**Sprinkler Girl**

By Lasiter

Overnight, we had been hit with a storm. Snug inside my home with the power out, I enjoyed the awesome show with lots of fireworks, high winds and driving rain. Typical of these early summer storms, it didn’t last very long and the power was back on within an hour. Not having much else to do, I tried the TV, but discovered the cable had been knocked out too, so I just went to bed and got a good night’s sleep. Good thing too, as I would need that good night’s sleep the next day.

The next morning I went to the gym for a workout and then returned home for a morning swim before starting my business day. Stepping out onto my patio I quickly surveyed the area and finding nothing amiss, I walked out to the pool without a stitch of clothes on for a swim. My attention was focused on the twigs, leaves and debris that now littered my erstwhile pristine salt water pool, so I failed to notice that the wood privacy fence that separated my backyard from my neighbor's had been partially blown down.

You have to understand that the house next door was an old rundown farm house and that my subdivision was built upon the farm. The old house was supposed to have been torn down, but it hadn’t been. Unlike the surrounding houses, it was not only old and simple, it looked like shit, as it hadn’t been maintained except as a rent house. It was partially for that reason that I made a good deal on my house a few years back.

Every six to twelve months, I’d have a new neighbor; some I’m sure were okay, but I just didn’t invest any effort to get to know my neighbor of the month. The current tenets were no exception, a swarthy looking bear of a man and a cute young girl. The woman that I had presumed to be the wife and/or mother disappeared and was replaced a few weeks later by another woman, who in turn was replaced by the first woman who was then replaced by yet again by a third woman. Sometimes there was just the one girl and other times there was an additional girl. I quickly lost track, figuring that the guy was just a single dad and the girl who was always there must have been his daughter, Even though the man did introduce himself after moving in, I had no idea what he did for living.

As I quickly surveyed the downed privacy fence, I saw the young girl who lived next door to me; she was outside and she waved to me. Crap! Just what I needed! A vision came into my mind’s eye of being labeled a pervert for exposing myself to this girl. That’s just what I needed for business! Foregoing my swim, I hurried back inside. I put on some work clothes and then ventured back outside to inspect the damage to the fence.

Fortunately the girl wasn’t outside anymore. As I studied the situation it became immediately apparent that over the years, several wooden posts had rotted at ground level and had given way during a strong gust of wind last night. I had three options… first, just say the hell with it and leave the fence as it was (not a very desirable outcome); two, hire someone to fix it; or three, fix it myself.

Being a can-do sort of guy, I choose to fix it myself, as it was basically a simple matter of replacing the posts. Simple, yes, but not necessarily easily done. I needed to remove the fence panels from the broken posts; for that I just needed a cat’s paw or maybe a crowbar. Then I had to dig up the old posts from the ground along with the cement glob that held them in place; for that I would need a come-along and tripod of some sort to wrench the remains from the earth. Then I needed to set new rot-resistant posts, cementing them in place while being certain that they were perfectly upright. Once the cement set, I could nail the fence panels to the new posts and it’d be as good as new But before I had a chance to begin any work at all, my cell phone rang and I had to go take care of some business.

I didn’t get back to working on the downed fence until after lunch. By that time it was hot and getting hotter. I figured that it wouldn’t take me too long to pry the fence panels from the old posts. After that, I could then figure out how to jury-rig a tripod strong enough to pull the old stumps from the ground. Using the cat’s paw that I had liberated from my dad several years before, I stripped off my shirt and set about my task. The first panel was rather easy, as it was still attached at one end to a still upright and solid post that hadn’t fallen flat on the ground. The second panel, lying flat on the ground post-side down, wasn’t so easy, but I pressed on.

My neighbor, the big swarthy guy, stepped outside and walked up to me. He was wearing a wife-beater shirt that set off his massively muscled arms, as well as the menacing tattoos they sported. It looked like he was snarling under his unkempt beard. ‘Oh, crap,’ I thought. ‘He’s gonna to say something about…’

“Hi, ya, Mike!” RayBob greeted with his snarl morphing into a smile. “That was some friggin’ storm last night.

“Say, ya need a hand with that?”

His offer to help was both unexpected and appreciated. His failure to break my arms and legs on the spot was also unexpected and appreciated. He made no mention of me exposing myself to his daughter. ‘What’s his name?’ I thought. ‘RayBob? Yeah, RayBob… I hope.’ “Yeah! I’d really appreciate it.”

