“Is that it,” she whispered, entranced at the liquid movement of skin over the thick meat underneath.

“That's it,” I said, returning to her breasts, stroking them and squeezing them, lightly pinching the nipples until they were hard points.

Without any further instruction she fucked my thick cock in her tiny hand, slowly up and down, pausing and squeezing to get it to throb in her grip.

I felt that familiar pressure building in my balls. I was a few seconds away from coming and I took a chance, stepping closer and touching the inside of one breast to the tip of my cock. A bead of pre-cum on the tip made it slick and frictionless against her smooth flesh. She didn't stop me or move away, so I pushed across the other one, resting my cockhead between them on her thin chest. She kept fucking it back and forth with her hand, and I cruised my cock through the valley I’d made between her tits, now slick and wet with pre-cum.

My balls began to take that deep breath. I whispered, “Now, Lucy. It's happening now.” I thrust from the hips and ploughed my thick shaft through the tight, slick canyon, and with a groan I jetted a thick rope of cream straight up the middle, oozing out the gap at the top. Amazed that I could replenish supplies so soon, I sprayed the next two bursts over the hard point of her right nipple and then, withholding what I knew would be the last strong contraction, I carefully cupped the left one, guiding it with my finger and thumb gently squeezing the nipple, and then unloaded the last of my seed onto its surface.

 “Oh. My. God!” she gasped, looking up at me, almost naked in her little panties, cum coating the tiny swells of her young breasts. “That was incredible. Thank you.”

“No, thank you,” I breathed. “That was … amazing.”

“Really?” she asked, looking down at her thin chest. “They're not very big.”

“Really!” I assured her. “They're just the right size.”

Kneeling in front of her, I cleaned her off with Kleenex, wiping the runners of spunk dripping down her tummy, then up to her breasts, underneath and around the delectable pads, before finally pinching dry her stiff, pink nipples. I wiped off my cock as well, stuffed the Kleenex in my pocket, and got dressed, reluctantly watching Lucy get back into her little bra and school dress.

I instructed her to go to the bathroom and wipe down again with a damp cloth, otherwise she might be able to smell it.

She wrinkled her nose. “I can already smell it.”

I laughed. “It's not that bad. Lots of girls like it in their mouth. They say it tastes nice.”

“Really?” She looked at me suspiciously.

I nodded. “Go clean yourself up.”

She did. I went to the toilet and flushed the tissues. I was feeling clear and mellow for once. Depending on what Lucy was wearing, I sometimes finished a tutorial with my cock and balls aching for release, so it was often a chore to sit with Sarah and watch her pert little breasts and tight, round ass while she fussed in the kitchen with our coffee.

This was different. Fifty minutes of study and ten minutes of pre-teen hand-job was a perfect mix. I stayed and talked to Sarah for nearly an hour and left happy without an uncomfortable bulge in my shorts.

\* \* \* \*

Lucy was her usual self at our next lesson on Friday, sweet and charming, so much so that I thought she’d satisfied her curiosity about men and sex, and moved on to things more interesting to her young mind. I saw her checking the clock a few times and then with ten minutes to go she turned to me with a little smile and upturned eyes that she probably used on her parents to get what she wanted.

“Pete?” she asked sweetly.

My heart started beating faster. “Luce?”

“Do you mind … would you …?” she began, averting her eyes with shyness. I gave her time to put it together in her mind. “Can you please come on me again?”

I was surprised at how she put it. When I saw her clock-watching, and then her shyness as she began to ask, I kind of expected (and hoped) that she’d ask, but I thought she’d say, ‘I want to see you come again,’ or maybe the one I’d imagined last night in my bed ‘Can I touch your cock again?’ But she asked me to cum on her! Now I was curious.

“Why?” I asked. “Did you like it?”

She bit her lower lip and nodded.

“What did you like about it?”

“Um …” She blushed and looked down. “Are you trying to embarrass me, Pete?”

“No, honey,” I said earnestly. “But if I know what you like, then I can make sure and do those things.”

That seemed to make sense to her. Still looking down at her lap, “Well, I liked how it felt in my hand,” she began slowly. “And the way you made it jump.”

I laughed. “That was mostly you making it jump.”

She looked back up at my face with delight in her blue eyes. “Really?”

I nodded.

“Well I also liked what you did to my boobs,” she said, eyes glazing with the recollection. “The way you touched me …” Something occurred to her and she quickly added, “It was a good touch. It felt … kind of …” – she searched for the word – “tingly.”

My cock was hardening again as she described her first sexual yearnings. “So, what did you like about me coming on you?”

“It was hot,” she said. “Almost burning. It felt tingly, too … but different.”

“Different?”

“Mmmm. It was all up here” – she cupped her small breasts – “but it made me feel tingly … down here.” She opened her thighs and touched her pussy with a little shiver. She seemed like she wanted to say something else, so I gave her a few moments. “That's where I want you to come this time.”

Oh, Christ! That was where I wanted to come, too, but unfortunately, we were on different wavelengths. I understood that she just wanted me to jizz on her mound, and I was more than happy to oblige, if only to get another look at her sweet, virgin slit, but my straining cock longed to be inside her and fill her with hot seed.

“Okay,” I said matter-o-factly, even though my heart was racing. “I'll need all of your clothes off.”

“Yippee!” She jumped out of her seat, and within a couple of seconds she’d stripped off her school dress and bra. As she watched me undress, I saw that her little nipples had already peaked with excitement. I stripped off my t-shirt and standing naked in front of her. She looked nervously at my cock, veins bulging and twitching with the anticipation of her soft girl-flesh.

“Do you want to take those off?” I asked, touching the satin bow on the front of her white panties. And then, perversely, I added, “Or do you want *me* to?”

She bit her lip and looked at me pleadingly.

*Jesus Christ, she wants me to undress her.* “Here. Stand up on this,” I said, pulling out the wooden chair that I’d been sitting on. She climbed on and stood up, holding onto my shoulders for balance. We were now almost the same height and I got a good close-up look at her small round breasts. “Are they tingling?”

She shook her head. “Not yet,” she whispered. “I think they only tingle when you touch them.”

Leaning down, I kissed her breasts, licking around the rounded base and lifting them with the tip of my tongue, relishing the smooth springy texture beneath my touch. Taking a nipple into my mouth, I sucked it, teasing it to hardness. I gently nibbled the tip and sent a shiver through her tiny frame. As I repeated the process on the other side, she shivered again, and I saw her hand steal to the front of her panties and rub her pussy.

“Tingly?”

She licked her lips and smiled, nodding so that her blond ponytail flipped up and down.

I pinched the flimsy material at her hips and pulled them down an inch, showing the milky bulge of her mons pubis, but not yet far enough to see the beginning of her slit.

As I paused, she leaned forward breathlessly and gave me a quick, dry kiss on the lips to encourage me. “It’s okay,” she said. “It’s a good touch.”

I slid her panties all the way over her hips to uncover the most perfect little pussy in all of creation. The smooth, creamy flesh looked as soft as a pillow, curving delicately down from her mound before dipping to form a crease in the middle. I was desperate to get her legs apart for a closer look. “Let's get on the bed,” I said, and picked her up with a surprised squeak. I lay back on her bed with my back propped on her pillows, and set her bottom down on my thighs, her knees forward and feet planted by my hips. She relaxed her thighs and allowed her legs to spread, stretching her little pussy so that the seam opened.

