**Private Lessons**

by Lasiter

*The young girl's private swimming lessons were very private...*

A few years after finishing college, I returned to school full time to earn my Master’s degree. This of course necessitated a change of lifestyle that was in line with my meager finances. To make ends meet, I went to work for an exclusive country club whose members were a well heeled group. As I had been on the university’s swim team when I was an undergraduate, the pool became my responsibility. Those responsibilities included general lifeguard duties, coaching the swim team and giving swimming lessons. The job also afforded me full use of gym equipment which I took full advantage of, but the tennis courts and the golf course were pretty much off limits.

It was during a recreational swim period that I was approached by “John” to give his young daughter private swimming lessons. I had noticed John before, or rather I noticed his daughter, Rachel. Rachel was a beautiful little girl, curly red hair, green eyes, an infectious smile and a plump little butt.

Most of the little girls at the pool were dressed in age-appropriate swimwear… not Rachel. Rachel always wore the tiniest little bikinis that were scandalously barely legal. Now some of the women and teenage girls wore very skimpy bikinis much to my delight, but six year olds? What were her parents thinking? She had two of these bikinis; one green and the other blue; both were made from a very thin nylon, unlined and of the same cut. The tops barely hid her tiny nipples, and the bottoms… tied with strings at the hips. The back was modest at first glance, but within minutes of her getting into the water with her daddy, the bottoms rode up into the crack of her ass until her cute buttocks were all but bare. It was damned near impossible for me to keep my eyes off of her in her nearly nude state.

I tried to direct John to place Rachel in one of my scheduled classes, but he wanted private lessons, one on one, and he was willing to make it financially worth my while. I checked my schedule and the pool schedule… both were fully booked. The only time available was after hours in the indoor pool. After clearing it with my boss, I took on Rachel as my private student.

After hours the pool was normally very lonely place. Instead of squealing kids and half dressed MILF’s there was silence and still water. As he did during the recreational swim hours, John brought Rachel to the pool dressed in one of her bikinis. He too went into the water, watched and sometimes swam laps, but mostly he hung by the edge of the pool and watched.

I worked with the little redheaded angel, teaching her how to float and how to hold her breath and bob in the water. Even in the shallow end, the water was over her head, so I had to hold her the entire time. Holding her up by the tummy to practice her kicks, her bikini bottoms were all but out of sight in her cleft, making it difficult for me to focus on the job at hand. Not only that, but no matter where I put my hand, it was on her bare skin, unless I held her by the butt and that was mostly bare too. She seemed perfectly comfortable with my hands being wherever they were and that included holding her by the crotch. I tried to be careful and not alarm her daddy, but he showed not the slightest concern.

When her first lesson was over we retired to the men’s locker room to change clothes. I expected her dad to simply throw a t-shirt on her and himself and be gone. But that’s not what happened. Due to the nearby presence of the little girl, I was still modestly dressed in my Speedo as I hit the showers to rinse off the chlorine. To my surprise John with Rachel in tow entered the showers, but John was in the buff along with sweet little Rachel. He took up the shower next to me. I couldn’t help but stare… at naked little Rachel.

As Rachel stomped around in a tight circle, holding her hands to her eyes while the water beat down on her, John was watching me watching her. I glanced up and saw him slyly grinning. Speedos don’t hide much and it was plainly obvious that I had a huge erection. Looking up from my crotch he grinned knowingly at me. That’s when I noticed that he was hard too, only he had nothing to semi-conceal his state of arousal. He was in absolutely no hurry to finish up and go home, and for what seemed to be a long time, he, we, stayed under the spray ogling his nude little girl, turning this way and that at his side, leaving nothing to the imagination.

I was speechless during this entire episode. John was mostly silent too, but his actions and expressions said everything… he enjoyed exhibiting her to me. Finally Rachel began to complain about staying in the shower so long.

John turned the water off and said to me, “Another lesson tomorrow evening?”

I couldn’t speak without sounding like a frog, so I nodded my agreement. He smiled broadly, took his young daughter’s hand and led her dripping wet back into the locker room.

There were many rows of lockers in the locker room. My locker was in the employee section, so I was well separated from John and Rachel as I stripped off my Speedo. Suddenly Rachel runs up to me, dry but still completely naked and dumped the club towels at my feet. There was no hiding for me and noticing my still unruly organ, she looked up flashing me a big smile before taking off to rejoin her father.

A few minutes later, I heard a locker slam shut a few rows down and John called to me, “Goodnight, Ed! See you tomorrow night.” After that there was silence. Alone, I was sitting on the bench with my underwear in my hand; soon I had my rampant, leaking cock in my hand flogging it like mad. When I came, Rachel and her daddy’s towels came in very handy.

