**Cleaning Girl**

**by Old Grey Duck (duckmeisterx@yahoo.com)**

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**A divorced man finds that his cleaning service is NOT**

**up to his satisfaction. But then he hires on a new**

**service with an unusual twist. (MF, exh, 1st, oral, bd)**

**\*\*\***

**"You just can't get good help these days!" I know, we**

**have all heard that comment many times. I was grumbling**

**it as I once again came home to find a sub-standard job**

**as well as a few personal items missing.**

**I called the cleaning service, and canceled my account,**

**stating that I was no longer in need of their services.**

**As for the missing stuff, I figured, why bother? The**

**girl was Mexican, probably not legal, and would do the**

**"I not understand English" crap. As for the necklace**

**she took? Well, it was cheap, and belonged to my ex-**

**wife.**

**Okay, so who am I? Well, I'm just your averaged**

**divorced fellow who writes. No, not major blockbuster**

**novels. I am actually a "ghost" for a publishing house**

**that puts out a lot of stuff by the latest pop-star or**

**actor/actress who thinks that since they are famous,**

**they can now write a story or book. Come on, how many**

**times have you picked something up at the store,**

**thinking that the story might be decent, and it turned**

**out to be garbage?**

**That's where I come in. I take these disasters and fix**

**them (or at least try to). I also do a lot of technical**

**writing for manufacturers. Ever wonder about the**

**companies that have two hundred and fifty-eight page**

**instruction books on how to program your DVR? My doing.**

**It exceedingly pays well, but I will never be filthy**

**rich from it. Plus, I can do most of it, from my home**

**here in Northern California.**

**Anyway, like I said, I'm divorced. No, it wasn't**

**anything major. One day, my wife and I realized that**

**with the kids grown, the house paid off, and each of us**

**with separate jobs, well, we had nothing in common and**

**weren't interested in re-learning what the other person**

**was about. She moved out, since she wanted to get a**

**total fresh start. I've been to her apartment a few**

**times over the years, and we're actually pretty good**

**friends! Holiday dinners are shared with our two**

**married sons, and their respective families, and we all**

**get along quite well.**

**But, I'm not too good at picking up after myself. I**

**admit it; I'm a bit of a slob. Thus, the use of a**

**cleaning service.**

**Picking up the phone book, I opened it to "cleaning**

**services". Here was an advertisement that I had not**

**noticed before: CUTIE-PIE CLEANERS; AN ADULT FANTASY**

**CLEANING SERVICE. Well now! This sounded interesting! I**

**dialed and spoke to a customer service rep.**

**I was told that this was an actual cleaning service,**

**but that the girls (and if I wanted, boys) would come**

**to the house and while doing their job, wear suggestive**

**outfits and role-play. Did I want a Catholic School**

**Girl? They had them, complete with white blouse, plaid**

**skirt and knee socks. A Roman Slave in a toga? Sure.**

**Perhaps the traditional French Maid? She was on her**

**way. It sounded like fun, the girls were all Bonded,**

**the company had been in business for several years and**

**I could check them out with the local Chamber of**

**Commerce.**

**"One final thing," the CSR told me. "We do not in any**

**way condone the idea of prostitution. Some folks get**

**odd ideas about this service. However," and her voice**

**lowered slightly, "I am sure that several of our**

**employees will be willing to provide slightly more than**

**our standard services for an extra tip." I agreed to**

**have a girl come over on Monday's and Thursday's, and I**

**would provide any needed cleaning materials. "Any**

**particular style of dress?" Surprise me.**

**Thursday evening, there was a knock at my door. I**

**opened it to see a lovely woman of about 24 standing**

**here, wearing a long coat that went to her ankles. She**

**had dark blonde hair that went to her shoulders, and**

**twinkling green eyes. She looked up and smiled. "Mr. B?**

**I'm Teresa from the cleaning service. May I come in?"**

**As I opened the door, she came in, and asked to use the**

**telephone. She dialed (what turned out to be the**

**office) and stated: "Teresa, number 40. Account 6218.**

**Start 7:15. All good." She hung up and smiled. "We have**

**to check in for safety reasons." I nodded.**

**She hung her coat over a chair and turned to me. I**

**could see she was wearing a leather corset, fishnet**

**stockings, high-healed boots and a tiny thong panty.**

**Her voice turned thick with a slightly German accent.**

**"Now, vorm! Ve vill get dis pigsty cleaned! Komm! I**

**kommand you to git started."**

**I had to laugh. "Excuse me, but I though YOU were here**

**to do the cleaning. After all, I'm the one paying."**

**Teresa giggled. "Okay. I just figured that some guys**

**like to have someone tell them what to do. How about**

**this...?" She took off her boots and sighed as her feet**

**relaxed. Her attitude suddenly changed, and she knelt**

**in front of me. "Master, how may I serve you?" She**

**placed her forehead at my feet.**

**"Much better," I smiled. "We can get stared with the**

**laundry, and then the kitchen. I'll show you where**

**everything is. And if you get mouthy with me again, you**

**will get a spanking. Understand?"