

## **TROUBLE WITH STEPDAUGHTER**

### **3. Beth**

(Keywords: M/g pedo consensual)

**WARNING:** The following story contains graphic descriptions of sexual activity between a man and a young girl. If you are under the age of 18 or are offended by material of this nature, please read no further.

Also note that the relationship between a stepfather and stepdaughter may be considered by some to be incestuous. I do not share that view as the participants are not of the same bloodline and so inbreeding problems are not a factor.

**DISCLAIMER:** This story is complete fiction and the subject of my imagination. If the detail reveals a lack of research on my part, this is because there was none. Any similarity to any other story or to real life is pure coincidence.

Enough of all that. Here's the story.

"You look so beautiful, my love" I said "I just want to take you in my arms and kiss you"

"Go on then" she responded.

We both laughed.

She was on her back, lying on the sofa with her head on my lap, looking up into my face.

It was a familiar scenario.

Beth and I had always been close since I had first started seeing her mother 5 years before.

Beth had been 6 then.

I had taken to her immediately as she was so bubbly and had such a warm personality.

She had taken to me because I was fun to be with.

After her mother moved in with me, Beth and I became even closer. We were always in each other's arms cuddling each other.

Her mother would say that I thought more of Beth than I did of her and I'm not sure she was joking.

This is not to say that Beth's mother and I did not get on because we did. We had a good relationship. It was just that Beth and I were kindred spirits. We shared the same sense of humour, we liked the same sort of things and we could even read each other's minds.

Above all, we loved to be in each other's company. Whether it was diving into bed with her mother and me on a weekend morning or pleading to be allowed to go out fishing with me or lying on the sofa with me watching TV, Beth was constantly looking for ways to be with me. And it was not a one way thing. I positively encouraged her. It gave me a buzz to have her around. Our closeness and shared sense of humour inevitably led to flirting. We were always playing up to each other but it was just flirting and it always finished with a laugh. It was this that kept my relationship with Beth's mother on the rails. She could see that my relationship with Beth was based on light hearted banter and was harmless. As a result, she encouraged Beth and me.

Over the next 5 years, nothing changed. We were a well balanced happy family.

It was when Beth reached 11 that things started to change. At first, the changes were barely perceptible. Beth was flirting with me less and, when she did, it did not end up with a laugh as it had in the past.

I did not really notice it until much later after it was too late.

The turning point in our lives came in the summer after Beth's 11th birthday.

The first thing was when I woke one morning to find Beth in bed with us. She was not lying between us which she normally did but was on the outside of the bed, furthest away from her mother. She was wearing a nightie which was much shorter than she normally wore and she was lying next to me with a leg over one of mine and an arm over my tummy.

I hadn't thought much of it except to think that maybe we would have to review the idea of Beth getting into bed with us given the way her body was now developing.

The next thing to happen was when I was watching TV. Beth came into the room wearing a very skimpy little dress. She then sat on my lap with an arm around my neck. She stayed like that for ages and, every time she moved, her bum was grinding into my prick and making it excited. Beth would then turn and look at me.

The third thing to happen in this very short time was that Beth started to wander around the house in the nude when I was around. It was normally upstairs and always when her mother was out of the way.

Now, I had seen Beth without any clothes on many times before but this was different. It was partly the way she was rapidly starting to develop and partly the way she moved when she was prancing around naked in front of me.

When it happened, I would tell Beth to go and get some clothes on but it didn't stop her doing it again.

It was forcing me to take notice of her whereas before I had really taken her looks for granted, only being interested in her personality.

She was average build with a lovely round bum and wonderful legs.

She had a very attractive face with a cheeky smile and big green eyes which just lit up when she was excited.

Her hair was dark with auburn highlights and it hung down to her neck.

Her body was developing fast and she already had a shapely little figure and breasts which were the size of small lemons. She had a few wisps of pubic hair.

Despite the growing evidence around me, I still did not see the dangers and things then became even more dangerous.

