

Behind Closed Doors

By Erialfor

This is a story of an eighteen-year-old girl that's used by her father's friend. Her father suspects this but is weak. If this is not something you think you're interested in reading, then please don't. I'm still not a native speaker, so there might be some errors. It's not finished yet, but can be read as a standalone. I'll try to write more chapters if people like this. Enjoy!

The doorbell rang. Liam hurried to the door. He let his lifelong friend, and colleague, Keith, in. It was not uncommon for Keith to drop by on the weekend, but two nights in a row was.

Liam's daughter, Lucy, heard the men greet each other in the hall.

"Hey there, Lucy, how are you?" Keith greeted her in his usual cheerful voice.

"I'm fine. How about you?"

"I missed you yesterday."

"Oh," she nodded. "I was invited to a birthday party."

"Ah, that's why," he smiled happily. "You know... usually, when I come to visit your old man, you're home as well. Maybe you were already waiting for me, today?" Without delay, he sat down on the couch next to her.

Lucy laughed incredulously. "I can have fun by myself, just fine."

Keith looked at her closely, his eyes taking interest in her sundress that reached her knees. He saw her breasts, a handful, but so deliciously perky. Her slender, clean-shaven legs leaned on the coffee table.

"A new dress?" he asked curiously.

It came to her attention how in a few minutes Keith had become more noticeable of her appearance than her father in a few weeks. "Yeah, it was on sale."

"Nice dress, honey," her father said, partly embarrassed. Keith agreed.

Liam bent down in front of the TV set, looking up the movie they wanted to watch.

Keith laid his hand on Lucy's shoulder. "How's school?" he asked flashing a wide smile, his inquiring dark brown eyes fixed upon her.

"It's going well, thanks for asking," she replied, stroking her long blonde hair behind her ears.

"Do you know what you want to do after you graduate?"

Lucy had thought a lot about what she wanted to do next. She wanted to be a nurse, but the internship in the hospital was a bit of a disappointment. He nodded understandingly when she told him this.

"It used to be a lot easier for women. Plus, they learned useful things; cooking, needlework, sewing..."

"How is that easier?" She had no idea what he was talking about. She could learn to cook at home.

"They married young and had children to raise. And the children were not given to a nanny, to subsequently build a career on their own, like women do today. Think about it. Just staying at home, does that sound so bad? Wonderful times, I tell ya."

Lucy noticed how Keith shifted closer, waiting impatiently to hear her response. "Uh, no, not really. Being dependent on a man is over. Women power." She thought he was a nice man, but she wasn't going to say things for the sake of pleasing him.

"I am a huge supporter of Women Power!" he replied in a lively manner. "But don't you like the idea, of having a bunch of kids? To greet your husband when he comes home from work, take off his heavy boots for him. To cook dinner for him. Take care of the kids. Not having to work your ass off desperately trying to combine work and motherhood."

Liam heard his narrative. Keith was a good friend, a nice guy to grab a beer with, but his view on women was hopeless.

"Pay no heed to him, pumpkin," he said to his daughter. "Not all men are as hopelessly old-fashioned as he is."

"Why don't you grab us a beer, Liam?" Keith chimed in. "Are you watching with us, too?" he then, asked Lucy.

She nodded. She always liked to watch with them.

"Do you have a boyfriend, sweetie?" Keith asked curiously.

Lucy was taken aback by that question. He came by more often lately, and each time he had been interested in her private life. The interaction with other friends of her father didn't go further than a greeting or a brief chat. On those occasions, she had felt unwanted and entertained herself, upstairs in her room.

However, she had the idea that Keith was genuinely interested in the answers to his questions. "No, but it will!" she laughed. He laughed with her, and gently pulled her toward him.

"You think?"

"Yes, of course!" she giggled. Keith was so silly sometimes.

"A cutie like you deserves a boyfriend spoiling her, that's for sure."

Liam walked out of the kitchen and saw his daughter punch Keith in his side. Liam couldn't figure out whether Keith was moaning or laughing in response. Keith had always been a little different. He handed him a beer and sat down on the other side of his daughter.

Keith took a sip and then looked at Liam inquiringly. "Can't she have a beer?" He pointed at Lucy, who, with a blush on her cheeks, pressed her back into the pillows, partly still leaning against Keith.

"Uh, no, no alcohol for my daughter. In three years from now, it's up to her, when she's twenty-one."

"She knows perfectly well when it's safe to cross her boundaries," Keith replied, shaking his head.

"If you know it all so well, why don't you have children of your own?" Liam mumbled to himself. "I didn't let you into my house to argue with you, Keith," he spoke up.

"Unbelievable," Keith chuckled. "She's old enough to join the army, to give birth, but not old enough to drink al-co-hol." He prolonged the last word mockingly. "Let's ask her what she wants."

Liam sat there, bewildered, but regained his strength when he saw Keith lifting his beer towards Lucy.

"Keith, this is my daughter, and she's not having alcohol in my house," he raised his voice, giving it more authority.

Keith waved off his words but lowered his beer.

"You can drink some pop, but that's it," he whispered to Lucy, poking her in her side.

She giggly pushed his hand back.

Lucy turned on the TV, her father turned off the lights. He wasn't going to let Keith get inside his head today.

"How about one sip?" Keith whispered conspiratorially. Liam looked up at him, annoyed. Keith hold up his hands in resignation and leaned back into the couch.

He enjoyed being here a great deal. Lucy was a fun girl to hang out with. Her father was too strict with her, though. Keith held his beer upside down, his finger pressed on the opening, preventing the beer from leaking out. "Just a taste?" he asked Lucy expectantly, and held up his hand.

She saw his long finger, wet and slightly curved now, removed from her mouth only by an inch. She sniffed the distinctive smell.

"Come on, just try." He then pushed his finger lightly against her naturally-red lips.

Lucy felt her cheeks blush. She couldn't believe he did this in such a blatant manner.

He didn't wait but pushed his finger between her soft lips. He bumped his fingertip into her tongue and let it rest on top. She extended her tongue and licked the beer off his finger. It didn't taste as bad as she had initially thought.

He retrieved his finger, and an audible pop followed. He grinned. "You like?"

She shrugged her shoulders, casting her bright blue eyes down. It was enough approval for Keith. Again, he let a bit of the beer trickle onto his finger and held it up before her lips. He saw her hesitation. He let his finger push forward. He groaned softly when she opened her lips for him. Her tongue licked once.

"Nice..." he moaned, and quickly hold the bottle upside down again, wetting his finger with the beer.

Again, he extended his hand. She hesitated, avoiding eye contact with the older man. He smiled. He moved his finger over her soft lips. When she extended her tongue to lick it up, he pushed his finger in, deep.

Her tongue clasped around his finger. He noticed how clumsily she had swallowed afterward. His mind went into overdrive.

He pictured himself leaning forward on one foot and knee, his zipper open, his hard, meaty cock sticking out of his open fly. His cockhead nudged against her soft lips. Those same lips opening for his veiny cock. He, horny as ever, impatiently pushing it into her

mouth. She would hesitate as she had now, but with the wall behind her head, there'd be no escape.

If she likes beer maybe she'll like cum as well. He'd wash away the smell of beer in her mouth with his spunk.

The couch was large, and with them sitting so far near the corner at the other end, Liam hadn't noticed immediately. He sensed something was up, though. Lucy felt her cheeks glow, and shivers ran through her body. She didn't know where to look or what to do. She felt the sensation of his finger in her mouth, but also a tickling between her legs.

Keith stroked her hair, dragging her hair with his rugged hand. Her long, blonde curls fell next to her face, blocking her father's view.

Liam, however, still saw Keith's hand moving up and down.

"What's going on here?" he inquired.

"I'm giving our Lucy here the privilege of her very first taste of fine beer, my friend." He smiled, first at Liam, then at Lucy.

Lucy, all of a sudden, felt very self-conscious. She leaned back, letting Keith's finger slip out of her mouth.

Liam's eyes widened, and he witnessed in disbelief how Keith let the beer sip onto his finger, and then let his finger linger on his daughter's lips.

"Shh, just open - Hmm..." Keith mumbled when she parted her lips to let him in.

Lucy looked out of the corner of her eye, at her father. She felt embarrassed, now that he saw her.

"Our Lucy...? This isn't... Keith, that's my daughter!"

"She likes it," Keith chuckled. "And no wonder. One thousand years of traditions."

"Yeah, but this is my daughter, not one of those bimbo girls you pick up at the bar."

"Relax, old man, she's just exploring a little."

Liam stood up and made his way to the fridge to fetch himself another beer. He thought of how laughable it was, calling someone an old man when the difference was barely a few years. If anything, him being older would mean he had authority over Keith.

He looked back and saw the huge grin on his friend's face. He saw his daughter's face as well, with Keith's finger disappearing between her lips. How ridiculous. Why did he think it was okay to do this to his daughter?

"You have such beautiful light blonde hair. Did you dye it?" he overheard him asking.

"The sun bleached it, it's not this light, normally," she replied in a soft voice. Liam thought she sounded a bit shy. He was going to free her from his flattery.

"Keith, can I talk to you for a sec?" he asked from the kitchen, out of their sight.

Keith caressed Lucy's shoulder for a bit, and then, reluctantly, stood up. Excited as he was, the bulge of his cock clearly showed. Lucy gasped, quickly averting her eyes. Keith reached in with one hand, adjusting his erection.

"What's up?" he yelled. No answer came. He shrugged and walked to the kitchen.

Lucy overheard her father's heavy voice utter inaudible words. Keith said something back, but she couldn't make out his words, either. She sat there, suddenly realizing she'd better pause the movie.

"She's not drinking alcohol," she heard Keith's voice say. Then, they both went silent, noticing the sudden silence from the adjoining room.

Keith walked in front when they came back. They sat next to her again, Keith's hand soon resting on her shoulders.

"Do you like the movie?" he whispered.

She nodded, staring at the TV, smiling at the protagonist's banter. Apparently, things were okay again between her dad and him. Lucy lazily leaned against Keith's shoulder.

It had been fifteen minutes since her dad interrupted them in the kitchen, when she felt Keith's fingers touch her knee. He chuckled when her leg gave an involuntary jerk. His hand caressed her, until he moved his hand up to her upper legs. They were smooth. So very soft and supple. So skinny, too, he could fit half her leg into his large hand. He gave an approving growl.

She slapped his hand away, again triggering a laugh from him. He had always been a little handsy with her. When her dad left to go to the restroom, Keith placed his hand on her knee, asking her if she needed to go, too.

"No, I don't," she answered, staring at the visible veins in his hand.

"I might have to go later. All that beer is moving down, to my..."

He grinned, simultaneously moving up his hand, about halfway up her thin, summer dress. He extended his fingers, and knew he was just an inch short of touching her panties.

She closed her legs, trapping his hand. The warmth of her legs radiated into him. He didn't mind in the slightest.

He took a sip from his beer, and noticing there wasn't much left he snuggled into her. "Almost empty," he whispered and carefully put the bottle to her lips.

She contemplated what to do, then parted her lips and sipped the last of his beer. She was given no time to taste the beer; she quickly swallowed and released a gasp when his palm cupped her panties.

She pushed his hand off of her panties, but his hand grabbed hers and placed it on top of his bulging pants.

She was taken aback and accidentally squeezed it, ejecting a moan from him.

Lucy felt flustered. He had thirty-three years on her, and yet, he had an erection and wasn't afraid of showing it. Even with her father so close by. She wanted to retreat her hand, but felt oddly content to let it stay there, on this man's cock, so very hard for her. And it was so hot as if it was running a fever, caused by her presence.

At fifty-one, he was much older than her. His smug grin and attitude were too much for her at times. He was surpassing himself, however, with his behavior tonight. Lucy had never known he felt anything sexual for her.

Keith grinned to himself. If she thought she held his hands captive with those slender legs she was very wrong. Lucy's thoughts were interrupted as he roughly wrung his hand out from between her legs, out from under her dress, as her father entered the living room.

With a sigh of relief, Liam sat down, beckoning his daughter to continue playing the film.

"Your fly is open, dad." She felt ashamed telling him, even more so after feeling up his friend's cock. But that wasn't her fault. She hadn't done that willingly. Keith had put her hand there.

Shortly after, Keith's leg pushed hard against hers, forcing her to look his way. She choked back a laugh when she saw his legs spread far apart, a big O forming in his open fly.

"Zip up your fly. Don't be ridiculous," she whispered. Had he really, just now, opened his fly to get her attention?

"Hmm? I can't hear you," he replied, feigning an interest in the film Liam meanwhile was absorbed by.

"You too. Zip up your fly," she repeated in a louder voice, simultaneously hearing her father's zipper going up.

"How bad is it?"

"It's wide open!"

"Oh yeah? Then what color is my underwear?"

"Grey."

"What type of underwear?"

"Boxer briefs."

"Awww, baby. It's that bad, huh?"

"Lucy, you shouldn't be looking at that," her father chimed in.

Lucy laughed at his words. How could she possibly not?

"Yeah, Lucy, what are you looking at our flies for?" Keith laughed.

Ignoring the men she focused her eyes on the TV screen. She heard Keith pull up his zipper.

When the movie was over and her father picked up the empty beers, Keith grabbed one of them. Liam suspected he hadn't drank the whole bottle.

"This is your first beer, girl," Keith spoke, looking over his shoulder he saw Liam leave into the basement. "Don't let it mingle with the meaningless bottles of your father and have him throw them away. What you need to do is keep it in your bedroom, somewhere in sight. You'll think of this evening with me, and your first taste of booze. Whatcha think, girl? Do you want it to be just another beer bottle? Or do you want to cherish it as something special? Which it is..."

Lucy didn't ponder his words for long. Saving this to muse at it later on in life? Was he kidding? "I don't think--"

"Hey, Liam?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm going upstairs with Lucy, be right back, okay?"

Liam nodded tentatively and saw them leave, the bottle he had seen earlier this evening, with them. He wondered what they were going upstairs for. Perhaps he wanted to see her room? Wasn't that inappropriate, though?

Keith took the liberty of Lucy's indecisiveness and took her hand, and let her up the stairs to her bedroom. When he closed the door behind them, she noticed he leaned against it, a sly grin on his face. "Where do you want to put it, girl? How about that shelf over there?"

"Uhm, yeah, sure."

"Here." Keith pressed the bottle in her hands.

She awkwardly leaned forward, putting it on top of the shelf, next to a few of her books. As soon as he had left she was going to throw it away. Why he thought this was necessary was beyond her. Did he have a shelf of 'first things' at home? She laughed.

Her laugh died quickly when Keith made a move on her. He pressed his erect cock, still confined by his pants, against her butt, moaning deliberately. Immediately after, he leaned his body on top of her back.

"You turn me on, little girl," he murmured breathily into her ear.

Lucy's heart beat in her throat and was alarmed like never before when his impatient hands reached for the zipper on her back. She tried to speak, but he urged her to be quiet. His hands lowered her dress and fumbled with her panties.

"We don't have much time," he warned her. He placed her hands on the wall and then Lucy heard the sounds of his rattling belt, followed by his zipper being opened.

"No," she said firmly, bending down. She grabbed her dress, pulling it up, which immediately, slipped down again, this time resting in a wide V on her round buttocks.

"You've let men fuck you before!" he grunted. "Hold on tight, sweetie!"

He looked down as he fished out his dick, hard and veiny, towering over her small body. His cockhead leaked pre-cum. Eager to fuck her, he smeared it over his cockhead, and sank a little through his knees, aiming it at her pussy.

Her hand reached back in panic, bumping into his erection. "No, Keith, what are you doing?" she wailed.

Keith responded quickly by putting her hand next to her other on the wall. He leaned with his hand on them, ignoring her whimpering. He roughly pumped his cock in his fist a few times and looked satisfied at the result. His cock stood firmly up, hard and horny, already connected to her pussy by the strings of pre-cum.

"You liked touching my cock earlier, yeah?"

"No!" she yelled. Her ass humped against his cock, frantically trying to escape from his clutches.

Not able to hide his affection for her any longer, he silenced her by pushing his tongue into her mouth, roughly dancing with hers. The pleading cries coming from her throat were because she was passionately waiting for his dick to penetrate her, he convinced himself.

"Ready, sweet girl of mine?" He spat onto his hand and rubbed the moisture over his mushroom tip.

"No--Aaaaaahhh!"

The crying didn't frighten him one bit when he pushed his cock into her pussy with one hard thrust.

He was dazed by how tight she was. His hot breath panted in her neck, his cock safely nestled in her pussy. He hold still, catching his breath.

"Let's give your pussy a breather, too, yeah? Then I'll fuck you, don't worry."

Lucy yelled out for help. Keith, furiously, put his hand over her mouth and withdrew his shaft from her pussy. His cock jumped at the sight; her pussy clasped around the last inch of his cock, his cockhead still buried into her young, narrow hole.

"Your pussy is made for cocks like mine, baby!" he grunted and rammed his cock back into her. Her muffled crying only added to his frenzy. "Nice and wet for me, that's a good girl!"

Embarrassed, she heard his accusation. She had been wet since his hands had started touching her legs. When he'd put her hand on his tenting crotch. Maybe even before that, when he stood, his tent clearly visible. Or later when he sat there, openly showing her his underwear.

She couldn't comprehend how he had read her so wrong, though. She wasn't interested in sex with him. Lucy's nails scratched the wall, locked into place by his larger hand, his weight almost bruising them. Her back hurt, and her legs trembled by accommodating his hard fucking, and his large frame leaning on top of her. But the ravaging assault on her pussy was overpowering all of it. He grunted heavily, pounding into her, not resting between his thrusts.

Her mouth came free when he placed them on her hips and pushed her body into him. She gave a loud cry.

"Hush, darling. Don't let him hear."

The thought of her father rushing into the room, seeing her getting penetrated from behind, suddenly frightened her. He hadn't been very supportive of her tonight. She clenched her teeth and felt nauseous having to listen to his grunts and praise.

"Look at that pussy, clasp and sucking on my cock!" Keith laughed while watching himself slamming into her. "You're getting wetter, aren't you, darling?"

It did not occur to her that her pussy did her best to get wet for the invading cock. To receive its thrusts as easily as possible, and to satisfy it, to make it cum. Lucy looked down embarrassed, glad she didn't have to look into his face. She tried to distract her mind, but each thrust made it clear that she was being used for a man's pleasure. She felt confused by the endorphins encouraging her to let him have her, to let go and enjoy. Confused by the pleasure she felt in this.

"Adorable little peach. My compliments," she heard him moan cordially. "Easily the best my cock's ever been in!"

Lucy heard his words in disgust. Was that what she was? A girl to fuck? A pussy for his dick? Because he felt like it?

"Sto--Stop," she gasped, feeling his thrusts getting deeper, hitting something inside her she didn't like. "Ahh!"

"Sorry kitty," he gasped, taking her in less deep thrusts then. "I'll let you enjoy a little too," he whispered softly. She felt his fingers glide over her belly, downward. It was that place she used to play with when she was in bed. His cock was pulsing inside her, the hips of the man resting now.

"Shh," he soothed her, circling his wet fingers around her sensitive spot. She squirmed under his heavy breath as he pressed his middle finger fully onto her clit. His index finger joined along, touching her there.

"Yaa--Aaah!" she squealed, totally overwhelmed by his bold fingers. Keith grunted heavily, his cock jumping up, throbbing wildly upon hearing her soft voice scream.

"N--No, Keith... I'm... aaaah... too sensitive!"

Her body shook so hard under him that he wondered if she had an orgasm. "Are you coming?" he murmured.

She grabbed his hand with hers, holding it still. "It's too intense," she cried.

"Yeah?" he asked her rhetorically. "Let go of my hand," he spoke in a firm voice. When she didn't, he put her hand back onto the wall again. "Do you want me to restrain your hands?"

He was pleased when he saw that she kept both her hands on the wall. "Good girl," he moaned satisfied. "Just let me do my thing, I'm sure you'll like it."

He circled his fingers around her clit. When he saw that she was trembling on her legs, sagging a little, throwing her ass up against him, he growled lustfully.

He let his dick slide out of her. Lucy gasped and straightened herself.

"Down!" Keith growled, pushing her down, feeding her his cock.

She gave a yell, and in frustration, Keith began to fuck her hard. If she kept yelling and screaming like that, her ignorant father would surely come up.

Then, he felt her gushing, giving his thrusts, even more, the distinctive sounds of a couple having sex.

"Wh--Ahh," he grumbled. He couldn't comprehend why he hadn't tried to fuck a teenager before. All those sluts he had fucked didn't come close to sweet Lucy.

Lucy surprised him again by squirting on him. She moaned like a horny, experienced whore, bent over, her juices dripping from his cock, leaking more juice against him from her narrow hole.

"Nice, Lucy?" he gasped. He wanted to know. He pulled her head aside by her long hair. Her face was red, her eyes closed, her mouth wide open panting wildly, her head bobbing up and down to the rhythm of their united bodies.

Keith then rammed his cock into her harder than before.

"Ahhh," she grimaced, lost for words.

Even through his hard thrusts, Keith felt her pussy clasp on his cock, sucking him in, her juices splashing wildly onto his body. He slammed his cock home, his balls loudly slapping against her vulva.

"I'm gonna cum!" he moaned in satisfaction, exhaling his hot breath into her hair.

"Pull out!" she cried, but it fell on deaf ears. Keith didn't trust her and grabbed her firmly by her narrow hips, slamming his cock one last time into her pussy. He held still, relishing in the warmth of her tight fuckhole squeezing down onto his thrashing cock. Her pussy squirmed simultaneously with her body, trying to escape his grip.

His cock hardened and jerked, spurting his seed out of his sensitive tip, into her pussy.

"Mmm, you're so cute..." pleased his low voice into her ear. "I'm cumming now. You're so lovely--Ahh, my sweet, little Lucy!" he continued saying in a low, gravelly voice, unsteadily standing on his feet now.

He whispered sweet nothings into her ear, between his heavy breaths. She felt bewildered hearing him utter her name in his exciting state, emptying his balls into her without any protection. She soothed herself in the knowledge it was all over soon. She had goosebumps all over her skin when he thanked her.

"Your pussy knows how to milk a cock, baby," her abuser panted, trying to get his breath back. "It's so tight, too."

He'd always been fond of the cute girl, but never in his dreams had he thought he would have sex with his friend's hot daughter. She wasn't cheerfully smiling or giggling now, with which he had fallen in love so much, but that will come later. Fucking was a serious business, and he was glad she acknowledged that.

"How old are you, anyway?" he asked, meanwhile pulling out from her. The noise of wet section startled her.

He tucked his spent prick back into his pants with a contented sigh. "Do you need anything?" he asked, but knew he didn't mean it. He enjoyed using a woman's body to make him cum, and then leaving them with the mess.

Her puffy labia red, gaping wide, his cum splashed on her inner legs, and dripping out of her vagina, gave him a sick thrill. She looked properly fucked. He felt pride in that.

Lucy straightened herself, and immediately felt the pain in her back. Her posture had been so uncomfortable when he had her bent down for him, but the sight of his semen all over her made her quiver--she wasn't on birth control. The thought of the possibility of him having inseminated her was overwhelming. A ten-minute fuck wasn't worth supporting a kid.

The concerned look on Keith's face almost looked honest to her when she started to have difficulty breathing.

"Go away, please," her voice spoke softly, one she didn't even recognize herself.

"No need to feel ashamed about what we did," he told her. "Best not tell your father, though. He wouldn't understand."

She froze when his fingers danced around her legs, and then realized he pulled up her panties, covering her dripping, wet pussy with them.

"Let's get you downstairs properly, hm?" he whispered happily, and then put her dress back on as well. He still stood behind her when he was finished. He petted her ass. He inhaled deeply with his nose resting on top of her head. "You smell so delicately and tempting!"

Not only that, the heavy smell of sex in the room was exciting him. How he longed to make out with her on her twin bed. Finger her pussy, make her cum on them again, and then fuck her once more. Maybe he'd go slow this time.

But that would have to wait.

Stroking back her hair, he saw the upset look in her teary eyes. "I was..." she started to say, but choked back her words.

"What is it, Lucy?" His words sounded sincere, like when they had been on the couch together. "Lucy?"

"I was a virgin. You asshole!" she sniffled. Her saying it out loud made her hate him even more. He had ruined her for her future boyfriend. Her first time was going to be romantic with kissing, touching, maybe a little groping, and then they'd have sex. Not fucked against the wall by an older man, who wanted her only for her vagina.

"That I did not know," he stammered apologetically. He felt sorry for her, having fucked her so roughly her first time. Even more when he heard her softly cry. She'd always been so happy to see him.

Women and sex. They were inextricably intertwined with each other to him, but having to have to deal with their emotions!

His hands reached out to her, holding her in a tight hug, kissing her soothingly on her disheveled hair. "Sshhh... everything's okay. It's over now. You're safe with me."

His warmth and large frame, soothing her with his words, made Lucy almost feel secure. But her head was spinning with questions. How could this be the same man who had

just taken her against her will? Was he sorry? Had she seduced him? Maybe she had opened her dress a little for him?

Her head was full of questions, one question in particular. Why had she come on him, and why did it feel so good, even though, it was with him? She had fingered herself to orgasm plenty of times, but this was different. A hard cock, with two hefty balls, pounding into her, accompanied by his heavy grunts... and his approving words about her body. Keith wasn't the romantic lover she'd been looking for, but still... that she had this power over an experienced, adult man like him, felt surreal. But he came inside her. She didn't know what to do about that.

"You..." she swallowed. She didn't want her father to suspect anything. She wouldn't survive the shame. "I'm going downstairs now."

The reproachful look in her blue eyes worried him some. "Hey, I thought you liked me?" he asked with a broad smile on his face. She saw his pants, wet with her juices and his cum.

Keith smiled to himself when he saw the inconvenience in her walk when she left. Just a minute ago his cock was inside her, going to town on that sweet peach of her, he gloated to himself.

His eyes then fell onto her purse laying on the ground. Something shiny caught his attention. His fingers reached inside, grasping it. He quickly put it into his pockets.

Walking down the stairs she felt his semen soak her panties and trickle down her legs.

"Hey, what took you so long?" Liam asked his daughter, suspecting something had happened.

"Oh... nothing." She wasn't ready for this confrontation with her father.

"Nothing?" he asked. "And what's Keith still doing upstairs?"

She disappeared into the bathroom, locking the door.

"Hey Keith?" he yelled.

"Where's the fire?" Keith jokingly ran down the stairs in a hurry.

"We're all going to bed in a minute... so, yeah..." Liam said.

Keith nodded.

"It was a good movie I picked."

"Sure was," Keith replied. "No worries..." He grabbed his coat and hesitated. "Wouldn't it be rude to leave without saying goodbye to Lucy?" he asked his friend.

"What were you doing upstairs?" Liam asked and noticed Keith averted his eyes when they made eye contact.

Keith shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing special, man."

There was that word again- 'nothing'. Liam felt his friend was being dishonest with him.

Liam's look was so unpleased, that Keith figured it was better to elaborate. "She showed me her room, man," he chuckled. "I will say... you did a good job raising her. It was like I was visiting her house or something. You should have seen her."

Liam didn't like his friend's tone, nor the big grin on his face. But he wasn't insensitive to his praise. Without her mother, raising a teenager all alone, he knew he had done a fine job, but it was nice to hear that from someone other than his mother for a change.

"Thank you."

Keith left with a smile and a wave.

Liam waited for Lucy, but gave up after five minutes. He knocked on the door and asked her to turn off the lights when she would go to bed.

"I will," he could barely make out her words.

If something had happened, he could still ask tomorrow. Not that anything very special could have happened. His friend wouldn't do that. Risking his friendship for his daughter? He knew of his lust for young women, though, and not entirely assured he lay down in his bed. The alcohol tired his eyelids, and soon he fell asleep.

Lucy waited until the house went silent. She walked up the stairs, tossed her cum-soaked panties and her dress in the washer, and took a shower. She saw how the water washed away his semen. She aimed the stream into her vagina, hoping it would wash away his cum there, as well. She marveled at her vagina. It looked nothing like it had ever before. It was clearly freshly fucked by a cock, thick enough to stretch it that much. She quickly turned off the water, not wanting to look any longer.

In bed, however, there was nothing to do, but lay still. Her mind went back to what had happened. To his grunting, his desperation in his voice. The thrusts she had taken. Before long, she felt aroused thinking of the effect she had on this grown, independent man. Her hand slid down over her stomach.

The last few weeks when Keith had come by, she had welcomed him more than once, and opened the door for him. She'd even dressed herself up once, when she knew he was coming over that night.

But Keith was not a man for her. Not in the least. His nose and ears were quite large, and his tall stature of 6"2 was huge compared to her 5"5. She had experienced the strength he had in his arms and legs today. The difference was so great to her that it became impossible. And then, there was his age. He had gray hair, like--he could have been her father!

She was thinking about her father's appearance this evening. What a difference from Keith's. Keith was a man who knew what he wanted, and didn't beat about the bush. Maybe he was already chasing a girl this minute, somewhere in a cafe...

She wondered how that went. Did he take her by the hand, walk her into an alley, fuck her against the stone wall? That man is a sex addict, she had heard her father say it himself tonight. The bimbo's he was after, she couldn't imagine anything else. He had one-night stands. Maybe he wanted to have felt as many vaginas as possible, in his life.

Lucy closed her eyes believing this was it; a one-off shag so he could add her to his long list of women fucked.

* * *

Lucy had been distracted all day at school. In quick strides, she walked her way home. Finally some rest, she thought, but also little distraction.

She stared at her school assignment. She could do that tomorrow. She took a shower and grabbed her cookbook off the shelf. Maybe her father had special intentions when he gave her this on her birthday. She flipped to the pasta and looked up at the clock in amazement when she heard the front door slam shut.

Dad who came home at four in the afternoon?

She got out of her room. In the kitchen, she saw her father's work pants, his upper body hidden in the open refrigerator.

"Hey, Dad! What are you home early for?"

"Hi, there!" Keith smiled brightly, closing the fridge. "How are you today, princess?"

Lucy's eyes were as big as saucers but she tried to play it casually.

"Did Dad give you his keys? Are you here to pick up something?"

"Something like that," he chuckled.

Lucy's heart thumped wildly when she saw Keith's hand kneading the front of his pants.

"We can stay at my place for a little while?"

"W--what? No, why... I have homework and--"

"Liam won't be here until six."

"Y-yeah, but I don't... wanna go to your place..." she stammered.

Keith's smile disappeared. He looked her up and down and sighed. "Did you not like it, then?"

"You're too old for me." She could tell by looking at his face her words hurt him.

"Too old, huh?" he chuckled incredulously. "You could have told me that before you let me fuck you!"

"I didn't let you fuck me, you used me, you bast--"

She went silent when he walked towards her, this giant of a man with her home alone, she thought it was best not to piss him off.

"You know what you are?" he asked.

"A slut?" she asked sarcastically.

"No," he laughed, "you're worse than that."

She noticed she had been walking away from his incoming presence when she felt her ass bump against the kitchen wall. All of a sudden the kitchen felt really small.

"You're a cock-tease."

"Oh really? Cockteasers don't let men put their cocks inside them, moron!"

Keith didn't move a muscle.

"I'll tell my dad. He'll kill you."

Keith drank from the milk but kept his eyes on her.

"The only one that drinks milk here is my dad, and he won't like it that you drink straight from the package."

Keith laughed it off but put the milk back in the fridge.

"I think he doesn't like a lot of things. But if I were your dad your life would be a lot more pleasant." He saw the curiosity and the twinkle in her eyes. "It might be unethical for us to fuck if I was, but that's not my point... my point is I would adore you, unlike anything you can imagine. You know what the first thing is that I would do?"

Looking at his erection tenting his work pants she didn't have to think for long.

"Fuck me?"

"Well that... uhm, no, I'd buy you a car."

"Right..."

"Yes," he nodded. "I'd buy you a car today if you were my girlfriend."

"Well, I'm not, so that's that."

Keith put his hand in his pocket, feeling the grains of sand on his fingertips. He had thought it would be a lot easier to talk his way into her panties.

"This whole house reminds me of your father. Let's go to your room," he said matter of factly, and took her manicured hand in his. Lucy struggled to find her voice, and felt his large hand push her softly on her lower back towards the stairs.

"Can't believe we have fucked on the first date," he chuckled when they arrived in her bedroom. "I see you still got that bottle."

He seemed extremely pleased. Lucy never even noticed that beer bottle for some reason when she had come home from school today.

"Yeah, it's nice."

"It was your first."

His words reminded him of her first time having sex. She hadn't even seen his cock. Her gaze fell upon his crotch. He was still in an aroused state.

"Sorry about that," he smiled. "It's the effect you have on me. You don't want to know how awkward today has been. I had to turn my back to your dad so many times."

"Okay, whatever, listen I have homework, so..." She wanted him away from her presence, especially when he was horny and hard.

She sat at her desk now, booting up her computer. To her surprise Keith lay down on her bed, kicking off his boots, but kept quiet.

Keith grabbed his phone from his pocket. The number of swipes onto his display made her wonder if he was on a dating app, but she didn't care. As long as he kept his pants on, she was safe.

"I want to show you something, sweetie."

She breathed in, giving him an annoyed look.

"My name is Lucy."

"I know that," he laughed. "C'mere." He patted the small space near his body, but then turned onto his side, giving her more space when she sat down. She was curious to know what he wanted to show her.

He gave her his smartphone.

"Swipe to the right for the next photo," he informed her.

She saw a picture of him with a girl she estimated to be in her twenties. She browsed his gallery, most pictures showed Keith with a girl in his arms, but also many of him kissing one. She saw a picture of a blond sitting on his lap while Keith was kissing a brunette that sat next to him.

"H-how... like, why do they kiss you?"

"Hmm?"

"You're an old man, those girls are beautiful, they can easily have a handsome, young man."

"You still don't get it, do you? Some girls like older men."

"Why?" She couldn't think of any reason.

"Well, look at me, for example. I have a job, no kids, and no wife, so that leaves me with plenty of time and money I can spend. Girls like that sort of thing. Like I said, if you were my girlfriend..." He sat up, spread his legs and lifted her up, and put her between his legs. Lucy's pulse fastened but he hadn't pressed her against his erection. She wanted to know what the deal was with those girls.

"I'd buy you gifts... flowers... I'd take you to a fancy restaurant, but before that, we'd go shopping. Because I wanna see your happy smile wearing the clothes I bought for you. We could go to a festival or theme park. Do fun things your boring father never would. I'd buy you cotton candy and win a giant cuddly teddy bear for you. On our way home, you can be the driver."

"Sure." She didn't believe a word he was saying but appreciated he at least knew about romance.

"Why, of course. I'm tired from carrying heavy bags all day."

She laughed at that.

"And then, at night..."

Lucy hold her breath, and even though Keith didn't finish his sentence, she knew what he meant.

"So..." she began, considering her words carefully. "Is that what you did with those girls?" She almost dropped the phone when she saw the next picture. It was shot from above, and by the looks of it, it must have been in his car. She saw a head with long brown hair buried in his lap.

"That's enough young lady," he laughed nervously taking the phone from her. He looked at the shocked expression on her face. He smiled and then leaned down.

Lucy trembled. Keith lowered his face slowly, and when she felt his nose touch her skin she closed her eyes shut. His lips kissed her then, tentatively, but she felt the urge behind

his kiss. When he let go and kissed her again she felt her stomach respond, and the itch between her legs. It was romantic, and so much more beautiful than the sex they'd had.

"Um, that's enough," she whispered shyly.

"Hmm, yes. So uh, about your question..." he smiled and gave her a quick kiss, one last time. "I've never done such things with any girl, so far. The ones you saw on my phone will spread their legs for any man. And the girl you saw su-- eh, well, she was drunk. But in general, those girls don't want anything in return."

"Except maybe free drinks," he chuckled. "What they are after is what men are after; sex. They are sluts that want to experiment. So when they see a handsome, older man like me, their slutty mind tells them they wanna do me, so they can scrap that off their bucket list."

Lucy laughed about the way he spoke about them and the confidence he had in his looks.

"Well, I'm not them."

He nodded in agreement.

"That makes it so interesting, You never even had a drink until yesterday. And you were a virgin, too. I still feel bad about that, by the way."

Keith's hand rested on top of her leg, his index and middle finger stroking her inner leg.

"You have to see it like this... I'm single, so when I get horny I fuck women. Women like how I fuck. But if I had a steady relationship with a lady I really liked? I would gladly leave all that behind me, forever and ever."

Lucy's thoughts were filled with the young, beautiful girls, thinking he had probably fucked them, too.

"I'm not as beautiful as them."

Keith growled and pushed her ass against his crotch. "Lucy, you're so young and hot, I'd be so lucky. You're as beautiful as your name."

"Like, what's so beautiful about me, then?"

She wasn't immune to his flattering and seeing this made Keith smile from ear to ear.

"Well, you're a bit skinny..." he started his speech and saw he had brought up a sensitive subject. "But that's because of your shitty father, I know how mean he is with money."

Lucy giggled, knowing all too well that wasn't a lie.

"I'd feed you well, and would expect you to do the shopping. When you come home from school you can use my credit card. I have to tell you though, I eat for two, no kidding. Then, when I come home from work, we will have a nice, quiet dinner together. With you in my lap, just like now."

"Wait, I live with you?"

"Of course, I'll talk to your father."

"He would never lend his daughter to you."

Keith laughed out loud. "Lend? I didn't know you're a hooker or were fucking your father, Lucy!"

Lucy giggled.

"Can I tell you a secret?" he asked.

Lucy noticed the sudden change in his behavior. He whispered his words, his lips so close to her ears now.

"I happen to like skinny girls."

Lucy swallowed nervously. It was easy to talk about those sluts, but he was talking about her now.

"After a few kids your body will grow, you'll get more fat in the right places."

"I thought you liked skinny girls?" Lucy asked confused.

"I do, but if you don't, that thought might be an encouragement."

Lucy stared ahead in silence.

Keith stroked her hair that hang over her shoulder, until he deliberately stroked her breast.

"I like your hair, it's so soft. You comb your hair well," he whispered into her ear. His hand started stroking her hair on top of her head, moving down until he started stroking her breast again. His hand grabbed hold of it, his cock twitched in an involuntary reflex.

When he moved his hand up again, Lucy flipped her hair over her shoulder, eliciting a laugh from him.

"What else is beautiful about me?" she asked. She believed him. A man that fucks girls as beautiful as in the pictures wouldn't want to fuck her, unless he thought she was pretty.

"Your breasts are a small handful, but that's okay. I can suck them better that way."

Lucy blushed at that.

"Your ass, though, is what amazes me. It's so plump and round, as if all your fat is stored in there."

"How do you feel about girls with fat asses?"

His hands were both on her belly now, his lips kissing her hair.

"I like it."

"What's so great about it?"

"Well, you surely know that, no?" he grinned.

"No, I don't know shit."

Keith laughed. "You're a funny girl, but, uh, I don't know if I should tell you."

"Tell me!" she said in a high-pitched voice, disappointed in herself for not being able to hide the excitement in her voice. She wanted to know, she had been insecure about her butt since the start of her puberty.

"Promise you won't tell your dad?"

"Of course, I won't," she giggled.

"I like to grab a firm, round ass when I am pounding away. When she's on top of me. The girl you saw that sucked my cock? Her knees were resting on her seat, and while she was sucking my dick I was playing with her ass. Her ass was fine, but her face... hmm, not so much. That leads me to the most important part; your face is gorgeous, sweetheart. It makes me hard to just see you flaunt that bright smile of yours. You're a true beauty. A princess meant to be together with her king, one lucky day."

She was so shy now, Keith couldn't help but smile inwardly. He was close to his prize now. Making a girl blush and smile was usually guaranteed to get him laid.

He stroked her stomach, the soft skin making him hornier than ever. He kissed her, pressing his lips roughly onto hers.

"Uhm," she broke the kiss, feeling embarrassed.

"Objectively, what do you like about me?" he asked her, casually kissing her face. Lucy looked down at his hand caressing her.

"I like how big your hands are," she said. She felt shy admitting it, but after his kind words, she felt he deserved as much.

"Aww, thank you," he returned a smile.

"I like..." she began, thinking that after all he had said about her he'd probably feel disappointed if she stopped there. "Uhm, like, uh, your... I like how tall you are."

He smiled triumphantly at Lucy, hanging on her every word.

He'd said 'objectively', Lucy thought. He was a tall man after all. She figured most girls liked that about him. She stared him straight in the eyes and then decided to speak the words before she'd have the chance to regret them.

"I think you're handsome," she said, with a voice that did not waver. There was no harm in telling him that, right?

"You think I'm handsome, huh?" Keith felt flattered by this young girl. He'd heard it all before, but hearing it from an honest, cute, shy girl like Lucy made all the difference.

"Yes," she spoke softly. "I like your honey-brown eyes and how bright they are. You always seem so happy." She let her words sink in and then continued. "Your eyebrows are so thick but I like them, however, you don't take care of them, it's like one long eyebrow at the moment." Keith laughed along with her.

"You're so handsome when you smile. You should do that more."

"Wha- I've been smiling this whole time!" Keith reacted in mock outrage.

"Because you're with me, silly man. I've seen you around dad, it's like two bodyguards at work. Are you guys like that at work, too?"

"I suppose I'm only happy when I'm around women, Lucy."

"I forgot to mention, but you've got a big nose," Lucy smiled.

"Big nose, big..." he grinned.

"Don't get smug with me."

"You've felt it, though, haven't you?" he whispered in a hoarse voice. The leisurely mood suddenly turned into sexual tension.

She thought it was best to ignore his words. "I like how strong you are, but you should use your strength to protect women, not rape them."

"Yeah?" he mumbled, uninterested.

He cupped her breasts in both his hands, simultaneously kissing her, hard. She struggled, but to emphasize her words about his strength he held her locked in his arms. His hands lifted her legs, exposing her panties.

"Take your panties off," he moaned.

Lucy felt his hands pushing her off his legs, and the fast motions of his hand unfastening his belt and opening his zipper.

"Let's do it a little differently this time," Keith growled. He sat up and pushed Lucy onto her bed, onto her belly, flat. He lifted her dress and yanked her panties down in one go.

His cock was ready, but was she? To his pleasant surprise, her pussy glistened from her juices.

He didn't care that he was wasting all the trust he had built up with her. All the talking had made him impatient. He pressed his cockhead against her opening, already so wet for him. He pushed her face down onto the bed, letting her forearms and breasts rest on the soft surface while raising her hips and ass a bit higher.

"Hmm, that's a nice fit for my cock," he panted while Lucy gasped when he let his hard cock sink into her. "There's that ass again," he said, his hand kneading her butt cheeks.

"A quick fuck with my girlfriend before her dad comes home," he grunted, picking up the pace. His dick was wet with her juices now, and he fucked her harder into the mattress.

"You're even tighter than yesterday... hold your legs like this, yes," Lucy heard him groan.

Her fingers hold tightly onto the covers, while she lay on her belly, the slapping sound of their combined sexes in the air.

The thought of how many pussies that cock had been in, repulsed her. "I... don't... want... this," she panted.

It had all gone so fast, he had robbed her of her panties in seconds, and apparently, she was wet enough to receive him. But this was not love. This was a man who couldn't keep his dick in his pants when he was in an enclosed space with a woman.

"Get off of me," she whimpered hopelessly. "You're a sex addict, Keith. You need professional help."

"No," he moaned loudly.

He placed his hands on her lower back, relishing her small frame. He leaned forward, breathing his hot breath into her neck. His lips kissed her affectionately.

Lucy's body shook up and down, back and forth, from his energetic thrusts. Her tight opening was pounded so roughly and without foreplay, that she gave a shriek and tried to scramble up.

Keith looked at it with a grin, and pressed his weight on top of her. In short, quick strokes, his cock pounded continuously. Lucy tried to press her legs together.

"Making yourself tighter for me, sweetie?"

His hard cock, pounding her from above, sent sensations through her body that was new to her. She instinctively knew that his pounding cock was stimulating her g-spot. Although she did not love Keith, she felt true pleasure in sex. Suddenly she understood her girlfriends making a fuss about boys. That pounding cock felt so much better than her slender fingers ever could feel.

Lucy looked to the side, noticing her reflection in the mirrored door of her wardrobe. She saw only a small part of her body. Or rather, a small part of her body getting crushed. She saw Keith's cheeks tighten and relax at a rapid pace.

"You're soaking wet!" Keith roared, accusingly. She closed her eyes, shutting herself off from the world.

She blushed hearing her wetness. Her feet dangled over the bed end, her lips pinched. She heard his ragged breath and sensed he was about to cum. But then, she felt his warm palm reaching between her legs, moist from her sweat. His fingers were roughly playing with her exposed clit.

An unfamiliar feeling hit her, as she felt an enormous sensation in both her clit and vagina. She buried her head into the bed, panting, moaning, crying out loud for Keith to stop.

Keith did no such thing. His fingers busied themselves with her hard, little clit. His cock fucking its way into her gushing tunnel repeatedly. Her juices splashed his legs and balls. He felt her heart rate skyrocket, right through her slim body.

