**Lil Lolita**

by Isabella

I'm always being told that I'm overly observant, it isn't quite the same as having an Eidetic memory, I don't remember everything I see, I just see more than most people do, My school councillor tells me that I should aim for a career in law enforcement but I leaned more towards being a professional dancer. I'd been told that lots of twelve year old girls have that dream but few actually make it to be professional dancers.

Well, my story opens on the Friday before half term holiday, I'd eaten my dinner and as I washed the pots, I heard my father going into the toilet above the kitchen. It took me thirty minutes to wash, dry and put the dishes away and then I headed for the bathroom myself but my dad was still 'Potty-blocking', he was still in there thirty minutes later...see just how observant I was, I spotted that my father had spent an hour in the bathroom and I was suspicious!

When my father finally relinquished possession of the bathroom I ran in, I was desperate for a pee but I put my observing head on...smell...the room smelled like our school gym after thirty-five kids had worked out hard for an hour. Touch...I felt the shower tray, totally dry, the bath tub was similarly totally dry. Sound...the toilet cistern wasn't filling up so that hadn't been flushed recently either. Sight...at first I didn't think that anything was out of place until I looked in the bin in the corner, it had five Kleenex tissues in it, five very wet Kleenex tissues and...oh my God, that was the epicentre of the bad smell in the room. It wasn't my turn to empty the rubbish bins today, it was my mum's and I know that she did it when she got home from work because I was working on my homework when she emptied my bin in my bedroom.

I placed my hands on my hips and looked around the room again to see if anything was actually out of place...no, nothing at all...or was there!

We had a warm cupboard in the bathroom, a hot water tank in the bottom third of the cupboard that had a door but it was screwed shut. The middle third had a door that could be latched shut, it had slatted shelves in that part of the cupboard so that hot air from the hot water tank could rise through the linen that was stored in the cupboard to air and the top third, well, that held the cold water feed tank that supplied cold water down to the hot water tank and also collected any water that boiled over from the lower tank so that it didn't flood the house.

To a normal human, it all looked normal but I noticed something out of place. The door to the cold water tank didn't need to be opened unless there was a plumbing issue...so why was there a little curl of dried paint on the bottom of the door...that door had been opened and disturbed the flaky paintwork!

My need to pee reduced...overtaken by my need to find out why that door had been opened. I stood on the top lip of the bath tub and reached around to the catch to open the door. Inside the cupboard, along with the cold water storage tank, there was a pile of magazines.

I just snatched at the top magazine before I slipped off the edge of the bath.

I sat on the toilet and let my pee stream freely as I observed the outside of the magazine...it appeared that there was an additional 'plane brown wrapper' stapled to the outside of the magazine, it just had 'Colour Climax' at the top of the plane wrapper, not brown though, it was more a buff green than brown and in the centre of that cover it said, 'Lil Lolita #35'.

I opened the cover, the real front page of the magazine was far more colourful, it still said 'Colour Climax' at the top and 'Lil Lolita #35' in the middle but both literals were laid out over colour photographs of young girls in various stages of undress and there was an extra literal at the bottom of the page that proudly announced, 'Readers Wives/Girlfriends/Daughters Section'

I opened the magazine at page three, it was a full colour photograph of a girl, the page title was 'April, 15 years old from New York' the girl had a beaming smile and was dressed in her school uniform, her make up and hairstyle had been done to make her look as young as possible. She could have been anything from the stated fifteen years old to twenty-one. I guess that I was overly cynical as well as overly observant.

Page four had four pictures of April, one item of clothing removed in each picture, page five was four more pictures. I had to suspend disbelief when I saw her in stockings and suspender belt in one picture, I knew close to a thousand girls at school and not one girl would wear stockings and suspender belt under their uniforms.

I'd looked at seventeen pictures of April, the large picture on page three of the magazine proper and sixteen smaller pictures on pages four to seven, four pictures to a page, the final picture of April on page seven showed her totally naked, standing with her legs wide apart. I turned to page eight, it took me by surprise, it was a double page spread, April was on her hands and knees and there was a rather large black man with her, he looked around the same age as my father. If April had been a female dog, I would have said that the naked black man was 'Covering' her and looking at April's face, she was in ecstasy at whatever he was doing to her.

