Abby

Chapter 1

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I had known Abby for many years, since she was a little girl. She lived around the corner from us, and I worked with her on the soccer fields quite often, as she had the makings of an excellent goalie. Like her mother, she was tall and had long dark hair that reached all the way down her back. She had a deep olive complexion that suggested an eternal tan. Her eyes were dark brown, so dark that you could barely distinguish the pupils. They were the kind of eyes that made it impossible for a guy to judge what she was thinking, and I knew they would serve her well in the future.

Not very deep into her thirteenth year, Abby was still a rough and tumble tomboy, but it was evident in her manner that she was becoming aware of her exceptional good looks. Nevertheless, she still preferred sports, with the inherent horseplay at the youth level, and with her athleticism, could hold her own with guys her age and much older.

It happened that I was good with kids, and attracted them wherever I go. Abby, in particular, would always be near if we happened to be at the same place. For instance, if her family and mine both attended a school concert, she would always leave her parents and come sit with me, bumping my own kids to take the seat next to me if possible. It was very common for her to spend time at our house, only a block or so from her own, and she pretty much came and went as she pleased.

Abby and I had developed a relationship that involved a lot of innocent physical contact, as adults and children often do. In the early days, this took shape with her climbing into my lap in front of the television, or clinging to me affectionately on the soccer field. More recently, it had evolved into full body hugs, tickling, and wrestling. That's where the trouble started.

In recent weeks, every time I saw Abby I noticed that she wanted a hug, and she always made sure it was face to face, with full body contact. She had small budding breasts that she pressed against my lower chest, and her hips always came square up against my own. As a man, I noticed, but I wrote it off as careless, and meaningless, teen-age behavior. But Abby's desire for intimate hugs persisted, and it didn't matter if we were at the house, the soccer fields, or in the grocery store; the first meeting on any given day was handled the same way. And likewise it didn't matter who was present, including her mom and my wife. Each time, she smiled the same pretty smile as always, and the black eyes showed no discernible intent, as always. So I could only conclude it was innocent, and chastise myself for thinking otherwise.

But of late my wife had noticed, and once when Abby hugged me in the grocery store, I could tell my wife was studying Abby's every move. She said nothing, and for obvious reasons neither did I. But to this day I can still vividly recall her curious look as she watched this beautiful young teen-ager press up against me.

Then came a day on the soccer fields when the club was having their annual spring picnic. Abby came prancing over as I spoke to her mother, a very pretty woman with ponderous breasts that had always been a secret source of fascination for me, as they seemed to defy gravity. We were in a large crowd, and I was suddenly embarrassed, as if I was doing something wrong, when Abby gave me a full body hug in front of her mother. Abby tried to hold the hug, but I instinctively took her hands in mine and spun her around to face her mother, not allowing those young breasts to be pressed up against me. Her mother had seen me with her daughter on countless occasions, but this was the first time I had ever felt something was wrong in my actions. Not wishing to rebuff Abby for my own sudden feelings of insecurity, I entwined my fingers with hers and held her arms straight out from her sides as I continued to talk with her mom. But Abby promptly leaned back against me and started to rub her backside against my crotch.

It was an obvious action that her mother noted with a glance, but she said nothing. We were in a crowd, and as I spoke, my voice faltered for an instant. Using her arms, I pulled Abby away from me, towards her mother, but she resisted, continuing to rub herself against me. It was an action I had to assume was innocent, but had she been older, I would have concluded was seductive. Abby apparently didn't intend to stop, and her mother continued the conversation as if nothing was amiss, but I was totally flustered and had to do something. Making an excuse about needing to help with the grills, I suddenly stepped away, causing Abby to stumble back slightly. As I turned to go, I saw my wife watching with a smirk on her face. Two distinct thoughts crossed my mind. If my wife noticed, then did anyone else in the crowd see the same thing? And how could I justify the swelling I felt in my groin?

Two days later, Abby and her mom popped in for a visit. It was a lazy afternoon, the weather just starting to get warm, and I was napping on the couch with the television tuned to a soccer match. Abby awoke me by tickling my feet, and when I opened my eyes I saw an impish grin on her lovely face as she looked down on me.

Pushing her away with an admonishment to leave me be, I closed my eyes and faked going back to sleep. This time the tickling was at my sides, and I had to react. Rolling to my side in a protective manner, I reached out and retaliated, knowing she was every bit as ticklish as I was. This evolved quickly into a full-scale wrestling match.

There was nothing unusual about the two of us wrestling, and at first I thought nothing of the events at the picnic two days ago. But as the bout progressed however, I noticed she always managed to generate contact with my crotch. I was finally beginning to admit that there was some intent in her actions, that I was being naïve, and moved to end the wrestling, knowing that what was going on was highly inappropriate.

But Abby refused to be deterred and continued her attacks. At one point I lay back on the couch in surrender, thinking I had convinced her that enough was enough. She fooled me, however, and with a feint towards the television she dove on top of me. She landed with my crotch against her belly, her small, young breasts against my abdomen. Wrapping her hands under my back and pressing herself firmly against me, she held on through my repeated attempts to shake her off, smiling wickedly at me through the tangle of long black hair that had fallen across her face. She was young, extremely pretty and possessed of a rock-hard athletic body, and I realized with horror that she was turning me on. I was wearing thin nylon running shorts, and as my cock began to swell, I could feel it pressing against the tautness of her stomach. I had no doubt she felt it also, her face taking on a more determined look as she fought my redoubled efforts to get her off me. This turn of events stunned me, and finally I used my superior strength to pry her arms from under my back and tumble her off onto the floor below.

It was at that point that I saw my wife discreetly watching. Abby's mother and my wife were in an adjoining glassed in porch, enjoying the sunbeams behind a partition that separated the two rooms. But my wife had moved to another chair, one that allowed a view into the living room, and surreptitiously watched the action as she maintained her end of the conversation.

There was no time for embarrassment, as Abby rebounded from the floor with cat-like agility and dove in for a new tickling run. I had begun to turn over, but had barely moved when her hands came to my sides. With the tickling, I fell back, and Abby's left hand quickly left my side and headed for my leg. Along the way, her hand brushed across my semi-hard cock, and with that action I knew for a fact that she was doing more than wrestling with a long time adult friend. She was conducting an exploration. Her hand was at my cock but an instant, but it was an obvious grope and she generated plenty of data for her young mind to assimilate. Terrified that my wife was watching, I instinctively started to roll as Abby's hand came to my thigh. Using my own movement against me, Abby's hands on my side and my thigh worked in concert to spill me from the couch to the floor. She triumphantly plopped down in my space, smiling that wicked grin of hers.

I now had something of a dilemma, as my semi-hard cock would be obvious in the nylon shorts if I stood. But on the other hand, I couldn't let this little imp win the battle. And as much as I hated to admit it, as much as I didn't want it to be true, I knew I was seriously enjoying the more adult aspects of this current wrestling match. Turning carefully on the floor so that my back was towards my wife, I arose to face my opponent. I could easily have come up to my knees and concealed my arousal, but instead I came all the way to my feet. In that moment I knew the danger I was in, but the evil side of me won the internal battle. Her eyes dropped immediately to my crotch as I reached for her, and she was too absorbed to offer substantial resistance as I lifted her and dumped her unceremoniously on the floor.

Reclaiming my spot on the couch, I came to my senses somewhat and grabbed a nearby afghan and used it to cover up from the waist down. I caught the smile on my wife's face for only an instant before the next onslaught came. Abby continued to press against my crotch in her attacks as I tossed her back to the floor over and over. While I tried to convince myself I was acting appropriately, in all honesty I had to confess that I was enjoying the game.

Finally, I accepted Abby's surrender. She settled in between my legs, atop the afghan, and tried to lie across me to watch television. But I simply couldn't allow this with my wife and her mother so near. In compromise, I propped myself against a pillow on one end of the couch, and allowed her to place a pillow on my stomach and lay back against me. I quietly stroked her hair as we watched the game, all the while feeling her worm against me until she finally had my crotch pressed firmly against her back. Looking over her shoulder at me with those beautiful black eyes as if all the world was innocence, she showed no outward signs of awareness that my cock was stiffening against her. But I knew without a doubt that she could feel it, as she intended.

My wife showed no signs of watching us, but I knew that she was as I stroked the head of the pretty young lady, straightening the tangles in her hair with my fingers. When I heard Abby's mother rise to leave, I quickly tried to push Abby away. But she was ready for me and resisted, and then her mother was in the room. As her mother engaged me in friendly chatter about how her daughter disturbed my peace, she showed no signs of concern that Abby was laying back between my spread legs. She had seen her daughter and I together for years, and probably thought nothing of it, but in truth her daughter was purposefully pressed back against my half-stiff member right in front of her.

As Abby reluctantly got up, her right hand, the one away from her mother, came down and pushed off on my crotch, giving her another quick feel. I closed my legs together quickly so that the blanket pressed down by Abby's weight did not reveal my condition, and was surprised when Abby leaned over and kissed me on the cheek.

Her mother laughed. 'Sometimes I think she loves you more than her own dad.' She paused and then added, 'she definitely sees you more.' The last part was delivered wistfully in reference to her work-a-holic husband's frequent absences. I knew through other sources that he was involved in regular trysts with lesser women, and often wondered why he wandered to other playgrounds when the one at home was so spectacular.

When they left, my wife came to the couch and nudged me until I lay back in my original position. She then lay across me, and it took me a moment to realize she was offering mimicry of Abby's position, my crotch against her stomach, her breasts against my abdomen.

'Looks like you have a little fan club.' It was delivered with a smile, but I didn't know how to respond.

'She's growing up to be beautiful, isn't she?'

