

PROLOGUE

She was the prettiest girl that I've ever seen. Her blond curls accentuate the cuteness of her cherubic face. She melts my heart with an adorable smile.

She was a dancer, a singer, and an actress. She was America's sweetheart.

But there was one thing Shirley Temple would never be.

She would never be mine.

I always thought that if I never read her autobiography, then I would never be interested in her—I would never have watched her movies, and I would never have to feel like this. You see, when you're a guy who was born in the 1990s, it's not easy having feelings for a child actress born in the 1930s. (1928 to be exact)

"Jonathan? You're spacing out again." I shook my head, going back to reality. My friend, Martin, was looking at me with a raised eyebrow. Now that I think about, he loves looking at people with a raised eyebrow.

"I'm sorry, I was thinking." Trying to sound as apologetic as I can, not having the nerve to tell him that his lecture was boring.

"I'm boring you, weren't I?"

"Naw man, I just couldn't pay attention." I'm such a liar.

"You're such a liar, Jonathan. Not that I blame you, even I was bored of my lecture." Martin is truly my best friend. Sometimes we can just read each other's minds. It's like when we see each other we can tell what's coming.

But I never saw this coming.

“Okay, I’ll give you the concise, non-boring version. I guess quantum physics wasn’t your thing anyway.”

“I’m a marketing consultant, what would you expect?” He was the scientist, and I’m the businessman. I never thought he would be such a genius. Then again, he probably never thought I would be this successful either.

“All right, I’ll just say it straight out. But remember, I’m telling you this as a friend, I could get sacked if the higher ups learn that I’m giving you a demo of my invention.”

You’re probably imagining us walking in some sort of underground lab or a remote research facility like in those sci-fi stories. Actually, we’re in a park; a simple run-of-the-mill park with the trees, and benches and playground and all that.

“Take a look at this.” Martin handed something over to me after settling on an empty bench by a fountain.

“It’s... it’s a watch.” It wasn’t just a watch; it looked like your average Rolex.

“Actually, it’s a time machine.” His face was as straight as can be, making me doubt he was joking.

“Oh yes. A machine that tells time. Indeed a time machine.” This time I raised MY eyebrow.

“I mean it’s a machine used for time-TRAVEL.” He said with a mix of exaggeration.

It took me a while to digest what he just told me. It didn’t help that a little girl in the playground, probably 5, was using her dress to wipe her face, giving me a good look at her yellow cotton panties. I don’t really consider myself as a pedophile, just a guy who loves children. Having sex with them was never my top priority, I prefer cuddling and snuggling and all those sweet and cute stuff you can do with a kid. I keep telling myself that I’ll only have sex with a kid if she asks for it herself. After all, I don’t like forcing myself on people, and...

“HEY! Stop staring at that kid and listen to me!” Back to reality again.

“Sorry. What was it again? Oh yeah, this cheap-ass watch is supposed to be a time machine, right?” Martin just looked at me with a raised eyebrow. And then he shoved the watch to me.

“Just put the damn thing on, and I’ll prove it to you.” He strapped the wristwatch on my, well, wrist and stood up.

“Okay, just think hard of the exact time and place you wanna go to, and press the button on its side.”

Think hard of when and where I want to go? That was a challenge, but there was only one place in the world I want to be right now...

With Shirley Jane Temple.

Chapter 1— Just Around The Corner

I had not realized that my eyes were closed, so I did what every normal person would do. I opened my eyes, and almost fainted with shock. It still looked like a park, but there seemed to be more trees, and the benches or the fountain we were at a while ago were gone. Still shocked, I tried to focus and gather more information about the environment. There were cheers and applauses close-by, and the noise and chatter of crowds. It didn't seem like the sound normal crowds make when they're just chilling, I guessed that there must be a festival of some sort. I looked around, and saw a round, colourfully painted egg resting on a tree trunk.

"What the fuck?" I whispered as I bent over to take a look at it, but then I suddenly...