The sight of Lucy squirming under him, her adorable face so flushed, her crying and panting made his dick jerk up inside her pussy. Seeing her gave him hope he'd fuck her at least one more time. He figured this was as good a time as ever to let go of his inhibitions. He fucked her with the entire length of his shaft, slamming his balls against her vulva. The contractions of her pelvic muscles soon became too much, even for an experienced man like him.

With a heavy sigh, he slammed his cock into her one last time. His cum shooting out of the tip of his penis, embedded in that hot, slippery place only a woman could provide, made him shiver as if he was having a fever. He trembled on his knees, holding her soft ass close to his body. He stared at it, wishing she was see-through, now that he was pumping his seed into her. It occurred to him she might get pregnant, but he'd worry about that later. He saw her cute butthole contracting and without thought, he inserted his coarse middle finger. His orgasm felt even better when he heard her squeal.

He was so sensitive but tried fucking her, nonetheless. He pushed her body up into doggy style and humped away. Lucy's hand unsuccessfully tried pushing him off.

His buried finger moved back and forth within her ass. He loved the sight of her ass clamping down onto his finger. His finger kept fucking her, while his cock pulled limply out of her pussy. Her open lips, leaking with his white semen gave him a sick thrill. When he fucked girls from the cafe he always used condoms, but this girl was deflowered by him. Hornily, he stroked her ass cheeks, staring at her pussy fucked wide open. There was only one downside to uninhibited sex--what if she gets pregnant? Her father wouldn't have to think long about whom she had allowed herself to conceive with.

"I'll get you a morning-after pill," he soothed her while he pulled up his pants.

Without the support of his hands, Lucy felt forward, the pleasant sensations still rippling through her body. She saw Keith putting his still slightly swollen dick away, with a satisfied grin on his face.

"Don't worry about anything from now on," he sighed, and sat down on her desk chair. He pushed away her keyboard and grabbed a pen and paper. "This is my cell phone number. Hmm, I'll give you my landline number as well. Call me, maybe when your dad is taking a shower?"

"I'm sorry, what did you say?" he asked when he thought he heard her speak.

"Give me a... towel, please," she whispered.

Keith stood up, glad he could be of help. "I'm sorry about the cum," he apologized when he handed her the towel.

Standing next to her bed, he watched her clean herself.

"Uh, yeah, so I better go now," he chuckled. "Take a long, hot shower, and when your lame dad does the same, you call me okay?"

"He's not lame, just--"

"Yeah, I'm sorry," he laughed awkwardly. "I love his daughter, though."

Keith walked to his car, grinning from ear to ear at the key in his hand. He hadn't forgotten to lock the door. From now on he'd let himself inside Lucy's house. She was such a good fuck! He noticed her looking out of her window. He waved happily, stuffing the key into his pocket. Lucy waved back and then closed the curtains.

During the 30 minutes drive home he felt his cock swell up. Keith had no intention of going to the local cafe that evening.

* * *

"Hey dad," Lucy greeted her father when she had finished her shower. "How was work?" she asked out of habit.

"It was bad," he said brusquely.

"What happened?" It couldn't be as bad as having unprotected sex with a man old enough to be your father, she thought.

"That fuckin' imbecile Keith!"

"Keith?" she asked. Pronouncing his name made her pulse race.

"Oh, nothing..." Liam softened his voice. "It's just that Keith thought it was okay to leave during work, when we are already behind schedule! He walked away saying his attention was needed elsewhere, leaving me to deal with the mess!"

Lucy thought he had done about the same to her that day.

"Oh... I'm sorry about that."

"Lucy, it's okay, really... I'm just a bit tired," he smiled, not wanting to trouble her.

"You're a sweet girl, Lucy," he kissed her. "I'll take a quick shower and then I'll fix us dinner."

Lucy remembered Keith's words.

I wish to thank all the readers that voted on Chapter One, and give extra thanks to KenjiSato for his excellent editing assistance for this new chapter. I felt inspired by some reader's suggestions so feel free to keep sharing them with me!

Lucy walked up the stairs to her room. Every step reminded her of Keith's encouraging hand on her back, pushing her up the stairs. Her memories became more graphic when she entered the confined space of her bedroom. The vivid memory of Keith gruntingly pounding away on her vagina, hit her.

She closed her eyes and inhaled. That was the final time his sleazy hands had touched her. One more time and she'd tell her dad. The prospect of Keith's colleagues speaking of a scandal, forcing his boss to fire him, suddenly didn't seem so bad at all. She almost hoped Keith would be so stupid, like all those criminals in penitentiary; never knowing when to stop, until they got caught. Well, she'd set the line. Getting fucked twice by her father's friend was enough.

The piece of paper lay wrinkled on her desk. She had looked at it, thrown it away, but then had picked it up, putting it back. With her father home, she didn't want to leave it there in plain sight. With both his phone numbers written on it, in Keith's handwriting, it would surely be recognized by Liam, her father.

Some unknown force drove her to keep it. She picked up the piece of paper and put it into her drawer. Maybe it'd come in handy someday.

'Hey, sweetie!' she envisioned Keith grinning, happy to be in her bedroom with her again after a hard workday.

Well, in whatever pussy he was balls-deep, he wasn't going to fuck hers ever again. It was one of her biggest mistakes, but she'd be more careful from here on. To think Keith assumed she liked him so much that she'd eagerly call him back--that same day, too--was absurd.

Call him to say what? How much she liked it? Or perhaps, to set up a date and time to meet? Maybe he had fucked one too many, thinking all girls were waiting in line, craving to please his desires.

Those were her thoughts the rest of the evening. Liam noticed his daughter's silence during dinner.

"What's on your mind?" he asked.

Noticing his worried tone, she tried to put him at ease. There was no need for him to worry about something that couldn't be undone and wouldn't ever happen again, anyway.

"N'much, just school stuff."

Liam nodded, smiling faintly. She was always busy with school. Even though she had her doubts about healthcare, he was sure his daughter would make a fine nurse one day. Her lively character, and her heart of gold would make her an asset, and a footing to all those in need.

"If you don't mind, I'm going to get some groceries, and then call Keith and head to bed. I feel pretty knackered."

Lucy felt her pulse race upon hearing Keith's name. Her father called him often, but today was probably because he wanted to know why he'd left early from work.

"All right, Dad. I don't mind."

"Are you sure?" he asked, doubtfully. He noticed how her voice had suddenly changed.

"Yeah, no worries. I know you work hard. I can take care of the dishes."

"That's sweet of you," Liam sighed, thinking he didn't deserve a daughter as sweet as her. He felt better already.

His good mood quickly changed after he ended the phone call with his best buddy. Keith's words hadn't made any sense to Liam, and Keith had seemed rather uninterested in the conversation, and otherwise occupied.

With a bad temper, Liam was lying in bed, wishing it wasn't Tuesday tomorrow. He could already tell it was going to be a long, dreadful workweek. He hadn't told Keith, but he had been looking for another job for quite some time. Keith was a good friend to work with, and had taught him a lot, but working in construction was killing him. He wasn't sure he could do this for many more years to come. He'd take it easy tomorrow, sparing his strength for the rest of the week.

Little did Liam know, Keith had made plans for tomorrow as well, none of which were in the least in Liam's favor. If anything, it'd push his limits.

* * *

Keith grinned when he ducked his head down in his car, seeing the old black BMW of Liam pass by. He felt like an agent, shadowing Liam's house like that. He had seen Liam leave just two minutes ago, running to his car. It probably went like that every workday, knowing how much of a fusspot Liam was.

Whatever the case, he was glad he didn't have to see him today. He'd pay his daughter a surprise visit, instead. With that killjoy out of the way, they had plenty of time to enjoy each other thoroughly.

He looked at his watch--6:00am. He'd always wondered what time Liam left in the morning, his friend already there, even the times Keith was earlier than normal.

He drove the last sixty meters and parked on the dry spot where Liam's car had just left. He slammed his car door shut, and walked up to the big three-bedroom house of his friend and his beautiful teen daughter.

He stuck the key into the door, but it didn't go in. That fool Liam had changed his locks! He panicked and tried again, holding the key upside down, staring at it in the darkness of the moonless, chilly, early morning. This time, it went in okay. He sighed and opened the door. He closed the door silently, enjoying the warmth of the house for a moment.

He hung his brown leather coat on the coat rack, walked over to the fridge, and sat down on the couch he'd sat on so many times. He drank down the whole package of milk, smiling at himself in the black reflection of the TV.

He leaned back into the soft beige cushions, admiring the comfort. If he had to give Liam one thing, it was his taste in furniture. Keith cleared his throat, coughing repeatedly. He hesitated, fumbling with his phone in hand. He contemplated going back home. Suddenly, he felt nervous like never before. He knew how much of an asshole Liam was. Liam, his boss. He laughed softly, thinking how much different he was from his friend, Liam, and yet shared the same name.

Keith decided to use Liam's home phone. He picked up the horn, listening to the dial tone. He coughed again, starting to sound a little hoarse when he checked. That'll have to do, he thought, calling his boss.

"Hey Liam, I *cough* I'm sorry, I've been tossing and turning in bed all night, and I just did a temp check and I--Yes, well--No, I just wanted to let you know that I'm running a fever and feel sick."

He heard the explosion on the other end of the line. His boss was going to fire him. On top of that, he was going to not pay the overtime hours for this month.

Keith remembered those threats the first time he had received them and how scared he had been. But he knew his boss, Liam; he'd call him back later, apologizing. Perhaps calling him this early had not been very smart. His boss usually arrived a little later than the rest of them.

"I'm so sorry, perhaps I could, like, try?" he asked, gasping between his heavy coughs.

It was humiliating to pretend to be sick, even more so to beg his boss, but he was no fool. He needed his job.

Everything went smoothly after that. Liam, his boss, even apologized.

Keith thought of calling his friend, but couldn't find one good reason. He'd hear about him being sick from his boss, which should be enough.

Keith dried the sweat from his palms. That had been awkward, but totally worth it. Thinking of sweet Lucy, oblivious to what was in store for her, and thinking of that hotness he'd soon be buried in, had his blood pumping to his cock, growing twice its size after having been in the cold such a short while ago.

His heart pounded madly. Perhaps he really was sick, and about to die, overdosing on Lucy's pussy. He hadn't even bothered eating breakfast before he left.

He took off his shoes and walked up the stairs. He couldn't resist, and opened the door to Liam's bedroom. Not much to see.

Quietly, he walked further down the soft carpet, and opened Lucy's bedroom door.

For the first time, he wasn't kidding when he wondered whether he was sick or not. It was as if his heart stopped, but the deep breath in his lungs testified that he was still alive. He'd seen plenty of women asleep. Seeing Lucy was so different, though.

She lay on her side, a small smile visible on her soft, red lips. Her long, golden hair sprawled over her pillow, so very light, even in the sparsely lit room.

His adoration, however, instantly turned into lust for the young girl. What use is beauty if you can't fuck it? His greedy hand stroked his engorged cock. A soft moan escaped his mouth. Lucy still slept, peacefully.

Already this morning, Keith had awakened with a painfully hard erection. It was time to see how she'd handle this problem. She had a solution he couldn't provide for himself.

He undressed in front of her, his dick jumping up, smacking his stomach after he had lowered his briefs. He gazed at it, amused. She didn't do bad; she could've had a boyfriend with a smaller dick. A pathetic twenty-year-old boy with a small penis, prematurely cumming because he had no experience.

He, on the other hand, was perfectly able to provide her with good sex.

Humming, he lowered the bedsheets. The cold atmosphere made her turn onto her belly. Keith saw the round curve of her ass cheeks and not thinking with his brain, he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of her pajamas and yanked it down in one go.

"Hmm?" Lucy stammered, opening her eyes.

"Hey, good morning, sunshine," his voice chirped happily.

Lucy's eyes adjusted to the light, but before she could make out his stature, he shifted and sat on top of her.

Her bottom was only partly covered by the thin cotton of her panties.

"Hmm, sexy..." Keith's husky voice complimented her.

The hot tip of his penis nudging between her plump ass cheeks was all she needed to confirm her suspicion. It was Keith, and he was going to have sex with her again. Even this early on a workday, didn't stop him from giving in to his sex-crazed mind.

"Keith? Keith??" she cried, turning her head.

"Yes, it's me, darling. Who else would be straddling you naked, with his cock hard? You're not cheating on me, are you?" he chuckled, still speaking in a quiet voice.

"Get off me, Keith! What are you doing here? I don't wanna do this!" She hated how weak her voice sounded, but she couldn't think straight, still having been asleep just a minute ago and then waking up to... this.

"I know, sweetie. Shhh..."

"Please, Keith, I just wanna sleep..." she stammered.

"You'll like it, you'll see..."

She kicked her lower leg up to him, hitting his back, trying to kick some sense into him. Keith wasn't fazed by it, simply ignoring her.

"Making a minor adjustment here," he whispered soothingly, lowering her panties to her knees. He spread her legs wider.

"Is--is my Dad home?" He was just here to have a quick peek at her. There wouldn't be time for anything else. It was a workday.

"Scream and you'll find out."

He was so indifferent about it, that she didn't think her father was. Judging by the darkness outside, it was still early, but if Dad had left, there couldn't be much time left for Keith, either.

"What time is it?" she asked, her voice trembling nervously.

"Time for your pussy to prove what it's got a hole for!" Keith moaned, separating her pussy lips with spread fingers. He spat onto his hand and rubbed the moisture over the mushroom tip of his penis, sending pleasant sensations straight to his balls.

The cold air touching her skin switched to Keith's weight lowering on top of her, warming her body with his, immediately aiming the head of his cock at her lips.

"Yes, that's a good girl," he murmured under his breath, when he drove himself into her pussy and saw Lucy grabbing the mattress. "Hold on tight, baby, it's going to be a bumpy ride."

He embraced her body with his arms, astonished at how small she was. His fingers felt the goosebumps on her skin, and the hard nubs of her nipples.

"Let me warm you, you feel cold," he whispered, and kissed her head, almost in a parental way.

He'd been bragging to Liam for years about the women he fucked over the weekends. The quiet listening of Liam not even bothering him. However, unknowingly, he'd been jealous of his friend for many years. The sex with those women was something he certainly liked, but visiting Liam's place, ached that knowledge inside him, knowing he was missing out in life. Coming home to a sweet girl like Lucy, was a life goal worth living for.

But no more. Having Lucy as a girlfriend was infinitely better. Liam had been taking care of her all those long years, only to hand her over to him when she had reached adulthood, leaving Keith with the best years of her life. Especially now, when she had just reached womanhood, inexperienced with the way of man and woman.

Keith's mind was restless. This was just a girl to fuck a few times, and then move on before her father found out. Get your shit together, Keith, he thought to himself. Fucking her here was already a risk. What if Liam had forgotten something and came back? There were no predictions as to what a silent man like Liam would do if he found out his life-long friend fucked his teen daughter. In his house, when Keith had called in sick, no less.

In his heart, Keith began to understand this was real love. The kind of relationship people frowned upon, only because they envied them, consumed by jealousy. He'd make sure she was going to be happy with him, for as long as they'd live. He had to win her over to get her long term, though.

"Your trembling has lessened. Are you feeling warmer?" he asked, warming her arm with his caressing hand.

Lucy had grabbed the mattress, convinced she'd get a rough pounding as soon as he had shoved his erection into her vagina. But he just lay there, crushing her with his weight. His cock was hard as ever, flexing inside her. Keith's heavy ballsack resting on her vulva reminded her of the risk he was putting her through. She'd get pregnant if he kept doing this.

"Did you sleep well?" he asked, trying to get her to talk. "Do you want me to cover us up with the bedsheets? Are you still cold?"

Lucy ignored him.

Maybe she wanted to fuck? "I'm just giving you time to adjust, is all."

When she still ignored him, he thought this position may be too reserved for her.

"You're right, too," he mumbled, and took his dick out. Lucy gasped, and immediately after threw her hand between her legs.

Keith flipped her over onto her back, pleased at her silent cooperation. He gazed at her engorged pussy lips, provoking his sexual hunger even more. Soft and hairless, and, he knew from experience, so incredibly hot and tight, made to make cocks cum. The light sheen in her slit convinced him she lusted after him, just as much as he after her.

"Your pussy is adorable," Keith moaned, not hiding the desire in his voice. "You make me so happy."

Lucy groaned hard, as he put his stiff penis back in and bottomed out.

Keith stroked her long, blonde hair out of the way, revealing her bright, blue eyes. He stared at them, not daring to blink, unwilling to miss a second. He couldn't help but moan out loud, when he forced his hard cock into her again.

"Such a good girl," he mumbled, his voice hoarse with excitement.

He could feel how her vagina desperately clamped down onto the intruder. Not only that, but his ears were greeted by more wet suction noises every time he fed his cock back into her warm cockhole.

He saw his pubic hair slamming against her hairless, soft skin, adding fuel to his desire, enticing him beyond anything. On top of that, they were having bareback sex as nature intended, and he looked forward to cumming buried deep in that pussy, once again.

"Spread," he growled, when Lucy closed her legs and tried to push her knees against his belly.

His hand kneaded the smooth skin of her leg, and the other grabbed her head, forcing her to look him in the eyes. With every thrust, he kept staring into hers.

"Hmm... your cunt feels like a vice around my dick," Keith panted.

Lucy was forced to look into his honey-brown eyes. She couldn't help but feel hypnotized. She saw nothing but euphoria in the older man's brightly lit eyes. Her body moved back and forth, as Keith's body humped away on her.

"That's it, darling, let me in... you're doing so much better now. Forget your worries. Just let go and enjoy the ride," he smiled at her.

He began fucking her with harder thrusts, slamming his balls onto her, relishing as much of her wet warmth around his dick as he possibly could.

Lucy exhaled sharply, every time his body landed on top of hers. Her arms extended, holding onto his neck, seeking grip.

She didn't know her soft, manicured hands hanging onto his neck encouraged Keith to fuck her faster. Nor did she know her panting for breath made his cock throb even harder.

Keith moved up his upper body, leaning onto his arms. His biceps trembled, supporting his body when he repeatedly fucked her in fast, deep thrusts.

"Go slower," Lucy beseeched the mature man she'd known all her life.

"Not now. I'm so close!" Keith growled.

"You're too rough with me," she begged him once more.

"Lucy, be quiet!" he answered, angrily. She had to learn how to please a man.

"Please?" she asked. Her palms grabbed his dark brown hair, pulling him into her, kissing him on his lips.

Keith breathed loudly through his nose, overwhelmed by her initiative.

"Please, go slower for me," she whispered, stroking his hair affectionately.

"You're a whore. You're only doing this so I'll go slower," Keith fisted his hands.

Even so, the unexpected kiss sent him over the edge he was avoiding for as long as he could, from the moment he had put his dick inside her, just minutes ago. His eyes closed, feeling the release of muscular tension as he came.

His dick spurted, shooting load after load of his hot cum into her body, painting the inner walls of her pussy with his spunk, ignoring his inner voice accusing him of actively trying to impregnate the young girl. He moaned long and hard, overwhelmed by his orgasm.

He was so madly in love with her.

He held himself tight to her, not ever letting go, keeping his dick buried deep inside her pussy, simultaneously pushing the quiet girl below him into the soft mattress.

He feared he was never able to keep his zipper up again.

"I hope that was as good for you as it was for me," he panted, crawling off of her, and sitting next to her on her bed. He saw his cock throbbing up and down, still semi-hard. His balls hung low and heavy, trying to cool themselves off.

"Look at my balls, Lucy," Keith panted.

Lucy quietly sat up as well, and then gazed down at his crotch.

"You see how big they are?" he asked.

Lucy nodded in silence.

"The larger they are, the more testosterone a man possesses, you understand?"

Lucy nodded once again.

"That must be why I'm horny all the time," he chuckled to himself.

Lucy didn't reply, but Keith didn't mind. He was too busy trying to get his breath back. That girl brought out the best in him. Every fuck was such a delight. No need for lube because she was a dried-up woman. No need for condoms either, because apparently, Lucy liked it fine this way.

"I'm sorry I called you a whore," he mumbled, apologetically. "You're anything but a whore."

Lucy's eyes averted his gaze, looking straight ahead. "Can you please bring me a towel?" she asked, timidly.

Keith sighed, left, and then handed her a towel. "Lucy, I'd love to hear you say anything other than asking for a towel every time we've had sex."

"Then use a condom," Lucy said, annoyed, dipping the towel with his cum.

"Yeah, about that..." Keith cleared his throat, "have you thought about the consequences of bareback sex? Because, well, I wouldn't mind, to be honest, but in case you do, we can talk about it, you know? It'd be pretty awkward if we were able to fuck but not able to talk about it afterward, don't you think?"

"I asked you to put on a condom last time."

"You've never asked such a thing."

"I asked you to pull out."

"Yeah, but that was then. This time, I heard you ask to go slower, not to pull out." Keith stroked her back and her hair and then sat next to her on the bed. He pulled her up and placed her between his legs. He held up his knees, trapping her between his legs.

"You wanna talk about it?" he asked.

"There's nothing to talk about. I need to go to school."

"All right," Keith sighed. He walked over to her windows, opening the curtains. "You're going to stay with me today," he announced matter of factly.

"W-why?" Lucy asked in disbelief.

"I'll tell you later. First, we need you to call school and tell them you're feeling unwell and can't come to school today."

Getting fucked once again by Keith certainly qualified, but she wasn't going to spend her day with Keith. "I'm fine. I can go to school."

"Lucy... if I leave now, you're going to be pissed at me all day. You're going to replay this in your mind, and I'd hate for you to think this is all I care about. Let me show you a different side of me today."

"I have a test I can't miss."

Keith thought it was best to not push her. He bent down to pick up his clothes. Lucy saw his heavy balls dangling between his legs when he did.

"Hey!" she yelled. When he looked up she threw the towel in his face. She saw the shocked look on his face when the wet cotton hit his face.

"If it's okay to shoot it into me, it's okay for you to touch it. Go throw that in the washer. And then, maybe if you're lucky, I will not chop off your testicles."

Keith beamed, picking up the towel. He walked over to the washer, tossed it inside, and then walked downstairs. He remained there for half an hour, enjoying an extended breakfast. Fucking her had made him hungry.

The only thing missing was Lucy. He went upstairs again. Her door was shut. He tapped lightly on it. No reply. His hand leaned onto the door handle and opened it.

He saw Lucy sitting on her bed. She had exchanged her bedsheets, and done her hair. She was dressed in a tight-fitting top and a mini-skirt. He wondered if she did this to torture him.

"You look beautiful, sweetheart," he whispered, appreciatively.

"You don't. You look old."

Keith laughed and followed her down the stairs.

"So, Mrs. Gren hopes you feel better soon."

"Mrs. Green, you mean?" Lucy asked in surprise.

"Her name is not important, I won't fuck her anyway," Keith grinned.

"Mrs. Green from school? Why did you call her?"

"In case you'll change your mind."

"Did you, when you called, did--you called her, right?"

"Yeah, what's worrying you, Lucy?"

"Did you tell her it was her boyfriend calling?"

Keith smiled. "Uh, no, I pretended to be your dad. I should have done that, shouldn't I?"

"I guess, giving your age, pretending to be my dad will more likely fool her."

"Let me," Keith offered, when she fetched herself bread and butter.

Lucy sat down figuring he owed her that much. She watched as he prepared her breakfast. With a beaming smile, he handed her three slices of bread and milk.

"I don't drink milk."

"Understood," he apologized, and drank it himself.

"You think I eat bread with nothing but butter?"

"Ah, no, uh, Lucy, I can't help but feel you're angry with me."

"I'm not. I feel sorry for you."

She ignored him, eating her breakfast, watching the morning news.

She sent him off to the kitchen a few more times, but Keith was happy nonetheless, being so close to her presence.

"Do you want me to leave?" he asked, dreading the answer.

"Suit yourself. I'll be leaving in a little while, anyway."

Keith stuffed his hands into his pockets, hiding his emerging erection. A strong sexual desire pumped through his veins just by looking at her innocent face.

"I will leave you alone, then," he said.

"Okay."

He gave her a quick kiss on her lips and then reluctantly walked over to his coat. He wasn't really going to leave. No, he would walk to the door, and then, just before he'd leave, she would call for him to stay. He had seen it in her eyes. She enjoyed the attention of a man like him.

His hand leaned onto the door handle.

"Keith?"

His heart skipped a beat. Was he imagining things?

"Yes?" he answered cheerfully, immediately walking all the way back to the living room.

"Uhm, you told me you'd get me a morning-after pill today. I need it."

"Ah, yes, of course," he breathed a sigh of relief. "It's at my place."

The look on Lucy's face spoke volumes.

"Maybe I finally can persuade you to come to my house, after all," Keith grinned.

"I will, on two conditions."

Keith's ears perked up.

"Firstly, you will drop me off at school right after."

Keith nodded in agreement.

"Secondly, your pants stay on."

"I just came in case you didn't notice, what do you take me for?" he replied accusingly, shaking his head.

He waited downstairs for her to retrieve her school bag. When she returned downstairs, he took her hand in his, taking her to his parked car on their driveway.

After driving a few minutes, he took a turn into a dirt road.

"What are you doing?" Lucy asked, alarmed. This wasn't going to his place, nor her school. This road was leading nowhere.

"I'm going to teach you something. Have you ever driven a car?"

"Uhm, no."

"Well, would you like to?"

Lucy's eyes roamed the interior. It was all brown, with black and silver sparsely used in the right places, a big screen built-in, numerous buttons on the brown leather steering wheel, and massaging, grippy, high-shoulder leather seats to sit on. It was the kind of car she'd most likely never drive in her life.

Her fingers touched the Alcantara microsuede. She remembered her first and only trip in this car when he came by three months ago, asking her and her dad to ride along with him. Back then, she had sat in the spacious backseat, but this time he offered her the driver's seat.

"Uhm, sure," she said, hiding her nerves and joy. She stared at the center of the interior.

"Can you drive stick?" he asked, when he saw her looking at it. "Stupid question," he smiled apologetically.

He knew she had no idea how rare it was for a car like this to have a manual clutch but he didn't care. He'd brag to his friends instead. Lucy was for other things.

Keith switched places with her. Her nervousness showed in the trembling of her hands.

"Just relax," Keith's voice spoke calmly. He looked her small frame over.

Lucy adjusted the seat so her legs reached the pedals, but she lacked height.

"Small women often use a pillow," Keith said, worrying. "Are you comfortable?"

"No, of course not," Lucy complained, disappointed.

Keith clumsily crawled over to her seat, putting her onto his lap. "Is this better?"

She easily gained a good eight inches, and held up a hand trying to hide her smile. She was going to drive a car--an expensive car, one she could never afford.

Keith grinned and went on to explain to her how to drive. He drove a couple of meters showing her.

"Now, you drive. And don't mind the stick, focus on giving gas and steering first."

He leaned back, occasionally helping her with steering when she came too close to the side of the road. After a couple of minutes, his attention shifted from Lucy driving, to Lucy sitting on his legs--her plump ass resting on his recovering cock.

He let go of her hand on the steering wheel, flashing her a big smile. He saw the pride in her eyes while driving his huge SUV. A fantasy flashed through his mind of her driving his huge cock, humping onto him while he laid back, enjoying her ride.

Not surprisingly, his cock grew rapidly, pushing into the girl's soft flesh.

"You okay there, honey?" he asked, flexing his cock for effect.

She blushed, accelerating a little.

"Not too fast, Lucy, we don't want to end up in Australia."

She giggled, slightly bouncing up and down on his lap. Keith had never been happier. He let her drive, meanwhile his hands openly started caressing her upper legs. When she didn't respond, his left palm cupped her ass cheek.

"Eyes on the road!" he ordered, when she looked down at his hand moving up to her panties. There was dirt and then meadow on either end of the road. There wasn't much that could go wrong, he smiled cunningly.

"You see that stick standing up, begging for your attention? Grab it. I'll teach you."

He stared as her small hand grabbed the hard stick.

"You like having that huge, hard thing in your tiny, soft hand, don't you sweetie?" he asked, smiling. Not waiting for an answer he planted a long, wet kiss on her mouth, pressing the brake for her. Her lips were so soft, that if he wasn't hard already, he would be then.

"Maybe there are far more important things to teach you first. Things you can use to your advantage today," his voice whispered, as if sharing secrets with her.

Keith moaned softly when he picked up her light weight, pressing it down hard on his tenting pants. Lucy squealed to Keith's amusement, but focused her eyes back on the road.

He amused himself a couple more times pushing her ass on his erection, whispering sweet nothings into her ear while he did.

"You drive well," he murmured huskily, taking over. He parked the car on the dirt on the side of the road. "Get your cute butt on the back seat, let's see how well you do over there," he moaned, slapping her ass.

"We were going to your house, you promised me!" Lucy protested, loudly.

"Yes, but then you bounced up and down on my cock and made me hard."

Picking her up in his arms he laid her down on the backseat himself. Her stomach was pressed hard against the soft seats, her long blonde hair falling over her back. He crawled on top of her. Ignoring her pleas, he lowered his zipper, fishing out his rock-hard cock.

Her mini-skirt didn't pose much of a threat, he mused. Lifting her legs, her white cotton panties were exposed to his insatiable manly needs.

He moved her panties aside to the left with his finger. He didn't hesitate when his cockhead nudged her sweet peach. He pushed forward, moaning appreciatively when he felt wetness surrounding his cock.

He had gotten a blowjob in his car and once fucked a girl on the trunk of his car, but never fucked one in the backseat.

"Don't," Lucy moaned, taking his thrusts one after another. She should have known getting into his car was going to lead to more sex. She had to get that pill, though. She didn't feel comfortable going to the pharmacy herself. Besides, it was Keith's responsibility.

"Move your ass up," Keith growled.

She raised her ass at him, obediently.

"Not like that, like this!" he grunted, lifting her ass all the way up, simultaneously pushing her head onto the spacious brown leather backseat.

Lucy felt so tiny, knelt down, her body crammed together in front of this tall, older man she'd always known as a kind man.

This time, it was his fingers plunging in between her labia. Lucy involuntarily moaned feeling how rough he was fingering her.

"Look at that cunt!" Keith's mumbling was hardly comprehensible.

The wet noises made her blush. She was glad her face was out of his sight. She moaned softly, feeling her pussy get wet for him once again.

Keith retreated his glistening fingers, coating his dick with her juices, slapping his cock onto her cheeks. He enjoyed the view of her body submissively bent down for him, silently obeying to his urges.

"I'm getting paid for this Lucy," he boasted, pulling down her panties. "I'm on paid sick leave. Wanna work overtime?"

The soft ass meat whipped up vigorously with the heavy blows of his cock. His eyes were focused on her pussy squeezing at nothing, and the place above. Where her warm buttocks came together, in that small valley, extending to her contracted skin, her little poop chute.

His fingers caressed her buttocks, massaging outward. Although he was crazy about butts, he had not yet played with a girl's hole before. A lot of girls didn't like that.

It was the chance of his life, the young girl submissive on her knees before him. With her fat cheeks thrown so high into the air, she was asking for it.

Keith didn't need any more encouragement. He wanted to deflower her again, this time her tight, brown hole.

He slammed his cock so hard back into her cunt, Lucy's small-sized body fell onto her forearms. His greedy hands kneaded her plump flesh. After a few consecutive wild thrusts, he raised his hand and landed it down hard on her bottom.

"Aaahh!" she cried, in shock.

Immediately afterward, he fingered his middle finger into her snug asshole. His mind fell short of imagining what it must feel like to have that fat ass of hers bouncing on his nether regions, while his dick was pinched by that much-too-small, little anus of hers.

He spat on his index finger and stuffed it in as well. He gloated, as he saw her anus widen to the size of his wriggling fingers.

"W-what are you doing?" she wailed, lifting her head up in concern.

"You're so uptight, Lucy, you're no fun." He pulled his fingers out and fed them into her mouth, forcing her to wet them with her saliva.

"Hmmpff," he heard, the muffled sounds coming out of her mouth.

He shoved them up her ass again. She shook under him, clamping her pussy on his cock, reminding him of her other stuffed hole.

Keith's hips rocked softly. His fingers, knuckle deep, gently rocked along in her ass. They pulled back to his last knuckle and then forcefully dove back in again.

"You're opening up real good," he whispered enthusiastically, kissing her lovingly.

Lucy had never touched her arsehole, let alone put something in. She knew some men liked playing in bed and cursed her luck, that Keith was one of them.

Keith lowered his pants and underwear onto his knees.

His cock and fingers plunged into her, his heavy balls simultaneously slapping against her. She moaned softly, as the man's other hand added a third sensation as he gently stroked her clit. He squeezed it hard, gloating when she squealed.

With a growl, he let her slide off his cock. He looked at his wet cock with satisfaction.

Lucy's body stiffened as she felt his throbbing cockhead press against her anus. She shrieked, as he pushed through until the ridge on the head pushed past her sphincter. Keith moaned from the immensely tight grip on his cockhead, unlike anything he had ever felt. Impatiently, he stuffed his cock further into her little asshole. Despite all those pussies, he had never felt such a tight sensation clamping down onto his shaft. After all the fidgeting on her naked butt, it was, by far, the best from within, he knew then.

"Aaahh, take it out, Keith!" Lucy whimpered and moaned, not enjoying the feeling of his hard, throbbing cock on the inside of her ass. She felt like her asshole was getting ripped open by his thick girth.

"Stop whining, Lucy, this is what couples do!" Keith responded, irritated. She had no idea how good it felt for him. Hearing her moan from anal sex was so much different than she did from vaginal.

"I--aahh! Keith, stop. I need to poop," she admitted shyly.

"Poop on me and you'll be very sorry!" Keith threatened, angrily. She was ruining this beautiful adventure they shared together, with her constant whining. Nobody talked during sex. It's weird.

He grabbed her by the hips, rocking back and forth, slowly but steadily, picking up the pace. The vice grip her ass muscles had on his cock urged him to fuck her faster.

"That hurts!" she cried, when he pushed his shaft into her in one hard thrust.

"Focus on this," he gave in to her whimpering, circling his finger on her clit. "Do you feel better now?" he asked, his breath getting heavier.

All of a sudden, he wanted to cum inside a woman's ass, and considering it was sensitive Lucy, he wanted her to cum with him. He was forcing her to bounce off of him every time he thrust forward. The slamming of his fucking, echoed in the confined space of his car.

His cock had been the first to enter her unspoiled vagina and now her anal cherry had been popped by his big cock, too. To experience something new at his age was a welcome addition to his sex life. The taboo of buttfucking drove him insane. Doing it with a much younger girl like Lucy, added greatly to that feeling. He was thankful Lucy provided such good sex. The prospect of getting to fuck her ass every now and then was a huge turn-on for him. He hoped she'd feel trusted enough to let him.

And then--he felt it. Her muscles clamped and sucked at his hard shaft, her pussy gushing against his balls. Her knees trembled under his weight. Keith pulled back, and let her contract around his cockhead. With a loud moan, he slammed himself back into her squeezing, tight asshole; shooting strains of thick cum into her bowels. He panted, nearly fainting from his overly sensitive orgasm. He was sure cumming had never felt this lovely.

Lucy felt his cock throbbing wildly, pumping his semen into her, and by the sound of Keith hyperventilating, she wondered if he was going to pass out. The guttural growl and one last hard thrust, told her otherwise.

Lucy's body collapsed when Keith rested his on hers, his deep breathing blowing against her hair every time.

Knock. Knock.

Keith jumped up at the sound behind him. Turning his head he saw a gruff face looking into the car.

Yanking up his pants in panic he told Lucy to do the same.

And then he saw the hunched man's hat and the blue suit.

"Please step out of the car, sir." He heard the impatience in his cold voice. The man turned his head, not wanting to look at Keith's semi-erect, spent cock.

"Hello," Keith said nervously, stepping out of the car, making sure he closed the car door behind him. "Caught me at a bad time, officer." He laughed nervously, zipping up. "That's my girlfriend, we, it's, a long time since we... I just, I, I mean we couldn't wait," he spoke up, making sure Lucy overheard him.

"Lady, as soon as you're properly dressed, get out of the vehicle on the other side," the officer spoke, giving Keith a stern look.

What's that officer doing on this road, Keith pondered.

"She's--"

"Be quiet," the police officer snapped at him.

Keith watched Lucy get out on the other end. He saw the blue-suited man ogling her. If it wasn't for the color of his suit, he would have smashed his head in. That cop was barely five foot eight. It made him jealous, but even more so, when the cop told his girl to follow him to his car. Keith saw the uneasiness in her steps. He hoped he was the only one.

Lucy, sitting next to the police officer in the passenger seat, felt awkward when he gave her a long, lingering look. This was her chance though, to get rid of Keith once and for all.

"Making some money on the side, then?" he asked her.

"What?" Lucy answered, not understanding.

The man chuckled, tapping his steering wheel. "Prostitution isn't allowed in this state, and by the looks of it, you're like what, eighteen, nineteen? Couldn't wait, huh?"

"W-what? I'm not a prostitute!" Lucy objected firmly. She was shocked he would even think such a thing.

"I get it, life as a student is difficult," he mumbled, looking at her breasts hugging her top, her hard nipples on display, her mini-skirt showing off her feminine legs. "How much did he give you for it?"

"Nothing, I--"

"I saw your gaping asshole," the cop smiled at her, "girls your age don't let their boyfriend fuck them in that hole. He must have paid you handsomely, otherwise, you wouldn't let him into your backdoor."

"You've got me all wrong--" Lucy protested, but went quiet when she felt the man's hand touch her knee and stroke her leg tenderly.

"You want to tell me that man over there..." he said, pointing his finger at Keith, still standing next to his car, wishing he could hear their conversation, "is your boyfriend?" His dark eyes locked with hers, the disbelief clearly showing.

"Uhm... yeah... he is."

"Why?" he asked, confused. "You don't seem like an ordinary couple to me."

"I happen to like older men," she whispered softly. She wanted to go back to her room and never come out. They could have really been a couple making love in the backseat of his car. It was none of his business anyway.

"That lucky bastard," she faintly heard him mumble. "How old are you and where do you live?" he asked, removing his hand.

"I-I'm eighteen, I live at Wolf Run Drive."

"Ah, I know that place. Nice neighborhood. Your daddy's rich?"

"Uhm, not really..."

"Wait, that's like ten minutes from here," the cop laughed, "couldn't you let him fuck you in the ass at home?"

"Uhm, no, my dad's home..."

"Right," the officer chuckled, writing something down on his notepad. "All right sweetie. You can go back to your 'boyfriend', but be careful next time, okay? I could see you guys shagging from the main road."

She nodded and opened the car door.

"And sweetie?" he called to her.

She hid her anger, at him pet naming her, and turned her head to him.

He hunched forward to her side. "I meant it when I said to be careful. Next time use a condom. Anal sex isn't safe."

She slammed the door in his face, walking away.

"Are we okay?" Keith asked, when Lucy walked up to him. Without glancing up at him, or answering, she got into the passenger seat.

"Just go," she told him.

Keith sat next to her in silence, starting the car. When he drove away, he saw the cop talking over the phone, staring at him.

"That guy gives me the creeps," Keith laughed a little, trying to cheer up the girl next to him. He was eager to ask her what they had talked about, but he'd never seen her this pissed before, so he thought he'd better avoid that for the present.

He turned on music to kill the silence, an old hit from the seventies was playing on the radio.

"I love this song. It's T.Rex. You know them? I saw them live once, my ears rang for a week, but at least I got to brag to my friends. Back then there were no cell phones blocking the view all the time. Fun times."

Lucy looked up at him. How could he be so casual about it? A police officer had just seen him pulling his dick out of her butt. He had fucked her in her ass, and he was talking about concerts?

"Why do you have to ruin every good moment we have, with sex?" she asked. She looked out of her side window, seeing the trees passing by fast. She had zero interest in looking at his broad smile, or getting touched by his caressing hand. It was obvious to her he cared only for the holes she so conveniently possessed.

"You came, no doubt about it, I felt you."

She couldn't believe he was saying this. "You said you wouldn't fuck me, you promised!"

"Now, uh, I remember you saying I had to keep my pants on. Be more specific next time, please."

Lucy wished she had her ear pods with her so she could shut him up.

Keith smiled at her, but saw she was having one of her typical after-sex moods. Keith's heart went out to her. She'd taken a good pounding and he felt proud of that. A bit more experience fucked into her and she'd be perfect girlfriend material. But he sensed telling her wouldn't be considered a compliment to her. He didn't want to lose her for all the money in the world.

They arrived at Keith's place in silence. He was glad to see she allowed him to open the door for her.

"There you go," he spoke in a soft soothing voice when he took her hand helping her out of the SUV.

Stepping inside the house, Lucy was startled for a second, when the front door closed behind her.

Keith hung up his coat and invited her into the living room.

She'd seen Keith plenty of times, but for some reason, whenever her father came over to visit his friend, he had never let her come with him.

It was a large living room. The large red-framed windows on the right wall, and the wall behind the two light blue couches, add even more to the spacious feeling. The upper windows had figured glass. A blanket and different-colored pillows lay on the couches. A big LG TV with two huge oak hi-fi column speakers standing on the ground. A gallery wall on the left, showed him in most pictures, and by the looks of them, most were taken abroad. In one of them, he was smiling with a tall bag strapped around his shoulders. She wondered if he had been parachuting.

She sat down on the couch, enjoying how the soft cushion embraced her sore ass. She looked over the other couch at the dinner table, eight chairs surrounding it.

"You want something to drink? I have soda, if you like?" she heard Keith ask friendly.

"Uhm, sure," she mumbled. She held her breath when she noticed Keith's eyes staring between her legs. She quickly crossed one leg over the other.

Keith, caught red-handed, averted his eyes, walking over to the open kitchen. Seeing her white panties didn't help him clear his head. Seeing the outline of her pussy lips didn't, either. Having her here in his house was already reason enough for his brain to pump blood to his cock, reminding him of his love for her.

Kneeling, he splashed cold water on his face. Gaining her trust was the name of the game. She had come to his home willingly. No need to fuck it up. Any other girl would have already spread her legs by then, but not Lucy. She was one of the good girls. She was so sweet, that he couldn't bear the thought of her making love to some boy, or worse, a working man that could provide for her and marry her.

He handed her a drink and sat down close to her.

"So, you know why I'm here," she said, swallowing a huge part of her soda after.

"Yeah," Keith murmured, immediately getting up from the couch.

He gave her a faint smile and then walked up the stairs. He rummaged around in his bedroom and then came back.

"Got it," he said. Lucy saw a small pill held between his middle and index finger. "Are you absolutely sure, though? You must be abs--"

"Give me that," she cut him off.

He nodded. "I'll get you a glass of water first, it might be better." He saw the surprised look on her face. "Hey, it's your baby!" he smiled. "Actually, it's just a precaution, right? The chances of you being pregnant are slim. On top of that, men my age don't impregnate women that easily anymore."

She gave him a puzzled look.

"Why do you think I have no children? I fuck girls bareback all the time. No biggie."

He came back and knelt on one knee in front of her. "Open up," he ordered.

He tossed the pill into her mouth and told her to swallow it with lots of water.

When she did she noticed Keith's behavior changed. He became distant, sitting on the other couch, turning on the TV, saying he would drive her to school in a minute.

Maybe he had a desire to become a father, but it wasn't going to be to her children. She felt relieved finally having swallowed that pill. She leaned back, taking off her shoes. She lifted her legs and pushed them under her ass. She grimaced when she felt how sore it felt.

She saw Keith smiling apologetically, and a blush forming on his face.

"I'm going to the bathroom, can we leave when I get back?"

"Sure, sweetie, I'd do anything for you, you know that." He was surprised by her indecisiveness, standing there, two feet away from him. "Oh, of course," he chuckled, standing up. "Follow me."

He had a bathroom downstairs, but thought it would be better to have her go upstairs. He held his hand out, allowing her to go first.

Lucy pushed her skirt down as low as it'd go, feeling his eyes burn into her. She squealed lightly, when his hand supported her on her lower back. At the top of the stairs, he led her to his bedroom.

"I just wanna talk one sec," he reassured her. He took her hand in his and sat down on his king-size bed. "What would you say if we did something fun? Perhaps go out?"

"I can't miss school today," she replied, distancing herself one step away from his body when his hand lingered on her ass.

"You strike me as the type of student that will not at all suffer from one bad grade," he laughed kindly.

"Can we go now?" she asked. This was not the best environment for them to talk. His sex-crazed mind was not to be trusted. It was still early in the morning and yet he had fucked her two times already. Once in her vagina and once in her ass.

She didn't wait, and walked out of his bedroom, quickly descending the stairs.

Keith sighed, feeling how his cock rebelled at letting her go that easily. He got hard. Ball-fisted, he walked down the stairs, feeling angry at himself.

Lucy was waiting downstairs. She gazed at his fists, his pants between them tenting up so high there was no doubt as to whether he was hard or not. She lowered her head, pretending she hadn't seen it.

"Sorry about that," he said, pointing at his crotch, "he thinks it's normal," he jokingly added. "We'll go now. I'll take a piss first, just in case... actually, there's a toilet downstairs as well, never mind."