That I could answer. 'Yes. She certainly is.'

She chuckled when she spoke again. 'She sure copped a feel from you.'

Again I was speechless, but I knew she could feel the swelling in my groin. I flushed with embarrassment.

She watched my reaction without another word, then slipped up my body and started kissing me. At first it was tender, but the passion quickly grew. In the end she slipped my cock from my shorts right there on the couch and rode it to numerous orgasms. My mind kept wandering to other things, and looking back at what eventually transpired, apparently hers did as well. For little did I know that she was already formulating a plan that would lead to some of the most unnerving, yet erotic, experiences of my life.

Two days later was Sunday. It was spring break, and I always took a week off this time of year to enjoy the magnificent weather, and was looking forward to a week of relaxation. Abby showed up mid-afternoon dressed in soccer shorts, a simple tee shirt, and cleats. Unbeknownst to me, my wife had invited her over for goalie practice. She looked radiant with her olive skin, her long flowing hair pulled back out of her face. As she slowly extracted herself from the now customary full body hug, I was somewhat ashamed to find my eyes wondering to her small breasts, which pressed against her shirt, the white of her sports bra showing through.

As it turned out, my son was home. An accomplished player, he quickly took over the practice, using multiple balls to take shots at his young study, who energetically protected the goal in our back yard. I was relegated to chasing balls that got past the goal, and from my position behind the net I found myself checking out Abby's muscular legs and tight behind. Knowing it was wrong, I kept forcing myself to look away, but the memory of two days prior kept my eyes coming back. Finally, to clear my mind of inappropriate thoughts, I let them chase their own balls and took up position off to the side in a lawn chair to watch.

But Abby didn't make it easy for me. When my wife came out with cold drinks, it was time for a break. Abby accepted her drink and promptly flopped down across my lap. There was nothing unusual about this, but after our last encounter, the calculus had changed.

Instinctively my left arm came around her back, holding her on my lap. As my hand settled on the firmness of her abdomen, I could feel the heat from her work-out rising off her body, and I was thankful my legs were together, preventing any undesired reaction. She smelled so fresh, even through the thin sheen of sweat. Her manner was as happy and carefree as ever, and whenever she turned those black eyes towards me, they sparkled with life. I concluded that it must have been my active imagination that had me thinking there was a greater depth to her stares at me.

She finished her drink and laid the side of her head against my chest. My hand naturally slipped to the side of her hip. I was well aware of my wife studying the two of us, and was almost relieved a moment later when my son called her to her feet.

As they went back to work, I headed off to my workshop in the garage, eager to clear my mind. About the time I finally convinced myself to get my over-active imagination in line, Abby's mom pulled up the driveway and honked, summoning Abby from the backyard. A few moments later, Abby burst through the door of the shop and grabbed me from behind, pressing her budding breasts into my back as her arms locked around my waist. She squeezed for a moment, and then released me. As she did so, she let her right hand drop and graze across the front of my shorts. Through the window, I could see her mother sitting in her vehicle in the driveway, so I quickly turned around, now facing Abby, my stunned face away from the window. With an impish grin, Abby gave me her 'normal' frontal hug, then danced out the side door to the driveway. My wife was in the doorway, smiling.

Before she stepped aside, my wife gave Abby a hug, but from the side. Then she slapped her on the butt as Abby headed off through the open garage door. Abby yelped, then skipped off, calling back over her shoulder in her singsong voice, 'see you tomorrow'.

The next morning, both our kids headed off to Florida with friends for their own version of spring break. The house was quiet again, and my wife and I enjoyed a few wonderfully lazy and romantic hours in bed together. Late in the afternoon, Abby showed up at the door, as vibrant and pretty as ever. After a hug, which I ensured was quick, I pulled on my cleats and spent some time taking shots with her in goal. This time it was a short session, as she had somewhere to go with her mom. When we hugged again, Abby was on to my plan to make it fast, holding on tight so I couldn't dismiss her so easily. She laid her head on my chest and pressed her pelvis to mine, her small breasts pressed hard into my mid-section. This time I didn't see my wife, but suspected she was watching from a window. This was confirmed when I entered the house and found her sitting in the sun room, a wicked smirk on her face.

That night in bed my wife interrogated me thoroughly about Abby, wanting to know how she felt in my arms, what I thought of her legs and her breasts, and if I was attracted to her. My discomfort level was surely evident, but she pressed on, exerting her influence over me and pressing me for answers. My hard cock contradicted my reservations, and before it was done, she had me openly speculating about how Abby would look and feel naked. Shocking even myself, I opened up and told her how I yearned to touch and suckle Abby's budding breasts.

My wife was clearly turned on by the conversation, and pressed it further.

'You realize how bad she wants to touch and see your cock, don't you?'

There was truth in her words; I knew by now that this beautiful young girl was definitely trying to touch my cock. 'Well yeah, she definitely seems to be trying to get a feel.'

'Why don't you let her?'

Even in my aroused state, I was stunned. The fantasy conversations were fun, but she sounded serious. I leaned back and measured the look in her eyes, unsure what I saw there. 'You know I can't do that.'

'Why not? It's her idea.'

'That's crazy talk, and you know it.'

'Hmmmmm.' That was all she said. She didn't press it any further, choosing instead to use her mouth to swallow my hard cock. Some time later, she added one last comment as she mounted me. 'I bet you'd like the feel of her mouth.'

'Hush dammit, and fuck me.'

After my shower the next morning, my wife handed me the black nylon running shorts I wear when lounging around the house. Always leery when she decides to dress me, it was with some curiosity that I stepped over to the dresser to get a pair of underwear.

'You don't need underwear.'

After donning a tee shirt to go with the shorts, we spent the morning doing odd tasks around the house. The whole time she teased me through the thin shorts, getting me hard then backing off. Several times while working in the yard she flashed me. All in all, it was a fun morning. But every time I tried to escalate things, in an effort to get some relief, she put me off with a wicked smile.

Abby showed up in mid-afternoon, dressed in soccer gear and ready to practice. I was napping on the couch again, and was awakened by her lyrical laughter as she and my wife talked in the next room. I tried to listen, but couldn't make out the words.

My wife came into the room, and seeing I was awake, suggested I needed to get up. I immediately headed towards the bedroom to change. My wife knew exactly what I was up to and caught me by the arm before I got out of the living room.

'You're fine like you are.'

'I'm just going to put on some underwear.'

Her voice took on a stern timber as she slowly annunciated each word. 'You're fine like you are.'

I looked at her with worried eyes, unsure about this development. But by that time Abby burst into the room, a whirlwind of youth. 'Heyyyyyy!'

When she hugged me, I was acutely aware of my lack of underwear, but she showed no signs of noticing.

'It's about time you got up, lazy brain.'

It was impossible not to smile at this exuberant young girl, her infectious joy rubbing off on all around her.

Noting her shorts and cleats, I spoke up, trying to drown out the pounding of my heart, all the time wondering what my wife was up to.

'You ready to practice girl?

'You betcha.'

And with that she turned and headed to the door. I turned to my wife with a question in my eyes, but all I got was a smile. After a moment, she silently pointed towards the door.

This time my wife joined us, taking a seat in the lawn chair. She had donned a pair of dark sunglasses, but I could still read the amusement on her face as I quickly discovered how deeply in trouble I was. The thin nylon did little to contain my manhood, and with each movement on the ball, my cock swung around wildly. And now I thought I understood why my wife teased me all morning. As my cock flopped around, it swelled.

My hopes that my shirt might conceal the problem were dashed in short order. Abby's wide eyed stare and lack of focus on the ball as I scored one easy goal after another made it clear she had noticed. Normally an alert and capable goalie, her eyes were fixed on something besides the soccer ball, and my scores came with little effort. I could see in her face that she was well aware that things were different this time, and that she was enjoying it. Her breathing was a little irregular, and it wasn't from strenuous effort. More than once, she glanced at my wife as if to validate that is was permissible to look. I began to wonder if they had some sort of understanding.

The reality of the situation wasn't lost on me. Here I was, inappropriately dressed with an underage girl in my backyard. Our property is large and wooded, and thus very secluded, but I was still nervous about neighbors who might be around, and who would certainly know Abby and her parents. But looking around it was evident that someone would have to make a true effort to see what was going on in this part of our yard. It wasn't likely to happen by chance. While that eased my fear of detection, my concerns of where this was headed went unabated as my semi-hard dick moved around freely.

Then Abby's true character began to rise to the surface. A fierce competitor, the ease of my successful attacks on her goal began to bother her, and she adjusted her focus to step up her play. She started blocking most of my shots, and those that did get through required a much greater effort from me. But she still had her eye on my crotch; she simply did a better job of managing her attention at the appropriate times. And the re-doubling of her efforts had another effect. I now had to work harder to try to get the ball past her, which in turn caused my dick to flop around more, which in turn caused it to swell more. I studiously ignored my wife, not daring to know what she thought of all this.

In all honesty, I was starting to enjoy myself, my reservations notwithstanding. It was difficult not to focus on the fact that what I was doing was wrong, and approaching criminal behavior. The logical extension of this activity did much more than simply approach criminal behavior. It was hard not to think of her parents, and how I would feel if she were my daughter. It was hard not to think back over the years, and all the time I had spent nurturing this lovely young girl. But the fact was, she had been trying to touch me, and she clearly wanted to see what she was seeing. I knew it was simple teen-age curiosity, a coming of age ritual that she happened to direct at someone she knew and trusted. Likewise I knew it was a simple issue at this point to take advantage of her naiveté, and that I needed to be the adult. But she was so beautiful, so vibrantly healthy, so aggressive, and so eager. And my wife was so obviously enabling this encounter. My resolve was fading into the distance, as a part of me began to enjoy the tingling in my cock, and the thrill of exciting this incredible girl.