"OW!" Fell. I rolled over on my back and tried to see what caused me to fall.

What caused me to fall was a wrong statement, for it was a who. A little girl in a pretty pink dress, to be exact. And to be more exact, she was wearing fluffy white cotton panties, the kind that's longer than your average undies, but shorter than bloomers. The material was hugging her crotch, giving me a slight preview of what was hiding underneath. How did I see all that? Using my self-proclaimed awesome skills in deduction, seeing her sitting on the ground with her legs wide open and her hands supporting her back I guessed that she bumped into me, causing both of us to fall with no grace whatsoever.

I stood up, brushing dirt and a few grasses off my jeans, when I finally heard her say:

“Oh mister, I’m so sorry! I...” She was flustered, but in my opinion she was rather cute, well I haven’t seen her face yet ‘cause when she went to stand up, she bent to fix her dress causing her short hair to cover a little of her face. Speaking of which are those curls? I was still mindfucked from everything that’s happened so far that I don’t think my brain was currently working. If I really time travelled, maybe I left my brain behind.

“I’m fine, sweetie, how about you? You could be hurt.” That was all I could say.

“Oh I’m dandy; It’ll take more than that to make me cry.” She finally looked up and even puffed her chest to seemingly brag. And I’m sure you have an idea who I saw standing in front of me at that time.

I probably stopped breathing for a minute, heck my whole body stopped functioning at the sight of this girl. I was star struck, and I have no idea what to do next. Maybe I should read books on how to talk to Hollywood stars or something, ‘cause that’s what I wanted to do. Talk. I should at least talk.

“Hello? Are you sure your head’s alright? You look like you ‘bumpt’ it hard.” Her cute voice brought me back to earth, for it reminds me of Shirley Temple’s voice. Oh wait. I’m either crazy or I really time travelled.

“H-Hi, I’m all right uh miss...” After I said that she seemed to have given me a weird look.

“Wow, you don’t know me?” Her weird look turned into a grin. “Well why don’t you guess!”

“Well I can’t guess without any clues.” I smiled and tried to give her the impression that I really don’t know her, but I’m willing to play. Then she raised her dress in a curtsy and started dancing. TAP dancing.

“You don’t know me yet?” She asked in short bursts of breath while still dancing. TAP dancing.

I gave a smirk and held out a hand,

“Alright, Miss Temple, I was just kidding around.” Her smile seemed to grow wider when I told her.

“Oh goody, I thought I had to introduce myself to you!” She giggled at her own joke, which made her approximately 200% cuter than I thought she would be. “Well? It’s your turn.” She looked at me with those bright eyes.

“Oh. Um, I’m Jonathan. Jonathan Gray.” She was smiling at me, and adorable is a big understatement. She straightened up and looked at me with her chest puffed out, causing her double chin to show.

“Well hallo there Mister Gray! Pleasure to meet’cha!” She offered her hand, and my heart raced at the thought of actually touching her hand. Through sheer will, and deep breaths, I gave my hand to shake hers. The feel of her flesh on direct contact with mine, such smooth and soft skin, I could’ve died right there and then.

“My God, you’re lovely...” I mindlessly let the words out of my mouth, and my mind was too late to alert me of my stupid move—

Or maybe it’s not that stupid. Still holding my hand, Shirley looked away from me (was she blushing?), and smiled. She quickly looked back at me, and with even brighter eyes she squeezed my hand and said:

“Gee, thank you Mister Gray!” Afterwards she let go of my hand, and looking down, giggled nervously (at least she sounded nervous to me). I kneeled and, praying to God that she don’t freak out, lifted her chin with my finger. I looked straight at her eyes (other people on the internet refer to this as eye-fucking, so yeah I started eye-fucking her)

She looked back at me and stared deeply into my eyes, like she knew what I was doing. I didn’t know how much time I have to stay in the past, so I decided to just tell her how I feel. Here we go.

