**Julie’s World**

by Lasiter

**Chapter 1 My First Man**

Hi, my name is Julie. I’m a single mom of twenty and have a beautiful little girl. But this story isn’t about me now nor is it about my little girl. However, the story is about me as a little girl. Not the whole story of my childhood, but about a significant time in my young life that has shaped who I am and my attitudes about men and little girls. Growing up I was molested, molested a lot. It wasn’t a horrible experience either… you see, with a very few exceptions, I enjoyed the attention of these men. For the most part they were very nice to me, made me laugh and bought me things that my mom couldn’t afford. I suppose she knew or at least suspected what was going on, but she never let on to me that she did. Notice that I said, "that she did," and not, "if she did". You see, I now realize that her financial lot improved dramatically once she started letting me stay overnight with a "friend" with increasing frequency, especially when that friend was an older man who... Let's not get ahead of the story.

I guess one reason I was attracted to men at an early age is the fact that I never had a father… I did, but I never knew him… not even his name. I suppose I had a need for male attention, to feel like I was loved by a man even if he wasn’t my daddy or my grandfather (my mom’s dad died before I was born). Whatever the reason, I liked being touched, hugged and groped and in return I liked to touch, hug and grope. Of course that led to other, more advanced sexual encounters, which I also enjoyed. For the most part the men I was intimate with were always very nice to me, only occasionally did I find myself in the clutches of someone who was mean to me. A nice man I’d go and be with time and again, a mean man… once was enough.

We had been living in a shabby apartment until I was eight going on nine. Up until then, it was the only home I ever had. The walls were thin and you could hear everything going on in the apartments to either side of us, behind us and over us; loud music, loud laughter, loud fighting and I suppose, loud loving. Mom never let me go outside to play alone. There were other kids my age and we’d have play dates in each other’s apartments, but I was never allowed to go outside and just play with the other kids without supervision. Somehow I managed to learn to ride a sidewalk bike without training wheels and I learned to swim.

I had just finished third grade when Mom bought a nice (almost new) mobile home in a very nice park-like trailer park. There were lots of trees and paved winding roads. The homes weren’t too close together either, leaving lots of space for me to play in. It was as if we had moved into an upscale neighborhood compared to the old apartment complex. Compared to the apartment complex, the trailer park was a paradise. Like I said, the trailer my mom bought was almost new and it was very nice. It was also quiet, no noisy neighbors immediately on the other side of the walls. Mom let me ride my bike all around and let me play outside so long as I stayed within hailing distance. It was wonderful!

No sooner had we moved in though, Mom lost her job. She had good office skills, so she quickly lined up an interview. She really didn’t know any of the neighbors yet, so she decided to take me with her. But before she left, she stopped by the trailer park office to drop off a check for the monthly rent on the lot, water and trash pickup and the community fees for general upkeep.

Now I’d seen Mr. Ben a time or two while out riding my bike. The first time I saw him, I was awestruck as he was a stocky but rather short man with an unruly head of snow white hair and a full white beard. Santa Claus! But before I could get close enough to tell him hello, he disappeared into a trailer next to the pool and office. I rushed home and excitedly told my mother, “There is a Santa Claus! I just saw him! And he lives here!” Mom laughed and told me he really wasn’t Santa Claus, but Mr. Ben, one of the owners of the trailer park. I wasn’t so sure if I believed her or not, after all, I saw him with my own eyes; still the whole Santa Claus thing didn’t quite make sense to me, but one could hope. Maybe he lived here during the summer and changed his name so people wouldn’t bother him.

So when we stopped by the office that morning, there was Mr. Ben tending to business. There was another man there too, Mr. James, who like Mr. Ben, was older, but rather than short and heavy set, he was tall and skinny with a hawkish look about him.

Mom handed over her money to Mr. Ben, chit chatted for a moment, explaining where she was off to. We were headed out the door when Mr. Ben called to her, “Does she know how to swim?” That being an affirmative, he explained that he was going to be cleaning the pool and that he’d watch over me swimming while mom was off on her interview.

“Oh, I couldn’t possibly impose on you, Mr. Ben,” mom deferred.

“Nonsense! It’s no imposition at all. I’ll be at the pool, cleaning and then swimming. James here mans the office in the afternoon, and other than making the rounds, I really have nothing to do. Would it be alright if she rode with me in the golf cart?" With a hearty laugh he added, "I promise; I won’t drive too fast!” It wasn't exactly a Ho-Ho-Ho laugh, but his belly did shake.

Let me see… go swimming or go sit in some stuffy office by myself while Mommy is busy. I knew what I wanted to do. “Can I, Mommy? Can I? Please, please, pretty please with honey and sugar on top!”

Mom turned to Mr. Ben. “Well, if you don’t mind… I shouldn’t be but an hour or so.”

“We’ll make the rounds first, stop off and let her change into a swimming suit and then we’ll hit the pool,” Mr. Ben explained.

Mom turned to me and asked, “Do you have your key?” I pulled the chain from under my blouse and showed her the key to our trailer. With that, Mommy was off on her interview and I was off with Mr. Ben for my first ride in his golf cart.

Before we left, he reached into a freezer chest and pulled out an ice cream bar for me. With my frozen treat in hand, we drove around the entire complex, with Mr. Ben stopping here and there to pick up a piece of trash or to chat with someone. It was fun riding around with him. Eventually we stopped at my trailer and he told me go to inside and put on my bathing suit. I ran inside and put on the only bathing suit I had. It was a bit small as I had grown since Mom bought it last summer. Still, the top wasn’t too much of a problem and I managed to squirm into the bottoms. I grabbed a towel, ran outside and hopped into the golf cart with Mr. Ben.

We parked in front of his trailer. He told me to wait for him while he went inside to change into his bathing suit. I did and a minute later he came out barefoot and bare chested. He almost had as much white hair on his broad chest, wide back and thick legs as he did on his head! He even had a slight paunch that was hairy white as well. If this really wasn’t Santa, it was his twin brother!

We went through the gate and while I went in the water, Mr. Ben pulled out the robotic pool sweep from the pool and then fished all the leaves out with a big net. Finished with his chore, he sat on a chase lounge in the shade and watched me play in the water. I hopped in and out of the water for a while, having a grand time. Then Mr. Ben retrieved a set of weighted plastic rings. He’d throw them in the water and I’d swim down a get them one at a time. Then I’d hop out, bring him the ring and hop back in for the next one. We played that game for a long time. What I didn’t realize then was my too-tight bottoms had ridden up the crack of my ass, giving him quite the cheap thrill.

Once I tired of the ring game, he went into the water too. He tossed me around, let me ride on his shoulders and swim between his legs. Up to that time, I think it was most fun I’d ever had. By the time Mom picked me up, I was in love with my very own Santa.

Mom got the job, and started work the very next day. She still hadn’t made any arrangements for me, so I was to stay home. I asked her if it was okay for me to ride my bike around and she said yes. I watched TV for a while, then dressed and went out to play. At the old apartment I would never have been allowed to do this, but the trailer park was quiet and serene. Mom thought it reasonably safe and that I should find some friends to play with. I rode about all over, but hardly saw a soul, much less any kids my age. Turns out that most of the residents were retired folks. There weren’t any restrictions on children, there just weren’t that many children, and of those, they were in day care while their parents worked.

Eventually I wound up at the office where Mr. Ben was still on duty. He asked me if I wanted to go with him on his rounds later on and if I wanted to go swimming. Naturally I said, “Yes.”

“Then you need go ask your mother if it’s okay.”

“She’s at work.”

“Really? She got a job that quick?”

“Yes, and it pays better than her old job,” I told him proudly.

“Well, we can’t go until James relieves me,” he said. Then he dug around in a cabinet and came up a puzzle book, you know, one of those Waldo books where you had to find things hidden in the drawings. He sat me down and I entertained myself until Mr. James showed up about an hour later.

I thought that just as soon as Mr. James showed up that we were going to leave, but they had some business to discuss, so Mr. Ben sent me home to change into my swimming suit. I sped home on my sidewalk bike, gathered up my towel and bathing suit and sped back to the office. When I got back, he was ready to do his rounds and we rode all about the trailer park, just like we had done the day before. He noted that I hadn’t changed at home, but said it wasn’t a problem as I could change in his trailer. I did that while he waited outside, then he came in and changed into his bathing suit. Just like the day before, he cleaned the pool while I swam, then we played.

When Mom came in from work that afternoon, she asked me about my day. I told her everything. “You shouldn’t be bothering Mr. Ben like that. You don’t want to be a pest.”

“I’m not a pest," I petulantly replied. "He’s nice and he’s fun to be with. He likes me!”

“Well, I’d better have a talk with him.”

Well, Mom had her talk with Mr. Ben and everyday thereafter I stayed with him while she was at work. In exchange, Mr. Ben came to dinner with us nearly every night.

I quickly got into the habit of leaving my swim suit in his trailer. When it was time to go swimming, it was right there and handy… no need to go home and get it, or to lug it around back and forth.

To keep me busy in the morning while he was in the office, he’d sometimes send me out a on a scavenger hunt where I’d go to specific places and find things that he had hidden the day before. He’d fix me lunch and provided me with snacks. We also started spending more time inside his trailer where I would sit in his lap or snuggle up on the sofa while he watched the news or we watched a Care Bears movie. Sometimes we’d do that after we changed out of swimming suits and sometimes before. I liked to do it before we changed back into our regular clothes because I liked to run my fingers all through the hair on his chest and tummy. He never told me not to do it, so I figured that he liked that too.

Then one hot afternoon, we came in from the pool. He told me to quickly change as he needed to go to the store. Well, my clothes were on the table and I felt so comfortable around him that I just stripped off right there while he watched. He didn’t say anything, but I looked over at him and he smiled at me, so I knew it was okay. Dressed, we went to the store for some groceries and then he took me to the mall and bought me a new swimming suit. It was pretty skimpy, but at least the material didn’t ride so far up my butt.

After that, I changed right in front of him every day, both changing into my new swim suit and changing out. He always just sat and watched. Then one day as I was changing out of my swim suit, he told me to stop and come give him a hug. He was sitting in a chair in his trunks and I jumped into his lap and gave him a big smack on the lips. “I love you, Ben,” I declared (he had me drop the Mister part weeks before). I meant it too. Next to my mom, he was the most important person in my life.

“I love you too, Julie,” he replied as his hands ran over my bare back and then my bare buns. That was the first time he felt me up and I liked it, the feel of his strong hands rubbing my bare skin. Now and then he had rubbed me before when I was in my bathing suit, but this was different…I wasn’t in my bathing suit or anything else… there were no boundaries except those he imposed upon himself. He didn’t attack my pussy or anything, he just rubbed my bare skin and I rubbed his bare chest.

Next day he came up with a new game, a variation on scavenger hunt. This time he hid the parts of my bikini, so when I took off my clothes and opened my towel, there wasn’t anything there. It was a challenge and I rose to the task, looking here, looking there while Ben watched. Like with his scavenger hunts, he didn’t hide anything too well and I found both parts within a few minutes. I put on my suit and was ready to go.

“I need to change,” he said once I had my bikini on.

The way his trailer was set up was with two bedrooms, one at each end with the living/kitchen area in the middle. One room he used as an office, the other was his bedroom. He stepped into the bedroom and left the door wide open. Off came his shirt and down went his shorts and with them his underwear. He had his back to me, so I didn’t get the full Monty, but I did get my first look at his entire hairy backside. He took his time fiddling with his trunks, but soon they were up and he was covered, ready to go.

I didn’t say anything and neither did he. We just went swimming, joining several other people in the pool. Back in his trailer afterward, I stripped down to change. I wasn’t in a big hurry to put my clothes back on, so I jumped into his lap; his big hands immediately cupping my bare butt. I gave him a kiss as he began massaging my gluts.

Now fair is fair and he still had on his swimming trunks while I was totally naked. “No fair,” I pouted. “You still have on your bathing suit.”

With a surprised look he asked, “You want me to take it off?”

I answered his question with a question of my own, "You want me to get dressed?"

"No, no, no... I like you just the way you are," he answered grinning broadly as his hands roamed all over me.