“Sure thing.” RayBob pitched in and in no time at all, the second panel was freed. We stacked it up where I had stacked the first panel against the remaining fence.

We had just started to work on the third panel when the young girl came outside and asked RayBob if he would set up the sprinkler for her to play in. Seeing her up close, I figured her to be about ten.

“Ya know the rules,” he said to her.

She looked over at me and then nodded her head while casting her eyes down as if she was embarrassed. Well, after this morning, I couldn’t blame her.

“Ya don’t mind if she plays in the sprinkler?” he asked me.

“Uh, no, not at all,” I replied while warily eyeing the pretty little brunette to determine if she was going to say anything or not about our morning encounter. She didn’t say anything, but just waited until RayBob told her go get ready, then she ran back into the house.

RayBob broke away from my project and set out a garden hose with a whirly sprinkler attached to it. Soon we were back to working on another panel. I heard, and then out of the corner of my eye I saw, the girl frolicking in the sprinkler. Looking up and directly at her, I realized she was stark naked! After that it was hard to concentrate on the job at hand. RayBob noticed my inattention and glanced back over his shoulder at his girl.

“Ya don’t mind if she’s nekked, do ya?”

I looked at him and was speechless. RayBob just grinned at me and added with a chuckle, “Naw, ya don’t mind. I can tell. Bet ya couple of cold beers that ya don’t mind one damned bit.”

Then changing the subject he said, “Now, just ignore her and we’ll have this done in no time.” In fact we did finish up in no time despite my considerable distraction.

After stacking the last downed fence panel, RayBob surveyed the broken stumps and declared, “We’re gonna need something to pull dem fuckin’ stumps from the ground.”

“I can get a come-along at a rental store,” I replied. “The trick is the tripod.”

“Hey, dat’s a good idear. Ya know, I’ve got a buddy who works on old cars. He has this jenny pole with a block and tackle that he pulls engines with. Dat’ll do the trick.” Sounded like a good plan to me. “I’ll give him a call later today when he’s home from work.

“Now, I’m thirsty. Can I offer ya a cold beer, neighbor?”

The cold beer sounded great, so I accepted his generous offer. RayBob immediately headed back into the house and momentarily reappeared with two brews in hand. I didn’t want to seem pushy, so I was waiting by the fence line watching the naked little girl playing in the sprinkler. He waved me over and directed me to one of the lawn chairs in the shade under a big oak tree no more than twenty feet from the sprinkler head and his naked daughter.

Needless to say, I was studying Sandy. She was a typical young girl, slim with a boyish figure except for her shapely butt. She was tanned all over, so I presumed she did this often. She was an erotic vision as she was soaking wet and her dark hair hung in curly strands about her angelic face. Hell, I never thought about little girls before, except for maybe my niece when skimpily dressed.

We watched her having fun for a minute or so before RayBob told me, “Sandy tells me dat ya was wagging yer dick at her this morning.” I turned, my mouth agape, but quite unable to form words.

RayBob laughed and added, “Jus’ fun’in ya, Mike. Actually she said ya was kinda embarrassed to be caught buck nekked.

“Ya always run around yer backyard nekked? Ya must be one of dem nudist guys. Whadda ya do at them camps anyway? Screw all day?”

“I, I really wouldn’t know,” I croaked. “Never been to a nudist camp, but from what I understand, I don’t think that’s what happens.”

“Ya don’t say? Now I figured a rich guy like yerself would go to places like that.”

“Can’t say that I ever had,” I replied before taking a big gulp..

“And ya say they don’t just screw all day?”

“No… it’s just being… natural, I guess.”

“Natural? Running around bare assed and not screwing? Well, if dat jus’ don’ beat all.”

He caught the girl’s attention and called her over. She batted her green eyes at me and bashfully smiled, but made no effort to hide her nudity. Close up, the low mounds of her budding breasts were apparent, as were the few wisps of newly sprouted dark pubic hair… maybe she was older than I thought. With her wet curly dark hair hanging in tresses to frame her angelic face, she was cute as cute could be and stark naked with rivulets of water streaming down her bare tanned torso, she was beautiful.

RayBob grabbed her by an arm and plopped her down dripping wet in his lap and gave her a kiss to the neck while his hand rubbed along her wet bare thigh before sliding up her slender side and then down again.

Suddenly he blurted out, “Mike, yer as hard as an iron spike!”

