

Solitude Interrupted

A fantasy by Ole Crannon

[WARNING NOTE: This story contains depictions of sex with an underage female by an older male. If this offends you, please do not read the following story. You've been warned. If you still insist on reading it despite this warning of its content, please start by first skipping to the end and reading the epilogue and author's note that I've written first. ALL OTHERS should just read the story from the beginning as the epilogue is certainly a plot spoiler. I hope you enjoy this fantasy.]

The light fog added a moisture to the air. The coolness of the night wrapped around her like a wet towel, sending a shiver up her spine. She was lucky she knew the area so well, or she could have easily become lost. She looked through the trees at the house where he lived, slightly smiling at the one electric candle burning in the kitchen window.

The small cabin was on a very isolated stretch of water front beach, weathered and battered by the many years of storms that had pounded at both it and the sandy dunes that separated it from the crashing surf. Although it was dark, she could almost make out the slight wisp of smoke that rose gently from the somewhat bent metal chimney poking out of the plank roof, leaving a slightly pleasant scent of the wood fire to permeate the night air and mix with the damp fog that was slowly thickening with each passing minute.

The slight waif shifted her position behind the gray scraggly tree that she had crept up to and knelt behind. She could hear the call of some animal not far away, sending another cold shiver through her young body. Dare she approach any closer and risk detection or stay where she was and risk being attacked by the marauding beasts that prowled the night?

Above the faint murmur of the distant surf, another beastly call violated the otherwise heavy silence of the night, closer now than the previous one. Her fear prodded her to abandon caution and move closer to the pale yellow light that leaked from the square window and faintly illuminated the sand and the few leafless trees that tried to eke out a seemingly futile existence in the barren soil beside the dilapidated cabin. That spray of faint light offered at least a little illumination to guide her as she slowly made her way among them closer to the rundown shack. Although the area was familiar to her, she didn't remember seeing this particular dwelling before.

Moving with all the stealth she could muster, the tatters of what remained of the little clothing she had left on her absorbed the moisture from the fog and hung about her damply, adding tremors of cold to the shivers of fear that ran through her. If she could only get close enough to this isolated dwelling, maybe there would be some scrap of food or at least some small corner she could scuttle into that would let her survive through one more night. It was risk that or remain exposed to the prowling animals that would be happy to use her as a meal toward their own continuing survival.

As she crept slowly yet fearfully towards the cabin, she could see through the other window a figure sitting inside it. Moving slightly to the side, the dancing orange glow of the fire came into view. Oh how she wished that she could be sitting beside those burning embers, basking in the comforting warmth that they would provide her, instead of shivering here in the cold fog.

She stopped by another tree and remained stock still, trying to make out the lone figure through the window. She could see a pinkish dome of the creature's head, devoid of any hair. Raising up slightly, she could see that he was clothed in a rich, warm looking robe of some kind, holding an object she didn't recognize in front of him. He seemed to stay very still for a while, then she saw a hand reach out and touch the object, looking like he swiped at the edge of it somehow and a piece of it fluttered under his touch. After his hand wiped across the object, he then again remained still. At least the man didn't yet seem aware of her presence outside, watching him. Or those of the beasts closing in on her.

She wondered what he'd do if he became aware of her. Usually, she would get stones or pieces of wood thrown at her by the few sentient creatures she'd run into, trying to scare her away. Sometimes she was just lucky and all they did was make loud noises, scream or growl at her if she was discovered close enough to steal anything

like food or scraps of cloth that she could use to keep warm. Sometimes she would find pieces of sharp metal that she could use to try to protect herself from the predatory beasts that roamed everywhere, but it was hard to keep things like that when she found them as she had no place to carry them. She had hidden a few pieces away in certain places so she could find them again if needed, but most of them were too heavy or unwieldy to carry around with her all the time.

Again there came a fierce howl from some animal, now much closer to where she was. Then she heard an answering call from another one and knew she had to find some shelter or a hiding place quickly or they would be upon her soon. As quickly and quietly as she could, she moved around the cabin, trying to make out shapes in the dark and keep from tripping or falling over them. The fog dampened any feeble light that would let her see anything. She silently cursed it for the penetrating cold and darkness which it enveloped her and this world with.

As she moved slowly, trying keep her balance and feel her way along, another barking howl from very close by startled her and she tripped over something unseen in the dark, crashing against the side of the cabin with what sounded to her like a deafening noise. She didn't know whether to take the chance of getting up and trying to run in the darkness or staying as still as possible and hoping that somehow she wouldn't be discovered. With fear tearing at her mind and paralyzing her, she couldn't make a decision, which actually ended up making the decision for her. Trembling with fear and hurting in several places from hitting whatever she had crashed into, she laid there in place, huddled into a little ball of shivering terror. A drop of wetness slid out of her eye and down her cheek. 'Oh please let me live one more night,' she screamed in her mind. 'Please!!!'

Her terror only increased as she heard sounds of movement from inside the dwelling. There were some scrapes, then sounds of footsteps, but what really compounded her fear were the snarls of at least one of the unseen beasts, now very close by her. Just as she could almost feel the hot breath of the snarling animal on her, a blinding shaft of yellow light suddenly lit up the darkness, revealing the fearful visage of the closest beast not more than a few feet from her. All she could do was try to shrink into the smallest area possible against the cabin wall, knowing that she would either be torn apart by the voracious animals or beaten and run off to eventually become their night's meal.

Cowering in fear, unable to take her eyes off the salivating, snarling beast illuminated in front of her, a loud zapping sound and bright flash of white light nearly blinded her. Whatever it was that caused it, it also instantly removed the threat of the lead animal as its head exploded and it was thrown back and away from her. She heard the yelps and howls of the others in the pack fading as they ran away.

Although one threat had been eliminated, at least temporarily, now the slender waif was faced with the possibility of the cabin's occupant doing the same thing to her. Eyes tightly shut, she tried not to make a motion or a sound, hoping that she could avoid bringing attention to herself. She had learned that the slightest whimper of fear or movement could give away her position and bring unfortunate, if not fatal, consequences.

Huddling into the smallest ball she could curl herself into, she waited for the next explosion of light or a blow that would end her miserable life. Afraid to even take the tiniest of breaths for fear of revealing her hiding spot, she just remained frozen in place, her heart racing with terror. Then, instead of loud shouts or blows or explosions, she heard a soft but concerned voice.

"My God, child! What are you doing out here? Come. Quickly. Get in here before those beasts return. Come. Now."

Moving her head ever so slightly and opening her eyes the smallest slit enough to let her see what the voice was coming from, the first thing she noticed was the light reflecting off the creature's shiny dome. It's back was to the light so she couldn't easily make out the features of the face in shadow. She didn't move at all, so the creature stepped out away from the light and she could then tell that it looked to be a strangely colored adult humanoid who was holding some sort of weapon in one hand and had the other hand outstretched to her. She cringed back, not knowing whether try to run or to let the thing capture her and finally resign herself to her fate.

"Come child. Those beasts won't stay away for long," it said, slowly crouching down closer to her level, the hand still outstretched to her, but open instead of being clenched into a fist. Despite her abject fear, she felt the tiniest bit of hope creep into her mind that maybe this thing didn't actually want to kill her. At least, its behavior was nothing like anything she had experienced since coming to this forsaken hell hole. A loud snarl and bark from just around the corner sent a renewed stab of fear coursing through her and made the decision easier. She

moved slightly toward the hand that was outstretched to her, still apprehensive of what it would do to her.

"Child. Please. Come inside. It's not safe for anyone to be out here at this hour." Saying that, the oddly colored being moved close and scooped her up to him, pressing her trembling body to its own and quickly moving them both into the security and amazing warmth of the structure. She twitched with another surge of fear as the door slammed shut with a loud noise, but the warmth of the being's body holding her against it felt so good she didn't want to even pull away from it.

Setting the weapon down next to the door, thus freeing its other hand, she felt another arm also encircle her gently yet without the feeling like it was a threat. In fact, she vaguely remembered this feeling from the distant past, when her father held her in his strong arms. But that was a dimming memory that had been slowly edged out of her thoughts by the continued fierceness of the struggle to survive in this damnable world she found herself abandoned in.

As for her captor, a late middle aged human male, he could not believe that a child such as this could exist in this forsaken wilderness. He had come here with the express intention of being totally alone, completely free from the rigors and responsibilities of his job and to enjoy reading again the book he had brought with him. It was very seldom that he got any respite from the pressures in his life and now here was the responsibility for the life of this innocent young creature in his arms. Moving closer to the fire to provide a bit of warmth for the slight little child, he sat down on the couch, still clutching the tiny, trembling thing to his chest. She didn't make a sound and he even had to listen hard to tell if she was even breathing or not. At least from what little he had been able to see, he thought it was a female.

In the better light, he tried to take a closer look at her to determine just what he had gotten himself into. Her pale bluish skin indicated that she could possibly be an Orion child, but how could she have gotten to this barren place and even stranger still, how could she have survived in it alone. Surely the foul beasts, such as the one he had killed outside the door, would have made a quick meal of her if they had gotten anywhere close to her.