He opened the door next to the stairs, deliberately leaving it wide open when he fished his dick out of his open fly. From the corner of his eye, he saw Lucy looking at it.

He moved his fingers up and down over his hard cock and his red, spongy head. The knowledge of Lucy secretly staring at it, with her innocent, baby-blue eyes, made him very horny. Another sexual act he had no experience in. He may be a seasoned lover, but there was a lot more to sex to discover with her.

He leaned one hand onto the wall, while his fist moved up and down, slamming himself hard.

Lucy was stunned that he would do something that private this openly. His low growl, full of frustration, echoed in the small bathroom. His fist was a blur on his meat. His fist slammed hard against his pants every time. It was intimidating to see his large, coarse hand beating himself so roughly. It wasn't just with her, he needed it hard to cum, she concluded.

He felt very flattered that she kept watching. After having cum two times after some rough sex with young Lucy, he had the stamina to give her a show. Or so he thought. The orgasm took him by surprise. He moaned jerking off slower, giving her a good view of his cum flying out of his cock, splashing the toilet tank, the seat, and the tiled wall.

"I know you don't understand, but I love you, Lucy," he moaned, shaking on his legs, squeezing the last drops of his cum out of his dick.

Lucy was stunned and overwhelmed by his display of manpower, and his voice panting and moaning her name repeatedly. She felt relief too, now that he had cum. She walked quickly to the living room, waiting for him to bring her to school.

After a couple of minutes, his face peeked around the corner.

"Ah, there you are," he said amiably. Lucy saw the slight bulge in his pants, the tenting bulge gone now. "I spilled some when peeing. Men, huh?"

Lucy smiled shyly. He thought she looked cute.

"Are you sure you don't want to stay here? I've got all day," he tried one last time.

She nodded in silence. He nodded back awkwardly, and grabbed his car keys. They listened to music on the way, Keith occasionally asking her about her study.

Keith's mind was on other things, though. Mostly about the great sex he'd had with her. It annoyed him he couldn't share that with her, instead reduced to small talk.

He parked his car at her school, forcing a smile at her.

"Uhm, thanks," she said, in a timid voice.

Keith immediately cheered up hearing her voice again. "You're welcome. I'll walk you to school," he offered, stepping out of the car with her.

"No, it's not necessary," she said, a little louder this time.

"Don't be silly, it's the least I can do," Keith chuckled, pressing an arm around her waist.

Walking into the school she stood still, pushing his arm off her, mumbling a goodbye.

"Wait!" Keith yelled, a little too loud for his comfort. He saw lots of young women passing by, but none as beautiful as the girl in front of him. "If I'm not allowed to go out with you, then at least buy something nice for yourself."

His fingers counted a few bills and pressed them into her hand. She saw they were all fifty-dollar bills.

"Thanks," she whispered, lost for words.

"Now gimme a kiss," he said.

"No," she laughed nervously.

Keith shrugged. "I guess I'll have to kiss you, then," he said, matter of factly. His hand pressed her body up against him, kissing her tenderly on her mouth. "You look so sexy. I can't wait to be together with you again."

"Lucy?"

They both looked up at a smiling young woman about Lucy's age. "I didn't know you were dating!" she giggled. The expression on her face following was one of great surprise when she saw the mature face of Keith smiling back.

"That's nice, not telling your friends about me," Keith said, in mock anger. Lucy's friend laughed at his sarcasm. "I'm Keith, nice to meet you!" he said, enthusiastically.

"Hi, likewise. I'm Melissa, nice to meet you, sir, uhh... Keith."

"Don't tell anyone but Lucy loves calling me sir. Especially in the bedro--ah, never mind," he laughed. Melissa laughed out loud. Lucy felt so embarrassed.

"So that's why I missed you, I tried calling you but you didn't answer. You could have let me know, you know," Melissa said, aiming her words at Lucy.

"Oh, that's on me, Mel. Is it okay if I call you that?"

Melissa nodded approvingly, captivated by his broad smile.

"I wanted to surprise her by bringing her to school today. I guess that's one of the advantages of dating an older guy."

Melissa giggled, excusing herself, having to go to class.

"That's okay," Keith laughed. "And you..." he smiled at Lucy, "be a good girl for me today, okay?" He kissed Lucy in front of her friend again, this time sticking his tongue into her mouth.

"Whoa," Lucy whimpered, pushing Keith against his chest.

"She's so shy sometimes," Keith chuckled sympathetically. "It's all new to her, I'm her first boyfriend after all. And her last, if you ask me."

Melissa blushed, taking Lucy by the arm, and waving goodbye at Keith. "He's so funny!" she whispered. "Not bad looking, either. What's it like dating an older man? Did you really have sex with him?"

He'd done it, Lucy thought, silently listening to Melissa's torrent of questions. Now that Melissa knew, soon everyone in school would. But if they knew, soon her father would, too. Keith had just killed himself.

Keith's body woke up in the morning, all stiff from anger and pain, his cock hard, demanding sex as soon as Keith grumpily opened his eyes. His mind immediately thought of beautiful Lucy. He'd love to wake up next to her every day. To feed his morning wood into her cunt before work. He just had to think of a way to let Liam have his daughter sleepover. Before they'd go to sleep he would fuck her all evening. Drop her off at her dad in the morning, properly fucked.

Keith and Liam met at work, shaking hands, and wishing each other a good morning. He could see the worry in Liam's eyes. He felt guilty and despised himself when Liam asked him how he was feeling.

"I'm okay, I feel better now. Don't worry about it, okay?" he told his life-long friend.

"Sure," Liam responded, feeling burdened having Keith working all day, barely recovered from his sickness.

"How's your girl doing?"

"Who? Lucy?" Liam asked in surprise.

Keith nodded, sipping coffee in the canteen. He flexed his shoulders yawning, extended his hands, yawning again. This day was going to be the opposite of yesterday.

"She's, uh, doing okay, why?" Liam thought it was a little weird for Keith to ask about his daughter.

Keith shrugged. "Well, last time I saw her there was something in her eyes, it's hard to put it into words, but when I was sick it just hit me. She's always busy with school and studying. All work, no play, you know what I mean? I think she should do something fun for once... Let go of her boundaries."

"Yeah, I know of what boundaries you speak."

"Hm?"

"I don't want her drinking booze, you know how easily they get addicted at that age." Sipping alcohol from Keith's fingers was more than plenty. It was his daughter, after all. Keith could raise his own if he was so good at it.

"That's not what I had in mind," Keith held up his hands, "she doesn't have a driver's license, right?"

"Right. What's that got to do with anything?"

"I thought, if you're okay with it, she could drive my car tonight. I think she'd like that. You can come with us if you like." Keith felt obliged to add the last part.

"Your car?" Liam chuckled, looking at Keith's SUV. "I'm not sure..."

"I could come to your place after work, have a beer, and then ask her myself?" Keith asked hopefully.

Liam agreed, thinking there was no harm in asking.

* * * *

Lucy was awestruck when she saw Keith parking his car behind her father's.

She stood in the living room, greeting her father, rooted to the spot when she saw Keith come in.

"Hey... Lucy," he greeted her tentatively.

She saw his faint smile. The man that had taken her virginity, and just yesterday decided her ass was his to take as well.

"Hi," she greeted him awkwardly, moving past him to the stairs.

"Oh, right now?" Liam spoke to Keith after he had impatiently gestured with his hand. "Lucy? Keith wanted to ask you something."

Lucy leaned her arm on the armrest, curious about what he wanted to ask her in her father's presence.

"Man, you smell, take a shower already," Keith complained holding his nose, smiling at Lucy.

Liam laughed a little and then left. "Be back in a few minutes," he said to his daughter when he went upstairs to get a shower.

"What is it you want from me this time?" Lucy asked Keith, annoyed at his silent staring.

Keith noticed she was wearing that same thin summer dress she wore when he had fucked her the first time in her room. It was new. She'd be wearing that sexy dress a lot this summer, he mused.

"On the contrary," he smiled, "I felt bad about..." he peeked his head, wondering if Liam was eavesdropping. When he heard the shower run, he continued, "...about what I did to you. I shouldn't have done it the way I did."

"Again, I'll ask you one last time, because you tend to be slow sometimes..." Lucy asked, "what do you want from me this time?"

"Well, I, I spoke with your father today, and he agreed that, well, if you would like to, that you could drive my car today. The previous time I kind of messed up. I kind of regret my behavior. I really felt a bit sick yesterday because of it."

"Why would I be so stupid to get into your car again, Keith? You fucked me in the backseat, in my ass no less!" she yelled. This guy was delusional.

Keith grunted, fearing Liam had heard. "It will be different this time, Lucy. I am apologizing to you, and trying to make it up to you. Not for sex. I realize I shouldn't have done that. You're too young for me."

Lucy laughed derisively. He took her for a fool, for someone as gullible as her father. But then a thought hit her, reminding her of how Keith had dropped her off at school, not touching her for the entire thirty-minute drive.

Driving his car had been the most exciting thing happening to her.

"I will if you jerk off first."

The look in Keith's eyes was one of shock.

"It's the only way you can guarantee me you won't be touching me."

"I won't!" Keith tried again.

"As soon as you get hard you will. So you're either going to jerk off first, or I won't go." If he'd had his 'fix' he would leave her alone. If he had cum she'd be safe.

"Lucy..." he began, laughing off her words, "I can't help but feel you are doing me a favor instead of the other way around. I'm not going to jerk off on the toilet like a virgin!" he hissed.

Lucy laughed at him. But she liked the idea of driving his car. She could drive the main roads, avoiding being alone with him that way. She was going to ask her father to come with her.

Keith was slightly relieved when Liam stepped out of the shower.

Lucy sat at the dinner table between them, eating her dinner, listening to both of them talking about work. When they were finished Liam retreated to the couch, while Keith offered his help to Lucy in the kitchen.

"Hey dad, I'm going to drive Keith's car, do you want to come with us?" Lucy asked from the kitchen.

"Oh, I don't know if Keith..." Liam said.

"How am I supposed to jerk off when he's in the car with us?" Keith whispered angrily.

"I'd love to, but the backseat is already occupied by my toolboxes and stuff, as you have seen," Keith spoke louder, addressing his words to Liam.

"I didn't notice," Liam apologized.

"No worries, but let me assure you, she's in good hands," Keith grinned.

He saw her bending down, putting away the cups and pans. "Fuck me," he whispered softly, seeing her cheeks turned towards him, showing the outline of her panties in the process.

Lucy walked in front of him when they left, waving her father goodbye, a couch pillow, and purse in hand. She demanded the car keys. With Liam present, Keith reluctantly handed them over.

"Thanks," she said, smiling. It was going to be fun, and this time Keith wasn't going to be able to do anything sexual. It wasn't a foolproof plan, but she'd be more careful this time. His job and safety were at stake, he had more to lose than her.

It was quiet at 7:30pm in their neighborhood, and with Keith's help she drove into the same dirt road, but only a few meters.

Keith looked at her, slightly surprised.

"Jerk off, jerk-off." She smiled at her wordplay.

"Here? It's too close to the main road. What if that cop shows up again? He won't have forgotten about us."

Keith looked through the back window at the cars passing by. At least the back of the car was pointed at it, and the tinted glass would block their view.

His hands opened his fly, and let his semi-hard cock stick out of the opening. He looked at Lucy while his hand touched his dick. Taking out his cock for the sweet thing next to him wasn't such a bad idea after all.

"You're beautiful in that dress," he whispered, staring at her breasts. "Perky, young breasts. Just perfect."

"Can you jerk off in silence, please?" Lucy asked but couldn't help but blush. She was sitting here in a car on the road, with an older man jerking off next to her.

Keith began pumping his fist up and down, slamming his palm against his pants, jerking off hard.

To his dismay Lucy kept staring out of her window, waiting for him to finish.

"Look at it," Keith demanded.

Lucy ignored him.

"I feel like you're a doctor waiting to start examining my sperm," he moaned angrily.

Lucy turned her head, gazing down at his body. Keith's cock flexed in joy. He smiled, pumping his fist again. He scooted to the end of his seat and touched her upper leg with his fingers.

"Don't!" Lucy said firmly, slapping his hand, but it remained in place, nonetheless.

"I can't cum if I can't fool my brain I'm with a woman. I need to touch your skin Lucy, you understand, no?"

"You were able to cum yesterday."

"You saw that?" he asked, pretending to be shocked.

"Uhm, yes, but only by accident, you left the door wide open."

"It's okay, I forgive you," he murmured, moving his hand up into her summer dress.

Lucy's hand grabbed his wrist preventing him from going up higher. Her eyes on his wrist made her see Keith's cock again, hard and thick, and Keith's moving hand smearing the ample pre-cum all over his shaft.

Even though that thing had been inside her several times, she hadn't seen his cock clearly, except when he was jerking off in the bathroom, but that had been from a distance. Giving it a long, good look, she couldn't comprehend how Keith had made it fit into her small pussy and even smaller asshole.

"Lucy, it's not working," he moaned, and to make his point he stuck his rough hand into her cotton panties, cupping her naked sex.

Lucy yelled, feeling his palm warming itself with her pussy. Immediately after, Keith dug two fingers into her.

"It will help me," he whispered.

Lucy gripped the steering wheel, white-knuckled, moaning softly, feeling his coarse fingers rapidly fingering her.

As long as he's not having sex with me. It's just his fingers. She kept repeating those lines in her head. It was just his fingers, he wasn't going to have sex with her. She wouldn't let him.

"No sex!" she moaned, somehow keeping a firm voice. After all, she had been through just to help him get his rocks off, maybe this wasn't that bad. She could use a release after all the sexual frustration, caused by Keith messing around with her mind.

Keith moaningly agreed. He was happy with his hard cock in hand, her wet pussy in the other. He had talked his hand into her panties within five minutes, his cock will follow soon.

"I'm so hard Lucy. Are you wet, too?" he panted. Lucy blushed hearing her sopping wet pussy answer the question for her.

"Are you wet?" Keith asked her again, turning her head with his finger on her chin, forcing her to look at him.

"I, uh, only a little bit," Lucy sighed, embarrassed by how her pussy became so wet feeling the man's fingers.

"A little bit is good," Keith breathed.

Keith forced his finger into her again in a fast rhythm, his palm stimulating her clit. Lucy didn't want to admit to herself that it felt good to have him play with her.

"Are you close?" she asked softly when she felt her pussy had wet his entire hand, and how her wet noises became louder than his moans.

"No, but I have an idea," Keith said. He took his hand off his dick and grabbed hers with it, planting it on his erection. Lucy jerked back her hand as if she had touched fire, but Keith was relentless. He put her hand back, moving it up and down with his, masturbating himself with her hand.

When her hand moved of her own accord he let go, sighing deeply as the slender fingers caressed his cock.

"Pump it up and down, like I just did."

She did, glad Keith didn't force her to speak because she didn't think she could. She felt the warmth emitting from his cock. The skin felt soft, but underneath she felt hard,

throbbing, sturdy flesh. She jerked harder, wanting to make the man cum. If it could always be like this, his fingers up her pussy and her hand on his cock, she might come to him out of her free will, next time.

Her pussy was so wet for him. She appreciatively moaned when he circled his thumb onto her sensitive spot.

"Keith," she moaned softly. It felt so wonderful inside her, almost lovingly in the way he cared for her feelings this time. It was as if she was with her lover that genuinely cared about making her feel good.

She slammed her legs together, panting heavily. Keith's cock thickened when he felt her gush onto his fingers. Lucy's cheeks flushed, and she squinted her eyes at his erection while smearing his pre-cum all over his sensitive cockhead repeatedly, every time her fingers came back up.

Keith dug his fingers into his open fly, fishing out his hairy balls.

"Play with my balls, but keep pumping that cock."

Lucy extended her other hand, holding his hefty balls in her fingers, meanwhile not letting go of his cock.

"That feels good for me sweetheart, but I want you to stroke them, knead them in your soft, little hands for me. Aaah, yesss, like that, now roll them in your fingers. Hmmm, yes."

She squeezed his balls softly while her other hand squeezed the tip of his penis. Keith groaned, lifting his ass up, and thrusting into her hand.

She gently stroked his balls as she squeezed her hand hard around his cock and jerked it off firmly. Keith moaned and regularly lifted his ass, shaking on his legs from the immense pleasure she gave him.

Lucy enjoyed the effect she had on him. Her finger swept past the little slit on the tip of his penis, provoking another violent moan from Keith. He was so sensitive around that area, she noticed. Every time her palm slid over it, lubricated by his abundant pre-cum, Keith's knees buckled and his belly spasmed.

She pumped her hand, encouraged by Keith's fingers gently fucking her pussy. She was fascinated by how his foreskin slid up and down like a helmet on his cock.

She then jerked him off faster and clamped her hand harder around his cock when Keith asked her to. He watched in pure lust as she performed her first handjob.

"Are you sure it's, aahhh... your first time, sweetie? Are you sure you haven't, like, jerked off your dad?"

Lucy was offended by his joke but focussed her attention on his thick dick, which still stood up hard as a pole.

As a man, Keith loved being hard. One thing that could ruin his day was not being able to get rock-hard erections. Having a rock-hard erection was more than just sex, it told his girls and himself much more than that. It showed that he was a real man. That he was a healthy, vital man that could get the job done.

"My hand is getting tired," Lucy softly whispered, laying it to rest on the base of his shaft, her fingertips touching her others that were still caressing his warm balls. She spread her fingers, feeling her sore muscles loosen.

She hadn't expected his hand on her shoulder all of a sudden, pushing her straps off. "N-no, what are you doing?" she cried when his hands unclasped her bra.

He leaned forward on one knee, pushing his cockhead against her soft breast. Stunned, she witnessed how he moaningly wiped his pre-cum all over it, and he moaned even louder when he poked his cockhead against her rigid nipple.

Keith knelt down, sucking her other nipple into his mouth, vigorously licking his flexible tongue around her supple areola. Air snorting from his nose, he nearly came from feeling the hotness of her tit-flesh. Her smooth breast reminded him once again of her youth.

Lucy grabbed the bra in her lap and pushed it up, trying to cover up her breasts. Keith grabbed it from her and threw it onto the backseat.

"This is what you do Lucy, it's normal. You let a man suck on your breasts, and then, if he's really satisfied with you, he'll give you a baby to suck on them."

Lucy was lost for words at his sudden aggression.

"Stop whining and come sit by me, cocksucker," Keith growled, hearing her whimper.

Lucy's hand let go of his cock in fright at his name calling and him pushing his chair all the way back in a quick pull.

"Come sit in front of me," he gasped and pulled her by the arm to him. He pulled her onto his lap and then pushed her to the ground.

"Take a good look at it, little cocksucker, because that's what you'll be doing soon," he panted. Keith grinned and moved his lower body forward until the tip of his dick touched her cheek.

"No Keith... I, I want to stop now, I don't like this anymore."

"Of course you don't," Keith chuckled knowingly. "I have to teach you every fucking thing, being the virgin that you are..."

He acted as if being upset with her, but secretly he enjoyed having to teach the little thing the ways of sex. It was those hot, little lips on her mouth he wanted this time.

Lucy felt offended. If he wanted to fuck a slut he shouldn't have come to her. Keith took her hand and dropped it on top of his dick. "Hold it or else it'll go soft."

She saw his angry, red cock up close, the veins on his erect shaft pulsing with need. She had never seen a man naked, but she could tell by every bump and lump he had put his cock to good use, throughout his life. She wondered if he had any hobbies at all. This part of his body was what made life enjoyable for him. Living from orgasm to orgasm. She was here to provide him with his next.

Lucy didn't know Keith had cum two times that night. He had woken up in his sleep with a raging hard-on, unable to sleep from being obsessed with her.

He had dreamed about fucking the little girl in front of her father, claiming her. In one of his other dreams, he fucked her at school, while being applauded by male teachers and female students. He had dreamed about her wet, little pussy, how he came inside it and knocked her up. He had fantasies in his sleep of her sexy mouth, still untouched by any cock. In all of his dreams, she had eagerly done what so many other women and girls before her had done; wantonly licking and sucking his cock and swallowing his huge load, giggly accepting his cum.

Keith dragged his cockhead along her smooth skin and then nudged it against her trembling lips. She felt his hot glans burn into her skin, the first penis touching her face. Keith, well aware of this, felt his cock throb as fast as the pounding of his heart.

Lucy tried to speak and Keith took advantage, pushing his cockhead between her red lips.

"Hmmpff," he heard her inaudibly protest. Grabbing her by her long hair he thrust forward. Her struggling involuntarily forced her tongue against the underside of his sensitive cockhead. She tried to force his cock out, licking her tongue all over his cockhead.

"If I didn't know any better I'd think you were trying to make me cum," Keith murmured ecstatically. He saw her struggle, trapped between his legs. He threw his head back, digging his fingers into her skull, pushing her head further onto his erection.

Lucy's tongue, no match against the length of Keith's cock, got pushed back further and further into her mouth. She desperately tried to push the invading cock out of her mouth with her tongue, not knowing she pleased him by doing so.

"You're such a cock-tease," Keith said playfully.

Keith leaned forward, allowing himself a better view of how he drove himself into her violently, seeing inch after inch disappear into her wet mouth. He tucked her blonde hair behind her ear, easing half his cocksize into her. Her lips squeezed his hard flesh in horror as she felt her lips stretch to their limit. She'd never had anything this large into her mouth.

"Such a good girl," Keith moaned in awe, pleased by how hot the inside of the young girl's mouth felt. Her tongue trashed around, licking him all over his shaft. Whenever her wet tongue bumped against his cockhead Keith would mean uncontrollably.

Lucy lowered her teeth down into his flesh, Keith scraping himself as he drove more of his cock into her. She had done it tentatively, scared of the ramifications of the powerful man.

The feeling rather pleased him, but he wasn't overly fond of feeling her teeth, either. "Open wide, sweetie!" Keith whispered fondly.

She responded by trying to push him off of her, pressing her extensive hands hard onto his chest. She cried inaudibly, with her mouth full of cock.

"I'm not angry, it's your first of many blowjobs after all..." he said, stroking her head affectionately. "Just keep it as wide open as you would at the dentist." He kissed her hand just as affectionately. Noticing the trembling in her hand he sucked two fingers into his mouth, moaning purposely.

"I want you to suck it like this," he told her, sucking her fingers. "I want to hear you moan seductively while you do it. It's optional, but I'd really enjoy it if your hand hold my balls, while you jerk me off and hold my cock, giving you a good grip when you suck up and down on my shaft."

He was overjoyed when he felt her tongue bump against his cockhead.

"Yesss," he hissed, "use your tongue like that."

Yearningly, he dragged her head back by her hair, but Lucy surprised him by throwing back her head. His cock slapped loudly against his shirt, the car filling with Lucy's loud gasps for air.

"All right, you've had your breather, now get back on my cock!" Keith grunted, pushing her onto his aching cock.

Lucy had just taken another deep gasp when she felt his cockhead part her lips. She moaned, partly shocked, partly surprised by how easily it slipped inside, caused by how slippery and wet it was with her saliva.

"Yes, keep moaning like that!" Keith growled elated.

Lucy moaned, her only way of protesting, as she felt his cock slide over the end of her tongue, bumping into her throat. Keith's cock jumped up in excitement knowing he had pushed it that far inside her mouth. Lucy felt the tip of his penis thrust.

"Hmppff."

"Let me fuck that virgin hole!" Keith cried in ecstasy.

When she gagged repeatedly on his cock he reluctantly pulled back an inch. "Is this better?" he asked. He smirked when he saw her nodding her head solemnly.

"Suck my cock!"

Lucy's hands trembled on his upper legs, her motionless body still trapped between his legs.

"Lick it and suck it, or you give me no choice but to force it into your throat!" Keith bellowed. His cock throbbed so achingly hard, he could not deny himself the pleasure of her mouth.

Lucy, intimidated by the thought of his cock fucking its way into her throat, started licking his shaft like she'd licked so many ice creams. The difference was this was hot, throbbing cockmeat, attached to an impatient, horny man.

"Yesss," Keith moaned deliriously. "Now suck it."

Lucy closed her eyes, shutting him off from her world as good as she could. Her head bounced back when Keith let go of her, leaving only the first inch of his cock in her mouth.

She slowly lowered her head, licking the skin of Keith's cock. When her head went up again, she licked her tongue over the mushroom tip of his cock, feeling the head bend when she forced her tongue onto it.

"Suck it like a whore!" Keith growled impatiently.

Lucy shrieked a little at his outburst, lightly suckling on his bulbous head in response.

Her inexperience was not left unnoticed by the mature man that had been fucking women for over thirty years.

"Suck it harder, sweetie, don't be afraid of hurting me."

Lucy complied, caving in her cheeks as she sucked on and on, ignoring Keith's heavy moans and low grunts. She bobbed her head, filling the car with sounds of her lewd act.

"Grab my balls!" Keith growled.

With an audible pop, Lucy let go of his cock. She gasped looking at the hardness of his erection, unaffected by her hard work.

She gazed down at his big marbles, according to Keith's words testifying of his high sex drive.

"Do you like sucking cock, little girl?" Keith asked, smiling warmly.

Lucy breathed heavily.

"Lucy, did you ever wonder why you can breathe through both your mouth and nose?" Keith asked, a huge grin on his face. "Put that sweet, little mouth on me and suck me off. Use your nose to breathe while you're blowing me," he instructed her, giving her head a little nudge.

Seeing Lucy willingly submit to him by lowering her head into his lap, debasing herself like that, exhilarated him, unlike anything he had ever seen in his life. He would cum inside the little darling as often as he could manage, but if he somehow would run into trouble because of this, he knew for sure he could jerk off to memories of this for many years to come... this very moment happening right now, unfolding right in front of his eyes.

Lucy licked the underside of his glans, softly sucking on his large cock, kneading his heavy ballsack with her fingers.

"Ahh, hmm, yes, that's a good girl, you take good care of your man. Such a lovely, little cocksucker for me," he complimented her effort to make him feel good.

Keith panted hard, his orgasm suddenly overtaking his senses. He said nothing, not at all interested in warning her.

Lucy sucked on the bulbous head of his penis, moving up and down, licking the ridge. The rigid cock swelled, spewing cum onto her tongue. Lucy hold still, shocked at feeling a man cum in her mouth. Keith pushed her head down in a fit of rage, telling her to keep sucking.

Lucy gagged from the pressure, and when the next huge stream of cum burst straight into her throat, she coughed.

Keith relented, taking his cum-spurting dick out of her mouth, shooting huge amounts of semen all over her face. Lucy closed her eyes, trying to avoid his cum from hitting them or running down into her eyes, jumping up every time his warm cum splattered onto her face.

Keith panted heavily, getting a thrill from painting her face and hair with thick loads of cum. His next two jets hit her on her nose and chin, mixing with her saliva, dripping down onto the floor.

Attempting to regain his breath he leaned back into the seat, letting go of his cock. Lucy hesitantly opened her eyes, his throbbing cock the first thing she saw. Cum dripped over the shaft, his pubic hair, and his big balls.

Keith saw this and squeezed out the last remains of his cum, eagerly pressing it back into the mouth that had made him cum.

Lucy knew what was expected of her and rolled her tongue over the helmet of his dick, swallowing his sticky cum.

Keith watched in dismay at how he had accidentally grabbed her by her wet hair. He stroked her long hair, wiping his cum off the palm of his hand.

"Thank you, sweetheart, that was fantastic," he whispered in euphoria, tucking his spent dick away. He extended his hand, helping Lucy get up.

Lucy felt her knees buckle, strained from having been stuck in the small space.

"Do you have a handkerchief or something?" Keith asked, after he shamefully saw how much cream he had shot onto her face.

Lucy shook her head.

"What did you bring your purse for then? Pepper spray?" Keith chuckled. Seeing no other way he dug his hands into her summer dress, scaring Lucy.

"Sshhh," he crooned, hooking his thumbs inside her panties, pushing them down, exposing her bald pussy in her short summer dress. He folded the panties neatly in his hand, and then, to Lucy's dismay, dipped her face and hair with it. The thin cotton was soon soaked in his cum. Keith was happy at the result, seeing her face cleaned up. He opened her purse and stuffed the panties inside, smearing her possessions in the process.

He put her onto his legs, rocking her softly on his lap for many minutes. He decided to test the atmosphere by kissing her cheek, whispering she'd been a good girl.

He turned on music while he lifted her up and placed her onto the driver's seat. "Let's see what you can do behind the wheel!" he smiled. He wanted to give her some time and not pressure her, so he leaned back into the seat, his hands folded comfortably behind his head, and closed his eyes.

"Can you drive?" she asked, speaking so softly it almost scared him.

"How about we drive together?" He moved towards the driver's seat as well, placing her on his lap. "You steer and I'll do the rest, how's that sound?"

Lucy nodded. They drove in silence. She enjoyed how Keith adjusted the car's speed to her steering. When they drove near the mall the increased traffic made her nervous, asking him to take over.

"I was beginning to enjoy the jealous look on those men's faces!" Keith joked cheerfully.

After what they had just done Lucy felt a constant sexual tension between them. Sitting on his lap only increased that. She smiled coyly, gliding off his lap, and buckled up on the passenger seat. She felt more at ease by the small distance between them.

Keith parked the car, surprising the girl sitting next to him.

Lucy asked where they were headed, but Keith answered by kissing her on the lips, smiling affectionately at her.

"I know it's here somewhere... let me think," he said, getting out of the car, her hand in his.

After having walked in silence for ten minutes he stopped.

"A jewelry store?" Lucy asked in amazement.

"For you, honey," Keith whispered, nudging her gently.

A young man walked up to them, asking if he could help.

Keith smiled at Lucy. She had no idea what to answer.

"What would you like to have, sweetheart?" Keith asked her by whispering in her ear and kissing her. He saw the surprised facial expression on the employee's face and how he felt out of place.

Lucy's face reddened by seeing all the employees faces gazing at her with anticipation.

"A ring or a necklace?" Keith whispered.

"We also have bracelets and earrings!" the young man added, glad a man came in at closing time, looking to spend his money on his young girlfriend.

"This one?" Keith kept asking Lucy, roaming the store, Lucy's soft, manicured hand in his.

He told her he thought a necklace would look great on her, and held still, looking at the ones displayed in front of them. He encouraged her to choose one, and finally, her finger pointed towards a silver necklace.

"It's very small. It's for children. Choose something you really want. Don't look at the prices, just follow your heart, sweetie!"

Lucy had chosen the silver necklace, thinking it was an affordable price. However, if Keith wanted to spend more money on her she wasn't going to decline his offer. She looked at the gold necklaces, contemplating whether or not it was too much to ask. Keith

noticed it with a smile, moving her over to the gold necklaces, all displayed for a beautiful girl just like her.

"Choose the one you like the most." He was standing behind her, feeling her plump ass in his groin. "Choose one, baby. They are closing up."

She scanned the necklaces with her eyes, and without looking at the prices she pointed her finger at one on the far right.

Keith held her long hair to the side, while the young man put on her necklace.

"It's beautiful," Lucy gasped in front of the mirror.

"We'll take it," Keith responded. The bright smile on her face made him glow with pride.

On the drive back Lucy sat in silence, touching the necklace with her fingertips. Parking his car on Liam's driveway, Keith noticed Liam had closed the curtains, the days getting shorter already at the end of August.

"Are you happy?" Keith asked her, looking into her baby-blue eyes he loved so very much.

Lucy nodded contently, overjoyed by his generous gift.

"Why don't you be a good girl and show me how happy you really are?" he asked rhetorically.

Lucy's hand involuntarily squeezed the door handle, feeling her heart race.

Keith opened his fly, fishing his cock out. He pushed her head down to his cock which rapidly grew in size.

Lucy couldn't believe he would do this in front of her house. If her dad opened the door to see what was taking them so long, he'd see she'd disappeared. In case her head would come back up it would be even worse.

Lucy's lips were pressed against his cockhead, and opening her lips Keith lowered her onto his erect cock. He moaned, glad to have her back. His palm caressed her back and then lifted her dress over her ass, excited to see her naked body underneath. Lucy moaned when he unceremoniously penetrated two fingers into her pussy. When he started fucking her with them she moaned, grabbing his shaft for support, her body rocking with his impatient thrusts.

"Hmmm... I wanna fuck that fucking cunt," Keith whispered huskily. Lucy blushed hearing his foul language. "I wanna fuck that ass too."

Lucy licked her tongue up and down over his shaft, pushing her tongue into his asshole. She remembered to suck him this time. Anything better than him fucking her on the driveway. If the neighbors saw her getting fucked in a car in front of her house, they'd think she was some kind of cheap slut. The thought of other people knowing mortified her.

"I need three penises, that's how horny you make me," Keith moaned hoarsely. "Would you like that, sweet Lucy? Three men thrusting into your tight, hot body? One penis in every hole?" Keith laughed, stroking her hair. "It's rather hard answering with your mouth full of cock, isn't it, sweetie?"

His fingers stroked her hard on the tiny nub of flesh, above that sweet pussy hole in which he used the entire length of his fingers to fuck her. He slowed down, beginning to slowly massage her clit. He saw Lucy's cheeks turning red, blushing at the attention he gave her. He repeatedly fucked his fingers into her, while he slowly kept caressing her exposed clit with his other fingers.

Lucy, spurred on by his aggression, sucked him harder. Hookers did this for thirty dollars. She could do this for a six-hundred-and-fifty dollar necklace.

Liam wondered why they were still outside. Perhaps they were talking and saying their goodbyes, or maybe Keith was explaining to her how to drive a car. Either way, he thought it would be rude not to invite Keith in for a drink.

Keith gazed down, lost in pleasure, seeing the young girl slurping away on his cock. Her necklace dangled along with her quick movements. Her body was leaned over towards him, her belly pressed onto the stick.

He moved his hand over her belly, towards her spread labia. He forced three fingers inside, fingering her wet pussy while his palm massaged her clit. His other hand caressed her belly, wondering what was happening inside. Could it be she was impregnated by him? Pregnant with his child?

He felt her pussy gush, squeezing and contracting around the thick girth of his combined fingers. Lucy squealed, the sound muffled by the cock in her mouth. Her knees buckled, her panting increased, and the skin on her cheeks turned into a dark red.

Keith dug his middle finger into her ass, feeling it contract. It reminded him of when he fucked that little hole, the pressure initially trying to force his cock out, but then had suddenly surrendered to the man's power and had sucked it into that little anus.

Keith told her to suck hard and fast on his knob, wanting to cum with her. Feeling her wet pussy gushing onto him, combined with the lewd noises of her sucking and her squealing, he came. His cock pumped hard, rewarding her with his cum.

Keith never stopped thrusting his fingers into her pussy. He moved his finger slowly over her overly sensitive, hardened little nub. His other hand fingered her little asshole. He lost it then, closing his eyes, his hands going limp. He groaned and mumbled inaudibly, overtaken by his own senses.

Panting heavily he wiped the sweat off his forehead. He slept his hand down very hard onto Lucy's wet pussy. She squealed but he didn't care. Something caught his eye, and then he saw Liam walk out of his door, towards his car.

"Up! Your dad's coming!" he yelled. Lucy lifted her body up in shock, Liam's eyes locking with hers.

Keith hid his cock back into his pants, waving at Liam.

"Hey man, look at her," he chuckled to Liam closing in, "she found this necklace laying on the floor and decided to keep it."

"That's..." Liam stammered, the shock on his face visible. "Is that true, Lucy?"

"Yeah man, she--"

"Let her speak!" Liam interrupted Keith. He couldn't fathom what else she could have been doing between Keith's legs but wanted to know for sure. Keith would probably not mind getting his cock sucked, even by his daughter. But Lucy doing such an indecent thing was impossible. She would never.

"Yeah, I thought I saw more, but it was just a coin," she said, doing her best to hide the tension in her voice, holding up a coin in her hand.

"All right," Liam sighed deeply. "I thought for a second, you, you were..."

"She was what?" Keith chuckled.

Liam apologized, laughing nervously. He thought highly of his friend and for a second he had nearly lost it there. "How did you do, Lucy?"

"It was nice," she smiled coyly to her father.

"She did very well," Keith smiled at Lucy and saw she averted her eyes in shame.

They went inside, Liam talked to his friend while Lucy excused herself to take a shower. Keith regretted he couldn't kiss her goodbye. He stayed a bit longer, waiting for Lucy to come downstairs after her shower, but she didn't.

"Mind if I say goodbye to your daughter?" Keith asked.

"Uh... not at all, go ahead." Liam intended to talk to her as well after Keith would leave.

Keith didn't bother knocking, pleasantly surprised to see her in her underwear and bra. "Hmmm," he moaned, closing the door behind him. "I'm not hard baby, but if you want a good pounding, perhaps you can use that slippery little, tongue of yours again?"

"Keith, I-- I am going downstairs," Lucy mumbled, avoiding eye contact with him. That fierce look in his honey-brown eyes haunted her in her dreams all night.

"I understand he wants to spend some time with his sweet girl. Just gimme your phone number, please. I just wanna communicate directly with you and not via your dad."

Lucy laughed a little. She turned her back to him.

"Don't be shy, Lucy, I have seen more than your underwear."

"This has to stop," she quietly whispered.

"Not this again," Keith smiled kindly at her. "Give me your number and I will leave," he promised her.

Lucy wrote down her number, giving it to him, holding an arm over her bra-clad breasts. "Remember..." she said, "anything you write to me, I can show my father."

"Right," Keith chuckled. He kissed her, letting his lips linger on hers for more than a minute. When Lucy struggled he held her in his arms. He snorted air from his nose, pressing her against his pants, but eventually let go. "All right, darling..." he smiled, leaving her, not wanting to arouse Liam's suspicions again.

Downstairs he had a chat with Liam and then told him he was leaving. While exiting his house he heard Liam ask Lucy if she wanted to go to the supermarket with him.

She's not in the mood to talk to you, Keith smirked to himself, closing the door behind him.

He closed his car door, the interior of his car giving him flashbacks of Lucy's mouth sucking off her first cock. His cock. The knowledge of having ripped open her two holes and then her mouth too, stroked his ego. She'd remember him and his large cock for the rest of her life.

However, he felt severely depressed by the thought of having to let go of sweet Lucy. No matter how many times, it would end one day. She wasn't going to live with a fifty-one-year-old man. But there had never been a woman he even remotely fantasized about marrying. But Lucy... He silently hoped his semen had done what they were supposed to do and had made her pregnant. It would make it easier to keep visiting her. No boy would want her and she couldn't refuse him his visiting rights. He hoped it would mess

with her hormones, and make her long for his touch and a husband. He hoped it would severely mess with her head and make her fall in love with him.

He had to shower her with gifts. No twenty-year-old boy could ever compete with that. She'd soon realize life with him wasn't that bad.

Keith drove his car only to park it a little further, out of sight. His heart leaped in his chest when he saw Liam leave in his car.

Three minutes later Keith fumbled impatiently with their door key, unlocking it. He didn't have much time, he couldn't risk having his car parked at Liam's driveway when Liam came back.

The memory of her hot mouth on his cock urged him on. He considered what to do, then. Fuck her against her will? Force her to cum on his cock? Grab her by her long hair and force her to drop to her knees, stuffing his cock into her mouth, once again?

Why not all of them?

He silently walked up the stairs, peeking into her bedroom. Very much to his pleasure he saw her staring in the mirror, touching her necklace. She was still dressed in that sexy underwear, leaving half her cheeks exposed. What's the use of wearing such skimpy clothes if there wasn't a man near that got enticed by it? He felt his cock swell, ready for the next round. He undressed fast, leaving his grey briefs on, his cock throbbing in anticipation.

"You did well, not leaving with your dad!"

Lucy squealed after hearing that familiar low, heavy voice coming into her room.

Keith closed the curtains tight. His hands were immediately all over her, baring her breasts, kneading her ass cheeks, and pressing his tenting briefs against her lower back.

He clamped his hand over her mouth, using his other to lower her panties, kicking them away with his foot.

"For once I don't want to talk my way into your panties, sweetie. We don't have time for one of your hard-to-get games right now. You know as well as I do that you crave my cock with all your heart. Now bend over the bed and spread those pussy lips for me. If you choose to say a word I will fuck your ass raw."

He let go of her and stepped back, staring at her plump ass, her little anus hidden out of sight. He saw her vulva, dry and bald. If he had to choose, he'd go for her little pussy and pump his cum into her there, but the choice was hers.

A little weak at her knees she lowered herself in silence. A quick look at his fierce eyes reminded her of how horny he was. Bending forward onto her bed, she trembled in fear when she thought of how he kept refusing protection, and was about to release huge

loads of cum into her body again. She hoped the pill she had taken yesterday would still do its work.

Her thoughts were roughly interrupted by his coarse fingers, preparing her for penetration. His cockhead bumped against her legs telling her he was clearly in the mood, despite having had his cock sucked twice already that evening.

The tingling in her pussy soon provided Keith's hungry fingers with slippery, wet juices that seemed to beckon his cock. His fingers spread, delighted at seeing her deep pink hole, happy at the prospect of sinking his hardness into it.

"Play with your pussy," he moaned, lowering his briefs and taking his hard cock into his hand.

When she hesitated he grabbed her hand, pushing it onto her naked pussy.

Lucy tentatively touched her outer labia, the man behind her not missing a thing.

"Fuck yourself," Keith breathed, captivated by seeing her fingers going to her wet opening.

He jerked off while he stared at her, fucking herself with her soft, small fingers. The time was now to exchange them for his hard cock.

His senses overwhelmed him when he thrust forward, warming his cock with her pussy.

"Not so hard," Lucy squealed while Keith rammed the back of her pussy.

Young, yet grown up to fuck, she was a natural aphrodisiac, made for his insatiable appetite for sex, Keith thought silently. The chance of having her as a girlfriend was one in a million. She'd get used to sex like this though, he eased his conscience, while he kept banging into her from behind. It was what any man would do, having a young, horny thing within his grasp.

"At the end of the day we are all just animals, and animals go by their instinct, Lucy" he growled in ecstasy.

His stomach, ass, and upper leg muscles got a good workout while Lucy's pussylips stretched to their limit, receiving thrust after thrust from the heavily panting, older man.

"You're a good girl, Lucy, bending down and letting me in like that. The best girlfriend I've ever had, and so sexy and tight too," he grunted, slamming his cock into her every time.

The attention she received from him, and how she could be so important to this man, even with minimum efforts like bending over the bed and sticking her pussy out, and

the compliments about her looks and the most intimate part of her body, and getting penetrated hard from behind... they activated her brain reward system.

The vigorous sex told her brain to enjoy this. That it was necessary to survive as a species. When that thick, thrusting cock rammed her again she felt her orgasm taking over, her brain shutting down her ability to process fear. Her brain betrayed her, subconsciously telling her survival of the species is important, and when she was taking care of that, her own safety was secondary.

It gave Keith a huge ego boost to feel her warm juices lubricate his cock. There was no time to delay his ejaculation. Giving her a hard thrust that rocked her body forward, he rammed into the back of her pussy, slapping her with his aching balls. With his large cock he held himself tight to her slim body, bumping his cockhead against her cervix, giving in to his base instincts, in a desperate attempt to help his millions of angry, little swimmers.

"I'm cumming, sweetie!" Keith roared, shooting ropes of hot cum against the opening of her womb, secretly hoping she was in heat and receptive to his seed. "That adorable, little peach of you does it every time for me, Lucy," he moaned, simultaneously feeling how his throbbing cock still aggressively pumped his semen deep into her pussy. She lay flat on the bed, trembling from her own intense orgasm, not even hearing his words.

With a heavy sigh, Keith slipped out of her. He dressed himself, his eyes fixed upon the creampie between her legs. She'd need more than a towel this time.

"I love you!" Keith whispered affectionately, kissing her head. When his rugged hand stroked her disheveled, long strands of hair, he saw the thin, gold necklace. She had earned it.

Driving home, Keith made sure he took a route Liam wouldn't take. The first thing he did at home was pouring his heart out. He saw Lucy's happy smile in her picture on the messaging app. He smiled back.

>I hope to see you soon, sweetheart. I'm in love with you :-) :-) :-) If you like, we can watch a movie tomorrow at my place? I miss you already. Love you lots XXX Keith<

Keith took a shower every day, but didn't that day, deciding he wanted to smell Lucy's scent on his cock every time he'd take a piss. He sauntered to his bedroom, opening the only pill bottle he had. Swallowing the white, little pill, he suppressed a grin.

Still bent over the bed and not being used to sex yet, Lucy felt her muscles ache all over. Staring ahead, she could still see the small dent from where her head had been laying. It had been the second time she had been laid down on her twin bed by Keith, her father's friend. It was all he had asked of her; for her to bend down onto the soft bedsheets, so he could fuck her from behind. And she had done it willingly, without struggling. She felt shame in that. Keith had fucked her so many times within such a short time, she genuinely wondered if he had stopped having sex with other girls, and instead focussed all his sexual lusts on her. It was as if Keith's world revolved around her.