**

**"Yes Master," Teresa replied. "But," her saucy mouth**

**twitched into a grin, "spankings cost extra."**

**Well, Teresa did as instructed, and I was quite pleased**

**with the results of her work. However, I felt compelled**

**to remind her that if she was ever assigned to my house**

**again, she must remember to behave properly. As she lay**

**across my knees, I made sure her ass-cheeks were bright**

**pink as I slapped them about a dozen times each.**

**I think she was getting turned on, because I detected a**

**certain "perfume" in the area of her thong. I paid her**

**an extra tip, and she was off. Who would be there on**

**Monday? I had no idea. The company would send random**

**girls in various outfits until I found one or two to my**

**liking, and then they would work for me almost**

**exclusively, on the assigned days.**

**Well, over the next several weeks, I was treated to**

**numerous beauties who came to my house dressed in**

**outfits that included; Harem Girls, Goth Babes, a**

**French Maid, a Cheerleader, Catholic School Girls,**

**several Slaves (a popular choice, I was told), Space**

**Aliens, a girl in military fatigues, a Vampire, an**

**Olympic Figure Skater, and all willing to do a little**

**"extra service" for a generous "tip". Numerous times I**

**was treated to pleasurable blow-jobs, massages, and**

**once, the French Maid took a long bubble-bath with me.**

**Then, there was Crystal.**

**Crystal stood about 5'1", had bleach blonde hair, and**

**had breasts that defied gravity. They were 42DDD and**

**had the largest nipples I had ever seen on a girl. How**

**did I know that? Well, she came to my door as a**

**"Cowgirl", dressed in a white hat, boots, leather chaps**

**(that left her tight ass exposed) and a fringed vest.**

**Nothing else. As she did her work, she chattered**

**endlessly about stuff. She was married, her husband was**

**in the ARMY and was currently in Iraq. She did this to**

**help with finances. She also had a daughter who was six**

**months old.**

**I saw a picture of the baby and said she was pretty**

**(what else could I say?). Crystals "talent" was that**

**she was lactating, and could squirt milk from her**

**breasts at almost any target, and if you wanted some,**

**you could have a taste as well (for a generous tip, of**

**course).**

**She also hinted (as she bent over to pick up a laundry**

**basket so I could see her buttocks) that she might be**

**willing to do more, since she was alone and her husband**

**wasn't due for leave for nearly eight months. How could**

**she EVER survive? I admit I was tempted as I studied**

**the heart shaped tattoo that was inked into the small**

**of her back, just above the crack of her ass.**

**However, she was married, and for the sake of my peace**

**of mind, I declined her implied offer. No need having**

**some guy knocking at my door with his M-16.**

**It was two weeks later that my life took an interesting**

**turn. It was Monday, and as the doorbell rang, I opened**

**it to see a lovely Pirate Lass. She stood nearly 6'3"**

**in her boots, had a tattered black skirt that covered a**

**set of dancers legs, a red shirt that was tied off just**

**above her midriff, a kerchief around her head, and a**

**look of shock on her face.**

**"Mr. Sterling," she sputtered. "I-I thought..."**

**"Come in, Erin," I chuckled. "It's nice to see you**

**again."**

**"But when I saw the name, I didn't know... And the**

**address, I figured you had moved."**

**"Nope, still here. The name is the one I use for work.**

**Remember?"**

**"Oh, right."**

**"And please, just call me Bob."**

**As I ushered the girl in, I could see she was blushing**

**bright red. She checked in at work on the phone, as**

**required, and turned to face me.**

**"Okay," she stammered, "where do I get started?"**

**I gave her the list of things I needed done, and she**

**got to work, occasionally looking over at me as I sat**

**at this very computer, writing a biography for the**

**latest "goober" who sang in some "boy band" and had**

**attempted to write a story about a brave chicken. (Like**

**I often have said, most of these folks are idiots.)**

**I first met Erin about ten years ago, when she was the**

**younger sister of my older son's best friend. She would**

**often be seen tagging along with her brother because**

**her divorced mother wanted her to go out and play.**

**There were not many girls in the neighborhood her age.**

**Around the time she turned 15, her mother re-married,**

**and they moved to another section of town. This was**

**five years ago.**

**Well, the skinny kid with acne and braces had grown up**

**quite a bit, and she was now what some modeling places**

**called "girl next door wholesome-beautiful". Her heart-**

**shaped face was smooth and clear, and her deep brown**

**eyes were framed by thick lashes and high cheekbones.**

**Her hair was chestnut color, and hung to the small of**

**her back. The only thing "lacking" were breasts. She**

**was hardly an "A" cup. I remembered how some of the**

**boys had teased her, calling her "Miss 2x4". Still, I**

**was pleased with how she had turned out.