As he held the little thing in his arms, he felt some of her trembling start to subside. She was obviously completely terrified by her experience and he couldn't blame her, nor did he want to cause any more fear or terror in her. So he just decided that it would be best to let her get used to the cabin and let her warm up. Then maybe he could find out more about her.

After a while, still holding her to him with one arm, he reached out and grabbed the edge of a blanket that was folded on the couch. With the one hand, he shook it open and pulled it around both of them, enveloping the child in even more warmth. He heard a quiet sigh escape from her and felt the tight bundle of flesh start to relax slightly in his arms as the warmth set into her.

This wasn't even close to any kind of normal experience in his life and he really didn't know exactly what to do to comfort the frightened child. But as he held her close, a little tendril of affection started to work its way into his mind. He wasn't used to showing affection at all and his experience with children, especially young ones, was almost always uncomfortable for him, if not disastrous. However, as he continued to hold her to him, he started to relax and enjoy the feeling of her slim form in his arms.

Without realizing it, he started to very slightly rock a little bit and an old lullaby from his childhood crept into his mind. Quietly, he started humming it, feeling that it might sooth the poor child, if not himself. After a little while, he felt the child relax more and one arm moved to reach out and wrap itself around his neck. Continuing to move ever so slightly back and forth and quietly hum the lullaby, he felt the child's other arm move up and around his neck, her face pressed tightly against his shoulder. The warmth of her tiny body felt good against him and he realized that he was feeling more and more comfortable with her. Which was strange in itself. Young children had always made him uncomfortable.

For what seemed like an hour, he sat there, holding the slim child to him, softly humming to her, as much as to himself. He could feel her little body relax and soon she was breathing regularly, fast asleep in his arms. This was absolutely the most amazing feeling that he had experienced in years. Decades even.

Without disturbing her, he tried to determine whatever he could about her physically. She was obviously humanoid, with the blue skin and features of an Orion. Her reddish hair was a bit longer than shoulder length but was dirty and matted. From what he had seen before covering her with the blanket, the few remaining tatters of

clothing barely covered her slight body, and seemed to be a mishmash of different materials, probably scavenged from who knows where in this barren wilderness and held together with pieces of found thread or string.

She couldn't weigh much more than twenty kilograms, twenty-five or thirty at the very most and she was thin, which would be expected for anyone who was trying to survive in this wilderness. He didn't want to move to awaken her to look, but from what he'd seen she looked to be about eight or nine years old, although age was difficult to tell with any Orion even in normal circumstances. Or so he'd heard. Although he'd seen a few adults in his travels, most of the Orions he knew about were females that were typically sold in slave markets. For some reason, there was something about them that he knew he should remember, but for the life of him he couldn't pull it from the deep recesses of his mind. Which was again, odd.

Finally, he decided that he needed to do something with this little waif, like get her some food and clean her up a bit. So still holding her to him he started to get up, which roused her from sleep. Her arms around his neck tightened, clinging to him with her eyes wide open, looking at him in fright. He stroked her back a little to try to reassure her and felt her grasp loosen slightly. Standing up, he tried to lay her back down on the couch but she clung to him with fierceness.

He put his cheek against hers and whispered in her ear softly, "Don't worry, little one. You're safe here. I won't hurt you."

While she obviously didn't understand his words, the gentleness and kindness in his manner seemed to reassure her and her grip around his neck loosened significantly. Bending down, he laid her back on the couch and gently pried her arms loose. Then he covered her with the warm blanket, tucking it in around her to keep in the warmth.

Not wanting to frighten her again, he said softly, "Let me see if I can find something for you to eat. You must be starving." He smiled at her and stroked her cheek with his hand, trying to reassure her. Then he moved over to the 'kitchen', which was really only a couple of cabinets and a counter along one wall. This hovel was extremely primitive, but that was exactly why he had come here.

While he hadn't actually prepared food himself for many years, he rummaged around the cabinets until he found a package of what looked like a prepared cereal of some kind. There was also a couple of what he recognized as protein bars and he grabbed them too. He wondered if he should add a liquid to the cereal or just let her have it as it was. Despite being stored here for God knows how long, it did seem to be quite fresh and coated with what looked and tasted sweetly like honey or molasses. Grabbing a bowl, he poured a good helping into it and walked back over to the young thing on the couch whose eyes had never left him at any point. Crouching down beside her, he offered her the bowl and the bars, which she was hesitant to take or touch. He decided that he'd have to show her that it was alright to eat, so he took a pinch of the cereal from the bowl, showed it to her and then popped it into his mouth.

Her eyes widened in wonder as she watched him chew and swallow the morsel, thinking to himself that it was surprisingly good tasting and amazingly fresh. Then he offered the bowl to her, trying to indicate that she should eat it. Still not completely over her terror and not sure exactly what he was going to do to her, she slowly reached an arm out from beneath the covering and tentatively touched the cereal in the bowl.

Setting the bowl down on her so she had full access to it and to free his hands, he opened the package of one of the bars and, to again show her that it was for consumption, he took a small bite of it and chewed on it. Again, surprisingly, it tasted quite good and moist. Setting the two bars down next to the bowl, he got up and went over to get a cup of the juice he had found when he first rummaged through the place after arriving. There was no refrigeration here, but there was really nothing that required it, as he doubted anyone stayed here for any extended period, considering what and where it was.

He tasted the liquid and found that it was some combination of exotic berries and fruits that was quite tart but very pleasant. He walked back over to her with the cup, noting that she was voraciously cramming the cereal into her mouth, not even letting a tiny morsel or crumb escape her.

Crouching down again next to her, holding the cup of juice, he said, "Oh, little one, what a situation you've found yourself in." Then with a slight bit of reflection, he muttered to himself, "As have I, apparently."

Letting some very slight sounds of pleasure escape her as she savored the strange food, she cleaned every speck of the cereal out of the bowl. Then she picked up the protein bar and started on it. Evidently the cereal had taken the edge off her hunger a bit, and she worked on devouring the bar a little more delicately. Part way through it, he offered the cup to her and she grasped it in her tiny hands and drank from it carefully, trying not to waste a single drop. Taking the partly emptied juice cup from her and setting it down, he opened the second bar and handed it to her when she had finished the first one. Again, very delicately but voraciously, she ate the bar, not letting the smallest crumb fall from her grasp.

Little by little, his affection for this strange foreign urchin seemed to grow. Picking up the cup of juice, he reached out a hand to very gently caress her cheek and she didn't pull away from his touch this time. Smiling at her, he offered the rest of the juice, which she took and drank down, then handed the cup back to him, a slight smile of thanks on her face. He wanted to ask her if she wanted more, but he thought that if she was as starved as she looked, it would be better to not overload her all at once. There would be plenty of time to give her more to eat. Besides, he wondered just what language she understood, although he had no bloody idea.

Looking at her while she ate, he realized that she was a very beautiful child. Her face was covered with dirt and her hair was matted, but that didn't hide her underlying looks. The few tattered rags she wore had done little to hide her body from his sight. When she had finished eating, she sat upright, the blanket slipping off of her, giving him a chance to really look at her.

Her legs were long, slim but muscled, very delightful to look at. Her torso was slim and her abdomen quite toned. She had small, petite little buds for breasts, about the size of half lemons, topped with cute little dark nipples and areolas. He suddenly was overcome by the desire to lean down and take one of those little buds in his mouth and suck on it, but he somehow resisted doing that.

Her neck was slim and her face, although smudged with dirt, was childlike but very beautiful. Her eyes were green and haunting, drawing him into her every time he looked into them, driving his sexual desires into the next higher gear. She was going to be an absolutely gorgeous, excruciatingly seductive female when she grew up. That is, IF she could live long enough on this desolate world to grow up.

He got up and moved to get a small cleaning cloth and dampened it with water from a large jug. Coming back to her side, he showed her the wet cloth and then gently started to clean her face with it. She allowed him to do it, intently watching his face with her big, innocent eyes. At one point, as he scrubbed one of her cheeks, she raised her hand and put it on top of his, slightly pressing it to her. As stoic and totally in control of his emotions as he usually was, the gesture almost brought him to tears. Again, a strange reaction on his part.

This was actually his first time at this particular dwelling in this land and he had only done a somewhat cursory inspection of it when he had arrived earlier. After all, this was only meant to be a short getaway for him, not a long term stay. He had noted a large wash basin along with the jugs of water, obviously to be used for washing. There were only two rooms, this main one and one very small one that contained a bed. Off of the 'bedroom' was an alcove that held a very primitive toilet of sorts. There were no bathing facilities as such. Other than the fireplace, the room held a chair, side tables and a couch. Not exactly luxury quarters. Apparently this place wasn't meant for anybody's long term stay, let alone his.

As he continued to clean the dirt and grime off her face, each touch of her skin became electric to him. He couldn't remember such a response to any female in his life. He had to sternly resist wanting to touch and fondle every square centimeter of her delicious body. Her eyes kept drawing him into a vortex of wanton sexuality, making his member stiffen with unbidden desire.

The few shreds of clothing around her waist had fallen aside, revealing the most delightful and sensuous mound and slit that he'd ever seen. Completely hairless and so enticing, it peeked at him whenever she moved and her legs opened up a little or a piece of cloth moved aside. She seemed to have no modesty and made no move to hide herself or hide the delightful mound from his gaze.