“I—”

Whomp! Something struck the back of my head, and I stumbled down on the damp soil, my head beating as fast as my heart, my eyes seeing stars, my world shaking. Through painful blinks, I tried to steady my view, looking for Shirley.

I saw her. Being carried by a guy with a piece of wood in his hand. She was struggling...

“Let me go! Oh, let me go you!” She looked at me, and saw I was conscious. “Mister Gray, Help! Please!”

I tried to get up, but the damage my head took was making me fade out to unconsciousness. I looked at her eyes, she was holding back tears, believing that I would get up.

She believed in me, but my body didn't. I fell back down, losing my connection with reality as my eyelids started to get heavy. I can still hear her, screaming for me.

I wanted to save her, but I couldn't.

She believed in me, but I let her down.

And now a man can have his way with her, taking her with him to who knows where.

And here I am, lying down helplessly, slowly slipping away. And I didn't even get a chance confess.

Shit.

Chapter 2— Temple Run

Like the sun we will live to rise...

So I rose. Slowly, fighting off unconsciousness, revelling in the pain that reminds me I'm still alive. I've always believed in the power of will.

I finally got to meet the child star Shirley Temple. Time couldn't stop me from being with her, so who could?

I staggered, gathering enough energy to start running. After a while I was sprinting, checking the ground for footsteps. Or any clue that could help me find where that man took her.

There was only one thing in my mind while I was looking: "This Never Happened" . Shirley Temple's biography stated that she had a lot of extortion threats, but none was successful or even serious. So how come a man has taken her away?

It was my fault wasn't it? My existence in this timeline changed the course of everyone's fate.

I put Shirley Temple in trouble. I only wanted to be with her. Shit.

I tried to clear my head, what's important is I find her and keep her safe. Yeah, right.

I arrived at a clearing in the forest, and saw a house(or a cabin, or lodge, I dunno) in the middle. There was a tree stump that had deep gashes on it—a chopping block, I supposed. I looked around for the axe that could've been used for chopping wood—no axe anywhere, no wood either.

I looked at the house— It wasn't that big, even smaller than your average bungalow. "This kind of place is where horror stories take place", my scumbag of a brain was telling me. I pushed the thought away; I'm not going to let this turn into a horror story.

With Rob Cantor's Shia Labeouf song playing in my head, I peered cautiously inside the window.

Shirley was inside alright, she was standing with her arms raised and tied up to something on the wall. Her mouth was covered as well, but I saw that coming. I had to get her out there.

I need a plan.

Screw that, I went straight to the door.

And I knocked.

Chapter 3– Uncle Tom’s Cabin(In The Woods)

It felt like heaven but I’m sure she was in hell...

Griffith told me not to stray too far, and if I make it out of here alive, I promise I will not disobey him ever again.

I just wanted to win the Easter egg hunt. Now I’m all tied up, with a bad man staring at me with an evil grin in his face. Mummy always gets the FBI when there are threats, I wonder if they’re looking for me yet?

My arms hurt, my hands hurt too. I can’t move my mouth because of this cloth on it.

I won’t cry. I have to be strong. But my knees feel so weak I feel like falling down.

“Mister, what do you want?” Is what I want to say, but what came out was: “Mmphph, umph?”

He saw me looking at him,

“You want something sweetie?”, he started walking towards me. I can’t help but notice a bulge in his pants. He must have got a gun, I thought, but why would it be pointing out like that?

He looked me up and down,

“I’m sorry; I didn’t want you to be uncomfortable.” I relaxed when I saw him kneel down to untie me.

But he didn’t untie me; he reached behind me and lifted my dress. The dress was short to begin with, so my panties were in clear view as soon as he lifted my dress.

I've never been this exposed to a stranger! The feel of the air on my skin made my knees weaker, and I can feel it starting to give way. My heart was beating so fast, my eyes were burning with held back tears. I thought I saw a silhouette by the window, the FBI must be here. I hope they move fast, and I hope they find poor Mister Gray, he was hurt really bad.