I did not realise it but I was really enjoying seeing Beth running around in the nude. It was turning me on. I was chastising her less and less.

Beth was increasingly wearing very skimpy clothes when we were sitting on the sofa together watching TV. As she moved about, I would get some very sexy views up her dresses and I was beginning to enjoy that too.

This went on for some weeks and it reached a point where I was waking in the morning wondering what bit of excitement Beth would give me that day.

The crunch came on a Sunday morning. Beth had got into bed with us, lying between her mother and me. She was wearing that shortie nightie I had seen before.

After a while, her mother had got out of bed and gone downstairs to do some cooking or housework.

As soon as she had gone, Beth snuggled up close to me.

I was wearing pyjamas and lying back on the pillow. Beth lay on her side facing me and she wrapped a leg over the top of me.

The closeness with this beautiful little girl was very sexy and my prick was getting excited.

As I have said before, Beth and I could read each other's minds and, at that moment, she would have known what was going on in my head and in my pyjamas.

I could feel Beth looking at me and so I turned my head towards her.

Our eyes were looking straight into each other's.

And there we stayed for ages, saying nothing but allowing our eyes to talk to each other.

The look on our faces was unsmiling and maybe a little tense.

Questions were being asked.

There was no laughter, no joking and no flirting.

This was the climax of all that had happened in the weeks before, something which Beth had been only too aware of but which was only now dawning on me as we lay there.

It was I who eventually broke the silence.

"No Beth" I said very, very softly. "We mustn't".

Beth continued to look me straight in the eyes but her look changed. Gone were the questions. Her eyes were smiling again.

She found my left hand under the duvet, lifted up her nightie and rested my hand on her right breast, then holding it there.

Her eyes then closed.

"Oh Beth" I repeated.

The feel of her little breast in the palm of my hand sent me over the edge.

I turned onto my right side, still facing Beth, and gently pushed her onto her back.

She still held my left hand over her right breast.

I leaned over Beth, pushed down the duvet to her waist and lowered my face down to her left breast, just licking the nipple very lightly.

Beth immediately gasped and moaned.

She released my left hand and threw her arms back over her head.

Her eyes remained closed.

I now took the whole of Beth's left breast into my mouth and tightened my lip muscles to start massaging her.

I had never had a full breast in my mouth before and the feeling was quite exquisite. It was a mixture of satiny softness and also the hardness of her developing glands and her nipples which were now very aroused.

Beth was gasping quite heavily.

As I continued to massage and then suck on her left breast, I used my fingers to lightly rub her right breast occasionally giving the nipple a light squeeze.

Beth's hips were bucking now too. She had her knees up in the air, under the duvet and was lifting her bum off the bed.

I was having a job controlling her movements and it was inevitable that I had to stop.

Beth was struggling for breath and, as soon as I released her, she threw her body sideways towards me, wrapping her arms around my neck.

I put my right arm under her and then up around her right shoulder so that I could hold her close into my body.

Beth was still gasping a bit and her eyes were still closed.

I turned her head slightly with my left hand so that she was facing me and I gently kissed her closed eyelids.

Beth smiled when I did this.

I lay there looking at her and running my fingers up the right side of her face and through her hair.

Occasionally, I stopped and lightly rubbed her right ear or touched her right cheek with my fingers.

After what seemed an age, Beth slowly opened her eyes and looked at me.

I smiled and she smiled back.

"I want you so much, Daddy" she said.

"I know, my sweet" I replied.

I continued to touch her face and we lay like that without moving just looking into each other's eyes.

I was mesmerised and didn't initially hear Beth's mother coming up the stairs.

When I did, I quickly pushed Beth away from me and sat up, pulling the duvet towards me so as to cover Beth's exposed breasts.

Beth snuggled down further into the bed and, as her mother came into the bedroom, I could see her pulling down her nightie under the duvet.

We were just in time and Beth's mother retrieved some dirty clothing for the wash and walked out of the bedroom again saying it was time to get up as she went.