She wiped the cum off the floor, reminding her once again of the sex, and then took a second shower that evening. She sank through her knees, sliding down until her butt hit the tiles. Keith was long gone, but she still witnessed his presence as the hot water washed Keith's cum off her body, as well as the cum that dripped out of her vagina. She could still feel the dull pain of his cock inside her, pushed in so deeply that his heavy balls pressed against her body. The possibility of semen deep inside her, in search of an egg, scared her. She would have been impregnated by a man so old, she'd be shocked to tell her girlfriends. It was embarrassing enough that some of them thought she was dating him, thanks to her friend Melissa.

The pill she had taken would help. It would help for several days. If not, she could buy one herself. Feeling the hot spray of the shower hit her naked body, she looked down to that tiny slit between her legs, ridden of all hair. There wasn't much to see, all the more when she compared it to that big thing Keith had standing between his legs, and yet - it obsessed Keith's mind, she was sure of it. All his thought were on what she was looking at then.

She didn't want to look at it. She stood up and washed her hair with shampoo. Her body was next, especially that spot between her legs. Maybe the chemicals would prevent pregnancy. She didn't think she really was pregnant, but she'd been taught to always use protection, both by school and her dad.

She heard her phone, and glad to have some distraction she dried herself and walked over to her room. The distinctive smell of sex hit her. Opening the window, she was relieved at feeling the cool breeze over her.

Countless times Lucy re-read the text message Keith had sent her. She believed he was serious about what he wrote. He wouldn't have bought her the expensive necklace otherwise.

Men were all about sex, and there wasn't a doubt in her mind Keith was on the front line of that army. But she had known Keith all her life... he wasn't that ignorant to let women abuse him, if anything, it'd be the other way around. He wouldn't buy girls jewelry just

to have his way with them. She was more to him than just sex. Lucy didn't know whether to take that as a compliment or not.

Tired of her thoughts she threw her phone onto her bed, and put her pajamas on. She turned on her music, loud this time, since her father wasn't home, anyway.

"Lucy?" her father asked later that night.

"Yeah?" she answered, lowering the volume of her music, not even having noticed her father had come home from the store. She leaned up, seeing her father peek his head inside her room.

"Love that song..." he smiled.

Lucy smiled back, happy that her father approved of her taste in music.

"Lucy, are you okay?" he asked.

Lucy noticed the worried tone in his voice, and as if it would erase the past and preserve her innocence, she nodded affirmatively.

"Oh okay... I was just wondering why you were doing a wash with only one panties in the washer."

Seeing the blush on her father's face she couldn't help but blush as well. She was taken aback by his question, and struggled to find the right words to answer.

"Is it that time of the month?"

Lucy felt embarrassed he would think that, but even more so because it wasn't something she would normally discuss with him.

"Are you decent?" he asked then, stepping inside her room.

"Yeah, I'm in my pajamas."

"I'm sorry," Liam sighed to his daughter, "I guess it isn't always easy without a mother... but if there's anything you want to talk to me about, I'm here, okay?" He smiled at her, trying to put her at ease.

"Thanks, daddy!" Lucy whispered, throwing herself in her father's arms when he sat down on the bed. "I love you, dad!"

Feeling his tall body hugging her, his strong hands embracing her back, his hot breath in her hair, and hearing his soothing voice talk to her... it all reminded her of her self-proclaimed boyfriend.

"You're shivering!" Liam responded with shock, immediately breaking their hug to close the window.

"I'm just nervous," Lucy spoke.

"You wanna talk about it?" he asked hopefully.

Maybe if you hadn't broken up that hug. Maybe if you would ask the right questions instead of asking if you can ask. Maybe if you'd sit down and actually take the time to listen to me, for once.

"Nah, I'm actually kinda tired... I think I will go to bed early tonight."

"I think that's an excellent idea be--" Liam stopped talking when Lucy's phone made that sound he had heard plenty of times when he was in his own bedroom. "Don't stay up all night in bed chatting to the girls, okay?"

"Take my phone with you," she practically begged her father.

Liam laughed her words off, thinking she was only kidding. "Good night, pumpkin," he whispered, kissing her on her hair. "I love you too by the way, so very much."

When her father had left, Lucy stared ahead, losing all perception of time. How did something so mundane as a hug, or the way her father had talked to her and had soothed her, immediately remind her of Keith?

She decided to check her phone before going to bed, and was greeted by a second message from Keith:

>Want me to bring you to school tomorrow morning? I would love to see you before work.<

Muting her phone she hugged her bedsheets, shutting her eyes, quickly trading in the world around her for the ones in her dreams.

* * * *

Keith not comfortable in his skin, sent her three more messages. It was the first time a woman had not replied to his messages after she'd had sex with them. They were always interested in another meeting, and very interested in his oversized penis, which he would put to good use every time he'd meet his new lover.

He felt annoyed at her silence, but the longer he mulled over it, the more it convinced him that this was the right girl for him. If he ever wanted to have kids, today would be better than tomorrow. And he'd never score a girl this cute, this young, and this very beautiful. The only one left to convince of his true worth was Lucy.

Back in the day, men hunted mammoths, his hunt was the adoring daughter of his friend. It should be easy. He would win. In a year from now, she'd be with child or have his newborn baby. He'd love it if she attached herself to him that way, for the rest of her life. To have her submit to him, her husband.

Even that idea didn't cheer him up. What good was a baby if Lucy didn't want it? The time they lived in had other predators lurking from the shadows, convincing her to finish her study and to get rid of babies. Keith bit his nails, pacing around in his living room.

She had enjoyed riding his car, and he had seen that look on her adoring face when she had entered his house. He had not only seen, but also felt her enjoyment on his cock and the good sex he provided her with it. She longed for his body. How could she not? He was richer than most and had a bigger cock than most. Isn't that what women were after?

He would have found a way to drive Lucy to school tomorrow morning if she had only let him.

Grumpily he turned off the lights and went to bed early, not knowing Lucy had just done the same.

Thursday was a drag on Keith. He silently wished Thor would slam down his Mjöllnir, scaring off Lucy, and chase the adorable girl out of her house, and into his open arms and bed. But make-believe would not help his case, if he wanted to have her, he'd have to come up with a plan.

At work, Liam thought Keith was rather silent for the usually talkative man, not knowing Keith's mind was restless, constantly trying to think of ways of being inside his daughter again, and all the things he liked to do to her.

Feigning another sickness or leaving work early wouldn't do, he had already done that. Being the quiet, innocent girl Lucy was, she was usually at home after school, but her father Liam was as well.

At the end of the day, his brainstorming proved to be entirely futile. He was never happier to hear Liam's voice, giving him a glimmer of hope that he would have sex with Lucy again. Saturday at 8:00 pm Liam was having his birthday party he told Keith, and asked him if he wanted to come.

Liam felt slightly embarrassed asking Keith, knowing he was robbing him of his weekend day with the ladies. However, noticing the excited tone in Keith's voice, Liam laughed a little, pleased at himself that his friend was so excited about the party.

With amusement, he heard Keith's mock accusations the rest of the day, of how he complained about having to buy him a gift. They scolded each other for the remaining hours of their work day.

Liam drove him, waving goodbye at his colleagues. He had a few friends, but Keith was his best friend, and he felt lucky to have him as a colleague as well. Keith's mood change after telling him about the party shouldn't have surprised Liam as much, being the party animal that Keith was, but still, it felt good, nonetheless.

Keith was happy as well and secretly hoped the atmosphere of the party would create an opening for him and Lucy. The only thing he had to do now was to buy his friend a gift.

* * * *

"Congratulations, man!" Keith patted the shoulder of Liam, a little too hard for Liam's comfort. Keith, no stranger to his own mind, scanned the living room for another familiar face. "Where's Lucy, birthday boy? I'd like to congratulate her as well."

Liam was in good spirits and told him she'd be down in a minute. When Keith asked him if he could visit her for a minute, Liam pondered his answer. "She's probably dressing up, you know how girls get when there's a party."

"I don't think so... there are only old men here," Keith laughed. "I'll be right back."

Liam nodded, oblivious to Keith's true intentions.

Keith knocked gently on Lucy's door, glad he had the privilege of seeing her first, before the other men, and grinned knowing no one would dare to go upstairs, let alone enter Liam's teenage daughter's room.

"You can't come in, I'm not dressed!" she yelled in panic when she saw the door handle lowering.

Keith smiled to himself, realizing she thought he was her father. He opened the door and laughed under his breath. "Well, well, look at you... you always seem to be in your panties and bra, whenever I come in."

Lucy was astonished and speechless. She had just seen Keith come in a minute ago when she had looked out of her window.

"Leave now or I'll yell," she quickly recovered herself.

"No one would hear. Can't you hear the music?"

Lucy stroked her upper arm, breaking eye contact with him, and slowly walked over to her wardrobe.

Keith walked to her, yanking her by her arm. "I'm happy to see you, too" he mumbled and then kissed her lips. "I just gave your father beer for his birthday, but I added a bottle of red wine, even though I know he doesn't drink it. It's for you, Lucy. Don't listen to your father, you're old enough to drink. Besides..." Keith smiled, opening his jacket, and taking out a small, flat package he had hidden under his jacket. "This is for you as well. I can't come empty-handed to a party, now can I?"

Lucy hesitantly accepted his gift and opened it. "Chocolate?" she asked in surprise.

"Yeah, well, I can't give you anything big because they would have noticed when I came in. Unless it's something big you want that was small before."

"No, that's okay," Lucy quickly answered.

"Open my shirt," Keith whispered.

"No, Keith, I, I'm not even dressed."

"I haven't looked at you, sweetheart. I'm currently drowning in those captivating, ocean blue eyes of yours."

Keith took off his jacket and Lucy saw the outline of an object under his shirt. She hesitated, but thrilled at him buying her gifts, she undid the buttons on his shirt. She may be in her underwear, but he had done more than just look at her, anyway, Lucy thought.

She slowly pulled out the small branch. "Thank you," she whispered softly, marveling at the pink rose.

"You're welcome, sweetie. You want me to leave you alone now?"

"Uhm, yeah..." she whispered shyly.

"Button up my shirt and I'll go." He looked down at her hands when she obeyed him, and was pleased with feeling her soft fingers on his naked skin.

"Gimme a kiss and I'll go," he promised her then.

Keith saw her hesitation, but when she obeyed he felt his penis flex in his pants.

"See you downstairs soon," he whispered and kissed her on her lips. Those same lips that had been on his erection, actively licking and sucking while bobbing her head in the process. "Hmm, your lips are as soft as I remembered them last night when I jerked off."

Keith enjoyed her embarrassment. He couldn't help himself though. He was going to shower her with gifts and compliments until Lucy was convinced he was the only one that could ever make her happy.

He left, tempting himself by looking at her half-naked ass cheeks. However, there was no way he could walk into the house and immediately go upstairs and stay there, without arousing suspicion.

Downstairs, Keith grabbed himself a beer and sat down on the couch. He sat in the corner on the far right of the room, next to a mutual friend of his and Liam. Keith laughed at Philip's dumb jokes, counting down the minutes until Lucy would arrive. Lucy, being the cheerful girl she was, had most likely looked forward to this evening. He was glad he had gone upstairs though, filling her mind with him right before the party started.

Keith nodded his head slightly at Lucy when she entered the living room. He noticed she had put on lipstick. He took pity on her when he saw she was wearing that same dress again. The dress was so thin and the way it showed her ass to anyone interested, was definitely sexy to Keith's mind, but suspecting her lack of choice in her clothes hurt Keith. He felt his heart absorb all the love he had for her.

The feeling quickly turned into mad jealousy when he saw men of his age kiss the young girl and smile at her. But knowing they saw her as the cute, shy daughter of their friend, while he meanwhile had fucked the innocence out of her good and hard, soothed his mind.

Keith sat on the couch, on the other side of the living room, and displeased at this he waited until Lucy would go to the kitchen again. When she did he went after her. When she was done handing out beers and snacks, he took her by the hand.

"You're not having fun, being a maid to all these lazy men," he laughed loudly for everyone to hear.

He sat down on the couch with Lucy next to him. The man at her other side was only known to Keith as Sonny, a man Keith vaguely knew. Lucy talked more to Sonny than to him, but Keith's hand possessively hold onto her, pressing her so tightly to him it would seem to others she was his girlfriend.

Keith saw Liam acting way too happy and unrestrained for the usual him, and noticed the slur in Liam's speech. Keith took a huge gamble then. He lifted Lucy up and dropped her onto his lap, simultaneously talking to Liam.

Liam drank another glass empty, stirred up by his friends. It occurred to Keith then, that the men showed no interest in Lucy, and were perhaps even slightly embarrassed by having to talk to her, or her being present.

Keith silently drank his own beer while his mind was overly confused; how could those men not notice that cute, fuckable thing bouncing around with an abundance of energy that suited her age, and not notice that nubile body of that sweetheart, now sitting on his lap?

Well, that's what you get when you're married for twenty-five years, Keith thought. It was their loss, all the more fun for him and Lucy. He got a little handsy with her, whispering into her ear how beautiful she looked tonight. And then he lowered his lips onto hers.

Lucy's cheeks were flushed by the guts of this man, and at feeling his cock swell against her ass.

"What the fuck, Keith?"

Keith looked up into the dark eyes of Sonny who had come back from the kitchen with a beer in hand. He stood there on his tree-trunk legs and had biceps that were twice Keith's size, broad shoulders, and was at least a foot taller than him. Keith never liked the man, feeling inferior to him every time they met.

"It was an innocent kiss, I was just playing," Keith apologized.

"You'd better clean the lipstick off your mouth before Liam sees it," Sonny chuckled, shaking his head.

It took all of Keith's concentration to only lightly pet the girl on his lap, occasionally pressing her ass onto his erection when she slid off his lap. When all the men dared Liam to arm wrestle Sonny, Keith realized he wouldn't get a better opportunity.

"C'mon Lucy, this is no place for a sweetheart like you," Keith whispered, taking her by the hand towards the stairs. He pushed her gently onto her back, pushing her further up the stairs whenever she hesitated. His cock tented up big in his pants while he looked up her dress. Lucy heard the jubilation of the men less loudly with each step she took.

Keith closed the bedroom behind them while he took in Lucy for the hundredth time that evening. She had really tried to look as sexy as she could this evening. But it wasn't for her father or his clique of friends. It was her way of thanking him. Her bright red lipstick made his cock throb and his mind go wild.

She had been running back and forth, serving her father's guests. It convinced him once again how much she liked to be obedient and submissive to men.

Not only had she done so, but she had done it brightly smiling and giggling. She'd had the time of her life, not realizing girls got paid for keeping lonely men company. Or for what she was about to do in a minute.

Keith kissed her hard, not letting go until Lucy struggled against his grip. He let go and saw the half-amused smile of Lucy.

"Do I have your lipstick on me?" Keith grinned.

Lucy nodded, gazing at his massive erection.

"That's right. I'm hard." Keith groaned.

He had been hard the entire evening. He was used to girls playing around, feigning modesty, but his favorite part was where he could finally free his erection. He pressed Lucy down, forcing her to drop onto her knees before him.

"Keith, you-you've got me all wrong. I- I don't want this, I don't love you the way you love me," she stammered, frightened at seeing his gruff face when he was listening to her.

"Open it," Keith moaned. He chuckled when she opened her trembling lips. "No, sweetie, you don't open your mouth before you open a lollipop, do you? Open the fly of my pants, babycakes..." he added in a gruff voice, wishing he could forget about what she just said to him.

Lucy's trembling hands undid the buttons of his fly. The carnal lust in Keith's fierce eyes hypnotized her as if she was in trance and as if her will had been overtaken by his.

She squealed when his erection jumped out, hitting her nose.

Keith chuckled. "Kiss it, doll," he demanded when he had given her a few seconds to look at it.

"Please..." Lucy begged, feeling trapped once again. When she heard a loud laugh coming from downstairs she felt betrayed by her father. Wasn't he supposed to protect her against men? Men like his own friend, Keith?

Lucy planted a soft kiss on his mushroom head. The pre-cum dripped off her lips when she did.

"Please, let me go now," Lucy's shaky voice asked him, hoping he'd had enough fun for the night.

"No," Keith breathed. "Kiss it some more!"

He watched in satisfaction as Lucy tentatively puckered her lips and kissed the ridge of his bulbous head. She continued, kissing the top of his shaft, and then the underside. Keith chuckled sympathetically, seeing tiny prints of lipstick all over the length of his hard penis.

Lucy wrinkled her nose. Keith's cock smelled awful; like a mixture of dried cum, sweat and piss. She suspected he hadn't washed since the last time she had sex with him.

Keith wanted her to suck on his cock. To have her open her mouth on her own initiative. Then again, there wasn't much time. He pressed his erect cock into her lips, pressing further, forcing her to open her lips. His mouth watered upon seeing Lucy's face, all dolled up, with her lips slutty red from her lipstick, which then lowered onto the hard flesh of his penis.

Grabbing Lucy by the head he moved his hips back and forth, moving his cock in and out of her slutty mouth. He decided to speed up his thrust when he noticed she could take him into her lips without a struggle.

Keith kept moaning and grunting while he fed her his hard cock. She had always been his cute, little girl, but seeing the makeup on her face gave her that whorish look he thoroughly enjoyed. She was his little slut.

The hard dick sticking out of his open fly meant she hadn't had the patience to undress him but had eagerly dropped to her knees, wantonly sucking off his cock now. He petted her head and then decided to test her oral skills. He thrust forward, bumping into the back of her mouth. Lucy gagged when he pressed a little further and slipped the mushroom tip into her throat.

Having Lucy slobber all over his cock was great, but taking that last virgin hole her body possessed would be even better. Every time he thrust forward he nudged his cock against her throat, smiling down at her all the while.

Gloating in her attempts at swallowing the mushroom head he went in deeper, and grunted loudly while he held her head in a powerful grip.

Lucy whimpered and swallowed, but at least she had learned not to gag anymore.

Keith pressed further, merciless this time, only caring about his own pleasure. His mouth hang open, captivated by seeing his dick disappear into those sweet, red lips of the young girl. Lucy's nose got tickled by his curly pubic hair when she neared the end of his erect shaft. Keith thought he sensed his blowjob princess was ready for more, and in a single hard thrust he pushed his cock all the way into her throat.

Lucy squealed, slapping him onto his legs, and pushed her head against the vice-like grip of Keith's hands. Keith growled, almost cumming from the sensations he felt all over his cock and balls.

She had to learn one day, Keith thought, and hold his cock still, buried deep down in her throat. He had done it, he had pushed his penis in every hole where it would fit.

Lucy gagged repeatedly, knocking sense into the sex-crazed man. Keith slipped his cockhead out of her throat. He petted her hair while he saw her breathing in loudly through her nose.

"Hmm," he moaned softly, slowly moving his cock inside her mouth, bumping against the opening of her throat every time. After her breathing had calmed down, he grabbed her by her hair and thrust his cock in and out. He felt her slippery tongue struggling to let him in, accompanied by her whimpers and her moans.

Fucking her mouth made him too excited. He stepped back. Lucy leaned back onto her arms, gasping loudly. Keith undressed and then did the same to her. He laughed a little when he saw the mess the lipstick had made on her face. He threw her onto her small twin bed, which wasn't meant for fucking, but he couldn't care less.

Lucy, seeing no way out, just laid there, waiting for the inevitable. She saw Keith walk over to the bed, his cock leading the way, hard as ever. The way his erection bobbed up and down in his stride, and the swaying of his balls, scared her even more than ever before. In his walk, in his gestures, in the sound of his voice, there was a determination and firmness such as she had never seen in him. She crawled to the far end of her bed. When she felt the cold air on her naked skin, she noticed she had goosebumps all over her arms, and that her nipples were hard.

He grabbed her by her ankles, dragged her to the side of the bed, and then pushed her down onto her back. Keith moaningly approved the sight of how wet her pussy was when he removed the last item of clothing she was wearing. He leaned down, kissed her nipples, and gave them a lick.

He was horny for something else, though. He kissed his way down, over her taut belly. Lucy's breathing was fast and irregular. Keith lowered his kisses until he dug his head between her legs. He licked her slit from below to above. He stuck his tongue into her pink hole, meanwhile pressing his finger onto her delicate, little nub.

He fucked his tongue into her little hole the way he would his cock, but suddenly stopped when he heard Lucy cry out in elation. "Hhmmmm," he moaned through his nose while he licked his way up to the part where her inner labia came together. He licked tenderly there as if it was his most treasured possession.

This is not fair. He's messing with my mind. He's deliberately trying to make me horny so he can fuck me, Lucy pondered. But her pussy was in conflict with her mind. It responded to Keith's tongue the only way it could.

She slammed her legs shut, trapping Keith's head in them. She looked away, not wanting to look at it. At him. And yet, she was so very wet, and his slippery, hot tongue did things to her she couldn't have done to herself, even if she tried. And tried she had, every night. Lucy trashed and wriggled, completely amazed by the sensations she felt racing through her body.

Keith kissed her clit hard, licking his tongue all over it while he moaned lewdly. He then licked his tongue up over her body until it touched her right nipple. He vigorously sucked her nipple in his mouth. When she screamed he let go, only to vigorously suck the tit-flesh around her nipple. Her breasts were so supple, he loved it. He moaningly licked and nibbled on her areola. He then sat on top of her body and stroked the hair out of her face. His hand grabbed her by her neck, forcing her to look up at his eyes.

"Spit on my cock!" Keith growled hoarsely.

Lucy remembered how he had spat onto his hand and then had smeared it over that mushroom end of his cock, and she knew he was about to enter her, once again. She didn't bother asking him to put a condom on, it was futile anyway. She'd go to the pharmacy as soon as possible. Some swallowed the pill, she swallowed morning-after's because Keith refused to put anything over his cock.

Lucy spat onto his penis, and then spat a second time. Keith, startled at her initiative, saw the saliva dripping off his cock. Lucy felt a thrill spitting onto that cock that seemed to possess the man it belonged to. Spitting onto it gave her a feeling of payback for all the things it had done to her. Lucy spat a third, fourth and fifth time, enjoying the sound it made when it left her mouth. As if it could voice her thoughts better than any words.

Keith smeared it all over his cock, some of it dripping off onto her skin. He groped her breasts, trapping his cock between them. Keith grunted, relishing the feeling of her warm, perky breasts. He moved back and then thrust forward, hard. He repeated it once again, enticed by how slippery his penis was on her smooth skin. He groaned, doing it again, this time in fast thrusts, titty fucking her. He watched lustfully as her breasts enveloped his large cock.

He thrust forward as far as his cock would go. "Lick the tip," Keith whispered softly, but Lucy could hear the desperation behind his husky voice.

When his cock fucked its way between her tits, Lucy stuck out her tongue, letting Keith's penis bump into her tongue. It reminded Keith of how he had been abruptly stopped by her little pussy, bumping into her cervix. He thrust forward in one go, fucking her tits, thrusting hard against her tongue. He moaned approvingly. Every time the sensitive end of his penis touched her wet, little tongue, he felt like he was the luckiest man in the world.

"I'm going to fuck you now, you best hold the headboard!" He lifted her in his arms and put her hands down on the bedsheets for her. He lowered her head, simultaneously lifting her ass in the air. "That's it," he sighed, stuffing his hot cock into that equally hot tunnel of her pussy. "That's the cunt I love. We're back together, Lucy, you and I!" Keith growled in ecstasy at feeling her tightness.

One minute in, Lucy grabbed the headboard, as she felt his cock slam into her. The bed creaked, while her thin mattress bounced up and down from the heavy force.

"I love you Lucy, and you love me too!" Keith thought it was important to fill her head with his love propaganda now that she was receptive.

He slammed into her from behind, giving her such a powerful, rough pounding, Lucy did nothing but whimper and cry. Keith thought it was adorable in the way she held the headboard, her fists showing her white knuckles. He thrust forward, slapping his balls onto her body loudly.

Lucy felt her body rock back and forth violently, obviously used for this older man's pleasure. She felt like one of those cheap Chinese dolls. Except she was a human being, warm and wet, and a convenient fuck whenever Keith saw an opportunity. As if he immediately got hard by just seeing her, his mind not allowing him to part from her without fucking her.

"Slow--Aaahh, Keith, slow down!" she cried. Keith didn't know he was hurting her by bumping against her cervix and by kneading her cheeks so hard in his hands that the skin color turned into a deep red, while he used her ass as leverage to deliver his next energetic thrust.

Keith mumbled inaudibly and just kept going. While he slammed into her, he felt his sensitive tip hit her cervix, but he felt proud of that, knowing his penis was too large to fit comfortably in her vagina.

"Your cunt is flexible enough, darling. If it can accommodate a baby, it can accommodate my cock!" With renewed energy, he went to town on her.

Time passed slowly and it felt to her like he was fucking her forever, and she feared he'd never cum. Lucy never stopped whimpering and squealing the entire time he used her body to make himself cum.

When he did, he moaned out loudly and slammed his body forward one last time, savoring the youthful tightness of her wet pussy.

"Keith, don't--"

"I don't wanna hear it!" Keith panted angrily, tired of her obsessive fear of him spilling his seed near her pussy.

He played with the tiny nub of flesh above her slit, mostly because he wanted to take her mind off what was happening inside that hole. He slowly fucked his cum-spurting dick into her while he massaged her clit just as slowly. He couldn't suppress his grunts, feeling his penis shooting ropes of hot cum into her, unprotected.

"You're being a good girl now," he whispered soothingly, stroking her long hair affectionately. She had earned his affection.

Trapped naked in his vice-like grip Lucy felt so small and insignificant. She hated how he could get away with it this easily, but the fingers on her clit and the thick girth of his cock throbbing in her spread open lips felt so good, she... she wanted to enjoy it. She wanted to forget the possible consequences of their sexual encounter.

Overwhelmed by his orgasm, Keith had finally gotten rid of his aggression and sexual frustration. His body was unmoving, except for his cock in her pussy and his fingers on her tiny nub. Keith panted, trying to get his breath back. Mad at himself, he felt his cock losing its hardness and turning semi-hard.

His cock pulsed steadily, as he suddenly felt her pussy clamping down on it, and felt her wet fluids hit his cock and drip down onto his balls. It could never feel this good with a condom on, he thought to himself.

His semi-hard cock swelled up, growing to its full size, spurred on by Lucy sucking him in. Astonished by it all, he nearly passed out when he felt another orgasm rush through his cock and balls. While it happened, his spewing cock grew in size, delivering the man the most intense orgasm of his life. At that moment he was determined to make her his wife.

"Thank you, sweetheart, you're the best," he whispered while his trembling hand took out his sensitive dick. "I've been so happy lately. I've been smiling a lot... you provide me so much joy in life." They were mere words, but the truth, nonetheless.

He blushed and felt remorse when he looked down at her shivering body and at the end result of his outburst. He saw how his cum trickled down her skinny legs, and how the thick loads of his cum had stained the carpet floor. And importantly, the mess he had made within her gaping pussyhole, and how her lips were stretched to the limit. It was

as nature intended though, he soothed his conscience. It was her role as a woman to accept it.

Keith left in silence. Lucy had been quiet but he wasn't here to force a love confession from her. It will come to him when the time was right.

Walking down the stairs, he stroked his cock through his pants, still panting for air. He saw the modest bulge in his pants and smiled, thinking back to how he went up the stairs with a huge bulge.

A little nervous, Keith opened the door to the living room and saw most of the guests had gone outside to the backyard.

"Hey, old boy, where were you?" Liam asked Keith, holding two beer crates in his hands.

Not old enough to fuck your teen daughter, Keith smirked to himself.

"I unzipped my pants, took my dick out, and made a good mess," he smiled at Liam.

"You did what?" Liam laughed incredulously, putting the crates onto the floor, thinking Keith meant he had left to take a piss and had urinated all over the floor.

"It was a joke."

Liam laughed under his breath, picking up the crates. "I figured as much. You have a weird sense of humor, though."

"Then don't try to get under my skin... old boy."

"Anyway, I came in to look for you. Have you seen Lucy?"

Flashbacks of their carnal fuck raced through Keith's mind.

"I was looking for her as well," Keith replied, sighing deeply, moving his hand through his hair.

"I thought she was with you. Will you go look for her? I fear she might not like the party, I mean, I haven't seen her for like thirty minutes. You're one of the family, she won't mind."

You had me at 'Lucy', Keith thought.

"Yeah, yeah..." Keith complained. He did not believe his luck. Her own father sent him up to her room again.

Upstairs, he found her bedroom empty but then heard the shower running. "Lucy?" he asked, knocking on the bathroom door.

Lucy was about to step under the stream of hot water to clean herself from Keith's cum and sweat when she heard his voice.

"Your dad is waiting downstairs, sweetie."

Even with the door closed and locked Lucy felt Keith's presence right through it. She stepped into the shower, leaning against the glass wall of the shower cabin. She heard Keith rambling on but the shower caused her not to understand what he was saying.

A long, hot shower is what she craved. After a couple of minutes, she heard Keith leave. She sank to her knees. She squeezed her vaginal muscles hoping to squeeze out the semen Keith had left there. She peed and aimed the shower head at her vagina.

It will have to do. She dried herself off and put on the same dress and went downstairs again. The house was still filled with guests.

"Hey, there you are!" Liam greeted her, stepping into the house, with Keith following behind him. "It's getting chilly outside."

"Hey, dad," she smiled brightly, not wanting to ruin his birthday.

"Are you enjoying the party?" he whispered then, stepping close to her.

"Absolutely, dad, this is awesome. It's just that Melissa called, and because of the music and all... I went upstairs to talk to her."

Liam nodded understandingly. "I should have invited some of your friends as well."

Keith's ear perked up at hearing that name. He knew Melissa, he had met her. She wasn't as gorgeous as Lucy. but any friend of hers was a friend of his.

"No, it's okay, dad, I like it!" she forced a laugh.

Keith wanted to join in on their conversation but struggled to find the right words. When Lucy gave Keith the cold shoulder he felt left out. The girl was so complex, it drove him mad. Hadn't they just passionately made love in her room, while all the others were downstairs partying?

He reluctantly sat down on the couch, talking to a man next to him he didn't even know. His eyes and thoughts were only on Lucy. Seeing her giggling and sitting on her father's lap made him jealous. The romance had become rather one-sided.

Two hours passed, and with only three guests remaining at midnight, Keith saw a chance to scoot closer to Lucy. Without thought, he picked her up and placed her on his lap. He let one hand rest on her belly, a steady reminder of who she belonged.

Liam saw how Keith picked up his daughter and hold her onto him, but all the alcohol sedated his mind. Besides, his daughter was old enough to leave if she didn't want it. Still, a part of his brain told him it was only okay for a girl of her age to sit on his lap.

Keith rocked Lucy in his lap. When her father started dancing to the music Keith laughed hard, making fun of him. Keith didn't speak to Lucy, but let his hands speak for him. Now and then he stroked her hair or her legs, trying to let her know he loved her.

When the last guy had left at 1:am, Keith stood up and put on a romantic song. Lucy was taken to the middle of the living room by Keith's hand. She looked up in surprise at the tall man.

"Let's show your father how to dance properly," Keith smiled at her. He turned her body around and then pressed her ass gently into his groin. Lucy felt his arm hug her from behind. He kissed her and then turned her around again. He held his hands against the sides of her hips.

"You're supposed to put your hands here," he instructed her, laying her hands on his shoulders.

Lucy accidentally looked into Keith's eyes, seeing the twinkle in his eyes she had seen that same evening when he had fucked her for the first time. She looked to her side, seeing her father smile at her.

"What you do now is just move back and forth a little bit."

Lucy followed his moves, swaying back and forth with the music. After a couple of minutes, she felt the swell of his cock and in response increased the distance between them.

Keith's hand lowered onto her ass and pushed her back against his erection. Lucy screamed a little upon feeling it bump into her belly, and by how bold he was being in front of her father.

"I've never understood this dance, other than it being great for groping girls."

He was being serious, she didn't see any sign of humor on his face.

Keith lifted her dress, checking out the new panties she'd put on. He grabbed her panties-clad ass with both hands, kissing her, at the same time pressing her body firmly

into him. He let go of the kiss, moaning lowly when he felt her soft belly press into his erection.

"I think your dad wants me to go home, and I don't know how he does it, but I can't sleep with a hard-on."

Lucy's cheeks flushed, her dad had heard it all and didn't even do a thing. She went weak in the knees and could barely remain standing. It was as if she had lost her innocence all over again.

"Get down on your knees and suck my cock."

"M-my dad--"

"Your dad doesn't even know who you are. Just look at him."

Liam's half-conscious look made Lucy feel she had just been robbed of the last layer of protection standing between her and Keith.

"You've got a lot to learn, little girl," Keith groaned, "...but sucking cock isn't one of them. You're a natural-born cocksucker!"

Lucy dropped to her knees, about to perform a blowjob right in front of her father.

When her smooth hands undid the buttons on his pants, Keith intentionally flexed his cock against them. Lucy didn't stir, meanwhile used to the impatience that waited behind his fly. His cock sprang free, so hard and throbbing it scared her all over again.

"Bring your head, stick your tongue out, like that, yes... and back." Keith looked back and forth between Lucy and her father. "You like seeing your daughter suck my hard cock?" Keith smirked at Liam.

Lucy sucked her cheeks in, licking his ridge and bulbous head. Keith was proud of her being such a fast learner. Her mouth existed solely to fit his dick into.

Wanting to reinforce dominant and submissive roles, Keith pushed his hips forward, entering her throat slowly. He had already anticipated her attempt to escape his invading cock and held her head in his hands. He trembled slightly, feeling the tight throat clamping down on his cock. She moaned and whimpered which he was used to by then. She tried to swallow but Keith was relentless. He kept pushing in, inch by inch. She took it like a good girl, not coughing or trying to push his body off of her anymore.

Keith repeated his movements until he was fucking her orally, depthroating her like a piece of meat. Sucking him off was the only thing she needed to do, and she was an expert, already this good this early.

"I love how you know how to pleasure a man with that pretty mouth of yours," Keith voiced his thoughts.

The song had ended, and the room filled with the sounds of Lucy's loud breathing through her nose and her gagging.

Keith smiled down at her form, knelt down on her knees for him. "Bring it all the way up to your mouth and suck it hard while you let it slide out of your throat, sweetie," Keith panted. When he heard the popping noise he petted her hair appreciatively. "Hmm! Now suck it back into your throat and do that again."

Having watched her repeat it for a couple of minutes, Keith grabbed her roughly by her arms and pulled her up.

"Keith, please, I- I wanna go to bed, I'm too tired," she beseeched him. The mere presence of Keith alone did that to her. She felt like she was never safe around him, and all the tension of the long evening had worn her out. She wanted to go to her bed and sleep.

"Let's go upstairs," he ignored her begging, immediately forcing her to follow him. "I want your pussy now and then you can go sleep," he told her matter-of-factly.

He decided her twin bed wouldn't do, and chose her father's bed instead.

"Keith, I'm really tired," Lucy tried again, against her better judgment. The raging hard-on he had reduced her chances to none.

"Hush, sweetheart, I'll make it quick."

He told her to undress. He squeezed his dick when he saw Lucy drop her dress. When she cast her eyes down, shyly looking away, he took her bra off for her and dropped to his knees, lowering her panties.

He licked his lips. Her pussy, bald and smooth, hardened his penis and made him very horny for the shy, inexperienced girl. He parted her pussylips, moaning appreciatively through his nose when he saw her little, pink hole. He licked the length of her slit and stuck his tongue inside. Unbelievable he'd had fucked a pussy this sweet and tight. He alternated between tenderly kissing and roughly tonguing her little clitoris.

Lucy trembled on her legs, seeing the older man under her, shamelessly licking her vagina. Her fingers dug into his hair, feeling her body react instinctively to his hot tongue.

Keith losing interest, only caring about making her wet enough for his dick, stood up. He crawled onto the bed and laid down, petting his leg. "Another chance for you to show your gratitude for the necklace I gave you. Come and sit on my dick."

Lucy saw Keith laying on her father's bed. His legs were spread wide open, while his cock stood up hard. That cock that she knew more intimately than she knew Keith.

No choice but to obey, she crawled on top of the bed. When she crawled over to him she felt the tip of his penis bump into her belly. Gazing down she knew he'd squeeze it into her one way or another. She'd rather do it herself.

Catering to his every need, she grabbed his cock and impaled herself with it. She heard Keith moaning softly. Lucy couldn't suppress a groan either when she felt her pussylips part to let his rock-hard cock in. Slowly moving up and down she started fucking a man for the first time in her life.

Keith's hand reached up, stroking her skin over the thin gold necklace. He grunted in disbelief seeing the dazzling beauty fucking herself on his cock. She was his now. She had lowered herself onto him without whining or negotiating.

"Yes," Keith breathed, grabbing her tiny waist, "fuck me, my love." He pushed her down hard, onto his erection. Lucy gasped, feeling his entire shaft plunging into her. She bit her lip hard, accustomed to his impatient behavior in bed.

"L-let me?" she asked, giving him a small smile.

Keith couldn't refuse when he saw the questioning look in her baby-blue eyes. Her voice alone, so soft and shy, while she so lewdly rode his massive erection, made his dick throb with excitement. The words she had used satisfied him. She didn't demand but had merely made a request. He smiled kindly at her, loosening his grip on her tiny waist.

The endorphins released into her bloodstream made Lucy feel happy. She realized she was fucking Keith, constantly moving her body up and down, burying his massive erection in and out of her slit repeatedly. The length of his cock allowed her to bounce up and down, and to plunge into him every time she lowered herself.

Keith, laying under her, while his fingers rested limply onto her hips, gave her the conviction she was getting back at him for all the times he had taken her. Now it was her turn.

She tried to press him into the mattress but her weight didn't help. She did see though, how she slammed his ass into the bed whenever she came back down. She closed her eyes, not wanting to see the confident smile of Keith, and moved her delicate fingers over her hard nub. She moaned when she did. She heard Keith moan in response, but she tried to ignore him. She was using his body to make herself cum, just like he had done so many times with hers.

"Listen, sweetie, if you keep humping me like that, I'm gonna cum."

Lucy threw her hair over her shoulder, leaning her hands onto his broad chest. She deliberately dug her nails into his skin, seeing his blood trickle under her nails.

"Cum then, it's all I'm good for, anyway."

"Lucy, aah, that's-that's not true, sweetie," Keith panted.

"My only use to you is to stick your hard cock into my holes and fuck me, and make yourself cum that way," Lucy moaned, releasing her built-up frustration. "It's okay Keith, you're a man with no feelings, selfish and egocentric, so I forgive you. Now, stay hard old man, and don't you dare cum before I do." While she talked she bounced wildly on his cock.

"Hmmm," Keith moaned, overwhelmed at feeling that tiny pussy taking his large cock that well, and at her aggressive sexual behavior.

"Is this what you want, Keith? My tight, young pussy bouncing on your cock, yeah? Is that what you like to do in your spare time, fucking little girls?"

"Yesss," Keith hissed.

"Yeah?" she asked, dissatisfied.

"You know I do, baby," Keith mumbled softly, impressed by her slutty act.

"You like them dumb and young, hmm? Inexperienced, clumsy, and young and naive? You like to impress coeds with your mature, big dick? A different cunt for every day of the week?" she asked, letting herself get carried away. Maybe this was the only way to get through to him. By confronting him with his nature while he was having sex.

"No girl is safe around you," she moaned, grabbing and squeezing his balls in her hand.

Keith felt offended and annoyed by her harsh words. "I care... about you more than, than your pussy... that's why I bought you, aahhhh... that necklace." Keith panted for breath, trying to delay his orgasm, meanwhile feeling her hand squeezing his balls. Feeling her little body bounce up and down was tempting all his senses.

Lucy did not know what to answer. It was the one thing she couldn't comprehend. Why had he bought her such an expensive gift, if she was just for sex? He had sex with women all the time.

Lucy shifted her attention to the sensations in her body, not interested in Keith. She was going to cum because she wanted to, because she deserved it. And then she'd stay away from Keith as far as she could. This was their final time before she'd break up with him.

Clamping her pussy down onto her cock her breath quickened. She despised the egocentric man, but loved having him in her dad's bed the moment she came all over his cock. Keith came with her, feeling her pussy's contractions, and her juices on his cock. His cock throbbed wildly while the cum shot out of his balls.

When Lucy had recovered from her orgasm, she let his semi-erect penis slide out of her and leaned her face towards his. "Goodbye, Keith," she whispered while she kissed him. Seeing the mess she had made on his body gave her an unfamiliar sick thrill.

She locked the bathroom door, taking a hot, long shower, hoping Keith would have left by the time she would get out. She felt deeply ashamed of what she had said and done but blamed it all on Keith.

Keith caught his breath, satisfied but also tired from the booze and the hot sex. The stains of Lucy's juices, mixed with his semen, shocked him. It was too much to just leave it like that. He grabbed a shirt of Liam and wiped the juices off a little, and then threw it on the floor before the bathroom door.

He helped Liam go upstairs and laid him down on his bed and then left to go home.

When he called Liam the next day, he heard Lucy was staying over at a friend's house. Keith was disappointed Lucy hadn't answered his messages.

* * * *

Melissa had asked Lucy to sleep over and Lucy gladly accepted, finally being able to take her mind off things. But when the day ended and Melissa saw the hickeys she gasped.

"What?" Lucy asked.

"Uhm... I see you had some fun last night," she smiled, pointing her finger at Lucy's breasts.

Lucy shrugged, while her mind went back to Keith's hot breath on her breasts and his mouth sucking hard on her skin.

"I'm like, so jealous, you know? You're the first of all my friends that has sex."

Lucy laughed a little, trying to keep the conversation lightly.

"What is it like, having sex? Is it like in the movies?"

Lucy sighed, regretting she hadn't brought her pajamas with her. She slid under the covers, giving her friend a small smile. "It's more like in the porn movies," she chuckled softly.

Melissa perked up her ears when Lucy finally admitted she'd had sex with the man. She'd been so secretive about it.

"Does it hurt, the first time?"

"It hurts every time," Lucy answered brusquely.

"Oh..." Melissa stammered, sliding into bed next to Lucy.

"Can I ask you something personal about your boyfriend?"

Lucy rolled her eyes but nodded her head. She didn't want to be questioned about this later.

"Uhm, it's like, really personal," Melissa hesitated.

"Go ahead," Lucy said, curiously. Melissa was usually a girl that spoke first and thought later.

"Uhm, okay..." Melissa giggled then, "how big is his cock?"

Lucy laughed a little, taken aback by her boldness. "I should have known," she chuckled, evading the question.

"Come on, tell me," Melissa giggled, scooting closer, her knees touching Lucy's.

"I don't know, I have only seen one so far."

"But is it big? How many inches?"

"I don't know... seven or eight."

Melissa giggled, picturing Keith naked.

"Did you put it in your mouth?" she asked, smiling coyly.

Lucy blushed heavily. "That's none of your business, now, is it?" she returned a wicked smile. Melissa had always been boy-crazy and she was genuinely surprised her friend was still a virgin.

"So, is it seven or eight inches?"

"Why don't you ask him?"

Melissa pinched her.

"No, really, here, use my phone... go ahead."

Melissa took her phone and saw Lucy had opened her messaging app.

"Just type away, I'm sure he'll respond," Lucy said, sitting up, leaning against the headboard.

Melissa giggled, feeling giddy inside. It seemed like fun, so when Lucy encouraged her to do so, she typed a 'hello' to him.

>Heyy sweetie, how are you?< Keith replied, excited Lucy had sent him a message.

>I'm doing great< Melissa giggled, typing in the reply. "He thinks I'm you."

>I miss you<

>awww... I miss you too handsome<

>What do you miss most about me?< Keith replied. He clicked on her photo, feeling so happy then, knowing a beauty like her missed him.

>Your kiss<

Lucy chuckled reading Melissa's reply on the small display of her phone. She was secretly very curious about what his reply would be.

>I miss your mouth too Lucy, not just on my lips<

Lucy blushed and quickly looked another way. That wasn't something she wanted her friend to know. Thirty seconds in and Keith already started chatting about sex.

>I know :-)<

"Don't encourage him," Lucy laughed, thinking Melissa had too much fun flirting with Keith.

>I'm sorry if I have been too rough with you sweetheart. Based on our last fuck tho I think u like it when I use you for my pleasure<

"You little slut!" Melissa giggled reading his message out loud.

"That's enough," Lucy giggled a little, "tell him I'm going to bed and that I will talk to him tomorrow.

>Next weekend please stay over at my place? You can tell your dad you're at a friend's place<

Melissa responded enthusiastically, telling Lucy she could tell her dad she was at her place. "Kinda sucks right, to still live with your parents at our age? When you wanna have sex and stuff..."

Lucy replied saying that she wasn't sure about it but would let him know if she would change her mind. She muted her phone and slept peacefully that night.

Keith was overly excited at the way things were going. He was finally making progress. He was awake half the night, enthusiastically fantasizing about Lucy.

When he heard Liam tell him Lucy was staying at Melissa's place Monday as well, he suspected Lucy was doing it to avoid him. He casually asked who Melissa was and where she lived. At the end of his workday, he took a shower and then went to Lucy's friend's house. He couldn't refuse himself to at least see Lucy.

"Hey..." Melissa stammered, surprised to see Keith standing at the door. "Uhm, you're here for Lucy?"

"Hey there!" Keith flashed her his biggest smile and gave her a quick peck. "Is she upstairs?"