**

**As Erin went about her business, I asked her how life**

**was going for her. She was now twenty, going to school**

**at the local community college, and trying to save**

**enough to move out on her own. She didn't like her**

**step-father at all, but respected her mother's decision**

**to marry him. When she was finished, I noted there was**

**still about half an hour allotted for my service. I**

**usually had the girls for two hours. I told her to sit**

**and relax, and if she wanted a coke, to help herself.**

**At this point, she got quiet.**

**"Um, I know the agency states that the employees are**

**not supposed to... And that some girls will..." Her**

**blush came on full. "You aren't..."**

**"Relax," I smiled. "You're here to clean the house of**

**an old man who enjoys seeing pretty girls working. I'm**

**not going to molest you," I winked.**

**She seemed visibly relieved. "Thanks. It's hard,**

**sometimes, because you can go to a place where the**

**previous girl did 'extra stuff', and now the customer**

**wants the same from you." She studied me. "You didn't**

**expect...?"**

**I had no choice but to laugh. "Erin, you are indeed**

**beautiful. But no, I was not going to proposition you.**

**I hope you don't mind."**

**{LIAR!!!} My mind screamed. I was thinking all sorts of**

**thoughts about her, but wasn't going to do or say**

**anything that would frighten her. After all, I had**

**known her as a child.**

**"Okay. Say, you don't mind if I leave a little early,**

**do you? I got a test tomorrow I need to study for."**

**As she left, I smiled. I told her that if it made her**

**feel any better, she could come over in regular street**

**clothes if she was assigned here again. She blushed and**

**said that she would think it over. She also pocketed**

**the $20 tip I gave her for getting done so quickly.**

**Well, over the following months, I saw just about all**

**the girls the service had to offer. Often, these girls**

**would have one or two costumes that they kept,**

**alternating them each time they came over. I soon**

**learned that I was one of the "preferred" clients,**

**since I didn't demand anything too unusual, and wasn't**

**a pervert. (The girls would tell me what some of the**

**other clients had requested of them, and it made my**

**mouth drop. "Scat", "Golden Showers", and stuff that**

**was REALLY insane, like the controlled choking was just**

**some of the stuff listed.)**

**Most of the girls actually WANTED to come to my place,**

**so they took even turns, laughing that I was a "tame"**

**client. The only one who wasn't expecting any extra**

**duties, was Erin. I didn't have the heart to ask for or**

**let her offer 'extra services', as much as I might have**

**enjoyed it.**

**One night, as she was finishing up, I asked her how**

**much she made from the cleaning service. It turned out**

**that she only made about $20 per customer, even though**

**I paid the service $50 for the two hours that the girls**

**were in my place (no wonder lots of the girls charged**

**for 'extra services'!). She also told me that with**

**final exams just around the corner, she might have to**

**cut back on work, which would really cramp her ability**

**to save up her money.**

**"Erin, how does his sound? Suppose I call the agency**

**and tell them that I no longer need anyone, and you**

**work for me, two nights a week? I can just pay YOU the**

**$50 each night. What do you think?"**

**She kissed me on the cheek and said it was sweet of me**

**to offer, but that wouldn't be fair to the other girls.**

**She was actually friends with a few of them. We did**

**work out a compromise though. I would call and say I**

**wanted to reduce my service to once a week, and on**

**Thursdays, Erin would come over to clean. I would pay**

**her the $50 for that night's cleaning. To keep it from**

**looking suspicious, Erin would still come over on**

**Mondays about once every few weeks.**

**The following Monday, Crystal was back. She was**

**starting to complain that her breasts were drying up,**

**and she was (as usual) tight for money. She had to buy**

**formula for her daughter on her way home from work. (I**

**asked who was watching her child when she worked, and**

**she said she swapped babysitting duties with a friend.)**

**Well, I was suckered into giving her $50 for her kid.**

**Okay, so she also gave me a lovely blow-job as a thank-**

**you, but I was worried about her not being able to**

**properly feed her child. After all, she only saw $20**

**from working at my place.**

**After swallowing my spunk, she climbed up into my lap**

**and stated that if I wanted her to, she could come over**

**at any time. It was no trouble at all. I confess having**

**that little nymph sitting naked in my lap with her arms**

**around me, nuzzling my neck made me think seriously**

**about her offer, but I declined, saying that I was**

**happy with the way things were. She then asked me why I**

**only had a once a week service now. I answered that I**

**was learning to not be so messy, and that I was**

**watching my finances. She accepted the answer.**

**And so, Erin came over on Thursday's, and the other**

**girls on Monday's. I confess that I preferred Erin's**

**company to the other girls. Why? She was sweet, and**

**honestly, I liked her. She would often sit with me,**

**after she was done, and we would talk about all manner**

**of topics. She also started feeling more comfortable**

**with me, and soon the "costumes" gave way to shorts,**

**sweats and t-shirts.