As soon as she had gone, I turned to Beth and put a finger over my lips denoting silence.

We then waited until Beth's mother had reached the bottom of the stairs before doing anything.

The bedroom door was open and I clambered out of bed and closed it to within about 3".

I then walked back and sat on the edge of the bed, looking at Beth.

I looked into her eyes again and said "I'm so sorry, my darling. I don't know what happened there. Will you forgive me?"

"Don't be silly, Daddy" Beth replied "We both wanted it to happen."

I was in a daze. I didn't know what to think.

"Go back to your own room" I said to Beth and then walked into our en suite bathroom for a shower.

I had finished my shower, dressed and gone out on my own for a walk down by the river where I normally fished.

I walked fast, desperately trying to clear my head and ignoring the slight drizzle in the air.

I was still in a daze.

I couldn't work out how it had happened.

I had never had any previous thoughts about Beth's body although I had greatly admired the little striptease shows she had given me recently.

I thought back to the signs I had been given over recent weeks. The close contact when she got into bed with us at the weekend, the nudity and the cuddles we had had on the sofa watching TV when her clothing had often been very skimpy.

I realised that there had been plenty of warnings that Beth's advancing womanhood was presently focussing on me.

I had been a fool and had ignored the signs.

I returned home determined that things would change in the future.

I talked with Beth's mother about the fact that Beth was getting too old to get into bed with us and we agreed that Beth would be told to stop this weekly ritual.

The next time Beth appeared in the nude, walking from her bedroom to the bathroom, I told her she must stop doing it and would be grounded if she did it again.

I couldn't stop Beth sitting on my lap and cuddling me when we were watching TV. She would have felt totally rejected and that was not the idea. So, I limited myself to telling her to wear something sensible if she was trying to sit on my lap and, if she was wriggling about too much and exciting me, I lifted her off, stood and left the room. Inevitably, there was a reaction to all this. Beth knew that I was behind it but couldn't do anything because she knew her mother supported me in what I was doing.

She resorted to just looking at me with those big eyes of hers, hoping that she could attract my attention and talk to me silently as she had done in bed that morning.

I was determined that she would not do this and so avoided all eye contact with her.

A few weeks went by and I was reasonably happy that I had managed to straighten out the mess I had allowed to happen.

The one thing I found very difficult was when Beth was trying to make eye contact. Making a conscious effort to avoid someone in this way is stressful, particularly if the other party is determined it should happen.

I varied my routine occasionally. As well as avoiding eye contact with her, I tried looking briefly, smiling and then turning away. It was different but it didn't do any good. Beth's eyes would always be there afterwards, still looking at me and still trying to talk with me.

Over the weeks, it began to wear me down.

Eventually, I started giving in to Beth and would look into her eyes when we were on the sofa together.

To start off with, it was just for a short time but inevitably the moments grew longer until, eventually, we were gazing into each other's eyes for quite a while. It was as though I was hypnotised.

My standards then started to slip in other ways. While watching TV on the sofa. Beth was starting to wear skimpy dresses again and even her shortie nightie while sitting on my lap.

I would sometimes feel her twisting and turning on my prick and giving me little smiles as she did.

I was losing the plot.

I found myself thinking about Beth increasingly and it was how she looked when wandering round in the nude or her lovely little breasts which I thought about rather than her welfare.

I would walk into her bedroom without knocking in the hope that I might catch her in a state of undress.

I had started to wriggle myself when Beth was on my lap, rubbing my prick against her bum.

It was all so obvious although, thankfully, not to her mother who was none the wiser.

However, Beth knew exactly what was going on and her gazes into my eyes now tended to be accompanied by a confident little smile.

Things came to a head again on a Saturday morning.

Beth's mother had got up early and gone shopping. She had left saying she would not be back till lunchtime.

I had dozed off for a while and then woken, got out of bed and gone into our en suite for a shower.