It was true; my erection was tenting out my old baggy swim shorts that I wear when working around the yard. Then he told the young girl, “Hand me the sun block, Sandy. I don’ want ya to get all blistered in the sun, gal. Now go git it!”

With an all over tan that a professional nudist would be proud of, she certainly didn’t appear to be in any danger of blistering, but Sandy ran over to the back stoop to retrieve a bottle of SPF 30 sun block. He turned to me with a wink and a grin told me, “Wanna save the butt blistering for me.” I wasn’t sure if it was a question or a statement.

With the sun block in hand she returned and presented it to RayBob. He squeezed out a generous portion into his big hands and then began slathering it all over her and working it into her bare skin. He took a lot more time than necessary, especially on her breasts, and it seemed to me that he was mainly just feeling her up. It was also just as obvious that she enjoyed his familiar touch.

Having tortured me and amusing himself enough, he slapped her on the her newly greased bare butt and sent her off to play in the sprinkler again. By then he was ready for another beer. We sat about drinking and watching Sandy play in the nude for the rest of the afternoon. It was late afternoon by the time I wandered back over into my backyard half stewed, where I flopped in the leaf-littered pool and cooled off in more than one way.

Next morning after my workout, I had changed into swim trunks and was about to take my morning swim when the door bell rang. It was RayBob and he had his buddy’s Jenny pole and block and tackle in his pickup. Conceding that it would be best to get the work done before the heat set in, I changed into my work clothes and met RayBob by the damaged fence. He set the Jenny pole up over the first stump using his pickup truck as the counter weight and rigged up the block and tackle. I dug out around the stump so that we could get a grip on the concrete with the chain. RayBob worked the block and tackle and that post stump came out of the ground as easily as pulling your dick from a whore’s pussy. In short order we pulled all four broken posts. Then it was a matter of setting the new posts. With the holes already dug, that part of the job went lickity split too. Now all we had to do was wait for the cement to set. In no time at all and with minimal effort we had the most problematic aspect of the job done and in a fraction of time it would have taken me without RayBob’s help with that Jenny pole rig.

As relatively easy as the job was, we were still sweaty and dirty after we had finished and loaded up the Jenny pole rig. RayBob asked if it would be alright if he took a swim in my pool.

“Sure, you can. But you need to shower and get cleaned off before you get in the water.”

RayBob frowned but then I explained, “I have an outdoor shower for just what you need to do. Come on, I’ll show you.”

I took him to the secluded outdoor shower and he took it from there. “Damn, boy!” he exclaimed while vigorous rubbing down. “If this don’ beat all!”

While he cleaned up, I patiently waited, wanting to be sure that he really did get the grime off. Presently he emerged from behind the screen buck naked and I took his place under the cleansing spray.

I must say, in this case the old saw was true, big hands, big feet, big… he was big alright… everywhere and everything. Grime free and bare assed, we hit the pool for a refreshing swim. RayBob swam underwater to one side of the pool and then back. Surfacing, he seemed surprised as he blinked his eyes.

“Water’s great!” he declared. “It don’ even burn my eyes. Ya forget the chlorine?”

“Don’t use chlorine. It’s a salt water pool.”

“I was wondering why it tasted a little salty, figured ya just pissed in the pool.”

“No, I don’t piss in my pool and I’d appreciate it if you didn’t either. There’s only a low concentration of salt… more or less matches the salinity of your tears. That’s why your eyes don’t burn.”

“Ain’t ya afraid of germs growing in here?”

“That’s what the chlorine is for, but instead of using chlorine, the bugs are zapped by ultraviolet light.”

 “Ya don’ say?” He looked at me suspiciously like I was pulling his leg. Then he snorted, “Aww, yer bull shittin’ me!”

“No… that’s the way it works. Beats the hell out of a chlorine pool.”

Our attention was diverted by the sound of a girl’s voice. I turned and saw Sandy standing by the pool, dressed in a green sundress that accented her green eyes. “Hey! Can I go swimming too?” she asked.

“Dat’s up to Mr. Mike,” RayBob said and then he hauled himself nude from the water. Sandy didn’t seem to notice his lack of dress.

RayBob turned back to me and asked, “Ya want a mermaid fer yer pool?”

“Sure, she can swim, but…”

He held up his hand to cut me off and then told her, “Same rules as the sprinkler.” Then he pulled her dress over her head. Why was I surprised that she wasn’t wearing panties.