She looked at me for permission to start. Barely had I begun to nod, and she took my thick cock in her tiny hand and began stroking it just as I’d shown her. Squeezing and tweaking her nipples again, I used all of my willpower to hold back the orgasm, relishing the sweet anticipation of coming all over her puffy pussy lips.

“It's not doing anything,” she said in that sweet, squeaky little-girl voice. “Am I doing it right?”

“It doesn't always work, honey,” I said. “It's probably not your fault.”

A look of abject disappointment fell over her face.

“Maybe it’d help if you put it in your pussy.”

She looked nervously at my giant cock and her tiny slit.

“Not the whole way,” I explained. “Just put the tip in here.” I touched my index finger to her pussy crease and teased apart the soft lips.

She shuffled forward on my thighs, still gripping my cock in her right hand as I bore down, trying desperately not to come. As she moved closer, I took her ankles and spread them wide, and sat up straight to bring my cock down at an angle to meet her virgin sex. She was completely open and mine for the taking. Guiding her hand, I had her touch the tip to her entrance, instantly lubricating it with seeping pre-cum.

We both shivered with excitement as it glided down the length of her slit. Instinctively, it seemed, she held me steady at the bottom of the stroke, right over her entrance, as if daring me to push inside. Oh, the temptation!

The orgasm built in my balls, and with my knob lodged securely between her tight lips, she began to stroke me again. The image of this tiny, blond goddess, spread wide and fucking the tip of my cock into her pussy was blowing my mind. I couldn't see how it could possibly get any better, but then, staggeringly, it did!

Folding her knees beneath her, she began rocking her hips, pumping them slowly and luxuriously to slide my knob through her slit, now slick and coated with pre-cum. She blew out a little gasp of pleasure every time she bore down on her tiny clit, and then sucked in a breath on the up stroke, pulling at my straining member as she got it over her entrance, using it to stretch her virginal hole.

I would dearly love to have seen how far she might go, but her gasping breath and bucking hips sent me over the edge. “Lucy,” I gasped. “I'm going to come.”

I thought she’d take it out and have me spray her lips and mound, but she held tight, pushing my bulging knob into her entrance, which was beginning to ease open. When I came, I felt the force of the spurt open her up, penetrating her virgin hole. The spunk-trail down her little love-tunnel lubed her up and allowed my thick knob to press deeper still, but the remaining spurts mostly hosed through her slit, coating it top to bottom in hot, creamy spunk.

With my contractions subsiding, I was about to sit up and start cleaning her soaking pussy when she let go of me, and with her eyes closed, moaning, she smeared thick cum around her pussy, mauling and spreading her lips, diddling her nubbin clit. Finally, improbably, she slipped the cum-smeared first joint of her finger inside. Panting, she squeezed her thighs together, finger still in her virgin hole, and shivered from top to bottom in pleasure.

I watched spellbound as she slowly relaxed her thighs, licking her lips as she unselfconsciously rubbed herself, spreading my cream around her soft, smooth labia. Is it possible a twelve-year-old could come? I wouldn't have thought so but now I was beginning to wonder. They're not all screamers. If I was fucking a girl and she shivered and clenched like that, I would have chalked up a point to my credit.

“Mmmm.” She opened her eyes and smiled at me, still smearing cum around her pussy. “That was super unreal!”

God, she even sounded like she was having a post-orgasm mellow vibe. I almost expected her to light up a cigarette. “Was it the same as last time?”

“Nuh-uh,” she shook her head, smiling still. “Tinglier!”

“Just tinglier? It looked like something else happened at the end.”

She nodded. “It was weird. Weird-good.” She sat up, straddling me, eyes wide and cum seeping from her young cunt. “I felt it go all the way in.”

“Uh-huh.” My heart was quickening again. I didn't realize how invested I’d become in making a middle-schooler come.

“And then I got a funny feeling,” she went on, “in here.” She rubbed the base of her stomach around the pubic bone. “It was like wanting to pee, but tingly too. I think my pussy wanted to pee out your cum. But I didn’t want to, so I held my legs together to keep it in.” She wrinkled her nose. “But then the tingly feeling went away, so I guess I must have peed it out.” She looked down between her legs and indeed a big wad of cum was seeping out her entrance.

I used my fingers to clean her up, scooping cum from her slit and wiping it on my own leg. “If you get that feeling again, honey,” I told her, “don't try to stop it. Just keep doing what it was to give you that feeling.”

“Why?” She looked confused. “What if I pee for real?”

“You won't,” I said. “It's your body having an orgasm. That's what happens to me when I come.”

“Will I spurt out cum too?”

I smiled. “Not like me. And probably not at all. Some girls can, but most just get the orgasm feeling without the cum.” I started cleaning her up with tissues, wiping carefully around her lips, holding open the seam to clean down the middle.

Lucy thought that over, watching my fingers tend her little cum-soaked box. “What does it feel like?”

“It feels tingly,” I said. “Times a million.”

“That sounds nice.”

\* \* \* \*

Seeing how she’d used jizz as a lubricant to rub herself, I played a hunch and brought a tube of sex lube to our Monday session.

Lucy was working slowly through an algebra problem I’d set her, bent over her work with the tip of her tongue poking out the corner of her mouth. It was almost ten minutes to the end of the hour and I figured, since she’d had the courage to ask me to cum over her pussy, it was only fair that I took the initiative this time.

Doing what I’d dreamed of a few weeks earlier, I reached through the deep arm-hole of her singlet top and delved within the little round cup of her bra. Her breast underneath was small and soft and wonderfully pliant. I found her little button nipple and pinched it gently.

“Pete?” she said, smiling but keeping at her work. “Are you trying to distract me?”

“Hurry up and finish that,” I said. “I have a surprise for you.” With that, I got undressed and lay down on the bed, propped up on the cushions again so that I could watch her and stroke my cock.

She finished about thirty seconds later and saw me already naked, hard and ready for her. “What's my surprise?” she asked gleefully, stripping with youthful exuberance until she was as naked as me.

“Hop up here,” I said, patting my thighs.

She straddled my legs and grabbed my cock, shuffling up until the base split her virgin slit.

I got the sex lube and ran a toothpaste-like trail from the tip, all the way down to the base, snugged between her puffy cunt lips. “Do you remember what you were doing the other day in your bikini?”

She nodded, her eyes shining with the memory.

“I want you to do that again,” I told her. “But this time it's going to be like a Slip-n-Slide.”

“A Slip-n-Slide? In here, right?” She touched a finger between her sweet pussy lips.

“Exactly. Do you want to hop on?”

Her tiny frame shivered with anticipation. She laid my cock flat and shuffled forward until her slit was lined up over the top. Tentatively, she lowered, touched it, and hopped back up. “Ewww. It's cold.”

“Sorry,” I said. “I should have thought of that.”

I put a hand between us and smeared the lube over my shaft so that it wasn't one big cold blob. As I did, the backs of my fingers brushed her pussy, so figuring more lube is better than not enough, I turned my slick fingers up the other way and coated her cunt as well. I worked in gentle circles from the top down, and when I got to her entrance, her lips magically parted, giving me access to her clitoris and the hot, soft doorway of her opening. Avoiding her love button, I coated the inside with lube and then went to work on her opening with the narrow tip of my ring finger, circling and adding pressure, feeling it give beneath my touch and then pulling back.