I had already heard of all the good touch-bad touch stuff at school and had a pretty good idea that this probably fit into the bad touch category, but Ben wasn’t a monster, he was my friend, my best friend in the whole world. I trusted him and I loved him. He would never, ever, hurt me. As far as I was concerned, any touch from Ben was a good touch, and some good touches were better than others, like what his hands were doing on my bare butt.

“You can’t tell your mama about any of this,” he said with a serious look. I don’t remember him saying that yesterday or any other day before, nor did he really need to say it. I instinctively knew not to tell Mommy anything that would get me grounded or get Ben into trouble.

I don’t remember if he let me answer of or not, he simply lifted me from his lap and sat me on the table. Then he stood and dropped his swimming trunks. Now I vaguely knew that boys were different than girls and knew that baby brothers had little thingies, but that was the extent of my knowledge up to that point. Suddenly I was confronted with a grown man’s erection, and an impressive one at that (for a near nine year old that is). The low hanging testicles were completely unexpected. Of course he was hairy down there, just like the rest of him. I also realized I had discovered the source of that big hard lump I felt sometimes when I sat in his lap, but didn’t know why I felt it sometimes and but not always.

Ben picked me off the table and carried me to the sofa where we lay together naked for the rest of the afternoon, stroking each other. I was especially enamored with playing with his dick and balls, an activity he never discouraged. His big old cock was a mystery to me, sometimes it was hard and stiff, sometimes it was soft and floppy… mostly it was hard and stiff. It was all touchie-feelie and I loved it as much as I loved my Ben. He called it snuggle-time with his little nudie.

**Chapter 2 Rainy Day Schedule**

Next day it began to rain before Mr. James took over for Ben at the office. I had had an ice cream (but not lunch) and we dashed out into the pouring rain. By the time we got inside, we were both drenched.

“Get out of those clothes before you get sick,” he told me while unbuttoning his soaked shirt. Nude, but still wet, he surprised me by lifting me up and then blowing farts on my bare tummy which sent me into fits. Like I was a toy, he turned me this way and that, blowing farts on my butt, my back, my thighs, behind the ears and on my nips. Then cradling me in his arms, he took me into his bedroom and laid me on his bed. His hands and his lips seemed to be everywhere. My out of control laughter faded away as the play turned erotic… it felt so wonderful to kissed all over like that and I mean all over... back, tummy, legs, feet and toes all came under his loving caresses; he even planted a few way down yonder.

I remember that I could hardly catch my breath as he did everything with his mouth and hands but eat me out and finger me. He rolled over and sprawled out face up on the bed. He didn’t tell or suggest to me that it was my turn to return the favor, I just knew it was. I rubbed and kissed him all over in return. He had always liked it when I played with his nipples, so gave them a dozen kisses each which seemed to please him. I tried to bury my face in his crater-like navel. Where ever I kissed him, he liked it, but I quickly noticed that he liked it best when I planted a kiss on his "little man" as he called it. It was so soft and yet hard at the same time and loved the feel of it on my lips. I liked kissing his little man so much that I never made it down to his toes. I just stayed, showering the entire vein-crossed organ with kisses and nibbles as well as kissing his balls. He liked all that, liked it a lot and I liked doing it. I don't think Ben ever used the words the words cock or dick, not until I was thoroughly familiar with those terms from some other men.

It seems that we (or rather I) did that for a long time. Maybe we did, maybe we didn’t, but looking back it seemed like a long time. That was also the first time I noticed the smell, the odor of a man’s genitals. The funky odor was not too strong, nor malodorous, but a heady, oddly pleasant smell. Of course before that day I had no reason to be sniffing some old guy's crotch, but it wasn't long before I became hooked on that smell and I suppose I'll always enjoy nuzzling into nice set of nuts.

Suddenly he dislodged me from his little man and sat up in his bed, resting his back on pillows against headboard. It was still raining cats and dogs and would continue to do so into the night. Ben pulled me on top of him, sitting up and facing away, his hard cock snuggled in the crack of my ass. My legs naturally went to either side of his thick thighs and in doing so, I was opened up. Holding me around that waist with one hand, he reached over to his nightstand. He then pushed me forward a little and I felt something cold and wet running down the crack of my ass. He then pulled me back to lie face up upon his chest and began humping, sliding his dick between my slippery buttocks. At the same time, his hand went between my splayed open legs and rubbed my pussy. (I think he liked to call it my "treasure". I already knew it as my cunny and after I corrected him on that, he used cunny until I was indoctrinated in the finer points of vulgar slang. Come to think of it, I think I heard my mother use the term "pussy" long before Ben ever did.) Anyway, I felt a big finger sliding between my labia. He humped and he humped while he rubbed and he rubbed. I never felt anything so good before.

I was completely lost in these new sensations. I heard him grunt, like he was in pain. A few moments later, he was still, absolutely still. The humping stopped, the rubbing stopped. He just held me to him while remaining absolutely still. That was all okay by me, because just moments before I thought I was about to die because it felt so good. When he began to snore, it scared me as I had never heard a man snore before and Ben could really cut some Z’s. I didn’t know why he was making such noises until I remembered some cartoon and realized that he was asleep. It was nice lying there on top of him, his hand around my waist while the other lay motionless and warm against my tingling pussy.

Thinking back, old Ben could have fucked me right then and there, but he was deliberate in his seduction of me. When he woke up, we were still in the same position as before. I was keenly aware of how wet I was between my ass cheeks, but I didn’t have a clue as to why, other than it had to be the cold liquid he had poured in there.

He kissed the top of my head and whispered, “That was wonderful, baby, truly wonderful.”

“Can we do that again?” I asked in return.

“If that’s what you want.”

“That’s what I want. Ben!”

“Then that’s what you’ll get, baby girl. Now, I made a mess and we need to get cleaned up. Want to take a shower with me, or take a bath with me?”

The choice wasn’t whether I wanted to bathe with or without him. “I like baths better.”

“Whatever you want, sweetie.”

That was the first time I took a bath with a man and it is something I’ve enjoyed ever since, not just with Ben, but other men; some through Ben, some I just met here or there. There’s just something about sitting in the hot water between a man’s legs while he washes you all over with his bare hands, not to mention the opportunities it gives for other activities.

When I saw how wet and matted his pubic hair was, I realized that there really was a mess that needed to be cleaned up. The true origins of that mess, I’d learn about in the next few days. Ben washed me like he was afraid he’d rub off my skin. His touch was gentle and he left no place untouched… none. All too soon, the water in the tub grew cold and Ben pulled the plug. We sat there until all the water ran out, then I hopped out and Ben, using the safety bars, pulled himself upright. He wasn’t used to taking baths and always took a shower; that is unless he took a bath with me, which we did often.

He toweled me off and then dried himself. I helped by drying his back for him and his hairy butt. “Baby girl, I’m famished,” he said as I gave his low hanging nut sack a not-so-quick go over. “Are you hungry too?” I suppose I was, as I only had an ice cream bar for lunch. “Let’s go rustle up some grub.” We may have both been hungry, but we didn't rush off until I was finished rubbing my face in his dick and balls.

Ben plodded off to the kitchen in his natural state. Heck, I didn’t have any dry clothes, so I just followed. He pulled out a can of ABC soup for me, and while that was heating on the stove, he put our wet clothes in the dryer. Then he put together a ham sandwich, cut the crust off and then cut it into four triangles. It was the best soup and sandwich I’d ever had!

I had noticed that before and after our bath that his thingie was soft and it stayed soft all through lunch. I asked him about it. He explained that when a man is with a pretty girl and gets all excited about it, a man has an erection. But how? He explained the mechanics of it as best he could without becoming too complicated. We were sitting on the sofa and he told me to play with it. I did, and it grew and it grew in my hand. What a weird feeling… it was like it was alive, and of course it was, but you get my drift. He told me to stop playing with it and soon it began to droop, then it collapsed altogether, lying like a sleeping dog on his thigh. It was the coolest thing I ever saw! For the next half hour or so, I made it rise and then let it fall, only to make it rise again.

Then I noticed something else, some clear slippery stuff had oozed from the head. I played in that for awhile before asking about it. He told me that it wasn't pee, but a man’s way of getting ready to have sexual intercourse with a woman. Intercourse? I asked him about that and he said when the time came, he’d explain it, but right now what he wanted was for me to kiss it again. So I did. The slippery stuff, I discovered, was salty and rather tasty.

The dryer dinged and our clothes were dry, but neither of us was in a hurry to get dressed, not until it was time for Mommy to get off work. We just lay about on the sofa, watching cartoons while Ben stroked me. Then we dressed and Ben opened all the windows. It wasn’t raining so hard now and the wind wasn’t blowing like before, so it was okay. For such a bad weather day, it was the best day of my life up to then. The next day would prove to be even better.

Mommy dropped me off at the office the next morning as Ben had told her to do the night before at supper. I kept myself busy with books and puzzles and such, while Ben went about his work. When Mr. James relieved him, it was still raining off and on. There was a lull, and we took a quick spin around the trailer park to make sure everything was okay. It had started raining again by the time we reached his trailer, but not too hard so we didn’t get too wet. Still Ben told me to get out of my mostly dry clothes. We were naked standing in the kitchen facing each other. I wondered if he was going to grab me like yesterday and make me squeal, but he didn’t. Instead he said softly, “Do you want to kiss it? You can if you want.” Sure, why not?

I knelt down and took his half hard little man and began kissing it like I had done yesterday. Too my delight it rose as it hardened up real quick. I don’t remember if he asked me to do it or I just did it, but I put the entire head of his dick in my mouth. He caressed my hair with his hands and gently pulled and pushed on my head until I got what he was getting at. It felt really cool to have his dick in my mouth. I knew right away that this was more fun than just kissing it and like a crack addict I was instantly hooked on the act of fellatio. He didn’t push his cock into me too far, that would take months of practice, but let me take him at my own pace.

While Ben praised me for being such a special girl (I liked being special) I held his cock in one hand and cupped his balls with the other sliding the head in and out of my mouth. It couldn’t have been a great blowjob, but I did the trick for Ben. He said he was getting ready to cum and not to be frightened. I didn’t know what he was mumbling about, but suddenly he pushed me off his dick. It began spurting. Surprise! I didn’t know what to do or what to think, but that first blast of nut juice hit me in the face, the neck and down my chest. The second did almost as good a job of painting me, but the third, it didn’t go too far and I could see it was whitish and thick… Ewwwwwwww!!! Some more oozed out... Ewwwwwww!!!

From up above Ben said, “You look beautiful, coochie baby, just beautiful!” I didn’t feel beautiful, but I took the praise. What girl doesn’t like to be called beautiful? I might have been a bit queasy about all of this, but Ben was quite happy. “I’ve been watching you all day with your coloring books and puzzles, thinking about this moment. Damn, I do believe it was better than I had imagined it would be.” He helped me stand, and then scooped some of his man-goo from my chest and held it up for my examination. “This is what makes babies. This and an egg. It’s like your Easy-Bake oven. Mix the ingredients up, put it in the pan and after baking for a while, you have a baby.”

“You mean I came out of an Easy-Bake oven?”

“No, no, no,” he laughed. “You came from your mother’s womb. It’s like a warm oven where the baby grows until he or she is ready to be born. The point is, you need two ingredients to make a baby. A man’s sperm… that’s what this is, and a woman’s egg.”

Looking apprehensively at all the spermy goo on me I asked, “Am I going to have a baby?”

“No, my little nudie, you have to get it inside you, at just the right time… besides you’re much too young to supply the eggs.”

“Oh.” I really didn’t understand it, not at all, but I took Ben at his word that I wasn’t going to have a baby, still the image of a chicken egg inside me bothered me.

“Here smell it,” he said holding his finger out to my nose. I sniffed, but really didn’t smell anything strong, just a faint odor that was beyond my experience. “Want to taste it?”

“No!”

“It’s not bad.”

“Then you taste it!”

I think my jaw dropped when he put his finger in his mouth. Ewwwwwww!!! Ben was a nasty as all the boys at school last year.