Now that he had time to look at her more closely, he realized that his initial estimate of her age was off by a couple of years, at least. By human standards, she appeared to be closer to twelve human years than the eight or ten he originally estimated her to be. And each time his gaze fell upon her lovely body, he knew there was something in the back of his mind that he knew he should remember but couldn't.

Now that her face was somewhat cleaned up and she had finished the food he'd given her, she sat there looking at him with her big, innocent eyes. Again he found himself being enveloped by a warm feeling as she gazed at him. Then, while he was kneeling there before her, she reached out and touched his face with her hand. It was a soft, gentle tentative touch but it surprised him as his whole body was engulfed in a warm, sensuous desire that this young female had become the center of.

Trying hard to resist the strong, primal urges he was feeling, he took her hand and stood up, drawing her up with him. Her eyes stayed on his face and she allowed him to lead her to the food preparation area where the water was. She stood docile next to the large basin as he filled it with water. Turning to her and with trembling hands, he gently unfastened the rags that she wore and dropped them to the floor, until she stood before him totally naked. Her exquisite form made him just ache to take her in his arms and ravish her young body. Never before had he felt such primal desires washing through him.

Fighting those almost overpowering urges, he picked up the washing cloth, dipped it in the bowl and then started to clean her with it. It was difficult to focus on the process of washing her with the thoughts that were raging through his mind. Fortunately for him, she got the idea of what he was trying to do and took the cloth from him. She apparently had no modesty, false or otherwise, and made no effort to shield herself from his lustful gaze. She proceeded to joyfully wash every part of her delicate body, giving him full view of every intimate piece of her as she cleaned herself thoroughly. It was all he could do to stand there and watch her graceful motions, especially when she spread those long legs and used the cloth to clean the delightful area between them.

At one point, she dipped her hand into the bowl of water, then spreading her legs apart, rubbed a finger all along her little slit, pausing only to wet a finger again in the bowl and insert it into her. She happily rubbed her little slit with her finger, starting slowly then increasing the tempo until she moaned with pleasure as she rapidly stimulated herself. It didn't take long before she threw her head back, her legs started shaking and then her whole body trembled as she apparently reached an orgasm. He could only stand there and watch her pleasure herself, his rod not able to get any harder than it already was, tenting out the robe in front.

Once she had climaxed and her moans of pleasure diminished, she opened her eyes and looked directly at him. She reached out one tiny hand and took one of his in it. If that touch thrilled him, what she did next fairly electrified him. She gently pulled his hand to her and placed it on one of her tiny breasts, holding it there for a moment then lightly rubbing on her with it. Dropping the cloth, she took his other hand and placed it between her legs, again rubbing slightly to show him what she wanted him to do.

Suddenly realizing what he was doing, he pulled his hands away from her like he'd been shocked. There was no way he was going to molest this young child, no matter how much she - or he - wanted him to. All of his rational mind screamed at how touching her was depraved, forbidden, taboo. Although those voices were dimming as the emotional fog of arousal started to take over.

Her expression seemed to indicate disappointment for a moment, and then she moved forward and put her arms around him, hugging herself to him and putting her cheek firmly against his chest.

Normally her actions would have caused him to disentangle himself from her, but the overpowering urges he now felt forced him to stand motionless as she held him to her. He didn't know what to do and just stood there until the girl started to drop down to her knees. He looked down at her in wonder as she pulled the robe apart and encircled his rock hard erection with her little hands, then started lightly stroking it. Her attention was completely focused on the fleshy shaft in her hands and he was so overcome with primal desires that the normal, sane part of his mind was completely overwhelmed and he could only stand there, letting her do what she wanted with him.

After lightly stroking on his cock a few times, the child leaned forward to touch the end of it with her tongue, barely licking the head of it. When he showed no signs of objecting, she opened her mouth and took the head into it, swirling her tongue around it in her mouth. If touching her was electrifying, this was like a lightning bolt striking him. His cock jumped in her mouth and she looked up at him with her soulful, yet mesmerizing eyes. Holding his gaze, she slowly moved forward, taking more and more of his hard member into her mouth. When the tip of his cock pressed against the back of her throat, she reversed the motion, slowly pulling back until the head slipped out from between her lips. Then she used her tongue to once again titillate the tip of his cockhead and down under it to the sensitive tissues right below it.

His body trembling with the overwhelming desire for her continued touch, he stood there letting her work on his cock, bobbing her head slowly up and down on it. He no longer had the willpower to object or push her away from him. All he could do was focus on the exquisitely pleasant feelings she was dredging up from deep inside him, all of them right now centered around his throbbing cock.

Gradually the child increased the tempo of her motions, plunging forward to take him completely in her mouth, then pulling back to tease the head with her tongue, then repeating the process. No matter how much the rational part of him wanted to stop this, the animalistic desires that had been unleashed in him wouldn't let him make a move to do that. It wasn't long before he felt a long forgotten stirring at the base of his cock and soon he was spurting his cum into the child's very willing mouth. It seemed like she fully expected this result and didn't take her mouth off of his cock until he had fully emptied every bit of semen he had into her.

Once he had finished spewing, she looked up at him, slowly pulled her mouth away from his cock and smiled the most beautiful smile at him. He could only stand there for a while, trembling, trying to remain upright. The orgasm that he had just experienced was one of the strongest he had ever felt in his life. And the feelings of... well, love that flooded through him for this tiny creature that had just given him so much pleasure nearly overwhelmed him.

He reached down to grasp the child by the shoulders and pulled her up to him. Her innocent eyes gazed at him, wondering what more he wanted her to do. Then, giving way to his raw, lustful impulses, he pulled her to him and held her tightly. He could feel her tiny body move slightly with each breath she took.

Enjoying the warmth of her body against his, he held her to him for a while. Then, finally, he gently separated her from him, looking lovingly at her. Some of his overwhelming sexual thirst for her was sated with the orgasm she had given him, so he gently guided her backwards against the counter where the basin was sitting. She was just tall enough so that if she leaned back against the counter, her hair could be placed in the basin of water. He had her do that and her hair floated in the water. Once she realized what he wanted to do, she cooperated with him and he cupped his hand and poured the water over her head, cleaning the coated dirt and grime from it.

The child lifted her arms up and started helping him wash her hair. As he was rinsing and cleaning it, he realized that her leaning backwards in this position dramatically accentuated her small breasts and made them stand out from her slim body. The sight immediately stimulated him again and his cock reacted in a way he didn't think was possible this soon after experiencing a mind blowing orgasm. It started to harden again as he caught himself leering at her chest.

Struggling to pull his attention away from the enticing sight of her little mounds, he concentrated again on the process of cleaning her hair. She continued to work on it and then decided that it would be easier to get the front part by turning around and bending forward over the basin, which she did. Unfortunately, this only brought her amazingly rounded, well formed ass into his sight and he was almost as titillated by it as he had been by her breasts. As soon as he noticed it, he had the desire to reach out and fondle the soft, rounded cheeks, then move around behind them and drive his...

He had to quickly rein in his lascivious thoughts and again focus on the task at hand. With a greater effort than he thought he could provide, he continued to help the child get her hair clean. Once he thought it was as good as they were going to get it, he looked around for a dry cloth. Fortunately, one was hanging at the end of the counter, so he grabbed it and had her stand up and let the water drain from her hair back into the basin. After gently wringing large hanks of hair to get the excess water out of it, he wrapped her head in the cloth, indicating for her to use it to dry the lovely head of hair.

Stepping back away from her, he was again awestruck by the beauty of her lithe form. He couldn't believe the raw, primal urges that the sight of her body invoked in him. As she held the cloth to her head, drying her hair, her motions caused her little breasts to jiggle slightly, the sight of which sent him again to the heights of raw passion. What kind of power did this slim child have over him to engender such raw sexual emotions for her?

Noticing his lustful gaze on her body, she stretched a little then spread her legs to give him a good view of her hairless pussy. That was the effect, but the way she did it was both totally innocent yet completely erotic. Continuing to dry her long, copper colored hair, she gracefully moved toward him until she was almost touching him. She dropped the towel, opened the front of his robe and pressed her little body against his nakedness,

throwing her arms around his neck. The feeling of her bare flesh pressing against him almost took his breath away and he reflexively put his arms around her, pulling her tight against him.

As they held together, he thought his heart would beat out of his chest, the touch of her excited him so. Then she pulled away slightly and looked up into his eyes. Holding his gaze, she pulled herself up on tiptoes so that his erection was between her legs, his hard shaft rubbing along the lips of her bare snatch. Feeling him like that, she started rocking her hips back and forth, her little labia sliding along his hard cock. His mind just fogged with the erotic scent of her and he was hardly aware of what she did when she lifted up higher and brought one hand down to guide his cock into her incredibly tight hole, a soft mewl of pleasure escaping her lips. Then she put both arms around his neck and used them to pull herself up and down on his cock as it penetrated her. She wrapped her legs around his hips, driving his hard rod further up into her. Waves of burning hot, raw sexual hunger washed over him even though his rational mind was trying to find some way of regaining control. And there were always those niggling thoughts in the back of his mind that he just couldn't quite focus on.