Lucy watched with eyes wide and lips parted, breathing heavily through her mouth. Every time I returned to her little hole, it opened a bit easier. Stopping my finger over that tiny gateway to heaven, I pressed more insistently and stopped as it opened beneath my touch, but this time I didn't pull back. I looked up at Lucy and our eyes met.

“What are you doing?” she whispered.

“Do you want me to put it inside you?”

She looked back down at her glistening, virgin cunt, swallowing hard. “Uh-huh.”

Reapplying pressure, I slipped the tip of my ring finger inside. It was warm and soft and unimaginably tight. I thought she might cut off the circulation, but fuck, they could amputate it for all I cared. It was so worth it.

Straddling my shaft, Lucy was panting now, licking her lips and gratefully stroking the hand I was using to pleasure her.

I slid deeper until I had about an inch inside, just up to the first knuckle. That's enough, I had to tell myself. She was still a virgin and this experience was about teaching her to come, not deflowering her.

Playing with her tits, fucking her with that first joint, within a minute or two, I had her moaning and shaking with pleasure, it was time to move on to her clitoris and hopefully her first climax. With genuine reluctance, I withdrew and closed my hands around the slim curves of her hips, lowering her sweet little slit onto my shaft. The lube did its work, and as she rested her full weight on me, her soft lips opened and slipped over the sides of my cock, like sliding a hotdog into a bun.

“Slip `n Slide,” I whispered to her.

“Slip `n Slide,” she agreed, gliding down my length until my knob pressed against her opening. Part of me hoped she might open up and engulf my cock as she slid back, but another part knew the pain would be crippling as I broke her open, bringing a premature end to this wonderful hot-dogging.

As I rubbed and stroked her nipples, she investigated the different angles and pressures that would best titillate her. With her head thrown back and her breasts thrust out, she closed a hand around my knob and lifted it to her tiny love button, gasping and moaning, holding my dick like a bull-rider and pumping her pussy against my shaft.

The eroticism of the image, this gorgeous middle-schooler, her child’s body so young and soft in its burgeoning beauty, almost at the point of orgasm on my cock – it was too much for me. Without any warning, my balls swelled and lifted, and I sent a great jet of cum arcing through the air to spray all over my chest. It was all so sudden – three quick pumps and I was spent.

Lucy kept hot-dogging my cock, but I was softening and losing the pressure against her clitoris. Eventually, she realized that the moment was lost, and stopped. Disappointment apparent on her face, she lay on me and rested her head on my chest, narrowly avoiding a pool of cum.

“I did what you said,” she whispered miserably. “I could feel the tingly peeing feeling, and I kept doing it anyway.”

“Oh, I'm so sorry sweetheart,” I said, rubbing her back in what I hoped was a soothing fashion. “You did the right thing, really. It's just that your pussy feels so nice and I came too quickly.”

She noticed the pool of cum on my chest, still warm on my skin, and sucked it up between her pursed lips.

“I thought you didn't like the smell.” I said with genuine surprise.

“That was before you came inside me,” she said. “And it felt so hot and tingly, I wanted to see what it tasted like.”

“And?”

“It’s okay.” She giggled, wriggling against me with pleasure, her slick pussy slithering around on my cock.

My heart beat faster again. “If you want, next time I could come in your mouth.”

“How will you get it from my pussy to my mouth fast enough?”

“Well,” I began, feeling my way around the explanation. “What if I don't put it in your pussy in the first place? You could just put it in your mouth and suck it until I come.”

“Hmmmm.” She seemed to be considering the idea.

“You don't want to?”

“I do,” she said. “But I don’t think it’ll feel as good. For me, I mean.”

Good point! This was why blow jobs were so hard to come by. “If you like, I could lick your pussy first.”

“Is that like getting licked by a dog?” She didn't sound sold on the idea.

I laughed. “No! Nothing like that. Do you know what French kissing is?”

She sat up, interested again and looked at me, shaking her head, blond ponytail flipping from side to side.

“It's like regular kissing except you open your mouth and play tonguesies.”

“Tonguesies?” She giggled, trying to see whether I was fooling her.

“Pussy licking is like French kissing, except I use my tongue down here.” I reached from behind through her legs and found her pussy.”

“That’s not the tingly bit, though.”

I reached further, and she propped her bottom to give me access. Separating her lips, I found her opening, still soft and open from finger fucking, and then moved up until I found her clitoris, rubbing around the edges and grazing gently over the surface, making her yelp and jump with surprise. “Is that the tingly bit? Your clitoris?”

Now she looked really interested. “Are you going to lick me…” – she looked away, suddenly shy – “down the middle?”

“Not just there,” I explained. “I can also go inside you, like I did with my finger.”

“No way!”

“Come here,” I said, drawing her by the chin. “I'm going to show you how to French kiss.”

“Tilt your head,” I said, guiding with my hands. “And open your mouth a bit.” She did, but looked a bit like a mannequin in a store display. “Close your eyes.” Better. I leaned forward and put my mouth against her lips, closing over the top one, pulling and releasing, and then repeated with the bottom one. She began kissing me back, inexpertly copying my movements. I gently probed between her lips with my tongue, touching her so she’d know I was there, seeking out her own. She squeaked in surprise as I found it but didn't pull away. Instead, she probed gently back, and I drew her into my mouth. Using my lips, I sucked her tongue and made my own into a hard point, probing firmly down the length and then into her mouth, swirling it around and treating it like I planned to treat her virgin pussy.

“Convinced?” I asked, breaking away.

She looked down at her little button nipples. They were rock hard again. She pinched the points between her fingers, rubbing and stroking them until they smoothed out again. “Will we do it next time?”

“You bet,” I said. “I can’t wait.”

\* \* \* \*

I came another three times at home thinking about her tiny elfin face, her mouth stretched around my cock while I hosed her full of cum. In the daydream, Lucy would be swallowing furiously and drinking my hot seed, but still it overflowed and spilled down her chin. It was only that image that allowed me to stay strong on Tuesday, when I didn't masturbate at all, wanting to build up my reserves to spurt down her throat.

The enforced abstinence gave me some additional clarity of mind, and I belatedly realized I’d promised something that I couldn't deliver. At six-foot-two and almost two feet taller than Lucy, there was no way in the world we were going to be able to sixty-nine. With my tongue in her pussy, I’d need a twelve-inch porn-star cock just to reach her mouth, let alone get enough inside for her to suck.

Fuck it! First world problems. We’d have to take turns. I could still play with her while she blew me, and I was completely okay with the idea of working a finger into her slippery little hole again.

Lucy seemed distracted at our Wednesday session and had as much difficulty as me concentrating on the math, but I sensed for her, it was more than just horniness. We still had almost thirty minutes to go, but were getting nowhere. “Luce, is something the matter?”

She looked up at me, her face grave. “Hang on,” she said. “I need to show you something.”

She ran out of the room and was back in a few seconds holding a slim, purple vibrator. To say I was surprised was an understatement.

“I found it in Mom's drawer,” she said. “It's for putting in your pussy, isn't it?”

Oh God, now I had sexy Sarah in my head, naked on her bed and tooling herself to a screaming orgasm with this little purple monster. I briefly considered offering her to trade it in and put me on speed dial instead. “Yep,” I said. “That's what it's for.” I didn't want to get too deeply into a conversation about how Sarah might be getting less cock than her twelve-year-old daughter.

“I tried to put it in my pussy,” she said, misery on her little face. “But it hurt.” She paused for a moment, wondering perhaps whether to go on. “And it *still* hurts.” Tears were pricking at the corners of her eyes.