“Say, you want to go out for a pizza?”

“Yeah!” All grossness was quickly forgotten. Little did I know how quickly I would become familiar with men’s essence; the look, the feel, the smell and the taste.

We took a bath and he took me to one of those pizza joints that cater to kids, with games and such. I had a blast as I’d never been to one of those places before. I wanted to stay for as long as possible… Ben stayed until he had had enough. I had handfuls of tickets to trade in for something great and ended up with a glow-in-the-dark pencil. Who knows how much that cheap pencil cost him, but he didn’t seem to mind. Indeed, he took me there several times over the next year and with much the same results. Still I had pizza and had fun and that was the whole point.

The rain had quit by the time we got back to the trailer park and it was several hours before Mom would be home. It was a little too chilly to go swimming, but I helped Ben clean the pool of all the leaves and stuff that had fallen into it over the past few days. Then we went on the rounds in his golf cart. It looked like it was going to rain again, so we headed back to his trailer. We watched a Disney movie while I snuggled up with him on the sofa. His hands began to roam and soon he had my top off and then my shorts and panties. I understood that he liked me nude, and that he liked to touch me. I liked it too. Before too long he took his shirt off and then his shorts and underwear. I liked him nude too and liked to touch him… he liked that too. So we snuggled and caressed each other.

“I really liked it when you sucked me today,” he said softly. He didn’t need to say anymore. I twisted around and took his erection into my mouth. For the time being, giving Ben blowjobs would be my most favorite thing to do.

**Chapter 3 Learning To Do It**

I really hated the weekends. Mom was home and I couldn’t go hang out with Ben. Instead, I had to go shopping with Mom for groceries or just hanging about while she did the laundry and we cleaned up the trailer. Of course she let me ride my bicycle or play outside and during the weekend there would be other kids to play with, kids there visiting their grandparents or kids released from the confines of weekday daycare. That’s when I met Jenny. She was about my age and spent every other weekend with her father. It was great to pal around with her for an hour or two, but come Sunday, she was gone for the next two weeks.

But the weekdays! I knew Ben had work to do and he couldn’t have me hanging around all morning distracting him from the things he had to do. We fell into a daily routine. I’d stay home in the mornings watching TV and only show up when Mr. James came on. Then Ben and I would have lunch, he’d give me an ice cream from the office freezer, we’d ride around in his golf cart, then go swimming; afterwards it was get naked time until Mom came home. Getting naked time was rarely routine. I was just a little girl and I wasn’t always interested in sex, sex, sex, but Ben was interested in sex, sex, sex. Some days we’d just snuggle on the sofa, watching the news, a kid movie or cartoons, with Ben just stroking me and not much else. Then there were the other days, the days when I was more interested in sex play… Ben was always interested in sex play, but he never pushed me too hard.

On a slow, hot afternoon we might just hang out naked in his trailer keeping cool. I loved to run my hands all over him and through all that curly body hair; he loved that too. Sometimes he’d lie on his tummy and I would rub his feet, his legs, butt and back. He particularly liked for me to rub his feet and his butt. When he lay on his back I would rub his tummy, play with his nipples and chest hair, dig into his navel and of course, play with his dick and his balls… usually I sucked his dick. I don’t need to say which of those he liked best.

I adored Ben and my mom knew it. She was appreciative too as she didn’t have to spend her hard earned money on daycare for me. Like I said, Ben became a regular at our dinner table as a thank you for looking after me. Mom had to cook and she said it was just as easy to cook for three as to cook for two. I think Mom thought that she was getting the best of the bargain, but for a dirty old man and first class pedophile, it was a great deal for Ben; not only did he have me to play with all afternoon, he got a good home cooked meal nearly every night plus she was paying him rent every month for the trailer lot.

A few weeks after I began blowing him on a regular basis, he introduced me to the joys of cunnilingus. It was after a swim and one of those days when he carried me naked to his bed. Things on the sofa could be pretty low keyed some days, but never in the bed. He plopped me down, spread my legs, leaned forward and licked me. His white beard tickled a little, but... oh, my! It was lovely, oh, so lovely to feel his thick wet tongue sliding up my slit and wiggling into my hole, but the best was when he did a number on my tickle spot. I nearly passed out and he kept licking and nibbling and he darn near drove me crazy. I was a very exhausted little girl that afternoon. Ben explained to Mom that we stayed in the pool much longer than usual.

It wasn’t long after my introduction to cunnilingus that his play moved to another level. When he knelt between my legs, I expected him to lean over and eat me. But instead he sat back and diddled me. Now he had diddled me on the sofa and in his bed many times by then. But this was different. He pushed a little too deep and a little too hard. He said he was sorry if he hurt me and that he’d never do it again. He had a damp wash cloth ready and cleaned me up before I knew there was any blood. He was right. Once my hymen was ripped away, it never hurt again.

Now I know what you’re thinking, that losing my cherry would be a memorable thing. It wasn’t. I scarcely knew that anything of any import had happened. Ben didn’t make a big deal out of it, and what did I know? He diddled me quite often; it was just one tiny step from simply diddling me to finger fucking me. All I knew was that his fingers were deep in me and I liked it. He also said that it was fun to watch his fingers sliding into me.

Then one afternoon he had me on his bed spread eagle, playing with my cunny when he stopped, reached over and pulled something from the drawer of his bed stand. It was a vibrator, though I didn’t know it at the time. It was very smooth and streamlined; thicker than his fingers, but not as thick as his cock. I watched him as he watched it sliding up inside me. He moved it in and out, like he moved his finger, but it was a tighter fit. Suddenly, it began buzzing inside me and I thought I’d go through the roof! He swung his big frame around and while still fucking me with the dildo, he offered his hard cock for me to suck. I sucked and I sucked as everything moved off to some other world, a world where my pussy was the only thing that mattered… I was my pussy, there was nothing else, not even Ben’s cock at my lips.

Suddenly I went limp and he pulled the buzzing toy from my cunt. He swung around again, this time between my legs, holding his weight off of me with one hand. I came around in time to see him furiously masturbating with his free hand. Suddenly he pushed forward and could feel the big head at the entrance to my vagina. It was too big to go in and we both knew it. Suddenly I felt it, his liquid essence shooting up into me. By that time, I knew very well what that stuff was that came out his little man when we played sex games. I also knew that that’s how women get babies in their tummies, not from it squirting onto your skin or even in your mouth, but in there, in my pussy. Naturally I asked him about that and he reassured me that I was too young to have babies and that satisfied me as I trusted him totally and completely.

It was days before he used the vibrator on me for the second time. He sat me naked on his kitchen table, had me bend my knees so that my feet were on the table and told me to lean back on my arms. This time he had hidden it in the spoon drawer within easy reach. He held it up so that I could see it and then ran it along the inside of my thighs, teasing me with it, but avoiding inserting it into me. “Do you want this, little Coochie Baby?” he asked. (Coochie Baby and Nudie Girl where his favorite nicknames for me, nicknames he only used when we were alone.)

I wasn’t so sure that I could tolerate it for long, but I nodded my consent as I couldn’t form any words at the moment. Oh, lord! I wanted to just lie flat on the table and enjoy the sensations, but Ben insisted that I keep my sitting position where I could see everything he was doing to me. Both our eyes were glued to my pussy and the toy. My legs were trembling and I could hardly catch my breath. Ben, he was stroking his dick with one hand while the his other hand controlled the vibrator. I could hardly see straight. Suddenly he pulled the vibrator from me, pulled me to the very edge of the table, stuck the tip of his cock just inside me and came in a torrent. I really couldn’t see it shooting from his cock, but I sure felt it squirting inside me. He had the funniest look on his face, something like a cross between contentment and pain.

That’s how he prepped me to take his cock in my pussy. He didn’t stick the thin vibrator in me every day, but it wasn’t long before he had something a little larger. It didn’t buzz like the vibrator, but it was larger and stretched me out just a little more. Two weeks later he had something larger that was modeled to look like dick.

It was in the waning days of summer, a week or two before school started. Ben took me shopping, buying me new clothes, shoes, you name it, to start school. I’d never had so many new clothes at one time in my life, and not cheap clothes either, but nice clothes from stores my mother never took me too. Mom fussed at him for his generosity, but she was grateful too.

A day or so after the shopping spree we had lunch and did the rounds. It was really hot and we were playing in the pool like we always did. There were other people in the pool too, so it wasn’t a private swim. I was hugging him around the neck while he bounced in the water. He whispers, “You’re ready to be fucked." (I think that was the first time I ever heard that word, but somehow I knew what he meant.) "Today is the day. If you don’t want my cock inside your sweet little pussy, Coochie Girl, you’d better tell me now.” I really don’t remember what he said exactly, but it was something along those lines. Nor do I remember what I told him, but I do remember that we got out of the pool and went to his trailer. I had taken to calling him Grandpa when we were around other people; he liked that and I liked it too. So when he walked me hand in hand to his trailer to fuck me for the first time, no one thought anything of it.

With the door locked behind us, he stripped off his wet trunks. I was bit nervous as he had talked to me about fucking (though he never used that word) for a month or more, always saying that he was too big for me. Suddenly today he wasn’t too big? I stood there frozen while he relieved me of my top and then my bottoms. He picked me up in his arms, gave me a quick kiss and said, “You’re going love fucking, my little sex kitten.” Next moment, he deposited me on his bed.

I wasn’t sure, but I had a pretty good idea how this was going to work. He’d get between my legs and stick it in me. I imagined him on top of me, like I’d seen in the movies, except we weren’t under the covers like in the grownup movies that Mom let me watch. What if he fell on top of me?

He flopped down on the bed beside me and reached for that bottle of slippery stuff he sometimes used to make his cock slide easily in my butt crack. He squirted a bunch on his hand and worked it into my pussy. Then he coated his dick and worked it in. In moments it wasn’t half droopy anymore, but stood up proudly in anticipation, all shiny and wet looking. Heck, I could have done that by sucking on it for a few minutes. I was ready for him to roll on top of me, but he didn’t; he just lay there on his back with his cock pointing towards the ceiling.

“Okay, Julie. This is how we’re going to do it. You’re going to climb on top of me, grab my little man and aim it for your cunny. Then you’re going to lower yourself on it… a little at a time. When you’re comfortable, you lower yourself a little more and take more of my penis into your vagina. Got it?”

This didn’t sound bad at all. At least I wouldn’t be crushed under him. The rest of it… I wasn’t so sure. But Ben had never lied to me before. If it was going to hurt, he would’ve said so. Despite my misgivings, I climbed on top of him. He placed his hands behind his head. It was all up to me. Grabbing his dick, I put it where he’d been putting it to squirt up inside me. I lowered myself a little and felt my lips open up and mold around the fat spongy head. Wiggling my hips seated it in the entrance of my pussy. It felt so big, impossibly big… no way could that thing ever go up inside me. I didn’t move. Heck, it felt good right where it was.

“Push down a little bit, Coochie Baby,” Ben told me.

“Do I have to?”

“No, not unless you don't want to learn to fuck.”

“But it feels so big.”

“It will fit. Trust me, just push down a little.”

I pushed down and nothing happened. I pushed again and… “Oh, my!” I wasn’t hurting or anything, but it was really tight.

“Take your time, little one. When you’re ready, push down some more.” In a few moments, I did just that and stopped, stopped with a little more of his cock in me.

I have no idea how long it took, but it wasn’t quick. I do remember feeling fuller and fuller each time I pushed down. Thinking back, each time I pushed down I must have been moving down a quarter of an inch or less. But slowly I worked more and more of Ben’s little man into me until I couldn’t take anymore. It’s not that he didn’t have more cock to give me, I had him at my limit with probably a couple of inches to go, but nowhere to put it.

At my age there was nothing little about his little man when it was stuffed up inside me. I felt too full to move, so Ben moved me. His hands came from the back of his head and grasped me by the hips. He moved me up a little and then lowered me. Again and again he did this gradually increasing the stroke length. At some point I got it… maybe at the same point I realized how good it felt with his cock moving inside me. I began to move up and down on his cock and the more I did it the better it felt. Ben now returned his hands behind his head as I worked myself into a frenzy fucking myself on his dick. Why hadn’t I tried this before?