I flipped quickly to page ten. The full page picture on page ten was a girl in a gymnastics leotard, the bottom of the page said that the girl was Summer, thirteen years old from Florida. Summer was running through various gymnastics poses over the next sixteen frames on four pages, she wasn't undressing, little point really as all she was wearing was one thin leotard. Then on page fifteen there was another full page picture of Summer, this time she was naked, she was standing on one leg, the other leg was held up in a high kick...no, higher than a high kick...Summer's foot was actually above her head and her private part was wide open because of the pose she was in.

I flicked to page sixteen, Summer was in a double page spread, she was on her back and a man was lying on top of her, her calves were over his hips, her ankles linked together behind the man's back...at least this time, the man was white, unlike Summer who was an African-American girl.

I turned to page eighteen, eighteen and nineteen held a story printed over four columns on the two pages, I didn't read the whole story but I read enough to see that the girl in the story was looking for sex from one of her teachers at school...or her football coach...or the local postman...or...hell, I gave up reading when she'd flashed her fanny at the life guard at her local swimming pool and then they went into the room at the back of the changing rooms, the room where they stored people's clothes in little wire baskets while people were swimming, with him.

I moved on, page twenty had a banner above it, 'Readers Wives, Girlfriends, Sisters and Daughters.' This was the start of pictures that readers had sent in to the magazine to publish. There were anything up to eight pictures of naked girls per page...well, mainly girls, there were one or two pictures of naked boys as well but not many and I have to say that I liked the pictures of naked boys more than the pictures of girls. Most pictures had a girls name or location as well as a relationship, all kinds of relationship from cousins, niece, daughter, girlfriend but very few had 'wife'. After six or seven pages of small pictures there was a sudden full page picture, a ten year old girl, very pregnant and sitting on the lap of an equally naked man, they were both Asian, the man looked around fifty years old and the wording at the bottom of the page said that the girl was ten years old, the first picture that said wife.

Bilkesh, age ten from Islamabad with husband Ali, 'Bilkesh is my third wife, she is the youngest daughter of my brother Mohamed and so is also my niece, she is five months pregnant and the picture was taken by my second wife!'

I just thought 'Wow!' I couldn't believe that ten year old girl can marry in Pakistan, I was twelve years old, I couldn't imagine having a husband two years ago...I had another 'Wow!' moment, I'd finished peeing, I was just sitting there on the toilet with my knickers around my ankles looking through my father's magazine and I suddenly felt a tingling from my own 'Private' place.

I felt very confused, was I actually getting excited by looking at pictures of children that were involved in having sex with older men? Was I turned on because my father had a magazine full of pictures of little girls? Or was it Ali that had turned me on, an elderly man with a child on his knee, his cock was hard and pressing against his third wife's thigh, her hand resting on top of his cock.

I flicked to the next page, there were signs of wetness on the page, I leaned forward and sniffed at the liquid and got another 'Wow!' moment or should that be a 'Phew!' moment, the smell on the page was the same bad smell emanating from the bin full of wet tissues in the corner of the bathroom. My dad must have been masturbating as he read the magazine and something on that page had made him splash down.

I started looking more closely at the page or rather the pictures of girls on that page. The only picture that I could see that was out of the 'Norm' for that magazine was the least provocative picture of all of the pictures in the reader's pages, two girls wearing red bikinis, the girls were standing side by side but the girl with the long blond hair was kissing the girl with the short ginger hair, hiding both girl's faces from the camera and also hiding the man taking the photograph from both girls.

A shiver ran through my body as my eyes lifted from the book to the mirror opposite the toilet and I looked at my reflection and that shiver running through my body intensified and I had an honest to goodness orgasm without even touching myself!

Until six weeks ago, I had long ginger hair that went half way down my back but I was getting fed up at the amount of time it took to dry my hair after swimming that I demanded permission to cut my hair shorter...just to make it more manageable and more comfortable over the summer. My mother gave me thirty pounds to get my hair cut at the beauticians, my mother envisaged a 'Pageboy' or a 'Bob' style, while I thought I'd prefer even shorter. As I walked towards the beauticians I spotted a men's barber shop, the sign in the window proclaimed, 'Short back and sides £5'

I walked in, handed over my five pounds and sat in the seat, saving my mother twenty-five pounds but giving her a heart attack in the process. I looked from my reflection to the picture on the page, exactly the same hairstyle, 'Fucking hell', the blond girl was Elle Green, I remembered her kissing me at a pool party in our street, I'd seen her flirting with my dad at the party, I saw her actually kiss him before walking over to me and snogging me. The bathroom went all wobbly, it could have been because I was orgasming so hard that I was running short of oxygen or it could be that I was going into flashback.