**

**She looked a whole lot prettier in those things, as**

**opposed to her pirate outfit or the serving wench**

**costume she wore on occasion. In fact, she was staring**

**to get so comfortable around me, that she would often**

**give me a hug and a kiss on my cheek as she got there**

**and left for home. Many a night I would see her to the**

**door, and then go to my room and relieve myself, with**

**images of her in my mind.**

**One night, Teresa was over, and said something that**

**surprised me. "I heard Crystal saying that you were a**

**push-over for a sob story." Excuse me? "She was**

**giggling with a friend that she told you she needed**

**cash to get baby food, and you forked it over, with no**

**thought. She plans on hitting you up again soon."**

**I tugged at the leash that went to her collar and had**

**her sit up like a good puppy and repeat herself, no**

**barking.**

**Sitting up on hind legs and panting, Teresa elaborated.**

**"She likes to brag about how much she can get from**

**certain clients. It seems you've been tagged as an easy**

**mark." She gave a small "yip" and tilted her head to**

**one side, trying to look like a happy puppy who was**

**trying to please her master.**

**This gave me pause for thought. I unclipped the leash,**

**and Teresa scampered towards the laundry room on all**

**fours. "What to do about Crystal?" I though as I**

**watched Teresa in her white body stocking (it had spots**

**to make her look somewhat like a dalmation).**

**Well, the following week, she was there. I asked her**

**how her daughter was doing. She said that she needed to**

**shop for new clothes, since she was growing so much. I**

**agreed to fork over another $50 (for yet another**

**delightful blow-job). The following day, I called the**

**cleaning service and asked that Crystal come back the**

**following week. She showed up, all smiles, expecting**

**more sex and money.**

**"Sit down, please," I instructed her. "Tell me what you**

**purchased for your daughter with the money you earned**

**last week."**

**She was at a loss for words. Well, I eventually got it**

**out of her that she was taking the money and spending**

**it on herself. This angered me, since if she had simply**

**told me she wanted more cash for herself, I would have**

**been okay with it.**

**"You have been a VERY bad girl!" I pulled Crystal**

**across my lap and started spanking her ass. Remember,**

**her open cowgirl chaps left them exposed. "I don't like**

**little girls that tell lies. Now you will go home, and**

**not return here to work. No more extra money for you,**

**since you don't spend it properly on your child."**

**Well, she got a mean look on her face. "I can call the**

**police and press charges of assault and solicitation."**

**"Fine," I smiled. "And my lawyer will ask your employer**

**for the list of customers you have worked for, and we**

**can see what you have done for them, to earn a little**

**extra cash." Her face froze. "Crystal, we can do this**

**the easy way, or the hard way. I don't like being taken**

**advantage of. You lied. And I doubt you want this to**

**blow up in your lovely face, especially since it might**

**call into question your ability to parent your child.**

**And, what would your husband say?" I stood and escorted**

**her to the door. As she put on her coat, she did her**

**best to look chagrinned.**

**"I'm sorry," she whimpered. "Can I have a second**

**chance? Please?"**

**"Goodnight Crystal. Drive safely."**

**So, for two months after that, all went well. Until one**

**night Erin showed up at my door, crying. Someone had**

**been spying on her and had seen her coming to my place**

**to work. Her employee contract stated that she was not**

**supposed to work privately for clients of the service.**

**As a result, she was fired. Guess who felt guilty,**

**since he had been the one to suggest the idea? And**

**guess who had been the one spying? If you guessed**

**Crystal, you were correct. And after that, guess who**

**would now be coming over to clean TWICE a week? I felt**

**it was only proper, since I was the one who created the**

**mess.**

**After that, we settled into a routine that worked well**

**for us. On occasion, I had to travel for my job, so**

**Erin would let herself into the house with her own key.**

**Usually there was little to do by now, so I often had**

**her just sit, relax, work a little and enjoy dinner**

**with me. To a casual observer, one might think we were**

**father and daughter. But oh, how I continued to**

**fantasize about her.**

**The night Erin turned twenty-one, she was supposed to**

**go to dinner with her mother and step-father. It was a**

**Friday, and I was at home watching an old movie on**

**cable. Around midnight, I heard the door open. Erin**

**came staggering in, drunk, and her makeup was smeared**

**across her face from dried tears. Her dress was**

**slightly twisted and she was barefoot. "Gotta work,"**

**she slurred. "Erin's gotta work for her money to get**

**her own place now."**

**I grabbed her before she toppled over and asked what**

**had happened.