I was standing in the shower rinsing the shampoo out of my hair when a hand appeared on the shower curtain and pulled it back. Beth was standing there naked in front of me.

We looked into each other's eyes for a few moments and then I bent down, put my arms around her bum and lifted her up towards me.

Beth threw her arms around my neck, continued to look me straight in the eye and we stood there with the shower still spraying over our heads.

Neither of us said anything. Neither of us needed to say anything.

After a while, I lowered Beth down to stand on the shower tray still facing me. I then bent down and kissed her on the lips.

It was light at first but, with the pent up feelings we had for each other, it didn't remain that way for long and it soon developed very passionately.

I tested her lips with my tongue and then pushed through them to the front of her teeth which I licked.

Beth gasped and opened her mouth slightly. I then thrust my tongue inside and licked the back of her teeth before moving on to dance with her tongue.

Beth was moaning now and pulling my head strongly onto her lips and into her mouth.

My hands wandered down to her bum and I held a cheek in each hand and rubbed them.

I then lifted her up and rubbed her cunt area against my prick which had grown to monstrous proportions.

Beth was going wild too, desperately trying to increase the rapturous feelings which were raging through her body for the first time.

She was moaning loudly now and becoming a bit wobbly so I pulled out of the kiss and stepped out of the shower carrying her into the bedroom and lying her down on the bed.

I then knelt in front of her on the bed, lifted her feet up and apart and pushed her knees back towards her head. Her bum then came up towards me and I lowered my mouth and sunk it onto her cunt.

Beth let out a little high pitched wail and put her arms up over her head.

I then proceeded to give her the most passionate blow job I have ever given in my life.

I tongued her around her cunt lips, both inside and out, I sucked her and I thrust my tongue deeper and deeper inside, massaging her vaginal tunnel.

It didn't matter that she was so tight. Nothing was going to stop the passion I was feeling for this little girl.

And then she started to cum.

She let out her little wail again, tensed and I felt her cunt pulsing on my tongue.

It didn't stop me fucking her and I went on thrusting into her even more deeply.



Beth then relaxed and I withdrew my tongue, sitting up and looking at her, while at the same time lowering her legs down onto the bed.

Beth lay there with her eyes closed still struggling a bit for breath.

The duvet under her was damp and so I lifted her again, sufficient to allow me to pull out the duvet from under her. I then stood, went to a wardrobe and fetched a blanket which I put over her.

I dried myself with a towel and put on a dressing gown. I took another look at Beth and was sure she was sleeping so I left the bedroom with the damp duvet and took it downstairs to the dryer.

I sat in the kitchen and, for the second time in a few weeks, I was in a daze. However, it was different this time.

When I had walked along beside the river a few weeks before, I had been in shock and it was that which had given me the resolve to try and find a way of sorting out the problem.

This time there had been no shock. If I was honest, I would have to say that I had expected it and had even looked forward to the moment which Beth would choose for our coming together.

I hated myself for being so weak but I couldn't help myself.

This little girl might only be 11 but her determination and, of course, her body had reduced me to a nervous wreck and I was like putty in her hands for her to do with what she wanted.

Beth came into the kitchen 2 hours later. She was wearing jeans and a T shirt and was barefoot. Her hair was neatly brushed.

She stood to my right and put an arm around my shoulder. I put my right arm around her waist.

We looked at each other and a conversation immediately started between our eyes.

"I love you so much" Beth whispered to me.

I reached for her right hand with my left and eased it up to my lips, lightly kissing the fingers and thumb, one after the other. I then looked back into her eyes and smiled.

Beth told me that there had been a bit of blood leaking from her cunt. It was very little and had not even stained the sheet. I explained to her that her hymen might have been bruised or even torn by my tongue and reassured her that it was normal.

I asked her whether my tongue fucking had hurt her. She didn't answer but the look of wonder on her face and in her eyes told me everything I needed to know.

It was Beth who pointed out to me that her mother would be back soon and I had better go and get dressed.

