**Jade**

by Tempest

Can a young girl overcome a traumatic experience, or will she allow it to shape her life?

**Prelude**

"No, Uncle Dave," the eleven-year-old girl said firmly as he groped her breast with one hand while holding her arm with his other. She tried to pull his hand away, but he was too strong, and her grip was too weak. As hard as she tried to pry his fingers from her arm, the harder he gripped it.

"You're hurting me," the girl said as she tried to twist away from him.

Her uncle stopped pawing at her breast and backhanded her across her face. She yelped like a dog who had just been kicked.

"Shut the fuck up, girl," Uncle Dave snarled.

He grasped the neck of her pale-blue satin short-sleeve blouse and yanked. All of the pearl-white buttons popped off one by one in quick succession starting from the top. His powerful hand tore the strap of her white cotton bra and bent the hooks on the fastener as her bra came off.

"NO!" she screamed, as she tried to cover her naked breasts from his lustful gaze, but another blow to the side of her head with her uncle's open hand caused her body to go limp.

Uncle Dave took the opportunity of her temporary incapacitation to lift her up and carry her to her bedroom, where he threw her onto the bed. Wasting no time, he quickly got undressed. The young girl was slowly coming to when she saw her uncle's naked muscular body looming over her. She saw his long thick erection sticking straight out from the bush of dirty black hair. The young girl tried weakly to pull the remains of her blouse to cover her naked breasts, but it was badly torn, and most of it was trapped beneath her.

The preteen screamed as her Uncle Dave pulled both her shorts and cotton panties down. Her hand automatically covered her crotch, and she tried kicking him. She stopped as she saw him raise his hand and covered her face. Instead of slapping her, he pulled her shorts and underpants off.

"No, don't do this, Uncle Dave, I beg you," his eleven-year-old niece pleaded. "If you stop now, I'll not say anything. Please, uncle, please don't. Pleassse!"

Her pleading turned to sobs as she resigned herself to her fate. She didn't offer any resistance when her uncle got onto the bed and roughly grabbed her ankles and pulled them apart. Uncle Dave spoke for the just the second time since he said 'Hey' as she opened the front door of her and her mother's small single-story house.

"That's one nice pussy you've got down there, and I'm gonna love fucking it."

Dave's niece whimpered and tried to get into the fetal position, but he was too strong. He pulled her legs over his thighs, allowing his erection to lie on her mons. Dave grasped both of her delicate wrists in his left hand and held them down onto the bed above her head. The preteen was sobbing, tears streamed down her face. She squeezed her eyes tight cutting off her tears.

The girl's uncle grasped the shaft of his penis in his right hand spit on its head and guided it to her virginal opening and pushed.

"Aieee!" the girl screamed as she felt a sharp stab of pain as her uncle penetrated her dry vagina. She was wailing as he pushed all of his length inside her tearing her hymen. His full weight was pressing her down into the mattress as he fucked her uncaringly. She felt like she was being ripped in two as he thrust his hard penis in and out of her.

The preteen could feel his hot, smelly breath on her body and his sweat dripping from his forehead onto her small breasts as he sucked first one then the other. She took herself somewhere else, somewhere miles from her bedroom as her uncle raped her. She was brought back when she heard him grunt and felt his penis swell as he ejaculated inside her. When he was done, he pulled out of her raw and red vagina. A stream of his viscous white liquid tinged with her blood poured out and soaked into the cotton sheet.

He got dressed, and before he left, he spoke again when he said, "You tell anyone about what I just did, and I'll kill you."

The girl drew herself into a fetal position and lay there sobbing. Her mother found her almost comatose two hours later.

**Chapter One**

"This breakfast tastes like shit," the burly, loud-mouthed slob of a guy said to his waitress, who burst into tears and ran back to the kitchen. The man sat there and glared at me as I looked at him in disbelief.

"What you looking at, asshole?" he said to me.

I just shook my head and went back to eating my BLT. The waitress came back out a minute later and went to refill my coffee cup; I stopped her. I looked at her teary eyes and sighed as the loud-mouthed man got up out of the booth opposite mine.

"And I ain't payin' for it neither," the man shouted as he stormed out of the diner.

"Don't clear my plate," I told the waitress, "I'll be right back."

I slid out of the booth and followed the loud-mouth to his pickup. As he went to open the door, I grabbed his wrist and twisted his arm behind his back.

"If you didn't like the food," I hissed into his ear, "don't take it out on the waitress, complain to the manager, asshole."

With that, I pulled his head back with my free hand and slammed his forehead into the roof of the cab, making a big dent. He slumped to the ground. As I walked back into the diner I passed a young girl by the window doing her homework. She had dusky-blonde hair fixed in a ponytail, deep-blue eyes, a wide mouth with a full lower lip and a small straight nose. She looked up at me and smiled.

"That dent's gonna take some fixing," she said.

I stopped and smiled at the girl. "He was an asshole and deserved it," I replied and walked back to my table and slid back onto the banquette.

"I hope my daughter wasn't bothering you, Sir," the waitress said as she topped off my coffee cup.

I looked at her and noticed for the first time how beautiful she was. She had light-brown hair fixed in a ponytail, deep-blue eyes, a wide mouth with a full lower lip and a small straight nose. She smiled, revealing rows of pearly white teeth.

"That's your daughter?" I asked, even though their shared deep-blue eye color should have told me she was.

"Yes, her name's Jade."

"No, she wasn't bothering me at all. Does she do her homework before going to school every day?"

"Yes. I work the early shift and bring her in with me. Our manager lets her sit there and even lets me give her breakfast."

"That's good of her. I'm glad to hear that. How does your daughter get to school?"

"Her bus stops across the street to pick up local kids, so she hops on with them. The bus driver's pretty good about it because it's not really her pickup stop."

The waitress put my check under the salt shaker and left to refill other guests' cups. I looked at the check; it was eleven dollars and twenty-six cents, and the waitress' name was Trish, and she had drawn a smiley face next to it. The diner was the kind where you paid at the checkout register. I took out my wallet, pulled a hundred dollar bill out, and slipped it under the salt shaker. I got up and walked to the register. After paying my bill, I smiled at the waitress's daughter on the way out. I got in my restored dark blue, sixty-nine Camaro SS and drove to my next diner.

JADE THOUGHT THAT THE GUY who had just meted out justice to the man who had just stiffed her mother with his check, was quite handsome. Not too tall, but he appeared to work out judging by his physique and the relative ease that he had handled the man who looked a good hundred pounds heavier and six inches taller. She figured he was in his late twenties or maybe early thirties and she liked that he took the time to speak to her; she loved his smile. Jade found it difficult to talk to adult males and had surprised herself that she has spoken to him before being spoken to. But the one thing she really liked about him, was the fact that he drove that beautiful dark blue sixty-nine Chevy Camaro SS. She wondered if she would ever see him again.

**Chapter Two**

AS I WALKED INTO THE DINER, Jakes Place, by name, the next morning at six ten, Trish's daughter, Jade, sat at the same table by the window reading a school book with an exercise book open beside it. There were remnants of hash browns and an empty orange juice cup on a tray on the opposite side of her table. I looked at her and smiled.

"Sir," she said.

I stopped. "Yes, young lady, how can I help you?"

"I'm having trouble with my English homework; do you know much about it?"

"I do, what do you need to know?"

"Well, I have homework, and I'm stuck on a question."

"You're Jade, Trish's daughter, right?"

"Uh-huh."

"Okay, Jade, let me see," I said, leaning over her shoulder.

"It's this question here. I have to read this sentence and decide what words form a squinting modifier and how to correct it. I guess I should know what that is, but I think I may have been out sick the day they taught that subject."

"It generally consists of two words," I explained, "where one word modifies the other. If the sentence is not constructed correctly, it causes confusion to the reader as to what the writer is trying to convey, so it needs to be corrected."

I leaned closer and could smell jasmine shampoo in her hair and floral soap on her bare neck. I pointed at the first example. "Look at this sentence, Jade." I read the sentence aloud. "Listening to loud music slowly gives me a headache."

Jade turned her head and realized that our faces were just six inches apart. She moved a little to her right to put a little more space between us.

"Oh, sorry, Jade, I didn't mean to invade your personal space."

"S'okay. So how do I know which is which?"

"In general look for the noun and then find what is modifying it."

Jade looked at it, thought for a few moments then pointed to the word 'music' and to the word 'slowly.' "Music is the noun, and the adverb slowly is the modifier."

"Excellent, Jade. Now can you tell me how that sentence might be rewritten so as to make better sense?

Jade chewed the top of her pencil while she thought. "Hmmm, I know that listening to loud music sometimes gives me a headache."

"So, how would you rewrite that sentence to make sure the reader knows you slowly get a headache listening to loud music?"

Jade wrote in her exercise book, 'When I listen to loud music, I slowly develop a headache.'

"Perfect, Jade. Now read the others, think them through given what you just learned, and if you get stuck, come and ask me."

"Thanks, mister . . . ?"

"Oh, sorry, Jade, my name's Chris."

Jade smiled at me. "Thanks, Chris."

I loved her soft shy smile.

With that, I left her and found a booth in the area that Trish took care of. She brought me a menu and a steaming mug of coffee. She handed me the menu and put the mug down in front of me.

"I think you made a mistake yesterday, sir," she said, offering me the hundred dollar bill that I had left under the salt shaker yesterday."

"It was no mistake, Trish."

"But, I can't accept it, it's too much of a tip."

"Did you have to pay for that foul-mouthed customer who stiffed you with his check yesterday?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, please accept the money and consider it your just compensation."

"You're very kind, Mr. . . ?

"My name's Chris, Chris Hunt."

"You're very kind, Chris. I hope my daughter wasn't bothering you this morning."

"Not at all, Trish. She's a lovely and intelligent young woman. How old is she?"

"She's fourteen. And I'm surprised that she talked to you first. I've never seen her initiate a conversation with an adult male since . . ."

"Since . . . ?" I queried.

Trish lowered her voice and made sure no one was in earshot. "I probably shouldn't tell you this, but you seem like a very nice man; you see, Jade was raped by her uncle when she was eleven. My ex-husband's brother was tried and convicted and is now serving thirty-five years in prison."

"Oh, my God! That's horrible! I'm sure she was traumatized."

"She was in therapy for over a year, but I don't think she's fully gotten over it yet, which is why I was surprised she spoke to you first, let alone let you get so near to her. I watched the two of you, and it seemed as if you were having a normal conversation—something she doesn't do even with her other two uncles. She's also uncomfortable around men."

"I was just helping her with her homework."

"Thanks for helping her. Would you like to order now?"

I gave Trish my order of two eggs over medium with link sausage and corned beef hash. As I ate breakfast, I saw Jade get up from her table and put her homework in her book bag. I looked at my watch and thought it too early for the school bus. Instead of heading outside, she came over to my table.

"Can I sit here?" she asked.

"Of course, Jade," I replied. "I'm delighted to have such charming company." Causing a slight blush on Jade's cheeks.

Trish arrived and freshened up my coffee; she said to Jade, "You shouldn't be sitting here with a customer, Honey."

I put my hand up. "It's okay, Trish, she can stay. We're homework buddies now." Trish sighed and left to greet another customer who had just walked in.

Jade looked at me with her gorgeous deep-blue eyes and brushed a few errant strands of her light-brown hair behind her left ear.

"How come you know so much about English?" she asked. "You a teacher or something?"

I was intrigued. Her mother had told me she had been raped by her uncle when she was just eleven years old, and yet here she was, sitting at my table and initiating a conversation—something her mother said she never did.

"I guess in a way. I was a good student in college and I used to tutor students in English to make a few extra bucks. Now I just write stories for fun."

"Really! Do you have any books published?" she asked; she seemed genuinely interested.

"No, I'm not that good. I post them online."

"Ooh, can I read some of them?"

"Err . . . I don't think they're suitable for a schoolgirl."