“Now Mr. Mike is downright particular about his pool, so ya have to take a shower before getting’ in. C’mon, girl, I’ll show ya.” RayBob then led her to the shower.

They were gone for quite some time, but eventually they reappeared and both were dripping wet. RayBob announced that he had, “personally made sure that she was squeaky clean.” I’ll bet he did!

Sandy had a great time in the pool, just like any kid would. Both RayBob and I played games with her. As fun as skinny dipping with them was, I really needed to take care of some business matters, so I excused myself and left them to play, with an open invitation for them to come swim anytime they liked.

I returned home several hours later. It was late afternoon and hot, so I did what I loved to do, take a swim. It didn’t surprise me that RayBob and Sandy had gone, but after I finished swimming laps, they both appeared, dressed, or should I say, undressed as they were when I had left.

RayBob made a big deal out of needing to put sun screen on Sandy before she could go swimming again. He sat on the edge of a chase lounge and had Sandy sprawled out over his lap, like he was about to spank her. He slathered the lotion on her and took care to cover every square inch of exposed skin before he settled into playing in her butt crack. I watched in astonishment as he openly fingered her ass. The way she was squirming and the way RayBob’s hand moved, it was apparent he was doing more than just toying with her.

After several minutes of ass play, he had her stand and then he sat back in the chase and had her lie on top of him. Again he slathered her up taking time to play with her nipples and then rubbing her pussy. He grinned at me as he slid a fat finger up and down her slit and then proceeded to masturbate her. It was pretty obvious that they had done this sort of thing before and did it often. Suddenly he shifted her on top of him and his uncut cock sprang out between her legs. I thought he was going to fuck her, but he merely humped his dick along her slit, toying with her clit with the tip of his dick. She began shaking and I knew she was orgasming… I didn’t know that young girls could do that.

Having gotten her off, he stood and then laid her out on the chase to recover. But he didn’t just leave her there… he had unfinished business. Standing over her, he stroked off until he unloaded on her, making sure she had pecker tracks from her neck to her pussy. Only after he’d ejaculated on her did he leave her alone and joined me in the pool.

After his astonishing performance, I was both appalled on one level and incredibly hard on the other, baser level. RayBob swam up to me and I just had to ask, “Do you fuck her too?”

“Naw, I promised her mama dat I wouldn’t fuck her… or rather I promised her ma dat I wouldn't be the first to fuck her. She's still a virgin, ya know, but she does like to slide her little pussy along my dick… Feels great and gets us both off!”

He paused for a moment crouching down in the water with his nostrils just barely above the water. Then he rose a little and said conspiratorially, “Between the two of us, she gives a great blowjob. Swallows and all.”

He sank back down in the water. A moment later he rose and told me, “As to your first question; does she fuck? It won’t be long. I’ll tell ya, she’s ripe for plucking. She’s gonna be a whore jus’ like her mama.”

By now Sandy had risen from the chase and was about to enter the pool.

“Hold on there, girl!” RayBob called out. “Ya need to shower off before ya come in da water.” Never mind that he hadn’t showered, he sent her off to rinse off his spunk.

Turning to me he offered, “If ya want, ya can go help her get cleaned up.” I hesitated.

“Oh, go on. Ya know ya wanna. She won’t mind none.”

After yesterday’s exhibition in the sprinkler and the grab-ass games we had played in the pool this morning, not to mention what I had just witnessed on the chase lounge, I decided to take RayBob up on his suggestion.

Sandy was rinsing off when I appeared to help her out. Taking the bar of soap, I lathered up my hands and began to wash her thoroughly. I had pretty much covered her upper body, tits and all when I heard RayBob’s voice behind me saying, “Be sure and clean her pussy real good.” So I did and she seemed to enjoy it. After frigging her off, I made quick work of her legs and backside.

I had just rinsed all the soap off the girl when RayBob made another suggestion… this time to Sandy. “Why don’ ya show Mr. Mike how much ya like him, sweetie.”

I figured that I had gone way too far with her already and turned to tell him that whatever he had in mind wasn’t necessary. RayBob just snorted, “Bullshit!”

I turned back to her, but she was gone, or at least she wasn’t where she was a moment ago. I felt her soft little hands fondling my already stiff pecker and looking down, found her kneeling. She looked up at me and kissed my cock head. Then she mouthed it with her lips and brought her tongue into play.