I noticed my breathing was heavy, but I wasn't tired. Is this what it feels like to be truly scared? There was nothing I could do, and that was what scared me.

I still tried to be strong, but the man pointed the gun in his pants at my face, and that was all it took. My eyes and my bladder gave up and let loose. Tears started flowing down my cheeks and I could feel my panties getting soaked by my pee. The man was just looking at me with a grin on his face.

"Aww, you wet yourself, Shirley!" He chuckled, and he sounded like the devil. I must be losing my mind.

"We should get you changed,hehehe." He put his fingers inside my panties' waistband and proceeded to pull them down. Wet, the cloth tried to stick to my skin, clinging to my crotch. But the man just pulled them down, never looking away.

I was naked. Completely naked, in front of someone whose name I didn't even know. I was scared, and my breathing got heavier, my heart raced even faster. I never thought about it, but I didn't think being naked in front of a stranger would feel like this.

"I should clean you up." But instead of getting anything to clean me up, his face just went to my pussy and I felt him licking.

A man was licking my private parts! I've never heard of such a thing.

I have no idea what was going on, but I felt my legs turned to mush and I would've fell, were my hands not tied up to the wall. I was getting dizzy, and I don't know why. Was it because of what the man was doing to me?

I must say, it felt good. Whatever it is.

"You like that huh?" He was smiling at me, but I could hardly open my eyes. I wanted him to keep going. But then he stood up, and started unzipping his pants! Again, I was scared, I have no idea what was going on or what's about to happen. My *incense* tells me that it's not good. I meant *intstinks*. Never mind, it's an adult word; my feelings tell me that it's not good.

There was a knock on the door. *TOK-TOK-TOK!*

The man groaned, zipped his pants again, and made his way to the door. On the way, he took a hammer from a nearby table. What was he going to do with it?

In a quick movement, he swung the door open and lifted his hammer, ready to strike. Whoever it was, he would be in trouble. I wanted to shout for help, but I was still muffled by this thing on my mouth. I had hoped it was help, but at the same time I remembered I was naked, and I don't want them to see me. Things were already embarrassing and I hope it doesn't get worse. Anyway, about the person at the door...

There was NO ONE. There goes my hope.

The man was still looking around outside when something from behind zipped past me. Whoever it was, he was pretty fast. Before the bad man can turn around, he was struck behind the head with some sort of weapon.

"Ugh!" The bad man said, and stumbled down.

"That's payback, bitch." The other one said, and I was able to recognize him. He had that somewhat low manly voice:

"Mister Gray!!!" — *"Mmmph Mmph!"*

Mister Gray turned around, saw me, and his face furious face transformed to wide-eyed shock, and then to a smile. He was making his way to me, but the bad man grabbed his leg and pulled him down. Mister Gray fell to the floor, and the bad man lifted his hammer.

WHOOSH!!!—The bad man swung his hammer down.

Chapter 4: Uncle Tom's Cabin (A Pedofight)

I'll find my way to you and save the day...

You know those times when everything seemed to move at slow motion? Well that's how it feels right now. It was a good thing I ran to look for a backdoor after knocking on the door. At least I was able to get the jump on this asshole.

But now I'm down, face up, with a hammer slowly going down to smash my skull.

So this is how my tale ends huh. Travel back in time, meet Shirley Temple, Shirley gets kidnapped, try to save her, head smashed with a hammer. The End.

NO. No way, I'm not going to let Shirley down now.

I brought both my hands to shield my face. The impact from the hammer felt like my palm was shattered. Pain shot up on both my hands and my arm felt like breaking down. But I held the hammer with both hands, clenching my teeth through the pain. The hammer was inches from my face, and with a burst of strength, I managed to snatch it from the man, and swung sideways to hit his face.

The hammer collided with his left cheek, sending him down to floor again. I quickly stood up, and made my way to Shirley.