"What do you mean? Are they like Lady Chatterley's Lover? We've all read that as well as Tropic of Cancer and Ulysses."

"No, not exactly." I was torn. If I gave her the link to my home page and she got upset reading them and told her mother, then I was in trouble. I mean, I'm sure being raped by her uncle was very traumatic. But none of my stories were about rape or non-consensual sex. Then a thought struck me. Maybe reading about loving sexual relationships between adults and girls of her age. might help her realize not all encounters are bad.

"C'mon, Chris," Jade said and smiled. She leaned closer and lowered her voice. "Tell me what they're about. Are they juicy stories about forbidden sex?"

I SURPRISED MYSELF WITH THE WAY this conversation was headed. I mean I know I talk to my girlfriends about sex and stuff, but never with a man. But Chris was different; he was not only handsome and had a sexy lean body, but his whole demeanor put me at ease. I felt like I could talk to him about anything. I was surprised I wasn't blushing like crazy when I mentioned forbidden sex. And he drove a sexy car. I wondered if he might take me for a drive in it.

JADE WAS SURPRISING THE heck out of me with what she was saying. This didn't seem like a girl who had undergone a traumatic experience like rape, and by someone she trusted. I was torn. Should I tell her that I knew about the rape?

"Sort of," I replied. "I know we've only just met, and you don't know me from Adam, but can I be honest with you, Jade?"

"Uh-huh."

I leaned across the table and whispered, "Your mother confided in me . . . you know . . . about what happened when you were eleven."

The smile vanished from Jade's face, and she too whispered, "It was horrible, really horrible," she said. "It wasn't so much about what he did to me—although that was almost unbearable—it was what he took from me. He took my virginity, and I can never give it to the man I fall in love with—not that that's ever going to happen."

I put my hand over hers. "I'm so, so sorry, Jade. I can't begin to imagine what that was like."

Jade sniffled and wiped a tear from each eye with her forefinger. "Sorry to be so melodramatic. It's something that I'll never forget, but my therapist told me not to let it define who I am and how I live my life. I'm finding that so hard to do though."

I was beginning to like Jade. She was a strong young woman, and I liked strong women, but she was only fourteen—still only a child really. Somehow I was strangely drawn to her.

"So. How about your stories?" Jade said, bringing me back from my thoughts.

"They are mainly about consensual sex between underage girls and their fathers or grandfathers or men that they know. There is no violence and it's all consensual sex. In many stories, it's the girl who initiates it. How would you feel about reading those kinds of stories?"

A smile spread across Jade's face. "I think I'm going to like reading your stories, Chris. My girlfriends and I are always looking at older guys and wondering what it would be like to have sex with them. I know that sounds strange given what I went through, but we have those . . . you know . . .strong feelings."

"You do? So, I'm not making this stuff up?"

"No, you're not."

"If I agree to give you the link, you can never tell anyone about my stories—especially your mother. You can share the link with your girlfriends if you want, but please don't tell them that you know who wrote them. That's a secret between you and me. Okay? Deal?"

Jade stuck out her hand. "Deal."

I shook it.

I scribbled the URL to my website on a scrap of paper she had torn off her exercise book and gave it to her.

"Can you memorize it?"

She looked at the paper. I saw her lips moving as she read the website address. "Yep, got it."

I crumpled up the paper and put it in my pocket. Just then, Trish came to our table.

"Jade! What are you still doing here!? Your bus just pulled away. Now I'm going to have to take time off and drive you to school. What were you thinking?"

I put my hand over Trish's. "It's okay, Trish, I'll drive her to school."

Trish looked at her daughter with an 'I can't believe you're going to get in the same car with a guy' look of surprise.

"You sure?" Trish said, looking not at me but at her daughter.

"Yes, Mom, I'll be fine," Jade replied. "You worry too much."

"Thanks, Chris, that's very kind of you."

"Don't worry, Trish, I'll get her there safe and sound."

I put a twenty-dollar bill under the salt shaker, picked up my check, and headed for the checkout with Jade in tow.

"Can you tell me where your school is located, Jade?" I said as soon as we were in my Camaro.

"Yes, it's over on Glendale, and I love, love, love your car. Sixty-nine Camaro SS, right?"

"That's right. So, you like old cars?"

"Yeah, I think they're sooo cool. My grandfather got me hooked when I was just a little girl. But this drives like a new car."

"It's a resto-mod. It's where they—"

Jade cut me off. "I know about resto-mods. I love those TV shows like Bitchin' Rides, Iron Resurrection and Overhaulin'."

"Wow! Jade, I think you and I are going to get along just fine."

"How old are you, Chris?"

"I'm thirty-one, why?"

"That's fairly young to afford what this car must have cost."

" I guess I might best be described as a lucky entrepreneur. I remember taking a test in junior high school and next thing I knew I had skipped a grade. Long story longer, I graduated from high school and started my college career a few days after I turned seventeen. I earned my degree in BusAd in three years, went straight to grad school, and earned an MBA in Property Management a couple of days before I could legally buy a drink in a bar."

"Wow, that's impressive, Chris."

"Thanks, Jade but I must have been born with a lucky four-leaf clover under my butt or something like that, because by my mid 20s I was able to parlay my MBA and a modest inheritance from my late grandfather into a substantial nest egg derived from undervalued industrial properties in the San Fernando Valley.

I own Jake's Place and Trish is technically my employee but she doesn't know that. My parents have always been busy, hard-working professional people and as a youngster I had more than one meal by myself in local diners. I had come to think of diners as a home away from home and began to acquire them almost as a hobby – so far I own six."

"You own SIX diners!? Wow! Do you have any other cars beside the Camaro?"

"I've got a Jaguar E-type as well as a few others."

"Series one or two?"

"Series one."

"Three-point-eight or four-point-two?"

"Wow! you know your old cars. Three-point-eight, but I had triple Webers fitted; they're more reliable than SUs and you don't have to constantly keep them tuned."

"I'd love to have a ride in it sometime."

"How about this coming Saturday? I could pick you up, and we could go for a drive and get a bite of lunch."

"Sounds great, Chris. Oh, here's my school."

I pulled up at the drop off station. Jade leaned over and kissed me on my cheek.

Now I was really enjoying Jade. No young teenage girl had ever taken an interest in me, or in my cars, and none had ever kissed me.

"Thanks for the lift, Chris," Jade said. "Here's my phone number, text me, and I'll give you my address."

I memorized her phone number. "Thanks, Jade. Have a great day at school." Jade smiled at me and got out of the car.

As I drove away, I was as excited as a schoolboy on a first date. Jade, in the very short time that I had known her, had dispelled all of my preconceived notions of teenage girls. She was not hare-brained; she was not shallow; she could hold an adult conversation for more than five seconds; she was articulate and smart, but she was only fourteen years old.

Fuck!

What was I thinking? I had no business taking a fourteen-year-old girl out on a joy ride and to lunch for heaven's sake. But I wanted to help her. Maybe reading my stories and seeing that I'm an okay guy will get her to trust men again, I rationalized.

I CAN'T BELIEVE I KISSED him, but he smelled really good. I have to tell my friend Amy all about him. I bet she'll be surprised that I'm going out on a date after all the times she's tried to set me up with guys. I think my life might finally be turning around. I was glad I was finally taking my therapist's advice to not let what happened to me affect my life. It had taken a long time for me to truly accept that advice.

**Chapter Three**

I PULLED THE LONG JAGUAR XKE to a halt outside Trish's house in the marginal neighborhood of the Los Angeles community of Van Nuys at eleven o'clock as arranged via text messages. I left the straight six engine idling, purring like the cat the car was, and walked 'round to the passenger side, leaned against the car and waited for Jade to emerge from the house.

The day after I had invited Jade for a ride and lunch, Trish had said that her daughter seemed to be happier than she had seen her in a long time and attributed that to me befriending her. I wasn't sure if it was that or perhaps the stories she was probably reading on my website, but I was glad she was happier and coming out of her shell. I wasn't sure if Jade had told her mother that I was picking her up but assumed that it would be okay.

I was really looking forward to seeing Jade again. Even though I was a prodigious writer of stories about sex with underage girls, I was not a pedophile. My stories were just that—stories. But I'm not sure if I believed what the disclaimer said on all of my website's pages, which was that I, as the author, do not in any way, shape or form condone sexual relationships between adults and children, which is both highly illegal and damaging to the children involved.

I was strangely drawn to Jade in a very sexual way, and that bothered the shit out of me. I should never have offered to take Jade for a ride and to lunch, but I did, and now here I am. Jade waved as she came out of the house. She had on a green, short-sleeved cotton top that buttoned down the front, a pair of blue jeans and pink Keds, no socks. She bounded down the driveway and put her arms around my neck and kissed me on my lips. I tentatively held her sides, and my thumbs accidentally rubbed the sides of her bra through her top. Damn, she smelled good as well, Jasmine shampoo in freshly washed hair and just the trace of a scent of floral soap on her neck.

Fuck!

"Wow, gorgeous Jag, and it's British Racing Green! I've been looking forward to this all week, Chris."

I opened the passenger door, and Jade slid into the black leather bucket seat. After closing the door, I walked around the car and climbed into the driver's seat.

"Buckle your seatbelt," I told her, "it's just a lap belt I'm afraid, but it's better than nothing."

After we were buckled up, I depressed the clutch and slipped the non-synchronized Moss gearbox into first gear, and we were off.

I drove to Van Nuys Boulevard and headed toward the 101 Freeway where I took the westbound onramp. Even though Jade's long light-brown hair was fixed in a ponytail, it still blew forward into her face in such a way that she had to hold it in place. I took off my black corduroy cap and gave it to her; she put it on to tame her hair.

"Thanks, Chris," she shouted.

I could just hear her over the roar of the engine and the noise of the air rushing by at close to seventy miles per hour. I drove west on the 101 and about 15 minutes later took the Topanga Canyon Road offramp and headed toward the Santa Monica Mountains. After a leisurely drive through the residential area of Woodland Hills I was able to open the throttle on the winding iconic canyon road. After a run well above the speed limit, I hit the brake pedal. The four-wheel disc brakes hauled the car to a more leisurely thirty miles per hour to take the sweeping right-hand curve, as both our bodies were pulled back into our seats by the lap belts.

Around the next left-hand curve, I saw our destination, Topanga Bistro. I parked as far away from the restaurant as I could to keep my car away from the dreaded 'door bangers'. After killing the engine, we just sat there listening to it tick as it and the exhaust system cooled, relishing the beauty and peace and quiet of the area.

"That was soooo cool, Chris! I love this car; it's sooo sexy, but next time I'll bring my baseball cap."

"You think my car is sexy?" I queried.

"God, yes, and so are you."

That last comment caused Jade to blush a little.

I got out, walked around to the passenger side and opened her door. Jade unbuckled her seatbelt and climbed out. I happened to look down the front of her loose top and saw one of her tits inside the cup of her bra.

Fuck!

I took her hand and helped her stand.

"Thanks, Chris, you're such a gentleman."

We ordered lunch—Roasted Jidori Chicken with caramelized Brussel sprouts topped with bacon and fingerling potatoes and a light beer for me, and a Grilled Chicken sandwich with avocado, tomatoes, red onions with a jalapeño tartar and Coke for Jade—and while we were waiting, talked about some of my stories that she had read. I was glad that the place wasn't too busy and that we had a table in the far corner of the room.

"I really liked your stories. They were well written, and they all were about love and tenderness. The men were gentle with the girls when they made love for the first time. It made me a little sad to read how wonderful it can be when a girl loses her virginity."

"I'm glad that you liked them. I don't really know how young girls think. A couple of my female readers had written and told me that they and some of their friends had sexual thoughts about the older males in their families or a teacher or the guy next door. I just took it from there."

"I had a thing for my art teacher. He was about your age. I used to think about him when I lay in bed at night and . . . you know . . . touched myself. But that was before . . . you know."

I could feel my cock swelling inside my pants. Thankfully they were quite loose, and the table hid from Jade's view what I'm sure was a bulge.