Back at my shitty roach infested apartment, I couldn’t take my mind off of what had taken place that night. Clearly John was a pedophile... an incestuous pedophile at that. But how far did he take it? Actually nothing too out of the ordinary had happened. It wasn’t totally unheard of for a man to bring his young daughter into the men’s locker room if he had no other option, but this was far more; not so much more that John couldn’t deny that anything inappropriate had taken place. After all it was after-hours and he had an expectation of a certain level of privacy. If I brought any of this up with the club, he could say that I had walked in on him in the shower rather than the other way around. I had been around long enough to know that one complaint by John to the club and I would be out of a job… or worse.

After my classes the next morning I headed off to the club where I was able to help myself to the daily lunch buffet and then eat it in the kitchen (after lunch was over, I was also allowed to fix myself a plate for supper, a job benefit that stretched my meager means). Afternoons were fairly slow at club. If the weather and the water were warm, the outdoor pool was open and inhabited by ladies of leisure, some of whom were head turners. If the weather wasn’t warm, or if it was raining, then the indoor pool would be open, however the sunbathers were absent. For me, the early afternoon was an opportunity to read everything I needed to read and maybe compose a paper on my laptop while keeping one watchful eye on the ladies and their small children.

Later in the afternoon, it was Swim Team workouts, always conducted in the indoor pool. This took my full and undivided attention. After swim team was finished, the indoor pool was open for lap swimming until about nine PM and I was once again able to get in some studying while adults swam laps. Usually the pool was empty well before nine PM, and this night was no exception. John and Rachel showed up just before nine. As the place was deserted, I locked the doors as always.

John led Rachel into the locker room. I waited outside until they reappeared in their swim suits. Tonight she was wearing her little green number that set off her green eyes and stunning auburn hair. The swimming lesson proceeded as normal with her daddy close by and watching, and with me “inadvertently” getting a handful every so often. It was all fleeting… just enough to get the job done swim-wise and just enough to give me a cheap thrill.

The lesson over, it was time to change and go home. I considered just waiting outside until they had gone, but… what the hell. They had gone in before me by several minutes while I secured the pool for the night. Inside I went straight to my locker, but in passing I glanced down a row and saw John, sitting on the bench naked with Rachel in his lap while he was finishing pulling her tiny swimsuit off.

Bracing myself against my locker, my breath was rather shallow and I was tingling with anticipation as to what was to soon transpire in the showers, my conscious in turmoil as to whether I should be a party to any of this. Suddenly John and Rachel are at my side nude. I think he could tell that I was in turmoil.

Reaching out he placed something in my hand… a one hundred dollar bill, telling me, “You don’t need to be so modest tonight in the shower.”

For a long moment, I stood looking at the money in my hand, knowing what was required to keep it. Shit, I always needed money. I looked up nodding my acceptance. The die was cast; tonight I would be a willing participant and not an innocent bystander. In front of the naked father and his naked little girl, I peeled off my Speedo, thus freeing my painfully hard cock.

“Damn, you’ve got a big dick, Ed,” the father observed with a laugh.

Leaving the money and my swimsuit in my locker, and with my boner bouncing, I followed the naked pedophile and his beautiful nude little girl into the showers. I really didn’t know what to expect, other than a bit of exhibitionism like the evening before.

With the two shower heads delivering a warm spray, John and I quickly rinsed off while Rachel rotated like a slow top, her eyes protected from the spray by her hands, offering me an ever changing view of her young naked body. Openly I watched the little girl and her yummy plump butt, enjoying every moment of it. Suddenly John trust a bottle of body wash into my hands. With a nod towards his daughter, he invited me to wash her.

I had to kneel to perform this task, a task which was hardly a task at all. I poured some of the liquid soap into my shaking hand and glanced up at her father just to be sure that this was what he wanted. His turgid cock jutting from his dark pubic hair told me that I had it right. With that and a nod from him to proceed, I proceeded.

I had her stand facing away from the spray and began to wash her. She was all smiles as my hands slid over her slippery bare skin. I washed her neck, her back, her chest and tummy,I washed her legs and washed her feet. I spent quite some time washing her buttocks. When my hand went between her thighs, I glanced up at dad. He was jacking off. Suddenly he closed his eyes and long copious ropes of cum flew from his cock and spattered all over his young daughter, on her head, her shoulders and face.

I was so astonished that I had stopped molesting her cunt and just stared up at her father. His eyes opened, his chest heaving. Looking down at her he laughed and cursed, “That was fucking great!” Then he told me to “clean her up”.