It was slim for a sex toy – about as thick as my thumb – but still way too big for her virgin cunt.

“Did you bleed?”

She shook her head.

“Honey, you're a virgin,” I said. “You can't put something like this in your pussy.”

“But Mom does! Otherwise why would she keep it?”

“Your mom's not a virgin anymore, Luce,” I explained. “She can fit much bigger things in her pussy.”

“Like your cock?”

*Oh God! I wish!* “Sure,” I agreed, not wanting to take that line of questioning much further.

“How long do I have to stay a virgin?”

“If you’d kept going and put this all the way in, then you wouldn't be.”

She looked excited.

“But,” I warned. “It can hurt.”

“How bad?”

“As much as it did when you tried last time,” I said. “Maybe more. But it will only hurt once and never again.”

“How does it fix being a virgin?”

I didn't want to get too anatomical about it. “You know the lids on peanut butter jars?”

She nodded.

“Are they easy or hard to open the first time?”

“Hard,” she said immediately. “But then they’re easy because you've broken the plastic thing.”

I waited and let her put two and two together.

“Is there something like the plastic thing in my pussy?”

“Something like that,” I agreed. “It's called your hymen. You gave it a stretch with your mom’s toy, but you didn't break it, otherwise you would have bled. If it still hurts though, then you probably came really close.”

“Can you do it without hurting?” she asked. “Like, get a needle?”

Good question. “Well, most girls do it when they're really tingly and excited, so even if it hurts, it still feels pretty nice.”

The tears were gone, now. She knew why she’d hurt herself and was trying to work out whether she was brave enough to do anything about it. “Pete?”

“What, Luce?”

“Will you do it for me?” She held out the vibrator. “You can use this.”

*Oh, please, please, Lord, make it so!* “If you're sure, Luce,” I said seriously. “I could do that for you.”

“Great! You’re the best, Pete!” She threw her skinny arms around my neck and gave me a big kiss on the lips. “And then,” she went on, eyes wide with excitement, “I can suck your cock.”

“You bet, Luce.” My cock strained in my pants, almost as though it had heard Lucy talking about it. “That's sounds really nice.”

“Cool!” she sang, jumping up. “Let's do it now.”

“Hang on a minute, honey,” I said, thinking about her idea of an anesthetic. “Do you have a first aid kit? You know, band-aids and iodine and stuff.”

“Yep. In the bathroom cabinet. Why?”

“I'm looking for something,” I said. “I'll tell you if I find it”

I went to the bathroom and found exactly what I was after – a topical anesthetic gel for mouth ulcers. If I could get it on her hymen then she might not feel when I popped her cherry. I showed it to her. “This might stop your pussy from hurting.”

I stopped her as she began to undress. “Lucy,” I said. “Can I undress you?”

She gave me a look that suggested it was a strange request, but then shrugged and said it was okay.

Over the next thirty minutes, I was going to get my tongue in her smooth twelve-year-old pussy, pop her cherry and then get a blow job and come down her throat. Nothing like this would ever happen to me again, so I needed to make it sweet and slow, and collect a lifetime of jack-off memories along the way.

I stood her in front of the full-length mirror in her blue and white striped school dress, which I find indescribably sexy on her tiny frame. I kneeled behind; I was still a bit taller than her, but I could reach everywhere I wanted on her lithe little body, and everywhere was exactly where I wanted to touch.

The sexiest thing about little girls in school dresses, is the possibility – and I admit it’s a remote one – that maybe they’re not wearing anything underneath. I imagined myself as a school teacher with all the girls in the front row not wearing panties, completely oblivious to the fact that I could see their hairless little cunts. Making that fantasy a reality, I slowly slid my palms up the front of her legs and under her dress without lifting it; I didn't want to see under there … yet. I touched the front of her panties, feeling the way the soft cotton molded over her young pussy. I stroked down over her pussy lips and slid a finger under the gusset to touch her lips, running my finger the short journey over her virginal crease.

Withdrawing before I went too far, I pinched the cotton from her hips and slid them down her slim legs, allowing her to step out wearing her little white socks. Step 1: Sexy little schoolgirl, *sans* panties. Check!

For my schoolgirl fantasy, I really wanted her out of the bra as well, but removing the dress would spoil the moment. Working through the back of her dress, I unclasped it and then reached up through the sleeves to tease out the shoulder straps, pulling them out over her hands and then extracting the whole thing out one arm hole.

Now apart from her white socks, her perfect pre-pubescent body was deliciously bare beneath the sexy school dress. Looking at her in the mirror, she seemed no different, but knowing her tiny tits and smooth virgin cunt were stripped and waiting, it made my cock throb with need.

Watching our reflection, I embraced her against my chest and cupped her freed breasts. I stroked them beneath the school dress and felt her nipples quickly respond to my touch. I spread my hands wide over her narrow chest and felt the shape of her slim young frame, up around her armpits and then slowly down to her tiny waist, out again over the developing curve of her hips and down her thighs, themselves only just beginning to take on a woman's shape.

Sitting back on my heels, I lifted the hem of her dress to see her bottom, tiny and round, and creamy smooth. I put a hand over it – so small I could cover both cheeks at once – and gently squeezed her firm, pliant girl-flesh.

Looking in the mirror again, I reached around and slowly unbuttoned her dress, starting from her neck down. One, two, three. I was down to her budding little tits. Four, five, six, and it was open all the way down to her navel. Hanging loose now on her shoulders, it would take nothing at all to send it pooling around her ankles, but I left it in place and slid a hand in through the opening, touching her flat belly and feeling it flutter nervously beneath my fingertips. I stroked her soft, milky skin from the narrowing at her waist, up the side of her thin chest to her arm pit and then around front to her lovely little breasts.

I yearned to suck and lick her sweet sugar-drop nipples, but first I wanted to just explore her perfection, not with my eyes but with my fingers. I reached my other hand up under her dress, and opening her legs, I cupped it over her tiny, soft pussy lips. With the tips of my middle three fingers over her opening, I gently stroked and rubbed her labia in a circular motion, teasing her lips apart, but not going any deeper, not without lubrication.

I moved my other hand up under her dress as well. With my palms over the front of her thighs and fingertips closed around the middle, I stroked her legs slowly up and down, lifting the hemline and watching the tender girl-flesh run beneath my fingers. Rising, brushing her pussy lips on the way, I stroked the length of her tight little body all the way up to the swells of her breasts. As I did, the loose hem – which was draped over my wrists – lifted and dropped with each stroke, giving me tantalizing glimpses of her virgin slit, now standing open and proud thanks to the attentive work of my fingers.

I could have taken the dress off her shoulders and let it drop, but somehow it just felt more erotic to lift over her head. As I did so, those reflexes developed from years of being dressed and undressed by her mother kicked in, and she raised her arms above her head. I watched in the mirror as I lifted, exposing her pussy first and then her breasts. Pausing briefly with the dress over her face, I kissed her soft, blond hair, and then pulled it over the top and down her arms. Lucy was finally naked before me in nothing but her white socks, a picture of young, sexual excitement, with goose bumps pricking on her tiny breasts and her smooth, hairless pussy, open already and waiting for my tongue.

“Was that nice?” I asked.

She licked her lips and nodded, looking at me in the mirror. “I thought you were just going to take them off like I do,” she said. “But now my pussy hurts.”

“Oh, I'm sorry, honey,” I was mortified. “I was really trying to be gentle.”