Overcome by the sensation of fucking this tight little cunt, he staggered across the room and almost fell onto the couch, the child still attached to him and his cock still all the way up inside her. Once he laid back, she pulled her arms from around his neck and sat up, straddling him. She slipped the robe from his shoulders. Making little mewling noises, she started to work herself up and down slowly on his cock, rocking slightly back and forth at the same time. This stimulation increased his passion and he held onto her hips to assist her in her erotic coupling with him. Her movements apparently stimulated the same kind of feelings in her because she started to moan in a high pitched, animalistic way. As she quickened her action on his cock, she stiffened and let out a shriek of pleasure, followed by a low guttural moan.

She only stopped for a short period of time, just enough to catch her breath, then she started up again. This time she raised further up and then dropped down, his cock banging hard against the back wall of her hot vagina. The feeling, either pain or pressure, seemed to stimulate her as she gasped and moaned louder each time his cockhead made contact. Finally, just as he was getting ready to again release his cum into her little body, she dropped down and pressed as hard as she could to put as much pressure on her vaginal wall as possible. He could feel his cockhead pressing into a fornix, or corner, of her vagina, exerting mindblowing pressure on it.

This brought him over the edge and his cock started to pump its seed out, but the pressure of her holding hard against his cockhead didn't allow any place for the semen to go and the pressure built up until she moved ever so slightly and his cock was allowed to very forcefully shoot his hot cum up into her. This time she let out a blood curdling scream in finest voice, then gasped for air as her little body shook and spasmed with her orgasm, matching his.

If his climax before into her mouth felt amazing, this one into her tight little cunt was exponentially better. It felt like someone had reached into his ass, grabbed his cock and pulled it inside out. It was so mind shattering that he had to remind himself that he had to actually breathe in and out for a while until his circulatory overload settled down and he started to come back down to earth. Or whatever this planet was.

The next thing he was conscious of was lying on the couch, the lovely, slim wraith in his arms, holding him and applying soft kisses to his face and neck. He opened his eyes and found himself staring into the unbelievably erotic gaze of the young child. Her now dry hair was a stunning copper color and wreathed her head like a golden halo. She made no move other than to just let her lips curl slightly into a lovingly tender smile at him. He felt like he could just stare into those green eyes for the rest of his life. Her face was so close to him that he picked up a slight spicy scent coming from her. He knew that it wasn't any soap or perfume, so it had to be the natural scent that her delightful body exuded.

As he continued to gaze into her eyes, she slowly brought her head down to let her lips touch his, never blinking or taking her gaze from his. Then she pressed her lips against his and closed her eyes. He felt her soft tongue start to explore his lips and then his mouth. He suddenly realized that she not only smelled enjoyable, she actually tasted the same way. Her tongue continued to play with him, and he found it to be highly erotic. In fact, the erotic stimulation started to make him harden yet again. He didn't know how much time had passed since he had pulled her inside the cabin from the dangers outside, but it seemed impossible that he could have climaxed and ejaculated into her twice already, and was now not only ready, but wanting to do it again.

She felt his member rise between her legs and she pulled back away from him with a happy smile on her face. She wiggled her hips to acknowledge his erection, squeezed her legs together to capture it and then started to

shower his face with tender, loving kisses. Forehead, nose, eyelids, cheeks, chin. She covered every square millimeter of his face with delightful oral caresses. This further inflamed his lust, and soon he was wanting to feel his cock inside her again. She seemed to realize it, so she stopped kissing him and sat up, still looking at him with that loving smile.

She put out her hand to take his, scooted back a ways and pulled him up into a sitting position. They swiveled around together so his feet were on the floor and she was straddling him. He ached to experience the feeling of penetration of her again and she seemed to share that desire. Still smiling at him, she stood up and started lithely swaying her hips and caressing her own body. She kept her eyes on him, but started to move around in front of him, doing graceful, extremely sensuous movements while she ran her hands all over her body, from her head and neck to her hips and crotch. She would even lift one leg up in a vertical splits and run her hands all along it, then put it down to prance around a bit, then raise her other leg to sensuously stroke it. Each time she raised a leg up like that to fondle it, she made sure her lovely hairless snatch was exposed to his view, her labia slightly parting, sending erotic shivers of desire through him.

Her movements were so fluid and graceful, he thought they were impossible to do and remain on the ground. Surely she had to be floating in air, performing these erotic gymnastics for him. She would gracefully glide around the couch, reaching out to give him a fleeting touch on different parts of his body. She would approach him and reach out with one of her delicate hands and softly caress his cheek, then pull away to pirouette in front of him, exhibiting her entire body to him.

At one point she moved to him and stood between his legs, then raised one leg up until it was parallel with her body, one arm wrapped around it to hold it to her, toes pointing at the ceiling. She did this so that her lovely slit was facing directly at him, and her little labia pulled apart to give him a tantalizing glimpse of her tender membranes inside. With absolutely remarkable balance, she stood there on one leg, letting him gaze at the most intimate parts of her body. Tearing his gaze away from those tender bits, he raised his eyes up to look at her face and she gave him such a beatific smile that it was hard to look away from. She slowly lowered her raised leg, then bent forward to give him the most tender kiss, pushing her tongue between his lips and exploring inside.

Raising her hands to touch both of his cheeks, she parted from him, smiling. Again she pirouetted and pranced lithely around him, running her hands all over her body. At one point while doing this, she gracefully fell to her knees right between his legs, taking both of his hands in hers. She raised them up to her lips and placed tender kisses on them as she held them to her. Then she placed both of them over her little breasts and pressed them to her. The feeling of these little mounds pressed into the palms of his hands was unbelievably erotic. With her gaze never wavering, she moved his hands so that each of her tiny nipples were between his thumbs and forefingers. Holding them to her, she pressed them with her fingers to make him pinch each of the little nubs between his fingers.

He had no desire whatsoever to inflict any pain on this lovely little child, but she increased the pressure on his fingers, making him pinch her little nipples between them, letting out a soft moan. He understood what she wanted him to do, but he had trouble forcing himself to actually do it. With a pleading look on her face, she leaned forward and kissed him, then pulled back and squeezed hard again on his fingers. She kept up the pressure and started moaning and panting at the touch. Finally, he steeled himself to attempt to do what she wanted and started pinching her nipples between his fingers. As he increased the pressure on them, she dropped her hands from his down to her crotch and started rubbing and fingering herself there. As he held the pressure on the little tit nubs, her breath grew ragged and she rubbed herself with increasing speed. Although he wanted to fight the impulse, he started to twist and pinch her little nipples harder. When he did this, she threw her head back and let out a long drawn out moan of pleasure until her little body started shaking and she screamed out loudly.

He released the pressure on her nipples and she fell forward against him, pressing her cheek on his chest, her hands wrapping around his cock. She lightly stroked it a couple of times, sending shivers of pleasure through him. Then she pulled back and stood up, rocking and swaying her hips to some unheard music. Her motions increased until she was once again dancing around, gracefully moving through the air, running her hands up and down her body. Even while moving all around the room in front of him, she constantly kept in eye contact with him. She was doing this dance, making every graceful movement only for him. A joyous yet sensuous smile was always on her lips.

Again he wondered at her sheer litheness, grace and flexibility. Especially when she again moved between his legs and pulled her leg straight up pointing at the ceiling. With her uncanny ability to balance on one foot in that position, she reached out and took one of his hands and placed it on her exposed labia. She took one of his fingers and started to work it into her hot, tight little hole, never once losing her balance or lowering her raised leg. Holding that raised leg tightly against her body, she encouraged him to use his fingers to explore into her moist vagina himself. With the sheer eroticism and impossibility of her position, his fingers weren't the things he wanted to explore her tender hole with. But she held his hand to her, her balance never wavering, keeping her most intimate parts exposed to his manual exploration.

The lustful fog that was enveloping his mind encouraged him to do to her what she wanted him to do. Gently inserting his finger into the soft, moist folds of her vagina, he got it in to the third knuckle, buried in her. This put his thumb right over her little nubbin of a clitoris and made contact with it. The slight touch was as if she had been hit with an electric shock. She suddenly gasped loudly and her little frame jerked with the touch, but only swayed slightly, never losing her balance or changing her position.

He felt an overwhelming desire to give her any and all pleasure he could, so he gently thumbed her little clit while keeping his finger stuffed into her very hot, moist hole. She started moaning loudly and swaying back and forth. He was worried she was going to fall over but she held her position, much to his amazement. He tore his gaze from his finger penetrating her cunt and looked up at her face. She had that same loving smile on her lips and she purposely held his gaze with her eyes, her breaths coming in short, quick pants.