**

**Well, her step-father had decided to open her mail and**

**saw her bank statement. She had several thousand**

**dollars in her account. He grew angry, saying that**

**since she was now a legal adult, and had all her money,**

**he was throwing her out. As a final gesture, he took**

**away Erin's car and house keys, saying the car was his,**

**and she could come for her stuff when he was there to**

**make sure she didn't steal anything. Her mother did**

**little to stop his actions. All this, over a nice**

**dinner out. He was a real "prince". On her walk over to**

**my place, Erin had stopped at a liquor store and**

**purchased a bottle of rum, which she had "chugged" and**

**tossed away when finished. Where her shoes were is**

**anyone's guess.**

**"Gotta work!" Erin slurred and giggled. "Need money. My**

**favorite boss has money. Can I earn any extra tonight?"**

**She leaned over on me and wrapped her arms around me to**

**place a sloppy kiss in the area of my mouth.**

**What a temptation. Drunk, beautiful and willing. I**

**couldn't do it. I lead Erin to the kitchen and sat her**

**down. She continued to tell me about how much of an**

**asshole her step-father was, and how she hated the**

**bastard. I listened silently, making coffee as she**

**ranted. Suddenly she got quiet, and her face had the**

**expression we all well know when someone is about to be**

**sick. Grabbing her, I spun her to the sink as she**

**voided her stomach into the empty stainless steel**

**fixture.**

**After that, she sank to the floor and wept. What could**

**she do? Where would she live? Her tears flowed down her**

**cheeks, making dark tracks. Twenty one is supposed to**

**be a wonderful birthday. Not for Erin.**

**"Stay here tonight," I whispered. "I have a guest room."**

**She agreed, and I helped her to the spare room. As she**

**slipped her dress off, she turned to face me, wearing**

**only her bra and undies.**

**"Bob, and I pretty?"**

**"You are magnificent," I answered. "You are also tired**

**and drunk. So let us get you into bed." I handed her an**

**old t-shirt of mine to cover herself with. As I pulled**

**a quilt over her, I kissed her nose. "Sleep tight,**

**princess. We can deal with this in the morning."**

**Saturday morning, Erin came shuffling down the hall,**

**looking like a train wreck. As I poured some fresh**

**coffee, I asked her what her plans were.**

**"No idea," she answered. This came at a bad time for**

**me, since I was trying to save for my own car (the**

**step-father still had the one she used in his name) and**

**I am supposed to transfer into CSUS for my last two**

**years, in a month." She tugged at the shirt that did**

**little to cover her hips. I did my best to avoid ogling**

**her ass. "Now I need to regroup and find a place. I can**

**look in the paper, there's a section for folks looking**

**to rent out rooms. I figure I can find a furnished**

**place for a while."**

**"How about this?" I replied. "I'm in and out a lot, and**

**gone a few days each month. Suppose you stay here. I**

**have two rooms you can choose from, and you can just**

**keep the place clean to cover your rent. Hell, if you**

**keep it looking as good as it is, you can stay here,**

**and I'll still pay you!"**

**"Are you serious?" Hope glistened in Erin's eyes.**

**"Very," I answered. "I've grown quite fond of you,**

**Erin. I just hope you don't get tired of me being**

**underfoot," I winked.**

**"NEVER!" Erin gasped, and she gave me a tight hug and a**

**warm kiss on my unshaven cheek. "Thanks so much! I**

**can't believe my good luck!"**

**The luck was mine.**

**So she moved in. Our relationship evolved from a**

**cautious sizing up of how we fit into the other**

**person's life, to one of almost a couple. We would**

**often have dinner together and laugh about our day, or**

**just relax on the sofa each evening, watching TV. There**

**were even times I helped her with homework! And I was**

**slowly falling in love with a girl who was young enough**

**to be my daughter.**

**One fringe benefit of having Erin around was that she**

**was quite generous with her hugs, and kisses. She would**

**often snuggle with me at night on the sofa, as we**

**watched TV and I often found my arm around her, pulling**

**her tight against me. But when it was time for us to**

**retire for the night, she would give me a tender kiss,**

**and shut her door. How many times I had stood there,**

**wanting to knock on it, and go in to share her bed? To**

**pull her into my arms and make love to her, and make**

**her realize what she meant to me? But I never did,**

**fearing I would shatter her trust in me.**

**One Sunday, my phone rang. It was my son, calling from**

**Maryland, where he now lived with his wife and kids.**

**Erin answered it, and then called out for me to pick up.**

**"Hey dad, who was that?" Paul asked.**

**"My roomie," I chuckled. "She rents your old room, and**

**keeps the place clean. In fact, you might remember her.**

**Erin. Your old friend Will's kid sister."**

**"JESUS CHRIST ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?" he thundered.**

**"She's not even an adult yet! You'll go to jail and..."**

**"Hold on, buddy!" I laughed. "It's all above board. She**

**needed a place to stay, I needed someone to keep an eye**

**on things. And it's close for her to go to school**

**during the day."**

**"But dad," Paul sputtered, "she's what, twenty? You**

**should find a woman your own age! Jesus Christ! I can't**

**believe this! What if she gets pregnant?"**

**"First off, Jesus Christ has no say in the matter.**

**Second, she is twenty one. Third, while it's none of**

**your business, there's nothing going on between us like**

**that. Your old man can keep his dick in his pants, if**

**need be, so relax."