Cleaning her up was simple enough. I rinsed her father’s cum from her curly red hair, her face, neck and chest. John then took her hand and led her away while I was still kneeling, jerking off in the shower.

Next day I could hardly concentrate in class. Later at the club I struggled to get the beautiful little girl who I had molested for her father’s amusement out of my mind, trying to focus my attention on this thirty-something scantily-clad knockout MILF who seemed to be preening for me. Normally that would have held my full attention, but not today. I kept glancing at the clock whose hands never seemed to progress towards 9 PM.

Finally the hour had arrived. What a let down to see Rachel accompanied by her mother, rather than her father. She still wore the same skimpy bikini that she always wore with dad, but I knew I had to keep everything absolutely professional under the watchful eyes of the girl’s mom. The mother, or whom I presumed was the girl’s mother, sat in a deck chair and read her book not paying the least attention to the swimming lesson. Even though I was all but invisible to her, I couldn’t help but notice the gaudy rock that sparkled on her finger. I wondered what John had spent on that ring… easily more than enough to put me through two years of grad school in comfort.

While I gave Rachel her lesson, the little girl’s hands made contact with my cock more often than could be deemed accidental. When the lesson was over, I couldn’t get out of the pool with my problem, so I elected to swim laps until it was time to unlock the doors and let the pair go home. For the next few lessons, it was the mother who accompanied the girl and not the father. By Friday, I couldn’t help but concede that the fun was over.

However, Saturday, Dad was back with Rachel, playing with her in the outdoor pool, her bikini bottoms riding deep into her butt cleft. He never acknowledged me, not that he needed to.

Monday night, I felt a thrill as John appeared with Rachel just before the normal pool closing time. By now, Rachel had made great progress with kicking and windmilling. She could actually make it to the edge without sinking.

With the lesson finished, John was ready to play. When he nodded his head towards the men’s locker room, his meaning was clear. I nodded and we exchanged knowing grins. “Bring her along,” he said in a conspiratorial tone.

I took Rachel by the hand and followed John to his locker. I planned to drop her off to get ready for the showers, but John had other ideas.

“Aren’t you forgetting something?” he asked. I didn’t have a clue what he meant until he reached down and tugged at the bow holding her bottoms in place. Looking back up at me, his meaning was clear. I was to strip her while he watched.

I pulled on the blue string and the bow came undone. I pulled the string on the other side. The sides fell away, but bottoms were stuck in her butt crack. Carefully I peeled it from her gripping cheeks and let it fall to the floor. Then I untied the halter string around her neck and then the back string. I didn’t let the top fall, but rather held it in my hand and showed it to her grinning father who then stripped off his swim trunks making it plainly evident that he enjoyed the strip show. I didn’t need to be told what to do when he handed me another one hundred dollar bill. I lost my Speedos in quick order, my pecker as aroused as her father’s.

It was shower time, or so I thought. John had other ideas. He reached into his locker, producing a bottle of baby oil and handed it to me. He nodded to me to proceed and proceed I did. There was no one around, but I felt exposed between the lockers, smearing baby oil all over the naked little red head. I coated every inch of her exposed skin while her father looked on slowly stroking his rampant cock.

Like the previous two encounters, he was a man of few words, preferring to communicate with a nod or a look, so it was unexpected when he spoke. “Rachel, baby. I want you to lie on the bench for Daddy.”

Rachel unquestioningly obeyed her father and lay upon the bench, her green eyes glancing back to her naked father who was towering over her head playing with himself, and then glancing to me as I stood near her dainty little feet.

He looked up from his glistening little girl, licked his lips and nodded his head at me. I wasn’t at all sure what he wanted me to do, but he quickly clarified without wasting too many precious words.

“Do her cunt really good,” he said with a gleam in his eyes and with his lips curled.

The way he had licked his lips before nodding at me, I wasn’t sure if he wanted me to grease her up more or to eat her. Seeing that I had already oiled her bald pussy lips, I choose to play with her pussy some more as I could always lick her when her old man wanted me to. It was a good choice, because he nodded his approval as my finger began sliding between her demure nether lips.

Watching, he was soon beginning to boil while I fingered his girl for him. He straddled the bench and no longer just toying with himself, he began flogging it in earnest, stooping just enough so that his swinging nut sack brushed against her forehead. My finger slipped into her tiny twat and I was surprised to discover that her barrier was still intact.