Melissa nodded, a little stunned by his kiss that was much closer to her lips than was expected of such a kiss.

Keith glared at her ass after he followed her up the stairs. "Are your parents not home?"

"They are divorced so I live with my mom now, she's at work, so it's nice to have Lucy around," she answered him, looking back over her shoulder, flushed at seeing her friend's much older boyfriend staring at her ass.

"I was admiring your, uh, shorts, they are kinda sexy," Keith smiled at her. Melissa was pretty, and embarrassed easily, just like Lucy.

Melissa smiled shyly. She had never received any compliments about being 'sexy' other than from her female friends. Getting a compliment from a mature, handsome man like Keith made her head spin. His energetic and impertinent character and his grin made her feel at ease around him.

"Oops," Keith smiled up at her when his hand touched her ass, "I almost fell down the stairs." Melissa snickered, shaking her head at his joke.

"Guess who's here?" she said to her friend while they both walked into her bedroom.

Lucy's hands were weak and yet she clenched them, the moment she heard Keith's voice coming up the stairs. Her face lifted up in despair; he was going to follow her anywhere she would go. After what had happened between them, she would never be able to escape his clutches.

"Hey, baby!" Keith smiled while kissing her. He sat down next to her on the bed, with a contented sigh. "I missed you!"

"Hey..." Lucy whispered, swallowing nervously when she felt Keith's presence so close to her.

Keith looked at her, but when Lucy kept staring down he chuckled a little. "You're shy, aren't you, sweetie?"

Melissa smiled, sitting down on Lucy's other side. "It's okay Lucy, I think it's really sweet of him to surprise you like this!" she giggled, thinking Lucy felt embarrassed because she was present.

Keith lifted Lucy's chin up with his hand and locked eyes with her. "You have missed me as well, haven't you?"

"Y-yeah, but, it's just, I, I wanted to spend some time with Mel and--"

Keith heard her stammering in fits and starts with amusement and seeing the innocence in her baby-blue eyes sparked his love for her. He interrupted her by kissing her mouth. When Lucy panicked and tried to speak Keith slipped his tongue into her mouth, moaning lowly through his nose.

Not only Lucy but Melissa as well was taken aback by the bold move of Keith. Melissa felt like a third wheel but laughed a little. She was happy for her friend.

"So, how are you, Mel?" Keith asked, flashing her a big smile.

"Oh... I'm fine, thank you," Melissa smiled back, surprised he showed any interest in her after just having kissed Lucy.

"Were you girls having fun this weekend?"

"Yes," Melissa nodded, "I'm sorry if... I don't want to steal her away from you or anything..."

"Nah, you aren't. You were her friend many years before I came along. However, I do miss her when I'm home all by myself. And tonight, being the second day without her, I felt miserable. I hope I'm not imposing terribly on you, dear?"

"No, of course not!" Melissa reacted indignantly. "Not at all!"

Lucy felt miserable at his pet name for her friend, but most of all about him ignoring her. She dropped her hand in Keith's lap when he possessively pulled her into him. She held her breath when she felt his erection through his pants. The thought of her friend seeing this made her feel ashamed, so she decided to keep her hand there, hoping her friend wouldn't notice.

"Do you have a boyfriend?" Keith asked interested.

"Uh, no," Melissa laughed nervously.

"You don't? A cutie like you?"

Melissa laughed. There was almost something licentious about his behavior, but at the same time, that charming smile of his was irresistible. She wouldn't date a man his age but did understand why Lucy had the more time she spent around him. He struck her as a man that just enjoyed life. And was enamored with her best friend.

"Have you ever had a boyfriend?" When he saw the shocked expression on her face at his bold question he distracted himself by kissing Lucy once again.

"I've had three boyfriends, actually," Melissa answered. She'd hate for him to think she never had any boyfriends.

"So you know about sex, then?"

"Well, yeah, of course," Melissa giggled, thinking it was a pretty strange question.

"Are you a virgin?" Keith asked without any hesitation.

"No?!" Melissa blurt out, proudly admitting to the older man she wasn't, even though she was, but he didn't know that.

"I'm asking because I've been very horny today, and to be honest with you Mel, I came by for Lucy. She knows all about my sexual appetite. Don't you Lucy?"

"Do you mind...?" Keith asked Melissa then, while he unbuckled his belt and opened the fly of his pants. He stroked the long blonde hair of Lucy to one side, and smiled at both of the flushed and speechless girls that were staring at his naked erect penis. "Lower yourself on me, and give me those soft, little lips that belong to my hard cock," Keith grunted, nudging her head down.

Keith heaved a deep sigh when he felt her warm mouth on his hard cock. He told himself she had opened her mouth not to object but to suck him off. He held her head tight in his hands, just in case.

Lucy tried to get off of him immediately when she felt the tip of his cock enter her lips, but the tight grip of his hands reminded her once again of his strength. She felt utterly mortified that he would do this in front of her friend, and when she heard him inhaling sharply, she hated him more than ever before. When his cock bumped against the tight entrance of her throat it was her turn to inhale deeply through her nose.

She was torn between choosing to show her aversion to sucking cock or doing it as good as she could and hope Keith would cum fast and would leave after he'd had his orgasm.

"Open wide, darling," Keith moaned softly.

Melissa watched in disbelief at how much of Keith's cock disappeared into her friend's mouth with every thrust Keith gave. He kept lifting his hips, plowing into the hot mouth of Lucy.

"That's-Ah yeah... that's it! That's my good girl, I'm so proud of you, sweetheart!" Keith grunted approvingly. "Now, show your girlfriend how good you are at sucking cock. Yes, like that, hmm, that's it, baby, keep using your tongue over the tip like that, uh huh, that's perfect, thank you, sweetie. I love that pretty mouth of yours so much. Keep sucking like that and you'll make your boyfriend cum." Keith stopped fucking her and instead pushed her head down. Then he'd let go of her and when Lucy moved her head back up he just pushed it down again.

Melissa had no idea Lucy was embarrassed and helpless against Keith's strength. She gasped when the last two inches of that thick cock disappear into Lucy's mouth. He must be down her throat, Melissa thought in panic. When she heard gagging sounds and the loud moaning of Keith her suspicion was confirmed.

"Lucy, are you okay?" she asked softly whispering, looking down at her friend in pity, impaled on that large cock.

"Don't worry, she loves it when I'm hard for her, and I'm telling you, she was born to suck cock. I can't get enough. Just watch and learn, Melissa."

Keith moved his hand down to Lucy's skirt and yanked them down. Lucy squealed when he ripped her panties in two.

"She usually likes it when I play with her pussy while she's blowing me, I'm sure you, ahh hmmm... I'm sure you understand?" he asked Melissa with a sigh. "This right here..."

he chuckled, pointing down at Lucy's moving head, "... this is how it all started between her and me. I sure was surprised the day my friend's hot daughter asked me for a ride home and ended up blowing me."

Melissa shifted shyly on the hard, wooden chair, trying to find comfort, distracted by the blowjob just mere inches from her and by Keith openly telling her of their sex life. She noticed Keith didn't grab her hair anymore but just lightly petted her head.

Lucy sucked the cock like a gun was to her head. Melissa looked away, blaming Lucy for not even bothering to feign modesty, but instead acting so slutty while she sat next to her, in her house and on her bed. On top of that, she felt Lucy's ass push into her.

She had seen it countless times in porn, but seeing it in real life was something entirely different. Melissa's pulse raced and she felt her heart beating loudly in her chest while she gazed down at Keith's cock, hard and pointing up, while Lucy's mouth moved up and down at a rapid speed, slobbering all over the hard length. Gazing closer to her side she saw Lucy's naked vagina and Keith's fingers plunging into it, just as rapidly. She couldn't believe it--Lucy had always been so reserved when it came to boys... she couldn't even remember Lucy ever showing any interest in boys at all, and yet here she was, suddenly having a boyfriend in his fifties, wantonly sucking off his cock, not stopped by the knowledge her best friend saw it all.

Lucy didn't have the energy to fight Keith, nor having to explain it all to her friend. Making Keith cum would guarantee her freedom, at least until tomorrow. Lucy didn't like how difficult it was for her to suck off the entire length of his large cock, but she felt her body respond to the rough fingering.

Melissa, young and curious, felt her belly respond to the sexual activity in front of her as well. She stood up, attempting to run out of her room in an effort to retain the innocent image she'd always previously had of her best friend Lucy.

"You're missing the best part if you leave now," Keith spoke hoarsely.

Melissa saw the tip of Keith's cock was trapped between Lucy's sucking lips, while the exposed, hard shaft pumped wildly, and she realized he was cumming. She heard the older man growl deeply, and heard Lucy's soft moans, while she wetted Keith's fingers.

Keith closed his eyes, giving Melissa plenty of opportunity to look at it if she wanted. He did it unintentionally though, overwhelmed by the feeling of his cock pumping semen into the open mouth of Lucy. His fingers kept fingering her and touching her clit. He noticed her pussy clasp down onto him and how very wet she had become and how she trembled on her knees. He was proud of her when he heard her swallowing his load down her throat and when he felt her tongue on his cockhead right afterward.

He let her suck on his knob for a minute more before he gently lifted her off his lap. Gazing down he noticed she hadn't spilled one drop.

"I might call you later, sweetie..." Keith mumbled inaudibly. He saw how they both stared at his semi-hard cock while he dressed. "Thank you for the blowjob, princess," he sighed. He leaned over and kissed Lucy's lips. "Now, you girls behave, all right?" he told Melissa and then kissed her lips as well.

He watched how Lucy put her skirt back on, whilst her face flushed in shame.

Keith smiled lovingly and then waved them goodbye.

"You may want to answer that," Melissa said to Lucy when her phone rang for the fifth time that hour. "Otherwise he'll just keep calling all night."

Lucy sighed. She had been accustomed to ignoring her phone ever since Keith had her number, but she figured Melissa wouldn't understand. Usually, if she wanted to have peace, she'd just mute her phone. After a few missed calls from her friends though, Lucy decided that muting wasn't a solution; it'd just make her world smaller.

"It doesn't bother me."

"Well, maybe it bothers me!" Melissa snapped.

"Oh, it does, yeah?" Lucy snapped back, "It seemed you had plenty of fun with Keith tonight."

"Are you kidding me?" Melissa laughed incredulously, rolling her eyes.

"I heard you and him on the stairs. I heard him utter 'oops' and the way you giggled in response." Thinking back about the sounds of Keith's footsteps coming up the stairs made her cringe to the point of almost having an anxiety attack.

"He was just playing games," Melissa said with a dismissive gesture, "It was just an innocent joke! You're not becoming one of those possessive girlfriends, are you?" she laughed.

Keith wasn't like that at all, and the sooner her friend realized that, the better. She had to prevent Melissa from making the mistake she had done by underestimating that man's urges.

"Keith isn't playing games, and he was surely not joking, he's dead serious when it comes to girls. He's just testing your defense mechanism by innocently flirting with you. To see what he can get away with."

"Defense mechanism, really? Is he a virus now?"

"I overheard him calling you sexy. It's inappropriate."

"Un-fucking-believable," Melissa chuckled while undressing herself to go to bed. She had looked forward to having Lucy stay over but the way this conversation was going made her wish otherwise. "Sucking your boyfriend off on my bed, as soon as he enters my bedroom, with me sitting next to you, isn't?"

"Do you want me to leave?" Lucy sighed in exasperation. Arguing with Mel about Keith was the last thing she needed.

"No, but I just don't understand why you won't answer the phone," Melissa sighed while she raked a hand through her hair.

"It's complicated."

"Are you afraid that he's going to want to have sex again?"

"No, it's--"

"Then answer it," Melissa cut her off. Lucy wasn't the type to start trouble, and this whole thing seemed to be about her giggling at her boyfriend. Keith had innocently touched her ass a little, what's the big deal? But she sensed it'd be better to leave that part out.

"I can mute my phone," Lucy suggested.

"But what if your dad calls?" Mel exclaimed in disbelief. "He doesn't have my phone number."

Lucy hadn't thought of that. She changed into her pajamas and agreed she would answer it next time. About ten minutes later she stared at her phone vibrating on Melissa's desk, the display lightening up with Keith's name.

"Lucy?" Melissa asked softly, not wanting to upset her friend too much, seeing how on edge she already was.

Lucy shivered when Keith's voice greeted her when she picked up the phone. Her fist clenched the phone in her hand. She blamed it all on her friend. Melissa had been smiling and giggling, and when Keith had lowered his zipper all of a sudden and lowered her onto him Melissa could have said something. She could have objected. But instead, she had just stared ahead of how he had forced his cock into her mouth. What could she herself have done, when she was grabbed by both his hands, and her possibility to speak taken away by his erection? How could her friend not have noticed her aversion to this man?

"Uhm, yeah," Lucy answered when Keith asked if she was staying the night over at her friend's place.

"Yes... Okay... uh huh... Yes," Melissa overheard Lucy say. Curious as she was she whispered to Lucy, telling her to put the phone on speaker.

"Shut up," Lucy hissed. "...Uh, no, not you," she chuckled awkwardly to Keith.

"Hmm," Keith pondered, "why don't you put your phone on speaker? That way I can talk to Mel as well."

Lucy sat down on the bed while she put her phone on speaker.

"Hey, Keith! Yes, she did!" Melissa yelled excitedly when she heard Keith ask if Lucy had put it on speaker.

She sat down next to Lucy. She felt giddy and nervous talking to the man. The short conversation on the messaging app she'd had with Keith, when he thought she was Lucy, came back to her mind; of how he had referred to Lucy blowing him. But more graphic were her memories of the blowjob he had gotten just hours ago, right in front of her. She vividly recalled his low grunts and heavy breathing while Lucy's mouth and hands were all over his hard member. Or the sight of that thick cock disappearing again and again between Lucy's sucking lips. It was a valuable lesson. This is what men wanted. She would--

"How are you, Mel? I hope you're not mad at me, or anything?" Keith unknowingly interrupted her train of thought.

Both girls heard the cheerful tone in Keith's voice, and Lucy turned her head to look at Melissa. "Not much sense in answering the phone if you're gonna be quiet," Lucy mumbled to Melissa.

Melissa rolled her eyes in response and scooted closer to her friend. She inhaled deeply before she spoke. "Nooo, of course not! I understand a man has needs," she giggled quietly, ignoring the accusing look of Lucy. "It was weird at first... but Lucy and I don't want to have secrets between us."

"That's good," Keith laughed happily upon noticing Melissa's laid-back attitude. "Lucy is just a little shy sometimes," he added nonchalantly, while he felt his cock swell from just talking about it.

He'd love to be there now, with those pretty girls. Ready for round two he'd fuck her this time, and Melissa could watch. But since he wasn't there, he was more than happy to talk about sex instead.

"I can't say I noticed," Melissa giggled, earning a stern look from Lucy.

Keith chuckled and nodded his head, captured by her bubbly attitude. "I was just..." Keith interrupted his sentence with a heavy sigh before he continued, "just so horny, you know?"

"Yeah..." Melissa answered in a cool, determined voice, secretly hiding that she anxiously waited for what came next. She had never talked with men about sex, and

wasn't going to turn down this opportunity, even though she felt slightly embarrassed Lucy heard it all.

"It's crazy, I'm telling you," Keith chuckled, "when I kissed Lucy that first time I immediately fantasized about her mouth being on something else."

Lucy cringed, thinking back to how his hard penis had entered her virgin body without him ever having kissed her once, not even a quick peck.

"...but never in a million years thought she would actually do it, you know?"

"Oh yeah, it was in your car, right?" Melissa asked, excessively blushing. Keith talked to her as if she was one of his buddies. One of his older friends. He wasn't annoyed by her at all, and she felt faint stirrings of pride because of that.

"That's right, in my car, very close to her dad's house," Keith confirmed. He stroked the rapidly growing bulge in his pants, feeling himself becoming horny. "Lucy started kissing my neck but I couldn't return the kiss because I was driving. After that Lucy started feeling me up. Needless to say, I got hard within a minute. I had to park the car because I began to see stars when she kneaded my cockhead and balls with her fingers."

If Lucy didn't want to have secrets between her and Mel he wasn't going to have them either.

"I see..." Melissa replied, silently. She could hear the beating of her heart.

"Yeah. But then she became shy all of a sudden, perhaps intimidated by the size of my bulge, or by me parking the car and my hand lowering the zipper. But what was I to do? I was hard and my body demanded release. Naturally, I told her to suck my cock."

"Uhm, that's, okay, yeah, uhm, it's understandable," Melissa stammered. She stared at the phone on Lucy's lap, not daring to look up into Lucy's eyes.

"She's a good girl though," Keith sighed appreciatively. "Never raising trouble, always doing her homework, getting straight A's in school. Always well-mannered, and even though she has her homework, she's eager to help her father in the household. Lucy was sweet like that to me too. She sucked me off and without complaint allowed me to cum in her mouth. She was good at blowing, even though she was a virgin then. She's one of those rare naturally-talented girls that are born to suck cocks. The knowledge that, of all men, I am the one that gets to call her my girlfriend makes me feel so lucky. I've been playing with many women, but I just love Lucy, you know? She's mine and I'm hers, and I can honestly say I haven't put my dick near any holes but Lucy's."

Lucy's heart was starting to flutter. She couldn't stand the shameless lies and the cool casualness in his confident voice as if he was sharing the weather forecast. It ached her how Keith completely ignored her and talked to Melissa instead. The short stab of

jealousy running through her surprised her greatly. The feeling mixed with anger, and yet another feeling, one of self-admiration of how she, apparently to Keith, was adept at oral sex.

The longer the high praise continued, the more confused her feelings became.

On the other end of the line, Keith was admiring himself in the mirror in his living room. He stroked his groin while he pictured his tall, masculine body on top of Lucy's, piercing her tender body with his erection and fucking her roughly, while her friend Melissa watched in awe as he fucked her like an animal. It'd give her a good idea of what was in store for her once she would start dating.

"She swallowed my cum and wheh-

"That's enough," Lucy cut him off. "You called me to talk to Melissa?"

She heard Keith chuckling in response. "You're in one of those moods again, sweetheart?"

Melissa grabbed Lucy's hand impulsively. "Be kind to him," she scolded her. "He's a nice man and very much in love with you."

"She's always grumpy after sex, it's the hormones" Keith laughed.

Melissa laughed with him, and the conversation carried on without Lucy. In the next few minutes, Lucy repeatedly heard Keith laugh and Melissa giggle. Keith showed a lot of interest in Melissa's studies and her hobbies.

Lucy wiped away a tear, feeling a mixture of anger, jealousy, and betrayal toward her friend.

Melissa didn't know of her inner struggles. She was captivated by Keith. He was a kind and funny guy, always happily smiling and laughing. He wasn't one to judge and she felt she could be herself around him.

"Say... how about a joke, sweetie?"

Silence followed as Melissa expectantly looked up at Lucy.

"To help cheer you up? I heard this one a few weeks ago. I think you'll like it."

"I'm going to bed," Lucy declared in a surly voice.

"No, wait, please... let him tell a joke?" Melissa asked. She figured it would be better to end the conversation lightheartedly.

"I want to hear Lucy say it," Keith's deep voice called.

"Okay, let's hear it, old fucker," Lucy sighed, grabbing the phone in her hand. Melissa gasped while Keith just chuckled.

"How much does a rainbow weigh?"

Melissa kept guessing while Lucy just gazed at her in annoyance.

"Ready for the answer?" Keith asked.

"I'm dying to hear," Lucy replied brusquely.

"Not much, it's pretty light," Keith chuckled softly.

Melissa laughed and snorted ecstatically, grinning from ear to ear.

"What the hell, Melissa?!" Lucy shook her head in disbelief at the hysterical laughter of her friend.

"Excuse the fuck out of me for not being a bitch tonight!" Melissa cried between snorts of laughter.

The heavy voice of Keith laughed along at his own joke. Lucy breathed in deeply. Just a minute more and they would be done with their moronic laughter and she could go to bed. Then she heard Keith ask Melissa if she wanted to kiss her good night on the lips for him.

"What? No!" Lucy interrupted them.

"All right... I'm sorry I asked," Keith chuckled a little under his breath. "I wish I was there with you, sweetheart."

"So you could fuck me?" Lucy asked, raising her voice then.

"Baby, not now..." Keith tried to soothe her.

"Don't be like that," Melissa interfered, feeling annoyed. Keith was a kind person, and there was no doubt in her mind Lucy was a good friend, but it turned out Lucy was pretty uptight as a girlfriend.

"What do you know? Nothing!" Lucy snapped at her equally annoyed. Melissa playfully laughed off her words. "You're a virgin!" Lucy spat angrily. Melissa went silent, shocked at her outburst. "You hear that, Keith? She's never even seen a man naked. She's never seen a penis in her life! You hear that?" Lucy's face flushed hotly from exertion and anger.

"Hey girls, don't argue, you girls are too pretty to--"

Lucy hung up the phone, laughing incredulously, mumbling to herself, "That man is completely insane."

"W-what are you--did you just hang up on him?" Melissa asked in frustration.

"I shouldn't have answered his call in the first place," Lucy grumbled, catching her breath.

"Yeah, that makes sense, Lucy. Sucking off his cock and then acting all bitchy because you don't want to talk about it? Is it because of me?"

"No, it's not you. It's just--I'm not in love with him," Lucy sighed. She didn't know how to explain this to her.

"So you just use him? The way you treat him is not okay, you know?! This is so not like you."

"Maybe you don't know me as well as you thought you did," Lucy snapped angrily.

Melissa laughed coldly. "You suck his cock and now--"

"I'm going to bed."

"You know, this is not okay. I--You can't do this Lucy! You're going to call him and tell him you're sorry. Besides, why did you tell Keith I was a virgin?"

"Because you are."

"So? Why did you have to tell him that? You were a virgin before you met him!"

"My virginity was short-lived after I started dating him."

Melissa chuckled knowingly.

"Hey Liam, care to come to my office?"

Liam nodded to his boss in great concern. He had never gone to the office unplanned and with the rumors of layoffs fresh in his mind, Liam broke out in cold sweat with every sucking sound their boots made in the mud while they walked towards the office.

"You want some coffee?" his boss asked him when they arrived.

Liam contemplated his options. Maybe it was a test. A boss shouldn't have to make coffee for his employees. On the other hand, this was his boss's office so it might be weird if he offered his boss coffee. On top of that, refusing coffee might be unpolite.

"Uh, no, yea-ah, yes," Liam stammered, drying his sweaty hands with his pants.

"Very well. You can get it on your way out, it's around the corner," his boss said, gesturing with his hand.

Liam looked aside, foolishly observing he couldn't see beyond the wall in the office.

"Ah, okay, thank you," Liam mumbled, grabbing his legs in an effort to stop the trembling. "Why am I fired?" he cried out.

"An attempt at humor, I suppose?" his boss asked, and then calmly and seriously sat back in his chair, wondering what was going on in Liam's head.

"Huh?" Liam asked, wiping the sweat off his forehead.

His boss laughed a little, seeing the nervous man before him sweating excessively. "All right, I'll cut to the chase. I have been told to fire people. It's not something I like doing but I have people above me, you understand? But that doesn't have anything to do with business, 'cause business is booming."

Liam nodded, lowering his head.

"I have been observing people, meanwhile not forgetting about their past years either. Looking for negative things in people is one thing, noticing the good things is another. You have been working here for quite some time now, Liam... and I have been talking to my boss and I have told him how important it is to keep the employees you have that are a real asset to the company. You're a true workhorse, Liam. I am not firing you."

"Thank you," Liam laughed nervously while he let out a breath of relief.

"I wanted to talk to you about Keith..."

Liam lifted his head, feeling his heart racing all over again. He kept silent, waiting for his boss's next words.

"I have been paying attention to him, the past few days."

"I see..." Liam nodded in anticipation.

"How do you feel about him, Liam?"

"That- I, well, to be honest, he is a hard worker, never any trouble!" Liam spoke from his heart.

"Yes... I thought you would say that," his boss nodded in agreement. "However, I have seen him playing with his phone during working hours a lot lately."

Liam looked up at his boss in great astonishment. "Really?"

"Save the theatrics," his boss laughed, "I know you are close with him and that he is a hard worker. Keith has always had a good influence on you, ever since the day he brought you along."

Liam gleamed with pride.

"If you sense he is dissatisfied with anything at work, you let me know all right?"

Liam nodded.

"I'm thinking of giving him more responsibilities."

"He'd be an excellent choice," Liam agreed.

"Are you happy in your work?"

Liam didn't want to let his boss know he would like less physically demanding work. He intended to talk to Keith about it, first.

"I am so happy," Liam whispered almost inaudibly.

"All right, you're dismissed, soldier. Send Keith in."

"I can't believe it!" Keith exclaimed happily at the end of their workday. "I'm becoming a supervisor, just like that. And you, my boy, will get a pay rise!"

Liam nodded. He'd been looking for another job, but there was no way his boss knew that.

"Isn't it weird though, that we get a pay rise without us even asking for it, when they are firing people, no less?"

Keith thought for a moment. "No... Philip and Leon have left, besides, they are not firing a lot of people, the boss's got a different boss, and change means firing people to some. He just sees the value in us and wants to keep us. I have been asking for a pay rise for a

while,so maybe that's why. They probably figured once they would, you'd be the next asking," Keith grinned.

"Ah... Well, I'm happy anyway!"

"I'm happy for you too..." Keith said, hanging his head.

"What is it, Keith?" Liam asked in worry.

Keith sighed deeply. "You go home now and will tell your daughter the happy news. She'll smile and congratulate you, and it will fill your heart with pride, and what do I have to show for it?"

"More money," Liam exclaimed enthusiastically. He'd never seen Keith this vulnerable.

"More money I don't need. Thirty years from now I'll be buried in a lonely, abandoned grave."

Liam chuckled awkwardly.

"Ask me why it'll be a lonely, abandoned grave?"

"W-why will it be a lonely grave, Keith?"

"Because I will be buried alone, without a wife, and there will be no daughter or son visiting my grave. No children to mourn my death."

"If you want to have kids just to mourn your death and visit your grave you mi--"

"It's not that. I would love to leave everything behind knowing my daughter will inherit all of it. Like, leave my house to her upon my death."

"Well, you can, there's still time. Settle down."

"I know, but it will take ten years at the earliest before my kid would understand anything about work or salaries. Anyway..." Keith sighed deeply, "I hope Lucy is proud of you. You work hard for it."

Liam stood there, sheepishly looking at his friend. "Did Lucy enjoy driving your car?"

"Yes, she sure did." Keith's face lit up with wondering delight when he thought back to that moment.

"Maybe you could do that again?" Liam offered. "Let her drive your car, buy her ice cream, and then come back after an hour, or so? Whenever I feel down Lucy's presence

alone is reason enough to instantly cheer me up," Liam said jovially. Seeing the smile on Keith's face gave him cause for hope.

"Oh, it will cheer me up alright. Now that you mention it... don't you think she deserves better? She's shy and always locks herself up in her room, studying. Wouldn't it be nice to take her to a park, a beach, on a hike, or somewhere else where she can enjoy the fresh air and beautiful scenery? Or take her to a theme park or the funfair?"

"They are pretty expensive though," Liam objected.

"You cheap bastard, you've only got one daughter," Keith laughed at him.

"Life's expensive, Keith. I don't expect you to know what it costs to have a grown-up daughter," Liam protested loudly.

"I'll pay."

"All right, but no booze," Liam readily agreed.

"No booze," Keith promised him. "But I want it to be a surprise. I will pick her up on Friday, at 7:00pm."

"There she is!" a heavy voice bellowed behind them.

Keith and Liam both glanced up at their boss.

"Is that your car? Is that-is that... Lucy?" Keith asked when he turned his head and looked in the same direction as their boss, and saw Liam's car on the road, moving closer.

"You're not the only one that has secrets," Liam grinned.

"What do you mean?" Keith asked puzzled, but then he was sure of it; he saw Lucy behind the wheel, driving her father's car. "You told our boss. Why didn't you tell me?" Keith asked annoyed.

"I wanted it to be a surprise," Liam shrugged, waving at a honking car.

"She can really drive," Keith mumbled in surprise.

"You taught her!"

"Not really, I mean yeah, but still, she--"

"My car required maintenance. My brother dropped her off and then drove in front of her. Besides, it's only a five-minute drive from here, Keith."

"A lot can happen in five minutes," Keith mumbled, nearly losing his ability to speak when he saw the cheerful smile of Lucy.

Keith jealously watched their boss applaud her and hug her. "You should have a drink with us on Fridays after work. It used to be lots of fun!" he smiled at the young lady.

"Maybe I will!" Lucy smiled, enjoying being the center of attention, and gave the car keys to her father.

"What?" Lucy yelled that Friday night when she heard a knock on her bedroom door.

"You could be a little more friendly to your dad, don't you think?" Liam laughed a little when he opened her door. "Anyway, there's someone at the door for you, pumpkin."

"I'm sorry!" Lucy giggled. She ran down the stairs and jumped down from the last few stairs and turned her head, seeing Keith standing there at the doorstep.

"Well, well, if it isn't my agile, little Lucy!" Keith exclaimed. His eyes immediately gazed over her body. She was dressed in shorts and a t-shirt. He noticed the round shapes of her perky breasts, and her nipples that clearly showed in her white t-shirt. "You might want to change first because we're going out, sweetheart."

When he looked at her face he saw she blushed, but he also saw the accusing look in her baby-blue eyes.

"No..." Lucy murmured indistinctly, squeezing her hands together, feeling her stomach turn upon seeing the broad smile of Keith while he stared at her breasts once again. She turned around, nearly bumping into her father.

"No need to change, it's hot outside," Liam remarked, not noticing the nervous behavior and body language of his daughter.

"Come," Keith smiled warmly and extended his hand, welcoming her into his waiting arms.

"Where are we going?" Lucy asked her father when he pushed her gently into Keith's hands.

Liam smiled, seeing how shy she got from the attention of his well-mannered friend. "Keith wouldn't even tell me."

Keith's cock stirred in his pants when he felt the manicured hand of Lucy grasp both his rough working hands. Her perfectly manicured nails reminded him of how she had scratched them over his chest.

He ignored Liam from that moment on, and instead urged his daughter into his car. That went so smoothly. The power he had over this girl was stirring up the naturally-dominant man even more. He waved goodbye at Liam, mostly for appearances, and then sped off.

"Congratulations. I heard you are becoming my dad's boss." Lucy said, fastening her seatbelt. She stroked the leather, impressed by the comfort it provided.

"Not his boss, but thanks anyway," Keith beamed at her, feeling delighted that Lucy initiated a conversation with him.

"So, where are we headed?" she asked.

"You'll see..."

Her father knew she had left with him. She didn't think Keith would try to have sex with her.

"Okay, but can we first go to your place? I need one of those pills, just to be sure."

"Addicted to pills already at your age, huh?"

"Please?"

"All right," Keith heaved a deep sigh.

When they arrived and Lucy walked in front of him, Keith kept staring at her ass which tempted him with every step. Knowing what it looked like underneath her clothes stirred up his lust for her.

At the door, he handed her his keys. "Open the door and make me some coffee. I'll fetch your pills."

Lucy stood motionless, playing with his keys in her hand, contemplating her options. "Okay, but can we leave right after?"

"Your wish is my command," Keith smiled at her when she opened the door for them.

"How do you like your coffee?" she asked when she entered his house.

Keith closed the door behind him. He lifted his hand and slapped Lucy's ass hard. "That's for showing off your ass!" Keith grumbled in a gruff voice.

"Aaah!" Lucy squealed in shock as her hand automatically reached back to caress her sore skin. She retreated her hand immediately when it touched Keith's hand.

"I'll have a beer. It's in the fridge. And bring a bottle opener with you. The last time I let a woman open my beer I instantly regretted it."

Keith took his shoes off and ran up the stairs. "Where are those pills?" he mumbled to himself. "Ah yeah, my bedroom." He stared at the small, little pill in the palm of his hand. "Poor, little Lucy!" he chuckled.

He took a deep breath. "Lucy? Come upstairs, will you? I've found them, but I don't have many left."

Lucy sulkily walked up the stairs with a beer, a bottle opener, and a glass of water in her hands. She hadn't seen anything other than milk and beer in the fridge. She'd only been upstairs once to go to the bathroom, but this time she stepped into his bedroom. Keith stood there, next to his bed, smiling kindly at her. Lucy reached out her hand to his, but Keith quickly closed his.

"You want it?" he asked.

"Yes," she spoke, slightly annoyed.

"Kiss me and I'll give it to you." He requested it in nonchalance, but Lucy's legs trembled when she obeyed and leaned forward, giving him a quick peck. "Not like that, cutie. Give me a passionate kiss of two lovers reunited."

Lucy reached up, standing on her toes, and tentatively kissed the much older man. Keith moaned lustfully when her lips touched his. His penis jumped up when her belly, only separated from his pants by the thin cotton of her shirt, pressed into his groin. He embraced her slim body and became a little handsy with her.

"Uhm, now give me the pill," she awkwardly broke off their kiss.

"Sweetheart..." Keith complained.

"What? I earned it. Give m--"

"You can't keep swallowing those pills, baby. It's not what they're for."

Ignoring his warning, Lucy's hand grabbed his. Keith held his fist closed, and watched her in amusement as she struggled against the strength of his hand. Her fingers lifted his, one by one opening his closed fist. When she tried to lift his third finger he closed the other two again. He chuckled when she started to use both her hands.

"You're a sweetheart, you know that?" Keith spoke, meanwhile lifting his hand, holding it on top of his head.

Lucy tossed her long, blonde locks over her shoulder and rubbed up against him in an effort to reach up that high, making warm contact with him. Keith lowered and opened his hand, seeing the disappointment on her face when she gazed at the pill. It was broken and affected by the sweaty palm of his hand.

Keith deliberately dropped the pill when he gave it to her. "Sorry," he mumbled softly.

Lucy sighed, seeing three pieces of the pill laying on the floor. She bent down to pick them up. She needed them. When Keith's coarse hand hit her ass hard again, she screamed and fell forward onto her hands.

"That's for seducing me. Never bend down in front of men wearing such sexy shorts!"

She picked up the little pill and pressed it against her lips, ignoring his outburst as best she could. Feeding into it would only please him.

"Yes, swallow it, and lick the rest of my hand. Or else you'll get pregnant!"

Lucy swallowed the pill without hesitation and closed her eyes when she licked the remains off his salty palm.

"These pills have an awful taste," she whined, trying to distract herself from the pain she felt in her bottom.

"I know sweetheart," Keith mumbled uninterested. He gazed down and noticed his erection was beginning to show. He also knew Lucy must have felt it beginning to grow against her belly earlier, and her lack of acknowledgment or interest bothered him.

"How would you know?" Lucy asked a little annoyed at his statement.

"Uhh... that's what I heard once. Is the bad taste gone now?" he asked when she had drunk the whole glass of water. Lucy nodded affirmatively.

Keith chuckled. "Liar, liar, pants on fire." He couldn't help but laugh out loud when he saw the dazed expression on Lucy's face. "One more lie and those shorts come off. We don't want your cunny to burn, now do we? Although from the few incredibly fond memories I have of your little cunny, it seems to be on fire all the time. What are your observations on that subject?"

Lucy averted her eyes with shock when she saw the visible bulge in his tight pants. She could even see the outline of his heavy balls.

"I need to pee," she whispered softly, embarrassed to tell him. "Can I please use the bathroom?"

"Hmm..." Keith growled, rubbing his chin. "I think you have undressed yourself enough to pee this week."

"Please?" Lucy whined.

"You keep exposing your lovely body to the toilet seat but what do I get, Lucy?"

"W-what?" Lucy stammered.

"Come and sit on my lap for a while," Keith suggested when he took her hand in his and sat down on the bed. Feeling her light weight and her ass resting on his legs pleased him, but seeing her shiver all over her body didn't. "Why do you keep shaking and quivering whenever you're near me?"

Lucy squealed a little when she heard the short hissing sound when Keith opened the beer bottle.

"Be-because you want to have sex with me and I don't. It's my choice, okay? And I don't want it anymore! Every time I think you have changed I regret it because you never change! I wanna go home now. Please!"

"Sshhh. I'm not sending you home this hysterical. Let's first calm down a little... Yes like that, rest your head on me like that. Feel my breathing? Breathe with me. In and out. Hmm, yes, that's it."

Lucy breathed in and out, following the rhythm of Keith's beating heart.

"Open your mouth, sweetie, and take a sip from my bottle."

Lucy opened her lips when the bottle touched them and took a big gulp. She was forced to inhale through her nose and tilt her head backward. She wrinkled her nose and nearly coughed from the taste of it but had no choice but to swallow it all.

"Look at you," Keith proudly petted her legs. "A whole bottle of beer on your first try. Impressive."

Lucy coughed, wiping off the beer that trickled down the corners of her mouth.

"That pretty mouth of yours never ceases to amaze me," Keith continued praising her. "The way you sucked my cock the other day? If I had closed my eyes I would have thought it was a professional hooker, trying to make me cum fast so she could go to her next horny customer."

Lucy blushed a little, and by the smile on Keith's face, she knew he noticed. "Can I go to the bathroom now?"

"You need to?"

"Yes," Lucy whimpered.

Keith's stroked her small waist and then lifted her shirt a little. "Such a nice, soft belly... I love looking at it. Hmm, okay sweetheart, let's try something else first. Bend over the bed."

"Y-you're going to spank me? If you do, I think I'll pee," Lucy cried.

"If you bend down when I ask you to, you're being a good girl. But if you don't when I ordered you I--"

He grinned when she obediently stepped off his lap and bent down over his king-size bed. Her breasts were small and swayed slightly with her shuddering body. Her long hair fell over her back while she buried her face into the soft bedsheets, her ass on display for him. He was sure he could smell her pussy wetting itself for him. Her shirt rode up, exposing her skin, as soft as only a young woman like her could provide. He saw her breasts getting pushed into the mattress.

He sank to his knees behind her, pulled down his pants and briefs, releasing his cock from its confinement.

"What are you doing?" Lucy asked alarmed by the sound it made.

"You said you didn't want me to fuck you. What did I tell you? One more lie and those shorts come off. Liar, pants on fire, yes, I think I need to put out a fire here. And I've got just the right tool for the job. I happen to carry a big hose with me in case little girls like you need it."

"I wasn't lying, I--"

"We'll see about that!" Keith spoke hoarsely.

Like a bull in musth, he let go of all his inhibitions. His hands were all over her, roughly pulling down her shorts over her ass, impressed by the effort it took him, and kicked them away. He pulled down her panties as well, but let them hang only a little lower than the parts he wanted to expose. He immensely enjoyed the sight of her tiny, white panties spread between her legs.

"Hmm, I love this so much, darling. You don't know the half of it," he moaned in awe, seeing his red fingerprints on her rear end.

If the hard thrust of his cock into her vagina was any indication, Lucy didn't want to know the other half.

"Not, soooo, haaard!" Lucy cried in frustration upon feeling the discomfort of his hard cock.

"Ooooh," Keith panted lustfully, "that pussy's definitely on fire!"

"Keith-I--Aaah!"

"I know cutie," Keith panted, overwhelmed yet again by how tight girls her age were. "It's required that I go a little faster this time so I can fuck away your discomfort and body's desire to piss."

"Aaah, i-it's still there!" Lucy shouted.

"Patience, darling. I'm just getting started," Keith chuckled.

What a delight to have his large, hard cock back in her hot, little hole again. Keith grunted in effort then, nearly cumming like a virgin. Her pussy was just so tight and her beautiful face and her sexy girly voice overwhelmed him every single time.

"No, Keith, this doesn't feel good. I can't hold it," Lucy cried in anger and despair.

"Oooh, that pussy of yours, darling...!" Keith panted. "It'd give me a bad conscience if I didn't fuck it."

"S-stop... Keith?"

"Hmm... Hmmm... Hmm!" Keith hummed, retracting his rock-hard erection, and then plunged it back into her narrow pussyhole in one go. He smiled joyfully when he saw his penis completely disappear into her small body.

"You smell faintly of... of... what is that smell, Lucy? Ohh, hmm, it's wet pussy. See? You're a liar! Even though you're kinda cute when you're struggling, you can drop the act now, and instead, you can start moaning like the perverted girl you are."

"If you don't let me go now, I'll pee!" Lucy threatened.

"I'm not into that. You're so perverted!" Keith chuckled, slamming his cock into her again. Her body shook forward violently while he felt a splash of warm juice against his cock.

"I'm not fucking that vagina reeking of urine, you hear me? Pee on me and I'll fuck that little, brown hole above your pussy."

"I can't h--"

"I haven't fucked all week because you refuse to fuck on business days. Imagine that. To be honest, it's kind of ridiculous."

"I'm going to pee in a minute if you don't pull out and let me go!" Lucy warned Keith one last time. She pushed her legs closer to one another in an effort to hold her bladder.

"Pull what out, Lucy?" Keith asked, pleased at the increased tightness.

"Your cock!" Lucy yelled in panic.

Keith grunted hard when he slammed his cock into her tight entrance once again, overjoyed at hearing her little voice pronouncing that word.

"Once you'll get thoroughly wet and horny and indulge yourself in our fucking you'll forget about you needing to pee. This comes first. Trust me!"

Lucy held tightly onto the pillow while she felt him use her body to make himself cum. She was used to this behavior by now, but the discomfort from his hard fucking increased when she tried to hold her bladder. Every time he thrust into her she was sure she could feel herself leaking. She hoped he wouldn't notice. Hearing his heavy grunts above her reassured her Keith was still having fun though.

"You're wet, babygirl."

"Yes," Lucy whimpered.

"Let me see that pussy hole." Keith wanted to catch his breath and pushed her ass off him.

"N-no, keep it in?" Lucy stammered, terribly ashamed.

"You're getting horny, hmm? I bet it'd feel great if you peed, lubricating my thick, large cock for your tiny pussy, having nasty, dirty sex. What do you think, sweetie?"

"I don't know... can you please hurry?" Lucy asked, anxiously looking back over her shoulder to look at him. Keith's eyes blazed like scarlet coals while he gazed down at the illicit activity he was performing on her.

Lucy finally calmed down and reconciled herself to the inevitable. She knew, to Keith's mind, it was her duty to happily submit to him and accommodate his penis inside her and make him cum whenever he felt the urge to fuck. What good would delaying do?

"Please hurry," she asked, ashamed of herself.

Keith answered her by plunging his cock into her in fast, short thrusts. He made sure he slammed his balls against her every time, penetrating the inexperienced girl as deeply as possible.

"This is all I can think about: that little pussy between your legs, shyly hiding from my cock." He wasn't afraid of admitting it, and thought it was a nice compliment.

Her warm virgin-pussy clamping down on his shaft was so much better than he had remembered in his dreams the past lonely nights. He had jerked off, while he had tried to evoke one of the wonderful memories of their passionate fucking.

The look he saw in those little eyes of hers wasn't one of reproach. They were the eyes of a young girl, willingly giving in to carnal lust for the first time in her life. Teens like Lucy had more hormones than they will ever know what to do with. After long years of fantasizing in her bed, she was finally having sex regularly, beaten into submission by him. Submitting herself to him completely. Already her first boyfriend activated that part of her brain of pure obedience, to kneel before him and surrender to him. To let his manly lusts come first. He had never met such a submissive girl.

"You can have it, you insatiable, little nymph!"

He lay her on her back, staring at her tits. His balls were so sensitive then, as well as the end of his cock. He shot his cum into her while he threw himself on top of her and bit her in the soft nape of her neck.

Lucy whimpered in despair and her legs trembled as Keith slowly humped her. With a cry she felt his teeth sink into her skin, and in a reflex she relaxed her muscles. When she peed a little she couldn't stop herself anymore, just like Keith couldn't stop himself from gruntingly fucking his spewing cock in and out of her lovely pussy.

He ignored the wetness flowing from her urethra and thrust into her pussy again, and for a moment he collapsed on top of her, exhausted from his brain overloading him with the sensitiveness of his orgasm. The warm flow of her piss that dripped down from both of them pleasantly surprised him. But it felt even greater around his big, hard cock, as he again plowed into the hot, tight pussy. It was an unmatched sensation to Lucy as well, she felt like her ample juices soothened the impact Keith's furious thrusts had on her, and she felt delighted to finally let go. To piss onto his cock. Her juices splashed around wildly while the bedroom filled with the wet slapping noises of Keith's thrusting cock, lewdly fucking her tight, little pussy.

Lucy hid her face in the pillow when Keith pulled his throbbing cock out. He gazed down at the thick ropes of cum drowning in the puddle of watery urine underneath them, which grew even more.

"What a mess," Keith uttered.

He stood up and felt her piss dripping down his hairy legs. Lucy stood up as well, hiding her face behind her hand, deeply ashamed.

"I'm not cleaning that up..." she whispered, for the first time paying attention to the smell.

"That's okay, I'll do it," Keith heaved a deep sigh. "It felt wonder-- hey come back here, you're dripping all over the floor, let me dry you first. Give me your shirt."

With bated breath he stared at the swell of her breasts. She gave her shirt to him then. Keith knelt down in front of her and dried her legs with her shirt. He wiped the shirt against her pussy and then stuck out his tongue and licked her slit. He spat on the floor in disgust.