My dad had bought me and my mum new bikinis, matching in every way apart from the size. We'd been invited to my father's boss' house for a pool party in his garden, Elle was there naturally as she lived right next door to my dad's boss, she had rushed over to kiss me to tell me that my father had just agreed to her coming to our house for a sleepover with me...not that I'd ever asked anyone to come to my house for a sleepover, I didn't like sharing my private space with others and I didn't like entering my friends private space either.

I forced myself back to the bathroom...to look at the picture again. I'd been so shocked by the kiss at the time that I'd totally missed that when Elle kissed me her right hand had been on my stomach...no, lower, on my abdomen, her fingertips were pushing the front of my bikini bottoms down slightly, showing a line of ginger off to the cameraman...who I assumed was my father!

I checked the tag at the bottom of the picture, EG, my thirteen year old girlfriend kissing SC, my twelve year old daughter while VC, my wife, looks on!"

I looked at the picture even closer, I could just make out a blurred and out of focus woman in a red bikini looking at us from behind.

The room wobbled again and I remembered back to that party.

Elle came home with us in my father's car, Elle, me and my mother were still only dressed in our bikinis, it hadn't even struck me as strange at the time but Elle had been wearing exactly the same make and model of bikini that me and my mum were wearing. And we wandered around our house all evening in the same bikinis.

My dad told us that it was time for bed and suggested as we didn't have much hot water left in the tank that Elle and I should share a bath together. It wasn't a big deal, Elle and I were in the same class at school so we were well used to being naked together, changing for sports lessons and PE, we often went through the showers together and me and Elle often washed the other's back for them, other girls too, I had helped wash a few girls backs in the shower but I'd seen Elle washing every girl in our class at one time or another.

I was naked and in the bath tub first, Elle strutted around the room in the nude for a few minutes and when she stepped into the tub her belly was right next to my face. Elle had naturally blond hair and a year ago when the rest of us were starting to show hair over our pussy mounds, Elle had been distraught because her blond hair didn't show up, even though her pussy hair was exactly the same length as the rest of us, or even more hair, longer and more dense, it just didn't show up, so she looked the youngest in our class.

Elle put her hands on my head to steady herself, pulling my forehead into her belly, it was then that I noticed that her pussy hair was all gone, she was totally bald.

"Elle, where the hell has all your hair gone?"

"My boyfriend shaved me yesterday, he prefers me to look even younger than I am."

"Who's your boyfriend this week?"

In the past six months Elle had been in love...or lust...with every boy in our class...hell, every boy in our year!

"He isn't a boy this time!"

I remembered gasping at that, "Not a boy...who Is he then?"

"All I can tell you is that he's the father of one of my friends!"

I'd thought at the time that I wasn't surprised that she'd moved on to an adult...when we first moved from our little village primary school to big school, Elle had spent a year obsessing about sex, it took her a year to actually get a boy to take her virginity and once that door was broken open she'd gone mad and screwed with every boy in our class in just three months, once she'd used up all the 'easy' boys she started on girls in our class and I think that I was the only girl in our class that Elle hadn't had sex with...mainly because I never went to sleepovers or had one at my house.

"Who have you got your eye on Sarah?"

"What do you, mean?"

"You know, which boy helps you out in your fantasies..." Elle leaned in and rubbed her fingers over my pussy mound. "...you know, when you're alone in your bedroom at night playing in your sand pit here...which boy is helping you out in your imagination?"

I blushed and shook my head, "I'm only twelve, I'm not interested in boys yet!"

"Full of crap! I'd fucked eight different boys by the time I was twelve and I had fantasies about boys all the time...have you ever seen my dad in his swimming trunks?"

I swallowed hard blushed a deep red and nodded my head.

"He has a cock like a fucking stallion...he fancies you...he fancies you a lot...he's always asking me to get you round for a sleepover so that he can have a crack at you!"

I pushed Elle's fingers away from my pussy, she transitioned from brushing her fingertips over my ginger bush to trying to rub my clitoris.