I didn't need to speak to her about it being our secret and the trouble I would be in if her mother or anyone else found out. However, we discussed it anyway.

My main concern was for the knowing looks Beth might give me or the smiles which her mother might interpret. I warned Beth that she must be extra careful when her mother was around and never flirt with me seriously if her mother was in the house.

I had discussed with Beth where our relationship would go in the future.

We had both smiled broadly when it was agreed that we must make love again.

"Every day" Beth had said.

We had also agreed that Beth would go out fishing with me the next day so that we could talk about how and where we would get together in the future.

We were sitting beside the river on our fishing stools.

There were 2 rods out but I wasn't taking any notice of them.

Since arriving an hour before, we had spent most of our time just looking into each other's eyes and smiling.

We had both spoken of how much we loved and wanted one another.

I had told Beth how I tingled all over when she walked into the room and how I went a bit wobbly when she touched me.

I told her how her eyes hypnotised me and I was her slave. I would do anything she asked.

Beth had smiled and sometimes laughed as she had listened to me.

When I had finished, she took my hands up to her lips and kissed them, holding onto them afterwards.

We were both coming to the boil but this was not the place.

We packed up and walked back to the car. I then drove for a few miles to a quiet spot and we walked over several fields to a wooded area I knew.

There, we found a small clearing and agreed it was just right.

I sat down on the grass and Beth knelt beside me. She immediately put an arm around my shoulder and looked at me.

I was wearing jeans, a check shirt and trainers with socks. Beth was wearing jeans too with a polo neck sweater. She also wore trainers with socks.

I drew Beth in towards my lips for the first kiss of the day. Just before our lips met, we paused and looked into each other's eyes. We both conveyed to the other all the emotions we were feeling. Love, desire, anticipation and excitement were all there and they were showing in our smiles too.

We couldn't wait any longer and sunk our lips into each other.

It was immediately passionate and our mouths opened and our tongues explored.

After a while, I leant back and pulled Beth with me so that she was on top of me.

The kiss continued.

Beth had both arms round my neck and was pulling me hard onto her lips.

My arms were around Beth's waist and I then explored further down, finding her bum and holding her cheeks, which I rubbed.

The kiss eventually finished for no other reason than we were both exhausted.

Beth opened her eyes.

I then held her and rolled over so that she was on her back with me at her side.

I smiled at her and kissed her on the nose.

"You look so beautiful" I said.

Beth just smiled back at me.

My left hand slipped under Beth's sweater and I rubbed her tummy.

She did not move and continued to smile at me.

I unbuttoned her jeans and ran the zip down to the bottom.

Still, she did not move and the same smile continued.

My thumb now slipped under the elastic of her panties and I pushed the top of them down a few inches, kissing the bare skin which had been exposed as I went.

I was soon at the top of her cunt at which point she lifted her bum slightly allowing me to push down her panties and jeans to her knee.

My little kisses continued, then running down and up the edges of her cunt lips.

Beth's smile finished at this point and her arms went up above her head.

Her eyes closed again and she gasped and started to softly moan.

I bent down and undid her trainers, then pushing down her jeans and panties before easing them and her trainers and socks off her feet.

I was about to move my lips higher up her body when Beth opened her eyes and said "It's time you stripped off too". She then smiled again.

I smiled back at her.

I moved my hands to the belt supporting my jeans and was about to undo it when Beth said "No! I will do it. You lie down this time".

I lay back and she sat beside me.

Before she started, she pulled off her jumper and T shirt over her head and down her arms so that she was completely naked.

I marvelled at her beautiful body and she saw me and smiled again.

It was Beth who now went to my belt and undid it. She then undid the single button supporting my jeans and lowered the zip all the way down.

She indicated to me that she wanted me to raise my bum so I did and she pushed my jeans down to my ankles but left my underpants in place.

She now undid my trainers and pushed them and my socks off my feet before also pushing off my jeans.

My prick knew what was going to happen next and it raged in anticipation, tenting my underpants and desperately trying to push it's way out.