"I'm going to take a shower," Lucy announced confidently. She couldn't bare the possibility of him refusing her to clean herself.

"I need to piss after I cum, Lucy, not before. You do this in the wrong order. I'd better start buying diapers for you," he grumbled while he dried his feet off. He quickly followed Lucy into the bathroom. He filled the bathtub for her and then told her to wash herself.

When she sat down in the bathtub filled with cold water Keith grabbed her by her arm and forced her onto her knees. He grabbed his flaccid penis and squeezed it in his hand. Lucy gasped when a stream of warm piss hit the hard nipples of her breasts.

"Just so we're even!"

"C-can't you just hit me or something?" Lucy yelled and narrowed her eyes when his piss hit her on her face.

"I don't hit women," Keith calmly told her, his eyes fixed upon the stream leaving his cock.

Keith's piss splashed around when it hit her skin. Lucy felt the powerful stream and its warmth.

"Open your mouth."

"No," Lucy objected.

"I'm not going to piss in your mouth, sweetie, I promise. Come babygirl, open your mouth." He smiled at her and put his hand on the back of her neck. He aimed his stream at her neck and smiled again when he felt his warm piss on his fingers.

"Do you like this, Lucy?"

Lucy wisely kept her mouth shut.

"All right," Keith sighed, aiming his penis lower and started peeing into the bathtub. He kept peeing for at least twenty seconds before his stream became weak and thin. When he was finished he shook his dick with a contented sigh. Before he left, he watched over his shoulder and saw she shyly hid her breasts with her arm.

"I'm going to turn off the central heating boiler in case you're planning to refresh the water. Hot water is expensive, Lucy. The soap is over there," he said as he pointed at the shelf close to her.

Lucy didn't move a muscle but just sat there, with her knees on the hard porcelain, waiting for him to leave. Keith sauntered over to his bedroom, very displeased at seeing the mess on his bed.

Lucy was about to close the bathroom door when she saw Keith kneeling down in the bedroom with the bedsheets in his hands, absorbing the puddle of piss with them. She smiled when Keith looked at her and then quickly closed and locked the door.

"She's enjoying this. She did this on purpose... that little bitch!" Keith chuckled to himself, shaking his head. What's gotten into you, baby, watching disgusting porn all day? He walked over to the bathroom door and knocked on it. "Open up, baby, I need to put this into the washer."

She immediately did, but before he had opened the door she already sat down in the bathtub.

"Sorry for peeing on you," she whispered to him then.

"Your shirt and shorts are in the washer as well, but I have to clean the mattress now. It's quite a mess," Keith smiled somewhat sheepishly.

"Can you turn the heating boiler back on? I want to--" she swallowed nervously when Keith walked over in her direction, his penis and balls swaying with every step.

"I already did, sweetheart. I can't stay mad at you. Let's take a shower together." He extended his hand and helped her out of the bathtub. "Be careful, it's slippery."

"Are you angry with me?" Keith whispered into her ear.

"For being a pathetic sex addict?"

"If you will."

"No, but there are professionals specialized in treating sex addicts."

Keith smiled. "What am I supposed to do when I constantly get hard around you? Any man of my age would have fucked you into a coma by now. I have behaved myself."

Lucy stared down at the water running down over his wild pubic hair and his penis. His balls swayed back and forth with the rhythm of his hands, soaping the hair on his head. She felt less intimidated by it than before. Keith rinsed his hair and then left, telling her he needed to clean the mattress. He laid out socks and a bathrobe for her. When she had finished her shower, Keith greeted her with a smile, clothed in his pajamas.

"You will stay here tonight," Keith informed her. "I called your dad and told him you wanted to watch a movie after you saw my big... TV. Unfortunately, little Lucy fell asleep, so I went upstairs and grabbed a pillow and a blanket, and tucked you in. I told him this. He told me if you were still asleep at eleven I should let you sleep until the morning. Needless to say, you didn't wake up before eleven, so--"

"It's not eleven yet," Lucy laughed scornfully.

"I didn't clean the bed to sleep in it all by myself tonight."

"Did you really call my dad?"

"Yes, of course. I'm not that dumb to kidnap his daughter. Your dad, aahh... he doesn't suspect we are fucking each other. He thinks you are a virgin and that I enjoy having you around because I get lonely. And although he might suspect I get a little handsy now and then he would never suspect that you like it or encourages me to do so."

Lucy rolled her eyes at him, but felt much better after the hot shower. "Too bad, I didn't bring my toothbrush."

"Use mine."

"No Keith," Lucy sighed. "I didn't bring my pajamas either."

"Wear mine," Keith offered.

"In bed... you... are you going to touch me?"

"Yes."

Lucy's face spoke volumes. She understood his true intentions well. But she was tired and couldn't talk anymore. In a weird way, this felt like the best place to be. She wouldn't have to worry about him texting or calling her, or him paying her an unannounced surprise visit.

Keith picked her up and held her by her ass while he carried her upstairs, kissing her tenderly on her lips. He put her down next to his bed and was pleased to see she dropped her bathrobe and crawled naked into the bed.

"Do you know how much I'm gonna make as a supervisor?" Keith whispered, crawling after her. He smiled and lowered her onto the bed, his body atop hers.

"How much?" He probably wanted to impress her by telling her, she thought.

"Enough to buy another necklace for you, cutie."

Lucy suppressed a grin. She realized he probably never went to bed with women to sleep. Nevertheless, he wanted her to stay the night. He whispered words so close to her ears that it gave her goosebumps all over. His body felt warm in the cool and dark room. Keith made silly jokes and tickled her. Lucy giggled and couldn't help but like the attention she received from the man she thought was handsome.

When they stared into each other's eyes and Keith caressed her breasts, the tension between them was back. Her legs were parted roughly by his hands and they bumped into his erection in the process. But when he sank his hardness into her he was gentle.

He brought his lips to her ear and whispered, "I'll bring you back home to your dad in the morning, but tonight you're all mine."

He kept staring into her baby-blue eyes until he bottomed out in her. Lucy gasped as she was impaled and Keith went to work, humping and bumping, and grunting and panting loudly, intentionally eliciting a gasp from the young girl each time he bottomed out in her incredibly tight and hot pussy.

He was absolutely delighted to be back in her body again. His fucking became more frantic as he looked down at her smooth, hairless pussy. He thrust in harder, slapping his hefty balls onto her, and pushed for a few more seconds each time he bottomed out, getting as far into her as possible. After several minutes of enjoying himself with a good workout by vigorously fucking her, he slammed in hard as his climax approached, and his thick cock finally spat out its seed into the girl's tight pussy.

Exhausted by thought and emotion, Lucy drifted into sleep while Keith still panted on top of her. Her dreams were weirdly vivid that night. In one of them, she dreamed she was floating in the waves of the ocean. When she opened her eyes she saw Keith's face above her, panting heavily while he fucked her.

In the morning she woke up alone. Based on the fresh semen she found between her legs she knew Keith recently had cum inside her. When she touched it, she felt it was still warm. Stepping out of her bed she grimaced, feeling the discomfort between her legs. Her mood lightened when she saw Keith had laid out her clothes. They were neatly folded and freshly washed.

The smell of fried bacon and eggs greeted Lucy when she arrived downstairs. Apparently, Keith had already had his breakfast.

She saw the back of a thick head of pitch-black hair poking out above the couch.

"Hi," a man greeted her with a playful grin on his face, sensing her presence. His dark eyes looked at her inquiringly. "You must be Lucy, Keith's new girlfriend!"

"And who are you?" Lucy responded brusquely, ignoring the sting of pain from his choice of words. She looked around and saw Keith standing hunched over in the yard.

"He's busy with his plants," the man explained. "I'm Steven, I used to work with your father. Great guy."

Lucy thought she could vaguely remember the name Steven. He was likely telling the truth.

"Come sit down," he impatiently gestured to her with an endearingly crooked smile. "I've heard so much about you!"

"Are you a friend of Keith's?" Lucy asked as she sat down on the couch. She noticed how he peered at her and scooted closer. An unpleasant feeling overtook her.

"I know Keith through work. I visit him from time to time, usually on weekends. Quite often there is a female company present. Sometimes he calls me. That man... adores women. But my heart's already taken." He rested his hand on Lucy's lap and rubbed his thumb over his wedding ring to prove his point.

"Did he call you today?" Lucy asked with bated breath. The man's big hands, his muscular body, his fly half-open; Lucy's breath stuck in her throat. In a surrealistic way, Keith being near felt reassuring.

"No, certainly not. He calls me when he takes home more than one girl. The girls just want to flirt or touch a little."

"But you're married," Lucy responded indignantly. The men Keith hung out with were of as dissolute a character as he was.

"I only kiss," Steven sighed and smiled at the young girl next to him, who he thought was stunningly beautiful.

Lucy felt her cheeks turn red and felt as nervous as the first time she had noticed Keith liked her.

"I'll admit I scratched the back of my head when Keith proudly told me he was in a serious relationship. But now..." he paused, looking up at her with an appreciating smile, "Now that I see you, I get it. You're a beautiful girl. Nice and tight and younger than him, just the way he likes his women."

"Thank you, but I have to eat," Lucy answered briefly, eager to change the subject of the conversation. She knew from experience what compliments from men could lead to.

"A girl like you shouldn't have to do that. I'll get you something," he offered, still smiling.

What's that supposed to mean, Lucy thought.

"Is it your breakfast?"

Lucy was embarrassed, looking at the clock and seeing it was already 11 o'clock. "Uhm yes, I just got out of bed."

"That's okay," he grinned, looking at her breasts. "Nice shirt."

"Three slices of bread for Ma'am," he said cheerfully as he walked back two minutes later.

Apparently, he knew his way around Keith's kitchen.

He made a bow to her. "And a delicious cold glass of milk."

Lucy thought he had a very sympathetic appearance, which suited his behavior.

"Thank you, but I-- I don't drink milk." She wondered how old the man was and how long he had been friends with Keith.

"Tell me, is it true that you allow Keith into your bed?"

Unbelievable, the gentle words of this man made Lucy's hair stand on end. He was even more straightforward than Keith.

"Why do you care?" she almost whispered. The cramped feeling that took her breath away and obscured her clear thinking only became worse when Steven asked his next question.

"Do you blow him?"

She choked on her bread and Steven patted her back. "If I had met you on the street, I would have thought you were still a virgin. You're so young. Why your father's friend, though? Just because he was available, or do you happen to like older men?"

Lucy let out an audible sigh of relief when she saw Keith coming into the living room. He walked right up to her and kissed her intimately.

Keith loved being able to finally kiss her good morning, but equally loved doing this in front of another man. She was his possession, and he was not averse to showing it.

"Did you sleep well, sweetheart?" he whispered affectionately.

She nodded, flushed by Steven's presence and Keith's hand possessively clutching her neck. Every touch of Keith reminded her of his sexual excesses.

"This is Steven, a good friend of mine," Keith smiled, happy to see her.. "He's a sleazeball though, so if he goes too far you just let me know, okay? I already told him your pussy only belongs to me."

Lucy blushed heavily, Keith had just answered one of Steven's questions for her.

"Unlike you, I know when to keep my cock in my pants," Steven reproached his friend in a gruff voice. "Remember that young girl? I dropped her off, still a virgin, at her parents' house."

Keith laughed. "After she sucked off your cock just before getting out of your car." Steven laughed along, his eyes studying Lucy's face.

"I'll get a drink," Lucy interrupted their laughter. At a firm pace, she walked into the kitchen. Keith followed her. He grabbed Lucy and pressed her against him.

"He didn't touch you, did he?" he panted curiously in her ear. The thought alone made him furious.

"No," Lucy hissed at his hypocrisy. Steven could never be worse than him.

Keith looked hesitantly at her while he held her tightly against him. Lucy bent over and let the tap fill her glass. A soft moan echoed in the tiled, small kitchen after which Keith immediately warmed up his crotch with her buttocks.

"I've been waiting for you, sweetheart," he whispered breathily into her ear, "I was up at six. When you weren't up by 8:30, I slipped into bed. I hope you don't mind. I have to admit it was quite a delight, to see you squirm under me while you slept. It was like you were trying to crawl away from under me."

It hadn't been the only time she knew by the amount of sperm she had found between her legs that morning.

"I want to eat now," she said, grateful for a valid excuse.

"I'm soon done with pruning," Keith gladly announced. "Then I have to leave with Steven for a while, but if you like you can stay here."

He saw her walk away before he was finished talking, but he was used to her games by now. With a smile, he admired her lithe body. He'd love to stretch it to its limits. Lucy had spent the whole night with him. He had fucked her a total of four times that night. His cock simply refused to go soft after having felt that warm pussy of hers. He felt his penis throb at the vivid memories.

Steven stared at Lucy as she walked back to her plate with a glass of water in her hand. What a beautiful girl, and such a cutie too. The thought that she was laying under a moaning and thrusting Keith, with her skinny legs spread wide, made him shake his head in disgust.

"That man is not good for you, Lucy. He's using you, " he whispered conspiratorially. "He's not a good friend of mine, and that girl never gave me a blowjob in the car. That's just his version. It saddens me to see how he uses girls purely for his own lust. Every time I come here another girl is sitting on this couch. As young and as naive as you. It turns him on. Don't believe a word he says. I have a wife and two kids. I'm a normal guy."

He stared into her baby-blue eyes, trying to see through her and read her thoughts. His dark eyes were smiling expectantly, almost as if he wanted to soothe her with them.

Lucy laughed reproachfully as she stuffed her mouth with a sandwich. What was he doing here if he wasn't Keith's friend?

"I'm here of my own free will," she snapped at him with her mouth full. She might be naive, but not that naive to fall for a man's slick talk a second time.

"I don't know what happened between you and him, but if you want I can help you."

Lucy froze as his hand stroked the long blonde hair on her back.

"What are you doing here if you're not his friend?"

"He owes me a lot of money," Steven sighed heavily. "That's why he suddenly has to work in the garden. I've had it with him - look at this place. He's got plenty of money."

Lucy sighed, uncertain how to answer. She didn't know much about money, but she did know men were not to be trusted.

"I'm going now, but if you want you can always call me. Here's my phone number," Steven said and handed her a business card.

- S. Ross, carpenter. You wish, I create. Just express your desire! -

"Don't show Keith, he's a madman."

Lucy nodded and put the card in her purse.

"I'll be on my way. If you want to leave, you can come with me," he offered.

His ferocious muscles and his masculine biceps clearly showed through his thin summer shirt. It gave Lucy a sense of safety. If Steven was really on her side, Keith would surely think twice before messing with her again.

"I- I barely know you," Lucy stammered. But what danger did this man pose to her? He seemed to know Keith well, and Keith did not share. He was also under the impression she was Keith's girlfriend. "Anyway, I don't think Keith would approve."

"I have brought girls home countless times when Keith was too drunk to do it himself." The man's smile was so charming and his voice so sincere. Lucy felt herself gravitate toward him. She decided to seize this opportunity.

"Please, bring me home? I miss my father," she whispered shyly, putting all her trust in the man she had just met.

"Okay," Steven nodded in joy. "Don't you worry," he added calmly, "he'll have no reason to refuse me."

Lucy nodded and waited nervously when Steven went outside. She was uncertain what to think about Steven staring at her from outside.

Even from afar, she saw Keith's eyes flashing bright red while his arms gestured to the world around as he spoke.

When Steven stepped inside the house, Lucy breathed, not even realizing she had been holding her breath. Steven remained silent, and then she saw Keith gesturing her to come outside.

Lucy inhaled deeply, and looked at Steven, seeking approval. She hoped his encouraging nod meant she could leave with him. She didn't exactly look forward to a day filled with non-stop sex.

Keith looked out of the corner of his eye at Steven but then focused his eyes on Lucy. He sighed and smiled faintly at her.

"Listen, sweetie, you're going with him now, all right? He will drop you off at home for me, okay?" It confused Lucy to see him so vulnerable and to see the hurt in his kind, honey-brown eyes.

"Okay," Lucy spoke and gave him a quick peck on his lips. "Bye," she added and then quickly turned around.

"Lucy?" Keith asked, worried about her.

"What?" Lucy replied while she slowed down her pace, and wondered why he stayed outside.

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"You look lovely."

"Thank you." The feeling was almost surreal, but it felt like it was the most genuine thing he had ever said to her.

"I'll see you next weekend, sweetie."

Lucy nodded absently.

When Steven led her to his car and helped her inside she couldn't believe Keith would let her leave that easily. The car wasn't as fancy as Keith's, but she preferred it over his.

"You're such a damsel in distress," Steven said as they drove off. His voice sounded a little melancholic to her. "But you shouldn't get into a stranger's car," he added in a cold voice. "As I said: Young and naive."

Lucy suddenly regretted having left Keith's place. Why had he allowed her to leave with Steven anyway? Why did this man have control over Keith? Her hand squeezed the door handle in anguish.

"Y-you said you would bring me home?" she inquired in fear.

"I did say that, yes," he answered affirmatively.

"Well, will you?" she asked in exasperation.

"Oh, I will. I promised you, and that is what I'm going to do. I will bring you back to your father where you belong," he promised her.

"Why aren't you asking me for directions then?"

Steven chuckled.

"I remember where your father lives. In fact, I think he will be delighted to see me. But if it makes you feel better, feel free to give me directions."

He smiled so warmly then, Lucy was quite sure there was no danger. As the minutes passed she noticed he took the right turns.

"Well, I enjoy an awkward, silent car ride as much as the next fellow, but perhaps it's time to explain what's going on. Why are you with Keith?"

Lucy laughed a little but then fell silent.

Steven didn't insist, and to kill the silence he turned on the music. He had his suspicions. He didn't know her father and Keith were buddies, but he did know Keith visited Liam from time to time.

When he parked his car in front of Lucy's house he sighed and reached his hand out to her. He touched her cheek with his thumb and then tucked her hair behind her ear.

Lucy's breath stuck in his throat when she felt his affectionate, attentive touch. Her eyes closed while her hand instinctively squeezed the door handle again.

"You're young," Steven mused at the nervous girl. "Much too young. Promise me you will never go back to that man."

"He thinks I--I'm, I'm his girlfriend," Lucy stammered wistfully.

Keith wouldn't just let her go. She couldn't look the man in his eyes, he'd just blame her naivety. She wondered how well Steven really knew Keith. But maybe there was something this man hid from her. Maybe he could really help.

"Whenever you feel unsafe, call me and I'll come to pick you up. You can stay with us."

"Us?" Lucy asked in surprise.

"Me and my family."

"Your wife won't mind?"

"No, why? We aren't fucking each other, and I've got a spare bedroom," Steven said while he smiled at her.

Lucy saw nothing but sincere concern in the charming man's eyes.

"Thank you," Lucy returned a smile. She leaned on him and gave him a fleeting kiss on his cheek. The bulging biceps she felt under her hand convinced her everything was going to be okay.

"Pumpkin?" Liam asked his daughter Lucy. "You know I've had a bonus at work, and I'm just so happy, and, uh well, I thought you deserved this," he smiled happily while he put an envelope into her hands.

Lucy opened it and saw a fifty-dollar bill inside.

"Thank you, Dad!" she exclaimed cheerfully. She saw his sheepish smile when she unintentionally touched her necklace. It had become a tick whenever she felt a little nervous. She knew her father didn't easily spend money.

"You're welcome," Liam smiled faintly. The gold necklace she wore wasn't even hers to have; it belonged to one of Keith's lovers. Liam felt his anger rise in his veins--Keith should have given the necklace back to that lady. He'd have to talk to Keith about these things.

"Things will change though," Liam continued enthusiastically, "Keith has been asked to go to Canada for work and a meeting, and he may have to work full-time there in the future."

Liam's anger quickly vanished. Keith had made it big time, and it'd mean good news for him too.

Lucy already knew about Keith's trip, he had texted her about it yesterday. In a weird way, she felt proud of him.

"Anyway, Keith wanted you to housesit his place. He already gave me a spare key, in case you'd be interested." He extended his hand and gave Lucy the keys to Keith's house.

"What? Why?" Lucy asked in surprise.

"He'll be away from home for some time, and would like you to be there. To water his plants and check the mail and such. It'd be safer too, you know, regarding burglars and such, even against car thieves, because I'll be bringing him to the airport. Are you afraid to be alone? You don't have to d--"

"I'm not afraid," Lucy cut her father off. Having his house all to herself sounded great, and Keith wouldn't even be in the same country.

"I guess I could do it," she said indifferently. "But I won't do it for free though."

"You can ask for money, I'm sure Keith will pay you. It's hard to find people you can trust enough for this job," Liam laughed excitedly, proud of her for not saying yes before she thought it through.

Lucy stayed close to her father when they visited Keith, just hours before he'd leave for Canada. Keith had made insinuations about a goodbye-fuck, but she wasn't interested. She gazed around in the spacious living room.

"This is all yours for the next two weeks," Keith chuckled when he saw Lucy looking around. Maybe she just did it to fool her father into believing she had never been here before.

"There's even a hammock outside, you see that, Lucy?" Liam asked.

"Feel free to use it," Keith said, patting Liam on the shoulder. "Meanwhile I'll show Lucy where all the stuff is she might need."

Liam did, staring at the bright blue sky, enjoying the early sun of the day, while Lucy and Keith went upstairs. He hoped Lucy would ask Keith about the money, but if she didn't, he would. He pondered on how to do that.

"Lucy, you already know where everything is, no?" Keith asked sincerely, cupping her ass in his hand as she walked in front of her.

"I do," Lucy spoke while she fastened her pace.

"I wish you could come with me," Keith sighed, feeling his cock swell by touching her.

Lucy just nodded.

"It's possible though... I'd pay for your hotel room. Your father would be delighted," Keith heaved.

He'd finally have her all to himself, not just for one night either, but for many weeks. He would fuck her all evening, and on the weekends they wouldn't even leave their bed. It was his prerogative after all the times she had refused him inside her, and after all her merciless cock-teasing. That sexy ass alone, dressed in tight pants, how was he not to notice?

"I'd be bored out of my mind alone in the hotel all day," Lucy answered. She had no idea where they were going until she realized she'd entered Keith's bedroom with him.

Keith rubbed his head as though the whole idea gave him a headache. He had to stay in Canada for a few weeks, but it'd feel like a few months without Lucy around. He knew he had become too attached to his friend's daughter, but failed to see the wrong in that. She was his now.

Lucy's heart beat erratically when Keith pushed her gently against the wall, next to the bed.

"We don't have much time, sweetheart, but I know how much you've missed this" Keith panted, lowering his zipper.

Lucy panicked, while flashbacks of their first fuck flashed through her mind: her father being downstairs while Keith quietly fucked her against her bedroom wall.

"No, I haven't, I--"

"Hush," Keith's heavy voice cut her off, starting to touch her breasts. "I understand girls your age are busy with studying and girlfriends, so I'm not angry. I just missed you so much. Do I not have your love as well?" he asked, panting in her ear. She had this effect on him every time he touched her.

Both Lucy's legs and hands trembled with emotion, and suddenly she felt cold and clammy, except for the hot breath of Keith in her neck.

"You're doing so well in school, too. You're such a smart girl, sweetie. I'm proud of you!" he whispered, raising her head.

The carnal lust in her eyes for him was clear. It made his cock throb to its full size.

"Good girls in school make good housewives!" he grunted while he lowered his pants.

Lucy saw his erection jumping out of its confinement, already very hard, the veins pumped full with blood, his cockhead colored red and purple with need. She didn't think any of his previous lovers had ever come as close to knowing his insatiable lust as she.

Lucy felt alone and abandoned by her father. She even felt anger toward him. But Keith's words confused her greatly. Her father was always so busy with work, but Keith seemed to have a genuine interest in her studies and even friends. Maybe she had misjudged him, but... she wasn't in love with him. He was simply too old. Again, he wanted to have sex with her. She looked aside with a shocked expression on her face as she saw her father relaxing in the hammock outside.

She gave a cry, confused as arms wrapped around her.

"Shh, it'll only be a minute. That's how long a red blooded-man can last in that tight pussy of yours," Keith hushed her up. The prospect of sinking his hard cock inside that adorable, little peach of hers wasn't something he wanted to postpone.

"He'll see, you idiot!" Lucy nearly yelled when Keith lowered her pants and panties.

"He doesn't care about you, Lucy!" Keith replied harshly, lifting her chin. "When will you finally realize that the only one that has ever cared about you, is me? Yes, I'm addicted to your body, but any man would be, and I don't think you want to be single for the rest of your life, do you? Besides, this is what girls your age do. They fuck."

"My dad does care about me," Lucy cried, pressing her legs together, causing Keith's penis to bump into her belly.

"Your mother left you, didn't she?" Keith panted in frustration, pushing her legs open. "And stay open," he spat angrily, tired of her fighting, "or else I'll throw you onto the bed!"

"She left Dad!" Lucy cried out when Keith's hand roughly kneaded the soft flesh of her cheeks.

"That's what your father told you to protect you, Lucy," Keith mumbled lowly, not wanting to upset her by getting angry. "But don't worry about anything, I'm going to take good care of you. Forget your past, sweetie. I'm running the show from here on. We'll have a bright future together, you and I."

Lucy buried her head into Keith's shoulder, suppressing a moan when Keith entered her in one hard thrust, impatient as ever. Keith grunted, feeling more in love with her than ever before. To have access to a young pussy this easily, a girl this naive and gullible. He would never find a better partner.

"Your father never gives you shit. The necklace I gave you is more than what your own father's ever given you. The only thing he ever gives you is the clothes you wear." Keith wanted to be silent and fuck her. But this was too important.

With every thrust, she held tighter onto him, and when he grabbed her ass she held tightly onto his neck, crossing her legs around his pumping body.

She didn't want him to see her emotional state, but couldn't stop her tears, and soon her sniffing next to his ear became louder.

"Sssh, that's it, let it all out. I'm here for you, darling," Keith whimpered due to her greed, pressing her body onto his cock.

She started to groan with pleasure, but it came out more of an eager whimper that sent a rush of heat to her face. She dried her eyes with her palm, she wanted to forget and move on, just as Keith had advised her.

Keith, meanwhile, wanted to have her long-term and win her heart. For her to trust him and submit to him. To be his loving wife, and to give him as many kids as he desired.

"Such a good girl," he praised her, "you shouldn't hide your face in books or an office. You're much too good for that Lucy, you hear?" he asked.

"Yes," Lucy whispered, not understanding.

"You're a woman that deserves to have children, just as beautiful and sweet as you are. I'm going to give them to you, sweetheart," Keith whispered, soothing her with his voice. "You'll be such a wonderful mother one day, sweetheart, I just know it! A good mother to my kids, yess..." Keith panted. It was hard for him to connect the words, constantly distracted by her warm, juicy pussy and his throbbing penis. "Hmm, Lucy!" Keith panted happily, "I'm going to buy you lots of presents when I'm abroad. You'll be on my mind all the time!"

It was the only thing he could do. That, and call her. He kissed her long, blonde hair with as much affection as he could muster, almost in a fatherly manner, and inhaled deeply. He was going to miss the sweet girl so much, and with romance and love still so unknown to him, the pain his pondering gave him, stunned him.

"M-my dad, he is--he's going inside the house," Lucy stammered, both from her trembling body and Keith's impatient thrusts, seeing her father getting out of the hammock.

"Then I'd better cum fast. Bounce on my cock as hard as you can!" he said imperiously.

"My dad, he's coming!" Lucy persisted in panic. She couldn't even begin to understand what would happen if he discovered she had sex with Keith. Or what he would do to Keith.

"Perhaps it's for the best," Keith moaned in ecstasy. He wasn't going to pull out from her hot slit. Not now that he was so close to cumming inside the sweet thing.

His naked ass, her little squeals, her hair bouncing wildly while her naked body bounced up and down on his cock wasn't something Liam should ever witness, and he might end up in a hospital instead of abroad, but he didn't want to stop then. It was impossible to stop. He hadn't fucked her all week, and now she was finally his. He was convinced of it. She actively fucked herself on his very hard and large cock, her hands lovingly clasped around his neck, meanwhile shyly looking down at his cock as she impaled herself on it, again and again.

Keith could only groan, overpowered by her smooth, agile body fucking him.

"What a lovely sight!" he exhaled in a long animalistic grunt, staring at her breasts bouncing up and down in her clothes.

He wanted to throw her onto the bed and fuck her hard one more time before he'd leave, but he was happy to let her discover sex on her own accord.

Keith wanted this. He needed this. There was that ever-present worry in his head about how Lucy would slip her tongue to the wrong people; a friend who'd tell her parents, or a teacher, none of which would be remotely in his favor.

He wanted to enjoy Lucy as feverishly and as often as possible.

For the rest of his life.

"I love you, babygirl!" Keith exclaimed, nearly delirious with pent-up sexual lust for her.

Liam expected them to be in the kitchen or living room, but didn't see them. He had never been upstairs but figured Keith probably had lots to explain to her about the washer and cleaning and such. He sat down, looking around and listening to the silence around him. Keith's done well for himself, he thought.

He then heard sounds. He couldn't determine exactly what, but it sounded like they were in one of the rooms. He waited a few minutes, pouring himself a drink, but then wondered why he wouldn't just go upstairs as well, instead of waiting downstairs all alone.

"Sweetie, I can't!" Keith whimpered when Lucy asked him to stop because she heard her father coming up the stairs.

"It'll be your last fuck in your life if you don't!" Lucy hissed viciously, her eyes settled on his brown eyes, burning with fury. That finally seemed to knock some sense into the sex-crazed man. He lifted her and sat her down, panting heavily.

Lucy didn't trust his menacing-looking raging hard-on and quickly pulled up her panties and pants before Keith would change his mind. She opened the door, seeing her father behind the door.

"Ah, there you are!" Liam smiled and curiously looked over her shoulder. "Where's Keith?"

"He's taking a piss, come quick, I want to ask you something," she returned a smile, and took her father's hand in hers, descending the stairs.

Liam followed his daughter, wondering what was on her mind.

"What is it, Lucy?"

"Uhm..." Lucy started to answer, "I'm afraid to ask for money," she whispered, walking into the living room with her father. "Can you ask for me?"

"Of course!" Liam was happy his daughter would entrust him with this.

Keith, however, was not in a good mood and his sexual frustration skyrocketed. He had been so close to an orgasm, and he would have loved to shoot his pent-up cum into her waiting hot pussy, but then Liam had to be a cockblocker once again, forcing him to stop in the middle of one of his hottest fucks ever. The way sweet, little Lucy surrendered to his sexual lust and plunged herself onto him moved him.

But he hated the man that waited downstairs. He hated him with every vein in his body. Gazing down, he noticed the veins on his cock, pulsing with need. The ache in his balls, and the unwelcome experience of putting his fully hard erection back in his pants after having sex, suddenly hit him.

"That man will be the end of me," Keith grunted in frustration, simultaneously trying to push his obtrusive thoughts about claiming Lucy's tight pussy for his own, away.

Downstairs, Keith passed Liam, walking straight to the fridge to drink milk. A whole package of milk.

"What's up with him?" Liam asked Lucy in worry.

"Oh, he, Keith told me, yeah, he doesn't want to go, or something..." she stammered and when she saw the inquiring look on Keith's face she quickly added, "I mean he wants to, but he's afraid he will feel lonely there."

"Oh, Keith, I can relate, but you can call me any time, it's just for two weeks, right?" Liam said, trying to lighten Keith's mood.

Keith didn't hear a word he was saying. His mind was only on Lucy and her body that never stopped tempting his manly urges. Right then, he wanted to have sex with her, dirty sex. His cock swelled from his desire. Just look at her, he thought, as innocent as a little girl, but with a body built for sex. Her little labia swollen to twice its size, her little hole opening to let his large cock in, already wet every time he did. And the scent of her body and pussy, so feminine and enticing, provoking his troubled mind even more. All his senses were seduced by this young, very sexy girl.

But there's always that father of hers, cock-blocking him. And then there was Steven who had done exactly the same last time Lucy was here. His thoughts were driving him mad. He should be cuddling with Lucy on the sofa right now. He was older, so what? Liam was to accept his daughter's wishes.

Liam knew Keith well enough to notice Keith's anger, who seemed more lost in his own world than anything.

Lucy bowed her head in guilt, knowing the reason why he was irritated. She pitied him and sympathized with his wounded pride, but couldn't bring herself to speak. The more she pitied Keith, the more she thought with contempt and even with disgust of how she

had failed to make Keith cum. Maybe if she had bounced a little harder things would have been different.

"Uh, anyway, Lucy wanted to ask you something," Liam said tentatively. It didn't occur to him this was a bad time to ask.

Lucy sighed and rolled her eyes in annoyance at her father.

"I thought you would," she whispered to him, but Liam just laughed nervously in response.

"Since you don't have the balls for it, maybe you can give us some privacy," Lucy remarked, not wanting to give him the satisfaction to be near when she would ask Keith.

"Yeah, sure..." Liam replied, eagerly leaving them alone, and left to lay down on the hammock. She'd thank him later.

"Come here woman," Keith growled, yanking her by her arm.

"Hey, stop it," Lucy cried out in pain when he dragged her to, and up the stairs.

Keith wasn't going to waste time with talking again and ignored the rest of her whimpering and objections. He slammed the door shut so loudly he was sure Liam could hear.

"Undress and lie down on the bed on your back," he demanded, simultaneously lowering his pants. His cock swelled up when he stared at her skinny legs and that sweet spot between them in which he would soon bury his cock.

"I-I wanted to ask you if you could pay me f--"

"What?" Keith bellowed, his eyes flashing angrily as he stepped forward.

"For housesitting I mean!" Lucy answered nervously when his hands traced down her arms before settling on her hips.

"We can talk about money afterward," Keith growled imperiously. "Take off those sexy pants, you're going to get fucked."

His anger soothed a little when she took off her pants and panties and laid down on the bed.

Keith grinned wryly as he walked over to the bed and immediately lowered himself onto her body. He kissed her lovingly, but that was as much romance as she would get from him. He looked down in awe at his throbbing erection resting on her lower belly.

Soon it'd be in there. He leaned down on his hands as he moved his hips and poked at her warm opening. He felt her wetness on the big knob of his penis.

"Are you ready to get fucked, little girl?" he asked, waiting impatiently for the answer.

He wanted to make her scream by fucking her body into the mattress. He wanted to fuck her so roughly that her vaginal walls and lips would still feel his cock and be swollen for the entire two weeks he would be gone.

"Do you have a condom?" Lucy asked in a whisper and stroked her fingers through his brown hair affectionately. She spoke so softly that Keith barely heard her.

"I'm all out, next time, all right?" he smiled apologetically.

She nodded tentatively and then bit her lip when Keith plunged into her.

Keith saw this, never looking away from her face, and thought she looked adorable, biting her lip like that, while she was getting fucked by his large cock, once again.

"Don't make a sound," Keith whispered and started plowing her pussy. He wanted to tell her so much at that moment, but there was no time and he wouldn't know where to begin.

"I love you so much!" he grunted instead, while his dick twitched deep inside her.

He didn't want to fuck her furiously then. No, he wanted to make love to her and knock her up. "Just cum and give her a baby," he accidentally murmured out in her ear. Perhaps he'd done it on purpose, he wasn't able to think clearly any longer.

"What did you say?" Lucy gasped, surprised he'd finally admit his desire to have children. She only didn't understand why he wanted to have them with her.

"Nothing," Keith groaned. Why wasn't he cumming already, she was hot and tight, her pussy a narrow and yet perfect fit for him, its only purpose to accommodate her future husband's cock, and he so desperately wished it was going to be his.

It had all started as lust, insatiable lust for the young thing, but he couldn't let go. Not this one. Oh no, not sweet Lucy, the most innocent and beautiful of all, only naked near his presence.

The pristine look in her baby-blue eyes were piercing right into his heart.

"I'm sorry sweetheart," he moaned and took his cock out of her warm pussy, glistening with her juices. "I can't risk your father coming in and cutting my dick off. You don't want him to do that, do you?"

Lucy gazed down at his penis, throbbing with need.

"No..." she uttered softly.

"Lift up your shirt," Keith spoke so lovingly then Lucy felt like he was genuinely asking instead of demanding. A little reluctant, still shy about her body, she obeyed.

"Take off your bra," Keith continued, breathing out deeply when she did.

"May I cum on them when I orgasm?" Keith asked, seeing her blush in response. He wasn't sure whether it was because of his question or because he began jerking off hard and poking his cockhead into the supple flesh of her perky breast.

"Put your hand here," he moaned, and pushed Lucy's soft hand on the wrinkled skin of his ballsack. "Fondle my balls with your little fingers for me."

He jerked off harder, encouraged by her fingers gently caressing his hefty balls.

"Be a little rougher with them," Keith panted.

He squeezed his cock in his hand and started slamming himself. Her caressing fingers kneading his balls turned him on, and her naked body on his bed even more. Her nude breasts, not seen by any man ever, her legs still spread wide after he had penetrated her, all on display for him. He was delighted that it was him of all men that brandished his hard cock above the girl.

He came then, spurting his cum over her belly and breasts. Lucy gazed down seeing his pulsing cock spurting white strings of cum over her body. She was relieved Keith came, not at all at ease with just one door between their sexual activity and her father.

"I'd really appreciate it, if you took me in your mouth now, precious," Keith panted weakly. As hot as it was to paint her with his semen, he'd love it more if she would swallow for him.

He exhaled sharply when she leaned forward and sucked his knob deep into her mouth. He shook on his trembling legs when she swirled her tongue left and right and ran it all around his cock. He was still cumming, spraying it into the back of her mouth.

"There's no time, hon!" he moaned and grabbed his dick, and squeezed his shaft in a forward motion, feeding her the last drops of his cum. When he took it out it left her mouth with an audible pop, due to her still sucking it. Keith replaced his cock with his mouth, kissing her lovingly and with as much affection as he could gather.

There was no time for more, and with a satisfied smile Keith dressed and took out his wallet. "Take it, you can have it all!" he exclaimed happily, throwing all the dollar bills it contained at her, most of which landed on her cum stained body.

With a deep sigh, he left his bedroom. He stroked his balls through his pants with a contented sigh. He met Liam in the living room.

"That's your daughter all right," Keith chuckled upbeat. "She likes money, I had to promise her ten dollars an hour."

"Ten dollars?" Liam exclaimed in disbelief and laughed. "That's too much. You don't have to agree with that Keith." He started to worry a little about Keith's finances then.

"Yeah, I know," Keith chuckled, "I hope she knows I was just kidding."

"Care to grab my suitcases out of the trunk for me?" Keith asked Liam when they arrived at the airport.

Liam, glad to help, nodded.

"I will miss you," Keith said, looking at Lucy in the backseat. "Will you miss me?"

Lucy just nodded.

"Don't burn my house down, all right?" Keith laughed sympathetically, seeing how shy she was.

He quickly kissed her and then got out of the car. It'd be a miserable few weeks but he couldn't simply forsake his career. He'd make it up to her when he came back.

"You've got the whole house to yourself, and you're getting paid for it too!" Liam told Lucy excitedly when he parked the car in front of Keith's house.

Lucy nodded in excitement. She'd get a taste of living on her own. In the morning she would have to travel a bit longer to school but it was worth it. She kissed and waved her father goodbye and then opened the door to Keith's house.

With the key in her hands, and Keith being away, it almost felt like it was her own place. Like Keith was her boyfriend that had to leave for work but will be back later.

She tried calling Melissa but she didn't answer her calls, already for a few days now, so Lucy gave up and laid down on the couch. She watched TV and then went upstairs. The bedsheets were covered with dried-up cum, and she sighed, thinking about Keith and his insatiable appetite for sex, and decided to change the sheets. She didn't do the laundry at home that often, but she liked it. It gave her a sense of adulthood. She was very happy that Keith trusted her enough for this.

When she became a little nosey and opened the nightstand her mood quickly changed. Multiple packages of condoms were in there, with some of them already opened and apparently in use.

Lucy felt betrayed by him. He said he'd run out. But he obviously had enough left for weeks. He only wanted to have her as his wife and by achieving this he wanted to make her pregnant.

Keith was oblivious to this, and became more frustrated every day when he saw Lucy had read his messages, but never replied to any of them. Neither did she answer his calls. He pondered about what could have happened. Hadn't she liked the sex? She had. She'd even gone upstairs with him. She craved his attention. Why did she ignore him all of a sudden?

And then he heard from her. She'd sent him a message. But it wasn't text. It was a picture.

Lucy wanted to leave and not spend one more minute in Keith's house. She felt angry at Melissa for ignoring her messages and calls, but decided to check her phone anyway. Her hand paused when she saw the card in her purse Steven had given her.

He was so different than Keith. A man that had dropped her off at home without raping her. She looked up to him; he had power over Keith. What she did then was an impulse. She typed a message to Steven. He knew about her and Keith, and had been so kind... she felt like he was the only one that would understand. He had kids himself, he would understand her.

>Hey Steven. I'm at Keith's place, housesitting. I don't like him anymore, though. You were right about him. He's no good, he's a liar.<

It was such a short message but she'd poured her heart into the few words she had written.

Within fifteen minutes Steven replied:

>I understand. I know how he manipulates girls. Can I call you?<

Lucy hesitated before answering, re-reading his message over and over again.

>Yes :)< she eventually wrote back, thankful that he wanted to help her, even though he had a busy family life.

It was scary in a way, how she was robbed of help. Melissa, her friend of nearly eight years, ignored her, and her father... he just didn't get her. He gave her money to buy clothes, but then when she had, he wouldn't even notice her wearing anything new. Also, he didn't pay nearly enough attention to her studies.

She felt sorry for herself. What she needed was a mother. Lucy was convinced her mother as a woman, would understand her. She ignored the sharp pain she felt when she remembered Keith's words about her mother.

"Hey..." Lucy whispered shyly into the phone when Steven called her.

"Hey, Lucy... I had a feeling we would call!" Steven chuckled lightheartedly.

"Oh..." Lucy replied astonished. She wanted to ask if his wife was okay with them having contact, but remembered his reaction the last time she had asked. 'We're not fucking, so it's okay,' he had said.

Steven paused, sighing deeply. Keith had arranged for her to house sit his home only to have her move in with him. The idea of her being around him every day, vulnerable to his sexual needs, was unbearable to him.

"What are you doing there, Lucy?" Steven asked worriedly.

Lucy heard the change of tone in his voice, and genuinely felt pleased that he cared about her.

"He's paying me for it... actually, he has already paid me," Lucy shyly admitted as if she was being interrogated. "But I am leaving, I'm packing my things and will go back to my father."

Steven wondered what had suddenly changed her mind, and chuckled at her bravery, taking Keith's money and then leaving.

"Your father would not understand," Steven said, matter of factly.

"I know, but I thought maybe I could tell him I got bored, and tell him I'll still check daily for mail and such. Like, I don't have to actually stay here, right?"

"I guess not. Have you already called your dad?"

"Uhm no... I'll tell him when I get home."

"Okay, listen: why don't you come over to my place so we can talk about it? I mean, you need to think this through, Lucy. Keith will be mad when he comes back a--"

"He already is," Lucy giggled. "I kind of ignored his messages," she confessed, feeling protected by the vivid memory of Steven's display of power when she'd met him.

Steven laughed at hearing that and her giggles. He liked the courage inside the little girl. His intention was for her to leave Keith, for good.

"Let's talk at my place, okay? But if you're going to break up with Keith you must promise me you won't crawl back to him as soon as he shows up again," Steven warned her, meanwhile trying to remember Lucy as best he could. She was a young girl, beautiful and sweet. Not a girl that someone like Keith deserved to have as his girlfriend.

"I won't, I don't even love him, but... your wife... she won't mind, right?" Lucy asked, taken aback by his request to meet at his place.

There was a pause before he answered "No, she won't. I'll pick you up in an hour, okay?"

"Thank you, but I can walk," she whispered shyly, not minding a walk.

"It's a long walk, sweetie..." Steven protested.

"It'll be a good way to clear my head," Lucy countered, a little surprised by his pet name for her.

When Lucy arrived at Steven's place, she hesitated as his troubled gaze ran over her face. Steven then smiled at her before hugging her and welcoming her into his house.

Lucy walked shyly and awkwardly over the parquet floor of their living room, not knowing what to do with her hands. They were strangers to her, but she knew Steven could be trusted. He was a responsible man. He was a father.

"You must be Lucy," a tall woman greeted her when she walked into the living room. She had a narrow, oblong face with angular cheekbones and a pointed chin, with short, black hair. Lucy noticed the woman didn't even bother to look at her.

"It's kind of late, so I advise you to go sleep now, so I can finally go to bed as well. Steven will show you where you can spend the night, but I want you out of here by tomorrow, okay?" she asked, putting her hands on her wide hips. She paused, gazing at Lucy for the first time. Her dark eyes studied the girl, but she abruptly stopped when her gaze fell upon Lucy's breasts. "Okay then..." she mumbled coldly and then left upstairs.

"This has been a mistake, I shouldn't have come here," Lucy whispered, turning around.

"My wife's always like this," Steven smiled warmly, encouraging her to follow him upstairs.