Not having much luck with outside shots anymore, I began to drive on the goal. Like the good goalie she is, Abby charged out, closing the distance and cutting down my angles. I dropped my shoulder and faked left, cutting to the right. But Abby read it wonderfully and stepped in with a foot on the ball. As we collided, I fell away from her to the right, trying to make sure I did not fall on her and cause injury. As a result, I fell hard on my back, knocking the air from my lungs, and Abby tumbled in on top of me, which in retrospect was perhaps of her own doing.

Abby was laughing as I tried to pull the air back into my lungs. Needing her weight off my chest, I used her shoulders to push her upper body off me. Even gasping for air, I was aware when her young breasts broke contact with my abdomen.

'Abby, I need you to hop up.'

She was still laughing, but could hear the urgency in my voice. Her stomach was against my semi-hard cock, and I knew by then she was getting up reluctantly, not wanting the break the contact. Using her right hand on the ground, her left hand came down on my cock as she pushed off the get up. I was stunned by the directness of her action, but was still too out of breath to react.

'You OK?'

I looked up with a smile, not wanting to worry her. Her eyes were fixed where her hand had just been, and from the serous look on her face I imagined that she was trying to reconcile what she felt with what she saw. My fear of this situation was at an all time high, but my cock was abuzz with the memory of her touch.

I sat up as my wife got to her feet. My lungs now full of fresh air, the momentary panic of having the breath knocked out of me passed in a hurry. I could see my wife smiling as she spoke up for the first time.

'Looks like you guys could use a drink.'

I got up and dropped into one of the chairs, now laughing myself. Instead of claiming her own chair, Abby dropped into my lap, facing away from me as she leaned back on my chest. As she shifted her position a few times, I was now well aware of her game. She was trying to get the best contact, and her squirming ceased as I felt my swollen cock settle into the crack of her back-side. She sat uncharacteristically quiet in my lap as the fresh scent of her hair filled my nostrils. At first I resisted the urge to touch her, letting my arms hang awkwardly. But then I capitulated and brought my hands around and rested them on her taut stomach. Her hands immediately covered mine, holding my arms firmly against her warmth. My mind wandered, and I contemplated the joy of running my hands up or down her body. With a shake, I consciously tried to clear my head.

My wife returned with drinks, smiling knowingly as she eyed me slumped in the chair with Abby draped across my body. Even through the glasses I could see was looking at where my hands were, and when she didn't look away I wondered if she might be imagining them moving up or down. By now I knew she was thinking along these lines. As I thought it through, I could feel the reaction in my cock, and I had to wonder if Abby could feel it as well.

With the drinks finished, in an act of what I considered pure wisdom, I urged Abby to her feet to complete our workout. She got up reluctantly, and headed off towards the goal. As I arose to follow her, my wife called me over to her chair.

'A little warm out here, isn't it?'

The wariness was probably evident in my voice. 'Yeah.'

'Take your shirt off.'

I stood frozen, my back to Abby, looking at my wife like she was nuts.

She waited patiently, smiling. When I didn't move or speak, she repeated herself, this time steel in her voice. 'Take your shirt off.'

Still I hesitated. Abby was getting restless and shouted at me. 'Let's go.'

I looked hard at my wife. 'You sure about what you're doing.'

'I saw what she did. I'm sure.'

My mind zeroed in on that brief instant when Abby's hand closed over my semi-hard cock. God, she was such a beautiful child. There was no denying that it turned me on, and apparently my wife felt the same way.

'Take it off.'

I snapped back to the present. Crossing my arms as I reached for the hem of my shirt, I slowly lifted the shirt over my head and dropped it in her lap. My wife quickly reached up and tugged downward slightly on the legs of my shorts. This caused the elastic top to slip down just over my hipbones, as I jumped back.

'Don't adjust them.'

I stared at her in disbelief. It was bad enough I was standing there in nothing but a thin nylon covering, now the top of the shorts were about 2" lower than normal.

I was terrified as I turned back towards Abby. But in retrospect, and to be totally honest, the feelings of terror were now based more on what I was feeling. I actually wanted to turn to Abby and let her see me like this. I wanted her to look. And I wasn't disappointed.

Her eyes were wide and didn't rise above my waist as I walked towards her. My cock was getting hard, and glancing down, I was stunned to see the clear outline of my mushroom shaped glans pressing against the front of the nylon shorts, as they tented out from trying to hold my cock down. If I could see it, then so could Abby. A new fear ran through me as I realized how obvious this was. If Abby could see it, then so could someone else. Surveying the area around the yard once more, I again concluded it was unlikely, but I was still uneasy.

I stopped about ten feet in front of Abby, who stood agape. Even in stunned silence, she was incredibly pretty, her long flowing hair pulled back to reveal a sharply chiseled face, her olive skin aglow with life. Her sparkling black eyes glanced up to my own briefly, then involuntarily trailed back down. Her beautiful athletic frame started with lithe, muscled legs. Her hips were slender and girlish, her stomach flat, and her budding breasts pressed out invitingly. She had wide shoulders, which would serve her well when her breasts filled out like her mother's. I looked over at my wife and she was intently studying the situation, measuring, calculating. It seemed we had reached a turning point.

In an effort to ease the tension, I took the ball and slotted a goal past Abby to her left. She made little effort to stop it as she watched, now without obstruction, as my cock swung back and forth. My shorts were low, perhaps an inch above my pubic hair, and I had to consciously resist the instinctive urge to pull them up. The only thing stopping my cock from going totally hard was the restrictive grip of the nylon.

Taking another ball, I dribbled right, then angled a shot back to the left. Abby made more of an effort, but she was definitely fixed on the movements of my cock. We continued our work-out half-heartedly, both of us now more interested in the excitement we felt rather than the game. Abby took advantage of the first opportunity to make contact as I dribbled past her, using her arm to brush across my cock. In it's more hardened state, the touch had to have been quite different for her, as indicated when her black eyes went wide.

The tension was high, and the quality of the play was low, so my wife rose to her feet and walked towards us.

'It's getting really warm, and the two of you seemed to have lost interest in soccer.' She paused with an evil smile, and then went one. 'Why don't we go upstairs and play a game of pool?'

We had a pool table in an apartment over our garage, and Abby, while not very good, liked to play. I had mixed feeling about her suggestion. On the positive side, I liked the idea of going inside, away from any prying eyes. I couldn't seem to escape the fear that Abby's mom was watching us through the trees, the cops on the way. On the other hand, if we went inside, who knew where my wife would let this lead?

But Abby agreed quickly, and it looked like there was no option. As I turned to pick up my shirt, my wife read my movements and headed me off, collecting it herself while shaking her head 'no'.

As we turned and headed across the wide yard towards the garage, I once again became aware of how obvious my cock was tenting the front of my shorts. Abby was aware as well, taking my hand in hers as she walked besides me, glancing over repeatedly. Even as I looked nervously around for any signs of neighbors, I was quite aware of how wonderful it felt to be walking hand-in-hand with this pretty girl, near naked, and under the watchful eyes of my wife.

Once 'safely' upstairs, I made a big show of clearing off the cluttered table and collecting and racking the balls. Abby and my wife sat on one of the two couches in the room and watched, whispering and snickering. I was dying to know what my wife was saying, but I ignored them, not giving her the pleasure of seeing my curiosity. I sank two on the break, and then quickly dropped a couple more before I missed. As Abby got to her feet, she had a pouting look on her face, her competitive nature not liking my quick start.

Standing beside the couch where my wife sat as Abby lined up a shot, I jumped like I had been shocked when I felt my wife's hand creep up the back of my shorts and cup my balls. Abby looked awkward as she tried to line up the shot.

'Why don't you go show her the right way to do it?'

I stepped over to Abby, and then realized why my wife was being so generous. To help Abby, I had to stand behind her and reach my arms around hers. Her fresh, girlish scent filled my senses once again, and she immediately pressed back against my swollen manhood. As I showed her how to align and hold her cue, I wanted to touch her so bad, but then realized she was the one initiating the touching. My wife was quite right; she was a very curious teen-ager.

When I stepped away from Abby, her concentration returned and she made the shot. But then she missed and sat back down with my wife. When I made my next shot, my wife whispered in Abby's ear, and Abby quickly got up and came my way. I eyed her suspiciously as I lined up the cue, and just before I shot her hands came suddenly to my bare sides and tickled me. In a natural reaction, I jerked bolt upright. After that, each time I lined up she did the same, tickling my sides or my stomach. There was no way I could concentrate. Finally I laid my cue on the table, grabbed her around the waist, and lifted her up. As I carried her over the couch where my wife sat giggling, Abby dangled her legs against my crotch, letting them rub against my still straining dick. I plopped her down on the couch and hurried back to the table.

She started to jump back to her feet, but my wife grabbed her arm and started to whisper something to her. I wanted to hear, but could only make out Abby's reply.

'It's OK?'

My wife nodded in the affirmative as I made another shot. I saw Abby coming as I lined up for the next one, and wasn't surprised to feel her dainty little hands start tickling my stomach. But I was surprised when they dropped down, continuing their tickling motion right in my crotch. She got a good feel before I could jump back, and she came in for more as I backed away.

'He is ticklish there!'

Her voice was excited and her eyes gleamed as she gloated triumphantly, still pressing the attack. She dove in again, her hands going straight for my crotch as I spun away and moved around the table. My wife watched bemused as we danced back and forth, me trying to keep the table between us. It was a confusing moment. What Abby had done had taken my breath away. And when I considered it was done at my wife's urging, my heart nearly pounded out of my chest. But I still couldn't shake the feeling that what I was doing was wrong. It was a tangle of emotion, and my fears were fueled by my awareness of which feelings were winning.