"How many have you read?"

"About a dozen."

"Which one is your favorite so far?"

Jade thought for a few moments, then said, "Casandra. I cried at the end when she found out her lover had died of a heart attack. It was so beautifully written, and Casandra was sooo lucky to have moved in next door to such a caring and gentle man. I loved that she took their daughter to the cemetery to see her Daddy's grave."

"That's one of my favorites too. I loved writing it."

"Can I ask you something, Chris?"

"Sure you can, and I'll try and answer truthfully."

"I read the disclaimer where you said you didn't condone sex between an adult and a child. Do you really mean that?"

I didn't quite know what to say. I remember when I wrote that, it was more to placate anyone in authority who might go after me. All the stories that I wrote were written from the point of view of the main character and what I would like to do with young girls. It was pure fantasy of course since there was no way in Hell I could even approach an underage girl and ask to have sex with her without her running to her parents. That was a risk I was not willing to take. But Jade . . .

"I'm going to be honest with you, Jade. All of the male characters in my stories are a projection of me. The thought of . . . you know . . . doing the sort of things that my character does . . . well, it excites me. But there's as much likelihood of that happening as seeing a snowman in Hell."

Jade was quiet as we finished our lunch. I paid the check, and we headed back outside. After we were back in the car, Jade turned to me and said, "I've never been kissed by a guy; would you kiss me please, Chris?"

Fuck!

"I'm not sure that's appropriate, Jade."

"Please, Chris. I want to know what it feels like. I'm fourteen years old, and I feel like I'm a freak for not having been seriously kissed. Heck, I haven't even had a boyfriend. I listen to my friends talking about what it feels like, and I want to know. Please, will you?"

Fuck!

I leaned over, put my fingers on her chin, and turned her face to me. I brushed her soft lips with mine, and I was lost in the kiss. My tongue pressed urgently against her teeth. Jade opened her mouth and admitted my tongue. She wasn't too sure about what to do at first, but within a minute our tongues were doing their flirty dance, first in her mouth and then in mine. Jade was really getting into French kissing, pushing her tongue as far inside my mouth as she could. It took all of my willpower to not slide my hand down and cup her breast.

"Gaawd, that was amazing, Chris," Jade said almost panting after she broke our kiss. "Thanks for kissing me. I'd like to do it again sometime if we can."

Fuck!

I turned on the ignition and pressed the button to start the motor. After we had buckled our lap belts, I put the big cat into gear and drove out of the parking lot and back to Jade's house.

THE DRIVE WAS THRILLING! Lunch was delicious, but gawd that kiss was amazing! My friends had told me about Frenching as they called it, but I never knew it could be that good. Toward the end of the kiss, I could feel my panties getting damp, and that had never happened before. I like Chris a lot. He's handsome, charming, caring, funny and he's a good kisser. I wonder where he'll take me next Saturday. Wait till I tell Amy about that kiss.

**Chapter Four**

IT WAS AFTER EIGHT ON MONDAY MORNING when I made my way to Jake's Place. As I sat in the booth, Trish brought me a mug of steaming black coffee and surprised me by sitting on the banquette opposite.

"I want to thank you, Chris, for drawing Jade out of her shell. After the ride in your car Saturday, she could talk of nothing else."

"I'm so glad that I could help. Jade is an adorable and intelligent girl. I hope you're not mad at me for agreeing to take her to lunch without clearing it with you first?"

Trish touched my forearm. "She's old enough to make her own decisions, Chris, and I trust you to take good care of her." With that, Trish got up and went back to the kitchen to give the short order cook my order of French toast and bacon.

After breakfast, I played a round of golf with an old school buddy, and the whole time, all I could think about was that kiss. My buddy must have noticed my lack of concentration when I scored a bogey on a par three that I usually birdied.

"You seem preoccupied today, Chris," John said after marking his card with my bogey.

"Yeah, sorry, John. I met this amazing young woman, and I can't seem to get her out of my mind."

"Then she must be someone special since I haven't seen you like this before. This round of golf is going to be one to be forgotten. That's three bogies, a double bogey, and just one par—and that was on the par five."

"I know I can trust you, John, but I may be getting myself into a heap of trouble."

John frowned. "How so? She married?"

"No, she's not married; she's fourteen."

"Fourteen! Shit, Chris, what were you thinking? Have you . . . you know . . . ?"

"No, we've just kissed."

"Chris, as your longtime friend, I would advise you to run like Hell in the opposite direction, because she can be nothing but trouble for you."

"Good advice, John, and I should take it. But I just don't know. I've been attracted to a lot of different women. Rail-thin runway-like models, Rubenesque types, women with big tits, women with small tits. But they were all women. I've never ever been attracted to young girls, but Jade is different. I can't get her out of my head."

"Remember that song by Gary Puckett and the Union Gap?" John said. "'Young girl, get out of my mind, My love for you is way out of line, Better run, girl, You're much too young, girl'." He sang slightly off key. "Come on, let's play golf and try and get your game back together."

After we finished eighteen, I drove home. As I entered the kitchen from the elevator from the garage, my iPhone's tone told me I had a text. I swiped the phone open and read it; it was from Jade.

'I really enjoyed Saturday's ride and having lunch with you. Your car is sooo cool. Can we do it again this coming Saturday? XX'

I sighed heavily and texted back. 'Would love to; same time?'

Ten minutes later, I got a reply. 'Looking forward to it. Can we kiss again since I really, really liked Frenching with you?'

Fuck!

I texted back. 'Looking forward to kissing you again.'

'Can't wait to see you again, Chris XX'

**Chapter Five**

The next day, I visited my first restaurant that was nearing the completion of its remodel. I saw Robert, the restaurant's manager talking to one of the staff.

"Good morning, Mr. Hunt," Robert said as he put out his hand.

I shook it. "Morning, Robert. How's everything going?"

"Just fine. The contractor is just finishing up his punch list, and we should be ready to open next Monday as planned. We have kitchen staff and servers lined up, but there's the question of who the assistant manager will be. You said not to interview anyone since you had someone in mind. I really need to fill that position—like now if the person is to familiarize themselves with their duties."

"Call this number," I replied, handing him a piece of paper. "The woman's name is Trisha Harrison. She works at one of my diners. Get her in tomorrow afternoon and offer her the job. But, Robert, please don't mention my name, or the fact that I own the restaurant."

"Okay, Mr. Hunt will do."

That evening, Jade called me.

"Hey, Jade, how's school?"

"It's just fine, Chris. I've got some good news. Mom got offered a job as assistant manager at a new upscale restaurant that's opening over in Encino."

"I know, Jade," I replied.

"But . . . ?"

"I own the restaurant, and I told my manager to hire your mother, but you can't say anything to her. It's to be another one of our secrets."

"You own the restaurant as well as all those diners? How cool is that? Thank you, Chris, that was very thoughtful of you. And I won't say a word."

"I have to admit, Jade, that I had an ulterior motive. I saw where you live, and it's not the most desirable neighborhood. Now that your mother will be earning a lot more money, can you convince her to move?"

"Yeah, you're right. There's a dope dealer four doors down, and men come and go to the house across the street at all hours. We only rent, but the furniture is ours. But where should we look?"

"I'm going to text you an address for an apartment complex that I own. Somehow get your mom to go and see the manager and look at an apartment. I'll forewarn her to give your mom an especially low rent."

I could hear Jade quietly sobbing on the other end of the call. "That's so good of you, Chris. But how shall I get her there without her asking questions?"

"I'll leave a flyer for the complex at that stand near the entrance to the diner; you know, where local businesses advertise? Grab it as you go in tomorrow morning; your mother needs to work the first shift and then give her notice. Make sure you show it to her and convince her that you need to move. Make up some story about some neighbor making a crude comment to you. Can you do that, Jade?"

"I think I can. She's always worried about me walking through the neighborhood after the bus drops me off in the afternoon. And, Chris, thanks again for doing this for us."

"You're welcome, Jade. You and your mom deserve it. See you on Saturday."

"Can't wait, Chris. Bye." With that, Jade ended the call.

**Chapter Six**

I woke with a start as dawn was breaking; the high clouds scurried across the early morning sky. I looked at the alarm clock that told me with its red LEDs that it was five after five. Then I remembered that today was Saturday and I was to pick Jade up for a ride and lunch. I wasn't sure if I could resist the temptation to do something with her if she invited it. Or even if she wanted to, after her traumatic experience being raped by her uncle.

Fuck!

I looked over at the inert body of Thelma, who I had met at the country club restaurant after a round of golf on Wednesday. She had shown her interest by writing her name and phone number on the check with a smiley face and a note that said 'call me.' I called her Friday and arranged to meet her for dinner. Dinner was excellent, as was the sex. I peered over the edge of the bed and was glad to see the used condom on the floor. Our lovemaking last night was frenzied, and I was concerned that I might not have used protection. My golfing buddy, John, had told me that she was a hot number, and that a few of his unmarried buddies had fucked her.

Thelma stirred, yawned, and stretched. She pushed the sheet down with her feet, got off the bed and padded to the bathroom. I admired her gorgeous ass, her cheeks moving in sensual counterpoint.

"Nice ass," I shouted.

"Nice dick," Thelma shouted back. I could hear the tinkling as she peed.

"It's getting stiff again," I shouted.

"Keep it like that, I promised you a blowjob for fucking my brains out last night."

Thelma flushed the toilet, and I heard her washing her hands. She stood at the doorway, and I admired her tits that I remembered were more than a pleasant handful. She had a small rounded tummy and one of the largest mons I had ever seen. I could see that her pussy lips were still red and engorged from the pounding I had given it the night before. Her tits moved seductively as she walked over and got back on the bed.

Grasping the shaft of my now fully erect cock, she lowered her mouth over its end and took all of my five and a half inches in her mouth and partway down her throat. I groaned with pleasure as Thelma began to stroke my shaft while sucking on its head.

"Damn, Thelma! You give one fucking good blowjob."

Thelma lifted her mouth of my cock. "Well, you gave me one good fucking last night, so a fucking good blowjob is a fitting reward."

As Thelma licked my cock from root to tip and swirled her tongue around the end, the only vision in my closed eyes was that of Jade's tit inside the cup of her bra.

Fuck!

"Oh, God, Thelma," I cried out as she brought me to my climax. As I felt my cock swell, she took all of it inside her mouth, and I pumped my creamy liquid straight into her stomach. It was the most incredible feeling to have her throat massaging the head of my cock as she repeatedly swallowed.

At ten thirty, I drove Thelma to her car which was still parked at the golf club. I promised to see her again. I'm sure all the guys told her that. When I got home, I parked my Audi in my underground garage and surveyed my car collection. I wasn't sure which one to drive today. Then the white nineteen-sixty-six Rolls Royce Silver Shadow caught my eye.

"Yeah, I haven't taken you out for a while have I?" I said as I ran my hand over the Spirit of Ecstasy bonnet ornament. I wondered if the name had any meaning for today's ride.

The big vee-eight immediately sprang to life as soon as I started it up and began to purr, thanks to the battery tender that all my cars were fitted with to make them ready to drive at a moment's notice. A mechanic came in every 3 months and gave all my vehicles the once over. He also did the regular maintence like oil and filter changes, greasing and brake fluid flushings to keep them in top  running order.

I selected DRIVE and released the brake, and the almost two and a half ton car moved quietly and smoothly toward the garage door. I hit the remote to open the sliding door and drove up the ramp and down my half-mile long driveway.

I had only been living in my house, which I had custom built, on a property in Chatsworth in the north part of the San Fernando Valley for less than two years. I had purchased the lot in a tax sale and had gotten an unbelievable deal. It was a large piece of property and the house was sited where it was not visible to people driving by, giving me a high degree of privacy and security. My driveway took a circuitous route through the topography of the lot. It was only about 50 feet short of half a mile.