Still looking in his eyes, she grasped his wrist to make sure he didn't pull away, then slowly lowered her leg until she was back standing on two feet, her legs spread apart to continue to give him access to her crotch. Holding his wrist, she pulled hard to get his finger as far into her as she could and then slightly bent her wrist to push his thumb against her clit again. He got the idea of what she wanted and started crooking his extended finger inside her and rubbing his thumb over her little clit. When he did this, the result was again electric, as she let out a long moan, her grip tightening on his wrist, pulling his hand hard against her. As he kept up rubbing his thumb over her sensitive nubbin, she again threw her head back and started a loud moan that turned into another loud scream of release. Her little body shook as she held his wrist in a vice-like grip. He could feel her cunt spasming around his finger inside her.

After shaking and screaming several times, she relaxed her grip on his wrist and let him slip his finger out of her hot snatch. She immediately dropped to her knees again and threw her arms around his neck, showering him with loving kisses. Apparently she had enjoyed what he had done to her.

Then she took his hand that he had used to give her such pleasure and lifted it to her mouth. She opened her mouth and took his finger, the same one that had penetrated her, into it. Closing her lips around it, she sucked on it and twirled her tongue around it, cleaning it completely of her girl juices, never letting her eyes look away from his. Then she did the same thing with his thumb. The sensuousness of her actions almost made him cum without anything even being close to touching his hard cock.

After laving his fingers, she let go of his hand and dropped her hands to grasp his cock. She bent down and took its whole length into her mouth, the sensation causing him to gasp and moan this time. She swirled her tongue around his cockhead and bobbed up and down on it with obvious joy. He could feel himself starting to reach the point of no return and soon his cum was spurting into her hot mouth. She took every bit that he could give her and kept her mouth around the head until he gently had to push her back away as it was too sensitive even to her loving touch. Her gorgeous smile completely lit up her face, her total contentment and happiness flooding out to him, communicating to him her sheer joy that she could bring such pleasure to him.

After looking at him lovingly for a few moments, she pushed him back down to lay on the couch and climbed up on him to lay her cheek on his chest again and almost purr in contentment. Never in his life had he felt both so energized and satiated, yet still completely aroused by just the presence of this lovely child. He soon fell asleep in her loving embrace.

Sometime later- he couldn't tell how much later - he woke, opening his eyes to see her beautiful face gazing down on his. Seeing he was awake, her face lit up in that wonderful, childlike yet loving smile he had become so fond of. With a moan of pleasure, she lightly kissed him on the lips, then sat up, never taking her eyes off his face. Gracefully, she slid off of him and stood on the floor in front of him. She took his hand and gently pulled him up into a sitting position. Then like before, she started to slowly gyrate her hips, again as if in response to some

music unheard by him. Soon she was again lithely pirouetting and skipping around in front of him, putting on an erotic dance of love just for him. He sat still, just content to watch her lovely form gyrate around in front of him.

As she widened the area of her dance, she spun around the room and danced around the couch, coming up behind him and leaning over to run her hands sensuously over his chest. While she did this, she planted light kisses on his neck and cheek and then moved up to kiss all over his bald, shiny head. The touch of her lips was extremely erotic and he found himself getting hard again, much to his own surprise and amazement.

Pulling away from him, the child danced around the couch until she was in front of him. Again she put her weight on one foot and lifted the other leg up to hold it parallel to her body in that vertical splits that she did so well. Balancing there again, she let her free hand run over her little mound, sensuously caressing it, then running a finger along the length of her now moist slit. She used two fingers to separate her lips as wide as she could, again exposing her inner membranes to his view. This time, she moved her finger back and ran it around her little dark rosebud. As she lightly touched it, he thought he could see it move in response, a slight contraction and then relaxation. Still balancing there, she lifted her finger up and put it to his lips. He opened his mouth to let her insert it and sucked on it until she pulled it out and moved it back down to slowly and erotically push it into her little tight asshole.

She let out a moan as it penetrated in to the second knuckle. Her leg shook a little and she swayed a bit, working to maintain her balance, yet keeping herself open so he could see her most intimate parts and actions. Slowly she worked the finger back and forth, stimulating her sphincter and moaning with the pleasure of it. Then, still keeping her leg up in the air and herself exposed to him, she pulled the finger out and put it into her mouth. She sucked on it and worked it in and out as if it was his cock she was sucking on.

Lowering her leg, she turned away from him and bent over at the waist without bending her knees. Her head was between her legs so she was looking upside down at him through them, her beautiful red hair cascading down to touch the floor. She reached her arms around her legs and used her fingers to pull her labia open, again exposing her most intimate place to his view. She worked one finger around the opening, running it up and down then alighting on her little clit, which made her gasp and let out another moan of pleasure. He knew from before just how sensitive that little nubbin was to her.

Never breaking her gaze from his eyes, she reached out the other hand, indicating that she wanted to use his hand again to stimulate her. After the last time, he had no trepidation about extending it to her and she took it in hers. She pulled on his hand making him lean forward while she impossibly moved her head through her legs until it was actually behind her legs. He had only seen trained contortionists able to do this.

Holding his hand, she took his index finger into her mouth and sucked on it, laving it with her tongue, getting it lubricated with her saliva. She moved it up to run it along her moist slit, gasping at the touch. Then she held his finger out and put it against the little rosebud and tried to work it into her. He realized what she wanted and leaned forward to rest his other hand on top of her at the base of her spine and started to work his finger into the tight little sphincter. Her grip was tight on his wrist, holding his hand so he couldn't pull away from her. She sighed as she felt the tip enter her tight hole, then he felt it relax and his finger slipped into her. Knowing what she had him do before with her lovely cunt, he worked his finger back and forth inside her little hole, exploring her anal membranes and the tightness of her sphincter gripping his finger. She moaned and sighed with the pleasure his movements were giving her.

He continued to work his finger in and out of her hole, her grip on his wrist guiding him as to what she wanted him to do. Very shortly, her legs started to tremble and she started her high pitched moan, which turned into a loud scream as he crooked his finger inside her, rubbing along her rectal wall. He didn't doubt that this little waif was sensitive in places where other people didn't even have places.

She held his wrist tightly until her orgasm subsided, keeping his finger inside her. Then as she recovered and her breathing returned to somewhat normal, she gently pulled his hand away until it slipped out of her little hole. She didn't let his hand go while she turned around and knelt before him. Looking lovingly in his eyes, she took the finger that had just penetrated her and given her pleasure into her mouth and licked and sucked it, again like it was his cock she had in her mouth.

When she was finished, she lifted one hand and lightly touched his cheek with it to show her love for him and the pleasure he had given her. Then she stood up and pulled him up with her. Once he was standing, she knelt

down on the couch, laying her chest against the back of it, presenting her delicious rear end to him. Her tiny labia were slightly parted below her little dark rosebud of an asshole that he had just penetrated with his finger and massaged to an orgasm. The lovely, rounded twin globes of her ass framing her little wrinkled hole stimulated him. She turned to look at him over her shoulder as if to ask him to enter her.

Waves of love and arousal washed over him as he moved closer to her. Holding his erection in one hand, he guided it to her moist slot, rubbing the head up and down to get it moistened and ready to slip inside. He heard her let out a little moan of pleasure as he did that. Then he separated her lips with his cockhead and slowly let his rod slip inside her again. The feeling of her tight tunnel of moist, warm membranes enveloping his cock was just unbelievable. Not wanting to rush this time, he slowly moved in and out of her cunt, enjoying the sensation with every sensory nerve his cock contained.

After a few minutes of this, he felt her hand reach around and grasp his cock. He looked at her and saw her looking back at him. Then she pushed a little with her hand, indicating that she wanted him to pull back. He did and she kept up the pressure until he slipped all the way out of her cunt. Then she adjusted the aim and held his cock at the entrance to her other hole, pulling gently, indicating that she wanted him to violate her there as he had done with his finger. He hesitated a bit, wondering if it wouldn't tear her apart and hurt her for so tiny of a child to take an adult cock in her ass.

Sensing his hesitance, she squeezed gently on his cock to show him that she wanted it and was ready for it. The fog of lust was continuing to overwhelm his rational mind and he pressed forward slightly, putting pressure on her little rosebud with his cockhead. She moaned quietly as he did that, letting him know that it was what she wanted. So he continued to press forward until his cockhead suddenly slipped inside her tight little hole. She let out a little squeak, but it wasn't one of pain, but pleasure.

Again, she looked back over her shoulder at him, her face wreathed in a wonderfully beatific smile as his cock pressed up into her rectum. Finally, every millimeter of him was engulfed inside her asshole and she nodded her head and almost purred with satisfaction. Then she put her head down and started working her hips back and forth in slight motions, sliding her ass back and forth on his cock. The sensation flowed from his cock into all of his body and soon it was as if he could see and hear and smell and taste every sensation his cock felt. It had taken over his whole body, engulfing him in waves of sheer pleasure. Erotic pleasure. Sexual pleasure.

He put his hands on her hips and worked to pull back and then plunge forward into her to the hilt. She was murmuring and moaning with pleasure as he did so. She put her hands back on top of his and held on to him, encouraging him with her touch, as he bucked his hard cock into her tight rear end. She started panting and her moans increased in pitch as he rammed harder and faster into her. It seemed that they were one being, connected by the sensual feelings that both were experiencing. Faster and faster he went as she urged him to, his body slamming into hers, roughly penetrating as deep as he could get. It seemed like they danced this erotic dance for hours, although he knew he couldn't have kept it up for more than several minutes.