“You didn't hurt me,” she said, shaking her head and flipping my face with her ponytail. “It's throbbing because I really want you to kiss me down there.”

Just a pre-teen girl's version of blue-balls. I had a cure for that. “Well I won't make you wait any longer,” I said, lifting her and cradling her naked body as I carried her over to the desk. Needing an elevated place to work, I cleared some books and sat her on the surface, her bottom on the edge and her pussy out over the front. “Comfortable?”

“Uh-huh.”

I arranged the two chairs as footrests for her, leaving a wide gap in the middle where I kneeled between her milky thighs.

Had I said her pussy was beautiful before? I was wrong; it was magnificent. So close she could feel my hot breath on her lips, I almost couldn't bring myself to begin, because that meant I would have to stop looking, and I never wanted to stop looking at it. I know I said it was hairless, but that wasn’t quite right. At this distance, I could see the immature follicles, each one cradling a tiny blond wisp just a fraction of an inch long.

With her legs forced so wide, her slit was peeled open, and I could see her pink inner folds hiding inside. Her tiny opening was a little over a half an inch from top to bottom. How she’d managed to push that purple vibrator far enough in to hurt was a mystery. I think if I could have seen how truly tiny she was, I’d never have tried to get my ring finger in there, either; I must have been perilously close to popping her myself.

“Pete, please don't tease me,” she whispered, shaking. “It's throbbing so hard it feels like it's going to burst.”

It was the shove I needed. Closing my eyes, I drew my lips to her pussy and kissed her gently, right over the entrance. I needed to feel those smooth lips again, so one at a time I sucked the soft, creamy flesh into my mouth, licking and probing and sucking before releasing it, pink and engorged.

Kissing in the middle again, I drew her lips into my mouth and filled her little slit with the length of my probing tongue, roughly drawing it up and down over her opening and clitoris, and slowly, slowly, I worked the tip into her little hole.

I probed the same way as with my finger, pressing gently but insistently, easing back when I felt her begin to open and then trying again. In this way I got the point about half an inch inside, and even at that depth I could feel the pressure of her virgin hole bearing back down on me.

Lucy was just about ready, panting and whimpering from my insistent attention. I pulled back and was pleased to see her wide open, her crescent hymen sitting proud at the base of her entrance. Opening the tube of anesthetic gel, I smeared a little on my finger and rubbed it carefully into her cherry, slipping inside to make sure I coated the back as well.

Moving to the bed and lying her on top of me in the sixty-nine position, I smeared her mom's vibrator with lube and placed the tip at her entrance. As much as I wanted to do this, (oh, and I *really* wanted to do this) I felt a strange reluctance as well. There’s something indescribably hot about pressing your cock up against a virgin pussy, and I’d been lucky enough to do it twice with Lucy. I was utterly smitten with her tiny body, and if I had to deflower her, I only wished she was big enough to take my dick.

Without further encouragement, I felt Lucy take the head of my cock into her mouth and then— “Owwwww! Jesus, Luce, use a fuckin’ mouthguard.” I regretted the outburst immediately. “Sorry, Sweetie. That hurts. Just be careful of your teeth, okay?” To my great surprise and delight, she reached into a sports bag beside the bed and produced a hockey mouthguard. This time when she closed her mouth over my cock, she used her tongue to cover her lower teeth and I felt the hard plastic on top massaging the sensitive underside of my shaft. When she began to suck, the effect was amazing – tight and wet and utterly wonderful. Keeping her tongue over her lower teeth, she was also able to bite down gently, increasing the pressure and swirling her tongue over my knob.

I held the vibrator to her entrance and tripped the go-button. It had a good strong jackhammer action – vibrating fore and aft rather than side to side – and just pressed gently to Lucy's entrance, it started to eagerly burrow its way inside. Lucy began shaking and moaning encouragement around her mouthful of cock. Her excitement quickly rubbed off, and my balls contracted with the beginnings of an orgasm.

I increased the pressure, and with each pound of force applied, the vibrator moved imperceptibly forward. Soon, the bullet nose was winning the battle over her virginity. The wave of my orgasm was beginning to break, and my balls prepared to shoot a load into Lucy’s mouth. Shaking and trying to hold myself a few moments longer, I’d almost forgotten the toy when Lucy’s cherry suddenly popped, and the purple vibe slid all the way in to the hilt. Watching that buzzing sex toy glide effortlessly into her was too much; my balls pumped, and I sprayed the first of what seemed like a thousand searing jets of spunk straight into her mouth.

Lucy writhed her hips, crying out around her mouthful of cock and swallowing furiously as I hosed a gallon of baby batter into her. When my contractions finally eased, she took my cock from her mouth, and lisped around the mouthguard, “Switch it off.”

I had a wonderful rear view of her pussy stretched around the purple vibe, her soft outer lips opened in exaggerated parentheses enclosing the toy, and her pink inner labia stretched pale almost to the point of whiteness. I touched the end to switch it off.

“Does it hurt?” I asked. “Do you want me to take it out?”

“Nuh-uh,” she sighed contentedly, laying her head down on my softening cock. “It feels nice. Like getting a hug, except from the inside.”

I turned her around and cradled her in my arms, hugging from the outside.

She looked up expectantly into my eyes. “Did it work? Did you break it?”

I nodded. “Can't you feel it?”

She shook her head. “I can't feel much at all. It’s just tight and full.”

Obviously the anesthetic gel was an outstanding success. If I’d gotten some on her clit, then that was probably the only thing preventing her first orgasm. I know I would have preferred her screaming and coming with my tongue in her little pussy, but the pain-free disposal of her virginity was a reasonable compromise.

She looked at me with an expectant smile. “I'm not a virgin anymore, am I?”

“No, Sweetie, you’re not.”

“What else do you want to put in my pussy?”

“Other than your mom's vibrator? Well, there’s my tongue—”

“I like your tongue in there,” she said in that sexy little chipmunk voice, cuddling her face into the hollow of my neck. “Can we do that again?”

“Yep. And I can fuck you with my finger if you want.”

Her eyes bulged, and she made a big ‘O’ with her mouth.

“I wasn't swearing,” I said. “That's just what the eff-word means.”

She was silent for a moment as she took this new information on board. “Pete?”

“Luce?”

“What if you fucked me for real? Would I have a baby?”

“No, Sweetie, you’re not old enough to make a baby.”

“Not even if you came inside me?”

“Not even then. Not unless you’ve had your first period.”

She kissed me on the lips, soft and slow. “Then can we try that next time?”

\* \* \* \*

With a semi hard-on all day Thursday, I couldn't even leave the house. I wondered what Sarah would say when I arrived Friday afternoon with my cock visibly throbbing in my pants, but providence and perhaps routine saved me, and by some miracle I had my shit together by the time I rang the doorbell.

Lucy was waiting for me in her bedroom wearing a singlet top and loose-leg short-shorts that showed her panties when she sat cross-legged, which of course was exactly what she was doing when I walked in. God, was she actually trying to make me come in my pants? Looking at the thin sheath of yellow cotton stretched smooth over her sweet, young pussy was the end of any control I had over my cock – within seconds I was hard, and by the time we sat at the desk, it was throbbing and uncomfortable.

Did we study any math? I have no idea. I know we sat there with books open for fifteen long minutes while I shook with a fever of longing, looking at her smooth thighs and the swell of her soft, young breasts. I nearly shat myself when I heard Sarah's voice on the stairs. “Luce? I need to go shopping for the barbeque tomorrow. Will you be okay on your own? I'll be about an hour.”