As we circled the table, Abby suddenly lunged across the top of it. It wasn't a complete surprise, and there was no denying that my hesitation in reacting was partly due to my desire to be caught. But as she rolled off on my side and attacked my groin, I came back quickly to my senses and rolled away. She grabbed hold of my shorts to stop my retreat, and being held in place only by elastic, they started to come down. My only defense to prevent the loss of my scant clothing was to drop to the floor, rolling in a ball to stop the downward descent of nylon. She pounced immediately. As her hands tried to worm their way between my legs, I rolled up tighter in the fetal position, realizing this was my last gasp attempt to remain a law abiding citizen.

Abby's famed determination served her well as she tried every trick she could think of. Tickling worked best, as I had to shift positions to avoid her fingers. Each time I did, she lunged at the openings I created. She made contact more than once before I could roll back up in a ball. My cock was responding as all cocks do at the touch of a beautiful girl, betraying me as I tried vainly one last time to resist her and my combined urges.

Abby tickled my arm pits and my legs involuntarily lifted away from my body as I tried to escape her fingers. Her right hand immediately dove to my groin as my legs returned to their protective position, trapping her arm against my body. With my right arm I pinned her to me as I used my left to try and extract her arm. But she fought against me, her fingertips just touching the top of my cock. It was like holding an angry wildcat, and she was winning. I looked past her to my wife, who still sat on the couch, now behind Abby, watching. The first thing I noticed was that her nipples were hard against her blouse. She was enjoying this. She smiled at me and arched her eyebrows.

'What's the problem?'

I stopped struggling, and Abby followed suit, keeping her hand in place. We were both breathing hard. I knew what to do, but it was a hard decision. Looking at my wife, I mouthed the words, 'you sure about this?'

She nodded a yes.

I was on my back, my legs pulled up in the air and against my body. Abby was on my right side, and my right arm was around her shoulders, trying to hold her. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, I relaxed. Releasing my left handed grip on Abby's lower arm, I reached up and encircled her shoulders now with both arms and hugged her to me. Then gradually I started to lower my legs, all the while entangled in an internal struggle between right and wrong. It became obvious which side was winning when I stretched my legs out flat on the floor.

Abby reacted immediately, dropping her hand to cover my hard cock. To be sure it was a heavenly, if not confusing, feeling as I felt her eagerness through her fingers closing around my dick. But now victorious, she was suddenly filled with uncertainty. Having moved to capture her prize spontaneously, her inexperienced mind was now filled with doubts of what to do next. Her hand didn't move, but her grip loosened, and she looked over her shoulder to my wife, unsure of herself.

My wife read the situation instantly and was reassuring. 'Its OK, Abby.'

Abby continued to stare at her as my wife paused, then went on. 'It's OK with me, and now it's OK with him. I know how curious you are, I was your age once, and felt the same things you are feeling.'

Abby lay her head against me. Her hand remained at my crotch, but was motionless. I squeezed her gently against me, enjoying the feel of her small breasts pressed into my body. Bending my head slightly, I started kissing the top of her head. I could feel the tension in her body gradually relax. She had been so sure of herself as she chased me around, so sure of her goal, but now she seemed much more fragile.

We lay quietly for a few minutes, my hard-on unrelenting, Abby's hand unmoving. I realized my wife was looking right down at Abby's hand on my dick and didn't mind.

She slipped off the couch to the floor beside me, opposite Abby. There was now a trace of concern in her voice. 'Its OK Abby, why don't we finish the game of pool?'

My wife was suddenly concerned that she had mis-read the signs, and had pushed things too far. I found her misgivings to be unnerving under the circumstances, to say the least. But presented with the prospect of losing this moment, of backing up to where we started, the determination I loved in Abby kicked in once again. Her hand closed around my cock, the nylon molding easily to the shape under her grip, and she snuggled in closer to me. The message was clear; she wasn't ready to get up.

The relief in my wife was almost visible, and I realized my own heart was pounding as the anxiety of the moment passed. I held Abby tightly and once again started gently kissing the top of her head. As my wife sat back and watched, I started stroking Abby's back as she lay against me. She felt magnificent. For a while, she simply held my throbbing cock, then her inexperienced hand started to move a little. She was checking me out, feeding her curiosity, and when her fingers touched my cock head, she tilted her head downwards and I knew she was looking at her finger's discoveries.

It was slow, and it was beautiful, and I did nothing to try and hurry things along. After a while I started to let my hand on her back drift downward, brushing across her tight buttocks. When she clearly didn't mind, I became bolder, stoking down her back, squeezing her butt, then back up again. She had now wrapped her fingers all the way around me, and lifted me up, and although all I could see was the top of her head, I knew she had the nylon stretched over my manhood and was looking it over.

'Want to see it?' It was my wife, and I knew what I hoped the answer to be.

'OK.' Such a simple answer, that conveyed so much, her youthful voice strained by uncertainty and excitement.

'I'm sure he'll let you take his shorts off.' You bet I would. I showed no reaction as I waited, hopeful. I thought perhaps my wife would help her, but if Abby wanted to see a man's cock for the first time, my wife was going to make her do the work herself. Obviously her confidence in the situation was back.

In the end, my wife did help her, but only after Abby started the process. I lifted my hips eagerly as Abby started pushing my shorts down. But my wife slowed things down.

'Wait Abby, try this first.' Abby looked up at her. 'Reach inside. Use your hands first, then your eyes. It will be fun.'

I settled back to the floor, as Abby settled back against my chest. She continued to hold my cock through my shorts for a minute, then slowly released me. I felt her hand travel to the top of my shorts, pause, then ease it's way under the elastic. My breathing almost stopped as I felt her fingers slowly trail through my pubic hair. Once again she seemed unsure of herself, and in my excitement I wanted to guide her, but I was wise enough to resist, knowing it would detract from the beauty of the moment. And Abby came through for me, pressing on in her exploration. I could tell she was excited by the irregularity of her breathing, and the tenseness of her body, but my own excitement was paramount as her hand finally closed around my cock, skin-on-skin.

She held me like this for a long while, and then looked at my wife. 'It pulses.'

'That's because you have him excited. Its his way of saying he likes what you are doing.'

She turned her face upward and looked at me for the first time in a while. I smiled and kissed her forehead several times. 'She's right. You make me feel wonderful.'

Abby lowered her head, then explored a little, much like she had from the outside.

'Ready to see now?' It was my wife, and Abby shook her head yes.

'Whenever you are ready.'

Reluctantly, Abby extracted her hand, then once again was pushing my shorts down. I lifted up, but it wasn't enough, and Abby had to sit up and use both hands. That's when my wife stepped in again to help, sliding my shorts off my stiff cock and clean off my legs. When my hard cock sprang free, Abby let out a faint gasp. I'm fairly large, and was swollen to a deep purple glow, and it must have looked quite intimidating to my young friend.

My wife started to speak, then stopped, obviously deciding to let Abby make her own way. It was an incredible moment, as I watched this remarkably pretty young girl stare in open-mouthed wonder at my engorged cock. I was now totally naked and aroused in front of two lovely, fully clothed, females, one of them barely a teen, the other my wife. If it ended here, if I got dressed and we all went about our normal business and never mentioned this event again, it would be enough, and it would last with me forever, in vivid detail. Time seemed to stop, the only movement the twitching of my dick. I lay one hand gently on Abby's back as she sat beside me, and then laid my head back on the floor, closing my eyes. She could sit there and stare as long as she wanted. My life was fulfilled.

After a short while, I felt the heat of her hand nearing me before I ever felt her touch. When she closed around my throbbing cock, I had the urge to explode in orgasm then and there. But I wanted this to last, and held my feelings at bay, biting my lower lip. Slowly Abby laid back down as my right arm closed around her shoulders once again. Her head settled on my chest, turned down so she could see. When she started to move her hand along my cock, her touch was unintentionally light, learning at an early age what this can do to a man as I jerked involuntarily.

'It's OK, he just likes the way you are touching him.'

Chapter 2

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So she continued to do it, and I started to count the ceiling tiles, trying to think of anything but the magic of her juvenile fingers. My right hand began exploring her back again, and I idly wondered for a moment how I ever came to be naked in front of my wife as a thirteen-year-old girl played with my cock. I had done some exciting things with my wife of late, but nothing compared to the intensity of this experience.

As she played with my cock, my hand slipped under her shirt, feeling her bare back. Slowly I worked my way up, over her sports bra, until I was rubbing her shoulders. She felt so firm and smooth, and touching her excited me more than I thought possible. I had often noticed the loveliness of young girls, and had admired their developing bodies, but it had been more of a paternal admiration. I had never really thought of touching one in such a manner.

But now that I was doing so, I liked it, plain and simple. Getting bolder, using both hands I grabbed the hem of her shirt and started pulling it up. When she didn't resist, I kept coming, as my wife watched my actions intently. When Abby lifted away from my body slightly, in an act of encouragement, I knew her shirt was coming off. She took her hand from my cock momentarily as I somewhat awkwardly stripped the garment from her body, then she settled back down and grabbed my cock up once again.

My hand was now on her bare skin without impediment, and the feel of her was incredible. She was firm and strong to the touch, and almost immediately my hand went to find the clasp on her bra. But it was a sports bra and had no clasp, so instead I pushed it upwards, towards her shoulders. Again she offered no objections, letting out a small sigh as I ran my hand across the newly bared skin.