Lest I ruin a good thing, I quickly withdrew my molesting finger just in time to see a huge wad of cum spatter on her bald pubic mound and tummy. John cried out and another load splashed across her glistening nude torso, then another and another, each finding less and less air until the final spasms simply fell onto her angelic face with one wad plopping onto her partially open lips where it lingered for a brief moment before slithering into her mouth and out of sight forever.

When he was able, John hoarsely whispered, “Fuck! That was good, Ed. Damned good.

“Now we need to get her cleaned up and get her home. She has school tomorrow, you know.”

Other than when he was haggling with me about what he wanted in the way of swimming lessons, it was the most he’d spoken to me at one time. We took her to the showers where we both soaped her up and cleaned away the baby oil.

It took me a long time that night to get to sleep. I kept wondering, ‘Just how far does he go with her?’ He hadn’t fucked her yet… I knew that for certain when my finger encountered her intact hymen, but I also knew it was only a matter of time before he did. I wondered if his wife knew what he was up to. I also figured that he hadn’t just recently started all this and thought about the when and where his daddy-daughter games took place before he struck upon the after-hour swimming lesson idea. But most of all I thought about the silky smooth feel of Rachel’s bare butt as my hand moved over her oiled or soapy flesh and the slippery feel of her cuntal sluice as I took liberties with her sex at her father’s behest. I also thought about tomorrow, her next swimming lesson and mightily abused myself.

Before we began her next lesson, John told me, “Slow it down with the lessons. We’re not looking for her to make too much progress too soon, now are we?”

‘No, we aren’t, Dad,’ I thought. Taking my cue from the boss, I cut her lesson time in half. John didn’t object. Like the night before, I took her by the hand and followed her dad into the locker room to molest her. And like the night before, I stripped her fine little ass naked before peeling off my form fitting suit.

I was ready to grease her up and finger her again, but as usual, John had other plans and took her straight to the showers. Still, I had a grand time feeling her up with my soapy hands under the watchful eye of the child’s father.

He nudged my shoulder with his knee and with a nod, had me stand up. He knelt down, his hand running up and down, deep in the valley of her ass and whispered something to her. Then he stood. I looked to him for direction. Then I felt the little hands on my cock, a cock that had been hard and drooling for most of the past hour.

John’s eyes darted up and down, from my face down to his daughter and back. He was enjoying this. So was I. Then he knelt down beside her and whispered to her again. She looked up at me with those gorgeous green eyes with a huge smile on her face.

Her father moaned, “Oh, fuck, yeah!” as her little lips molded around the head of my cock. “Suck him, Babydoll. Suck that big dick,” he obscenely muttered.

I wasn’t completely surprised by this, but then again to have a six year old little beauty sucking your dick while her daddy watched was pretty damned remarkable. And I wasn’t surprised to see him whacking his wang either. She couldn’t get very much of my cock in her little mouth, just the glans, but the way she worked it between her lips and lashed it with her tongue, I could tell that she knew just what to do.

As my climax began to build, I had to consider whether to cum in her mouth or should I hose her face down. I also wondered what her father wanted. As always, he revealed his desire when he was ready to reveal it. Brusquely he pushed me away from her loving lips and jammed the head of his dick in her mouth. The organ began pulsing as he cried out his pleasure and Rachel began swallowing as fast as she could. She did a good job of gobbling her father’s gushing cum too, hardly spilling a drop and that was only because John pulled away and placed shot right between the eyes.

Watching this incestuous pederast spectacle I couldn’t help but pull my pud. As soon as her father’s dick cleared her lips, my cock was between them, pumping my sticky goo into her cock sucking mouth as I moaned in depraved pleasure.

Damn! What a deal! I was being well paid for the swimming lessons and generously tipped too, but the fringe benefits of the job couldn’t be beat!

Later that week I had a little talk with John. I asked him if his wife knew what was going on with her little girl.

“I’m a widower,” he answered. “Wife died seven years ago.”

“But the woman who was here last week with her… She had a huge ring and…”

“That’s my executive assistant. You’re right in that she is married, but not to me. Rather than accompanying me on my last trip and servicing me at night, I asked her to look after Rachel as her regular sitter had taken ill. Nice fuck that one and discrete.”

“Oh, I see.”

“Anything else bothering you, Ed?” he asked. “Anything you want to know? Just ask, Ed. Maybe I’ll tell you. Then again, maybe not.”

I had lots of questions, but I stuck to our “business“ arrangement. I told him that I didn’t think it was such a good idea to be holding Rachel back with her swimming lessons as things do happen and she needed to learn how to swim.

John laughed, “You don’t want to continue her swimming lessons? Is that it?”

“No, the lessons are fine.”