**

**"Okay," Paul grumbled. "I guess you have it worked out,**

**so what can I say?"**

**"Nada," I replied. "Nada god-damned thing. So, care to**

**tell me why you called?"**

**"Um, to ask you what was new?"**

**That night. Erin came to my room and knocked on my**

**door. I called her in, and as she slipped inside, I**

**could see the hall light washing through her nightgown,**

**showing the outline of her delicious body. I was glad I**

**was under my blanket, so she couldn't see my sudden**

**arousal. She sat down next to me and blushed.**

**"Tell your son to relax. I couldn't get pregnant even**

**if I wanted to."**

**"Huh?"**

**"I heard part of your conversation with Paul on the**

**phone before I hung up. He was worried I will seduce**

**you, have a baby, and squander your wealth on myself."**

**She gave a soft smile. "Believe me, I have no designs**

**of that nature."**

**"Okay. So what was that you said about not being able**

**to get pregnant?"**

**Erin grew silent, here eyes lost focus, and her voice**

**seemed to come from far away when she spoke. "When I**

**was seven, I went away to camp. I was supposed to be a**

**wonderful summer. It turned out to be a nightmare.**

**There were cabins grouped by age and gender. Well, one**

**night, I had to go to the bathroom. We were supposed to**

**wake our counselor so she could escort us. I didn't.**

**Some of the staff were having a party, and a bunch of**

**the kitchen crew were drinking heavily. There was also**

**some drugs. I stumbled onto them, and one of them**

**grabbed me and said, 'Lets have some fun!' Before I**

**could scream, a hand was over my face, and I was being**

**dragged into the woods."**

**Tears started leaking from her eyes. "I was gang raped**

**for several hours, then when they sobered up and**

**realized what was happening, they left me half alive**

**and in shock, and partially buried, so it looked like I**

**was attacked by some animal. I was all torn up inside**

**and almost bleed to death. I was found the next day,**

**but I was near death. My insides were beyond repair,**

**and I was given an emergency hysterectomy. It was the**

**only way to stop the bleeding."**

**By now, she was weeping freely. I sat up and wrapped my**

**arms around her, hugging her close. "I had my innocence**

**stolen, my future ripped away, and the fuckers only got**

**five years each. Ever wonder why I didn't grow boobs?**

**Only one ovary. It's not putting out much estrogen. So,**

**I am 'Miss 2x4' forever, unless I get a boob-job.**

**Fucked up, huh?"**

**"Oh god, Erin, I am so sorry. I had no idea!" I held**

**her in my arms and rocked her gently. "I can't even**

**begin to imagine the horror of an experience like that."**

**"How could you know?" she sobbed. "For a few years, I**

**went to a shrink for a couple of years, but it wasn't**

**doing me any good, so I said the right things, and**

**eventually they said that I was 'over it and well**

**adjusted'. Now, I don't like to talk about it, and**

**I've never could bring myself to date anyone when I was**

**older. So, guess what? Except for that night, I've**

**never even had sex!"**

**"Being attacked doesn't qualify as sex," I answered.**

**"And one day, I am certain you will find a man who will**

**love you no matter what happened, and when you do share**

**yourself with him, it will be magical for both of you."**

**"Thanks," Erin continued sobbing. "I want to believe**

**it. But all the guys I've met since then are jerks. My**

**step-father, guys in school, JERKS!" Looking at me, she**

**managed a half smile. "Present company excluded."**

**"Oh, I can be a jerk at times, too. Just ask my ex-wife!"**

**That made her laugh. "Thanks Bob. You have no idea how**

**much I appreciate you." She slid over and lay down next**

**to me, her head on a pillow. "One day, YOU will find a**

**lucky woman too."**

**"Perhaps," I smiled. "Not try to relax a little and get**

**some rest."**

**"Sure," Erin sighed. We lay there silently together, me**

**holding her, and soon I could hear her breathing grow**

**slow and deep. Twisting, I pulled the covers over her,**

**kissed her cheek, and tried not to wake her as I lay**

**there awake for most of the night thinking of what she**

**had said.**

**After living with a person for several months, you find**

**yourself more at ease with them than you had**

**anticipated. By now, it was not uncommon for me to spot**

**Erin running around at the start or end of the day**

**partially dressed. Her bra & panty sets were usually**

**mismatched and she made no effort to be shy.**

**It was not unusual for me to have her barge into the**

**bathroom while I was showering, so she could get**

**something, or brush her teeth. For my part, I did my**

**best to stay calm, and always gave her privacy when she**

**wanted it. But there were times when I thought my**

**tightly restrained control would slip, and I would say**

**or do something that I might regret. Maybe it was the**

**'forbidden fruit' thing. A beautiful girl who is young**

**enough to be my daughter, and is actually interested in**

**what I think, say, and do! And I found that I wanted to**

**know what was happening in her mind as well.