On a roll, I took the next step. Slipping my fingers under the edges of her bra, I urged it upward. Once again she released my cock and lifted up, and I pulled the stretch material over her head. One-by-one, she slipped her arms out, her right hand once again immediately returning to my cock. As she settled back against me, I felt her bare young breasts press in against my skin. It was a wonderful feeling as my hand swept her hair aside and explored her now naked back. I had yet to see those little breasts, but I was pretty certain I would before long.

My wife's eyes were glazed over with unconcealed lust as she watched this now half-naked teen play with my cock. I could tell it was difficult for her to just sit there, nipples hard against her shirt. She caught me looking and smiled, licking her lips suggestively. Then she turned to Abby.

'Abby, try wrapping your hand around it, then stroking it up and down.'

Abby made a fist around my cock, then tried to do as suggested. Something that seemed obvious to me was awkward at first, but then she started to get the rhythm.

'That's it. Go the whole length one way, then back the other.'

Abby did as she was told, and I found myself being jerked off quite well by her inexperienced hands.

'Is this as much fun as you hoped?'

Abby turned towards my wife. 'Yes.'

'He's big, isn't he?'

'Yes.' She sounded sincerely impressed. 'How is this supposed to go inside a girl?'

In retrospect is was a perfectly innocent question for teen seeing a big cock for the first time.

'Oh it will Abby. And when that day comes for you, you'll love it. Believe me.' My wife paused. 'But that's way in the future for you, there's no need to worry about that now.'

Then my wife asked another question. 'Would you like to try something really fun?'

'Yes.' Short, sweet and full of expectation.

'He likes to have his dick kissed and licked. In fact all guys like to have their dicks sucked.'

'I know, I've heard of that.' I was half expecting an 'ooooohh', or a 'yuck'. But Abby sounded interested. The sudden flutter in my heart was from joy, and my mind idly wondered where Abby had heard this.

'Want me to show you how?'

My hand on her naked back never quit moving, and unconsciously it now picked up the pace as Abby replied. 'Yes.'

My wife winked at me and mouthed, 'told you so.' Then she leaned over, her head disappearing behind Abby's. My wife took my cock from Abby and laid it back against my belly. Then she leaned in and licked along the base of it. She kissed and licked all along it's length, then drifted down and kissed my balls. Standing my cock up, she licked it's length several times, then closed her mouth over the head and took as much in her mouth as she could. I desperately wanted to see Abby's face as my face taught her to suck cock, but it wasn't to be. All I could do was lay back and enjoy the feeling.

Finally my wife sat back up, using her hand to wipe her spit from my cock. As she released me, Abby didn't hesitate to grab hold of my member once again.

'You want to try it?'

Abby didn't answer this time. Instead she used her left arm to push off the floor and sit up as she held on to my cock with her right. As she arose, she turned towards me, and I saw her breasts for the first time. They were very small, but perfect little cones that came up to lovely pink nipples. I was so taken by the sight, and so used to her talking with my wife, that I almost missed her words directed at me.

'Would you like me to do it?'

At some older age, she would realize how she could say such things to manipulate a man. But this day, as I lay naked on the floor, my hard cock in the hand of this thirteen-year-old wonder, it was pure innocence. Her hair had fallen around her face, the ribbon in the back having slipped down, and her dark eyes looked right through me. She was naked from the waist up, and was not shy about her newly forming breasts. She was so beautiful, I was speechless for a moment. When I spoke, my voice was shaky.

'Abby, I'd love it.'

No truer words had ever been spoken, and when she tentatively kissed the head of my cock for the first time, I could easily have died and gone to heaven. I looked over at my wife and reached out with a hand on her leg. She covered my hand with her own, but never looked my way. Her eyes were fixed on Abby as she kissed her way down my cock as she had been shown.

'That's good Abby. Gentle and slow, it'll drive him crazy.'

I lifted my head from the floor, looking down my body at Abby. Her hand held my cock as her lips kissed down the underside, towards my balls. In this position she was facing me, and our eyes met. She didn't look away. Those black eyes sparkled with wonderment, without a hint of shyness about what she was doing for the first time. As my wife had done previously, she used her tongue, running it up the length of my cock towards to head. With a great sigh of pleasure, I dropped my head back to the floor, closing my eyes to enjoy the moment.

For a minute all you could hear was my deep breathing as Abby licked up and down my throbbing cock. It was my wife who broke the silence. 'Take it in your mouth, Abby.'

'It's grown so big.' The excitement in her voice sent a chill through me, and I opened my eyes once again. Abby was looking right at my wife, a smile of amazement on her face.

'Yes, and that's because he likes what you are doing. It will fit in your mouth, and I promise you'll like the way it feels. Don't be afraid.'

'I'm not afraid.' It was said a little too quickly, like she felt she had to defend herself. But my wife quickly reassured her with a warm smile.

'No, you're not the least bit afraid, are you?'

'No.' She kissed the head of my cock, and then with an impish grin had the last word. 'This is fun.'

I then watched as she opened her mouth and lowered her head, enveloping the end of my cock with her warm wetness. My excitement was beyond description. I scanned my eyes down her back, her left breast visible. I yearned to reach out and touch it, but once again I simply closed my eyes to the pleasure. I knew there would be time later, and I wanted this moment for her, and I. Abby's movements were awkward at best, as she tried to find the best position, my big cock causing her some difficulty. When I jumped involuntarily for the second time, my wife recognized the problem and continued her lesson.

'Don't use your teeth Abby. Just your lips and your tongue. He loves to feel your tongue swirling around. That's good. You can use your teeth to apply light pressure, but you have to be careful or it will hurt.'

Abby was an eager student, and within moments I had only the soft gentle feel of her mouth on my cock. Her tongue was a bit too eager, but she would learn.

'Apply suction, and move it in and out of your mouth. Nice and easy. That's good.'

Was it ever. I had one hand on my wife's leg, and I lay my other on Abby's bare back. The warmth of her olive skin was just one more source of stimulus.

'Get up on your knees and bend over him. There. That should be a better angle. Now try and see how much you can take in your mouth.'

I could sense Abby look up suddenly at my wife, and I imagined an incredulous look on her face. But nonetheless, she used the new position to her advantage and slid as much of my cock in her youthful mouth as she could. She had about half of it, and that was plenty for me.

'Sit up for a second Abby. Let me show you something.'

Her response to my wife's request was reluctant, but then I felt the cool air on my glans as she released me from her mouth. My wife immediately bent over and took me into her mouth. The familiar feel was a distinct contrast from Abby's inexperience, and with a couple of strokes she had my entire cock in her mouth. Abby sat staring, amazement on her pretty face. I stroked her back, admiring her utter beauty, as my wife showed off for her avid pupil.

She stopped when Abby spoke. 'I could never do that!'

Sitting back up, my wife responded. 'Oh, you'll be able to. You just have to totally relax, and it takes lots of practice.'

Abby giggled at that, and I sincerely hoped it was because she was thinking of how she might get lots of practice. She wasted no time in returning to her task, covering my cock with her mouth once again. Over and over she tried, to the point of gagging, but only about half of my cock ever made it into her mouth. But she quickly learned to wrap her hand around the base, and follow her mouth with her hand, stroking me as she sucked my dick. Every time I felt my manhood touch the back of her throat, my body jerked in appreciation.

Recognizing that my excitement level was too high, I tried to process discreet thoughts as a means to divert attention from the pleasure of this thirteen year old giving me a blowjob. It was a remarkable situation I found myself in. I was totally naked, laying on the floor, as a beautiful, half-naked nymph sucked on my cock, the first one to ever enter her young mouth. My wife, fully clothed, sat on the floor beside me, watching intently and giving instructions. My wife's breasts pressed against her shirt, her nipples rock hard. She was obviously turned on. It was sensory overload, and despite my efforts at distraction, I knew I couldn't last much longer. I wasn't ready for a climax yet.

With a monumental effort, I lifted up on to my elbows, pausing to watch Abby at her work. With only my glans between her lips, she looked back at me, a question dancing across her shining eyes. I smiled warmly at her, marveling at my big purple cock disappearing between her lips. Once again I was struck by the total confidence Abby possessed. She liked what she was doing, and showed no reservations whatsoever.

I finished sitting up, grabbing her gently by the shoulders and lifting her away from my cock and back onto her haunches. Her right hand refused to release its grip on my swollen member. Before she could speak, I quickly kissed her on the lips, then pushed her back, nimbly swinging around her in the process so that she was falling back onto the floor in the position I just vacated. She actually looked disappointed when her hand was finally forced by the action to release my cock, as if she had suffered a loss.

I guided her onto her back, her long black hair falling helter-skelter about her shoulders. When she came to rest on the floor, I continued moving forward, my lips once again pecking at hers. 'I want to make you feel good for a minute.'

She smiled at that as I settled astride her, a knee on either side, my still raging cock coming to rest on her belly. As I started to kiss her, she immediately took advantage of my position and brought both her hands to my cock once again. The hunger for contact she had shown through the body hugs and our wrestling matches seemed to have magnified now that she had permission, and she couldn't seem to get enough.

I paused and looked deep into Abby's black eyes. She returned my gaze without flinching. I had watched this girl grow from a small child into the most gorgeous teenager I could ever remember, and had discreetly and reverently admired her beauty as it developed. Now that we were here, somehow locked into an illicit sexual encounter, I wanted nothing more than to kiss this beautiful child all over her face. Sweeping her hair back with both hands, I started at her forehead and explored every square millimeter of skin. My lips and tongue made a gentle trail across her chiseled features, her soft youthful skin warm to the touch. She closed her eyes when I kissed them, giggled when I sucked on her nose, and sighed rapturously when I licked at her ears. Exploring this further, I nibbled at her ear lobes, and it was obvious that the ears were one of Abby's intense erogenous zones. I imagined with a mixture of glee and envy the joy of discovery that would befall her future lovers.