Panting and moaning, they both continued on until suddenly he felt her sphincter muscles, indeed the inner walls of her anus, contract and clamp down on his cock while she simultaneously screamed out in pleasure. This brought him well over the edge and beyond, his cock again spurting its viscous load of cum up into her bowels as both of them let loose with impassioned screams of pleasure in their mutual orgasms. He felt his hot cum empty from his balls and prostate, his muscles spasming to get it all into her.

Once her screams of pleasure died down, the child slumped forward against the back of the couch. When he could no longer hold himself upright, he collapsed down on her, wrapping his arms tightly around her slight little body. They stayed that way for a few minutes, then he rolled over to end up on his back on the couch with her on top of him, his softening cock still embedded in her. Both of them lost consciousness at this point, and they lay there in peaceful bliss, their breathing slowing until they both slept soundly.

He didn't know and couldn't tell how long he had been out of it, but he awoke to the pleasant feeling of her tiny body lying on his, cuddled up with her arms around his neck. He lay like that for a long time, totally content to just feel the delightful pressure and warmth of her body against his. At this point, he didn't care where he was or what ever would happen in the future, he just wanted to extend this time and this feeling for as long as he could. He had never before felt such... contentment. And constant arousal.

He closed his eyes and may have fallen asleep, but he woke when he felt a slight movement of her little body

against his. He opened his eyes to again have his vision filled with the wonderful sight of her happy, contented face wreathed in a lovely smile and surrounded by the copper halo of her beautiful hair. God, if he could just wake up to this forever, he'd be happy. He smiled back at her and lifted his head to give soft kisses to her this time, which she returned. They kissed and gazed into each others eyes for a while, then she laid her head down to press her cheek against his, letting a happy sigh escape from her lips. Her breathing slowed and she slipped into sleep again. He just laid there, holding her and thinking, enjoying her delightful scent, the warmth of her body and just the closeness of her being.

In all his adult life he had never interacted well with children. He had actually not had any great desire to even be around them, at all. Yet this slight child had driven him to the absolute heights of arousal and love. It was just unfathomable. He knew there was something that he had tried to dredge up from the deepest recesses of his memory, but for the life of him he couldn't bring it up. Not that it was important. What was important was the feeling of love and emotional attachment to this wonderfully erotic child. The way she made him feel. The excitement and vitality he felt just being around her.

He wondered at how he could have orgasmed God knows how many times in who knows how long and each one being equally as strong. What could this child have kindled in him and what further heights could she take him to? But then he realized that he really didn't care, as he just enjoyed the pleasure that he had felt. And was still feeling. His hands started wandering along her lovely body, tenderly caressing it, stroking lovingly over her soft skin. He felt the little firm mounds of her breasts pressing against him. He slipped his hand down to stroke the soft cheeks of her ass, then moved between them to let a finger slide through her little slit. A quiet moan of pleasure escaped from her lips as he did so and her eyes fluttered open to fix their gaze on him. She smiled and squeezed her legs together slightly, letting him know that she liked what he was doing. Then she tilted her head up to plant a little kiss on his cheek.

With the smile never leaving her face, she slowly got up and went across the room to get the washing cloth. She rinsed it with water then came back to him to lovingly clean his cock and groin with it. After she had cleaned his crotch, she squatted down beside the couch and cleaned herself up, guiltlessly exposing her most intimate parts to his view. Perhaps she did that as a further erotic act to give him visual pleasure and titillate him. No matter, it certainly was working to serve that purpose.

Once she was satisfied that she was again presentable to him, she softly climbed back on him, only this time in reverse position. She placed her mouth at his crotch level and placed her legs astride his head, giving his mouth access to her little slit. Spreading her legs a bit, she wiggled slightly until her slit was right at his mouth. As if to show him what she wanted him to do, she lightly licked his already hard cock, laving the head of it with her tongue. Getting the idea, he tentatively ran his tongue along her snatch, eliciting a soft moan from her.

Since she enjoyed that, he did it again, only more firmly, and with the same result from her. Raising his hands up, he used his fingers to spread her soft ass cheeks and her tiny labia, exposing her tender inner membranes that he had become so familiar with by now. Again, her scent drove him wild and he licked and poked his tongue around, into and along her tender cunt. She would wiggle her hips with the sensations, moaning loudly when he particularly stimulated her. He found the tiny nubbin of her clit and touched it a few times with the tip of his tongue, making her jump at the touch. Since she seemed to like that, he used his lips to clamp onto it and then flicked his tongue back and forth over it. This got him a loud scream of wild passion and he felt her engulf his hard cock with her mouth, energetically sucking and licking it while little moans of pleasure escaped from around it.

He continued to flick his tongue over her sensitive little button, then released it and ran his tongue up and down her delicious slit. Licking her little clit with the flat of his tongue, he then poked it into her moist hole, wiggling the tip against her soft membranes. The child seemed to like this as she redoubled her own oral ministrations on his cock. She circled the base of it with her fingers, her palms flat against his pubes and alternately bobbed up and down, then licked the underside of the head with her tongue, driving him wild.

They continued like this for some time, each one pushing the other to try to stimulate each other to greater heights. As he worked his tongue in and around her lovely hole, he knew there was no way he'd be able to achieve another orgasm and ejaculation. He couldn't believe how many he'd had already. But he wanted so badly to bring her soaring to the heights of orgasm again, so he nipped her little clit between his lips and worked it over with his tongue. As he did this, he felt her body tremble and then stiffen and she let out a scream of pleasure again. He didn't let up and continued to work her little nubbin over with his mouth and tongue and soon

she again stiffened and screamed out with her orgasm.

He decided to give her some relief and he pulled his mouth away from her tender slit. The scent of her was still driving him wild though. After a short time to recover, she slid off to kneel beside him and leaned down to plant kisses on his face and mouth. Then she pulled back and gave him that dazzling smile again, fairly filling him with loving warmth.

After some seconds of lovingly gazing at him, her hand crept down to fondle his still hard erection. Then she suddenly gave him a peck on the lips and stood up. Swaying to the unheard music again, she started slowly dancing around. She would rub her hands all over her body as she pirouetted and leaped in the air. Continually looking in his eyes, she danced her erotic dance for him to see and to arouse him. Then, suddenly she changed motions and stepped over him to straddle his body lying on the couch. She reached between her legs and grasped his hard cock and held it, suddenly sinking down on it and taking the whole length inside her until it bottomed out against the back of her vagina. She let out a guttural cry and started grinding her hips wantonly on his cock, making it grind against her vaginal walls inside her.

She kept this up until she felt he was about to climax, then pulled up and leaped onto the floor to continue her sensuous, erotic dance for him. She twisted and turned, doing that vertical splits several times, making sure the opening of her vagina was right in his view. One time as she was standing like that, balanced on one foot with the other hugged tightly to her body, she let herself fall sideways, ending up with the ankle of the leg that had been pointing to the sky resting on the back of the couch with her wide open little hole suspended right above his erect cock. She turned her torso and leaned forward at the waist to bend down far enough to give him a quick kiss on the lips. Then pulling back up, she started bouncing her hips up and down, her legs split wide, one on the floor the other on the back of the couch. He was awestruck with the unbelievable flexibility of her body.

With a wide smile on her face, she reached down below her and took hold of his cock. Grasping it, she pulled her little body down until her open cunt hole was just touching his cockhead. Her legs were almost in a V shape now and he wondered why she didn't completely dislocate her hips doing this. But she just continued to smile at him and then rubbed his cockhead back and forth along her stretched open hole.

Holding his cock at her entrance, and never taking her eyes from his, she started to bend the knee of the leg that was on the back of the couch and that was holding her up over him. Doing this, at one point her leg slipped off the back of the couch and she was suddenly dropped down, totally impaled on his hard rod in one sudden instant. The suddenness of it took both of their breaths away for a moment. Then, still looking at him with that loving smile, she raised her other leg up so she was straddling him again and started to grind her hips on him. The waves of pleasure washing over him were so great he closed his eyes and just groaned loudly. But again, before he could actually reach orgasm and start to spurt his cum into her, his sexy child lover pulled up off of him and danced away, twirling and smiling at him. He didn't know how much more of this he could take before he'd have to spurt his cum again. Luckily, his previous orgasms had apparently given him some staying power this time.

The sensuous child continued her graceful dance around him, circling the couch, letting her hand lightly brush against him when she came close to him, then pulling away. Teasing him. Tantalizing him. He wanted to just grab her and hug her to him, but the dance was so sexy and arousing that he just watched her like he was mesmerized.

Lying there with his erection pointing up, his child lover danced around until she suddenly dropped to her knees next to him and seemingly just fell forward, engulfing his cock with her mouth, the head banging against the back of her throat it went so deep. However deep it was, she didn't pull back off, but just held her head there with his cock pressing all the way into her throat. Suddenly, he felt her throat muscles working. She was literally trying to swallow his cock, which made it feel like it was being milked by her muscles. He felt her fingers encircle the base of it, right against her lips, but she still didn't pull back off of it. As his arousal quickly started to reach a peak, she slowly pulled her head back, letting her lips slip back up his cock, her tongue working on the underside as her head came up. He knew he was going to spew and reached out to put a hand on the back of her head, almost reflexively. She had taken a breath and at his touch, she dropped her head back down, forcing his cock again back into her throat. This was more than he could stand and he felt his whole body spasming as his cum shot up and out of his urethra and right down her throat. She felt the spasms and him shooting into her and didn't move, but just continued to swallow, milking every drop she could get out of him right down into her gullet. The erotic talents this waif possessed were absolutely beyond his comprehension. And in the past hours he had

experienced a lot of them!