As I approached Jade's house, I was happy to see the Two Men and a Van moving van sitting in the driveway with the rear door open and a ramp in place. I was standing holding the rear passenger door open as Jade came bounding down the driveway.

"Wow! A Silver Shadow, what a cool car, Chris," Jade said after she had got on tiptoe and kissed me on my lips. God, I loved her kisses.

"Your limousine awaits my lady," I said in the best Limey accent I could muster.

"Well, thank you Jeeves, but I want to sit next to the handsome chauffeur," Jade replied in a somewhat better English accent than mine, then burst into a fit of giggles. I closed the rear door and opened the front passenger door. She slid onto the burgundy leather seat, and I closed the door with a reassuring soft clunk.

"Where to, my lady?" I asked as I got into the driver's seat and turned to face her.

"Lunch, please, Jeeves," she replied.

I put the Turbo-Hydramatic transmission into Drive, and we headed over to Topanga Canyon once more. This time we continued to Malibu and Moonshadows, a restaurant that I particularly liked for both its food and views. I knew it would be crowded at noon, which is why we were going to get there early. I refused valet service as usual and parked at the far side of the lot. Jade took my hand in hers, and we walked to the restaurant. I loved that she did that; it was if we were a couple in love.

"So, I see you're on the move," I said after the mâitre d' had seated us and our server had introduced herself. She was a college-aged girl by the name of Amanda and she took our orders. 'Best to get your order in before the lunchtime crowd gets here' she had advised us.

"Yeah, Mom was thrilled with the new job, and when we looked at the apartment, we knew we had to take it. Mom did ask the manager why the rent was so low. She told Mom that rentals were slow and so the complex owners had dropped the rent."

Jade put her hand over mine on the table and looked at me with her gorgeous deep-blue eyes. "Thank you sooo much, Chris."

"I'm glad I could help. You and your mom deserve better. So, what stories have you been reading?"

"I hope you don't mind, but I read a couple of Renpet's stories."

"Not at all. It was after reading Renpet's stories that I began writing my own. Which ones did you read?"

"Kissing Kiera."

I had to think. I knew I'd read all of Renpet's work—some of it over three years ago. Jeez, had I been writing that long? It didn't seem that long.

"Sorry, Jade, but it's been a while, and I don't remember all of his stories. Help me out here."

"It was about a soon to be fourteen-year-old girl who falls in love with a twenty-four-year-old distant non-blood relative. And it started with a kiss."

The mention of a kiss was not lost on me.

"I don't know if you remember or not, but the description of the first time they made love was incredibly arousing."

"You're making me think that he's a better writer than me," I joked.

Jade put her hand over mine. "No, no. I didn't mean to imply that. You're a wonderful writer, Chris."

"I was just kidding, Jade." I immodestly wasn't sure I meant it.

Our meals arrived courtesy of Amanda. I had the spicy ahi tuna tartare with cucumber, seaweed, wasabi, sesame wonton, and avocado. Jade had chosen the pan seared sea scallops with celery root and cilantro puree. As we ate, Jade would look across the table at me and give me one of her soft shy smiles and then look down as if she was afraid that I would see her thoughts. The teen was slowly inserting herself into my life whether she knew it or not. That thought thrilled me.

GAWD, I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT I'm sitting across the table from such a handsome hunk. I wasn't too sure if I should text him and ask him to take me out to lunch again. But that kiss . . . Gawd, I had to kiss him again, and here we are. Nothing like being more forward, I guess. I'm not sure I'm ready for sex with him. I mean . . . with what happened and all. I'm going to just go with the flow and see what Chris wants to do.

"Could I take a selfie of the two us?" I asked.

"Sure you can, Jade," Chris replied.

I got up and crouched down next to him and snapped a couple of shots. I'm going to send them to Amy.

LUNCH OVER AND THE CHECK and a generous tip for Amanda hustling our order taken care of, we walked out of the restaurant, and again Jade took my hand in hers. It was a simple act, but one that spoke volumes of how she felt about me. I opened the front passenger door, and she slid onto the seat. As we exited the parking lot onto PCH, Jade turned to me.

"Chris, I want you to kiss me again. Can we go somewhere private and park for a while?"

Fuck!

"Yes, if that's what you want to do."

"I do, I really do."

I headed up one of the many canyons that cleaved the cliffs above Malibu and pulled off onto a lookout that was shielded from the road by several large oak trees. After shutting off the engine, I turned to Jade.

"I think we may be more comfortable in the back, don't you?"

Jade nodded. I got out and opened her door then the back door. Then we got into the back of the car onto the large bench seat. I put my right arm around her shoulders, and she turned her head up, and I kissed her soft, lush lips.

"Mmmm, that feels sooo good," Jade murmured.

She put her hand on my shoulder, and we kissed again, this time harder and deeper. As I opened my mouth, she pushed her tongue inside, and we began French kissing. After a good three minutes of intense kissing Jade broke our kiss, panting hard. When she had calmed and caught her breath, she gave me a soft smile and took her hand off my shoulder; my hand that had been holding her elbow fell to her thigh.

Jade looked deep into my eyes, smiled nervously, and bit her bottom lip that I noticed had been trembling. She took my hand off her thigh and placed it on her right tit.

Fuck!

She left it there and put her hand back on my shoulder. I felt a slight shudder run through her body. I was sure that the simple act of putting my hand on her boob took a herculean effort after what she had gone through. Her mother, Trish, had told me that she had never dated anyone even though her friends tried to set her up with dates. Trish said that her friends didn't know of the rape. I gently squeezed her young budding breast, through her satiny top, feeling the small cotton bra underneath. Even with two layers of clothing, I felt her nipple grow and harden.

"Mmmm," she moaned into my mouth as I squeezed her breast again.

"Would it be okay if I unbuttoned your top?" I asked quietly.

"Kay," she replied softly.

I slowly undid each of her buttons until the front gaped open and I could see her small, plain, white cotton bra. I was glad to see it had a front clasp. I didn't want to rush her and maybe scare her, so I returned to squeezing her breast. Now with just the thin fabric of her bra between my hand and her breast, her nipple seemed harder. Her breast was just a nice handful for my medium-sized hand, firm, yet compliant.

Jade broke our kiss again and said, "You can open my bra if you like."

Fuck!

It took me a moment to figure out how to undo the clasp, but when I did, I was rewarded with the sight of her breasts that were a wonder of nature—perky, firm, and with the incredible form of adolescence. I cupped first one, then its twin, feeling the firmness of youth. As I caressed each areola with the pad of my thumb, I could feel them puff up. Her nipples looked like small pink buttons on the darker-pink mounds of her areolas.

"Mmmm," Jade breathed as I attended to her gorgeous breasts. "You're so gentle, Chris, I like that," she added. "I've never been in love; I don't know what love feels like, but if what I feel for you is love, then I'm in love with you."

Fuck!

I guess I should have known this would happen. I had only been in love one time, and that was when I was seventeen—well, I thought I was in love since the pain I felt when my girlfriend broke it off was awful. What I felt for Jade was different. She was the most beautiful female I had ever met. It wasn't the kind of movie star beauty, but I loved her soft shy smiles and the way she held my hand, and her humor, and playfulness and her inner strength.

Jade must have sensed my unease when she said, "It's okay, Chris, you don't have to tell me you love me just because I told you I love you."

God, the girl is so sweet. "Jade, I'm going to be honest with you. I thought I was in love one time, but what I feel for you is different. So maybe I was never in love. I know one thing for sure, I want to be in your life."

Jade kissed me. "You're the sweetest, kindest, most generous guy I've ever known."

I squeezed her breast one more time. "Jade, I don't know how you feel, but if we carry on like this, I'm not sure I could control myself, and I don't think the backseat of a car is the right place to have sex, even if it is a Rolls Royce."

"I don't think I could stop either, I want you so bad."

"Okay, why don't you get decent and we can go back to my house."

"Kay," Jade replied.

**Chapter Seven**

"Double wow, Chris!" Jade said as she got out of the car and saw my car collection. I watched as she wandered around the garage, lovingly touching each vehicle in turn, running her hand along the fender of one or the roof of another.

"Oooh, you've got a Jag Mark Two with the same three-point-eight engine as your E-Type," Jade said as she opened the driver's door and inhaled the aroma of old leather. "Pity it's a right-hand drive though."

"Now this has to be my favorite," Jade said as she slipped into the driver's seat of the Ford Mustang Fastback that I had custom made, fashioned after Eleanor in the movie Gone in Sixty Seconds."

"You want to learn how to drive, Jade?"

"Gawd yes. But I can't take Driver's Ed for another three months when I turn fifteen."

"I'll teach you. My driveway is a good half mile long."

"You'd teach me in one of these cars? I don't think that would be a good idea. I could wreck one, and they're far too beautiful and valuable."

"No, you're right. So how about next Saturday, we go shopping and get you a car?"

"No, Chris. I couldn't let you do that. You've been so generous already, what with Mom's job and our apartment."

"Jade, I insist. I'm rich, and I only have myself to spend my money on, and as you can see, I've got all I need," I said sweeping my arm around the garage filled with a dozen classic cars.

"I don't know, Chris."

"Come on, Jade. Make me happy."

Jade put her arms around my neck, pulled herself onto tiptoe, pushed her body against mine, and kissed me on my lips. "I could think of other ways to make you happy," she said as she rubbed her body against mine.

I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE WHAT I had just said and done. It was totally out of character for me to be so forward. But Chris was different from any man I had ever known. I wanted to give myself to him but didn't know how. I was only fourteen, and Chris was the first serious guy in my life. I still didn't know what I would do if he tried to make love to me. The memories of that horrible event came flooding back into my mind. The urge to run was overwhelming, but I remembered what my therapist had told me—'don't let what happened to you, define who you are, and how you live your life.'

JADE NEVER CEASED TO AMAZE ME. Raped by her uncle at eleven years of age. Then she had to live with the fact that her other uncles, aunts, and cousins knew she had been raped. I was surprised that she was as well-adjusted as she was. She was a strong young woman, and I loved her—yes, I loved her. And not just her spirit. Now she was being sensual—surprising for a fourteen-year-old girl—and I was going to make love to her.

"I'd love to find out just what you had in mind," I told her.

She had a wicked smile on her face that I hadn't seen before when she said, "Can we go to your bedroom?"

"You sure about this, Jade?"

"Yes, let's go and find out," she said.

**Chapter Eight**

I took her hand and led her to my master suite.

She looked around at the stark white decor, the black ebony wood furniture and the gray bedclothes with a white European duvet. "It's very masculine, Chris. I think it needs a woman's touch."

"You're right, Jade. I'm very much a monochromatic kind of guy."

"But not in your stories."

I chuckled. "No, I guess not. Would you be okay if we showered together?"

I could see Jade's bottom lip tremble. "I don't know," she said with a tremulous voice. "I'm not sure I'm ready for that yet."

"Sorry, Jade, I didn't want to push you. Would it be better if I went into the bathroom while you got undressed and into bed?"

Jade nodded. I went into the bathroom and got undressed. I decided to leave my boxers on. I waited a good five minutes then opened the door. Jade was under the covers with just her head showing. She was lying on her side, facing the center of the bed. I walked over and slipped under the covers facing her. Putting my hand on her cheek, I leaned in and kissed her lips.

"You're so beautiful, Jade."

"You think so?"

"I know so. I love your deep-blue eyes. They remind me of sapphires, and I love your mouth. You have the most kissable lips I have ever seen."

Jade gave me one of her soft, shy smiles. "I'd love for you to kiss me again, Chris."

I moved in closer and put my left arm under her shoulders and pulled her to me. I could feel her breasts pressing against my chest. We kissed and, as in the back seat of my car earlier, our mouths opened, and our tongues found each other's. She put her arm on the back of my neck and, as I cupped her firm breast, I felt a shiver of excitement run through my body.

Jade's nipple slowly got larger and harder as it pressed into the palm of my hand. As we continued to French kiss, I felt her other hand search for my erection. When she found it, I felt her whole body tense up. I was concerned that the memory of her rape had flooded back into her mind.