“Damn!” RayBob said huskily. “Dat’s the hottest thang I ever did seen. Yeah baby, suck his dick!”

All through the blowjob he was mumbling and talking, but I don’t recall a thing he said, just the exquisite feel of her lips sliding up and down my cock. I was already excited enough by all the sex play leading up to this point and I must admit I didn’t last very long. Sandy never stopped looking up into my eyes and she never flinched as I unloaded into her mouth… Old RayBob had trained her well.

I pulled my spent and softening cock from the girl’s mouth. RayBob nudged me aside and presented his dick for servicing. Sandy immediately took him into her mouth. I have to admit, seeing that young girl giving RayBob head was a sight to behold, hotter than when he was sliding his dick along her slit. The spectacle had its effect upon me and my cock began to stir to life again.

RayBob didn’t take it to completion, but pulled out of her mouth. Sandy immediately turned her oral attention to my renewed pecker. For the next half hour or so, she traded off between RayBob and me, sucking each for a minute or so, then sucking the other for a minute.

I was more than willing to just stand there and play this game all afternoon, but I’m sure her jaws were getting sore, not to mention her knees. RayBob knew it too and suggested that we all go for swim. Back in the pool, we both felt her up and fingered her twat. But all good things must come to an end, in this case it was when RayBob announced that he had to go to work and took Sandy with him.

Thirty minutes later, I saw RayBob drive away in his truck. I still didn’t know what he did for a living, but whatever it was, I presume it paid the bills. It wasn’t but a half hour or so later that I heard a rapping on my patio door. It was Sandy and to my disappointment, she had clothes on. Me? I hadn't bothered to dress after our swim.

“Hi, there, sweetheart,” I greeted. “You want to swim some more?” I asked thinking of getting her naked again.

“No, I’ve been swimming enough today, thank you,” she replied. “RayBob’s gone to work and…”

“And what?”

She twirled a lock of hair between her fringers and replied, “And I don’t like staying home alone at night. Can I stay with you?”

“What time does your mom get home?”

“She’s not coming home… ever.”

“Then what time do you expect your dad home?”

“RayBob’s not my dad. He takes care of me. Mama left me with him while she’s in jail.”

“Oh, I see.”

Well, that explained a lot, her mother was out of pocket and she had left her with RayBob to have his way with her daughter. “You aren’t really scared to stay alone are you?”

“No,” she laughed while casting her eyes down. “RayBob told me to tell you that. But if you’re busy tonight, I can come back another night.”

“Oh, I’m not busy. Tell me something, are you supposed to stay here all night?”

“RayBob said that he’d come get me in the morning.” Then she asked with a sly smile, “Are you going to take advantage of me?”

“After today, I don’t think I’ll be taking advantage of you per se… Still, you have to know, I like having you naked.”

”So does RayBob,” she giggled before pulling her t-shirt over her head.

“Is this what you like, Mr. Mike?”

“Oh, yes, darling, I like that a lot. But what I had in mind was…” She dropped the shorts too and stepped out of them. With the girl now naked I continued, “Yes, that’s exactly what I had in mind.”

“Then I can stay with you?”

“I wouldn’t think of sending you home, sweetheart. Come, sit with me on the sofa.”

She sat beside me, her legs together and her hands clasped in her lap like a proper young lady, except that she didn’t have a stitch of clothes on. She looked up at me with her big green eyes and said to me, “RayBob told me to tell you that you can touch me, if you want.”

Suddenly something that RayBob had said to me earlier in the afternoon struck me. He had said in effect, “I promised her mama that I wouldn’t fuck her… or at least I wouldn’t fuck her first. Girl’s ripe for plucking, don’cha think?”

Is that why she was here, for me to deflower her for RayBob? I thought about the mother; jailbird or not, would her mother be that liberal with her daughter? Certainly she knows that RayBob messes with her. Does she know the girl sucks his cock? I concluded that the mother probably did know of all these things.

So…Would I play naked games with her tonight? Why not? She’s naked already. I’ll get a blow job, but would I fuck her? Would I have the willpower not to fuck her? Shit, she can’t be but…

“How old are you, Sandy?”

“Almost eleven,” she replied. “Before Mama went away, she said I was going to start growing tits soon, like she did when she was my age.” Glancing down she added, “But I don’t have any tits yet. Is that okay that I don’t have any tits yet?”

I brushed my hand across her bare chest and lightly stroked her puffy nipple, bringing it to an erect state. “You have nice tits, darling.”