"I thought we were going to talk?" Lucy asked in surprise, standing still. "Why do I have to stay here tonight?"

Such a young, sweet, naive girl--it didn't surprise Steven that she distrusted him after having spent time with Keith.

"Keith has enemies, as well as slutty women that adore him. You don't want to have to deal with any of those at your door. Besides, you're good company to have. You're a sweet girl." Steven smiled sweetly as he noted the rising color in her cheeks.

Lucy smiled appreciatively, blushing heavily. If Steven thought she was good company she wasn't going to cause drama.

"Can I see your kids?" Lucy asked smiling.

"You like kids?"

"I do!" Lucy nodded enthusiastically.

"They are asleep," he said, and immediately saw the disappointment in her beautiful blue eyes. "If you can stay quiet, you can watch them for a minute, okay?"

Lucy smiled and followed him upstairs. She caught a glimpse of Steven's wife disappearing into their bedroom.

"All right," Steven whispered with a proud smile on his face, while his hand lowered the door handle. "They share a room, they're both in here."

Lucy anxiously waited, feeling nervous, but then she felt Steven's hand on her lower back giving her a nudge. Lucy looked over her shoulder at Steven, but his satisfied smile

told her everything was okay. She bent a little and looked at a small face with curly black hair peeking out above the covers.

"She's adorable!" Lucy whispered enthusiastically.

"She is," Steven coughed, looking at Lucy's ass pointed at him. She was petite and skinny, but there was nothing petite about that ass of hers.

Steven grinned seeing Lucy leaning with one foot onto the first step of the ladder of the bunk bed, as she looked at his sleeping son.

He approached her and then stood still next to her, seeing her beam from ear to ear. She really loved children.

"Come sweetheart. I'll tuck you in as well," Steven smiled a gentle smile at Lucy, brushing a strand of hair from her cheek.

Lucy smiled despite her unease, grateful he didn't look the other way but chose to help her. She followed him, and Steven very quietly closed the door to his kids' bedroom when they left

"You'll sleep there," Steven pointed with his finger to the door between the other two bedrooms.

"Are you coming to bed already?" they both heard the sharp voice of Steven's wife yell in annoyance.

"Just a minute, darling!" Steven yelled back.

"That woman..." he whispered, shaking his head at Lucy.

Lucy couldn't help but smile in response, seeing the mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

When they entered the bedroom Lucy noticed it was rather small, with only an empty desk, a chair, and one small bed.

"It's for guests," Steven explained.

"Okay," Lucy smiled, meeting his gaze. She looked forward to getting to know his kids the next day. Perhaps she could help his wife in the morning with the kids getting dressed and preparing for school. They felt like the family she'd never had.

"Sleep well," Steven mumbled. To Lucy's surprise, he kissed her on her lips.

"That's because my wife won't be kissing me tonight," Steven laughed.

Lucy nodded shyly, not about to be caught off guard by a mere kiss. If this had been Keith he would have already used her for his own pleasure.

"Say... How tall are you?" Steven asked, eyeing her body.

"Oh, uhm, I'm five feet five."

Lucy shrugged off an uncomfortable feeling that something was amiss. He was just showing interest in her, unlike her father that didn't seem to know much about his own daughter. Or Keith, who only bothered about the sex he could have with her body.

"Nice!" Steven smiled, glaring at her body. "Would you like to stay here tomorrow? I have to go to work, but my wife won't mind. She's just a little crazy sometimes. Don't worry about her, all right? I'll talk to her."

"Like you talked to Keith?" Lucy blurted out.

"Well, I don't know about that..." Steven laughed, scratching his head, "Keith requires a different approach."

"How come... he, why does Keith... I mean, why wasn't he angry when you told him I was leaving?"

Lucy's heart beat wildly while she awaited the answer. She held her head down, not daring to look up at him.

"There's a lot you don't know about me, little girl. What's important to know is that Keith doesn't care about you. But I do."

Lucy nodded, thinking she was no closer to solving this mystery. She looked up at him and his impressive muscles. Those were most likely the answer to her question.

"There's just one thing that's bothering me," Steven sighed.

"What's that?"

"Knowing Keith he will just assume you will come back to him. I think it would be best if he thinks he's replaced."

Lucy pondered his words.

"I can pretend I am your boyfriend."

"What?"

"You take a picture of us and send it to Keith. With a text... to make sure he knows he's history. How do you feel about that?"

"Uhm, I don't know, you are married... Keith will tell your wife."

"I'll beat the shit out of him if he does," Steven grinned, "and it won't be the first time."

"Really?"

"I was tipsy once, and that idiot thought I was too drunk to notice him hitting on my wife. He's always been a little on edge, ever since."

Lucy laughed, visualizing the confused look on Keith's face.

"Come, grab your phone and take a picture," Steven encouraged her with a broad smile.

"Uhm, do you really think it's a good idea? I'm just not--"

"Do it. I promise you won't regret it. It's the only way to get rid of him," Steven said, and sat down on the bed.

Lucy took her phone in her hand, thankful that he wanted to take this risk. His wife seemed grumpy enough already. She hesitated about what to do next.

"Come here..." Steven smiled and took her hand in his. "Come sit on my lap, it has to look real after all."

Steven moaned softly as her soft ass sat down on his legs. Her long, blonde hair tickled his arm, while she kept her baby-blue eyes down, the girl obviously shy about doing this.

"Hmm, no wonder he's besotted with you. You're cute!" Steven chuckled, quite happy to have the beauty on his lap.

"Thank you, and thank you for doing this," Lucy spoke softly, with a shy smile that warmed Steven's heart.

"If you like, you can put your head on my chest while we both smile at the camera. Would that be okay?" Steven kindly asked.

"Sure," Lucy answered joyously, desperately trying to hide her nerves.

She slowly lowered her head onto his chest while she extended her arm to take the picture.

"Ready?"

"Yes," Steven whispered softly, meanwhile embracing her in his arm while his other hand stroked her hair.

After Lucy had made the picture they both immediately looked at the result.

"It's perfect," Lucy gloated, laughing from her nerves. Keith would be so mad. But she had Steven as her bodyguard.

"Hmm..." Steven pondered, zooming in on the picture. "I'm not sure... you have to look at it through Keith's eyes."

"Well, I'm, like, sitting on your lap, and you are embracing me!" Lucy answered disappointed. "I think it's perfect. He will think I ran off to you, and fell in love or something..."

"Your smile certainly seems to give that impression, yes..." Steven laughed as he zoomed out and looked at the picture again. "It's just that you sit so far away from my body, you see?" Steven whispered close to her ear while he pointed his finger at her legs. "You're sitting closer to my knees than my penis."

"Uhm..." Lucy blushed, looking at the picture again. "I think it's fine like this."

"Send it then, if you're so certain," Steven replied in a gruff voice.

"I think it's good enough," Lucy said in a timid voice, scanning Steven's face. He still seemed to disagree with her.

"This picture right here..." Steven said, pointing at her phone again. "That takes him about thirty minutes in that cafe of his."

"But I'm not one of those sluts!" Lucy protested.

"No! No, you're not...!" Steven agreed, his mind racing about what to say next.

"You have to see it through his eyes, Lucy. This could be a picture of me comforting you, or us being friends. You sit on your father's lap, no?"

"Well, sometimes..." Lucy confessed, hanging her head.

"Just make this one picture that erases any doubts he might have, and everything will be as it was before you met him. Believe me, sweetie, if he thinks I am your boyfriend he's going to run the other way and will happily settle for any other girl."

Lucy sighed, picturing Keith's broad smile when he had given her the gold necklace, and all the times he had been horny for her and had fucked her, whispering sweet nothings into her ear and promising her the world.

"You don't know him the way I do," Lucy finally whispered softly, afraid to anger Steven.

"Send him a picture, add a text to it, and then I will call him tomorrow, all right? How's that sound?"

"Okay," Lucy agreed. What did she have to lose anyway? Perhaps it would make Keith realize she wasn't a girl that was left unnoticed by other men. Not even to married men with young families.

"Now, scoot a little closer, like this, yes," Steven whispered while he pushed her over his legs and looked at her slim body. "Lay your hand here," Steven moaned softly as he grabbed her soft hand in his and placed it on his crotch. He laughed a little when her whole body froze, "I'm going to kiss you now, you just focus on making the picture, okay?"

It was all for show to fool Keith, Lucy told herself. Stressed and tired she shifted uneasily, feeling something growing under the palm of her hand. The concerned look on her face worried Steven a little. It was no wonder after what she had been through, he mused.

"Hey..." Steven whispered, rubbing her cheeks with the back of his thumb. "Just play along."

By the time Lucy made the picture Steven's cock tented up big in his pants, leaving nothing to the imagination of what was going on between them.

When they looked at the picture, Steven realized this one picture could destroy his marriage: a beautiful, young girl, with her tiny hand on his bulging pants, while he passionately kissed her lips.

The girl was gullible, that he knew for sure. Have her as your girlfriend and there'd be no limits to what she'd tolerate. Initially, he had been surprised Keith was in love with her, but he understood then.

Most of the girls Keith had a thing with were average-looking women, jumping from one man to the next. And most of them wouldn't settle for someone like Keith.

But this girl. She was just so sweet. Like the sweetest girl he had ever spoken to. He unintentionally stared at her body, so close to his. She was a small girl with skinny legs and arms, but her ass, almost a perfect bubble butt, and her firm, young tits were a sight to behold. Keith had that in his bed naked, with her legs spread wide open for him.

"How many times?" Steven asked her then, too curious not to ask.

"W-what?" Lucy asked.

"How many times has he touched you?" Steven asked, demanding to know.

"I don't know," Lucy answered, looking away when Steven frowned at her answer. "So, uhm, I'm going to send the picture now, okay?" she asked, slightly trembling just from thinking about Keith seeing the picture.

Steven nodded, pleased she asked his permission. She depended on him now.

"Add a text. Don't be afraid to use cruel words. Fuck him."

Lucy nodded, shyly lifting her hand from his groin. She started to type, but then deleted the words, and rewrote. she bit her lip, anxiously typing on her phone's fiddly keyboard again.

"I'd happily die rather than let you touch me one more time," Steven suggested, rubbing her belly.

"Okay..." Lucy hesitatingly answered, typing in his words.

"He fucks me way better than you do," Steven added.

"Uh, no, that's not necessary," Lucy laughed nervously. She gazed one last time at Steven, and when he gave her an encouraging squeeze in her arm she hit 'send'.

As soon as she did, Lucy felt sick to her stomach and felt the floor give way underneath her. In the picture, her face was hidden behind her long hair for about a third as her face was smashed into Steven's. He passionately kissed her mouth, and with her fingers grasping his erection it evidently was a kiss of two lovers.

Steven thought she looked a little pale, and decided to leave her alone, especially after witnessing the intense emotion on his face.

"You did the right thing, remember that!" he gruffly told her, demanding her attention by harshly interrupting her thoughts. "Good night, and if there's anything, anything at all, you just call for me, okay?"

"Okay, yes, and uhm, thanks, for, for helping me, for doing this," she stammered, her fingers fumbling with her shirt, her face turning red.

"You're a good girl Lucy, you deserve this. But if you're going to thank me one more time, I'm going to have to think of ways to keep your mouth closed," he winked.

He adored the blush on her cheeks as she shyly looked away, and laughing at his own joke he stood up and left.

Keith stepped out of the shower, and decided to fire up his laptop. He wanted more than a memory this time. He regretted not taking pictures of Lucy, or recording any of their fucking. It would've been so hot to watch his tall, masculine body fucking into her tiny body, hearing her squealing while he did so.

He was horny and hard after having just jerked off in the shower to Lucy. He opened a porn website and started looking for videos. He wanted to find that one hot video that would satisfy his urges and give him a good night's sleep.

'Young, hot girl masturbating', 'Barely legal teen doing herself at home', were some of the videos that piqued his interest, until he furiously started jerking off to a video titled 'petite amateur teen likes to suck for money'.

"Suck that cock you whore!" Keith grunted at the girl on his screen sucking a very thick cock.

He grabbed his phone, his other hand still jerking his cock, when he heard he received a message.

Keith smiled when he saw the small icon that indicated Lucy had sent him a picture.

"Hmm... Lucy..." Keith moaned while he squeezed his cock. She had ignored him for days but she had come around and sent a picture of herself.

Not interested in the porn video anymore he closed it. He shut down his laptop and went to bed with his phone in his hands. He hoped she would reply to his messages this time. He wanted nothing more than to chat with her while he would secretly play with his dick. He hoped she would be interested in talking over the phone, or in sharing pics.

Keith's heart almost burst out of his chest from the shock, when he saw both Lucy and Steven smile at the camera. His eyes shifted to that soft feminine hand he had felt himself on several occasions. It grabbed at Steven's obvious erection, tenting up big in his pants, his fly half open.

The cold smile of Steven outraged him. Why did it have to be Steven? Keith was becoming very scared. There wasn't much he could do. Steven, unforgiving and brutal, had evidence about something he had done in the past, which he could not undo. Steven had always been a little controlling ever since, playfully threatening Keith. Their friendship had been destroyed by one night of passion.

And now Steven was fucking his girlfriend Keith was so in love with, cumming in every hole he could as many times as possible, just because he liked to anger him. Thinking Lucy was out of his life for good unleashed fear within him.

But it could never work between them, Steven was married. Lucy was much better off with him.

"I'll be there for you when I get back," he whispered with a sad smile on his face, touching her cheek on his phone with his finger. "I'll win back your heart."

Feeling severely depressed and alone, his worries kept him up all night. So this is why she ignored him--as soon as she'd met Steven she'd fallen in love. She was man-crazy, and with Keith gone now, she'd seduced the next man in her path that was available. But Keith wasn't keen on sharing her.

Had she become a man-crazy slut that liked to get fucked by older, married men? Or was it just to agonize him?

Another look at the photo made him doubt it. There was something off about her smile. Her sweet blue eyes didn't have that twinkle that she had when she had been bouncing on his cock.

His thoughts became scattered and irrational, and his perverse fantasies about the sexy little minx were so disturbing, he started to whisper to himself: "Don't think of Steven, don't think of him but forget him, quite forget him for the present." His own words encouraged him, and without looking at it again he deleted the picture.

Undressing, Lucy realized she had no pajamas to wear and decided to sleep in her underwear. She lay in bed, surprised by how comfortable the thin mattress felt. Her thoughts drifted to how unsafe she'd been at home, even with her father present.

She dozed off in the small guest bedroom, feeling safe here at Steven's place. Keith wouldn't come here. He wouldn't dare. In the future, she'd come here, whenever she wouldn't feel safe at home.

"Who the fuck is Liam?" Steven's wife responded agitated in the bedroom next to Lucy's. "I've never heard that name before."

Steven sighed heavily as he slipped into bed. "The girl's got an older boyfriend and her father Liam doesn't approve, but I'll settle this in the morning, all right?"

"How much older?" his wife asked mockingly, as her eyes widened.

Steven shrugged his shoulder, "I didn't ask, but he's supposed to be much older."

"That girl's already getting fucked by a man?" she asked, chuckling lightly as she shook her head in disbelief and disgust.

"I don't know," Steven laughed a little, "let's go to sleep, woman. In the morning you can ask her yourself."

When Lucy woke up an hour later she felt burdened. To her grief, her relationship with her father wasn't what it should be. Thinking about telling her father about what had happened between her and Keith, Keith her father's best friend, no, her stomach turned just by thinking about it. Her father would feel guilty, and she'd be the reason their friendship would be over, a friendship for as long as she could remember. Even worse, with Keith climbing up the ladder there was a big chance her father would be left without a job.

Lucy sighed, feeling tired from her thoughts. Her father was a good man, but so... distant. He had no idea what her life was about, or about what was going on in her life, or how much effort she put into her studies.

And Keith... he had given her a gold necklace, and a few kisses, but other than that it had always been about sex. His guttural moans while he fulfilled his lust by using her body and came inside her, were clearly audible in her mind, whenever she thought of him.

She glanced around nervously as if Keith was there reading her thoughts. Checking her phone she saw Keith had seen the photo but hadn't replied. She contemplated the idea of writing an apology, but didn't want to give him false hope for the future, and put her phone back in her purse.

"Lucy, are you awake?"

Lucy, startled by the voice that whispered her name very quietly, stared into the dark, but couldn't tell who it was.

"Yes," she replied. She could hear the beating of her heart, curious to find out who the silhouette in the dark was. The voice whispered so softly she couldn't even tell if it was male or female.

"It's me, Steven. I wanted to check up on you."

This revelation took her breath away, especially when Steven closed the door behind him, removing the little light that was there.

"I'm okay," Lucy whispered nearly inaudibly, listening attentively as she heard Steven come closer.

Lucy's heart thumped wildly as he lifted the covers and put one knee on the bed.

"What are you doing?" Lucy asked with a soft, shaky voice.

"Do you not know?" Steven asked as he lifted his other knee onto the bed as well. He then lowered his body on hers, and moaned when he felt how small and soft the girl was.

Lucy pushed against his chest, but Steven just kept pushing back into her hands until his entire body rested on hers, and his still-growing erection pressed into the soft skin of her leg.

"I know all about you and Keith, but your secret is safe with me, little girl," Steven moaned softly as his hand started touching her belly, so much softer than his middle-aged wife.

"Steven, stop..." Lucy protested but her voice faded away under the next heavy moan of Steven.

"Keith doesn't know how you feel. He's not a father. I understand, Lucy, I have a daughter myself. I see your pain every time I look into your beautiful eyes."

Lucy, sensitive and receptive, wanted to believe he was telling the truth, but was alarmed by his hard penis, also not in the least about her reputation; she didn't want to be passed around between friends of Keith, or become known as the girl that slept around.

Steven kicked the covers away as his breathing quickened just by laying on top of her. His erection throbbed excitedly in his boxer shorts.

"You sleep in your underwear too, I see..." he remarked appreciatively, "but they have to come off for what we're about to do." He saw the confused look in those big, beautiful, blue eyes of hers, just as innocently looking as herself.

Lucy too, noticed the look in his eyes, as deadly serious as Keith's when he had been on top of her in bed.

"I meant every word I said when I told you that you were a good girl," Steven whispered while his hands pressed her legs apart.

Lucy, meanwhile, was used to men flattering her when they wanted to get between her legs. She started shivering when his coarse hand lowered her panties very slowly.

Steven lowered his boxer shorts with his other hand while he kept staring in the dark at her bald pussylips he felt on his fingers. His wife never shaved anymore, but at that moment that only served to excite him even more.

"This is necessary to forget him!" Steven grunted referring to Keith, as he pressed his cockhead at her entrance. This likely wouldn't have happened if Keith had been around, but since he wasn't, Steven wasn't going to pass up the opportunity to fuck an eighteen-year-old shy beauty like Lucy.

Steven closed his eyes as he drove himself into her. The sensation from how tight she was was so intense, he instead focussed his thoughts on Keith in an attempt to prevent cumming right away. But it only added to his frenzy, knowing the girl wasn't without experience. Knowing he wasn't the first man that had put his hard penis inside the cutie. Her nubile, fuckable body just lay there, motionless, for him to use. It turned him on, and he wondered how long Keith had lasted inside the woman that had just reached adulthood.

Furious yet turned on at his touch, Lucy's heart beat wildly as the married man pulled back and pushed right back in, bumping the back of her pussy. The emotional and mental impact it had on Lucy was incredible, and memories of Keith and dark thoughts alternated with each other. Steven preferred her body over his wife's, Lucy mused, not at all feeling guilty about committing adultery. This is what men did behind closed doors with female visitors. Keith had done it and now Steven did the same. This was her role in life as a woman. To spread her legs and shut up.

The distorted view Lucy had developed of women was unknown to the older man that had great difficulty with staying quiet as all the nerves in his cockhead were overly stimulated and urged his body on to ejaculate inside her. He didn't want to though, knocking up a young girl like Lucy just wouldn't do, he already had two young children with his wife.

He kept his eyes closed, the only thing he could think of to postpone his orgasm. He didn't dare touch her bra-clad breasts, her straining abs, or her shivering skinny legs under his thrusting body as she got humped to the hilt in her tight, little vagina.

With a shock, Lucy noticed how she spread her legs wide for him, and how she kept staring at his handsome face, barely visible in the dark, strained and red from his efforts. Her body had betrayed her as soon as Steven had stepped into her bed; she knew by how easily his cock had slipped inside her, and by how the room reeked of her juices.

With short, fast thrusts, Steven sawed his cock into her, overly excited to finally fuck the girl. She was so breathtakingly beautiful, with a dazzling smile to match; he had known right away he wanted her on his cock. He initially had hoped she was asleep and had

taken a risk coming inside her room this early in the night, but getting her to allow him inside her tight, little cunny turned out to be easier than anticipated.

When Lucy buried her face into his hairy chest and grabbed at his bulging muscles he knew Keith had done a good job teaching her how to be submissive to men. He wondered if she humped stuffed animals at home when she got horny.

Just like Keith, Steven's mind raced with the possibilities. He looked forward to the day his wife and kids would be visiting her sister--he'd call Lucy and she would obey and come to his house to get fucked. Unlike the quickie they had now, he would reward her pussy with a daylong, proper fuck.

Steven liked Keith more than ever for introducing the sexy, little girl in his life. Panting heavily, he kneaded her butt firmly in his hands, and silently wondered what it would be like to fuck a woman in her ass. Would the little minx be as submissive then?

Lucy felt like she had no choice but to embrace the man's muscular body. If she lost Steven now she was left to Keith's insatiable lust for her, a prospect that scared her much more than the gentle character and love-making of Steven.

Little did she know Steven had only ever shown interest in her in the hope of having her naked in his bed.

"I--Uuuuhh!" Steven grunted as he hit the back of her vagina, while Lucy grunted at the impact of his weight, and squirmed under him.

To Lucy, Steven's cry of joy sounded like a victory cry, and his sudden rapid breathing was enough for the knowledgeable girl to know he was cumming.

His spasming body rocked back and forth on hers, the bed gently moving with them, as his cock jerked and spewed jets of hot cum into her pussy that kept squeezing for more.

With a sigh Steven plunged into her one last time, moaning from the sensations on his sensitive cockhead, still firing away into her little cunt without any sort of protection. He assumed Keith had fucked her plenty enough already for him to get her on the pill.

Nevertheless, he felt ashamed of his loss of control when he pulled his throbbing cock out of her hot body, and looked down at her sperm-filled cunt he had just ravished to satisfy his own sexual desires.

Without glancing up at her face he pulled up his boxer shorts and left the bedroom.

Steven slipped into bed next to his wife, sighing deeply. That quick fuck had exhausted his brain. Young and naive she was, she would make the perfect free booty call.

"Good morning there, sunshine!" Steven's wife greeted Lucy when she entered the kitchen on bare feet. "I don't believe I have properly introduced myself yet. My name's April."

Lucy shook her hand smiling kindly, "nice to meet you. I'm Lucy. I hope I'm not intruding."

April forced a small smile while she pierced the girl's large eyes with hers. They were as innocently looking as her coy smile.

"Did you sleep well?" April asked, gazing down at the smooth, slender legs sticking out from under the short skirt Lucy was wearing, realizing with a sting of jealousy she couldn't compete with her.

"Uhm, yes," Lucy answered, avoiding looking any longer at Steven's wife's eyes, meanwhile unintentionally fumbling with her necklace.

"That's a pretty expensive necklace to wear for a girl your age," April remarked.

"Yes..." Lucy admitted. She glanced around her and noticed the kids and Steven were still upstairs.

"I've been married to Steven for five years, but he's never given me anything that precious."

Lucy let go of the necklace, uncomfortably placing her foot on the other, feeling the cold, hard tiles under them.

"You borrowed it from your mother?" she asked.

"Oh no, someone gave it to me, he's rich, I guess."

"Your boyfriend?"

"Yes, no... yes..." Lucy stammered in confusion.

"Is that why you like older men, because they have money?"

Swallowing nervously Lucy cast her eyes down, regretting she started blushing, but also feeling agitated at the insinuation April had made.

"Sorry. I hope I'm not intruding?" April asked, baring her teeth while smiling broadly.

"Of course not," Lucy chuckled awkwardly.

"Go on..."

"Oh, it's just someone I met through my father."

"Your father approves of you dating older men?"

"I'm not dating him," Lucy objected, regretting she had come downstairs before Steven had.

"It's just for sex then? Older men are better than those eighteen-year-old boys, aren't they?" April asked, lifting Lucy's chin with her hand, forcing Lucy to look up at her. She wanted to hear her admit what she was: a slut that liked to sleep around with men.

"I'm a virgin," Lucy whispered softly, licking her lips from how dry her mouth suddenly felt.

"How many men have you fooled with those words?"

"W-what?"

"Men don't give girls necklaces that expensive unless they have access to their pussies."

Lucy stared back into those piercing eyes of the woman that seemed to see right through her.

"I--he did... have sex with me... but... I didn't want to!" Lucy explained, feeling her face burn with immense shame in admitting it.

"Like you didn't want to have sex with my husband last night?"

Lucy shivered out of fear upon hearing the accusation and looked around the kitchen to avoid looking into April's eyes. The woman's thumb nearly started touching Lucy's trembling lower lip then, while Lucy staved off panic and tried to organize her thoughts.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Lucy answered timidly when her shock wore off, but she was unable to stop the tumultuous emotions crossing her face. Steven had only been in her room for a couple of minutes. She wondered how April knew.

"Why don't you ask money next time you let a man fuck you bareback, I hear it pays well. Add the virgin crap and you can double that money. They will believe a girl as young as you."

Fire flashed in April's eyes as she spoke with a mean grin on her face. She wanted Lucy to acknowledge what she had done.

Tears stung Lucy's eyes as she ran away and made her way to the stairs, not wanting to hear what else Steven's wife had to say. She put on her socks and shoes, grabbed her coat, and ran down the stairs, not bothering to close the front door behind her.

Worrying about what the neighbors would think April clenched her teeth, seeing the young girl running away as fast as she could. The girl that had provided her husband with a one-night stand.

Lucy listlessly paced Keith's living room, becoming gloomier by the minute. Keith had not replied to the photo she had sent, but she would see him soon, whether it was at Keith's place or hers.

She decided then she didn't want Keith as an enemy, and to leave the house back into his command spic and span. The days went by slowly, and with each passing day, Lucy became more nervous.

Given Steven had a family, Keith hoped Lucy would be staying at his home. He had asked Liam to pick him up on Wednesday but came back Monday. He took a taxi and arrived home at six in the evening.

Lucy's hand trembled, opening the door to let Keith in. He said nothing and completely ignored her, taking off his coat and shoes.

"Welcome home," Lucy whispered, terribly ashamed of the picture she had sent. "I can get you some coffee."

"Beer," Keith brusquely corrected her. He turned his head, for the first time looking at her when he heard her sniffing.

"I'm sorry," she blurted out, gasping for breath.

"Ahh," Keith exhaled deeply, "what are you sorry about, Lucy?"

"About Steven..."

Keith chuckled, shaking his flushed face in anger. He'd had this conversation in his head for his entire stay abroad, but he had not expected an apology.

She was going to apologize and then they'd be together again? What she had done was unforgivable to him. How was he going to marry her and have kids with her and live happily ever after, if she already slept around with his friends when they were dating and weren't even married yet?

Lucy's place was to love him unconditionally. To serve him. Never should a man see her naked, let alone have sex with her. He hadn't made that clear, he realized then. She needed to understand she was his, and his alone, for the rest of her life.

That's why he detested marriage so much; women were not to be trusted. Lucy had just proven this-- already at her age, they were sluts. Turn your back and they'd fuck another man. He had been so convinced it would be different for young Lucy. He had been faithful, but Lucy the virgin had not. Buried deep within him remained the small hope she had only sent him the picture to make him jealous. But seeing her in tears removed all doubt. Steven had fucked her in his absence, and Lucy had enjoyed it.

Keith squeezed his fingers together in his clenched fists. He wanted to slap her face and smear her tears all over her face and beat her severely for cheating on him, but those same tears rolling down her rosy cheeks, the tired expression in her blue eyes and the small, fragile stature of hers stopped him, for the time being.

"You mean you're sorry about sucking my friend's cock when I wasn't around?" he asked, not showing any empathy for her.

"I--I didn't suck his cock!" Lucy cried out in defense.

"Oh, he only fucked you then. That's a relief!" Keith chuckled sarcastically, and to his horror, he secretly wished to know more. How big was Steven's cock, and in what position had he fucked her?

Lucy hung her head, red-faced and still trembling from the confrontation she had dreaded so much. The thought of her father hearing she slept with Keith and Steven, both middle-aged men, and both men her father knew well, intensified her trembling even more.

"Did he at least use a condom?" Keith yelled, demanding to know, even though he was scared to find out the truth.

"Yes," Lucy sniffed, intimidated by the anger in Keith's voice and his threatening clenched fists, and the fire in his eyes.

Keith sighed upon hearing this, torn between hating her and wanting to soothe her and drying her tears of remorse.

"I'm so sorry," she sobbed uncontrollably, wiping her tears as best she could.

"Come here," Keith replied imperiously, pointing his finger before him.

Lucy flung herself into his arms, holding onto him for dear life, while his tall body comforted her.

Keith stood there, giving her the time she needed to let go of her emotions. He unclenched his fists and hugged her, soothing her with his warmth.

"You're sorry?" he whispered, and nearly started crying himself when she nodded solemnly into his chest.

"Let us seal it with a kiss," Keith whispered lovingly into her ear, holding her gently to his body as he touched her hair.

When she looked up at him, he saw the upset look in her teary eyes and he flashed a smile at her pretty face, staring at her kissable lips he loved kissing so very much. His thumb touched her cheek, waiting to see what she would do.

Lucy didn't hesitate, and pouting her lips she stood on her toes and kissed the much older man. She wanted peace and quiet, and not listen to the warnings in her heart. She wanted peace in her mind, to forget about the past and to live in the present and not think about the future. She wanted to initiate a new beginning for them.

"What does this kiss mean, Lucy?" Keith whispered, still stroking her cheek with his thumb.

"That I'm sorry," Lucy replied in a soft voice, smiling weakly as he dried her tears with the sleeve of his shirt.

"Are you going to be a good girl from here on?"

"Yesss," Lucy replied, relieved to see his honey-brown eyes had that loving, almost parental look again.

"You're not going to be a whore again?"

"No!" Lucy replied, sad he thought it'd be necessary to ask.

"Prove your loyalty to me, sweetie."

Lucy beamed at the use of his pet name for her.

Stroking back her hair, Keith saw her hesitation, doubting what to do to comply with his request.

Seeing the stern look in his eyes, Lucy slumped to her knees. She undid his belt, being a little clumsy with her hands, and smiled shyly up at Keith, the look in her eyes almost begging for mercy and forgiveness.

The predatory look in Keith's eyes scared her a little, nevertheless, she undid his fly and pulled his penis out.

It pulsed and continued to grow from her touch, and felt so hard in the palm of her soft hand.

She knew what Keith liked and opened her lips, lowered her head, and took his penis inside her mouth. His erection warmed her hand and tongue, but she knew from his approving 'hmmm' he liked the warmth from her mouth around his cock just as much.

"Hmmm..." Keith exhaled through his nose when her slippery tongue licked his bulbous cockhead. He petted her hair approvingly.

"Mmm," Lucy hummed in unison, lowering her head further, sucking on his cock.

Keith watched with bated breath as she caved her cheeks in. When he laid his hand on her hair she hummed again, appreciating his touch.

The opportunist in him grasped this opportunity and lowered his hand until it was at the back of her head. He pushed her face closer to him, further and further over his large cock. He wanted to kiss her hair and whisper into her ear, but this would come first.

He held her head still, this time using his body to force more of his rock-hard penis inside her little mouth. When he lessened the pressure on her head, distracted by her wet, little tongue, Lucy released his cock from her mouth and started stroking it and swirling her tongue around the head.

He forgave all about her cheating then. Likely this is what she was, he thought, looking down at how she debased herself in a desperate effort to win him over. To get the love and attention from him she missed at home.

Keith nudged her lips with the mushroom tip of his penis, smearing her soft lips with his pre-cum and her saliva. Keith groaned, overjoyed at seeing his hard, veiny cock disappearing in Lucy's tiny mouth, eagerly welcomed by her slippery tongue.

She didn't protest when he pushed it in as far as it would go and started pressing softly against the back of her mouth.

"You've got a hole down there," Keith grunted, bumping against the back of her mouth again. "Hmmm, yeah... I want it, sweetheart."

He grabbed her hair and held it in a steady grip as he unceremoniously jammed his cock into her throat. Lucy's lips pressed into his cockflesh from the shock, but Keith only cared about fucking her throat.

After he pulled out of her throat, Lucy breathed in through her nose as she prepared herself for the next thrust. When he rammed himself back into her tight throat, Lucy dug her nails into the skin of Keith's legs.

He kept his cock there for a good ten seconds as he fucked her, enjoying the choking sounds he caused. He yanked her head back by her long, blonde hair, allowing her to breathe again. She inhaled deeply, swallowing the saliva and pre-cum just in time before Keith plunged into her tight throat again.

Lucy struggled to cope and had difficulty breathing, but wanted to improve her relationship with Keith, and did not know better than that this was what girlfriends were supposed to do; to pleasure their boyfriend, and give them what they wanted, and how they wanted it.

Keith started to moan uncontrollably, slapping his heavy balls against her chin as he deepthroated her in a steady rhythm.

"Take a deep breath," he said and then rammed his cock down Lucy's throat, and held himself as deep as he could, while he started pumping hot strings of cum into her throat.

The splash of hot cum down her throat startled Lucy, but Keith's vice-like grip gave her no option but to endure, while he shot another load of his creamy cum straight into her stomach.

With an animalistic grunt, Keith fucked his spurting cock into Lucy's throat a few times for good measure, simultaneously his vision becoming blurry from the intensity of his cock being buried deep in her warm throat.

He pulled out and looked down at the mess on her face. Lucy fell backward onto her hands, as she coughed and gasped for air.

Panting heavily, Keith sank to his knees, dropping himself on the couch, getting his breath back.

"I'm going to take a shower," he said, sighing deeply. He gazed at Lucy again. She was still out of breath, gasping for air.

"I nearly suffocated you with my dick," Keith grinned, petting her back approvingly.

When he returned from his shower Lucy sat on the couch, but he noticed she had cleaned the saliva she had drooled on the floor.

"I'm tired from my trip," Keith sighed, extending his hand, "come, let's get to bed."

"Does my dad know you are back?" Lucy asked, yet again impressed by his strength when he helped her to her feet.

"No."

Keith waited in his bedroom, naked, for Lucy to come out of the bathroom. He looked forward to sleeping next to her after those lonely, long nights he just had.

Self-conscious, Lucy felt her face grow warm when she undressed under the watchful eye of Keith, and laid down on the mattress.

Keith crawled after her, spooning her under the covers. Her butt warmed his groin and he playfully pinched her ass cheeks, simultaneously kissing her earlobe.

"I want to sleep, I'm tired too," Lucy whispered.

"It's still early, baby..."

"I didn't sleep well last--" Lucy tried to explain, but then squealed when his fingers pinched her nipples hard.

"Hmmm... remember when I put my cock between those pretty breasts of yours?"

"Keith..."

"Sshhh, I know, you're tired."

Lucy hated how he guilt-tripped her when she had just suffered through a rough blowjob.

She fell asleep as Keith's hands caressed her, unable to stop himself from touching her.

Waking up in the morning, Lucy noticed Keith was already up.

Downstairs, the dismayed look on Keith's face worried her immediately. His face didn't resemble his usual cheerful countenance, and his normally bright honey-brown eyes looked a little bloodshot to her.

"I'm afraid I have some bad news," Keith stammered when he saw her. He bowed his head and sighed deeply, while he wandered absently into the kitchen. Lucy's welfare and his own actions weighed heavily on his conscience. He still held the phone tightly in his hand, after having received that dreadful phone call that had interrupted his breakfast. He clenched his vigorous fist and slammed it on the kitchen counter, consumed by self-hatred.

"Did something happen to my dad?" Lucy asked, worried sick.

Keith cleared his throat and nodded his head slightly.

"Is he dead?" Lucy cried as she nearly burst into tears.

Lucy's welfare weighed heavily on Keith's conscience. He was the cause of all of this.

"Is he?" Lucy cried in a voice of despair and repressed irritation because of Keith's silence.

Looking at the young woman Keith wished he could go back in time, but life didn't provide second chances.

"What have I done?" he mumbled preoccupiedly as he stared vacantly at her.

Liam's trembling hand crushed the paper on which Keith had written both his phone numbers.

He should have never listened to Keith.

The rumors he'd heard were true. They even gossiped about it at work, whispering his daughter was dating a much older man.

Instead of listening to his gut feeling he had followed Keith around like a dog, believing him when Keith had told him Lucy would never do such a thing, and that he would damage the relationship with his daughter if he'd make such a serious accusation. Teenage girls were very sensitive about those things, Keith had warned him.

But when he found the chocolate in her room with the words 'I love you', and found the paper with both phone numbers written on it in a man's handwriting, his troubled mind convinced him his boss in his sixties had sex with Lucy.

He remembered how his boss had asked about his teenage daughter in his office, had suddenly been there outside with him and Keith waiting on Lucy, how his usually aloof boss had applauded and hugged Lucy, and had invited her to have a drink with them after work.

It explained that call from his landline to his boss, and the hickey on Lucy's neck.

He shamefully thought back about how he had gleamed with pride as his boss had complimented him about his work, and had given him a pay rise.

Liam inhaled deeply, starting to count to ten. When he reached five he ran out of Lucy's room, his concern for his daughter's well-being and his anger toward his boss too great. The senseless chatter of Keith and his ridiculous advices--he wasn't done with him either.

The big smile of his boss and his prying eyes prompted the memory of how his boss had happily kissed Lucy's cheek when she shortly had visited him at work on her birthday.

The realization he'd failed to protect his eighteen-year-old daughter against men like him, a man about sixty-four years old, divorced, frustrated with his life, and exploiting his position as her father's boss, made him furious with rage.

Of course, Keith had been right all along: Lucy would never do such a thing. Unless she got blackmailed by him, no doubt threatening with firing him if Lucy didn't have sex with his boss.

Liam slammed the door of his car and sped off to his boss's house.

When his boss opened the front door with a sly smile, Liam flipped and hit him with a well-aimed strike with his fist. He jumped on him, flooring him with his body. Seeing his boss's face up close fueled his anger.

Next to Liam, two oval brown eyes stared right at him. The large-boned and muscular dog stretched back to ancient Rome, and with a natural aversion to strangers and a tendency to be territorial, the fearless and athletic dog jumped forward without hesitation. Doing whatever it took to protect the pack, its jaws closed on Liam's arm, immediately shaking his arm with its powerful, square head.

His boss crawled off to call the police, while the courageous dog continued its attack. Coming back he saw Liam moving around on the floor, futilely fighting off the very large dog.

He realized he'd soon be fighting off his death if he didn't interfere, and with great difficulty dragged the dog away from him.

Completely perplexed, Liam held his injured arm close to his body, worrying it might be broken.

"Didn't know I had a dog, ey? The police will be here soon to arrest you. What's gotten into you, man?" He yelled, pitying him as he looked at his employee and the blood that poured into his torn shirt.

Liam's tantrum subsided he moaned in pain, looking forward to leaving this place, even if it was in a police car. He shivered as he heard the deep growling of the dog behind the door.

His boss stood next to Liam, never losing him out of sight. When the police arrived Liam knew he was in a world of trouble. But he'd tell them. He'd tell them all about his boss and what he had done to his daughter. Every father would go temporarily insane when they'd find out. He was going to sue his boss and get a big compensation.

Things worked out a little differently than he had anticipated. They brought him to the police station for questioning and then locked him up.

Bewildered, his boss was released after questioning. He awaited the results of their investigation. He wondered if Liam had been drunk, or had a history of anger management issues. However, the police didn't share any details. He decided to call Keith.

"I have to go to the police station, sweetie. Your Dad attacked our boss. I don't know why, but I'll try to help him as well as I can, okay?"

They were all lies. He knew very well why. His boss had called him saying Liam kept yelling his daughter's name and how he had told him to keep his filthy hands to himself. Their friendship of over thirty years had ultimately led to the downfall of Liam.

He talked to two officers but was not allowed to talk to Liam. Reluctantly, he made his way back to his house, where he knew Lucy was anxiously awaiting his return. He could tell by her red eyes she had been crying.

"They're still investigating," Keith announced with a heavy sigh. "However, since you are eighteen you are allowed to stay here. But given the circumstances, it might be better not to tell the police. Okay?"

"I want to visit him," Lucy sobbed, wiping at her cheeks when she felt tears running down her face.

Her father had always been so calm and quiet. She pondered what had caused this outburst but failed to come up with a plausible explanation.

"Do... do you think it's got something to do with us?" Lucy's question interrupted Keith's own pondering then. She thought perhaps her father had heard from one of her friends.

"No." Keith's voice was determined, but his eyes were restless as they continuously shifted to the front door of the house. "Have you been crying?" Keith bluntly asked.

Lucy shrugged in shame as she breathed in deeply and wiped at the tears on her cheeks once again.

"There's no shame in loving your father. Luckily you still have me. I'll take good care of you."

Lucy shivered a little when Keith's hand stroked her hair and arm. His touch was gentle.

Then she was lifted up in his arms and carried toward the stairs.

"I want to visit my father. They won't refuse me. I'm his daughter."

Keith didn't reply as he heard her asking him to bring her to her father. Her voice was even softer than usual.

"Sshh... what you need is rest. I'll tuck you in and wake you up when I have more news."

Lucy's body shook, suddenly becoming cold as if she was running a fever. All she could think about was her father, and how much trouble he was in. What bothered her was the possibility that she had caused this. She could have told Melissa about Keith. She could have told her that she wasn't in love with Keith. She could have ended things. Yet, here she was in the arms of Keith as he ascended the stairs, about to lay here in his king-size bed.

Keith carefully put the feet of the young woman on the carpet floor in his bedroom, and then bent through his knees as he took off her socks.

"You can't sleep with your clothes on," he remarked as he continued to undress her.

The swell of her pussy and the slit in her panties sent waves of lust through his cock. He longed for her any time of the day.

"You're glowing!" Keith exclaimed in shock when his hand touched her inner leg just below her panties. "You need to cool down," Keith mused aloud as he stripped off her panties and unclasped her bra.

Lucy knew he was telling the truth. She felt her head pounding and her whole body burning with heat. Her high heart rate and the tingling feeling in her legs seemed to come from looking at Keith's face which kept blatantly staring at her naked body.

"Come to think of it, it might be better to warm you up. You don't want to die of hypothermia. Something a lot of parents overlook."

He smiled an encouraging, warm smile at her when he told her to get into bed. He eagerly crawled after her, telling her to present herself to him on all fours.

Despite her young age of eighteen, Lucy knew what for. She was tired though and knew that if she cooperated it would be over faster. She sank a little through her belly, pushing her pussy on display for the older man.

Keith's face distorted with pent-up lust and his breathing came in irregular gasps when he witnessed the submissive action before him.

"You'll see your body feels much better after this one," Keith breathed, kicking off his sweaty socks and opening the zipper of his white jeans, fishing out his semi-erect penis.

Lucy moaned a little from the unexpected cautious touch of his fingertips that brushed her pussylips. She moaned again when Keith's middle finger sank into her pussy, prodding and testing if she was ready. Lucy dropped her head onto the pillow knowing Keith had felt the wetness of her pussy. As ever, as soon as she realized Keith was going to have sex with her her body betrayed her, again and again.

"...condom..." Lucy whimpered when she felt the hot mushroom tip of Keith's penis touch the entrance to her vagina.

Keith moaned, bent down, and kissed her on her neck. Lucy moaned softly, feeling his stubble scrape the sensitive skin.

"Women don't get pregnant when they're sick, baby, you know that. Your body is working overtime to get rid of the bacteria and viruses, it will never allow a baby in your womb. Have you ever heard of women becoming pregnant in the hospital?" he asked rhetorically, and then without warning pushed his swollen purple cockhead between her pussylips, simultaneously lowering his body on top of hers.

Lucy held her breath, and actually welcomed the feeling of that hot cock between her pussylips and Keith's body on top of her, which was as equally hot as hers, but for very different reasons.

She heard Keith moan appreciatively as he moved his dick in and out of her tight entrance. Keith licked his lips as he looked down at the young girl submissively bent down for him so he could fuck her, without a condom no less. His heart heaved with worry and sadness when he realized this very fuck may very well be the last they'd ever have. He nearly lost his erection when his mind drifted off to Liam getting released with him taking Liam's place. But he hadn't done anything illegal. It was all Liam's fault from the beginning. Always keeping her on a tight leash. The girl could never do much, no wonder she ran off to him.

"Do you love me?" he whispered to the young girl as he lovingly caressed her cheeks. "Do you love me, sweetie?"

The only response he got was a guttural moan, but it caused Keith's dick to flex inside Lucy's pussy no less.

"Yesss," Keith hummed as he sped up his thrusts.

"Slower..." Lucy begged him, simultaneously grabbing the bedsheets with her little hands.