I could have gone for hours (okay that’s an exaggeration) because I was pretty wasted when it was all over. I can’t say I remember him ejaculating inside me, but I do remember how wet I had become and how easy it was to slide up and down his cock. Then he simply withered away inside me until he fell out.

There was a huge mess, but neither Ben nor I minded. (Ben never seemed to mind a mess like that.) For a long time he just lay there like a beached whale, huffing and puffing even though I’d done all the work. I was pretty wasted too and felt like every ounce of energy had been drained from me. We lay there in his bed, side by side for quite a while before he stirred, growling like a grizzly bear (or in his case a polar bear). Sitting up, he grabbed my ankles and pulled my legs apart; then he dove in, licking and sucking on my cunt. I always loved it when he did that. He continued growling as he noisily ate me out. He sat up on his heels and then pulled me to his voracious mouth, leaving me more or less upside down. Then it hit me, the orgasm. I hadn’t climaxed while I was fucking him, but I sure did now. His mouth and tongue were everywhere including my asshole. I didn’t realize it until long after I stopped having sex with him, but from that moment on, he owned my pussy and was staking out a claim to my ass.

He was always like that, direct and forceful, yet subtle and nonthreatening. Everything he ever did, seemed to be spontaneous at the time, yet I now know he was very deliberate. I suspect that if I had said, “No,” that day, he would’ve eaten me out first and then fucked me… as it was he had me fuck him first like it was all my idea or something. But I’m grateful with the way he did it as I was never traumatized by anything he did with me. I enjoyed it immensely and I enjoyed him immensely, just as he enjoyed me. I was his little nudie, his coochie girl, his little fuck-baby… he owned me, gently having his way with me, taking me at will. Me? I was his totally willing child slut

**Chapter 4 Share Bear**

I was big for my age when I turned nine just a few days before the first day of school. I was just starting fourth grade, but I knew a lot about sex, thanks to my Ben. I was sore the first few days after we first fucked for real and it wasn’t until my birthday that he fucked me again… several times. Mom was at work and Ben had his way with me. At noon he had a birthday cake for me, some ice cream and a present for me, what it was I don’t remember. He asked if I was still sore and I told him no. He then asked if I wanted to fuck again. It was fun the first time, so heck, yeah. Mr. James was just out of ear shot as this conversation took place in the office. We rode around making the rounds and then stopped at his trailer.

Thinking that we were going swimming, I took off all my clothes. Ben was nude too and grabbed me, hoisting me into air in a fit of giggling. My head was practically in the low ceiling of his trailer as he playfully rooted between my legs. Suddenly he flipped me over and my head almost hit the floor before he hoisted me back up by the hips and buried his furry face between my kicking legs to eat me out. As his big old gnarly dick was in my face, I captured it with my mouth and sucked on the head. Now Ben was very strong and I was very light, but the arrangement too awkward to keep for long.

Abruptly he stopped licking and sucking on my pussy, and placed me on his shoulders facing forward. Of course I couldn’t suck his cock like this, but no matter. He then carried me to his bed (I had to duck to go through the doorway) where he plopped me down like a sack of potatoes. Instantly he was on me, holding my hands above my head as he pried my legs open with his knees. Within moments he was in position with his big old cock at my little girl pussy.

I remember the smile on his face and him saying, “Happy Birthday, coochie baby." Then he pushed his cock against my pussy. My lips parted and he found my opening. Slowly he drove it all the way in, or at least until he bottomed out. I felt so full, but it didn’t hurt. He began to move and… it was the best feeling in the whole world. “You like that, my nudie girl?” he asked as he slowly fucked me. “Yeah, you like it. You like old Ben's big dick.” I did like it, no, I loved it. My Ben was fucking me and I loved it. It was the best birthday present ever! He didn’t keep a slow pace for long and soon was really putting to me until he busted his nut inside me. Afterwards, he went down on me until I nearly passed out.

We took a hot bath and then went swimming. There were lots of people at the pool that day, but no one noticed or questioned why my hair was wet when we arrived. Ben told everyone that it was my birthday. I got lots of “Happy Birthdays” and a birthday spanking with nine swats to my wet butt. It wasn’t Ben who spanked me, but Jenny’s dad. He was at the pool alone and when he suggested it, Ben didn’t object. Owww! It stung! And right there in front of everybody! Everyone also thought it was funny, everyone except me. But that indignity was soon forgotten as I was tossed back into the water and then thrown person to person around the pool. That was fun! I must have gone around nine times, but I wasn’t counting. It wasn’t just men tossing me either, there was at least two women and a couple of teenage boys including Jason who often hung out at the office with Mr. James during the afternoon. I wasn’t groped or anything, it was just good fun with the birthday girl who loved every minute of it.

When things calmed down it wasn’t long before Ben wanted to go back inside his trailer. No one seemed to notice that Ben and I had disappeared and had sneaked out the back way and into the back door of Ben’s trailer; everyone but Mr. James and unbeknownst to me, he already knew all about what went on in Ben’s trailer.

Wearing nothing but a birthday hat, I sucked Ben’s dick in front of his full length mirror where he had a good side view of my efforts. Meanwhile he snapped photos of me with his digital camera. He liked to take pictures of me naked or sucking his cock and I liked seeing them on his computer in his home office. Today he also took pictures of me riding his cock as he lay on his back. This was in 1999 when Windows 98 was the operating system of choice, a 5 gigabyte hard drive was almost unheard of and the internet was accessed using a 56kb/s dialup modem. It was also the wild west days of the internet where anything and everything went and chat rooms for swapping lurid photos of little kids were common. I knew nothing about computers and it would be months before I learned anything of this, or that Ben regularly traded naked photos of me for photos of other naked young girls.

That evening, Mom put on a special dinner for me… meatballs and spaghetti, my favorite. Naturally Ben was there and he gave me another present, a talking doll. There was more cake and ice cream and for me it was the best birthday ever, even though I was a little sore down there.

Over the two days before school started, Ben fucked me several times, recording the events with his camera on a tripod set to snap a picture every thirty seconds or so. Once school started, everything slowed down considerably. I still got fucked after school and before my mom got off work, but it wasn’t like those long afternoons in waning days of summer vacation.

Ben was very proud of me when I showed him my first report card of the year. I had all A’s and an Excellent in Citizenship. I couldn’t wait to show my mom, but Ben told me that my mom had called him and that she would have to work late that night. Then like he did every afternoon, he stripped me naked.

Later that evening, after Mr. James had closed the office for the night, Ben and I were cuddled up on the sofa. I had a leg thrown over the backrest and from behind, Ben leisurely entered me over and over and over. He’d stick it in all the way slowly, and slowly take it all the way out. A minute or so later, he’d slide his cock into me again. This way he could last and last and last while I was nearly driven crazy.

Suddenly I became aware that someone else was in the room. I don’t know how long he had been standing there right in front of me. I was really out of it. When my brain finally kicked in, I jumped, but Ben held me in place, while he continued to slowly enter me over and over. “It’s okay. It’s okay,” he cooed as he fucked me while Mr. James watched.

That’s when I noticed that Mr. James wasn’t just watching me, but he had a video camera. He moved around taking video from different angles and taking close-ups of Ben’s cock with my pussy stretched around it. I had no idea just how many people would see that video in the coming weeks.

I was so embarrassed. How could I ever face Mr. James ever again? I buried my face in the sofa. “Get ready for the money shot, Jimmy,” Ben said. A moment later he began grunting, but rather than ejaculating in me, he pulled out, squirted, reentered, pulled out and squirting he reentered me again. Ben went limp. I didn’t know what to expect next. Ben thanked Mr. James and a minute later we were alone again.

“There, there, little one,” Ben softly consoled. “No need to be embarrassed. Jimmy is a good friend. Jimmy and me, we have no secrets from each other. Now let’s watch that video. Okay?”

I still had my head buried as Ben extracted himself from behind me. He fiddled around with the TV and video camera, goaded me to sit up and pressed play on the remote. There was no preliminaries, just old Ben fucking me slowly, deliberately. He looked huge snuggled behind me, all hairy and white. His head was just ducked behind mine so that he couldn’t be identified, but with that white hair everywhere, I could tell who it was and it was as clear as could be that his cock was entering me and withdrawing, entering and withdrawing, in, out, in, out, in, out. Suddenly I realize that someone else is in the room, I looked up alarmed and then buried my face while Ben’s big hairy arm held me in place… in, out, in, out, slowly. The camera zooms in on his dick fucking my bald pre-teen pussy… in, out, in, out. “Get ready for the money shot, Jimmy.” He pulls out and my poor little pussy remained open, but only for a moment before the cock fills and stretches it once again. Out… (groan) the organ throbs and spurts, shooting a portion of the wad directly into the open chasm, then it plunges back in and withdraws, spurting cum as it emerges briefly before reentering. It pumps a few times without withdrawing completely, then it begins to shrink until it falls out from between my partially open lips, lips that slowly close, lips leaking whitish, viscous fluid, lips that take on a reddish color and begin to swell. He played that video over and over, until he decided that we needed something to drink… a Coke for me and a beer for him.

We talked about how Ben liked to take photos of me, and he explained how he wanted the video, but just couldn’t do it by himself while fucking me. He made it all sound so reasonable. He asked if Mr. James could video tape us again, from beginning to end, blowjob included. I wasn’t so sure, but he convinced me that since Mr. James knew all about what we did anyway, then why not. I agreed.

It would be a few weeks before we made that video as it had to be after the office closed and Mom needed to work late. But it did happen, only this time it wasn’t just with Ben, but Mr. James got a blowjob too… while Ben fucked me from behind. I thought Mr. James was going to stick his cock in me, but he didn’t. It’s not that Ben prevented him, he just wasn’t that interested. The BJ was fine, but that’s as far as we went.

Mom had to work late another night that week. I naturally assumed we would be making another dirty movie and we did. After Mr. James left for the night, Ben decided to show me a few pictures of other girls. He also showed me some pictures of a boy… a boy I knew. Jason was several years older than me and hung out with Mr. James a lot in the afternoons. His mom worked late every night and he and Mr. James messed around quite a bit. In the photos, it was quite clear who Jason was, but not the man he was blowing. At first I figured it was Mr. James and for some of the pics, that was true, but there were also other men featured from the neck down and doing stuff that looked a lot like what Ben and I did… but Jason was a boy!

Ben explained to me that some men like girls, girls like me, and other men liked boys, boys like Jason. Mr. James liked boys. Ben, he liked girls, me especially. He also explained that he thought that Jason should be given a chance with girls. While I was pondering that, he sent a short e-mail. Minutes later I heard the back door opening. Naturally Ben and I were naked and as I was certain that it was Mr. James coming back for some reason, it didn’t bother me. But it wasn’t just Mr. James; Jason was with him hanging in the back.

“You like naked girls, Jason?” Ben asked. Jason was as embarrassed as I was. Ben had me stand in the middle of the room and turn slowly for Jason.

Ben then pulled me to him and explained that he didn’t want Jason to grow up just liking other boys and asked me if I would help out. I’m not sure if I really understood what he was asking and agreed to help Ben help Jason. Meanwhile, Mr. James was speaking to Jason in a whisper.

Next thing I knew, I was being led from Ben’s office room to his bedroom. Reluctantly, Jason was led in by Mr. James.

“Here’s what I want you to do, Julie,” Ben began. “I want you to help Jason get undressed. Then I want you to play with his uh... little man. Then you are going to suck his dick. Don’t overdo it and get him off, just get him good and hard. Then you are going to lie on the bed, spread your legs and then invite him to, uh... fuck you. Okay?”

“You mean he's going to... do me?”

“Yeah. But only if he wants to."

"What about me?" I asked.

"Oh, now don’t fret about it," he said with a reassuring laugh. "Trust me, it'll be fun and it’s for a good cause, remember. I’ll take you out for pizza tomorrow after school.”