Lucy looked at me meaningfully. “Sure, Mom. No worries.”

“Pete?” she added. “If you want to earn some extra cash, you two can keep working until I get home. I'll buy some fresh coffee beans.”

“Awww, Mo-ooo-om!”

“Do you have a test or something for her, Pete?” Sarah asked.

“Well,” I said. “I do have something I've been saving for her. It’s maybe too much for a middle-schooler, though.”

“Is it very hard?” Sarah called.

I felt my cock throb and strain in my pants. “It's pretty hard, yeah,” I said. “But you know, I think she might be ready for it.”

“Why don't you give it to her while I'm out, then,” she called. Then, retreating down the stairs, “I wonder how much seventh grade math I remember? I should make you give it to me, too. You might teach me a thing or two.” I heard the front door slam as I tried to banish the mental image of Sarah standing with legs splayed in a pair of stilettos, bent over Lucy's desk, working on a math test while I stood behind her driving into her cunt.

In the perfect quiet of the empty house, Lucy looked down at my throbbing bulge. “Now?”

“Now,” I agreed, pushing my chair back. I picked her up under the arms and stood her on the bed so that she was nearly my height. She must have been as horny as I was. As we kissed, I explored the shape of her bottom beneath the flimsy cotton shorts, and she went to work on my pants. In a moment she had them pooled around my ankles and was reaching into my boxers to wrap both tiny hands around the thick base of my shaft.

The cool touch of her fingers, squeezing and stretching but not quite reaching all the way around, it felt wonderful. I was reluctant to have her let go, but two things drove me – I needed to slow down or risk coming in her hand, and I also wanted to kiss and lick those perfect little breasts again.

I peeled off her tight singlet, and her bra cups lifted over her breasts along with it, revealing her hard and pointed pink nipples. I took them in my mouth while she fumbled behind for the clasp. Barely a mouthful each, I savored the smooth softness and teased the hard nipples with the point of my tongue. Slipping my fingers through the loose leg of her shorts and then beneath the sheer gusset of her panties, I felt the smooth perfection of her pussy lips, soft and pliant beneath my probing fingers, moving and opening under my touch to present her little hole to my searching fingertips.

I took a moment to remove my remaining clothes and to rescue lube from the pocket of my pants, while Lucy peeled off her shorts and panties. I squeezed a generous dollop onto my fingers and massaged it into her hairless slit. She took the tube from me and began stroking my cock again, this time coating it with lube so it slid frictionlessly through her tight grip.

Working with less care now that I’d taken her virginity, I pushed the first joint of my middle finger into her tight entrance, making her gasp and rock her hips into my hand. She squeezed tight, almost stopping the flow of blood to my fingertip, making it throb in her slick tunnel. Rather than pulling back, I pushed deeper to the second knuckle and stroked the roof of her pussy looking for her G-spot, not knowing whether a twelve-year-old even had a G-spot until she cried out and her knees buckled beneath her.

I caught her and cradled her body in one arm, holding her legs in the air while I continued fingering her with my free hand. I carried her over to the desk and sat her upright on the edge as I’d done the previous time, standing between her open thighs with her feet propped on the chairs to either side. With my middle finger deep inside her, and stroking to the beat of her breathless gasps, I bent down to lick and suck her nipples again, lightly tonguing the soft swells and nibbling the tips to firm points.

She felt so warm and snug over my finger. It broke my heart to have to stretch her, but my cock was three times thicker than my finger and there was no way I could get it in there yet. Crossing my first two fingers into a slimmer but lumpier analogue of a cock, I worked both fingertips into her little hole, fucking her back and forth up to the first knuckle and brushing her clit with my thumb on each stroke.

I don't know whether it was the extra penetration or the knowledge that the house was empty, but Lucy's cries increased in volume, going from gasps and moans to short, high pitched, breathy exhalations – “Ah, ah, oh” – as I gradually worked my fingers deeper. I watched entranced as her pale pink entrance, contrasting sharply against the engorged ruby tips of her inner labia, stretched to accommodate me.

Up to the second knuckle, and the resistance against the thicker base of my fingers was increasingly difficult to overcome. Although she was clearly still enjoying the finger fucking, I didn't want to hurt her, and was reluctant to go much further. Besides which – and I’m not especially proud of this – I really wanted to finish stretching her little Barbie-doll pussy with my cock. Rather than having her fully ready, I wanted her to … I don't know … not to hurt, but … perhaps be overwhelmed by the experience of a big pulsing dick pushing into her body. Awestruck. I wanted to see her eyes bulge as she felt the massive incursion into her most intimate, her most sensitive core.

Reluctantly, and not without some guilt, I withdrew my fingers and touched the tip of my bulging cock to her open cunt. Pre-cum leaked profusely into her slit and combined with the lube to coat her entrance until it was slick and glistening. Savoring the moment, I slid my knob up and down through her crevice. I don’t think I could ever tire of her smooth, hairless perfection or the way she cried in increasing volume each time I brushed her clit.

She looked up at me, her lovely blue eyes moist and shining. “Pete, I'm frightened.”

Oh, please God, no. Don't let this be over yet. Please let me fuck this gorgeous little angel. Don't let her get cold feet now. “What is there to be frightened of, Luce?” I asked, holding that very thing to her hot opening.

“I had a dream last night …”

“Uh-huh?”

“I dreamed of us fucking.”

“Was it a scary dream?” I asked.

“Nuh-uh. I was nice. I really, really want to feel it inside me,” she said. “It's all I've thought about all day.”

*You and me both, Sweetie.* “I really want to fuck you too, Luce.” I didn't really know where this was going, but having her tell me how much she wanted my cock was a nice progression, so I pushed on. “So why are you frightened?”

“What if it won't fit?” she said, with tears welling in her eyes. “I'll never know what it feels like.” Her breath was hitching.

To be honest, the not-fitting thing was worrying me, too. “Well, we'll just have to try our best, honey,” I explained gently. “Do you think you can be brave? Even if it hurts a bit?”

She nodded emphatically, pony tail bobbing and a tear spilling down one cheek.

“That's my girl,” I said. “And if we can't get it all the way in, then we can do Slip ‘n’ Slide. Like last time.”

She nodded again, swallowing. “That was fun.”

“Brave girl.” I wiped the tears from her cheek. “Are you ready?”

She nodded. “Uh-huh.”

Holding my cock with more purpose, I seated the knob firmly in her opening, pressing gently to get her opened up again. Just looking at it, as erotic as it was to see my thick manhood poised at the threshold of her smooth, young pussy, I couldn't fathom how this was going to work. My knob was soft and pliable, and although it was considerably thicker than her opening, I knew it would squeeze in. But my cock? It was as hard as forged iron, veins bulging and thick with intent. It was an irresistible force, and Lucy's tiny pussy was an immovable object.

I pushed a little harder. Lucy moaned and tilted her head back as she opened for me, and bit by bit, my fat knob pushed inside. The pressure was fantastic, far tighter even than I’d imagined. The pliable flesh of my knob was being extruded through what felt like a drinking straw. I watched, utterly entranced as the bulging purple head slowly sank into her pink folds, until finally the top seam disappeared beneath the engorged hood of her clitoris.

Lucy watched our progress, taking short, sharp gasps, which she puffed out between pursed lips. “Jumpin’ jackrabbits. It’s inside me.”