When she felt his spasms stop and his body start to relax, she slowly raised up, pulling his cock centimeter by excruciating centimeter out of her mouth. When his cockhead emerged, she looked up at him, panting for breath, and flashed that gorgeous smile to him, then turned back to give a very tender, final lick to the tip of his now exhausted member. As it softened, she climbed up on him again and laid her soft body on his. She apparently enjoyed this position especially, and he had to admit, he certainly liked it too. He wrapped her in his arms and she put her cheek against his chest and started that contented purring sound that she had made before. Exhausted beyond his own comprehension, he fell asleep feeling both satiated and contented.

He woke when he felt her slip out from his arms and get up. Opening his eyes, he saw that lovely smile on her face again before she turned and glided across the floor to get the washing cloth wet and then return to carefully and lovingly start to clean him. The fire had since died down and he felt a slight shiver as the temperature had dropped. The water was also cool, which contributed to the feeling.

When she was done, he sat up and pulled her to him to press her lovely naked body against his. They both seemed to greatly enjoy this mode of... communicating, since she didn't understand a word he said and he had no idea what language she spoke, and he realized that she had not tried to speak any words during their time together. But, he admitted, it hadn't been necessary. At all.

After a few moments of holding her close, he rose and moved to the fireplace where he added several pieces of wood to the fire and used a poker to make the flames flare up, radiating their warmth to the two lovers' bodies. He then retrieved his previously discarded robe, slipped it on and sat down in the chair.

The book he had brought with him - Chaucer - fully intending to read, lay ignored on the small table next to him. He absently put his hand on it as he watched his lovely young child lover glide over to kneel between his legs. She recognized the object under his hand as the thing he held when she first saw him through the window and she wondered just what it was. She reached out her delicate hand and laid it lightly on his, looking from his eyes down to the book and back again. He realized that she was curious about it for some reason and suddenly also realized that she might not have ever had the pleasure of reading printed words. Words of love. Words that lifted one to flights of fancy, fantasy and imagination.

With a sigh, he picked up the book and opened it up to show his little lover his other love. She was fascinated by the pages themselves and how they turned and fluttered at her touch. She looked up at him with her adoring eyes.

Suddenly a disembodied male voice in the air boomed out, "Captain to the bridge." The young waif startled in surprise, frantically looking around in terror for whoever or whatever had made the sound. His adrenaline fueled fantasy came crashing down. The old man's responses, ingrained by long time training, suddenly overcame the pure erotic lust that had been driving him and he let out a frustrated sigh, knowing full well whose voice it was and what it meant. Putting his hand to the young thing's cheek to sooth her, he stroked her face and smiled at her lovingly to calm her and show her that everything was alright. She visibly relaxed with this assurance.

However, everything wasn't alright. Unfortunately, this enjoyable time had come to an abrupt end. He said, "Acknowledged" Then with another sigh, he said, "Computer. End progra... uh, belay that."

Stroking her lovely, soft face and looking at the question in her eyes, he reflected on what had happened during the short while he'd been here. The overwhelming emotional connection he felt for this tiny waif-like child, something he'd never before experienced, still surged in his mind. Although it had been temporarily pushed aside by reality, he suddenly experienced a vision of loneliness and emptiness that he would feel, should she be eliminated from his existence forever. Still under her spell, wave after wave of erotic love washed over him for her, making him realize that he felt more alive, motivated and ready to take on any challenge than he had in so many years. All because of this small child kneeling in front of him.

Fantasy or not, he couldn't bring himself to send her into an electronic abyss, never to experience her love, exquisite body and sensuous dances ever again. Making the torturous decision, he then said, "Computer. SAVE program. Picard Cabin, Session One". The slight form under his hand, looking up at him with her love filled adoring eyes, and indeed the whole dream illusion, froze in place and a disembodied female voice said, "Program saved." With another sigh, he took his book in hand, stood up and said, "Exit".

Suddenly the air shimmered and the entire pseudo reality surrounding him, including the lovely blue waif, just dissolved, replaced by the empty space of a gigantic, cavernous room, featureless except for grid lines marking all six of its surfaces.

Gathering the robe around him, the old man walked toward one wall where a panel silently slid into itself, providing an opening in front of him. He stepped through the opening and pulled a holodeck program matrix cube from the panel on the wall, noting the elapsed running time of the program - only slightly over eleven hours!

Striding down the corridor, his mind was flooded with all of the things he had been trying to remember, but couldn't while he was in the presence of the little waif. Running through his mind were thoughts like "Orion slave girls... trained from infancy in the seductive arts... exuded pheromones that affected human males... increased male's adrenaline surges... enslaving males through heightened feelings of erotic love..." Hmmm, if this is enslavement, he could use it on occasion. "Orion males were bald, muscular... females appeared much younger than they actually were..." THAT certainly explained the innate sexual maturity for what appeared to be such a young physical age. Then of course there were differences in how time, and ages, was even defined on different worlds.

While the adrenaline wasn't wearing off, the erotic fog he was in was clearing quickly. Although he did notice that he still had the extremely pleasant feeling of a hardon under his robe. He entered the command bridge and walked over to where his First Officer was standing. The Captain tried to adjust the robe to not give away his physical state.

"You wanted to be notified when we were approaching the Tellurian system. We'll arrive in about an hour," the First Officer told him, his face covered with a wicked, leering grin. He leaned close to the Captain and whispered, "How did you like the Ferengi Holodeck program? Orion Slave Girl, was it?"

The Captain looked at his First Officer's grinning face, tried to unobtrusively slip the program cube to him and said quietly, "It was... uh, 'interesting', Number One." He looked around the bridge at certain crew members who were trying to suppress their grins.

Riker whispered conspiratorially, "Green or Blue?"

"What? Oh, blue" the Captain said very quietly, flushing with continued embarrassment.

Riker said, "Oh, you got off easy. Next time try the green. They're much wilder and... well, flexible."

"Hmmmph" the Captain mumbled. Trying to hold the robe closed about him, he said, "I'll be in my ready room." He started to turn away, then said very quietly to Riker, "Uh, Number One, I'd like to borrow that one again sometime."

The lewd grin lit up his first officers face again as the Captain strode away. Nobody heard the old man mutter under his breath with a satisfied smile, "And soon!"

#

EPILOGUE

OK, the backstory to this story within a story within... oh, hell I can't keep track anymore. Anyway, the planet is supposedly in a little traveled part of the galaxy, an earth type but with no economically important resources, and has been sparsely inhabited by destitute, unsavory outcasts of various different galactic races, most probably dumped there because they weren't welcome anywhere else. The cabin that Picard ends up in is for humanoid type denizens. It is remote, isolated, primitive. And very quiet. Usually. An ideal place for him to go to get some dearly enjoyed solitude and read his beloved, old fashioned books.

It seems though that some itinerant trader who had bought a young Orion sex slave for his perverted uses, or to sell for a profit to some humanoid race who enjoyed that type of thing, ended up marooned on this out of the way, god-forsaken, backwater, barren, dreary, krappy little planet. He lived off his stranded ship's stores, all the

while giving the slave just enough to keep her alive on the hope that he could sell her if they were rescued. And using her for his pleasures until they were rescued. They were not rescued and he met an unfortunate end at the hands of, or rather 'jaws' of, the roaming beasts that inhabited this out of the way, yadda yadda planet, leaving the remainder of his stores for her consumption. She survived for quite a while there, although eventually she had to venture out to try to find more food and got disoriented and lost, chased by the beasts, unable to find her way back to the shelter of the ship.

So she had been on this planet for some time, but only recently had she had to fight for survival against the elements and the marauding animals. This was the first time in her wanderings that she had come across this particular cabin. If it had been uninhabited, she could have used it to live in and ensure her survival. But she found it inhabited by a pink skinned, humanoid creature of a type that was foreign to her. That brings us up to the beginning of our story. However there is a bit more to learn.

Orion sex slaves are notorious in some parts of the galaxy. The legends about their sexual prowess, carnal appetites and animalistic nature had a basis in fact but the rumor had been spread purposely to enhance the dissemination of them to other humanoid worlds. In fact, the idea of the females being 'slaves' is just a facade to hide the fact that the females dominate their species and once they are "sold" to another humanoid, their unique pheromones help them take over those males and accelerate their metabolisms, making them highly suggestible, disorienting them and turning them to do the female's bidding. Sneaky huh? Conquest by raunchy sex. Whoda thunk it?