I wasn’t exactly thrilled, but it was an offer I just couldn’t refuse as it had been a while since Ben treated me to a pizza. Mr. James took up the video camera, while Ben picked up his digital still camera. Ben gestured to Jason to step to the middle of the bedroom. You’d think he was going to be shot the way he nervously took the two steps and then awkwardly stood about. Then Ben motioned to me to begin undressing him. I was already nude, but later on, once Jason had relaxed a little, Ben had us both get dressed and then Jason disrobed me. Editing took care of the rest.

I pulled his t-shirt over his head and then unbuttoned his jeans and unzipped him. He wasn’t wearing a belt, so that wasn’t a problem. Soon I had his jeans and his boxer shorts down to his knees.

“Okay, now play with his, uh, you know, thingie,” Ben told me from off camera. I knelt and did just that. Soon he was standing tall. “Now suck his dick,” came the next instructions. I did. I really enjoyed sucking Ben’s dick and had even enjoyed sucking Mr. James, so sucking Jason was fun. I laughed as I slobbered all over his thingie, as I still called it, and nibbled at his balls. I was really enjoying all this when Ben instructed me, “Get up on the bed, Julie. Spread your legs. Good girl...

"Okay, Jason, fuck her.”

Jason hopped around trying to get his pants over his tennis shoes and wound up half on and half off the bed. “Don’t worry about the damned jeans, Jason. Just fuck her,” Ben told him. So with his pants caught at the ankles, Jason moved on top of me. Ben always held his weight off of me, but Jason didn’t. Luckily he was just fifteen and not fully grown or he would have crushed me. He jabbed and jabbed his cock into my crotch, missing every time. Finally he got it right and drove it in all the way.

“Owww!” I cried as he slammed into my cervix, something Ben was always careful not to do. “Owww! Owww! You’re hurting me!”

“Sorry,” Jason answered with a look of horror at hurting me.

“Just take it slow, Jason and don’t go so deep in her,” Ben advised. But it was all over. He came inside me. Within a second, he had hopped off me, leaving me spread out and leaking his cum.

“Let me show you how to do it, Jason,” Ben said. His dick felt so comforting to me, in, out, in, out, he fucked me at a leisurely pace. When he dismounted, he invited Jason to try it again. By now he had his shoes and all of his clothes off.

Second time, Jason was just as clumsy and he was crushing me again. “Get off! Get off!” I cried. “No, not all the way! Hold your weight off of me with your hands.” He tried again and succeeded in lasting much longer the second time.

After that night, Jason became something of a pussy hound. He still let Mr. James and his friends violate him, but he also sought to spend some time with me. Usually it was pretty quick, but Ben always enjoyed watching him fuck me.

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Some weeks after Jason was first invited to fuck me, a week or so just before Halloween, Ben began "opening me up". He used a rubber dildo that tapered at the end to prod my cervix. Over the course of two weeks, he worked more and more of the thing into me. It was uncomfortable, but he never did it for very long so it really didn't hurt. He also started sticking it up my ass. That felt a lot better than pushing through my cervix. He explained that soon we would be doing a "different kind of fucking".

Then the week before Thanksgiving, Ben and I were looking at some of his pictures of other little girls, moving from picture to picture. The whole point of this was showing me that other girls were just like me… cock-loving child sluts, even though he never said that. Ben inserted another diskette into his A-Drive and we began scrolling through another batch of photos of little girls when a face caught my attention. “Go back! Go back!” Ben scrolled back to the previous picture. It was a picture of a little blonde girl, lying nude on a tattered sofa, her swollen pussy displayed for all to see.

 “That’s Jenny!” I shrieked. “That’s my friend, Jenny! Where did you get this?”

“Um, I’m really not sure. I picked it up in a chat room. You really know her?”

“Yes! That’s Jenny; my friend who visits her dad on the weekends.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes. Do you have any more pictures of her?”

“No, but let’s see if he’s in the chat room.”

He opened a browser and soon we were in the chat room. “I think we’re luck,” Ben said as he typed out a message to a “BadDaddy”. <BadDaddy, do you have anymore pics of Jenny?>

<Who are you>

<A friend>

<Who are you>

<Do you have any more pics of Jenny? Y or N?>

<Maybe>

<Want to trade>

<What do U have>

<Lots of pics. Here’s a sample> Ben inserted a floppy-disk labeled “Julie 47”, selected a nude photo of me and sent it. Ben had lots of Julie diskettes.

<Do I know U>

<I know U> Ben replied. <Walk outside and wait>

Ben slipped his clothes on and told me to wait for him. He was gone for a long while , but when he returned, he had Jenny’s daddy with him. My mom had just called the minute or so before and told me that she was home and to come home, so I was dressed when they came into Ben’s trailer.

“I know you,” Jenny's dad said. “You play with Jenny sometimes when she’s over for the weekend.”

Turning my attention to Ben I said, “Uhhh, my mom just called. I have to go home.”

“That’s too bad,” Ben replied. “But you do need to run along.”

I did run along with visions of Jenny and her dad filling my head. Did they do the same things as Ben and I did? He’s her father! As soon as I came in, Mom made me take my bath (even though I already had a bath with Ben earlier), then I was sent to bed. I could hardly sleep.

**Chapter 5 Sharing is Caring**

The next day was a Friday and I was stuck home with Mom. But on Saturday, she called Mr. Ben and asked him if he’d babysit me overnight. Of course he said he would, and no, it wasn’t any trouble, no trouble at all. She offered to pay him and he reluctantly accepted. Later on, sliding his finger through my snatch, he told me with a laugh that he just couldn’t resist the opportunity for my mother to pay him to fuck me until I couldn’t see straight; it was simply too deliciously wicked for him to pass up. He took me off my mother's hands early in the afternoon.

Turns out that Jenny was staying with her father that weekend. Ben showed me a stack of 5 ½” diskettes with photos of Jenny that he’d gotten from her dad… nasty photos… photos like the ones Ben took of me… nude photos… bath photos… cock sucking photos… fuck photos… facials… and even some with a dog… Ewwwwwww!!!!

While I struggled to get my nine-year-old head around a dog fucking a little girl, Ben picked up his telephone and dialed a number. “I have my girl with me… all night. Bring yours.” Ben listened and laughed, then added, “You bet, buddy. She's as ready as she'll ever be.”

Ten minutes later, there was a knock at the front door of Ben’s trailer. Carefully hiding his nudity, Ben partially opened the door. Ascertaining who it was, he let his guests in. Mr. Rawlins had Jenny in tow. Seeing Ben nude, Jenny's dad joked, “I see you’re ready for her,” except it wasn’t a joke.

After swapping photos the day before, the two men had agreed swap us at the first opportunity. Neither suspected it would be so soon. Thanks to my mom who was shacking up with her boss for the night, it was less than 48 hours since I had identified Jenny on the first photo. Along with his eight year old daughter, Rawlins brought along enough booze for a dozen men. Thankfully there weren’t a dozen men that night, just Ben and Mr. Rawlins.

Ashamed and embarrassed, I curled up in a chair in the computer room and tried to hide my own nudity from the lecherous leer of Jenny’s dad. His attention though was diverted from me and back to his eight year old daughter. “You like Mr. Ben’s dick, Jenny?” he asked rather jovially. Jenny glanced over at me and almost imperceptivity waved to me, then she took Ben’s cock into her hand.

“I told you that she was a willing slut,” her dad said to Ben. “Didn’t I?” Then he bent down and lifted the helm of her dress, slowly pulled it over her head and then completely off, leaving her in just her panties and flip flops. Her dad fingered the elastic band of her panties and asked Ben, “Do you want to do the honors?”

“I’d be delighted to,” answered a grinning Ben. He knelt, which caused Jenny to let go of his cock, and slowly pulled the little girl’s panties down to her ankles. Balancing herself on Ben’s shoulder, she daintily stepped out of both her flip flops and brightly colored cotton panties. Ben’s hands slid around and cupped her bare butt.

Leaving Jenny to the predations of Ben, Mr. Rawlins stepped into the office room where I was still curled up. “Look up at me girl,” he commanded. I looked up, he was smiling kindly. “Don’t be afraid. We not going to do anything you haven’t already done before. Ben’s told me all about you, Julie. He said that you would be willing to suck my cock… are you?” Having sucked Mr. James and Jason as well as Ben, it wasn't that outrageous of a question. I meekly nodded. “Good. And, I’m going to fuck your sweet little pussy tonight. Okay, sweetie?”

I’m not sure if I answered or not as we were distracted by Ben calling out, “You’re right, Fred. Your Jenny likes sucking cock.” Sure enough, my naked friend was cupping his big hairy balls with one hand and holding the base of his cock with the other as she slobbered all over Ben's dick and blew him right by the front door.

Freddie laughed and turned his attention back to me. His hand went to his belt. I knew that if I wanted any say in this at all, I needed to take an active part. I rose from the chair I’d been “hiding” in and brushed his hands away from his zipper. With his zipper down, I unbuttoned his jeans and laid his fly open, revealing his hairy pubic mound. For some reason it really surprised me that he didn’t have any underwear on. Then I unbuttoned, or rather unsnapped his western shirt. As he wasn’t wearing an undershirt, I was able to run my hand over his bare tummy and muscular chest. Wow! Whereas Ben was rather soft and pliable, and Jason was rather boney, Fred Rawlins was hard and muscular, which made sense as he worked as a trainer at a local gym. I pushed his shirt over his muscular shoulders and he took it from there, discarding it on the floor. Meanwhile I knelt and tried to remove his shoes, only he wasn’t wearing shoes, but cowboy boots. I didn’t have a clue as to how to get them off, but Freddie helped out by sitting in my chair and lifting one leg.

“Grab it by the heel and pull,” he instructed. I pulled and pulled, and eventually got the thing off his foot. Then I worked on the other until it came off. This time it seemed easier. With his boots and socks off, Freddie stood again and I began pulling his tight fitting jeans down off his hips and down his muscular thighs. Soon he was stepping out of them, pulling the legs inside out.

Having undressed him, I looked up and smiled at him. Looking down at me kneeling at his feet, he smiled back. I was familiar with the look in his eyes, as Ben often had that look when he was about to fuck me, eyes burning with lust. My eyes then fell to his uncut cock. It was hanging low, but wasn’t completely flaccid. Ben and Mr. James had both been circumcised as babies, but Jason had not been, so the foreskin covering the head of his penis wasn’t a surprise to me. What did surprise me was how long his dick was and it was growing longer. As it engorged, the foreskin partially rolled back revealing a pink, arrowhead tip.

I rose upon my knees. No way could I let Jenny show me up… she was nearly a year younger than me! I took Freddie’s organ in my hand and felt it as it continued to thicken, lengthen and harden. It was so different than Ben’s knobby cock and so much bigger than Jason’s slender pecker. I think I was in love with it immediately and I hadn’t even kissed it yet! With his cock in my hand, I looked up at Freddie, his eyes were intent and bore into me. I swear the man had psychic powers as my head filled with the telepathic message, “Suck it. Suck it. Suck it.” I smiled like Ben had taught me and drew the impressive organ towards my lips. If I wasn’t already in love with it before, as soon as my lips molded around the slender head, I was hooked. He was already seeping clear precum and I greedily lapped it up. Mmmmmmmm, I love cock, especially a precum seeping cock.

I worked a little more into my mouth and swirled my tongue over and around it, concentrating my efforts just under the rim of the head and on that funny ridge of skin that Ben said is so sensitive. I felt his strong hand rest on the back of my head and he began gently pushing while at the same time thrusting his hips, driving his dick back and forth in my mouth. Next thing I know and his cock is at the back of my throat causing me to gag.

“She know how to deep throat yet?” he asked Ben who was enjoying his own blowjob from little Jenny.

“No, but she can learn,” answered Ben huskily.

Freddie pushed me off his cock, reached down, picked me up and carried me into the bedroom at the other end of Ben’s trailer. There he laid me down on the bed with my head slightly hanging off the bed. He bent my head back and told me to open wide. Bending at the knees and straddling my head, he put his cock back in my mouth. Pushing back and forth, he told me to relax my throat muscles. He pushed deeper, I gagged. He pushed again and I gagged again. “Relax,” he said, “just relax.” He pushed and I gagged.