“Those are just nipples.”

“I like your nipples,” I told her as I gently rolled one between my fingers. “Does that feel good to you?”

“Yes, it makes my cunny tingle.”

“And do you like for your cunny to tingle?”

She really didn’t reply verbally, but her body language said it all. She lay back into the sofa cushions with her eyes closed, opening her legs slightly in the process. Leaning over, I substituted my lips for my fingers on her swollen nip and slid my freed fingers downward, making little circles on her tummy with just a feather touch while my tongue did the same to her nipple. My hand wandered further south to lightly stroke her thighs.

I traced her smooth little cunt lips and then took an incursion into her slit. Her little pips stood up hard and proud on her chest. Moaning in approval, she sank deeper into the sofa and spread her legs wider as I rubbed her nubbin. It wasn’t long before I was taking additional liberties by penetrating her cunt. No hymen I noted as I began finger fucking her. No doubt old RayBob had taken care of that long before. Still she was tight as hell, so I was confident that only his fingers had been in there and not his cock. Technically, maybe she was still a virgin.

I lowered my lips to a stiff swollen nipple and laved it to our mutual pleasure. I abandoned the fist nipple to give the other a similar treatment. From there I kissed down to her navel, pausing for a playful probe, before going down to where my fingers were working away on her. I slipped off the sofa and knelt between her legs, spreading her at the knees even wider with my hands. My mouth covered her entire cunt, my tongue darted forth and penetrated between her pussy lips. She was very juicy and tasted clean and fresh. I sucked and licked until all the girlie flavor was gone.

I rose up, my nostrils flaring as my hands went to my belt. A moment later my shorts and boxers were on the floor. With my cock erect and at the ready, I waited for the next several moments. Sandy’s eyes fluttered open and she focused on my jutting cock before looking up at me.

Toying with my dick and refocusing her attention upon it I asked, “Do you want me to fuck you baby? Fuck you with my dick?”

Sandy looked back up and replied, “RayBob told me that you would.”

“Is that so? And why would he tell you that?”

She shrugged mumbling, “I dunno.”

“Because he wants to fuck you too.”

She cast her green eyes down and replied softly, “I guess…”

“And he promised your mother that he wouldn’t be the first to fuck your pussy?”

“I dunno,” she shrugged.

She looked back down at my dick and asked, “Will it really fit?”

“In your cunny? Yeah, it’ll fit, but it will have to stretch some and that might not feel too good at first.”

“RayBob said it might hurt a little too, at first. But then he said it will soon feel real good; better than just his finger.”

“Well, do you want to find out? If you do, we’ll be a lot more comfortable in my bed.”

She flashed a little smile and popped out of the sofa and headed to the bedroom wing of the house. I followed, enjoying the view of her cute bare backside as she walked willingly, even eagerly toward her deflowering.

She tried the first room she came to, but that was my study, so I led her the rest of the way to my bedroom and king size bed. Like the child she was, she jumped up on the bed and tried it out as a trampoline.

I lay down and soon she landed right on top of me, nearly knocking the wind from me. She was sitting on my chest, leaning back a little with her feet rubbing the sides on my head. I grabbed a foot and put her toes into my mouth while my eyes feasted on the close up sight of her slightly open hairless virgin cunt.

Taking her toe from my lips I told her, “Here’s how we’re going to do this. I’m going to lie on my back, just like I am now. You are going slide back and then sit on my dick, taking it into your pussy as slowly or as fast as you want.

“But first, you need to make sure I’m hard as a rock, so slide yourself down and suck my cock until it’s good and hard. Then just slide back up and put it in.”

She listened to my instructions with a look of curiosity, then slid off and went down on me. For such a young girl, she really knew how to pleasure a man with her mouth. I almost regretted the moment when she took it out of her mouth and moved up on top of me.

At first she just tried to sit on it, but the angle was all wrong. “Hold it with your hands, baby. Hold it steady. That’s a girl.”

As her young inexperienced vaginal lips spread around my leaking glans, I nearly lost it. She bounced on it a few times and drove the head an inch into her tight canal. That’s when I lost it.

“Fuuuuccccckkkk!” I groaned as shot a load up into her pristine snatch. “Oh, fuuuucccckkk!!!” I moaned again as the second pulse was injected into her pre-teen body.