“You okay, Luce?”

She looked up at my eyes and nodded quickly without stopping her measured breathing. Reaching down, she closed a tiny hand around the middle of my dick and tried to move it up and down, but the hard core was far enough inside, and her pussy death-grip on my knob so tight, that she wasn't able to move it at all.

My cock is relatively slim at the tip, but it widens to full thickness about two inches behind the knob, so even though I’d technically entered her, I was by no means home free.

Lucy grabbed me by the hips and pulled me in, and I wasn't going to argue. Leaning in again, I forced myself deeper and opened her wider.

Lucy began vocalizing with her breathing, letting out little shrieks with every intake of breath, watching with concern as her tiny pussy stretched. The angled vee of her clitoral hood parted more and more, its coral pink lightening shade by shade as the tender flesh stretched.

The resistance built to the point that I needed to grab her hips for leverage, and even then, I had to strain. Lucy bit her lip and a tear trickled down one cheek. What must she be going through in the service of this massacre? I was only half way up the thickening section of my cock, so there was still plenty more stretching yet to come.

Easing the pressure, I pulled out and fucked her slowly with just my knob, sliding in a little bit of cock with every four or five strokes until I was moving easily, pre-cum dripping from her pink center.

I tried again to go deep, but got no further than before, the folds around her clitoral hood straining and turning an alarmingly pale shade.

“Pete, I can't.”

“I'm sorry, honey.” I pulled back so that just my knob was inside. “Does it hurt too much?”

She nodded, tears spilling over her lower lids.

“Oh, Sweetie.” I held out my arms and she came to me, and with my cockhead still lodged in her cunt and her tiny breasts pressed into my abdomen, she cried against my chest. “I'm so sorry,” I said. “I didn't want to hurt you.”

“It's not hurting now,” she sobbed. “I really wanted it to be like in my dream.”

“I know, honey. I know.” I stroked her back and soothed her. “I wanted that too. We got it in a little, though. I can fuck you like this, if you want.”

“How much deeper do you need to get?”

“I'll show you where.” I pried her out of her arms and began pushing my cock slowly back into her pussy. “Tell me when it starts to hurt.” I got about two inches inside before she gasped and put her hand on my chest, her labia whitening and knees shaking.

I felt beneath my cock and showed her the spot I like stimulated from pussy-fucking. It was still two inches from her straining lips and my cock fattened noticeably over that length. “Show me where it hurts.”

She touched a finger to her clitoral hood. When resting, that vee is completely closed, but I had it stretched open almost to tearing.

“What about down here?” I asked, touching the wings of her labia around the sides.

“Nuh-uh. Just the top.”

It gave me an idea. My cock is wide and flat across the top, but not nearly as deep top to bottom. If I went sideways, then she’d have to stretch longer, but certainly no wider than it was now. “Luce, can we try in a different position?” I asked. “It might not hurt as much.”

“Uh-huh!” Her spirits brightened at the possibility of getting some more cock in her tight hole.

I laid her down on her side with her ass out over the edge of the desk and her knees drawn up in a fetal position. Hmm, good, but if I was going to hell for fucking a twelve-year-old, I wanted to be able to see it going in, so taking the knee on top, I opened her legs like a book, one leg flat on the table and the other straight up in the air.

*Oh, wow.* I couldn't look away. Curled in front of me, a little angel, so small and defenseless, but offering me entry into that tiny heaven between her legs. She wanted mine to be the first cock to open her, to fill her with cum. My dick was up to the task, leaping and bulging with renewed need, desperate to cleave her tight center. Hardly believing it was real, I cupped her breasts again, testing their almost weightless volume on a single finger, so soft and smooth to my touch, and the hard nipple so young and vital.

My eyes wanted to drink in her tiny perfection all day, but my cock had its own needs, only the first two inches having sampled what the rest had longed for since we met. Praying this would work, I seated my knob in her entrance again and pushed gently forward, opening her pussy easily to the same depth as before. “Different?” I asked.

“Better,” she whispered between ragged breaths, biting her lip and looking up at me from her prone position on the desk.

I pulled out almost all the way and pushed firmly back inside, watching her delicate pink folds open wider as I squeezed half an inch past the previous point. Lucy released a guttural, erotic moan and cupped her breasts, pinching and rubbing the nipples. Her pussy was stretched so tight around my cock, her clit rubbed against the shaft.

With more confidence, I withdrew and gave her two shorter practice strokes, then, measuring with my eyes to the length I wanted to give her, I drove back in, cramming the thickest part of my cock into her young, untrained pussy.

Lucy arched her back and cried out another guttural scream.

The pressure and heat were exquisite. It wasn’t just her opening but now her hot pussy walls as well, crushing down on my cock. It felt as though it’d come out forged into diamond. I tried to pull back for another stroke, but the skin stayed clamped in her vice-grip while the hardness of my cock slid beneath. If I couldn't come out then I’d go further in, so starting gently at first, I applied more and more pressure, bracing with my hands under the curve of her waist until my cock began to slide slowly deeper.

With a surprised cry, Lucy’s eyes shot open and a spasm ran through her tiny frame. “Oh! Oh, sugar!” she cried. “Something's happening!”

Oh, sweet Jesus, she was coming. Twelve years old with four and a half inches of cock in her pussy and she was coming.

I rocked back and forth, not daring to take it out. “That’s it Luce. Just let it come.”

Lucy clamped her legs shut and shook with convulsions as the orgasm ravaged her tiny frame. Goosebumps rose on her breasts. She bucked her hips and ground her tiny clit against my cock, groaning gloriously through the ecstasy of her first climax. “Oh, Pete,” she gasped as the final spasms subsided, a winsome smile on her face.

“Did you like that?”

“Uh huh,” she whispered. “Did I come?”

“You sure did. What was it like?”

“Tingly,” she said. “Times a million. Like going upside-down on a roller coaster when your tummy gets left behind … except in here.” She touched her pussy, still stretched lovingly over my manhood.

“Do you want to keep going?” I asked, already knowing the answer.

“Can I? Will it work? Because you …” She trailed off, unable to find the right words to describe the universal female frustration over guys' premature ejaculation.

“I haven't come yet, honey,” I told her. “And girls are different, they can come more than once without a rest.”

In lieu of an answer, she smiled greedily and opened her legs again, releasing some of the pressure. She looked down at our coupling with genuine wonder, and closed her fist around the couple of inches not inside her, just to prove to herself it was real. “Is the rest of it really inside me?”

Rather than answering, I flexed my cock, making it throb almost painfully in her tight embrace. I could feel my knob bulging against the soft pussy walls deep inside her molten core.

“Erp!” She jumped with surprise at the unfamiliar sensation and then laughed, causing a paralyzingly tight contraction of her pelvic wall. She grinned. “Wow!” And then with real excitement, “Put the rest in! I want it all the way in me when you come!”

“I'll try, Luce,” I said. “But it might not fit.” I couldn't feel her cervix yet, but I must be awfully close. I’ve always been able to touch down in women – especially in a deep penetration position like this – and Lucy was probably a foot shorter than the smallest girls I’d fucked, so that had to translate into a shallower pussy. At least that's what I thought. “Try to relax here, Sweetie,” I said, placing a hand over her smooth pubis. “It's too tight in there for me to move.” A moment later I felt a relaxation of the crushing pressure. “That's it. Take a couple of deep breaths.”