Out of the corner of my eye, I caught a movement. Cutting my eyes to see what it was, his cock suddenly slid past the back of my throat. I thought I was going to choke to death, but he pulled out immediately. My respite was brief and his dick slid down my throat again, and again, and again until I could do it without hardly gagging at all. Finally he pulled out completely, his cock spewing man juice all over my face. But before he finished his pushed his dick against my nostril. Some went up my nose and I began to cough and sputter.

Even before I recovered, Freddie was wiping his cum from my face with his fingers and shoving it into my mouth. It had a sweet taste, at least when compared to Ben's, which I suppose was from eating healthy food and sweating a lot. Whatever the reason, I loved the taste and substantial texture and made an effort to gobble his semi-soft cock. I guess that's when I realized that there was someone else in the room, that someone being Mr. James as he dutifully captured the evening's events on camera for posterity. Mr. James had taken lots and lots of photographs and videos of me with Ben or Jason, so this wasn't cause for concern as Mr. James rarely did anything other having me blow him.

At nine years old I had enough experience to know that once Ben had ejaculated, it took a while before he could get it up again; not Freddie Rawlins. Sucking a flaccid cock is fun in its own way, so I was sort of sorry to feel him hardening in my mouth. I got over it. By now Ben had Jenny on the edge of the bed on all fours, standing behind her and fucking her so hard from behind that the bed shook. Maybe it was the sight of his baby girl being fucked that helped him recover so quickly, but for whatever reason, Freddie had an iron spike in record time.

"Fuck her, Ben! Fuck that little slut hard!" urged Jenny's daddy just before he pulled his dick from between my lips. Suddenly was I hauled up off the bed and the next thing after that, I had my arms wrapped around Freddie's neck. I also had my legs wrapped around him... it wasn't conscious on my part, but that's how I was when he dropped me onto his prick. Knocked the air out my lungs.

Ben had been working on opening up my cervix, but this was the first time I had a cock pierce me like that. He had entered my womb and it felt like his dick was going to come out my mouth. It didn't of course, or I wouldn't be here, but it sure felt like it. When he lifted me up, I was sort of stuck on his cock, but he yanked and came free only to have him drop me onto his prick once again and driving his long cock way up inside me. That first time the deep penetration was punishing, but like everything Ben had done to me before, I adjusted to it.

I was still seeing stars when Freddie dropped me onto the bed like a sack of dirty laundry. He rolled me onto my back, grabbed my legs and spread me open. Mr. James was right there to capture the moment. Within hours, that photo would be shared online in exchange for other photos of men with little girls. I didn't have time to think about that, not that I would have thought much of it anyway, but Freddie swung around on top of me, put his cock to my pussy and drove it in to the root. It was the most astonishing sight, the bulge his cock made in my tummy all the way above my navel. The tummy bulge went down as he withdrew, only to reappear when he thrust forward into me. Mr. James managed to squeeze in between and video the lewd spectacle.

The way my tummy bulged out was rather disconcerting. I looked over at Jenny who Ben was still fucking doggie style. Her mouth was hanging open and she had this far away look in her eyes. A moment later Ben was growling like he does when he's cumming, his movements became erratic and he looked to be agony, but I knew it was pure bliss for him. He stopped and was motionless for a moment, then he pushed Jenny away, causing her to flop down on the bed rather ungracefully. Ben straddled her prostate little body, leaned forward, grasped her under her thighs and opened her up so that Mr. James could have a clear shot of the cum oozing from between Freddie's daughter's swollen and red pussy lips. Those photos would also be shared on the internet that night.

I don't recall how many times Jenny and I got fucked that night, by Freddie and Ben or how many blowjobs we gave to them and Mr. James, but we were up all night. The sun was coming up before we were allowed to go to sleep in Ben's bed and it was in the afternoon before we woke up. Jenny looked to be a mess and so did I.

Ben came in looking somewhat haggard as he didn't get any sleep at all the night before. He just plopped down on the bed, still dressed from work, and immediately began snoring. I think that was the first and only time I ever saw him sleeping with his clothes on. Jenny and I took a hot bath together and then dressed and went home. Me to my empty trailer and Jenny to her dad's. I was asleep on the sofa when Mom came home from her weekend date. Jenny I didn't see until nearly two weeks later when she was visiting her dad on Wednesday.

When I did see Jenny again, Ben had taken me over to Jenny's dad's that afternoon and while he fucked Jenny on the sofa, Mr. Freddie fucked me in his bed. Then they had us lick the other's pussy and clean up all the seeping cream. As usual, Ben had his camera and took pictures of Jenny and me doing it together. Ben had showed me pictures of girls going down together, but I'd never done it before. It was kind of nice once I got used to it.

Mom was home from work on time that night so I had to leave, but Ben stayed and I could only imagine what those two were doing to Jenny before she was taken home to her mother. I found out the next day when Mom had to work late and Mr. Freddie joined Ben and me for an early evening sex session.

Mr. Freddie didn't get there until late in the afternoon, but I had been with Ben since the school bus had dropped me off. Almost as soon as I was in his trailer and had my pants down, Ben stuck a rubber object up my ass. He'd been sticking things up me for some weeks, so it didn't surprise or bother me. Then he removed it and stuck a larger object up my ass, only this thing popped in and was held there by my anal ring. He diddled me for a while, and had me suck his cock. The he pulled the butt plug from my ass and inserted an even larger one.

"You remember what I said about us doing a different kind of fucking?" Ben asked as he tugged on the plug stuck up my ass.

"Huh uh," I mumbled into the mattress with my ass in the air.

"Do you know what I was talking about?" With him gently tugging on that thing, I got the hint real quick. I don't know if I answered or not, not that it mattered at that point, but Ben pulled the tapered butt plug from my asshole. I felt something cold shoot up my ass and then felt the spongy head of his cock nestle between my cheeks. "Reach back and spread yourself open," he instructed. On my knees and with my face pressed into the sheets, I really wasn't using my hands to support myself, so I did as I was told, reached back, spread my buttocks apart and...

"Uggghhhnnn!" I grunted as he drove is old cock up my well prepared, but as of yet, virgin ass. "Uhh... uhh... uhh... uhh... uhh," I grunted as Ben rutted and sodomized me. "Uhh... uhh... uhh... uhh... uhh..." It went on and on until he unloaded his balls into my newly defiled rectum. I felt Ben soften and then fall out of my now gaping hole.

"Oh, fuck! That was good, baby girl. Really good," he praised breathlessly as he continued to hold me by the hips. Then I felt him prying my cheeks apart. "Oh, yeah," he mumbled, "oh, yeah." Then he sort of rolled off to the side and collapsed onto the bed. Moments later he was snoring while my debased ass throbbed. I too was quite wasted when the buggering ended and remained in place, face to the mattress and ass hiked in the air.

Hearing the door open and then close, I opened my eyes and saw him, dressed in his gym clothes. Freddie grinned at me as he approached the bed. I started to move, but he told me, "Stay where you are, slut." I had heard him call Jenny a slut, but that was the first time anyone said that of me, not that I had any idea what the word meant other than it sounded rather nasty.

I guess Ben heard him too as he woke up enough to say, "What? Oh, it's you, Fred."

"Did you fuck her in the ass like you said you were?"

"Yeah, yeah," Ben replied as he sat up.

Turning to me, Ben asked, "Are you okay, Julie? I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"No," I replied though my ass throbbed and I really wasn't all that sure.

"You wouldn't mind if Fred..." I guess I could have said 'no', but most likely it wouldn't have stopped Freddie from taking sloppy seconds. This time Ben spread my ass cheeks open as Freddie put his hard cock to my recently deflowered anus.

"Uggghhhnnn," I grunted as Jenny's dad's long dick ran deep into my bowls. "Uhh... uhh... uhh... uhh... uhh..."

"You've trained her well, Ben," Freddie said as he sawed in and out of my butt. "Jenny screamed and hollered the first time I did her in the ass. This one seems to be a natural."

When I went home around six I could hardly walk. It had been dark already for nearly an hour and there was cold wind blowing. Mom thought I was taking ill or something and sent me to bed early. By morning I was still a little sore, but like the first time Ben fucked my pussy, it wasn't anything I couldn't handle.

**Chapter 6 A New Year, A New Trick**

For Christmas Ben bought me a new bicycle. Sparkling-pink, it was the most beautiful bicycle in the world! I wanted to ride it to school, but Mom said that was too dangerous with all the strangers about. Still I had a great time riding it about the trailer park.

Mom of course had to work during most of the Christmas holidays and that gave Ben and me plenty of opportunities for hanging out together. It was quite cold by then and Ben's trailer was a bit chilly, but he wrapped us up in blankets as we lounged about, doing things a nine year old girl should never do with a middle aged man. There was also plenty of opportunities for Freddie to join us and many frosty late afternoons I spent getting it from both ends at the same time. By then, I also hardly thought about it when one of them wanted me anally.

Of course I got to see Jenny and got to see her get fucked by Ben and her daddy. We also spent a lot of time licking cum from each other's pussy and ass. I wasn't too keen on licking it as it dribbled out of her ass, but I didn't want to get spanked by Freddie for not doing it either.

In the weeks before Christmas I learned how much Freddie enjoyed giving a spanking and I was careful not to give him any excuse to redden my butt. It's not that he hurt me; Ben would never let him do that, but then again, Ben got all excited when Freddie had me over his lap giving me a good case of the red ass. I'd be bawling and hollering for him to stop and that just earned me a gag lest someone outside hear something they shouldn't. I'd kick and try to get away, but I never did. Next thing I knew and Ben had handful of my hair and his cock inside me pounding away like a madman.

It was during Christmas break that Ben told me that he and Jenny's dad had an arrangement and that I was to "accommodate" Freddie whenever possible. Jenny in turn was to accommodate Ben whenever possible. With Jenny not living with her father, Freddie had the better end of that deal and I soon realized that with Freddie "whenever possible" meant whenever he wanted me. For the most part he was always nice to me, telling me how I reminded him of his Jenny. Jenny and I didn't look anything alike and when I asked about that, he laughed and said we were both little cock hounds and that's what he meant.

I didn't know it then, but that New Years Eve was hugely significant for me and my relationship to Ben. Mom wanted to go to a party and asked Ben to look out for me. I expected that we'd just hang out at his trailer or Freddie's trailer, but that's not what happened. Ben had a few days to make his arrangements and when he told me to go get in his truck, I did so without asking questions. I assumed that we were going to a party of some sort like everyone else in the world. As we drove across town, all Ben would say to my questions was, "You'll see."

After a long drive we drove around a nice, but modest neighborhood, looking for the right street. Once Ben located it, he drove to the end of the block and pulled into an alleyway lined with a wooden privacy fence. "This is it," remarked Ben as he pulled into a covered parking space that was inset into the fence. Once we were parked, someone would have to really work at it to see who we were. Ben and I got out of his truck and a gate opened partially at the back of the carport. "Are you Ben?" a gravelly voice asked.

"Yeah," answered Ben, "and this is Julie." Seconds later we were inside the gate and the gate was closed and locked. We followed the man to the back door and inside his house. I hadn't gotten a look at his face in the dark, just the broad backside of a big man in a ski jacket.

Had I gotten a look at this guy at the gate, I would have took off running! He was as ugly as they come. Looked like a mobster/hit man or something, wide fleshy face with a huge scar down one cheek and eyes like a shark, dark and dead looking. Once he took his stocking cap off I could see that his hair was thin and unkempt. When he looked at me, a huge grin came across his face as his eyes crawled all over me. I wanted to ask Ben what this was all about, but I was too scared and gripped Ben's coat, getting as close as I could.

The man reached out and with his big rough hand, pushed the hair out of my face. "I seen your picture, honey. Just as pretty in person as in your photos. Now, how about showing me some skin, kid."

"Not so fast," Ben said. "First there's business."

"Yeah... business," the man said with a scowl. He turned and picked up an envelope from the table. "It's all there," he growled. "Four hours. Four hours from the time her ass is naked."

Ben took the envelope, briefly looked at the contents and stuffed it in his pocket. "Four hours. I stay to make sure she's safe."