**

**I bought her a car with one of my royalty checks. It**

**was only a Ford Focus (used), but the way she carried**

**on, you would think it was a Porsche. "Think of it as a**

**belated birthday gift," I had told her, when I handed**

**her the keys. "But be careful! Red cars attract cops**

**like they have signs overhead saying; LOOK AT ME!".**

**Later that night over dinner, I thought she would cry**

**as she thanked me once again. I told her that I enjoyed**

**her being around, and valued her friendship. "Just**

**that?" she asked with a twinkle in her eyes. "Oh,**

**right," I answered. "And you always fold my socks." The**

**following week, I found that every pair of socks had**

**been intentionally mismatched and tied into a knot, as**

**opposed to being folded in on themselves. God, I loved**

**her.**

**One afternoon, while at the store, who should I bump**

**into, but Teresa! Well, she wanted to know how Erin**

**was, since after she was fired, Teresa had no idea how**

**to contact her. It seems that a lot of the girls either**

**used false names, or never mentioned their last name.**

**Teresa had wanted to tell Erin that Crystal's husband**

**had come home from Iraq, and had discovered her**

**'entertaining' a client in their own home! The client**

**was dead (shot with a military issue .45), the husband**

**was in jail, and Crystal was undergoing cosmetic**

**reconstruction on her lovely face, which her husband**

**had smashed with his fists.**

**The child was taken away by social workers. I managed a**

**tight smile, and thought about Crystals offer to me so**

**many months ago. I then told Teresa that Erin was now**

**staying with me, and she should come over to visit. She**

**did, that very evening, and we had a great time.**

**To my relief, Teresa never mentioned the times that she**

**had earned a few extra dollars from me, either as a**

**slave, or in one of her other guises. Erin might have**

**suspected, but since she was so happy to see Teresa,**

**said nothing. I excused myself for the night, as I was**

**tired, while the two of them caught up with each other.**

**As I went down the hallway, I heard them gushing about**

**some band. The name was slightly familiar, and I**

**recalled hearing that they would be at the local**

**concert hall.**

**Okay, at my age, going to a "Black Eyed Peas" concert**

**was not something I was bound to enjoy. The music was**

**loud. The people were rude (I was asked many times who**

**was my daughter, and was she dating anyone?). The air**

**reeked of stale beer and smoke. And I had a headache**

**the size of Texas when it was over. But Erin had fun,**

**so it was worth it. She danced, she sang along, and got**

**a big smile on her face that lasted the whole night. On**

**the drive home I kept the radio off, and allowed my**

**head to stop pounding. Erin gently teased me, saying**

**that next time, we could go to the symphony, if I**

**wanted to. I began planning my revenge.**

**As I mentioned earlier, I live in Northern California.**

**We're only an hour's drive to the San Francisco Bay**

**area. As a result, we are also only about a three hour**

**drive from Reno, Nevada. For my birthday, I decided to**

**get a room at a casino/hotel, and take Erin with me for**

**a concert that "the old fart" could handle. I didn't**

**tell her who, but made sure we packed Hawaiian shirts**

**and there was a grass skirt for her to wear over her**

**shorts. Well, by the second set, Erin was a confirmed**

**"parrot head". If any of you have ever been to a Jimmy**

**Buffet concert, you know it's actually more like a**

**party with 5,000 of your best friends. Three hours**

**after the concert started, it ended with a monster jam**

**that had everyone jumping and dancing like there was no**

**tomorrow.**

**Walking back to the hotel from the concert, Erin**

**slipped her hand in mine. We walked along, taking in**

**the sights and sounds around us. Suddenly, we were**

**stopped by a street vendor with a camera. As it turned**

**out, we were under the big sign at the entrance to the**

**downtown area that says: "WELCOME TO RENO, AMERICAS**

**BIGGEST LITTLE CITY" all in bright lights. Did we want**

**our picture taken? Sure. I paid the guy $20.oo and he**

**took our picture. He then plugged it into a laptop he**

**kept in his car, along with a printer. Within moments,**

**a fresh 8x10 picture zipped out, and we thanked him.**

**Back in our room, Erin smiled and told me she wanted to**

**shower first. As I sat on the king sized bed (only one**

**in the room, but we had shared a bed on several**

**occasions by now, so...), I could hear her humming to**

**herself as she splashed under the hot water...**

**"I don't know where I'm gonna go when the volcano blow...!"**

**"The weather is here, I wish you were beautiful..."**

**"Come Monday, it'll be all right..."**

**"So honey, why don't we get drunk, and screw...?"**

**I had to chuckle as she opened the door, wrapped in a**

**big towel. "All done?" I asked. "Yup," she grinned.**

**"Your turn!" She shoved me towards the bathroom door.**

**When I came out, she was snuggled under the sheets, and**

**the lights were on low.**

**"I figured you might want to get a late dinner or go to**

**a casino," I smiled.**

**"No," she answered. "It's your birthday. Time for you**

**to get your gift." Erin patted the bed and indicated I**

**should get in next to her.**

**As I slid in next to her, I noted that she was naked. I**

**felt the heat rising in my face, as well as the rest of**

**me. "Erin," I sighed, "I'm not sure if we should do**

**this. You're so young and you deserve..."