"Don't be frightened, my love" I said to Beth. "Just take your time and get to know it slowly".

Beth didn't look frightened. Most of all, she had a very determined look on her face. However, she was understandably cautious.

"Try touching it through my underpants" I suggested and Beth did.

My prick jumped and Beth pulled away quickly and giggled.

"Why did it jump like that?" Beth asked.

"Because you are making it so excited" I said.

Beth giggled again.

"Try holding it between your fingers and thumb" I went on.

Beth now lowered her hand down and then lightly gripped my prick through my underpants, holding it not just with her fingers and thumb but with the palm of her hand as well.

Beth was not put off and tightened her grip.

"Good girl" I said "That's great".

She remained that way for quite a while, doing as I suggested and getting to know my prick slowly.

Afterwards, she took her hand off and pushed down my underpants to my knees with me lifting my bum again to assist her. She then pushed them down and off my feet. As she did that, I sat up and undid my shirt, pulling it off over my head and down my arms.

We were both naked now and paused to enjoy the moment.

"I haven't finished yet" Beth said. "Lie down again".

I did so and Beth then went straight down on my prick with her hand and held and squeezed it.

"Ohhhhhh!! Beth" I cried.

I had closed my eyes but opened them again as Beth released my weapon. She was looking at it and obviously thinking.

"Does your thingy really fit inside me?" she asked.

"Yes, my darling, it will. Your cunt is designed to stretch when a man makes love to you.

Beth seemed satisfied and then slowly lowered herself down towards my prick. She gripped it again in her hand and then moved her face to the tip and kissed it.

"Oh Beth" I whispered "That feels so good".

Beth then kissed it again before lying down beside me and snuggling up close with her head on my shoulder.

It was a lovely late summer's day and quite warm despite our state of undress.

I leant on my right elbow and looked into Beth's eyes. I wanted to see all her reactions as I made love to the different parts of her body. Everyone has their little favourites and I wanted to see which parts gave Beth the most pleasure.

I started with her breasts. I licked her right nipple before lowering my mouth down and taking in her whole breast. My mouth then closed and my lips started massaging around the outside while I also sucked gently.

Beth closed her eyes but not before I saw the ecstasy she felt from the sensations that immediately started to run through her body.

I was later to decide that Beth's breasts were her special place.

I transferred to Beth's left breast and gave it the same treatment while at the same time finding her tummy button and exploring it with my left index finger.

Beth had been softly moaning up to that point but now let out a little scream and started bucking her hips. Her knees came up and she lifted her bum off the ground.

My massage of Beth's breasts continued, alternating between the right and left. It continued to be gentle but firm sending little shock waves throughout her body and in particular to the area where my probing left fingers were now heading.

They found her little wisps of pubic hair and lightly ruffled them.

Beth bucked even more and was also twisting first one way and then the other.

At this point the breast massage finished. I just could no longer hold her.

She was moaning constantly now and the time was right. If I left it much longer then she would be too exhausted to enjoy our love making.

I withdrew my hand from her cunt area and asked Beth to lift up her legs which she did.

I then asked that she use her hands to pull back her knees as far as she could towards her chin and also as wide apart as possible.

Beth did that too and it raised her bum about 9" up off the ground.

"Try and stay like that, my darling" I said.

I then took a look inside Beth's cunt and could see that her hymen had indeed been torn. I had taken her virginity with my tongue.

I positioned myself in front of Beth and looked down at my prick. I had never seen it so large. This girl does something very special to me, I thought.

I then moved my prick to the entrance.

It was oozing precum juices and I guided the tip to the edges of Beth's cunt wiping the inside of her lips so as to lubricate my entry.

Beth felt my intrusion and started moaning loudly again.

I now started to ease myself in.

It was incredibly tight and there was no way I was going to force anything on my darling little girl.

And so it was slow progress, easing in a little bit at a time. Beth was moaning constantly but there was nothing in her sound which led me to think that she was in any way distressed.