Elle feigned shock, "Sarah, please don't tell me that you don't like to be touched like that...I was hoping for a lot of fun with you tonight...your dad even told me to make sure that you have fun or you might not let me stop over again!"

I remembered being very embarrassed by Elle's actions and I started washing myself, refusing Elle's offers to help me.

"Come on Sarah, which boy's face do you use when you masturbate in your bedroom?"

Elle was goofing around, trying to make me laugh at her.

"If it's a boy in our class, you know that I've fucked them all...I can help you get it on with any of them that you fancy!"

I felt my face heat up even more, "I don't have a thing for any of the boys in our class!"

"Who then?"

"Darren Bentham!"

"Darren is a year ten boy, he's fifteen, might be a little ambitious for your first fuck but if you did it with him, you'd be ready for my dad a lot sooner!"

I suddenly stopped laughing and became very serious, "Elle, your father doesn't fancy me...he's like a million years old and I'm just a kid!"

Elle looked serious too now, "Sarah, you remember that year six girl, Kim Sanders...she left school last year under a cloud just before half term break?"

I nodded my head, Kim was a year younger than me and had left school quite suddenly.

"Well, Kim was the youngest girl that has ever fallen pregnant in our school's history. I introduced her to my dad at a sleepover at my house, they had a hell of a lot of fun before she fell pregnant and her parents sent her away to her aunties in Ireland to have the baby away from their social set here in the village."

"Are you saying that your father made her pregnant Elle?"

She shook her head, "No, my dad has had a vasectomy so he definitely isn't the father but once any of the dad's in 'Rushden FC' get a young girl into bed, they share her out around the other fathers in the club, it could even have been Kim's own father that made her pregnant, I watched him do her at a party a few months before she had to leave the village."

"You meen that our town football club is full of..."

Elle stopped me, "Not football club, Rushden Father's club!"

Before I could clarify exactly what the father's club was, there was a banging on the bathroom door...in my flashback it was my father telling us to hurry up as it was time for bed, in real life, it was my mother telling me that she needed to use the bathroom.

I didn't need to wipe the pee from between my legs but I did need to wipe the 'Drool' that looking at that damned magazine had caused, that magazine and my memories of my first and last sleepover."

I quickly hid the magazine in the cupboard again and flushed the toilet, as I left the room my mother sniffed at the air, "What the hell have you been doing in there?"

I nodded towards the bin in the corner, "I think that dad put something very smelly in the bin while he was in here before me!"

I walked over to my bedroom and sat on my bed, I looked around and entered my flashback state again.

I'd jumped out of the bath and wrapped myself in my towel, tucking the end of the towel into the top at the side of my breast to hold it in place, I watched Elle do the same before I opened the bathroom door. My dad was standing right next to the bathroom door as I ran over to my bedroom, Elle was two paces behind me but she took five minutes to cross the passageway and when she walked into my bedroom, she was tucking the towels edge in at the side of her breast again and she had a massive grin on her face.

Elle slipped in behind me on my bed as I started to dry myself and she started to dry my back, "So...Darren Bentham...Shall I phone him up, ask him if he would like to meet us in the park tomorrow?"

Elle's hand had rubbed under my arm and she was now drying the side of my breast, lifting its weight with her towel covered hand.

I looked over my shoulder at her in disbelief but she took that as a good sign and she kissed me again on my lips, just the way that she had done at the pool party earlier. I froze momentarily and Elle took that as a good sign as well because her hand slipped out of the towel and down over my ribs towards my pussy again. I fought her off and told her that I didn't want to have sex with a girl.

"You need to lighten up baby, if you get used to sex with kids of our age you can move on to men like my father and I can get you in my father's bed very easily once I know that you've been opened up for him."

I made Elle sleep on the air mattress on the floor and because she had already made two attempts to get to my pussy I didn't want to actually fall asleep in my own bed. I did fall asleep though, I don't know how long for but when I next opened my eyes, Elle wasn't in the bed on the floor, she was missing, I looked at the clock, it was two AM, she still wasn't back at three AM when I fell asleep again but she was in her bed at six o'clock and sleeping soundly.

Mum was still in the bathroom when I left my bedroom, I could hear the sounds of skin rubbing against steel...well, probably more like glass fibre or polypropylene...she was in the bath tub taking a bath.

I walked into the living room and slipped onto my dad's lap as he sat on his comfy chair.

I wiggled my bum against his lap and nuzzled my head into his shoulder.