"Suit yourself, Grandpa, but her ass is mine." He paused and then added, "She ain't gonna scream is she?"

"Not unless you make her scream."

"Hell, I ain't gonna hurt her. She just needs to do what you said she'd do."

The ugly man turned to me, "You're gonna to do what your grandpa said you'd do and what I seen you do on video. Ain't that right, sweet thang?" I was too scared to say or do anything, not that it mattered to him nor to Ben for that fact. He stooped down in front of me and began removing my coat. Grinning, he pulled my new sweater over my head and he began unbuttoning my blouse. With my blouse now hanging open, he stopped there and ran a finger over the skin of my chest, tracing circles and swirls around my nipples until he suddenly pinched one between his thumb and forefinger. It startled me more than hurting. He released it and soon his fingers were rubbing my other nipple.

He stopped for a moment, looked me in the eye and smiled. Gawd, he was gross! Then he slipped my blouse over my shoulders and pulled it off my arms. I was now topless and half undressed as this ugly beast of a man ogled me. His hands slid up my jeans and up along my now bare sides until he stopped at my upper arms, holding me in his iron grip. He pulled me to him and in doing so, pulled my nipple to his fleshy lips. With my nip surrounded by his corpulent lips, I felt his tongue go into action, slowly swirling all around it and gently sucking. He released my arms and held me with one hand behind my back while the other slid back down my leg only to rise again on the inside of my thighs until his hand was cupping my pussy through my jeans.

He switched nipples and sucked and slathered on the other for a few minutes while his hand between my legs gently squeezed and released. Next thing I knew he was in my face, his ugly mug mere inches from my face. The distance growing less and less until... Ewwwwwww! He was kissing me! Kissing me the way Ben did sometimes, his lips covering my mouth, his fat tongue probing between my lips and into my mouth. We were eyeball to eyeball and just couldn't bear to look, so I closed my eyes. That made it better, much better because... well, I liked the way he was kissing me, liked the feel of his big tongue and liked the feel of his big hand rubbing my cunt; I just couldn't bear to look at him.

After a good time of stuffing my mouth full with his tongue, he broke off the kiss, only he didn't stop kissing me, he just wasn't kissing me on the lips anymore; instead he was now kissing my ear and licking inside it. The noise was something awful, but boy did that make me feel funny!

"You're getting all wet down there, little one," he whispered to me at one point. I don't know how wet I was, but I sure felt good.

He moved to the other side and gave my other ear the same treatment. Then he was kissing and nibbling on my neck, then my arms and back to my nipples and down into my belly button. I was wet with his saliva from the waist up by the time he was ready to move on. Ugly though he was, I was ready to move on too. Oddly I wasn't now so repelled by his brutish looks.

He took his hand from my crotch and unbuttoned and unzipped my jeans. He wiggled them off my hips and leaving my panties behind, pulled them to my ankles. He had a little problem there as I still had my shoes on, but he took care of that quick enough and I was left standing barefoot and just in my panties.

Kneeling before me, he held me by the hips and looked me up and down, the images burning into his brain. Then the kissing started again, only this time it was down one leg and up the other, pausing to nuzzle his face between my legs and munching on the fabric of my wet panties. Then he was going back up my tummy and his hand went back between my legs, cupping my cunt and squeezing it for a moment before worming a finger up inside to rub my bare pussy. The fingers first came inside one leg hole and then the other, his fingers taking greater and great liberties with my cunny and driving me crazy while doing it.

By the time his fat finger first went up inside me, I would have gladly sucked his cock and licked his balls, but he was still fully dressed. He'd been molesting me for a half hour and he was still fully dressed! But he was in no hurry. He had four hours and he took his time finger fucking me, first with one finger, then another until all ten fingers, including both thumbs, had explored my vagina.

After all ten fingers had a go at my pussy, he suddenly stood up. He kicked off his shoes, and pulled his sweatshirt over his head revealing a massive chest covered in dark hair. He wasn't as hairy as Ben, but the dark color made him look hairier. Then he stripped off his jeans and his underwear. Standing before me completely nude and with a huge hard-on, I knew that soon that thing would be inside me. I was about to get fucked by the ugliest man on earth and I was eager for it!

Taking the initiative I reached out and took his engorged organ into my hand. I tried to close my fingers around it, but couldn't do it, not that he was much thicker than Ben, but he was as long as Freddie. I smiled up at him and he rewarded me with squinty grin. I leaned forward and kissed the fat head that was wet with precum. Mmmmmmmm, I just love sucking a hard cock, and even if he was ugly as sin, his big cock was beautiful... and his funky aroma made my already wet cunt to start leaking.

I gave it my all to give him the best blowjob of his life. I was doing good too as I could hear him muttering, "Suck it you little slut. Goddamn that's good, baby whore. Fucking cunt," and things like that, similar to the nasty things Freddie said to me when I was making him happy.

He muttered, "I'm getting close," and pushed me away from him. "Trying to sap my vitality," he said accusingly as he held me away from his cock. "I ain't close to being finished with you, doll, but it is time my cock found out what your young pussy feels like. Stand up."

I stood and he bent over, his thumbs hooking into the elastic band on my panties. Yes, I still had my panties on, if you can believe it. Down they went and I stepped out of them.

He looked over at Ben who had been sitting and watching and said, "My four hours begin now." Heck, we'd been there for nearly a hour already.

"You've been with her for almost an hour," protested Ben.

"Maybe so, but our deal was that my four hours begins when her ass was naked. Her ass is now naked. A minute ago, her ass wasn't naked."

"What are you, an attorney or something?" Ben peevishly asked. "Talk about splitting hairs!"

"A deal is a deal, so live with it, pal. Now, I don't know about splitting hairs, especially seeing how this little cunt ain't got no hair, but I assure you, for the next four hours I am going to be splitting your granddaughter's pussy lips with my cock. Just as we agreed, Grandpa. It's what I paid for. Now, you're free to stay and silently watch, or you can go somewhere else for four hours."

"I'll stay," Ben replied.

"That's fine with me. Do me a favor, Pops, and get me a beer from the fridge."

Ben opened the refrigerator and extracted two long necks. He twisted the top off the first and handed to the man, a man who had paid to fuck me, a man who I didn't even know his name. For some reason, none of that particularly bothered me. Actually there was a reason it didn't bother me, I wanted to fuck this ugly bastard and suck his lovely dick.

Ben then twisted off the top to his beer. "That'll be a dollar," the man said. "Just leave it on the table." Ben looked at him with the funniest expression, but then pulled out a dollar bill from his wallet, tossed it on the table and muttering under his breath, sat back down.

The man then turned one of the kitchen chairs around and sat on it. "C'mere cunt," he said to me. I took the few steps to him. "You like me, darling, or do you just like my dick?"

"I like you okay," I replied without further elaboration.

"But I'm a fucking ugly son of a bitch. Hell, I know I'm ugly. I even scare me, but you don't seem scared."

"You've been nice to me and... I do like your dick." He was surprised when I took him in hand again.

"You're something else, girl. Most girls and women won't get anywhere near me. They usually run away as fast as they can, as if I'd hurt them or sumptin'. Well, I never hurt nobody ever, not unless they deserved it and you, precious thang, are to be cherished... cherished. Your grandpa whored you out to me and truth be told, you ain't got no say in this tonight. I am going to fuck you for the next four hours. I'm going to be as gentle as I can be, but... tell me the truth, do you think you can take my cock?"

"Sure, I'd love to," I replied with a smile that masked my doubts. I crawled up into his lap, straddling his rampant erection. Grasping it, I placed it in the maw of my sex and...

"Good god almighty!" he groaned. "You've got to have the tightest pussy on earth! Damn, girl! Damn! Yeah, take it. Take it all, you fuckin' little whore!"

Let me tell you, he was BIG. But like Ben told me, a pussy will stretch to fit a cock, it just needs a little training and Ben certainly had my cunthole trained. I bounced on the big prong with my hands on his shoulders, looking him square in the eye. He was some ugly, but I liked him, liked him a lot. He had incredible staying power and we fucked and we fucked and we fucked and used the entire house to do it, in the chair, on the table, on the kitchen counter, standing up, in his bed, on the floor from behind, on the floor cowgirl. He'd cum up my twat, drink a beer while I blew him to another erection and we'd fuck again until he came again. I don't know how he did it, but I'd sure like to have him as a fuck buddy now. That ugly bastard was fantastic!

Of course men drinking beer have to piss every now and then. During one of our breaks, he told me to come with him to the bathroom. I did and he told me to get into the tub. I did. Ewwwwwwwwww! He tinkled all over me. Then he stepped into the tub, picked me up and began rubbing me all over him and kissing me. Then he turned on the shower. I screamed because it was so cold, but he didn't seem to notice. Ben came running in to see what was the matter and seeing us under the spray, went back to have another beer. But the cold water did have a effect upon him, as his balls and cock shriveled up to a fraction of their earlier size.

Cleaned up, he dried me off, as I was practically blue. Then we went back into the living room where he put me over the arm rest of the sofa, spread my legs and ate me out, cunt, ass and all. I was pretty well warmed up when he put his cock to me once again and the fucking resumed.

All said and done, he didn't use his full four hours, only he had me for a little more than four hours altogether. When Ben dryly noted that he still had forty minutes, the man just laughed and said he had had enough for one night. He also gave Ben back all the beer money that had accumulated on the table. All in all, it was a New Years Eve to remember, the night I officially became a child call girl.

**Chapter 7 I Get a New Daddy**

That spring, Mama traded in her old beat up car for a fancy brand new car. There was also a subtle change in the relationship between Mom, Ben and me. I don't recall when it began, but I did notice it. Before it was always Mom asking Ben if he'd look after me while she worked late or went out on a date. Now we'd be having supper together and Ben would say, "If you have to work late tomorrow," or something along those lines. Maybe Mom had mentioned it to him before supper when I was out of ear shot, but it began happening with increasing frequency. Whenever Ben asked, Mom always said yes, but she wasn't exactly thanking him for looking after me.

And whenever he said, "If you have to work late tomorrow, I'll be glad to look after her," that very next night we'd get into his pickup truck, drive across town and he'd introduce me to some man who would pay him to have sex with me. Sometimes it would be at the man's apartment or home, or more usually, it would be at some cheap motel along the old highway. Ben made no effort to hide from me the fact that men were paying him.

I asked Ben about the money and he told me that he was saving it for me, for my college education. I believed him totally and completely, but I never saw a dime of that money. I know now that was being used, but back then, I trusted Ben, besides sometimes these men would be a lot of fun, but not always.

Most of these men I would see only once, but some I saw again and again over the next few years. When it was some new guy, Ben always hung around to make sure I wasn't hurt or abused. When Ben was more confident about the "client", he sometimes gave the men the privacy that they wanted.

When I was about eleven years old, Ben took me to a rather fancy hotel. I never dressed sexily like a child hooker when out with Ben, but rather modestly like any other normal eleven year old, nor did I wear a lot of makeup, but just enough to make me pretty. We went up to the top floor. Ben knocked and we were let inside by a man who appeared to be Ben's age. It was the biggest, fanciest hotel room had had seen to that point. It wasn't just a single room either, but three rooms, two bedrooms flanking a large living area. The man paid Ben and a moment later, Ben left leaving me alone with this guy I'd never seen before. The fact that Ben hadn't stayed worried me, but the man who insisted that I call him "Daddy", was very nice to me.

Room service delivered a hamburger and some ice cream for me and I ate while Daddy made some phone calls. After I ate, he took me to one of the bedrooms and told me to put on the clothes he had laid out on the bed. I did as I was told and changed while "Daddy" watched. The clothes weren't actually clothes, but a pink sheer nightie. Except for some pictures that Ben had shown me, I had never seen anything like it before. The nightie was so pretty and though it covered me to mid-thighs, it hid nothing. He also had me put on a pair of pink high heels. That was it; the negligee top with no panties and the shoes. Then he applied makeup to my eyes and lips, I couldn't believe how much older that made me look.