She did as I asked, her wonderfully small breasts lifting and falling, and with each breath I felt a little more resistance fall away until her pussy released its stranglehold. I pulled out slowly – just an inch, enough to make sure I could move freely – and then pushed back in a little deeper. Repeating the motion, I set up a gentle rhythm of fucking, and bit by bit I burrowed deeper into the heat of her cunt.

Lucy was pulling her clit back with her fingers to keep it off my cock – probably because it was still too sensitive after her orgasm – but the friction of my shaft was building her up again with breathless gasps and moans.

I watched, first in surprise and then in utter amazement, feeding her more and more cock, still with no resistance to my probing. Finally, with all but the last inch buried in her perfect pussy, I felt my cockhead brush her cervix. Lucy must have felt it too because she sighed and gave a low moan, and on the next stroke I pressed gently into her rear wall and held there, flexing and throbbing my knob.

“Uhhhhhh!” Lucy’s breath caught as I rubbed her most intimate depths. She pumped her small hips involuntarily, and I saw goose bumps rise again on her breasts. “Oh! Uh!” she gasped. “That feels … it's hard to breathe.”

“Oh my God, I'm sorry!” I apologized, releasing the pressure but still touching her softly in that place.

“No!” she said with throaty passion. “It's good. Do it again!”

I pushed back in, a bit harder this time, prodding forward as I flexed my knob.

“Urrrrhhhhhhhh!” Her response was guttural and erotic and full of passion. “Harder!” she rasped. “Fuck me right there!”

Could I get any harder? I didn't think so, but when she spoke to me like that, demanded that I fuck her hard, my cock throbbed in agreement and I felt like I grew another half an inch.

I took her raised leg and placed her ankle on my shoulder. Pushing hard into her now, there was only half an inch of cock left for her to consume and if she begged me to pound her tiny pussy then I wasn't going to disappoint. My heart racing, I pulled out again and pushed back in hard enough to feel her vagina stretch as my knob mashed her innermost depths.

“Yes! Oh yes!” Lucy cried out. “I think I’m coming again!”

That was it. I’d tried to maintain some control, to be gentle with her, but after one orgasm and another on the way, I just let myself go. Clasping my hands beneath her waist for leverage, I pulled out to the tip of my knob, and thrusting from the hips, I shoved back into the hot, constricting glove of her sex. Every time I ploughed into her little cunt and went a tiny bit deeper, she screamed for more, until finally in one electric moment I pounded in and my pubis struck her labia.

She screamed again. “Now! Do it now!”

That was all the permission my balls needed. They swelled, and I held it for two more strokes, then I buried myself balls-deep, her pink labia lapping at the base of my shaft. My orgasm crested, and I unloaded deep inside her, the constriction of her vagina building up pressure that I had to overcome. I pumped jet after jet of thick, hot cum, and she was so small, so full, it had nowhere to go but flood back past my cock and spill out her hole, coating my balls and those delicate hairless pussy lips.

Lucy unleashed another ear-splitting scream, convulsing and bucking on my pumping cock as she came, her legs crashing back together and trapping me inside.

Slowly, my cock wilted, and Lucy's spasms waned. I was able to move once again, gently fucking in and out of her hole, pumping and stirring my cum in her molten center until she finally relaxed and slipped off my shaft.

I picked up her tiny, molested body in my arms and kissed her softly on the lips. “Thank you, Lucy. Thank you.” She whispered something I couldn't hear and kissed me back before resting her head against my chest, tired and completely spent.

\* \* \* \*

“Ten minutes to go, Luce,” I said. “Do you want to …?”

It was our last lesson before the school holidays and although we pleasured each other orally after every lesson, we had only fucked on two more occasions since that first extraordinary coupling. I still needed to enter her to the side, but it opened up delicious scissoring positions – me on top, her on top – beyond merely feeding my cock into her curled body on the desk. The most wonderful aspect for both of us was that these positions offered the deepest penetration and Lucy was utterly insatiable for cervical orgasms, although she did need to take care with the screaming.

“Actually” – she turned her eyes up to me with disappointment – “Mom said I could go to Amber's when we're done. Amber has a new puppy and I want to leave straight away.”

Such are the vagaries of fucking a twelve-year-old – sometimes you got stood up for a puppy. I was disappointed, but tried not to show it. This might be our last chance to fuck, because there was no guarantee Sarah would keep me on now that Lucy was caught up at school.

Maybe that was a good thing.

\* \* \* \*

“Luce?” Sarah's voice drifted up the stairs right as our hour ended. “Are you going to Amber's?”

“Uh huh!”

“Well I'll pick you up at 5:30, okay?” Sarah called. “I have to collect your brother from his play-date anyway, so I might as well kill two birds.”

“Thanks Mom.” She paused. “Can I go right now?” She really wanted to see that puppy. I was jealous.

“Okay,” came the amused response. “5:30, remember!”

“Bye, Pete,” Lucy pecked the corner of my mouth and bolted out the door. I’d barely closed my books when I heard the front door slam.

I made my way downstairs, looking forward to coffee with the lovely Sarah. She’d finally prioritized comfort over modesty and reverted to going braless around the house. Even after having Lucy suck my cock, it was still a real treat to sit at the bench and watch her fuss in the kitchen, her perfect, pert breasts bobbing weightlessly beneath her T-shirt.

“Take a seat in the dining room, Pete,” Sarah called from the kitchen. “There's an envelope on the table. You can open it.”

I had a momentary chill of guilt thinking she’d found out about me and Lucy, but if that were true then I wouldn't have just come from a one-hour lesson with her daughter. It must be something else.

I saw the envelope on the table and looked out the door. I could hear Sarah moving in the kitchen but there was no line of sight. I was doubly thwarted; I’d missed out on a blow job with Lucy and now I’d miss the best bits of Sarah's routine as she unselfconsciously reached up for coffee cups with the sheer cotton of her T-shirt stretching across her nipples.

Picking up the envelope, I recognized the crest in the corner from Lucy's uniform, and guilt pricked at my conscience again. A letter from her teacher? Was our relationship affecting her behavior at school? I looked inside. It was only her grades. I skipped straight to Math and read the comment with a big smile.

“Since mid-year, Lucy's math has improved beyond any reasonable measure that can be attributed to just diligence in the classroom. She advises me she has a private tutor from the university. The speed and effectiveness of her transformation is quite extraordinary. The young man who has been coaching her is owed a debt of gratitude. Please pass on my own kudos as a professional courtesy. Well done, Lucy. B+.”

“Wow!” I called to Sarah. “This is a pretty great report.”

I heard her pour the coffee and then footsteps as she began to answer. “I really can't describe how pleased I am over what you've done with Lucy,” Sarah said, her voice approaching the door. “I know I already pay for your services, Pete” – I was reading the teacher's comment again as she entered the room in my peripheral vision – “but I’d really like to find some other way to reward you for such an outstanding job.”

I looked up at her, completely naked with two cups of coffee, her small breasts even perkier and more perfect than I’d imagined, tanned to the same golden tones as everywhere else … everywhere except the smooth, Brazilian lips of her pussy.

“But I just can't think what a 21-year-old boy would want. Help me Pete.” She put down the cups and sat in my lap, placing one arm around my neck and the other hand on my chest as she leaned close enough for me to feel her hot breath on my lips. “How can I reward you?”

God, I love this job.

\* \* \* \*

*fygero@protonmail.com* *(2014)*

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