"Are you okay, Sweetheart?" I said softly.

"It's so big," she replied.

I breathed a sigh of relief. "I'm only average. Are you worried it's going to hurt when I put it inside you?"

She nodded. I pulled my arm from around her shoulders and shuffled down the bed and gently opened Jade's legs. I lay between them with my face inches from a fourteen-year-old pussy. Her pussy was stunningly beautiful, so young, so perfect, so lush, so sexy.

Her mons was a tapered mound pointing to her vulva between slim thighs. It was covered with a dusting of light-brown hair, and her vulva was plump and smooth and bare just as I liked them. Even though her legs were open, her seductive cleft remained closed, hiding her inner folds, her clitoris and the opening to her vagina. I moved closer, and inhaled the scent of her sex, so young, so fresh; it made me heady with desire. I reminded myself to slow down and not rush her. This was all about Jade and not about my sexual desire.

I started kissing the inside of her slender thighs, first one then the other as I worked my way up until my nose bumped her vulva. As my tongue wormed its way into her cleft, her labia hugging it, its tip touched her clit that was poking out of its hood, it was as if Jade had pushed her fingers into a light socket. Her whole body arched up off the bed, and her butt jerked, and she put her hands on my head and pulled my face into her crotch, grinding her clit against my chin.

JADE FELT AS IF SHE was on sensory overload as Chris sucked her clitoris.

"Gaaawd, Chris, this feels sooo good," she murmured.

Chris began licking and sucking her small bead, feeling her body react to his stimulation. Her whole body jerked and a loud gasp escaped her lips as he gently pushed his two middle fingers inside her hot and wet vagina up to their second knuckles. He curled them and began rubbing her g-spot on the front wall of her tight velvet tunnel. Chris was in heaven with his fingers inside of her teenage pussy and his tongue on her clit. He could feel Jade's body reacting to his stimulation. There would be sudden jerks of her leg or butt, and he could feel her juices begin to flow, wetting the palm of his hand.

'Yes,' Jade said to herself. 'This is the way it's supposed to be with a loving, caring, gentle man making love to me.' She was in heaven as she wallowed in the sensations that were bombarding her young body.

"Oh . . . my . . . gawd!" Jade cried as she orgasmed. It started deep inside her and ran down to curl her toes and rushed up to make her nipples ache, and her young breasts feel heavy. Her orgasm robbed her of breath; she couldn't breathe. Her slender thighs snapped shut on Chris' head, and he could feel her vagina pulsing as it clenched and released its tight grip on his fingers.

Then she breathed out with a loud swoosh and sank back into the mattress. Her whole body went limp.

MY FACE WAS BURIED in her wet pussy, and my fingers were being clenched by her tight love hole as she calmed from her intense orgasm. I moved up the bed, put my arm around her, and pulled her young firm body to me. We kissed.

"Wow, Chris. "That was . . . well, I'm at a loss for words."

"I'm happy that I could make it good for you the first time," I replied. I'm sure using the phrase 'first time' wasn't lost on her. And it really was the first time a guy had sucked her clit and massaged her g-spot and brought her to orgasm lovingly.

"Thank you for that," Jade said and was quiet for the longest time. Then she said what I was waiting for since I didn't want to push her. This was Jade's therapy.

She turned to me, and with one of her soft shy smiles said, "I think I'm ready."

I kissed her. "I'm going to be very gentle with you, Sweetheart so tell me if I'm hurting you or you want me to stop, or slow down, at any time."

"Kay," she replied.

Sitting on my haunches, I carefully lifted her slender legs over my thighs. The head of my cock almost filled the width of her vulva, and for the first time, I doubted I could penetrate her. I sighed and took the shaft in my hand and pushed its head into her cleft, oozing her now very plump and engorged labia aside; they seemed to hug the tip in a tight embrace. I moved the head up and down her cleft, mingling my precum with her juices getting her well lubricated.

The head of my cock came to rest on her perineum, at the small, dark entrance to her vagina. I looked at Jade, who was biting her knuckle with pearly-white teeth. I told her to relax, and that if she tensed up, it was going to hurt more. I saw most of the tension go out of her body as her hands dropped to her side and she breathed deeply. I moved the head of my cock in small circles at her opening, trying to loosen her up, and after less than a minute, it was working.

As I put more pressure on the shaft, I could feel her tight ring of skin begin to dilate. It was almost heart-stopping—I was about to penetrate a fourteen-year-old-girl's vagina. The feeling of her full labia surrounding my crown was amazing and so erotic. After a few moments of pressure, and with Jade's sharp intake of breath, her silky, liquid velvet vagina slowly enveloped the head, and just like that, I was inside her. I looked at her face, and a smile slowly spread across it as she realized that I was inside her, and it didn't hurt.

"Are you okay, Sweetheart?"

"Uh-huh. It hardly hurt at all, and now it feels really good. You're really stretching me though."

Over the next minute, with added pressure, I slowly penetrated deeper and deeper until I bumped against her end.

"Damn, Jade, this feels so incredible. You're so tight, and yet you took all of me inside you."

"I felt you bump my end and I feel really, really stuffed. But it's a nice stuffed—not like after eating too much."

I chuckled at her comparison. "I'm pretty sure you're not on any sort of birth control, so I'm going to pull out before I cum."

Jade nodded, and I began gently thrusting in and out of her wet, hot, silken tube. She was tight, but as more and more of my precum leaked out, she became quite slippery allowing me to fuck her a little faster. She was now fucking me as much as I was fucking her, with her slender calves on my hips and curling her pussy up against my inward strokes.

"Gawd, Chris, this feels so good. I want to do this again and again and again."

CHRIS SMILED AT HER NEW-FOUND ENTHUSIASM for sex, wondering if she had finally exorcised that horrible day from her mind. As they copulated, Chris could feel the onset of her second orgasm, with little tics in her legs and an occasional jerk of her butt. As he lay on top of her, taking most of his weight on his forearms, he could feel her firm, young breasts pressing against his chest. Jade had one hand on the back of his neck and her other one on of his tensed, muscular buttocks Her mons stood fleshy and proud of her groin, and as he stroked into her, his pubic bone pressed against it, putting pressure on her clit that sent jolts of pleasure from her pussy to her nipples.

Jade was enjoying having Chris' weight on top of her body, pressing her into the mattress. So much different than when her uncle had raped her. Unlike him, Chris was gentle and considerate, and she loved him. She loved feeling his cock, long and thick sliding inside her pussy, giving her so much pleasure. What a difference she thought, a cock could inflict pain and despair, yet it could bring such beautiful pleasure. It was just an instrument, and what its owner did with it made all the difference. She was so glad she had overcome her reticence and fear of men and spoken to him that day in the diner.

As Chris made love to Jade, he could feel her heart beating faster and her breath coming quicker and harder as she climbed the slope of her second orgasm. Her jerks were more pronounced, and she was holding him tighter.

"Chris, oh God, Chris," Jade breathed as she dropped into her orgasm.

Chris had one hand on Jade's firm buttock and his other squeezing a firm breast as her orgasm exploded. Her whole body shook, limbs jerked, and small primal "uhs" escaped her lips.

I WAS CLOSE TO MY CLIMAX and had to stop thrusting to dampen my ardor since the last thing I wanted to do was spurt inside her and get her pregnant. I held Jade tight as her orgasm peaked and then began to wane. She released her grip on the back of my neck and opened her beautiful sapphire blue eyes. I saw a tear form in the corner of each eye and tumble down her cheeks. She wiped her eyes with the heel of each hand.

"Sorry," she said. "It's just that making love with you is so beautiful. This is how it should be, and I'm sad that you weren't my first."

"But I am your first. I am the first man that you gave yourself to, and I am the first man to make love to you properly sweet girl.

"Yes. You are," she said through a teary smile.

I kissed both of her gorgeous eyes. "I will never let anyone hurt you ever again."

"You're still hard," Jade observed.

I withdrew from Jade's tight, wet liquid silk vagina and let it lie on her mons.

"You've got a beautiful cock, Chris."

"That's the first time any woman said that to me. Thank you. I was so close to cumming inside you, I had to pull back my excitement. I need sweet relief."

With that, I began stroking my erection. Jade watched intently as I masturbated. I knew it wouldn't take long. I wondered if she had seen any porn on the internet. I put off that question for another time. I was stroking furiously as I felt my ball sack tighten and that warm arousing feeling spreading through my lower body. As soon as I felt my cock swell, I let go of it, and it lay on her mons and began to pulse.

Jade's eyes got wide, and she put her hand over her open mouth as the first thick rope of cum spurted out on a straight line and puddled in her innie. Subsequent eruptions joined it; there was a river of cum from the end of my cock up across her flat tummy and ending in her innie that was full to overflowing.

"Gaawd, Chris, do you always spurt that much?" she said.

"No, never. But then I've just had my cock buried inside a beautiful, sweet fourteen-year-old girl's stupendous, tight pussy. You don't know how much you turn me on, Jade. You're the sexiest, most beautiful, and the most desirable female I've ever known."

Jade's sapphire-blue eyes lit up. "I am?"

"Yes, my sweet, you most certainly are."

I watched as Jade scooped a little of my semen out of her innie and rubbed it between her finger and thumb. A tentative tongue emerged and tasted it. I waited for the expression on her face to turn from curiosity to disgust, but it didn't. She licked her lips.

"I don't watch porn on the Internet because of . . . well, you know, but my friend Amy does. I didn't believe her the first time she told me that women let men cum in their mouths and that the men love it."

"Yeah, it's a guy thing."

"I think I might like to try that sometime."

"I would like that very much, Jade. I think we need to get you cleaned up and back home before your mother begins to worry."

"Can we . . . you know . . . shower together?"

"I would like that very much," I replied.

In my shower, I got to see all of Jade's gorgeous body, her perfect boobs with their puffy areolas and small hard nipples. As she turned to get the shampoo, I admired her sexy ass with the deep cleft between firm buttocks. Jade had overcome her initial shyness and took great delight in washing my cock that was now hard again, drawing my foreskin back and rubbing the head. My ball sack seemed to intrigue her, since she kept holding each testicle in the palm of her hand. We finished washing each other, rinsed off and got out of the shower.

"That was fun," Jade said after we had dressed, "we're going to have to do it again."

**Chapter Nine**

I walked into my New Town Restaurant and Bar on Monday evening and was greeted by the hostess, Monica, who showed me to a table for two.

"There you go, Sir. Your server will be John, and he'll be with you shortly. I hope you enjoy your meal and welcome to New Town Restaurant and Bar."

"Thanks, Monica," I said, impressed by her easy-going manner and her lovely smile. Robert did an excellent job hiring her, I thought. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Trish talking to one of the servers. The server came over to my table and introduced himself.

"Good evening, sir, welcome to New Town Restaurant and Bar. My name's John, and I'll be making sure that you have an enjoyable evening with us. What can I get you to drink?"

I liked the greeting that Robert and I had come up with. I never liked the 'my name's John, and I'll be taking care of you this evening,' or 'my name's John, and I'll be your server this evening.'

"Thank you, John, I'll have a Social House martini, straight up with a twist."

"Good choice, Sir. Social House is a new vodka for us; it's made in North Carolina. Your martini will be just a few minutes."

When he had left, Trish came over to my table. "Chris, how nice to see you. Checking out the best restaurant and bar in town?"

"I thought I would give it a try. So, you're the assistant manager?"

"Yes, but how did you know?"

"It's on your name tag."

"Oh, yes, of course how silly of me. This job was a wonderful opportunity for me. It came out of the blue. I've no idea why Robert called me and had me come in and offered me this job, but I'm very grateful."

"Jade told me that you moved to an apartment. I'm so happy because that old neighborhood struck me as a bit dangerous. Jade told me about the drug dealer and the hooker."

"Speaking of my daughter, what on earth have you done with her?"

For a fleeting moment, I was worried that she had somehow found out that Jade and I had had sex.