Eventually, I looked down and saw that my darling had taken 6" inside her.

That is enough, I thought and I pulled out of Beth almost completely before pushing back in, still very gently.

Beth dropped her legs at this point and wrapped them around my waist.

I then pulled out again and pushed back in, this time a little more forcefully.

This continued about 10 times and, each time I pushed back in, I went a little deeper.

I could sense that Beth was starting to tire and so I then speeded up quite considerably not thrusting in quite as far.

And then I started to cum.

"Oh Beth" I cried.

My stroke now slowed but I was thrusting in deeper and deeper shooting my loads right up against the end of her tunnel.

I held her bum cheeks tightly and lifted them up so as to help more and more of my prick inside this beautiful girl. And then Beth started to cum as well.

I felt her tense. She did not say anything but gasped and let out a little high pitched moan which just went on and on.

Her cunt was pulsing on my prick and I continued to thrust into her deeply but also gently.

I then stopped thrusting but held my prick inside her.

I felt Beth's whole body start to relax and her legs slipped off my waist.

My prick began to soften and then slipped out of her. Beth was still taking short gasping type breaths but I heard her sigh.

I leant on my right elbow looking down at her.

I marvelled at her little body and how she had managed to take in most of my huge weapon.

I marvelled at the look on her face. The look of wonder that is only ever seen on a virgin who has just had her first experience.

There was a danger that Beth would now get cold and so I dressed her, moving and lifting her arms and legs and occasionally her body.

Beth took no part in any of this. She was in a little world of her own somewhere.

I left Beth for a few moments while I dressed as well and then lay down beside her, put my arm under her shoulders and cradled her head, gently pulling her in towards me.

It was another half hour before she slowly opened her eyes and looked at me.

A little smile showed on her face when she saw me and it widened over the next few moments.

She was obviously still weak from her exertions.

She then looked me in the eyes and said "What am I going to call you? I can't call you Daddy any more". We just sat and held hands, looking into each other's eyes for another half hour and then set off back to the car. I drove to a pub and we both used their toilets to clean ourselves up. I bought us both a drink and we sat in a quiet corner well away from everyone else and looked into each other's eyes. We then drove home with a prepared story about our fishing and another warning from me about not flirting when her mother was in the house.

We went out together once a week after that and it had to be at the weekend because of my work and Beth's school. We made love in the same place when we could but it depended on the weather. If it was wet or cold, we were limited to my car and it was never very successful. This led to both of us getting frustrated.

Our treat was when Beth's mother went out shopping and we could use the house. However, it was risky because we rarely knew for sure how long she would be away and we came close to being discovered on more than one occasion.

Over the next 3 months leading up to Christmas, the days became shorter and the weather colder. We seldom managed to have sex except in the car and it led to increasing tensions between us.

Beth would say how unfair it was that her mother could have me every night. She said that she would lie in bed knowing I was in the next room. It was driving her mad. I would try and calm Beth saying there was nothing I could do but an 11 year old does not want to hear that. They are brought up to believe that grown-ups can do anything if they really want to.

As things worsened, Beth started to get a bit careless. She would initiate conversations about when and where we were next meeting while her mother was in the room next door.

It was only a matter of time before she would become so frustrated that the whole thing would slip out.

I had pictures of policemen and jail bars in front of my eyes and really couldn't see a way out of the problem.

I therefor wrote Beth's mother a letter saying how sorry I was but I did not love her any more and had been invited to go to another part of the Country by an old girlfriend whom I would probably live with for a while.



I wished her well and asked her to please give my love to Beth.

I told her that I would always remember them both.

We lived in a rented house, we had a joint bank account and savings account. I left her everything except my car and my fishing rods.

I packed a couple of suitcases with my clothes and a few other mementoes including some photographs and then drove off to start my exile.

Note:

This is the third of my stories about stepfather/stepdaughter relationships. There will be more.

I would welcome all positive comment for or against the story and can be contacted at

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