I managed to look into her face without squinting too badly and watched her expression as I ejaculated into her cunt. It was a look of surprise and wonder, but not one of alarm. Indeed it seemed to spur her on to a greater effort. The added lubrication seemed to do the trick as my spouting organ suddenly slid deep inside her. Her jaw fell open and I could tell that she was about to scream or something, but nothing came out as she remained motionless and impaled upon my cock.

The stunned look on her face began to fade, as did my erection. The smaller I became, the more contented she looked. I grasped her by the hips and held her in place so that my softening cock wouldn’t slip out. For some several minutes we just waited in silence. I have no idea what she was waiting for, but I was hoping the blood flow would reverse and engorge my dick while in her. Happily, it did just that.

The look of surprise returned to her face and she gushed, “It’s getting bigger again!” She quickly followed that with, “It’s getting so big.” She closed her eyes and bit her lower lip as I felt the incredibly tight constriction of her cunt around my hardening rod. Soon she wasn’t the only one grimacing.

“I feel so full,” she whispered as she squirmed about trying to relieve the internal pressure on her vaginal walls.

“I’m not hurting you, am I?” I asked with genuine concern.

“No, not now. At first it hurt, but now it just feels nice.”

“Good, it’s supposed to feel nice,” I answered as I pushed a stray strand of brown hair out of her eyes.

“Take your time, sweetie, but when you are ready, move up and down on it.”

“Like this?” she asked as she rose up and inch.

Pushing her back down with my hands on her hips I replied, “And like this.”

I could tell from her delighted expression that she got it and in short order she proved it, rising and falling slowly on my dick, truly fucking herself with it for the first time. My hands fell from her hips and I tried to simply enjoy her for a while, but my hips wouldn’t stay still and began with short jabs upwards. Soon she was wildly bouncing up and down on my prick as I pushed up to drive it into her cervix with each thrust. All pretense of a gentle fucking went out the window as lust drove us on and on. We rolled about quite a bit, with her on top on moment and then with me on top the next.

The intense mating culminated with me nailing her to the mattress until I shot a second load up her young twat. Totally spent I rolled off to the side so as not to crush her, gasping and fighting for breath. I’m not sure who was more exhausted, me or her. No matter, it had been a mutually satisfying fuck, one which quickly brought on sleep for me.

It was early morning, like three AM, when something woke me. Seeing the hulking mass of a large man looming by my bed in the dim light, I nearly crapped. The young girl I had fucked was completely forgotten as I lurched from bed and set upon the intruder, intent on doing him great bodily harm in self-defense. Next thing I knew, I was flat on the floor face down with a knee in my back and an arm about to be ripped from the socket.

“Hey, take it easy, Mike,” I heard him say. “Take it easy. Shit! Kinda touchy aren’t we?”

“RayBob?” I called out hopefully. “Is that you?”

“Yeah, it’s me. If I let ya up will try not to take my fucking head off?”

“Sorry, RayBob. I just reacted. Thought you were an intruder.”

“Guess I am in a way,” he said releasing my arm. “Let myself in. Ya know, ya really need to lock your doors at night.”

“I forgot,” I replied as the pressure from his knee was removed from my back.

Once I picked myself up from the carpet, I saw that Sandy was now wake too, sitting up in the bed and watching what was happening. RayBob flopped down on my bed and pulled the naked girl to him, his hand shot between her readily spreading legs.

Pulling two beefy and wet fingers from her cunt he declared, “He opened ya up good, baby girl. Now I’ve kept my promise to yer mama for as long as I’m gonna. Hope ya enjoyed yer first fuck, ‘cause yer gonna get fucked again... by me.”

RayBob began shedding his work clothes as fast as he could and soon the bearish man was bare, bare and on top of the small girl, on top and humping away, fucking her the way a girl should be fucked, by a demanding cocksman.

Good thing I caught some sleep earlier in the night, because I sure didn’t get anymore sleep before the sunrise. We plum wore her out taking turns with her that first night.

I never did get around to putting up the fence again… at least as long as they lived next door; not until about a year and a half later when Mama got out of jail. Sandy was knocked up by then. Neither of us ever used a rubber with the girl and to my relief (plus some cash), RayBob claimed that the kid was his. Unannounced the three of them moved on one day.

Now I’ve got new neighbors, a young couple. The guy travels a lot for work and the wife is cute and flirty. She seems a bit lonely, so I’ve decided to be friendly and offer her the use of my pool.

THE END