"What do you mean, Trish?"

"You have not only brought her out of her shell, but she positively glows. I've not seen her like this since before . . . well, you know."

"I think we really clicked and it was our love of old cars that bonded us. I hope you don't mind, but I'm going to teach her to drive on my property."

"She did say that you wanted to get a car for her to practice with. If you excuse me, I have to attend to an issue in the kitchen. Enjoy your meal."

As she left, Robert came over. "I am really pleased with Trish, she is a great assistant manager. She really relates to the table staff. They all love her. Is she married?"

"Why, Robert, do you have the hots for her, you old dog you?"

"Sorry, Mr. Hunt. If you think it inappropriate, then I won't pursue it."

"That's okay, Robert, she is a very attractive and very nice woman. Just don't let it interfere with business. This is my first restaurant, and I want it to succeed."

"Of course, Mr. Hunt. I understand perfectly."

John arrived with my martini and gave me time to enjoy it and look at the menu. I liked that he didn't rush me.

**Chapter Ten**

Jade texted me during the week. 'Could my friend Amy come to lunch with us this Saturday?'

It seems as if our Saturday drives, and lunch were becoming a regular event.

'Yes, and I hope you haven't told her about us.' I texted back.

'No, that's our secret. She just wants to meet you since I've told her all about you and your cars. I showed her the selfie that I took of us and she thinks you're very handsome.'

'Okay, I'll pick you up at your apartment and we can go and pick her up at her place. What car?'

'The Rolls, of course.'

I saw Jade at the top of the stairs of the four-unit apartment block. She smiled and waved. When she had descended the metal and concrete staircase, she ran over and threw herself at me with her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist. I found myself holding her pantied buttocks under her voluminous summer dress. I looked around to make sure we weren't being watched, not wanting some nosy biddy of a neighbor to call the cops to report a pedophile fondling a young girl in the parking lot.

Jade kissed my lips and slid back down onto her feet. "Love you, Chris, I've been looking forward to today the whole week."

"You want to go in the back?"

"No, up front where I can be near you and touch you."

It seemed to me that after our lovemaking session last Saturday, a new, more assured Jade, had emerged from her cocoon and I liked it.

"I like the new Jade," I told her as we drove.

She looked at me with a tilted head and a quizzical expression on her face. "New Jade?"

"Yes, it seems as if our lovemaking last week has caused a big change in you."

"Oh, that. I hadn't really noticed until Mom said something."

"Jeez, I hope she doesn't know we had sex."

"No . . . well, I don't think so."

Now I was worried. "Jade, talk to me, Honey. What do you mean 'you don't think so'?"

"On Sunday, she just said, 'you seem awfully happy today, did you and Chris have a good time on Saturday?' I just shrugged."

That response didn't mollify my concern. A mother can be very protective of her children, and I didn't want an irate mother accusing me of seducing her daughter. I let it rest since we were pulling into her friend, Amy's driveway. Jade got out and ran to the house to fetch her friend while I stood with the rear passenger door handle in hand, waiting for them to make their appearance. They came running out of the front door, giggling and talking. When Amy saw me, she put her hand over her open mouth and whispered something to Jade.

"Well, hello Miss," I said to Amy in my fake English chauffeur's accent.

"This is Jeeves, Amy and he's my chauffeur," Jade said in her much better English accent. "Jeeves, this is my good friend, Amy."

I took Amy's proffered hand and kissed its back. "Nice to make your acquaintance Miss Amy," I said.

A fit of girlish giggles ensued as Jade and Amy slid across the rear bench seat. They were whispering the whole way up PCH to Kristy's Village Café. I parked, eschewing valet parking as usual, and opened the door for the girls to get out of the back seat. They followed me inside where we were seated with a view of Point Dume State Marine Conservation Area.

Our server brought our drinks, a local microbrew for me—a Twisted Oak Tavern's Honey I'm Home! blonde ale—and colas for the girls.

"So, Jade says that you own diners and apartments and now a restaurant," Amy said. Amy was different from Jade. Whereas Jade was tall at five-six and slim weighing probably a hundred and fifteen pounds, Amy was short at just over five foot one and maybe a hundred and thirty-five pounds. Jade wore thirty-two b-cup bra, and I guessed Amy wore a c-cup.

But she was a beautiful young woman with dark brown hair that was fixed in a single plait that lay across her ample breast; she looked at me with pale-blue eyes.

"And old cars," Jade added.

"That's right, and some industrial properties. But who's counting? Do you go to the same school as Jade?"

"No, when Jade moved, she had to change schools," Amy replied a little sadly. "We only see each other on weekends now. So, you're her beau, huh?"

"Jade and I are just friends. We have the same love of cars."

Amy looked at me a little sideways. "I think you're more than friends, Chris. I've known Jade for almost three years, and the change in her since she met you is amazing. It's like she's a different person."

I saw Jade nudge her friend. I was reasonably sure that Jade hadn't told her friend about us, but Amy was right, Jade was like a different person.

"Sorry, Chris, I didn't mean to get personal. I really don't care what your relationship is, I'm just so happy for her. I can see why she likes you, though."

Our server came and took our order. I had the Fish Sandwich on a brioche bun with a side of the house salad with Blue cheese dressing; Jade ordered their Mushroom Flat Bread with a side of fries and Amy, a Veggie Wrap with sweet potato fries. I listened to the girls talk as we ate our lunch. Amy was obviously a very intelligent young woman, and I could see why she and Jade were friends. From time to time, Amy would look over at me and smile, and I wondered what was going through her head.

After lunch, I drove the girls along PCH for twenty miles or so, stopping here and there to enjoy the views of the Pacific Ocean. At four o'clock, we dropped Amy off at her house. She got on tiptoe and kissed me on my lips.

"Thanks for a wonderful day and for a delicious lunch, Chris," she said.

"You're very welcome, Amy, maybe we can do it again some time," I replied.

"I'd like that, I'd like that very much."

Amy hugged Jade and kissed her on her mouth. "Call me, girl," she said and ran up the driveway and disappeared through the front door. Jade got in the front passenger seat.

"Amy likes you, Chris," Jade said as we drove off.

"I like her too, she's a lovely girl."

"No, Chris, I mean she really, really likes you."

I was floored. I knew she liked me since she kept glancing at me. "You mean she's sexually attracted to me?"

"Uh-huh. I've known Amy for going on three years now. After I was raped, I shunned any man and since I was into puberty with you know . . . hormones and stuff, I sort of fell into a sexual relationship with Amy. She's not a virgin, she lost her cherry to an older cousin when she was eleven. I never told her about the rape. Although I'm not sure why because we have no secrets—apart from the rape and us, that is."

"So . . . what are you telling me, Jade?"

"I'm pretty sure she wants to have sex with you."

"But I only want you. Why would I want to get involved with another girl?"

"I don't know; I just figured you would want to. I won't be jealous if that's what you're worried about. Even though we've had sex, and I love you, Amy and I still have sex. Sex isn't about love. It might show love, but just because you're in a relationship with me, it doesn't mean you can't have sex with Amy."

"Wow, Jade! for a fourteen-year-old young woman, you sure have an unusual outlook on sex and love."

"You don't have to have sex with Amy if you don't want to. I was just telling you what she said."

Jade leaned over and kissed me for a good minute after I stopped the car outside her apartment block.

"Love you, Chris, text or call me. A week's too long without any contact with you."

"Will do, Sweetheart," I replied.

I waited until she was up the stairs and waved at me and blew me a kiss before I drove home.

**Chapter Eleven**

I dropped by my New Town Restaurant and Bar on Monday to check on things and make sure everything was running smoothly. I went into the bar that was quiet since it was just barely five o'clock. I ordered a Manhattan straight up, Jim Beam Black with a dash of bitters and a cherry garnish. The efficient bartender had it ready in short order. Trish saw me and came and sat next to me at the bar.

"I'm glad you came in because I need to talk to you about Jade," she said.

Fuck.

"I want to ask you a question, and I would appreciate an honest answer, Chris."

"Okaaay, Trish. What do you want to know?"

Trish lowered her voice. "Are you and my daughter having sex?"

"I . . . err, I . . . err," I was at a loss for words.

Trish put her hand on my arm. "It's okay, Chris, if you are, I'm not going to get angry with you or report you or anything."

"I'm not going to lie to you, Trish so yes, Jade and I had sex just the one time, and I made sure I couldn't get her pregnant. I'm sorry, I'm the adult, and I should have known better. But I couldn't help it; she's so beautiful and desirable and she was . . . you know . . . okay doing it."

"No, Chris, it's okay. I sort of thought that you two were having sex, but wanted confirmation. It's obvious to me that Jade is head over heels in love with you; I don't know how you feel about her, but please don't trifle with her feelings and hurt her. After what she's been through, it would devastate her."

"I have very deep feelings for Jade and trust me, Trish, I would NEVER do anything to hurt her. I never pushed the idea of us having sex. It was Jade who initiated it, which sort of surprised me given what had happened."

"Thanks for being honest with me. I know you're not the sort of man who would take advantage of her, but the fact that it was Jade who initiated it surprises me. Now I know why she has changed for the better. I hope you will be discrete about the whole thing. I don't want it to get out that my daughter is having sex with a thirty-year-old man, and I don't want her pregnant either, so I'm going to take her to my OB-GYN this week and get a prescription for the birth control patch," Trish said. "In fact, I need one as well," she added blushing a little.

"Thanks, Trish, I appreciate that."

"One more thing, Chris, Jade can spend the weekends with you beginning on a Friday evening, so long as you have her back home by Sunday evening—at least while she's in school."

"I will, and thanks again, Trish. By the way, I think Robert really likes you."

"But . . . how . . . ?"

"I own the restaurant, and he asked me if it would cause any issues if he dated you. I said no, so long as the business didn't suffer."

"You own the restaurant!?"

"Uh-huh, the diner too as well as five others."

"I . . . I never knew."

"And one more thing, Trish. I'm going to buy Jade a car so she can drive herself to school as soon as she passes her driver's test. And, if she wants to go, I'm going to put her through college as well."

Trish got on tiptoe and kissed me. "Thanks, Chris, thanks a lot. You're so very generous and I know you'll take good care of my daughter."

**Chapter Twelve**

"That's great news isn't it, Chris," Jade gushed over the phone the next morning during school recess.

"Yes, Sweetheart, I can hardly wait for Friday night to come around and we can be together for the whole weekend. And don't forget, we're going to shop for a car for you."

"It's for me? I thought it was just for me to practice in."

"It's that as well, but when you pass your driver's test, it will be yours and you can use it to drive to school."

"Thanks, Chris. Love ya," Jade replied and ended the call.

Friday finally arrived, the beginning of a weekend with Jade. She had confirmed on Monday evening that her mom had in fact taken her to the doctor and gotten a prescription for the patch that she was now wearing and proudly announced that it would be effective on Saturday. Jade asked if we could just fool around Friday night.

The transformation from rape victim to emancipated female was now complete and inside of just three weeks no less. That had to be a record, and there were no therapist fees—just lunches and money for gas. When I picked Jade up from her apartment at five thirty to take her to dinner, her step had more of a jaunt to it as she skipped across the parking lot and into the passenger seat of my Ford Mustang Fastback.

Jade leaned over and kissed me. "Yay, the weekend's here. I've been looking forward to this the whole week. I want us to do different things this weekend. For starters, I want to go to sleep with you and wake up with you," she said. "Love the car by the way," she threw in as an afterthought.

I loved Jade's new-found excitement, and I had to admit to myself that what I had felt as a teenager wasn't love and what I felt for Jade was true love. I was giddy in love with her; I loved her enthusiasm; I loved her passion for life, but most of all, I loved Jade for the beautiful person she was.

Dinner was at a small French Bistro that a golfing buddy had told me about. The atmosphere was a little gaudy, but the food made up for it since it was to die for.