“Well, you do seem to be enjoying them,” the lecher said with a wicked smile.

“Here, let me show you something, Ed.

“Rachel!” he called out. “Swim to the far end of the pool and back as fast as you can.”

I watched in amazement as the little fish shot through the water and back demonstrating suburb technique and skill. “What the hell?” I asked in amazement.

“You’ve been had, Ed,” laughed John. “I’ve been wondering how long it would take before you caught on.”

“I, I don’t understand,” I muttered genuinely confused.

John turned away from me and called to Rachel who was still churning up the water. “Rachel! Play time with Daddy and Mr. Ed! Get out of the water, get your ass naked, and go to locker room. Ed and I will be joining you in minute.”

He turned back to me. “What do you think I do for a living, Ed?”

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Rachel pop out of the water and discard her bikini before going to the locker room.

“I, uh, uh, really don’t know.”

“I own controlling interest in many companies.”

Then he asked me, “Do you have any hobbies, Ed?”

“No, sir. Not at the moment.”

“Well, I have a new hobby that I’m enjoying very much. Do you know what that hobby is?”

“No, sir.”

“Pornographer. I make dirty movies.” He laughed and added, “So far it’s been for personal consumption only. Rachel… she has star qualities, don’t you think?”

“She is a very pretty little girl.”

“And quite the actress, wouldn’t you say?”

She certainly had me snookered with her swimming skills. “Yes, she is. But… you told me that she was six and that her mother died seven years ago. How’s that possible?”

“She not six, Ed, but closer to nine. But she looks like a six year old, doesn’t she?”

At that point I was really confused. “Wait a minute! What’s this all about? The phony swimming lessons, the sex in the locker room, the…”

John cut me off by raising his hand.“How about if we go to the locker room and you’ll find out.” He turned and strode away with me close behind.

It didn’t surprise me to find Rachel naked and waiting for us. John quickly shucked off his swimming trunks and stuck his flaccid cock in her face. Rachel immediately gobbled his cock. I watched as his cock grew stiff in her mouth. I was amazed to see her take so much cock, as she was a petite little thing and had only polished our knobs so far. But then her throat began to bulge as his engorging cock lengthened and thickened. She pulled off and took a gulp of air. Foamy saliva dripped from her father’s erection and she took the whole thing back into her mouth and throat again with ease.

While his little girl deep throated him, he casually rooted around in his locker until he produced a bottle of lube. He pulled away and told her to get on the bench with her ass in the air. He showed me the bottle of Astroglide, poured a generous portion in his hand and then rubbed it into her ass. As he coated his erection, I had a pretty good idea where this might be headed.

“She’s a virgin, isn’t she?”

John was fingering her ass by then. “Pussy, yes… Ass, no,” he said as he put his cock head between her ass cheeks. “Hold her buttocks open for me, Ed.”

I did and up close I was treated to the sight of his hard dick disappear into her anus. As far as I could see, there was no resistance, she just opened up and took every inch of him inside her.

“Put your hand on her belly,” he then instructed. I did so and felt the large lump in her tummy. He began to move and the lump moved with him.

Rachel began blabber, “That feels good, Daddy. So good. Do it faster. Do it harder. Yes! Yes!”

“Now twiddle her clit,” the father ordered me.

She began yelping, “Oooohhh! Oooohhh! Oh, yes, Daddy, yes! Yyyyyeeeeesssss!!! Ahhhhhhhh, gawd, yes!!!!”

There was nothing gentle about the way he fucked her ass. And there was nothing quick about it either. Her entire body shook every time he slammed his meat into her as deep as possible. Even now it still amazes me that he doesn’t hurt her when he sodomizes her, not that he’s huge or anything, in fact he’s just a little over average at about seven inches; still with a tiny little thing like Rachel…

John added tothe racketin the locker room as he came up her butt. His softening cock slithered out of her ass with an audible “plop”. Grinning at me he held her ass cheeks apart to reveal the gaping pink chasm left in the wake of his ass fucking. Thick whitish goo dribbled from her open anus.

I looked up from the obscene sight and her father told me, “Your turn, Ed.”

Well, I’ve got a porn star dick and that’s why he had chosen me. Turns out I had been recruited to star in homegrown kiddie porn movies, featuring not only Rachel, but several other little girls procured from families in desperate financial straits. All of them were too young to fuck, but fuck them I did. John made the father’s watch us both take them and then as insurance their silence, take part too; only then did they get their money.

As for Rachel’s intact hymen, John was simply waiting until she could take his cock and it not hurt her. I was the cameraman for that event. And that’s how I worked my way through graduate school.

THE END