As I kissed her neck and the underside of her chin, Abby went slack, her hands continuing to hold my cock but no longer applying pressure. She liked me nipping at and sucking on her neck, and I indulged her, being careful not to mark her olive skin. The thought that I had to be careful not to leave a telltale sign brought an image of Abby's mother to my mind, but I quickly brushed it aside. I was beyond the point of caring about the consequences of my actions. This was a willing child, I was as turned on as I'd ever been, and my wife was the eager facilitator. I wasn't going to stop.

I glanced at my wife for the first time in a while. She was watching intently as I feasted on Abby from the neck up, her right hand absently rubbing at her left breast. Her eyes were glazed, and she was clearly as aroused as I was. She smiled and I turned back to my young charge, now kissing Abby directly on the lips. It was clear that she was not accustomed to kissing as an act of passion, but eagerly kissed back. In my wildest dreams I never imagined that I would one day be kissing this gorgeous girl, and it was an incredible moment that I wanted to hang on to forever. When I pressed at her lips with my tongue, her eyes came wide open in surprise, but she parted her lips and let me through, still an avid learner. I explored the tender insides of her mouth to her amusement, Abby not really knowing what to do. I made a mental note to teach her later, and hoped dearly that there would be an opportunity.

Knowing I could kiss this angelic face forever, I made a conscious effort to move on. There was so much exploration to undertake, and there was no doubt this young girl was going to let me have my way with her. Kissing down her chin and her neck, I slid downward and kissed a trail south across her chest, between her girlish breasts. She sighed and closed her eyes as I pulled her hands from my cock and pressed her arms to the floor on either side. I could see the pink tipped breasts out of the corner of each eye, and once again I resisted the urge to touch, wanting to extend the moment, and to heighten both her and my desire.

Abby now lay flat on the floor, arms splayed out on either side, willingly waiting to see what would happen. I ran my tongue all around her chest, making circles around her breasts without actually touching either one. My eyes were open, taking in the loveliness of her budding young body. There was a faint tan line from a bikini top, obscured by the deep olive color of Abby's skin. Her nipples were not yet mature, the aureole and nipple blending together into a pink puffiness that contrasted beautifully with her skin tone. The lighter colored skin where her bikini top would normally be, naturally golden brown but not tanned by the sun, enhanced the feeling that this was a journey deep into no-man's land. These two, small perfect cones were an inspiration, and I wondered why I had until now failed to notice the wonderfully artistic quality of a young girl's body.

When I finally started kissing her breasts, Abby chirped and sighed contentedly, opening her eyes briefly to smile at my wife. Finally, overcome by the yearning, I covered her entire right breast with my mouth, sucking inward as I ran my tongue across her nipple. She lifted her back in response, offering herself to me, letting me know the wait had been difficult for her as well. Abby's entire breast fit easily into my mouth with room to spare, and I as I sucked delightedly on her right breast, my hand came up and covered her left. It had been worth the wait, the build-up of tension. Now that I had ownership of her pretty little tits, I was overwhelmed by the passion I felt for this girl. In all my sexual experiences, across many different spectrums, over many years, I had never known a more beautiful moment.

I suckled Abby's breasts for a long time, moving between the two, my mouth constantly on one while my hands swapped out covering the other. I worked diligently at her nipples, trying to get them to stand up. And they did stiffen somewhat, but remained soft and pliable, still not ready to get so hard like a grown woman's that they ached. Abby was no longer able to lay still, tossing back and forth under my ministrations. When her hands finally came to my head to guide it back and forth, it was pure instinct, a natural response to pleasure that would serve her well to excite her lovers as she grew to womanhood.

As with her face, I could have lingered at her breasts indefinitely. And though my cock ached relentlessly for release, I knew I could stop at this point, get dressed, and savor this moment as pure satisfaction for the rest of my days. I had experienced enough, had memories enough, to last a lifetime. But I knew I could go on, to press her further, and I knew Abby would permit me to do so. As I licked at her nipples, I pondered the correct course of action. Part of me knew I should end it here. I had taken substantial risk, and I was on the wrong side of the law. I knew I should put my clothes back on, dress Abby, send her on her way, and pray for secrecy. My experience to this point, the memories burned into my brain, would support me through jerk-off sessions from this point forward. I should definitely stop, of that I had little doubt.

But just as strong was the urge to know more of Abby. She was willing and excited, and would no doubt follow the lead of my wife and I. And so I wavered, until I sat up for a moment and looked at my wife. She was openly kneading her breast, her other hand pressed between her thighs. Her eyes were shiny and slick as she stared at the wetness from my mouth shining on Abby's budding breasts. She was every bit as turned on by this little vixen of a girl as I was, and she made up my mind for me. When my lips returned to Abby's body, they started a trail south across her firm abdomen.

Even in her inexperience, Abby sensed where I was headed. Her body tensed up in anticipation, her hands falling once again to her sides, her breathing becoming more erratic. But she wasn't scared; she was excited. I had made a good choice.

The firmness of Abby's stomach was apparent under my tongue. There wasn't an ounce of excess anywhere on this sweet, athletic girl. My tongue traced the outlines of her ribs, causing her to squirm and giggle, then followed the contours of the muscles that rippled across her mid-section. She twisted around some more as my tongue delved into her navel, but more from pleasure than a ticklish reaction. When I finally reached the elastic of her shorts, she was laying perfectly still as I traced left and right along the interface of cloth and skin. My mouth sought out and found the sharpness of her hipbone on the left, then traversed across to do the same on the right. Glancing up, I could see Abby had her eyes closed and her mouth slightly open. Her body was tense as she anxiously waited to see what would happen next.

Bringing my hands up, I hooked fingers under the elastic of her shorts on either side. I only moved them downward a fraction, but the implications of my action brought a sharp gasp from Abby. But there was no resistance at all. She was ready for what was coming.

Easing the front of her shorts down a small distance, my tongue quickly went to work bathing every square millimeter of newly exposed skin. Once done, I edged the shorts a little further downward, repeating the process. With each movement of her shorts, her tension built, until it seemed every muscle in her body was coiled tight. But I did not hurry the process. It was too beautiful an experience not to savor every moment, and I loved the way the anticipation was building in her. She may have been young and inexperienced, but her desire was palpable.

On the fourth cycle of shorts and tongue, I exposed the top edge of her knickers. They were simple nylon, a pale aqua color with a faint bird print. In all they were very girlish, but they were wrapped around the body of a youngster eager to experience womanhood. The contrast was exciting. When Abby felt my fingers slip under the edge of her knickers, hooking them with the shorts, she lifted her head and opened her eyes briefly, as if to confirm what the sense of touch had communicated to her brain. She glanced down at my fingers, and then smiled at me with dreamy eyes, looked over quickly at my wife, and then slipped back to the floor with a contented sigh. My tongue went right back to work, laying claim to the tender young skin I had just exposed.

On my next move downward, I encountered another faint tan line, the indicator of forbidden territory. But in this case, every indication was that I was welcome here, if not in the eyes of the law, then certainly in the view of the teenaged recipient of my oral worship. As my tongue swept across Abby's lower stomach, her belly retracted away from me, sinking in as her chest rose so that her rib cage pushed outward, distinctly outlined. It reminded me of the famous poses by Bo Derek and Ursula Andress in the John Derek photos. While it was a contrived position for those women, however, with Abby it was a pure reflex response to a man's tongue venturing much farther south on her body than any person had ever been.

I lingered below the tan line briefly, knowing my next move would very likely expose more private areas. Slipping my hands to either side, I slid the back of Abby's shorts and knickers down an equal distance to the front so that the garments were wrapped very low on her waist. She rose up willingly to permit this adjustment, holding there briefly in the obvious hope that I would slide them on down. But I continued my tease. However grateful I was to this girl for her eagerness, I wanted this experience to last forever.

When I finally shifted the top of Abby's shorts down the next inch, I could see a few dark hairs gathered at the middle of her stomach. My tongue immediately attacked them. The rising of her mons was now obvious, and when I released her shorts, there was a small gap to either side of center where the shorts were held off her body by her own natural hills and valleys. It was a sight that I soaked up greedily before I once again renewed my tongue bath of newly exposed flesh. I could hear my wife's ragged breathing to my left, and knew she was turned on by the prospect that I really would remove the balance of this young girl's clothing. It was an outcome that could no longer be doubted. Once again I slowed the pace, lingering on precious geography, knowing full well that I was arousing my wife as much as Abby and myself.

Abby was ready for my next move, and lifted up slightly as I shifted her shorts. I made a longer move this time, slipping my hands around to completely slip the backside off her ass. When she settled back to the floor, her bare ass was on the carpet. But I still only exposed half of her youthful pussy. With the abundant black hair on her head, and from the early patch of dark pubic hairs I had exposed, I imagined Abby had developed a full growth at thirteen. But now I found that her pubic hair was sparse, focused in a tight patch right at the crest of her mons veneris. It was a breath-taking sight, and my desire to see more almost overcame my restraint as I reached for her shorts to remove them. But again I caught myself, and studiously repeated the ritual of tongue worship. By the time I was done, the thin covering of pubic hair was damp and matted.

On the next step, her slit came into view. I gaped for a moment, and then glanced up at my wife. She did not return the look; her eyes were fixed on Abby's pussy. Caving in finally to impulse, I slid the shorts and knickers down further, then as Abby pulled her legs from under me and lifted them to assist, I eased them clean off her body. Abby slid her legs back in place and lay flat once again, her breathing seeming to have stopped. She kept her eyes closed now, perhaps too nervous to look around. I bent over and kissed her pussy, and got an immediate response from Abby in the form of a light moan. I knew now I would get to completely devour this girl, and she knew now that my mouth and her pussy were going to come together.