I looked across the table at my fourteen-soon-to-be-fifteen-year-old date and smiled. I reached over, took her hand in mine.

"You look so beautiful this evening, Jade, so sexy," I said, and she did. Her dusky-blonde hair was fixed in a loose ponytail at the nape of her neck in a dark-blue scrunchie. Her top was a pale-blue camisole with spaghetti straps over a satiny bra judging by the texture of its straps on her bare shoulders. Her jeans were from Target or Walmart, I couldn't tell, but they weren't designer jeans that a body like hers demanded. Pink Keds shod her feet and, as usual, no socks.

Jade smiled back at me. Since coming out of her shell, Jade's smiles were dazzling, and her sapphire eyes seemed to sparkle in the candlelight on the table.

"Thanks, Chris, I feel sexy the way you look at me with desire in your eyes."

"I love you, Jade, I truly do."

A tear formed in the corner of each of her eyes and tumbled down her cheek. She dabbed them with the handkerchief I had quickly handed to her.

"I'm glad you do, Chris, I really am."

I changed the mood as it was getting too intense, too early. "I have tomorrow all planned out," I said as I took back my handkerchief.

"Oooh, I can't wait. Tell me what you have in mind?"

"Tomorrow morning, I'm going to cook us breakfast—you do like French toast, right?"

"If it's as good as Frenching you then I'm going to love it."

"Then, we're going to shop for a car for you. But you have to tell me what you like. You know, make: model: color: two or four doors: hardtop or convertible."

"I like—"

"No," I said, cutting her off, "not now. Tomorrow."

"And then?"

"Where do you buy all of your clothes and underwear?"

"Walmart, why?"

"I'm sure Walmart has some wonderful clothes, but your body cries out for sexier, more fashionable clothes. So, we're going to the mall, and we're going to Victoria's Secret to get you some sexy underwear. I have an ulterior motive, and that is I want to see you in some very sexy lingerie. Next stop Nordstrom for new outfits."

"You are so generous, Chris. I don't know how I can ever repay you."

"You already have, Jade."

Jade cocked her head as if she didn't understand what I said.

"Sorry?"

"You have finally arrived at the person you were always meant to be. You may not realize this, but this last week you have been like a butterfly emerging from its cocoon, and it's a joy to see."

"Ah, Chris, you are so sweet, but you're right. I feel so different. It's like I've been freed from whatever was holding me back. I'm really looking forward to this weekend and to modeling my new undies for you," she added with a twinkle in her sapphire-blue eyes.

"Mmm, undies, can't wait."

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We arrived at my house at eight o'clock. I suggested that we shower together to which Jade immediately agreed. In my large bedroom with its California king-sized bed, I watched out of the corner of my eye as she disrobed. First came the camisole that caught on her ponytail. She stopped, removed the dark-blue scrunchie, and shook out her gorgeous dusky-blonde hair. The camisole came off, revealing a pale-lavender satin bra. The cups provided no support; she didn't need any they gently hugged her young budding breasts.

Next came the jeans with a sexy wiggle of her butt pulling her white cotton panties down a little. She stopped to pull them back up. I stifled a gasp as the action caused a sexy cameltoe in her plump pussy in the sexy gap at the top of slender thighs.

Jade looked at me, looking at her. All I had managed to remove was my dress shirt, so I stood there in my pants, socks, and shoes.

"You going to get undressed?" she said.

"I was just watching you remove your clothes; I think it's so sexy."

Jade giggled. "You're weird, Chris, but I love you."

I kicked off my penny loafers and undid the buckle of my belt. With my pants off, I stood there with my cock tenting my boxers. Jade was in the middle of unhooking her bra when she looked over at me.

"Mmm, I see you're excited," she said.

"It's watching you get undressed," I replied. "It turns me on big time."

Her bra came off, exposing two perfect breasts. Her areolas were already darkened and stippled with arousal, and her nipples were like small hard peas. Jade hooked her thumbs into the waist of her panties and tugged them down and over her slender hips. My cock was now at full attention as I saw her gorgeous vulva; her mons with its smattering of light-brown hairs swelled up from her tummy between bony hips; so damn sexy!

After turning on the shower and letting the water warm up, we both got inside. I handed Jade the bar of soap.

"You wash me first," I said.

Jade gave me one of her soft, shy smiles and proceeded to lather up her hands.

"Turn around," she said. I complied, and she began to wash my shoulders, back, and my butt. "You've got a sexy body, Chris. I like that you work out."

When she was done with my back, she patted my butt, and I turned back around. She washed my pecs, and as she washed my abs, her hand bumped my cock standing up against my stomach. She grasped it in both hands and began to wash it.

"I love your penis, it's beautiful."

I smiled. "I like that you like it."

"I need to get it really clean tonight," she said. I didn't ask why, but I hoped she was going to do what I wanted her to do.

In bed ten minutes later, clean and dry, I wasn't disappointed. As I lay on my back, Jade grasped the shaft and raised it vertically and slowly lowered her head over the head. I jerked as I first felt her hot breath on the tip, followed by her soft lips around the underside of the head.

I groaned.

"I've never done this before, so I hope I do it right," Jade said. "I did watch some on the Internet, though."

JADE COULD HARDLY BELIEVE IT was her who had Chris' penis in her mouth, and a beautiful penis it was she thought. She had prepared herself for this evening ever since her mother had told her that she could spend the weekends with Chris. For the very first time, she had watched videos on the Internet of women performing oral sex on men. She watched the techniques with an almost clinical inquisitiveness; the way the women twisted their fingers as they stroked the man's shaft; how they sucked the head; how they licked the underside of the penis from its root where it joined the man's loose scrotum.

The first time Jade put her lips around Chris' flared cockhead, the tingling in her nipples was amazing as was the soft throbbing in her pussy. She was careful to cushion her bottom row of teeth; she had learned that the underside of the head was the most sensitive spot and had watched women driving men crazy with lust as they licked it. In all of the videos she had watched that week alone in her bedroom with her fingers in her wet slit, the men had spurted their semen into the women's mouths, and they all had swallowed. Jade had tasted Chris' semen and decided that it was okay and was going to let him spurt it into her mouth tonight.

CHRIS WAS GETTING TOO AROUSED too early, so he placed a hand on Jade's hand to stop her stroking his cock.

"Am I not doing it right?" she asked, concerned that she was somehow not pleasing him.

"Not at all, Jade, you're doing such a good job I'm about to cum. Don't you want me to put it inside you tonight?"

"No, not tonight. I've been watching videos of women giving men blowjobs, so I wanted to see what it's like."

Chris lay back with his hands behind his neck and watched Jade give him a pretty darned good blowjob. She was stroking his shaft between a thumb and two fingers while licking the head. Then she licked from root to tip, pausing to lick the ultra-sensitive underside of the head. It didn't take too long for him to climax since Jade was doing such a good job.

"God almighty, Jade," Chris cried out as he climaxed.

As Jade felt Chris' cock begin to swell she steeled herself to what she knew what was about to happen. She jerked as the first spurt of his thick, hot liquid hit the back of her throat but kept her lips sealed around the underside of his cockhead as more of his fluid spurted inside her mouth. When he was finally through, her cheeks bulged a little from the amount of cum inside her mouth. She looked at Chris, who was expecting her to spit it into the palm of her hand. But she didn't; she swallowed hard a few times and licked her lips. She could feel her pussy leaking, and her extra-sensitive nipples were tingling, and her young breasts felt heavy and full as she realized what she had just done.

"Wow!" Jade said as she licked her lips again. "That was a lot of cum."

Chris was panting hard as he came down of his orgasmic high. He opened his eyes and saw Jade smiling at him with her sapphire blue eyes.

"Mmm," she said, "milkshake, it isn't, but I swallowed it."

"You didn't mind the taste?"

"No, as I said it's not a milkshake, but it's okay and guys like it when a girl lets him spurt in her mouth."

"That makes me happy. Now lie down, Jade because I'm going to return the favor."

Jade giggled, reminding Chris that she was still a young schoolgirl, and lay on her back with the knees drawn up to the sides of her chest. Chris knew that he would never tire of looking at Jade's gorgeous pussy. Now, with her legs folded like that, the inner pink folds of her inner labia were exposed to his view, and he was still surprised that she was so open to showing herself to him.

"God, your pussy is gorgeous, Jade, and I'm going to eat it all up."

Jade giggled, causing her breasts to jiggle seductively.

I MOVED DOWN THE BED between Jade's open legs and inhaled. Gawd, did she smell good. There was the scent of the floral soap we had used in the shower, but there were overtones of a musky aroma that was probably from the juices I could see in the small opening to her vagina from her arousal at giving me head. God, I loved this girl, this fourteen-year-old sylph who had stolen my heart.

As I began sucking and tonguing her small button, it grew—swollen with the blood of her arousal. I pushed my tongue into her small opening, gathering her moisture then returning to her clit for more torture. Jade was moaning loudly now as she climbed the slope of her orgasm. As I pushed my two middle fingers inside her and curled them to rub her g-spot, it took her over the top.

"Chris, Chris, Chris!" she cried as she orgasmed.

I could feel her pussy clenching my fingers in a rhythmical pulsing as her orgasm took control of her body. Looking up over the prominence of her mons, I could see that her areolas were stippled and her turgid nipples were swollen with her intense arousal. She exerted a steady pressure on the sides of my head with her slender thighs as her orgasm peaked and finally waned, leaving the tics and jerks of her body like small aftershocks. They, too, gradually stopped.

"Jeez, Chris, you know how to make me cum hard."

I moved back up the bed and put my arm around her shoulders; she put her leg over mine, and snuggled up to me.

"Mmmm. I get to spend my first night with you. This is a first for me, and I'm going to enjoy it."

**Chapter Thirteen**

The next day was crazy. Jade said she wanted to see a Ford Focus and fell in love with a dark blue one that I was able to negotiate a good price on with their salesman. Clothes shopping was exhausting because Jade wanted my approval on every pair of panties or bra or skirt or top or pair of shoes. The session in Victoria's Secret was hard since I was hard all the time and I'm sure that the manager thought I was a pervert, but the cute sales associate flirted with me, much to Jade's displeasure. After a couple, if icy stares from Jade, the girl quit flirting. After four hours, with eight shopping bags full of clothes, I collapsed on my sofa.

"Chris?" Jade shouted from our bedroom, where she was putting all of our purchases away.

"Yes, Sweetheart?"

"I hope you don't mind, but I've asked Amy to come 'round to swim tomorrow. Her mom's going to drop her off at ten."

"I thought our relationship was supposed to be a secret, Jade," I shouted back, a little annoyed that she hadn't consulted with me before inviting her best friend to our house.

"It's just to swim, Chris. She doesn't know I'm spending the weekend here."

My displeasure calmed. I guess I was getting too cautious, and the thought of seeing Amy in a bikini excited me. "Okay, just make sure it stays that way. I'll do a barbecue."

"Thanks," Jade said now standing in the living room wearing the sexiest set of undies I had ever seen.

"My God, Jade, those are so sexy."

The matching bra and panties were made of some sort of pale-blue satin material trimmed with white lace. The bra was tiny, the cups barely covered her nipples and the bikini-cut panties coddled her young pussy. The elastic of the leg openings cut deep into the sides of her vulva making her pussy seem even larger. My cock twitched as I saw the perfect cameltoe.

Jade pirouetted showing me the top of her butt crack over the low waist of her panties. "You like 'em?"

"God, do I ever. You're a very sexy girl and wearing those undies makes you look even sexier."

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That evening Jade seemed more loving than usual, always finding an excuse to touch me, or she would just put her arms around me from behind while I was standing at the stove cooking dinner.

"I love you sooo much, Chris," she said as she kissed me on my neck.

"I love you too, Jade," I replied.

That night in bed, after taking off the sexy undies she had modeled for me earlier, she surprised me by climbing on top of me, straddling my chest and thrusting her already wet pussy into my face. She held onto the headboard as I sucked and licked her clit that had doubled in size with her arousal. I reached up and tweaked her hard nipples. There was a flush of arousal in her upper chest and neck.