Damn, was she hot! I'm not a fan of bondage, but seeing her tied-up and naked like that, wow. Her cuddly and chubby body, with her baby fats, makes her cute and sexy at the same time. I can't help but look at her pussy, with a tiny nub of her clitoris pointing out. She was probably turned on by something.

I started untying her, my eyes still fixed at her sex. It's shiny with wetness, so I'm guessing either she got wet because of arousal, or that asshole licked her up.

"Um, Mister Gray, where are you looking?" I looked up to see Shirley looking at me, somewhat blushing.

"I untied your mouth, and that's the first thing you say?" I said with a sarcastic look on my face.

"Sorry, I should've thanked you first." She looked down with some sort of guilt on her face.

I finished untying her, when her eyes grew big and she pointed behind me. "Mister Gray!!!"

I looked behind me to see the man had stood up again, but he still seems dazed. He looked at me with bloodshot eyes, "I've waited so long for this day, why did you have to get in the way?!" He was growling at me.

“Who the fuck are you anyway?” I held Shirley next to me with one hand, the other gripping the hammer. He moved closer, I held my ground.

“It doesn’t matter; I tried to hang myself in prison, I even left a love note for Shirley.”, he inched closer, I prepared the hammer. He held up a gun. I didn’t notice he had one.

(Shirley: I was right about the gun, but it wasn’t the one pointing out a while ago?)

“An officer helped me and prevented my death, and that’s where I saw my opportunity. God probably wanted me to be with Shirley.” He was grinning; he knew he had the upper hand. I tried to calculate if I could throw the hammer to hit or distract him, so as to break his aim.

“God would never help a bad man like you!” Shirley snapped at him. It’s cute when she does it, even better ‘cause she’s naked.

“Maybe it wasn’t God who helped me, but I’ll still get what I want.” He was looking straight at me, and I saw in his eyes that he won’t falter. He was going to shoot me, and have his way with Shirley. “You did good, if it’s of any console to you, at least you’ll die a hero.” He steadied his gun, I threw the hammer at him.

The hammer fell short before his feet, my strength was gone because of the injury. I couldn’t even throw a hammer anymore. His grin was wider now. Shit.

-BANG!-

Chapter 5: Stand Up And Cheer!

Go get your gun, and we'll find out what it does...

-BANG!-

I was dead. A clear shot like that must have obliterated my face. Poor Shirley Temple would never live this down. The only problem was that these events never should've happened. Even the man's breakout from prison. I've read of him in Shirley's biography, about the note and his failed suicide attempt— but he never escaped, nor did he do these things he just did.

Point is, It's all my fault. And now I paid for it. I'm dead, but at least I saw Shirley naked. I guess I could die in peace.

Although it would've been nice to have sex with her, or at least snuggle with her in bed. Too bad. I guess that's it.

I'm dead.

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Wait. NO I'm not! I'm not yet dead. I opened my eyes and saw a man lying face down in a pool of blood before me. There was a gunshot wound on his back. Someone must have...

"GRIFF!!!" Shirley shouted out, and ran to someone at the door. Well, she started to run to the door, tripped on the man's dead body and fell face first on the pool of blood. The idea that this man was shot dead started to sink in and she screamed her lungs out.

"Shirley!" I ran to her and almost slipped on the blood. I held her close to me and whispered, "It's gonna be okay. It's gonna be okay..." But even I couldn't believe all of this just happened. Shirley was sobbing with her head buried on my chest.

I looked up to see the man who just arrived pointing his gun at me.

"Who're you and what have you done to Shirley?" He said with a suspicious look at his face. Looks like I have to convince him that I wasn't the bad guy.

"I—"

"Shirley, do you know this man?" He didn't even let me talk.

"Uh-huh, he saved me." Shirley looked at him with tears flowing down her cheeks.

“Saved you, huh? If I remember correctly you were THIS close to having your brains blown off.” He held his index finger and his thumb apart. Yeah, I was THAT close to having my brains blown off.