"Dad, are you a member of Rushden FC?"

My dad looked shocked, "You know that I don't like football darling!"

"Not football, father's club?"

My dad suddenly looked uncomfortable, well, his face looked uncomfortable but in his trousers, something was stirring and I could feel it inflating under my bottom.

"What do you know about that club darling?"

"I think it's men from our town and the villages around who like to have sex with young girls and even their own daughters and then pass the girls around the other members at parties."

My dad was fully hard now, his cock pressing into my buttocks.

"What makes you think that a club like that exists?"

I looked up at his face, he was blushing and he looked very uncomfortable.

"I think someone at your boss' party last month took a picture of Elle kissing me last month and sent it into a magazine!"

"What makes you think it was a picture of you and Elle?"

"Elle showed me the picture at school, it said 'My girlfriend EG and daughter SC with my wife VC, looking on!' Did you take the picture and send it in? I thought that it could have been Paul Green but if it was him taking the picture it would have said his daughter EG, not girlfriend EG."

My dad cleared his throat, "I suppose the way that families are around here, a man's daughter could also be his girlfriend!"

"Dad, tell me the truth, is Elle Green your girlfriend? Does mum know?"

"You want me to tell you the truth darling?"

I wiggled my bum again, my dad's cock shifted inside his trousers and was now pressing between my thighs or rather against the crack of my bum, slightly more comfortable for me but less so for my dad.

"I'd like to think that you'd always tell me the truth."

"I thought that Elle was my girlfriend for a week or so last month but I think that Elle was working on me to get to you for her father...Paul is dying to get his hands on you!"

"And?"

"And what?"

"Does mum know?"

He looked awkward...very awkward..."Your mother was there the day that Elle slept over with you, we both shared Elle together in our bed...but your mother blamed it on the ecstasy tablets that we were experimenting with at the time!"

I grinned at my dad, "You and mum were experimenting with recreational drugs?"

He nodded his head.

"Dad, did you want Elle to get me to take ecstasy so that I would join in with you guys that night?"

I could see that he didn't want to say one way or the other but eventually he said, "If Elle tried to get you to take ecstasy, Paul gave the tablet to her to get you turned on, Elle likes to help her dad to get girls to his bedroom."

"Oh! So you wouldn't have wanted me to join you and mum in bed with Elle then?"

My dad grinned at me, "I think that I would have loved to have you in bed with me but not with Elle or your mother around!"

I lifted my head and kissed my dad on his lips.

"Are you still a virgin Sarah?"

I nodded my head.

"Pity..."

"Should I lose my virginity first and then come back to you?"

He grinned at me.

"You think I should go with a boy of my own age first and work my way up to you?"

"No...actually that would be the wrong way to do it, losing your virginity is like taking a plaster off, the slower you do it the more it hurts and the longer it takes, my advice would be to go and visit Paul Green, let him break you in..."

"But Elle said his cock was a monster, as big as a stallion's."

"True, he has a massive cock but let him break you in and fifteen minutes later you'd be able to take on any other man!"

"Can I see your cock please dad?"

I eased myself up off of my dad's knee and he pulled the front of his trousers and underpants down, he was quite big, his cock head was almost purple and the side of his cock was rippled with veins standing out under the high blood pressure built up in his cock."

"Why don't you just take my virginity?"

"Fathers are no good at taking their own children's virginity darling, it would take some kind of psychopath to have fun hurting his own child that much! Far better to let someone else get you ready for me!"

I took his cock in my hand and gave it a little rub, suddenly he pulled his hips back and covered his cock with his trousers, just as my mother opened the living room door, she was wrapped in a towelling dressing gown with a turban on her wet hair, she walked through the living room and into the kitchen to make a hot drink.

I gave my father a confused look, "Your mother would have to be drunk or high to be happy to see you touching me like that darling!"

Mum walked in with two coffees and I pushed myself away from my dad, I'm just popping out for a bit mum!"

"Where are you going darling?"

"I'm popping over to Elle's house, I think it's time we made up again!"

"That's a good idea darling, whatever happened to break your friendship after her sleepover with you couldn't have been bad enough to break your friendship permanently!"

I grinned at my dad as I walked out of the front door. I was actually skipping down our garden path as I headed over to Elle's house, I was looking at things differently now, every man I passed I wondered if they were members of 'Rusden FC'.