JADE WAS GRINDING HER PUSSY into Chris' face to get more pressure on her clit as her breathing intensified. Then with a snort from a sharp intake of breath, she dropped into her orgasm. Her legs were trembling, and moans escaped her lips as her orgasm raged. After a few minutes, she began to calm and moved down the bed until she was straddling Chris' hips. She sat down on his cock that was lying flat on his stomach. He watched as she settled her pussy onto his shaft, her plump engorged labia pooching aside, hugging his cock in a hot liquid embrace.

"Mmmm, that was good," Jade announced as she regained the ability to speak. "I love it when you suck my clit and bring me to orgasm."

"This is an incredibly erotic sight, Jade, to see your pussy lips hugging my cock."

Jade moved along Chris' cock; He saw her clit get pulled down to kiss the shaft. "Mmmm, this feels good. I think I could bring myself off just sliding back and forth on your beautiful penis."

After a few minutes of stimulating herself on Chris' shaft, she lifted, grasped it between thumb and forefinger and guided the head to her small opening and let go. Jade looked at Chris with love in her gorgeous sapphire blue eyes which narrowed as she slowly lowered herself onto his erection.

"Mmmm, this feels good; I love how your cock stretches me."

"I'm gonna let you fuck me tonight," Chris told her.

Jade gave Chris one of her soft smiles and began to scrub back and forth. She was leaning forward, her knees hugging his sides with her hands on his stomach. Her small breasts were pushed together by her arms, forming a very sexy cleavage; her upper chest and neck now flushed red with arousal. Jade's eyes narrowed some more as she felt her clit dip and slide along the shaft, sending stabs of pure pleasure into her pussy.

"Mmmmm," she murmured.

Reaching up, Chris rubbed both of her areolas, now puckered and darkened. He tweaked her now hard nipples causing gasps of pleasure to escape Jade's beautiful lips. She was moving faster and faster, chasing her orgasm, climbing its slope to the apex of ecstasy. Sweat formed on her brow and the undersides of her breasts as she worked harder and harder.

Chris' orgasm started in his bowels and spread throughout his nether regions. As Jade reached the cusp of her orgasm and began to tremble and jerk, his came crashing in.

"Jeez, baby!" Chris cried as his cock swelled inside Jade and the first thick rope of semen spurted out.

Jade must have felt it because it took her over the top into her orgasm.

"Ngh, ngh, ngh, ngh, ngh!" she cried and dropped to Chris' muscular chest.

Chris felt her small breasts pressing against his chest and her heart beating so fast. He had two small, firm buttocks in his hands as he felt her butt jerk and twitch; his cock pulsed inside her tight, tight pussy spurting hard, hot thick semen flooding her. Then, all too soon, he was done, spent, sated, and happy. He had just fucked his fourteen-year-old lover.

**Chapter Fourteen**

Chris happened to look up from the book he was reading to see Jade taking her bra top off. Amy watched her giggling and then she did the same. They saw him watching them and waved their bras around their heads shouting,

"Yay, topless."

Amy's breasts were large, and since she was not a big girl, they looked larger than the C-cups that he knew they were. Chris admired her areolas that were dark pink and stippled from arousal. He thought her nipples small, but that was only because her breasts were large.

Five minutes later, the girls chorused. "Yay, nekkid."

Chris looked up to see Amy's naked body. He was surprised to see that Amy's large mons was covered in a brown bush that looked to be a natural vee-shape that pointed to the tight slit between her thighs. Chris' cock stiffened and grew fat. He could see that Jade was looking at the large bulge in his pants that it caused and saying something to Amy.

"He's got a stiffy, Amy," Jade said with a giggle.

"How big is it?" Amy asked.

Jade put her index fingers about six inches apart. "About this long," she made a circle with her finger and thumb, "and about this big around."

"Wow! That's bigger than my cousin's, but then he was just fourteen. You think he will have sex with me?"

"Wait here, let me see if I can get him to agree with you spending the night. Now make sure you don't let on that Chris and I have sex. If that got out, then we're all screwed."

"Of course not, Jade. What are best friends for if it's not for keeping secrets."

Jade got out of the pool and sat in a chair beside Chris shaded from the noonday sun by the large octagonal umbrella.

"Chris, Sweetheart?"

Chris closed his book, trapping the leaf of the dust cover between the pages. "Yes, Jade my love, Amy can stay the night so long as she sleeps with you in one of the guest rooms."

Jade beamed. "She can? Thanks, Chris. You like her body?"

"She's got a gorgeous body. I'm surprised she has so much hair on her pussy."

"I know, but her lips are bare. She has the biggest clit. Are you sure you don't want to have sex with her because she's so horny today?"

"I want to ask you a question, and I would appreciate an honest answer. Can you do that?"

"You want to know if Amy knows about us?"

"Yes. Does she?"

Jade looked a little embarrassed and guilty at the same time, and said, "Uh-huh. I'm sorry, Chris; it sort of slipped out. It was after you took us to lunch. She called me and said that she knew we were having sex; she said she could see it in my eyes that I was in love with you. I guess I hesitated too long before I denied it. She said she didn't believe me. I made her promise not to tell anyone. Sorry, are you mad at me?"

"Jade, I don't think I could ever be mad at you. You do know the consequences if anyone ever found out and reported me to the authorities?"

"Yes, I do, and so does Amy. She can keep secrets, trust me on this. You want to have sex with her?"

"I don't know, Jade. It's full of pitfalls. If you're sure that Amy can keep it a secret, then maybe okay."

Jade got up, sat on Chris' lap, and kissed him. "You're hard already just thinking about it, aren't you?" she said as she wriggled her butt on Chris' erection. "I'd love to watch," she added with a wicked smile.

Chris groaned.

Jade got off his lap and ran and dove into the deep end of the pool. She came up in front of Amy.

"He said yes, but you have to promise it will be our secret and no one must know. Okay?"

"Of course, Jade, my lips are sealed," Amy replied, running her finger and thumb across the imaginary zipper of her lips.

THE REST OF THE DAY DRAGGED ON far too long for my liking. I kept getting furtive glances from Amy; sexy glances, glances full of questions. I was sure that she had peppered Jade with all sorts of questions. Questions about the size of my cock, was I gentle when I made love to her? How much did I spurt? What did my cum taste like? Did Jade swallow it?

Finally, after dinner of delivered pizza had been consumed—only the solitary slice remained in the cardboard box, picked clean of its pepperoni and ham—it was time for bed. I went to my master bathroom and brushed my teeth and did my ablutions. After showering and drying off, I turned out the light. As I entered the bedroom, I stopped dead in my tracks. Jade was laying on her back with Amy between her legs eating out her pussy. I stood there transfixed, watching the erotic sight of two teenage girls having sex. Jade was moaning loudly as Amy brought her best friend to orgasm.

"Gaaawd, Amy, you haven't lost your touch," Jade said as she grabbed handfuls of bed linen. She closed her legs on Amy's head as her body shook. I had seen women having sex with each other on the Internet, but two pubescent teenage girls was over the top hot.

I walked over to the bed with my cock sticking straight out. "I see you girls started without me," I said.

Amy's eyes got big, and her jaw dropped as she turned and saw my cock.

"Jeez, Jade, you didn't tell me it was that big."

Jade, now recovered from her orgasm, replied, "Yes, I did." she made a circle with her thumb and forefinger and slipped it over my cock.

"See perfect match."

I changed places with Amy, and she watched as I slowly penetrated Jade's pussy, now quite wet from Amy's ministrations. When I was fully ensconced inside Jade, Amy began sucking on her hard nipples and cupping her pussy; she rubbed Jade's clit with her index finger. As I gently thrust inside Jade, I felt my shaft glide along the knuckle of Amy's hand. It was one of the most erotic feelings I had ever had.

"Gawd, this is soooo hot," Amy said as I fucked her best friend—my teenage lover.

It didn't take Jade long to climax for the second time. "Gawd, Chris," she cried as she orgasmed.

I could hardly believe that I was on my bed with two naked fourteen-year-old girls and that I was fucking one and was about to fuck the other. It felt like I had died and gone to heaven—or was it Hell because it was so illicit and so wrong? I didn't care.

I withdrew from Jade, who had now calmed again. I was surprised when Amy immediately grabbed my cock and began to suck it.

"Fuck, Amy, you little minx you," I said.

"I suck my boyfriend's cock, so he doesn't fuck me. I'm not on birth control, and the last thing I need is to get pregnant. You're lucky that Jade's mom got her the patch so you can cum inside her. Are you ready to fuck me now, Chris?"

Amy didn't wait for an answer; she changed places with Jade, and I got between her legs. Amy's pussy couldn't be any more different to Jade's. For one thing, Amy had more pubic hair. Also, her pussy lips were plumper, and her clit was larger. Grasping its shaft, I swiped the head of my cock up and down her moist, hot cleft. Amy was not a virgin but had only been penetrated by a boy's cock, so I was sure she was going to be really tight.

"I don't want to hurt you, Amy, so tell me to stop if you think I'm going to."

"Kay."

Jade lay beside her best friend gently squeezing her large breasts, as I slowly put pressure on the head of my cock with two fingers. Slowly, the tight ring of Amy's pussy began to dilate, and my cock eased into her.

"Wow! You really stretched me, Chris. Your cock feels so big."

I slowly pushed into her until she had taken all of me and our pubes merged, mine pressing against her clit, causing a gasp to escape her lips.

"Fuck, this feels sooo good, Jade. Now I know why you're in love with him. You're one lucky girl to get to sleep with him on weekends."

Jade smiled and kissed her best friend on her lips. That started a French kissing session. Lying there with my cock buried deep inside Amy while Jade was French kissing her was a huge turn on. Amy was now well lubricated with her own juices and copious amounts of my precum, which made it easier to thrust into her. I was rubbing her clit with the pad of my thumb as I fucked her. I could tell that Amy was getting near to climaxing since her legs began to jerk and her butt was coming off the bed to meet my thrusts. She and Jade were still locked in a marathon French kissing session, and Jade was squeezing Amy's breasts and tweaking her nipples.

I could hear Amy's muffled cries in Jade's mouth as she climaxed. Amy's whole body began to shake as her orgasm took hold. I couldn't believe that she and Jade were still kissing. I was near to my orgasm so slowed my thrusts so as not to ejaculate inside her. Jade broke their kiss and looked at me and smiled.

"You ready?" she asked.

I nodded. Jade moved down the bed and, as I pulled my cock out of Amy's pussy, she took its shaft in her hand and its head in her mouth and began to stroke me.

"Jesus, Jade," Amy said, now recovered from her orgasmic high, "that's so fucking hot. You wanna share him with me, girl?"

I just knelt there in utter amazement as two young pubescent teens took it in turns sucking my cock. It didn't take long for me to climax as I'd been on its cusp for the last fifteen minutes.

"Gonna cum, girls," I murmured.

As I felt my cock swell, the first rope of my thick liquid spurted into Jade's waiting mouth. She clamped down on my shaft and offered my cock to Amy, who accepted the second rope into her waiting mouth. And so it went on; a load into Amy's mouth, then into Jade's and so on until I was done, through, sated, empty. I collapsed onto the bed panting and eminently satisfied.

When I opened my eyes, I couldn't hardly believe what I was seeing. Jade and Amy were back to French kissing with the taste of my semen, and both girls' juices on their lips and tongues.

"Fuck me, girls," I said.

And fuck me they did, many, many more times that summer.

Amy managed to convince her mother to let her get the patch and enjoyed the feeling of me spurting my semen inside her pussy as well as her mouth. Jade's metamorphosis was finally complete. She told me that she would never forget about the rape. But as the years passed by and our relationship grew stronger and stronger, she said that it rarely ever intruded on her daily life which, after Jade graduated from college, was filled with raising our family of four-year-old-daughter Holly and two-year-old-son Brady.