To accomplish this, both the green skinned and blue skinned females are taught their seductive skills from an early age. The green skinned ones are more animalistic, carnal and aggressively erotic. The blue skinned females are more submissive yet still wildly erotic, but ideal for insinuating into an aggressive misogynist society or race that wouldn't necessarily put up with a more aggressive green skins. The end result is the same: the "slave owner" is deluded and ends up doing the bidding of the "slave".

In order to accomplish this goal, Orion females are trained almost from birth in the highly skilled arts of eroticism and seduction. There is little in the way of sexuality they aren't ready for by the time they are the equivalent in age to an upper grade elementary school child on earth. By that time, they have been seducing males and having every type of conceivable sexual relations with them and each other in any and every permutation. So to an Orion, 'underage' is a laughable concept.

Genetically, the Orion females have adapted to the inherent male biological drive to mate with young, potent females in order to ensure propagation of bloodlines and the species. So Orion females are seemingly ageless, looking years or decades younger than their actual chronological age. In fact, there are stories of slave girls bought because they were claimed to be extremely young virgins, when in fact they were fully adults as far as Orion society goes and of course, 'virgin' is a completely unknown - and unwanted - state in Orion society. These so-called 'young' girls actually had many Orion-years of schooling and while they looked like earth elementary school age girls, they were fully adults in Orion society and would be at least college age on earth, if not older. Some of the lovely slave girls that were sold throughout the galaxy and prized for their shapely, sexy bodies and youthful good looks were in actuality over fifty earth year equivalents in age. And more. Sometimes, MUCH more.

So basing things on the above factual fantasy information, our lovely childlike 'slave girl' in this story is probably older than an earth equivalent teenager and her sexual prowess has been honed and trained into her. Her 'innocent' sexual experience is probably much greater than that of a two dollar whore in the most high trafficked Ferengi brothel. Oops, make that a tenth of a slip of Lathium whore in a Ferengi brothel.

So you see, there is a real difficulty in trying to measure all species with a single yardstick plucked out of a single race's mores from a few decades on one planet. The voyages of the Starship Enterprise probably illustrate that many times over. How do you make rules that will fit every species in every galaxy in every time period? Pffff! You DON'T! Humans haven't even been able to agree on things among themselves on their own homeworld.

Are the Orions pedophiles? Hah! They laugh at your age distinctions. Are Orion females, especially very young ones, sexually abused? Pffff! The females dominate and run their society! And then their "owners" after they're "sold". Don't like their rules or the way Orion society is setup and run? Poot! They fart in your general direction.

So you see, our little blue skinned waif is - probably - much older than Picard deludes himself- and us - into

initially believing. But under the influence of an Orion female's pheromones, who can blame him? The little, innocent pixie is also probably more sexually experienced than all of Picard's and Riker's dalliances combined. Don't let that 'innocent child' krap(tm) fool you.

AUTHOR'S NOTE-----

FOR THOSE OF YOU who object to the idea of fictional underage characters engaging in fictional sexual activities:

I've put this explanation here at the end instead of at the beginning so it wouldn't spoil the story and the ending for those who aren't concerned about fanciful age limitations for fictional people who wish to participate in fictional sex.

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ENJOY all kinds of fantasies, here's a little more on how the story came about.

This fantasy -- and it IS PURELY fantasy - was inspired by a story challenge for authors to write a complete story, given only the first paragraph. The first paragraph of this story is that paragraph, unchanged.

When I read the paragraph, the image of this whole scenario almost leaped, full blown, into my mind. And yes, I admit to having a totally sick, depraved, twisted, kinky, [insert whatever adjective you would like here] mind. Ain't it wunnerful? I've spent a lot of years developing it and I've grown particularly attached to it, if not even fond of it. Ain't particularly inclined to try to change it, although I must admit that I rather enjoy new ideas and concepts and will incorporate those I find interesting into the cesspool that currently exists between my ears. (Or legs, as the case may be.)

As I thought about the image that those words of the paragraph engendered in my mind, I literally saw the blue skinned waif crouching outside the dilapidated shore side cabin and I could hear the howls of the beasts as she trembled in fear. I could visualize the yellow light's diffuse glow in the fog, and see the crackling flames of the fire. All from that one paragraph.

I also knew that she was an Orion slave girl, and that the old man was indeed our indomitable, sometimes curmudgeonly Captain Jean-Luc Picard. I also instinctively knew that it was merely an holodeck simulation. So I had the beginning of the story and I had the twist ending also. As I thought about it, fleeting visions wafted through my mind of Picard with his British accent and stoicism, how the young Orion girl uses her innate sexuality to break down the old man. Whew! The whole story was right there!

That isn't usually how I write. I don't plot out and outline the story, I start with a basic idea and let the characters tell their own stories as they progress through their daily lives, all in my mind. Here, I knew how it started and knew how it ended and all of the main characters- all two of them. Such a different concept for me. As I sat letting myself think of what I visualized so far, more and more visuals of the story flooded into my mind, fleshing out what I already knew. So now I realized that all of the easy part had been done. Now came the hard work of turning all those visual images into words.

Well, how hard could it be? After all I had the opening, characters, plotline and ending all laid out in front of my mind's eye. Any writer will tell you that at times it's pretty easy to write and at times it gets pretty darned hard to make any words come out at all. I had a little of both of those getting this story down. And I enjoyed every second of it all!

So I spent an enjoyable time describing what was flitting across the holodeck matrix of my mind. And getting back to the holodeck. The character of Will Riker on Star Trek had always struck me as hiding a kind of lewd, raw interior under his seemingly normal, clean cut exterior. I don't know. Maybe that's just me. Or maybe it's just the seemingly lewd smirk that Jonathan Frakes brought to the character occasionally. But, of the regular crew of the TNG's Enterprise, Riker seems to be the most likely candidate for collecting salacious things like Ferengi Holodeck Sex Programs. Just as a young male who was always one who had an illicit stash of 'porn' magazines and would be the one other boys would go to to 'borrow' them from him.

The story I imagine is that Riker... ahem, "acquired" the holodeck program cube from a trader in a poker game on some distant planet. Of course Riker, I imagine, isn't at all averse to dallying in the holodeck and sampling all the various lovely female humanoids in the various fantasy scenarios that the cube holds. So he knows, shall we

say 'intimately', just what one can experience in some of those fantasy worlds. And I suspect that he used that particular program cube as a practical joke on his close friend and Captain, Jean-Luc Picard. Can't you just imagine him telling Picard about an abandoned beach cabin that would assure him of a period of undisturbed solitude, where he could read his beloved books and relax for a little bit of off duty time? And then giving him the Ferengi sex program? I can!

Picard got to the particular destination in this story as Riker directed him to. And now he will use Riker's program cube often in the future. You see, inside the holodeck he found that he can let himself go and totally give way to his emotions and feelings, with a little help from Orion pheromones. It's an entirely safe environment for him. With no external consequences, like pregnancy or violations of some arbitrary 'age' limitation. And it can be ended at any time simply by a "Computer, end program" command.

Of course, when he becomes so emotionally caught up in a particular fantasy, like 'Dixon Hill, Private Investigator', which he created for himself, he will save the program up to the point he has reached so he can come back and continue from where he left off, much like one would save their the current level that they've earned in present time earth computer games.

In my story, he reflexively started to 'End Program', which would have brought the program to a stop, but wouldn't have been able to be continued from that point at a later time. Since he was under the influence (?) of the Orion female pheromones, he had rather enjoyed (!) his illicit(?- see explanation above) adventure with this Orion child (? again see above), learning how he could let himself go and wanting to be able to revisit this particular scenario at this point again.

After all, she was young, which he had always had trouble dealing with; a child, which usually made him very uncomfortable to be around; didn't speak, which made it easy for him to tolerate; was mature beyond her apparent years, so he could interact with her as an adult on that (sexual) level; totally devoted to him and his needs, which is the definition of a fantasy; nag free (non-speaking), which is probably included in that fantasy definition; and sexy, which was... ummm, well, sexy! What's there to NOT love?

Thus his reversal of his initial 'end program' command and upon his sex clouded rumination, issuing the 'Save Program' command with the filename, 'Picard Cabin, Session One', under which it was to be stored. The 'Session One' tells us that he's going to be back soon to enjoy his young (?-see above) temptress's charms again in later Sessions 2, 3, or more. Maybe it was all those orgasms that had a little influence on that decision. (Ya think?)

Regarding falling in love with holodeck characters: aside from his early, several year long relationship with Deanna Troi before they were both assigned to the Enterprise, Riker seemed to be rather a roue, adhering to the adage of 'if you can't be with the one you love, love the one you're with'. That is, he seemed to avoid entanglements and enjoyed the charms of any attractive female he could quickly seduce by his charms. The one lasting love that he did seem to have, other than Troi, was for Minuet, a character created by him on the Bynar-enhanced holodeck, which started with his memorable pickup line, "What is a knockout like you doing in a computer-generated gin joint like this?" His seemingly real love for her was proven years later when an alien named Barash scanned his mind and used what he found there to create what seemed to be a stunningly accurate version of the future where Minuet was Riker's wife. So his true feelings for the holodeck generated character were so strong that they could be mistaken for true love. Except perhaps, by Riker himself, as he did end up marrying Deanna Troi.

And I hope you enjoyed reading it.