The shoes fit very well, but I had trouble walking in them. Daddy had me walk around the hotel suite until I was reasonably proficient in them.

In the living area there was a large U-shaped black leather sectional with a massive square coffee table in the middle. Daddy put on some music, had me step up onto the table and then dance. Of course I nearly broke my neck in those shoes, but after a few tries, I was doing okay in them, not great, but okay. By now I had been in Daddy's hotel suite for nearly two hours, following his instructions and he hadn't touched me. I thought, this isn't so bad, but I was ready to see "Daddy's" cock and see what he could do with it.

"Go wait in the bedroom until I send for you," he told me pointing to the room where I had changed. He copped a feel of my butt, but that was all he did before he closed the door and left me by myself wondering what was going on with this guy. After a short time, I heard voices in the next room. I waited and I waited and quite frankly, I was bored to death.

After what seemed to be the longest time, the door opened and Daddy beckoned me to come out. I put on the high heels and came out into the other room. When I did, I saw the men, four of them, sitting around the table on the sofa and drinking. Someone exclaimed, "Holy shit!" and they all turned to look at me in stunned silence, their mouths hanging open.

"Gentlemen," Daddy began, "due to our combined efforts, we made an absolute killing on the Morgan deal. It wouldn't have happened if we hadn't all put in a lot of long hours and pulled together. That and a bit of good luck. And as promised, I have a special treat for you that you'll remember."

"She's just a kid!" one of the men exclaimed.

"Yes," Daddy said. "But, which one of you hadn't thought about having a young girl like this? You only didn't because you never had the opportunity. Me, I like young girls and I'm sure that you are going to enjoy her too."

"We're going to get arrested," said another.

"Not if you all keep your mouths shut. Now, let me introduce you."

He turned to me and said, "What's your name, honey?"

"Julie," I replied with a smile.

"And how old are you, Julie?"

"Eleven."

"And why are you here, Julie?"

"Ben brought me."

"And Ben is your grandfather?"

"Yes, sort of."

"And why did Ben bring you here?"

"Uh, to have sex with you?"

"That's not exactly correct... he brought you here to have sex with me and my friends. Have you ever had sex with a man before?"

"Yes, lots of time."

"With more than one man at a time?"

"Uh, yes."

"And these men, they pay your grandfather to have sex with you.?"

Freddie didn't pay Ben to fuck me, but I knew he wasn't talking about Jenny's daddy. "Yes."

"He whores you out?"

I knew what that word meant. "I guess." I nervously replied in a whisper.

"And what do you think about that? Being sold like that for sex?"

"I've never been sold!" I replied indignantly. "Ben always takes me home afterwards!" Then I had a sinking feeling. "Ben didn't sell me to you, did he?"

Daddy laughed. "Strictly speaking, no; perhaps rented is a more accurate term. Now, do you like having sex with strange men?"

"Ummmm, for the most part. Just so long as they're nice to me, I'm nice to them."

"But, do you enjoy being a child whore?"

"Yeah, I guess."

Starting with Jenny's dad, lots of men called me a slut or a whore or a tramp. Ben explained that I shouldn't take offense as very few girls my age could be properly called that, but I was now a big girl, did big girl things with men and lots of big girls were called that. I liked the idea that I was doing big girl things and so I didn't think of the terms as being disparaging. However, experience had taught me that when men started calling me a whore, bad things could happen.

Daddy turned to the other men. "See, she's experienced and willing. Now which you wants the first blowjob?" No one spoke up. Frankly, I think they were all too astonished to speak up. "Okay, then I'll have the first blowjob," Daddy declared.

Daddy turned back to me smiling. "Before you suck my dick, honey, how about if you give the guys a little dance like we practiced. Maybe that will put them at ease."

That was okay by me. I stepped up onto the large coffee table where I walked in a circle until Daddy started the music. I began dancing and all eyes were glued on me and what was partially visible under the nearly transparent pink material.

Suddenly, Daddy mounted the table with me. He grabbed me and pulled me to him, his hand hiking up the see-through negligee and exposing my ass to his friends. "Very nice, don't you think, gentlemen?" He had me turn and hiked up the negligee in the front to expose my pussy. "Look closely, gentlemen. These are not the pussy lips of an innocent school girl. These are the pussy lips of an experienced girl who knows what her pussy is for. These are pussy lips eager to caress a man's cock."

I heard one of the men mutter, "Oh, god damn." Looking up I saw him rubbing his crotch with apained expression.

"Undress me, Julie," Daddy whispered as his hand ventured between my legs.

At eleven years old, I was quite proficient at undressing men. I removed his shirt, then his shoes and socks. Then I removed his dress slacks and finally lowered his underwear, pushing his boxers to his feet. Looking up at the nude man towering above me, I knew what I needed to do, what my client wanted me to do, what I wanted to do. Smiling up at him I rose onto my knees and took his hard cock in hand, nuzzling my face in it and his balls. Glancing over at our audience, I saw four mouths agape. When I licked the tip of Daddy's dick, I heard a chorus of groans.

"Fuck, she's no older than my Emily," I heard someone say.

"Does Emily give blowjobs?" someone jibbed.

"Fuck you, Terry," I heard as I mouthed Daddy's entire glans.

"No, I'm going to fuck her," I heard the second man say, "right after she sucks my fucking dick."

"Yeah, me too," I heard a third.

I guess that watching me blow Daddy on the coffee table loosened Daddy's friends up, because no sooner had Daddy blown his load down my throat, another man presented his cock to me for sucking. After that, it was one right after the other. I felt a little queasy swallowing all that nut juice, but that didn't stop them from hauling me into the bedroom where I was deposited upon the bed for my first true gang fucking.

Daddy was first and he pounded me into the mattress while another man held my hands over my head. The next man hauled me up on my hands and knees and took me from behind, fucking me like a jack hammer; meanwhile, Daddy had me suck his cock clean. After that it was one man after the other, fucking me while I sucked dicks.

Someone asked if I took it up the ass. Daddy said, "Of course she does." He laid on the bed and pulled me on top of him facing his feet. "Put it in, Julie," he told me. I took his cock and guided it into my pussy while his buddies all watched. "No, not that way," he told me with a gentle slap to my butt. I pulled off and aimed it for my bunghole, but he and I both were too dry. One of his friends helped him out by passing him a tube of lube. Daddy greased up his cock and greased up my anus and I tried again. This time, he went in easily and I took every inch of him while his friends watched and joked.

It turned out to be a very long night and when it over, I was very sore. You'd think that using me like that, the men would have been physically rough with me or verbally abusive. They weren't. All through the night they called me Sweetheart and Baby Doll and asked if they were hurting me. Once the sex had started, no one, including Daddy called me a whore or a slut. It was just that I had been fucked so many times that it became uncomfortable and when I said I had enough, they all cleaned up, got dressed and went home to their wives and children. All except for Daddy. Daddy didn't leave, but instead took me into the big indoor Jacuzzi for a hot soak and then to the other bedroom where we slept together. Next morning Ben picked me up, but not before Daddy had me suck him off again.

Ben and Daddy talked for quite a while. The gist of which was that Daddy was very pleased with me, and wanted to see me again. Little did I know, but my life was about to change radically.

Two weeks later, Ben took me to the marina where Daddy kept his motor yacht. I had never been on a boat before and let me tell you, this was some boat. Daddy showed me around, taking me to his stateroom which had a big bed and a large window looking out over the water, up on the deck where he had a hot tub, and up on the bridge where I met his captain who was then taking the yacht out into the bay.

Once we were out in the open water, Daddy turned to me and told me, "When we are out to sea, I want you naked at all times." I looked over at Captain Jack and then back to Daddy. "Don't worry, Sweetie, Captain Jack is going to see you naked quite a lot, so there's no need to be shy. Now, loose the clothes, Baby Doll."

Right there on the bridge, I stripped off all my clothes while Daddy and Captain Jack watched. "She's very nice, Mr. Wallace," the captain commented with a grin.

"Yes, she is," Daddy agreed. "And quite willing too."

Leaving my clothes up on the bridge for Captain Jack to stow away, Daddy and I went down to his stateroom where he completely undressed. I thought we'd be having sex, but he took me upstairs and onto the foredeck, where he slathered me down with sunscreen so I wouldn't burn.

It was a fun day, just motoring along a few hundred yards from shore. At one point, the captain stopped and set anchor. Then fifteen minutes later, he served us a fancy cold lunch up on the foredeck. While we remained at anchor, several sailboats passed by. Daddy and I were in plain sight and several boats not only waved at us, but tooted their horns.

I asked Daddy about being naked for everyone to see. He answered, "It's not against the law to be naked on a boat. It's only against the law if we were engaged in a sex act and then only because of your age. When we fuck, Julie, we'll fuck inside and when you suck, you'll suck inside too. Out here, we're just soaking up the sun as nature intended.

"Speaking of sucking, let's go inside for a while."

We stayed out on his yacht until late the next afternoon. When Ben took me home, Mom only asked if I had a good time boating. She didn't press for details.

For the next three years, I was Daddy's exclusive toy. No more one night stands with strangers. I had sex only with Ben and Daddy, or rather Daddy and his friends. Freddie had moved away suddenly and I never saw Jenny again either. That was okay by me, because I had grown to dislike Jenny's dad. Jason, Mr. James' boy-toy, had gone off to college and I hardly ever saw him again either. I liked Jason and I missed him. Ben meanwhile, had taken up with another young girl who lived in his trailer park. Melisa was a sweet girl and I helped train her for Ben.

Most of my time with Daddy was spent on his yacht. There I had sex with lots of different men, men who were Daddy's friends. I also had sex with Captain Jack whenever it suited Daddy to reward his captain. Daddy had some older girls too. Even though they were much older than me, I became good friends with several of them, as we had much in common as Daddy's sex-toys.

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Mom never inquired about my days and nights away from her, just as she hadn't inquired about the time I spent with Ben. Even though Ben had pimped me out, I still loved him. He was always warm and kind to me and showered me with his affections. The fact that he was a randy old sot didn't diminish my affection for him. When he had a stroke and died, it was devastating for me.

After Ben died, I saw less and less of Mama, as I began traveling with Daddy on his trips to Europe and South America. The legal arrangement was that he was appointed my Guardian, a privilege for which he paid Mom a considerable amount of money. Basically, she sold me to him, and in doing so, she improved my lot in life considerably.

I had a private tutor who taught me not only high school mathematics and English literature, but also taught me the finer points of being a courtesan. By the time I was sixteen, Daddy was very proud of me and introduced me to several very rich men who lavished their attentions on me. Let me tell you, it is very nice to waited upon hand and foot and to be treated as a princess. In exchange, I treated them like the sultans they were. These affairs only lasted a month or two, and then I was back with Daddy for a month or so before becoming the guest of another man of importance to Daddy.

I was just turning eighteen when one of these men wanted to father a child by me. Daddy discussed this with me and told me that it was my choice. That if I chose to do it, his friend was prepared to keep me in the style in which I had become accustomed and that my child, if it was a boy, would be the man's heir. I was getting old by Daddy's standards, though he didn't say as much, and I knew he wouldn't have suggested it if he wasn't ready for me to move on.

I accepted Macario's offer, moved into his villa on the Spanish Mediterranean, went off birth control and promptly got knocked up. Macario was very proud of my swelling belly, though he directed his affections to other women. When it became apparent that it would be a girl, my relationship with Macario ended. He was a man of his word and set me up in another smaller villa in Naples along with a stipend that would see me through for years to come.

This brings me to now. No sooner had I settled into my new digs than Daddy contacted me and introduced me to this stunningly handsome Italian fellow. Adriano is older, like I like my men, and despite the fact that I am big as a balloon carrying Catarina, he's quite the lover. He seems to be quite happy that I am carrying another man's child as he loves children, wants a big family, but can't father children of his own. For Adriano, this is the next best thing.

As for the big family that Adriano wants, that is to be accomplished by me taking on carefully selected lovers who are to inseminate me until I have provided Adriano with the family he always wanted. Adriano, who also likes to see me being fucked by other men, has already selected the next two fathers of my future children. How lucky can a girl be?

END OF JULIE'S WORLD