My hard cock throbbed, inspired by the beauty of this angelic girl. I wanted to dive right in, but again I kept my urges at bay. This was possibly a once in a lifetime experience, with perhaps the most beautiful young girl I would ever know, and I wanted to continue my sensory absorption of every detail. Having worked my way gradually down her body, I was now kneeling across her knees. I sat back on my heels and admired my prize, my own hand instinctively encircling my cock.

Abby brushed her hair back from her face, a simple move, so naturally sexy. She looked up at me with expectation, and I reassured her with a smile. Settling back down, she lay still and exposed, her chest rising and falling rhythmically as she watched my eyes roam across her glorious body. Her pert little breasts, small as they were, stood up proudly, not yet subject to gravity. On a smaller scale, she was dimensionally congruent with a perfect womanly shape. Her long dark hair cascaded carelessly from a beautiful face across broad, strong shoulders. Her chest pushed outward, capped by two growing breasts. She was narrow in the waist, with a flat stomach rippled with muscle. Her hips swelled out from her waist provocatively. Her thighs were strong, and her calves I knew to be well defined. The olive tone of her skin gave her a fresh, healthy look, with only a hint of difference in the areas not tanned. Her pussy rose up from her hips with a well-defined mons covered with a thin, lacy layer of pubic hair. Her labia appeared to be essentially hair free, and were slightly swollen in her aroused state. Her dark eyes glistened as she watched my hand, which steadily stroked my cock as I drank in her beauty. It was an awesome moment.

Deciding to take it a step further, I slid her legs from under me and took one in each hand, holding her at the knees, and lifted them up. Now fully between them, I raised her legs and rested them temporarily on my shoulders. She looked at me quizzically, but didn't seem to mind, so I pressed on. Placing a hand behind each knee, I pressed her legs slowly back. She offered little resistance as I slowly pressed her thighs back towards her chest. Her flexibility was obvious as I pressed onward, pushing her legs back and out until they were almost touching the floor, her hips levering upward in response. Breaking eye contact with Abby and looking down, I had her totally exposed. My heart all but stopped, and my breathing became shallow. It was all I could do to keep from sliding forward and rubbing my cock on her vulnerable pussy.

If Abby had any reservations about being so lewdly displayed, it didn't show. The quizzical look on her face changed to glad acceptance, and she seemed to welcome my study. My wife shifted position to be at my right shoulder, and I knew she was after an unimpeded view. That act alone turned me on as much as anything.

I could now see that Abby did in fact have dark, fine pubic hairs starting to sprout along her labia. Her pussy was well formed, tightly composed in its virginity. Her labia were puffed up from excitement, as my wife's would be in similar circumstance. But my wife's pussy would be open and inviting, whereas Abby's, with her hymen still intact, was not. My eyes finally settled on Abby's tender, pink asshole, so beautiful in contrast to her olive skin. It was an inviting sight, and I held Abby in this position for a long period, as both my wife and I simply admired her.

Finally it was time; I could wait no longer. Abby's hands still lay passively at her side. Using one forearm to hold both her legs in place, I took her right hand in mine and brought it to the back of her leg. Doing the same with her left, she quickly caught on that I wanted her to hold her own legs in place, which freed my hands. Sliding back a short distance, I took her hips in either hand, further lifting her backside up off the floor. Then ever so slowly, I lowered my head. Abby watched me carefully, knowing instinctively where I was going. Inches from her groin, I could smell the freshness of her pretty little pussy. She jumped when I lightly blew on her, making her scant pubic hairs flutter in the man-made breeze. Then extending my tongue, I started at her perineum, between her pussy and her ass, and licked the length of her pussy to her mons. Her body jerked uncontrollably as her eyes went closed and a moan slipped from her lips.

Back and forth I went, with only the tip of my tongue, slowly delving deeper and deeper into the tender folds of her pussy. Abby dutifully held her legs up as she rocked back and forth, enraptured by the first feel of a tongue in her vagina. With my wetness, she was quickly smooth and slick to the touch of my tongue, and I marveled at the delicacy of a pussy with so little pubic hair, and no stubble from the shaving that removed it. I was in heaven, and if Abby's body language and moaning was any indication, so was she.

My tongue finally settled in on Abby's clitoris, and I was thrilled to feel it stiffen, extending from it's protective hood in response to my ministrations. Clearly some parts of her youthful feminine body matured quicker than others, and as I clamped my lips down on her clit and sucked on her as my tongue worked back and forth, it quickly became evident that Abby was already intensely sensitive in this area. Realizing my wife was still watching intently, I lowered my right shoulder so she could see clearly, as I drove Abby wild with my mouth locked on her clit. My wife's unimpeded view was short-lived, as Abby released her legs, unable to concentrate on holding them back any longer. Her legs flopped around uncertainly for a moment, until I carefully guided them over my shoulders, sinking down myself to lie on the floor as I devoured Abby's delicious young pussy. Without thinking, Abby spread her legs and hooked her toes under each side of me, then used her muscular legs to help press her pussy harder against my mouth.

As I shifted position to get my hard cock to lay flat under me on the floor, my still fully clothed wife slid up along Abby.

'How are you doing, Abby?'

Abby's eyes fluttered open. 'Gooooooood.'

'Do you like his mouth on your pussy.'

'Oh yes, oh yes.'

'It's one of the most wonderful things a man can do to a woman.'

Abby's eyes had slipped closed once again. 'Hmmmmm.'

Abby's thin patch of pubic hair tickled my nose as I know opened my mouth and covered Abby's entire pussy with it. Looking up along her body, I could see her incredible young breasts and the sharp chiseled features of her chin as she rolled her head from side to side. My wife gently swept the hair back from Abby's face, then slowly stroked her hair over and over. As I watched, my mouth smothering Abby's pussy, I knew it was possibly the most beautifully erotic thing I had ever witnessed. The tenderness was compelling, and Abby was responding to it, and in my mind's eye I could easily see my wife bending over further to kiss her, or to suck on her small breasts. The desire to do so appeared to be on my wife's face, but she held her ground. I wanted to see it bad, and I felt certain Abby would not resist, but try as I might, I could not will my wife to follow through.

But then Abby's body language changed, and my attention shifted to more important things. I assumed a thirteen-year-old girl was capable of orgasms, but to what degree I had no idea. However, there was little doubt that Abby was now building to climax, and I was determined to make it as good as possible. Moving my hands from her hips to the inside of her thighs, I pushed her legs apart, opening her wider so I could explore as deeply into her folds as her virginal pussy would allow. Her labia were swollen and open, and I once again licked her full length. Then concentrating on her perineum for a moment, I slipped on past and extended my tongue between her cheeks to graze across her anus. Abby jumped away involuntarily, then settled right back, my tongue going back for seconds to reward her willingness.

I explored as deeply into her asshole as I could from that awkward position, well aware that I would never again be able to pass this beautiful young girl, barely a teen-ager, on the street, without thinking of my tongue in her anus. She responded enthusiastically, but in her heightened condition of need, she was obviously relieved when I changed tactics and once again locked my lips on her clit, pulling a vacuum as my tongue worked feverishly. As before, when I first sucked her breasts, her hands came instinctively to my head as she neared the crest, pulling me in tighter. Her thighs locked like a vise around my neck, and she leveraged her feet against my back to lift her hips off the floor, grinding against my face. The build-up was long and intense, with Abby squeezing so hard and pushing so strongly against my head that I was having difficulty getting a complete breath. Then suddenly she was there, and she let out a cry as she exploded into intense orgasm. Her hips were bucking wildly at my face as her head came up off the floor and her shoulders squeezed inward, causing her small breasts to jiggle excitedly.

'Oh, oh, oh, ohhhhhh, oh Goddddd.'

She crashed back down to the floor, her athletic body convulsing wildly as her hands continued to press my face into her pussy. Once again she slowly began to draw up like a spring, her head rising, her mouth open, her shoulders mashing inward as her entire body cramped up, the muscles in her stomach creating little ridges radiating out to either side. Then again she fell back, her legs splaying open as her hips bucked against my lips.

'Ooohhhhhhhhhh.'

And then the panting starting, loud and steady. Abby released her grip on my hair, but continued to hold my head, as her own rocked back and forth. I glanced towards my wife, and she seemed as if she could not decide what to watch, as her eyes moved quickly from Abby's face to my own, eager not to miss anything.

Slowly, Abby settled back down. Her body relaxed in stages, until her hands fell back to her sides and I was finally able to move her legs from over my shoulders to the floor. Getting up on my knees, I straddled her legs as I continued to lick at the sweetest pussy my lips had ever touched. My wife was the first to break the silence.

'That was incredible Abby.'

Abby opened her eyes, but did not speak.

'Have you ever had an orgasm like that before?'

Abby shook her head no. 'I've... I've had them. By myself. But not like that.'

Her words made my cock throb as I imagined what a beautiful sight it must be to see this nymph getting herself off.

'Did you like it?'

Her eyes went wide. 'Oh yes!'

I slid my tongue up Abby's body, once again sucking at her tender young breasts. She lay still, smiling at my wife, letting me do as I please. I sucked on her breasts for a long time, casually rubbing my hard cock against her thighs, as my wife watched in silence. Finally, it was time to move, and I knew exactly what I wanted to do next.