**

**She shut me up by placing a finger over my lips. 'Bob,**

**you have no idea how much I want to do this. You took**

**me in, gave me hope when I needed it, you don't force**

**yourself on me, even though I know you would love to,"**

**she grinned as she said this, "and I can think of no**

**better person to give myself to, on my first time. You**

**were right, what happened to me when I was a child has**

**no bearing on now."**

**I was stunned. Her next words and actions stunned me**

**even more. "Bob, I love you," and she kissed me firmly**

**on the mouth. Not the light 'peck' that she often gave**

**me, but a mind-blowing kiss that had me curling my toes**

**with anticipation. "Take me, but be gentle, please."**

**I lay her back in the bed and started to trace every**

**contour of her body with trembling hands. My lips found**

**hers, and our tongues wrestled. She shivered as my**

**hands caressed her nipples and when I placed a soft**

**kiss on one, her sharp intake of breath told me she was**

**not expecting it to feel so good. For almost an hour, I**

**lay there with her, allowing things to build up to a**

**point where I felt she would truly be ready for me.**

**I slipped a finger down to the soft area of her aroused**

**and moist lips. When I shifted to place a kiss there,**

**she gasped my name and begged me not to stop. For**

**several minutes, I licked and nibbled her soft flesh**

**that tasted of summer wine and flowers. Suddenly, she**

**started shaking and moaning. I slipped a second finger**

**inside her, and that seemed to start the fireworks.**

**Erin had her first orgasm. She was ready for me.**

**Slipping up, I kissed her again, and gently positioned**

**myself to enter her. I looked into her shimmering eyes**

**and silently asked if she was sure. She nodded, and I**

**eased myself into her.**

**Tight. Soft. Velvet. Wet.**

**Erin wrapped her legs around my back, and pulled me**

**into her, all the while gasping and begging me to go**

**deeper and harder. I was thrilled to oblige. For how**

**long we stayed in that manner, my thrusting as deep as**

**possible into her, I have no idea. But all of a sudden,**

**Erin got a vacant look on her flushed face and started**

**sobbing and groaning in a voice that started out soft,**

**and went up to that of a banshee wailing. She pulled me**

**tight against her, clawing at my back. "OH-GOD-OH-GOD-**

**OH-GOD-OH! ... YESSSSS!!" I could feel her insides**

**clamping down on me like a vise. A few thrusts after**

**that, I could hold back no longer. I felt as if my**

**insides were turning out as I filled her with my own**

**white-hot explosion.**

**Laying there, with Erin curled up next to me, I felt**

**that life could not be more wonderful. Gently stroking**

**her tangled hair, I pulled her tight against my chest,**

**savoring the smell of our sweat and sex, and asked her**

**how she felt.**

**"Perfect," she sighed as she drifted to sleep.**

**Well, things changed quite nicely for us after that.**

**Erin was still the delight of my life, and she quickly**

**became more than a "roomie" for me.**

**Upon our return home, she took it upon herself to move**

**some of her clothes into my room, and promptly took**

**over most of the dresser and closet space. I didn't**

**care. All I could do was love her even more for taking**

**the bold step forward that made us lovers.**

**And the sex? DEAR GOD! She was insatiable at times. The**

**once shy and sexually naïve girl was suddenly a woman**

**who seemed to be constantly horny. I confess that a**

**trip to the doctor had me making a purchase of those**

**magic pills that Bob Dole used to do commercials for.**

**Not that I always needed them, mind you, but when you**

**have a woman more than half your age to satisfy in bed,**

**they are nice to have as a back-up.**

**If things were not going like I wanted, half a dose**

**quickly put things to right. All I had to do was dine**

**on Erin's delicious pussy while I waited for "things"**

**to happen. She was very understanding in that**

**department. Plus, she stated that she loved it when I**

**made her cum so much she felt herself flooding. Having**

**me lick it all up and then kissing her so she could**

**taste herself on my lips just made her go even more wild.**

**That was four years ago. She is still the light of my**

**life, and she has finally worked up the nerve to agree**

**to marry me. I told her that even though we couldn't**

**have children, I wanted her to know that I loved her**

**more than life itself. It took her almost two years to**

**say "yes", saying that she wanted to be sure. I told**

**her that I had waited for her when she first moved in,**

**and I would wait for her to be my wife.**

**So, the wedding is this coming August. We chose the**

**14th because it was the date that she first showed up**

**on my doorstep in her silly Pirate outfit. Her wardrobe**

**in that department has also expanded to include frilly**

**and sheer items of a sexual nature that she wears for**

**me when she comes home from work (she put her college**

**degree to good use and is a manager at the company she**

**works for). Our families are still not fully**

**comfortable with all of this, but we say that it is**

**their concern, not ours.**

**August 14th, I can hardly wait.**