“Oh, but you saved us too, Griff. I’m glad you got here just in time.” Shirley was starting to sound cheerful again. I’m glad too.

“Whoever this man is, we need to bring him with us.” Griff looked at me with suspicious eyes, he obviously doesn’t trust me yet. With his fedora hat, and matching brown coat and pants, he looked like a private investigator. Or a secret agent in a formal attire. But I knew who he was.

“John Griffith.” He held out his hands and I gave him mine, “Jonathan Gray, pleasure to meet you Griff.”

“Only Shirley and her family calls me that.” He gave me a sharp look with his serious eyes. This man was Shirley Temple’s bodyguard until the year 1942 (or something like that). I remember Shirley’s biography pretty well if I do say so myself.

“Right, sorry about that.” I tried to sound apologetic. But deep inside I know this man is very protective(duh) of Shirley, and he is another obstacle I need to get past through to get closer to her.

I got through a bunch of obstacles before, why stop now?

I need to get Griff out of the way. Somehow.

We made our way out of the forest to a group of people crowded around some sort of plaza. One of the ladies turned to look at us, and screamed.

“OH! SHIRLEY!!!” She ran to us and hugged Shirley. She noticed the blood on her face, and looked like she was going to faint. “Are you all right, dear? There’s blood on you!”

“I’m all right, mummy. Mister Gray and Griff here saved me.” She turned to us and gave us a smile. She wasn’t exactly naked anymore, she was wearing Griff’s coat.

“Griff!” Griff seemed to look down as the lady approached us. “Explain why my daughter was missing, and why she is now naked and covered in blood!”

“Ma’m look, let me—”

“I’m not talking to you! I’m talking to her bodyguard!” I didn’t get to finish my sentences again.

“Mummy, wait! Mister Gray here saved my life.” Shirley held her, probably hoping to calm her down. “If he hadn’t come—well— bad things could’ve happened.”

Shirley's mummy—I call her that 'cause she acts like a bandaged monster raised from the dead—calmed down, and listened as Shirley told her everything. Apparently there was an easter egg hunt, and she tried to look for the last missing egg which was a little deeper in the woods. She knew the egg was deeper in the woods because she said she heard a man say it.

“It must've been a trap, all part of that man's plan to get Shirley.” Thank you, Griff, but I also figured that out.

“What did the man do to you, sweetie?” Her mother seems to be getting the idea as to why Shirley was naked. You see, Shirley didn't say a while ago what the man did to him, she just said “...and the man did stuff...”

“Well, he...” Shirley looked down, not just because she was embarrassed, but she was looking at her pussy.

“Maybe we should discuss at a more, ahem, PRIVATE place.” I suggested.

“Yes, well, you are correct for once Mister Gray.” Griff is not playing nice with me.

“Anyway, Mister Gray, right?” Shirley's mummy was talking to me, and she's not shouting—what a surprise. “What were you doing there anyway?”

“Well, Ma'm, I just moved in from...” I had to think, fast. I need an American city that has the same name in the 1930s and the present time. Living in the Philippines, I have no idea about the U.S.A. . But then I remembered the most recent movie I watched— Captain America.

“Brooklyn, I'm from Brooklyn Ma'm.” Whew.

“What brings you here, Mister Gray?” The mummy's got me on edge here, I forgot to fabricate a story in case I was asked. I have to lie on the fly now.

“Well I got sacked from my last job, and I thought a visit to the country would help me relax.” Enough already, mummy.

“I see, where are you currently staying?” I am going to punch this bitch on the face. Just kidding, that's not my style.

“Well, nowhere. I just arrived and I haven't found any place to stay at yet.” I tried to look as sincere as possible. If I learned anything from experience, it's that mother's instinct is dangerous to liars like me.

She looked me in the eye, and I looked straight back, showing no signs of lying.

“I know if a man is lying, mister Gray” I tried not to falter. Shit.

“And I thank you for telling the truth.”

No Shit.