I moved to the space between my wife and Abby, wedging myself in and causing Abby to slide over a little. Lying down with my head next to Abby's hips and my feet extending past her head, I reached for Abby's hips and tried to roll her over on top of me. It took her a moment to figure out my intent, and then she rolled over on top, her legs on either side of my head, and her hand immediately closing around my hard cock again. I coaxed her up on to her knees, then moved her knees down even with my chest, my arms above her. With Abby kneeling over me like this, I was looking straight at her bare ass and pussy, and so was my wife. Looking at my wife and smiling, I brought my arms down on Abby's lower back and pulled her down onto me, causing her pussy to sink down onto my open mouth. She caught on and shifted her position slightly, giving me better access. This was one very willing young girl.

'You know that you can give him the same kind of orgasm he gave you?'

'I'd like to.'

'Just suck on him again. See how purple and swollen he is? He's very close.'

'He's huge.' My wife chuckled, and a moment later I felt Abby lick my cock head.

My cock throbbed as I felt it slide once again into Abby's mouth. But once again, I did not want to hurry through this possibly once in a lifetime experience. So I concentrated on her pussy, burying my face in it as my nose pressed into her sweet asshole. I slid one hand around and felt her dangling breasts. She responded to both my tongue and my hand, but never lost focus on her prize; my hard cock in her mouth. With her hand wrapped around the base of my dick, and her head bobbing up and down as she sucked on me, I gradually succumbed to the intense feelings, as my orgasm started to grow.

It became harder and harder to focus on Abby's pussy, and I licked at her absently as her youthful mouth worked wonders on my hard cock. There was little doubt in my mind that this delightful nymph had no idea what was about to happen, and I looked over at my wife with the question in my eyes. She read my thoughts immediately.

'Abby, you're doing good. It's almost time.'

Abby didn't stop to answer, but I felt her head turn slightly, and I concluded she was looking at my wife. My own eyes went closed as I felt the pleasure rising.

'When you feel him tighten up, quit sucking and just stroke him with your hand very firmly. You need to take him out of your mouth when that happens, OK?'

This time I felt her nod slightly, but her greedy little mouth refused to give up her prize. I wanted dearly to come in her young mouth, but knew it may not be the best idea for her first time. Her determination to keep on sucking my dick fueled my excitement and pushed me to the edge. My eyes opened to drink in the beauty of her firm young bottom spread in front of my face as she straddled me, and my hands involuntarily clamped down on her hips as my legs went tight and feet stretched outward.

'Take him out now Abby, and just stroke him.'

Abby hesitated, then reluctantly slipped my cockhead from her mouth. As she sat upright, her other hand came to my cock and she pumped me firmly with two tender fists. With a mighty groan I came for this young girl, the first pulsation of my swollen cock sending come flying. I couldn't see past her as the come boiled out of me, but Abby's squealing told me she found the sight exciting.

'Keep stroking him Abby. Don't stop.'

Abby kept on pumping me in silence, her heavy breathing a sign that she was very aroused. I couldn't keep my hips still as I squirmed under her, the come still spewing from my cock. Finally Abby spoke.

'It's warm on my hand.'

'That's because you made him hot!'

'Is that how it always happens?'

'Pretty much. I like to let him come in my mouth, but I thought you should just see for the first time.'

'Does it taste OK?'

'I like it. Maybe tomorrow you can come back over and find out.' My darling wife was already thinking ahead. No wonder I loved her so.

'I'd like to try. He's getting soft.'

'That's normal. We can get him hard again in a short while.'

If Abby and my wife kept talking like that, it would happen sooner than expected. As my breathing started to regulate normally, I smiled happily at the prospect of things to come. This could be a beautiful relationship.

My wife got up and retrieved a towel from the bathroom. As she cleaned me up, I used my hands on Abby's hips to slide her back so she was sitting on my face. The minute my tongue touched her tiny pussy, she moaned with delight. With my nose buried in Abby's sweet ass, I lapped at her pussy hungrily. After a moment I felt her hand leave my cock and go flat on the floor as she lifted herself slightly and ground back against my face, making sure the pressure was right on her clit. It only took me a few minutes to bring her off. It wasn't as grand as the first time, but she went tense and moaned her way through another beautiful orgasm.

As she caught her breath, she started to kiss my cock again. But I stopped her and spun her light frame around so that we were face-to-face. Then I laid her tender body down atop mine, feeling her budding breasts press into my chest. Her pussy fell across my cock, which lay flat on my belly. Holding her against me, I marveled at her beauty.

'God, you are one beautiful girl, Abby.'

She smiled her thanks, kissed me, then laid shifted back slightly and laid her head on my chest, her body limp on top of me. My wife once again started to stroke her hair, and then her bare back. It was an incredibly lovely beautiful moment, and I could have stayed like this for hours.

Finally, my wife wisely decided it was time to usher Abby home. She stood her up, and helped her gather her clothes. The sight of Abby standing naked over me, as I remained on the floor, took my breath away. She was perfect in every way.

My wife handed her the shorts, but kept her knickers. 'We want to keep these as a souvenir.'

Abby looked at her funny for a moment, then shrugged and slipped on her shorts. She pulled her sports bra over her head and covered those incredible breasts. And then she donned her shirt. Now I lay naked on the floor before two dressed women, and even though I self-consciously wanted to sit up, I stayed put as Abby surveyed my nude body. Finally she knelt down and I kissed her, as her ever-exploring hand went straight to my crotch. I let her squeeze me for a minute, then sent her on her way, my wife going with her.

As my wife walked her home, they had a long talk about keeping our fun a secret. When she came back, we fucked like minks, our love-making going on for hours. My wife was beside herself with excitement about the day's events. We talked little and loved a lot, then slept like babies.

The next day, essentially the same course of events was followed, except that the pretense of working out did not last very long. My wife had me in only the nylon shorts again, and Abby's focus was less than the previous day. So we headed to the upstairs room quickly, and much to my pleasure, Abby's fixation with my cock continued. She had me in her mouth at every opportunity, and swallowed my come for the first time, proclaiming it her favorite thing we had done. At one point I had her on her knees, and licked her pussy and asshole mercilessly until she begged me to stop.

We had a very scary moment late in the afternoon, while we were fooling around naked as my fully clothed wife watched. The dogs started barking, and we heard a car in the drive. It was Abby's mom, and here the two of us were with out a stitch of clothing on. But we quickly dressed and Abby headed out, her mom wanting to take her shopping. My wife and I breathed a sigh of relief, then fucked like animals. To say I was getting worn out would be an understatement.

The next day, which would turn out to be our last, was different. There was no pretense of a workout this time, and my wife invited Abby into our bedroom. There we sat on the bed fully dressed, and I taught Abby how to French kiss properly, my wife all the time giving instructions. Then my wife guided us into a heavy make-out session, showing Abby the normal progression for teen-agers. I felt like a kid again when I slipped my hand under Abby's shirt, and then wormed it under her bra. It got even better when I slipped my hand down her shorts, and she did the same to me.

When we were naked and lying on the bed, Abby watched intently as my wife undressed, joining us on the bed. With my naked wife on one side, and a naked Abby on the other, I kissed them both as two sets of hands explored my body. They took turns sucking my dick, and my wife showed Abby how to heighten a man's arousal with a finger up the ass during a blow-job. Abby was eager as ever, and I filled her mouth once again as her slender little finger slid deeply into my ass.

When I went down on Abby, I returned the favor and slipped about half a finger up her behind. She squirmed delightedly, and eventually came intensely in my mouth, her anus convulsing wildly on my finger. The sweet young girl was a natural sex machine; everything to her was exciting.

Her willing response had excited me to another hard-on, and my wife took over. As she showed Abby some of the finer points of love-making, I fucked her in front of this young beauty, who watched wild-eyed. I alternated between tenderness, and the ferociously hard fucking my wife loves so much, bringing her to the edge several times, then backing off. Eventually we both had intense orgasms, as Abby sat watching in amazement.

After we calmed down, she turned to my wife. 'Can I do that?'

My wife looked at her warmly. 'No Abby, you need to save that for someone special.'

For the first time, Abby looked truly disappointed, and for a second I thought she might cry. Later, I would realize that this was probably where we lost her.

We all snuggled up together, and I held the beautiful Abby close on one side, my wonderful wife on the other, wishing to die in bliss at this very moment. I knew I would never be able to lie in my own bed again and not remember the feel and smell of this incredible girl, her hand constantly playing with my cock, never wanting to stop.

I dozed off peacefully, and awoke sometime later, alone. When I opened my eyes and looked about, my eyes settled ion the most erotic sight yet. My wife was sitting naked in a chair against the wall. Abby was sideways in her lap, curled up in a tight ball. My wife absently stroked Abby's hip and thigh with one hand, as her other supported Abby's weight from behind. Abby's eyes were closed and her lips were locked around my wife's left nipple, looking all the world like a giant baby nursing from her mother. My wife smiled at me with dreamy eyes. I watched for about 20 minutes, before Abby got up, realizing it was late. As she dressed in silence, I couldn't keep my eyes off the glistening wetness on my wife's breast.

Later my wife would tell me that she was sitting and watching us sleep, when Abby woke up and climbed into her lap. 'She told me the most amazing thing.'

'What was that?'

'She said she still does that with her mother sometimes.'

What an image that was. We shared the image of her mother's large, perfectly shaped breast in Abby's mouth, as once again we fucked like wild creatures.

The next day, Abby left with her family to spend the last weekend of spring break with relatives in a nearby city. When she returned, school was back in session. The following weekend, she showed up at our house mid-morning. The hug was unchanged, and my groin responded eagerly this time. But then Abby explained to us that she now had a boyfriend. We met him that afternoon. He was sixteen, and they kissed freely in front of us.

That night we are saddened in one respect, but joyful in that we had spent the time with Abby, and taught her some of the joys of life. That was when we concluded that he was giving her the one thing we had withheld, a good firm fucking.