“Well, seeing as how you’re partially responsible for saving Shirley.” She looked at Shirley with a weak smile on her face. “Perhaps we could offer to let you live with us during your stay here in Brentwood?”

Wow. You know what? I don’t hate her anymore.

“Ma’am, I don’t think that’s a very good idea.” Griff said, seemingly irritated. Mummy gave a look at Griff and he couldn’t say anything else but, “We have no more rooms!” Nicely played Griff.

“Hmm, Griff has a point—”

“Oh nonsense! My bed is big enough for three people so he can stay in my room.” Shirley said, coming to my aid.

“But—” both mummy and Griff tried to speak,

“Look, if not for Mister Gray here I would be dead! Or worse!” Shirley seemed to have gained some sort of superiority all of a sudden.

“She has a point,too.” Mummy seems to see all points but mine. “Would that be alright with you mister Gray?”

“Please Ma’am, call me Jonathan.” I resisted the urge to just say HELL YES. “I would love to.”

“Then that’s settled.” Mummy took Shirley’s hand and Griff went to their car. “Let’s go home and get you dressed, honey.”

I rode with them, it was surprising how there was enough room in this automobile for the four of us. I never thought I’d get to ride an old-type vehicle like this. It moved in a steady but not very fast pace. Not very fast compared to present time cars, of course.

We got to their house, and my god was it BIG. We went inside an enormous metal gate, and into a beautiful scenery full of trees and flower patches. The pathway stopped before their lawn, and we drove to a parking space for the car. We got out of the car and made our way to their lawn, all the while I couldn’t stop marvelling about the size of the place, the house, EVERYTHING. I knew they were rich and owned quite an amount of land here, but I didn’t expect it to be THIS big.

“What’s wrong?” Shirley noticed me.

“Nothing’s wrong, I just couldn’t believe that I’ll get to stay in this mansion.” I smilingly told her.

“Oh stop flattering, it’s not very huge.” Shirley tried not to enjoy my flattery of her house.

We went inside. The interior is just as beautiful as the exterior. There were paintings, and black and white photographs of the Temple family around. The place was beautifully peaceful. I could live here forever if they’d let me.

“Here let me show you to my room.” Shirley held my hand and led me upstairs.

“That’s mum and dad’s room, that’s Jack’s room, that’s George’s room” We moved pretty fast while she toured me around. “And that’s my room!” She pointed to an open door revealing a room with blue-ish walls and a pretty big king-size bed. There were dolls on shelves around the room. My God, there were dolls everywhere!

“SHIRLEY!!! Go have your bath, first!” Mummy was calling from downstairs.

“Oh well, at least I won’t have a hard time undressing!” She giggled some more, and twirled around causing Griff’s coat to fall off her. She was once more naked in front of me, and all I can look at was her smile. The one on her face and the vertical smile down there.

“Would you like to have a bath with me Mister Gray?” She wasn’t very embarrassed of her nudity now. I wonder if it’s because she’s at home?

“I’d love to, but I doubt your mother would let me.” It was hard not to say yes. She made her way to the door and stopped.

“Here, have a good look!” She turned around and just stood there, allowing me to stare at her naked, cuddly body. For an eight year old, she looks like she’s six. Her nipples were protruding out of her beautiful, fair skin, like brown raisins on a white loaf of bread. Her puffy pussy was sandwiched between her chubby legs, full of baby fat. Such smooth skin, I couldn’t help but stare and smile.

“Like what you see?” She was giggling, and it broke my trance. Our eyes met, and I knew then and there that she had an idea of what she was doing. “Oh! Mum will get angry if I don’t take my bath yet, I have to go!” And she ran, naked, with her butt cheeks jiggling along.

I had no idea what just happened. What did I do to deserve this much luck? There maybe a few obstacles but still. I just have to make them more comfortable to me. I’ve got a lot of things to do.

Well, I’ve got a lot of things to look forward to as well:

For example, Bedtime.

End Of Part 1