"The faster I go, the more your health will benefit," he promised her and grabbed at her swaying breasts that fitted perfectly into the palm of his hand. His fingertips moved over her breasts as he breathed into her neck and hair. "Your pussy's so hot!" he exclaimed in a heavy voice as he plunged his cock into her again.

The goosebumps and the hard nipples on her breasts excited him. And even though he felt sad for her, he didn't fail to realize her sickness provided an opportunity for him to show her how much he cared about her.

Lucy remained silent as she felt the stimulation of his dick deep inside her, every now and then bumping into her cervix. He was big and thick, but him being the only cock she'd ever felt, except that one time with Steven, she figured it was normal. His rasping breath and almost aggressive moan prompted her to hold onto the headboard as Keith still plunged into her. She knew very well he was cumming.

Keith slowed down his pace, his breath still as irregular as when his orgasm had started. He slowly kept fucking her until his dick went semi-hard. With a heavy sigh, he retracted himself from her little hole.

He stroked her ass cheek, very content with himself, and then bent down over her body, and brushing her hair away kissed her on her lips. He pressed his large hand on her forehead and sighed when he felt her head pounding through her skull.

"Sweet dreams, princess. I'll bring you some water and something to eat later."

Lucy moaned as she pushed back her legs and laid down on her belly. "Can you clean me up?" she asked in a shy voice, utterly ashamed to ask him such a thing, but also bothered by the wet cum that dripped out of her. "I'm just so tired," she added pityingly.

"I think it's best if you leave it the way it is now," Keith answered compassionately.

He tucked her in and stayed until she became drowsy and fell asleep.

Keith sighed in awe when he finally stopped stroking her long hair, and stared at the beauty, realizing how lucky he was to have her in his bed. Without Lucy he'd be in pain he couldn't even imagine.

"Baby... when someone asks... it's best not to tell them about this because they wouldn't understand. You hear?"

Lucy mumbled in her sleep.

That stupid father of hers could destroy everything he had worked so hard for.

"I love you more than you know," he whispered into her ear.

He hurriedly ran down the stairs when he heard his phone ringing. Picking it up a familiar voice greeted him.

"Keith? It's me, Liam. Listen, I..." Liam's voice went silent, the crack in his voice one Keith had never heard. "I... I've made a mistake. Listen, I have no time to explain but the police have arrested me, but I'd like to ask you a big favor."

"What is it?" Keith asked his life-long friend in a confident voice.

"You have to take care of Lucy for me, can you do that? And beware, keep her as far away from... you know who. Can you promise me you will do that for me?"

Liam, the ever-calm and respectful guy had an edge in his voice as he spoke to Keith.

Keith feigned reluctance as he sighed and mumbled, "I don't know if that's such a good idea, Liam."

"All the things I've done for you over the years! She won't be safe in other people's hands. Keith... he has fucked my little girl!" Liam broke down, gasping and sobbing into the phone as he poured his heart out to his best friend.

"All right, I'll do it," Keith readily agreed, not overly fond of hearing his friend weep. "We'll talk when I am allowed to visit you, okay? Wherever that may be... meanwhile I'll call her school and tell her what has happened. I'm sure they will give her a week to recover."

"Do you think that's a good idea?" Liam mumbled lowly. "It might be better to let her go to school?"

"Giving the circumstances it's for the best. Now call your lawyer and don't give up, okay?"

"Keith?" Liam whispered, "have you ever... noticed?"

He nearly got into trouble by telling him he had, but he knew he then would have to testify in court. He felt miserable, and hanging up the phone he ascended the stairs in big steps.

Not twenty minutes after he had fucked her he stood in the doorway of his bedroom as his hand slid over his crotch, feeling his penis respond to the sweet girl, with her long, golden hair sprawled out all over the pillow.

Lucy peeked out of the darkened room at him. Keith's smile was quick and warm, his honey-brown eyes dancing when he noticed she looked at him. She returned a timid smile and closed her eyes again.

Keith didn't think she had noticed him rubbing his pants. He inhaled deeply, feeling the tingle in his balls when he dropped his clothes. He walked into the bedroom, lifted the bedsheets, and crawled on top of her. Lucy made a noise of surprise when the bedsheets pushed into her pussy, wiping off most of the cum.

She squealed when Keith harshly turned her onto her back, and pushed a finger into her vagina.

"I love you!" Keith nearly yelled before kissing her on her soft lips.

His next kiss was on the sensitive, soft nape of her neck. He planted another kiss on her neck, right on top of the thin gold necklace he had bought her.

"You smell so good. You're making my cock hard!" he gruffly said and pushed down his body on hers, with his face above her perky, firm breasts.

Keith growled in disbelief as he stared at the spectacle before him. A woman, young and wet, with her legs spread wide for him, with his cock pressed up hot and hard against her inner leg.

Lucy sighed when both hands grabbed her tit flesh. Keith hummed happily as he planted a loud kiss on both her nipples. He extended his hot tongue and started licking them both, pushing them together so he could do it faster. Opening his mouth as wide as he could he sucked her left breast into his mouth. He sucked on it, but noticing she didn't even moan or reply he bit her softly on her nipple.

"Aah!" Lucy uttered a shriek.

Lucy's feminine fragrance hit Keith's nostrils with brute force. He knew that scent all too well. He stuck out his tongue and slid it down over her quivering, soft belly until his tongue reached that spot between her legs he craved with every vein in his body.

Staring at her pussy he grabbed her little nub of pleasure with his thumb and index finger. Hot breath hit her pussy as he touched her clit and listened to the gasps she uttered in the silent bedroom.

He sniffed the scent up from her wet pussy and growled approvingly. It was the kind of scent he needed in his bedroom. Inhaling the sweet aroma of her little pussy one more

time he pressed his nose against her pussy, and began rooting like a pig. Lucy squirmed, not used to the intense feeling it provided her. She clasped his head between her legs but Keith continued rubbing his nose into her anyway, the room meanwhile filling with Keith's rutting noises.

Her slender fingers grabbed his hair as she shuddered and involuntarily bucked her hips against his face. Keith replied by licking the length of her hot slit. When her belly and legs quivered he kissed and roughly tongued her little clitoris. The moment he did, Lucy gasped for air as she dug her fingers deeper into his skull. Keith sucked her clit in, delirious with lust for that little peach that had provided him so much pleasure. When his middle and index finger started to penetrate her deep and fast Lucy arched her back, not even knowing such pleasure existed.

She looked down at the mature man that'd had her in his bed so many times. His eyes were closed as his tongue kept licking her clit as if he was in trance. From above, she quivered and gasped in silent wonder, seeing and feeling things she knew nothing of.

Keith alternated between short, fast licks and long, deep licks, lustfully licking up the wet juices her pussy was producing. His tongue twisted around her clit and labia, and sucked her clit in as his fingers kept pushing deeper and deeper inside her pussy until they could go no further.

Keith moaned as he visualized his cock disappearing into the drenched, little cunt he felt on his tongue. Lucy squirmed and yet again bucked her hips against him, feeling the buildup of her orgasm. Keith had to keep her in place and dragged her body back to the middle of the bed and then eagerly tongued her little clit again.

Lucy quivered and tried to crawl away from under him as she panted and moaned, feeling sensations she had never felt as strongly as then. She pulled on Keith's hair as she came, shivering and bucking her hips when the orgasm coursed through her body and her pussy clamped down onto his long, coarse fingers, which never ceased their rough fingering.

Lucy's chest heaved, and arching her back her breasts were quickly kneaded by Keith's free hand. With Keith's tongue roughly licking her clit, his fingers relentlessly plunging inside her, and his other hand kneading her tits, Lucy squealed loudly as she wiggled with her body, but to no avail. She was no match for the strength of the hard-working man that worked outdoors all year round. She just lay there at the mercy of the whims of the middle-aged friend of her father.

Keith's ears rang with her echoing screams and her sharp squeals, but he was determined to give her the best orgasm she ever had, which she not ever again would experience so intensely for the rest of her life. Her slender body trembling under him, and her small hands clawing at him, excited him. But more so her little pink hole. He stopped licking her clit, removing his mouth with a kiss on her clit, aware he had pushed the inexperienced girl enough already.

"You want to...?" Keith tentatively asked when he raised his body up on his knees, and held his swollen penis in his rough hand as he looked at her flushed face.

He'd longed for Lucy to replace it with her soft hand, giving it that unintentional little squeeze to not let the throbbing hard shaft slip from her little fingers.

"Do you want me to put it in your mouth, sweetheart?" Keith asked again.

Lucy didn't respond. She was still trying to catch her breath after cumming so intensely on Keith's fingers and tongue, so much more breathtaking than the few orgasms she'd felt in her life.

Keith stared at her, her hair sprawled out over her sweaty face. But Keith didn't mind. He was able to see her wide-open lips as she breathed in deeply. He wanted a blowjob from those lips. Just seeing her cute face as she struggled to fit his massive erection in her little, hot mouth dripping with saliva, and then seeing the best part when she sucked on his hard cock - that alone was already worth it, without the pleasure from feeling her little tongue running over his cockhead or the immense pleasure he felt when he came and shot ropes of hot cum into the back of her mouth.

"I'm going to put it in your mouth now." Keith crawled forward but noticed Lucy closed her mouth.

"I don't want to," she spoke in a hushed shaky voice, barely above a whisper.

"Then it won't happen," Keith promised her. "Not all girls like to do it," Keith added nonchalantly.

Not daring to ask her permission he spread her legs, bent down, and rubbed his cockhead over her slick pussy. He enjoyed her gasps for air when he rubbed the round tip of his penis over her clit. His hand moved up and down really fast, his cockhead bumping into her clit in the process. Keith clenched his fist tighter around his dick when he felt his scrotum tighten up, pulling his heavy balls closer to his cock.

"I'm gonna cum!" he panted and lay his body flat on top of her. Just in time too he realized when he saw his first powerful jet of cum splashing against her lips when he started to push into her. He moaned ecstatically as he felt his cock easing inside her cum-filled pussy.

Keith lay still as he held himself deep inside the girl. He was content knowing Lucy was fully prepared for his erection which became even thicker and larger as it spurted its heavy load of seed into the back of her narrow and overly wet pussy.

Her height so small compared to his, he kissed her on top of her hair, drying his wet face with her long, blonde locks. He couldn't suppress a heavy moan when he neared the end of his orgasm and felt his cockhead becoming even more sensitive from being inside the little thing.

Keith breathed quietly as his fingertips moved over her soft neck and gently touched the gold necklace. He smiled, appreciating she wore it all the time, even when they fucked. All the times they had sex the necklace was there to remind her who she belonged to. He hadn't risked buying her a pendant with his name carved in, but was convinced his name was carved on her heart.

Unwillingly, he removed himself from her sexy, hot body, cleaned her up, and carried her out of bed.

"What would you like to wear today?" he asked in a hushed voice as he put her to her feet.

"It's not like I have any spare clothes with me," Lucy answered as she walked over to her clothes and got dressed.

Keith stood and watched. It didn't turn him on as much now that he had just cum, but he loved watching her no less. She was adorable with her long blonde hair falling over her back on her short height of 5"5. According to her words anyway, but he suspected she might be a few inches shorter. Whatever the case, he was at least ten inches taller than her. The twitch in his dick surprised him when a fantasy flashed through his mind, in which he abused his power by throwing the girl into his bed for a third fuck.

But there was no third fuck. There will never be.

Unless she would do exactly what he would tell her.

"Lucy..." he began, a little unsure of how to explain it to her. "You mentioned earlier that you wanted to visit your father, remember sweetie? Before you...uh, slept."

Lucy turned her head toward him, her eyes pleading for him to continue.

Keith cleared his throat and continued. "I think that's an excellent idea. I want to call the police first to tell them I found you."

Lucy thought it was a little weird to lie but she shrugged, happy that she'd see her father soon.

"It's just that my battery just died, can I borrow your phone for a minute?"

"Why won't you use the landline?" she asked.

"Huh..." Keith exclaimed in surprise as his mind went at full speed. "The subscription is so limited, but you have unlimited calls, no?"

Lucy nodded, unlocked her phone, and handed it over to him. "I wanna go after you've made your call."

Keith's thumb busily tapped on the display of her phone, opening the messaging app. He removed any remains of the chat they'd had and did the same on his phone.

He smiled at her when he saw her patiently waiting for him at the front door and gave her back her phone.

"In hindsight, I don't think it's required I call. You are his daughter after all."

Lucy nodded.

They were both quiet as they drove to the station. Arriving there, Keith was still reluctant to tell her what her father had told him over the phone.

"Listen, sweetie. Firstly, I'd like you to have this," he said, and grabbing his wallet he took out a large sum of money. "I've wanted to give you this earlier, but then I forgot every time... I'm sorry."

Lucy looked at him in horror, seeing the hundred dollar bills sticking out of his closed hand.

"I'll keep it in here, otherwise those fuckers might think you're a drug dealer," he joked as he put it in the glove compartment. "They're all yours though, on our way back."

Lucy nodded absently, caring more about her father and what would happen to him.

"Also... it's completely fine we have a sexual relationship, but just remember what it'd look like if you tell them such a thing..."

"You said it was okay!" Lucy yelled, glaring at him, not quite believing what she was hearing.

"It is, but your father, well," Keith sighed, "he has attacked my boss because he thought you had a relationship with him. The age difference didn't bother him that much he told me over the phone, he even added that he just wants the best for you, but he told me it was mainly because our boss does that kind of thing to blackmail young women. He's done it before."

Lucy shifted uneasily on the seat. "Keith, I... I don't want to go there anymore."

"You have to. If they ask you whether you have a boyfriend you tell them you have one but that your father doesn't know yet, because you are afraid to tell him, okay?"

"Why would I be afraid, Keith?"

"Because he has no job and because you are afraid your father will disapprove."

"I don't want a boyfriend without--"

"When they ask, you tell them he's two years older than you."

Lucy looked up at him.

"Just use your imagination. In case they ask, his name is Bob but that's as much as you want to share about him. Don't worry, I'll be right next to you the whole time!"

"But it's lying to the police!" Lucy objected.

"Sometimes you have to lie a little in order not to hurt people, people like your father. You understand?"

With a heavy heart, Keith followed Lucy inside. She immediately had to go to another room, to which Keith was denied entrance. It was all in her hands now. Here, of all places. Keith introduced himself as a good friend of Liam and his boss, and was interrogated too.

When he was done, the female police officer shook his hand. "We've heard good things about you from both men. Do you think you can keep an eye on Liam's daughter for a few days? It's upon request by her father. We have already contacted her school."

"Yes, she can sleep in my bed. I'll sleep on the couch," Keith blurted out.

The female cop looked at him in amazement. Keith beat himself up as he left to go to his car. It was over and done with. The only way he'd see Lucy was from behind bars. The only reason being that one impulsive action of Liam. Lucy and he had the world at their feet, which was currently hanging by the very thinnest of threads.

He exchanged looks with Lucy behind the partially glazed door. She didn't smile back, didn't wave, didn't acknowledge him passing by. Her glassy eyes fixed upon him as Keith passed, the female officer following close behind him. Lucy's lips stopped moving as if she was afraid he might hear her through the wall. Her feverish cheeks aglow and her eyes cold with contempt Keith quickened his pace, almost to a jog until he finally breathed in the fresh air.

For a moment Keith wanted to repeat exactly the same thing Liam had done. And he decided he would. He started the car, ready to speed off in case the police would ask him back inside, because they had forgotten to ask this or that. If he couldn't have Lucy he was going to make sure Steven wouldn't either.

Trembling with anger, his hands rubbed and clung to his leather steering wheel, as his face grew increasingly red. After forty-five minutes Keith nearly lost it. Keith turned on the windshield wipers as it started to pour, the weather perfectly matching Keith's mood.

"What's taking her so long?" he mumbled to himself. He grabbed his phone, looked up Lucy's number, called her, but then hung up before the call got through. "Can't call her you fool," he grumbled to himself.

Half an hour later nothing changed, except for his legs becoming numb. Perhaps they were waiting for him to come in? Perhaps they had moved Lucy from the back, afraid he'd hurt her? Keith became more paranoid as another half hour passed in long, slow minutes. What worried him most is how quiet Lucy had been that morning.

He visualized her telling everything, leaving out the fact they were in love or that he had bought her that necklace, and not telling them they were in love.

There was nothing to be seen. Just an ordinary building except for those letters and logo that made it so much different than all the others. Keith's hands hit the windscreen, jumping up in shock when he heard his phone ring.

"Yo? I'm at the station with Lucy. Yeah, I think I can work next week-- I'll call you back later, okay?"

He realized he should have asked his boss if he was feeling better already, but he couldn't worry about it then. The phone having distracted him for a minute he didn't notice someone approaching. The car doors locking from the inside a knock on the window woke him up from his panic attack.

He nearly collapsed when he saw who it was.

He opened the door and smiled nervously. "Can we go?" he asked hopefully at Lucy.

"I want to get a few things at my house, and then we can go to your place."

Her eyes were as bright blue as when they had walked inside the building, and there wasn't much emotion in her voice. He was hopeful it meant she hadn't cried. Lucy had been strong.

"I spoke to my father. He asked me to go to your place."

"Listen, sweetie, I'm going to do everything in my power to get him out of there!"

"Okay..."

Keith was painfully aware she didn't believe a word he had just said.

When he parked his car on her driveway Lucy broke the silence with those fatal words he had dreaded all day:

"I told the police everything. They will arrest you and put you in jail. I hope you die slowly and painfully!"

She said it so casually and with a voice so cold Keith was sure he could feel the earth shudder beneath him upon hearing those faithful words.

"W-what?" Keith uttered in shock, looking around him to see if anyone in blue was waiting for them at her house.

He didn't see anything amiss, but then again the visibility was poor, it was still pouring down. It even seemed worse than before. It reminded him of those movie scenes where there'd be a shootout at the end, and the protagonist would fall to his knees as he drew his last breath.

He always thought it to be silly to rather die than get arrested, but he understood then. He was going to do the same. By the time he'd see Lucy again, she would be out of his reach. There was no doubt in his mind he'd draw his last breath thinking of Lucy, and that she'd recognize his love for her by seeing him willingly sacrifice himself for her love.

In his heart, he was thankful she had warned him. It wasn't her fault. A young girl like her could never compete with those educated, smooth operators at the station.

"Thank you for telling me," Keith whispered emotionally, suddenly realizing they might be listening in.

Lucy scanned Keith's face and saw the tears running down his upset face. She hesitated but then wiped away his tears with the sleeve of her shirt.

Lucy noticed for the first time he didn't have the weather-beaten face her father had from working outside, even though Keith had worked outside starting at the age of fourteen, helping his father, the big, hairy lumberjacker she'd seen in pictures.

Keith smiled through his tears. He didn't want to think about what would happen next. He wanted to sit in the car, listen to the quiet music, and look at Lucy until the sun went down and the moon came up.

He had fantasies of living together with Lucy and buying her the most beautiful wedding dress money could buy, and giving her a couple of kids, but now he knew it would never happen. He'd just disappear into the night and become another life completely wasted.

Seeing the cutie next to him, he didn't have to think long or hard about whether it had been worth it. If anything, he felt privileged he had come to know her so intimately.

"My father told me to tell you that."

As if things weren't bad enough Liam had backstabbed him too.

"I'm going to head for that door now, Lucy. I suppose I won't see you again."

His anger had made place for resignation and he had forgotten all about Steven. He leaned toward her and kissed her, convinced there'd be a sniper taking him out as soon as his lips landed on hers. He parted his lips from her mouth and smiled wanly as he laid his eyes on her pretty face one last time.

"I hope you'll wear that necklace for as long as you'll live," he whispered as he touched the long strands of her beautiful light-colored hair.

"I will," Lucy solemnly promised as she reached up and kissed him. She didn't part from him but held her lips on his for a long ten seconds. Her lips were so hot and soft and he didn't regret anything. He hadn't done anything wrong. His conscience was clear. She had given him serenity and happiness, even in a moment like this.

"I'll... I... I'll go now. Whatever happens, please don't watch. Turn on the radio as loudly as you can and close your eyes, all right? Now open the glove compartment, reach back and give it to me."

Lucy almost did when she realized he asked for his gun.

"My father told me to tell you that so you could pass the message to your boss," Lucy told him.

"Okay. Hand me over the gun, I don't want them to see me opening it," Keith said as he looked around him. The only person he saw was a woman walking her dog.

"Did you not hear me? My father said those words about your boss."

It's funny how his life passed before his eyes at that moment, but then Keith finally realized what she'd said and what it meant.

"There--what did you tell the police?" he asked in bewilderment.

"Exactly what you told me. Now run for the door with me, it's raining like crazy!"

Lucy ran to the front door of her house, leaving Keith rooted in his chair as he watched her run away. He huffed and puffed, nearly hyperventilating as he felt his tears running down his face again. He locked the door and ran after her. He closed the front door behind him, trading in the noise of the rain for the silent house.

Lucy stood there, her breasts clearly visible in her thin white summer shirt, visibly showing her nipples and the shape of her small, perky breasts.

"Did you close the glove compartment?" Keith asked.

"Hm-hmm."

"Are you sure? Your money and my gun are in there..."

"I'm sure. Wait here, I'll be back in a sec."

Keith waited, not at ease at all. Was she telling the truth about the conversations she had? Why had it taken two hours before she came back?

Lucy returned with two bags in her hands. She dropped them and ran into his arms and cried. "I don't want to live in my father's house alone. Please let me stay with you."

Keith smiled and if it wasn't for the tears he had just shed he was sure he would have cried with her. "I'm going to take good care of you as I promised. Now grab a coat and let's head home."

'What a day' Keith thought to himself as he carried her bags into his house. He'd visit Liam tomorrow if they'd let him. He was going to help him find a new job. Even better, he was going to talk to his boss and try and see if he could persuade him to drop charges, although he knew little about such things.

"I'm all wet, I'm going to take a shower," he heard the still very upset voice of Lucy yell from the bathroom.

"Why not take a bath together?" Keith proposed as he entered the bathroom. He undressed, as well as Lucy.

Lucy stared at his penis, quickly growing twice its size from seeing her interest. Keith took her by her arm and walked away from the bathroom, and finished his trek two meters from his bed. He remembered his fantasy from earlier and picked her up and threw her onto his bed. Keith laughed and Lucy squealed as she fell onto her arms and knees. In the same position he liked to fuck his women.

His cock leading the way, Keith walked over to the bed and grabbed her hips firmly in his hands.

"No, no!" Lucy yelled, startling him. "You put a condom on, or else I'm not coming back ever again!"

"All right, calm down a little will you?" Keith chuckled as he kneaded her ass in his large hand. "Open the nightstand and give them to me, you little cock-tease."

Lucy whimpered at his use of words, and screamed when his hand hit her ass hard when she bent down to fetch him a condom.

"I don't like that. Actually, I don't wanna fuck right now!" Keith saw her eyes burning with anger and annoyance. She was serious.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "You can slap my cock so we're even."

Lucy's eyes wandered to the hard cock standing up between his legs. She refused, convinced it would only please him.

"Did I make a mistake by coming to your home?" Lucy asked, intentionally averting her eyes from his.

"I don't know about you but my testosterone is working and I just wanna put my dick inside one of your holes. There's just a lot of things you don't know about the male body..." he explained in a calm voice, "which is fine," he added, holding up his hands with a smile. "Sex can teach you so much about your own body, Lucy. How to receive pleasure, how to give pleasure, how to observe your body and become even more connected to your own body."

"Listen baby... the prostate contains a lot of fear, tension and stress, and I need to release those stress levels, you understand? I just wanna get off."

"Y-you're always so rough..."

"Nonsense. I know you are pulled between the shame of being a virgin, and the shame of not being a virgin. We both know you're not a virgin anymore. So let's fuck, baby. I'll use a condom this time."

Lucy sighed as she positioned herself on all fours for him. She watched over her shoulder, seeing Keith rolling a condom over his shaft for the first time.

"Face forward," he commanded.

As soon as she did Keith leaned a little forward but then hesitated. He removed the condom from his cock and carelessly threw it over his shoulder. He put his cockhead against her little, pink hole and thrust forward.

"K-Keith are you wearing a condom?!" he heard her whimper in a little voice.

"Yes," Keith answered grumpily.

"I can't feel it."

"Of course not, it's one of those extra sensitive and invisible condoms - you're not supposed to feel them!"

Lucy moaned as she felt her little pussylips spread to accommodate his cock that slipped in and penetrated her from behind.

Keith stroked her belly and breasts as he stared at the plump and soft butt of the little girl. He growled in satisfaction as he forced his cock in and out of her, while his mind wandered off to the sensation that little anus had given him. If she'd start talking about condoms again he'd have the perfect excuse to fuck her in her butt. No girlfriend would allow it, but he knew Lucy would.

Spitting on his fingers he inserted them inside her ass, his cock enveloped by the wet hole a little lower.

Lucy squealed from the shock of feeling two rough fingers working their way into her anus, but his cock pounding into her and the sheer force of the length of his cock demanded just as much attention from her. She gasped, feeling his cock bump into her cervix.

Keith felt it too, slowly but deliberately doing it again, trying to tell her she was his. He took his dick out, bent down and licked around his inserted fingers. She smelled lovely, even around her little poop chute. He yanked her legs and chuckled when her body fell flat on the bed. His heart pounded as his eyes feasted on both her holes.

"Do you want me to fuck your little cunny or your lovely butt?" he asked hoarsely.

Lucy moved her head a little, trying to look behind her and see what he was doing. Keith's hand held her neck, not wanting her to see he'd fucked her bareback.

"M-my cunny," she answered shyly.

"Good girl," Keith laughed appreciatively. "You're only eighteen but your mind is older... You're easily the most submissive girl I've ever had spreading her legs for me. All those girls I've fucked can't hold a candle to my girl." He moaned and breathed faster when he stuffed her pussy with his large cock again.

Lucy noticed he really used his hips this time, plowing in deep from above as she lay flat on the bed. He drilled her small body into the mattress. He liked how she remained motionless, assuming her role as his woman.

He rammed into her, Lucy not very quiet at that moment then. Keith spasmed but then held still.

Lucy felt his penis getting bigger for a few moments and then beginning to pulse. Keith remained still while shooting with much force. Lucy was sure she could feel it hitting something inside her. She was conscious of things getting wetter down there. The size of the load made it easier for her to feel it as it happened.

It pleased her to have this tremendous effect on the powerful, mature man on top of her, that she had reduced to shudders and groans as he came deep inside her. She didn't even have to do anything for it. Just lay on the bed and spread her legs a little. Her body would instinctively react and get wet as soon as she'd see Keith undress and reveal his erection to her.

She knew what it indicated, what would happen. In a way, she felt flattered that an older man like him looked her way, and got hard by looking at her. That he didn't think she was unworthy because of her age and not even having money, a driver's license, or a job.

She wondered why she felt so wet down there even though Keith was wearing a condom. She dismissed it as her own juices and breathed in freely when Keith's heavy body lifted off hers.

"You're a good fuck!" she heard him moan as he slapped her butt.

Keith admired the springiness of her butt and how it puffed up from her lower back and her skinny legs. She really was a little girl. Yet old enough to receive a hard pounding in bed from him when he so desired.

Lucy turned over to her back, sat up in bed and looked down between her legs. Her eyes glared as she stared at Keith.

Keith gave her a little smile as he watched.

"Y-you didn't!" Lucy blinked in puzzled surprise at the sight that greeted her tired eyes. He had put it on, only to take it off as soon as she wasn't watching.

"What?" Keith asked as his smile broadened.

"You removed the condom!" she mumbled in disbelief and anger as her eyes widened and her fingertips touched his warm semen.

"I did no such thing," Keith replied slightly offended.

His eyes flashed in sweet amusement when she pulled a displeased face at him. He sat down next to her, with his back to the headboard like hers.

"I'll explain it to you, sweetie. I've fucked you two times already, it's because my big cock's been plowing your tight, little cunt. It's quite common for a big cock to have that effect. My cum was still deep inside that cute pussy of yours."

"It's fresh cum, it feels warm."

Keith nodded his head in agreement. "It stays warm inside that hot, sexy body of yours, sweetheart."

"I-I want to take a shower now," Lucy broke off their conversation.

Keith dressed, deciding he would take a shower when she was done. His dark brown eyes danced as he saw the freshly-fucked look on Lucy's face, and gave her a quick, warm smile when she looked his way.

He walked to his car and took out his gun and the money. He sniffed the air noisily, enjoying the scent outside after it had rained.

He wanted to cook something for her because he loved her, and because he knew he'd want to fuck her at least one more time today. He knew she was long done with her shower when he busied himself in the kitchen. But it pleased him. She was likely unpacking her things, hanging her clothes in his walk-in closet, or perhaps making up the bed.

Keith liked she didn't hang around him non-stop, and yet was always available if he should feel the urge for a carnal fuck. Having her in his house non-stop now excited him, and he felt a tingling in his cockhead when he saw the pretty face of Lucy coming in.

"Hey there. Enjoyed your shower?" he asked, staring at her long blonde hair that was still wet from the shower.

"Yes, it has a massaging option," she smiled shyly, as she looked past him and smelled the food he had prepared for her.

"Mac and cheese lasagna," Keith proudly announced.

Lucy smiled, pleased he had done this for her and not just ordered a pizza.

Keith smiled as his heart warmed by seeing how much she appreciated his cooking. He felt his dick twitch when he looked at her pink, pleated skirt and the white tank top covering her breasts.

'Look at that cutie,' he thought to himself. 'Innocently prancing around like that...'

If he didn't know any better he'd think she was intentionally giving him a boner.

"You look adorable in those clothes, Lucy."

"Thanks, they're new," she replied, feeling herself growing red from the compliment. Her father had never noticed, only her female friends. Hearing Keith's flattering words caressed her from the inside.

Lucy set the table for the two of them, not noticing Keith's hand rubbing his crotch as he stared at her soft, shaven legs, her skirt not reaching lower than her knees.

When she sat down at the dinner table, filling Keith's plate first, he approached her from behind, with his cock tenting his pants. He bent down and inhaled deeply into her neck, smelling her freshly washed hair and skin.

"Hmm, you smell lovely, little girl," he mumbled in primal lust, not feeling hungry anymore. The only thing he desired right then was to fill her belly with his seed.

"Your food is getting cold," Lucy laughed, slapping his hand away when it moved up her skirt.

"You're right," Keith laughed with her, happy to hear her giggle again.

However, he wasn't going to sit across from her. He slid his plate, fork, and knife next to Lucy's and smiled wholeheartedly as she looked up at him.

"Making a minor adjustment here," he whispered as he pulled her chair out. He then picked her up, sat down on her chair, and planted her on his lap, warming his erection with her ass.

"Enjoy your meal, sweetheart." He kissed the girl as she shifted over his hard bulge.

If this had been their first time together he was sure he would have come right then, feeling her soft ass moving over and pressing into his hard-on.

"You don't like it?" he asked when she didn't dig into the food like him.

"I've never eaten it, but it looks delicious," Lucy said and then paused, feeling the very hard cock throbbing on her ass and lower back. "It's still a little hot, though."

In a surreal kind of way, she felt safe sitting in his lap after what had happened to her father's boss. She wondered if her father's outburst would have been different if he knew she had slept with Keith. Whether he would have slapped her. She'd seen Keith displeased, mad even when she saw him after what had happened between her and Steven, but he never once hit her, not even that one time she had asked him to.

Keith's mood was killed instantly when he heard the doorbell ring.

"You go ahead and eat," he told her as he pushed her off his erection. He peeked out of the window to see who it was.

Lucy hadn't listened though, and to Keith's regret, he heard his front door opening. Keith hurried to the door. A befriended couple greeted Keith and then the silence made him realize they were staring at the girl next to him.

"Ah, where are my manners?" Keith said as he forced a laugh and gave Lucy a little nudge toward his friends. "This is my girlfriend, Lucy. She has decided to live with me, as of today."

Keith smiled proudly, but his smug smile quickly dropped when he saw the shocked expression on both their faces.

"Nice to meet you, I'm Lucy," she spoke elegantly as she extended her hand. The man and woman shook her hand, the woman looking her up and down when she did.

Lucy cast her eyes down in embarrassment, their thoughts obvious to her without any words being said.

"We were having dinner," Keith broke the painful silence.

"We were about to have dinner too, actually," the man chuckled. "I'll call you, okay?" he asked, hurrying because his wife was already nearing their car.

Keith waved and then closed the door.

"That was weird," Lucy uttered with a heavy sigh.

"It's good to know who your friends are," Keith replied as he touched Lucy's nose playfully.

Lucy obediently waited for Keith and then sat on his lap as they ate. Keith gobbled it down in minutes. He liked watching her chew the food he had cooked, yet became a little handsy with her so close to him. She pushed his arm away a few times but then gave up.

Keith caressed her inner leg up and down as he whispered sweet nothings in her ear and kissed her all over her neck.

"Will you go to work tomorrow?"

The question reminded him of the many conversations he'd had. He was asked to work in Canada, and the pay rise and the country pleased him, but how could he ever convince the little girl on his lap to go with him?

"I have the rest of the week off."

"You're lucky," Lucy smirked, purposely keeping her sentences short now that she spoke with a mouth full.

"You can be just as lucky, sweetheart," Keith panted as his lips inched closer to her ear, "let's just leave this place and move to Canada."

"Canada?" she asked perplexed by his offer.

"Baby, you haven't seen it, it's beautiful. I wanted to send you pictures but you didn't reply to my messages."

Lucy cringed in fear and disgust, thinking back to Steven fucking her in the guest room, with his kids next door.

"There are wonderful places to go there, and mountains, baby. You like that, no?"

"Yes," Lucy smiled.

"Did you know they have Mount Odin and a bunch of other mountains named such? You like Norse mythology, don't you?"

"Uh, yeah, some parts--"

"C'mon Lucy, just you and me up in the mountains, wouldn't that be awesome!"

"Yes," Lucy nodded laughing when she saw the enthusiasm on his face. "But I've got my school here... and my dad."

"Forget your dad, baby. Just you and me from here on."

"It's all I have," Lucy whispered as she let go of her fork and leaned back into Keith.

"You saw what my friends did tonight. I have known them for two--uh, twenty-two years baby... Oh wait... before we continue," he moaned, putting his hand into his pocket and removing the hundred-dollar bills. "I believe these are yours."

"Ohh..." Lucy mumbled to herself, and reluctantly accepted. She held it in her hand as Keith continued.

"Imagine us fucking somewhere high up in the mountains, the only witnesses birds and goats. The idea alone of fucking outside makes me horny."

"You're always horny," Lucy countered. "Besides, I have my friend Mel. I wouldn't want to never see her anymore."

"I'll buy her a flight ticket."

"Do they really want you to work there?"

Keith nodded affirmatively. "I'm really impressing and wowing people, actually."

Flinging back her head into his chest, Lucy laughed exuberantly at his silliness. Keith smiled broadly as he watched her wipe at her joyful tears. He stroked her belly, hearing her giggles while she futilely tried to hide her smile behind her hand.

The pretty girl's babysmooth skin on her arm touching his fingertips, and her youthful giggles rejuvenated him. He was very aware of it when he stood up and bent her over the table, asking her in a whisper if she already knew what she was going to do with all that money.

It was money no working man would get excited over, but it was a lot for a schoolgirl that lived on an allowance, without any income.

"I have homework," Lucy whispered, distraught.

"You're doing homework right now," Keith replied.

He observed the shape of her butt through the pleated skirt as he slowly breathed out the air through his nose, his eyes wild with lust.

Lucy's insides quaked, but she breathed deeply to keep calm and focus her mind. She knew her dropping skirt and panties was just part of the deal: he'd take care of her if she would offer something in return.

Keith bent down and placed her skirt and panties on the chair they had just sat on. Then bent down again to take off his pants and underwear. He gazed down at her fondlingly and started touching her ass cheeks.

Lucy remained bent over on the large dinner table with eight chairs surrounding it, wondering what Keith was waiting for. Keith's hands touched her ass with his fingertips as he stared long and hungrily at her, wondering if he'd fall more in love with her the longer he would stare. He was fascinated by her, obsessed even.

He spat onto his hand and her shuddering body betrayed her uneasiness when he moved two of his wet fingers over the little anus that was perfectly aligned with his cock. He spat onto his other hand and moved his spit over his big knob.

He waited and waited while fingering her little asshole and warming up his cockhead in his fist, as he prepared them both for deep penetration. He let his fingers slip out of her, and gazed in awed silence at the tiny, pink hole that had felt so hot on his fingers.

Lucy felt his swollen penis between her ass cheeks again and again, not fucking her but just riding up against her and bumping into her asshole. Every time he did, she felt her little asshole opening a little more, almost as if inviting the large cock in.

Gazing admiringly at the spectacle one last time, Keith aggressively squeezed his dick with his calloused hand, preparing it for the rough fuck he had in mind.

Lucy felt him press the hot cockhead, dripping with his spit, against her little asshole until it gave way and snapped tightly behind the ridge of his mushroom head. She writhed and twisted in his hands under him and fought to come up, and in response, Keith pushed his hard cock deeper into her snug asshole. He heaved a sigh of relief, and with a playful grin on his lips felt his heart lift as he stared at the joyous reunion of their bodies.

He breathed in the scent of her as deeply as he could when he felt his balls touch her vulva. Lucy lay still at last when he began to move in and out and didn't make a sound.

Lucy had hoped he wouldn't want to fuck her anally anymore, and yet here she was getting fucked to the hilt in her tight, little butt. She squirmed as she felt his very hard

cock working its way in and out of her ass at an increasing tempo. The initial sensations and pain passing, she breathed deeply, finally able to truly focus as her body adjusted to the feel of the massive erection plowing her butt from behind. There was nothing more animalistic to her than getting fucked in that hole, it was far worse than having to put it in her mouth, at least then she could stimulate his cockhead with her hot tongue and make him cum. But she could do little now, only lay down and let him use her until he'd cum.

Keith seemed to think otherwise, moaning appreciatively when she accidentally tightened her ass on his cock. Keith licked his lips, already looking forward to dumping another load into the girl. He stretched out his arm to hold onto the edge of the large table, giving himself better leverage to ram his cock deeper into the little asshole, that in its turn sucked him in every time he thrust his hips forward.

He began fucking her little butt so roughly that the table rocked violently and moved from its place with every thrust. Her unsuccessful and desperate attempts of crawling away from under him, her squirming, and her sharp cries ringing his ears every time he bottomed out good and hard, overwhelmed all his senses, and he felt his deep-red, swollen cockhead burst and shoot ropes of hot cum deep into her bowels.

Keith could only groan as he rested his sweating body on top of her soft, delicate one, feeling his throbbing cock swell every time it spurted a creamy load into her ass.

Lucy felt how he deliberately held himself deep into her tight asshole as he came. She's never heard him breathe heavier than he did then. Lucy gasped as he nearly crushed her on the wooden table with his weight. She suspected he didn't hear nor notice, the only thing existing for him at the moment was her ass and his cock. It was the quickest and yet the most violent of fucks she had experienced. She squealed when Keith took his spent dick out, but felt he was still as hard as when he had entered her.

"If you don't finish your plate in three minutes, you won't get dessert," Keith panted as he quickly dressed. He didn't bother washing or cleaning, he just put his deflating cock in his underwear and zipped up his pants.

Lucy needed a minute before his words sank in. She looked next to her at the lasagna that had gone cold.

"Fine," Keith grumbled, "I'll have dessert though, because my mouth is dry from all the fucking I've been doing."

His heavy breathing and gasping for air had made his tongue dry as a bone. He looked in awe at her still bent over body and the little butthole he had fucked wide open.

He relented and helped her to her feet. He noticed she was wobbly as she balanced herself on one leg to put her panties on.

Lucy went to the bathroom, sighing as she looked at her reflection in the mirror. She was going to do homework, but Keith had decided fucking her asshole was her homework. No matter how nice she was to him or witnessing his sweet side, his sex-crazed mind of his would always interfere and destroy any romance they had going on. She knew what the end of the day would bring: just another rough fuck from the older man that called himself her boyfriend. And every next day. it would just repeat.

She sat on the toilet, squeezing and pressing as she used toilet paper to wipe her sore anus. She regretted not having brought her skirt with her and made her way back to the living room where Keith greeted her with a big smile, having just finished his dessert.

He bent through one knee as he held her skirt in her hands.

"Come," he encouraged her to lift one leg. She did, watching as Keith pulled on her skirt for her.

"I have the week off, so I can bring you to school tomorrow, no need to take the bus," he said, as he admired her tiny body for the thousandth time.

Lucy nodded and turned around.

"Where are you going, sweetheart?" she heard Keith ask in near panic.

"Homework."

"Of course!" Keith exclaimed happily. "I'm afraid I can't help you with that," he mused aloud in a low voice. "But I'll be checking in on you later. You can use my desk upstairs if you prefer to study in silence."

Lucy nodded and ascended the stairs. She grimaced as she sat on the chair. Half an hour later she was still staring at the same page of her book as the events of the day and their latest fuck flashed through her mind. She still felt Keith's cock in her ass and still heard his grunts and heavy breathing so loudly as if it was happening all over again.

Sometime later Keith walked in as he amiably greeted her with a cold drink in his hands.

"Here you go," he said as he bent down to place it on the table and looked at her panties, enjoying her skirt was still downstairs. He also placed a plate with an almond cake with powdered sugar on top of it on the desk.

"How's it going?" he asked with a warm smile as he looked over her shoulder at her book.

Lucy shrugged, not interested in small talk.

"If it was up to me, you stayed home this week with me. To get used to the place now that we're together. Besides, you don't even know if you really want to work in healthcare. And let me tell you, baby, you are too sensitive to deal with sick people every day. You'll be running off to me day one."

"Well, it's up to you of course," he added. He kissed her on her head and closed the door to give her the privacy she needed.

Lucy stared at the cake he had baked and closed her book without ever intending to open it again. Why study without believing in herself? Study without enjoying the subjects? Study without having a purpose? Keith was right about what he had said the other day. She had a house, a car, and an income in him. Why study? Before long she'd be pregnant anyway. She suspected she was already.

She didn't know any successful women, and no longer believed the lies of the media and TV. The only women she knew had kids and were obedient housewives. Keith may not be ideal, but at least she knew him all her life. Besides, men were all the same, thinking with their dick.

If she indeed would be pregnant Keith would marry her, her who he considered a lovely, young woman... but marrying her with her growing hatred of men would become his downfall.

She didn't feel like doing anything. She sighed, wondering what her mother would advise her in the situation she was in. Her mother's absence was a feeling she had never felt stronger than at that moment. She took the little fork in her hand and ate the cake, enjoying the outstanding baking qualities of Keith.

She took a long, hot shower. If Keith was serious about her moving in, the normally timid girl didn't think she needed to ask permission first.

Arriving downstairs, she was slightly embarrassed as she was very aware of Keith's blatant staring at her legs.

"I'm going to bed," she announced.

"Already?" Keith asked in surprise as he looked at the clock on the wall.

"I'm tired from fucking all day," she answered coldly. "And I'm not going to school tomorrow so don't wake me up. I want to sleep in."

She felt a strange tingling sensation in her belly and even lower when she locked eyes with Keith. She thought the tall, much older man was attractive in his own way. Shaking off her feelings she walked over toward Keith and regretting her bitchy words she kissed him on his cheek as a way of apologizing. She shyly looked away when she saw the approving grin on his face and his glistening eyes.

Keith smiled as he saw her walking up the stairs. It was the first sensible thing she had said all evening. His mind replayed those few but oh-so-lovely words she had said. That stunning girl was tired from fucking with him all day! He smiled from ear to ear. He couldn't think of a better compliment. But the best part had been when she said she

wasn't going to school tomorrow. He'd have the sexy thing all to himself for the entire day. He felt a pleasant tingle in his cockhead and balls when he thought about the possibilities. Maybe he could persuade her with gifts to suck him off in bed before he'd start the new day, or he could just wake her up by putting his cock in her mouth or pussy.

Lucy wore a shirt with long sleeves and pajama pants in bed. The bed was so large and soft that she felt like a queen. Everything in the house was of the highest quality. Even the toothbrush Keith had given her rotated in all directions and was as thick as two of her fingers combined.

Maybe life wasn't so bad after all? She felt her pussy tingle as she thought of the sex they'd had that day. Her cheeks flushed in shame as she felt herself becoming wet from the fantasy of calling Keith in and lowering her wet mouth on his hot and big cock. Keith had licked and sucked her so skillfully she thought only an experienced man could. She pushed her hand down into her panties and spread her legs wide. She wondered how long she would have before Keith would join her in bed.

Keith locked the front door and turned off the lights. Going upstairs, his eyes danced in sweet amusement and his dick swelled up to a full erection when he stared at the empty glass, and at the crumbs on his desk and on the empty plate. She had eaten the entire cake and drank all of her drink. It would guarantee a long, passionate night of fucking her brains out. He was ready for round five of that day.

Lucy quickly retracted her hand from under the covers when Keith walked into the bedroom.

"Hey, sweetheart," Keith smiled at seeing the beauty laying under the bedcovers. "Is it okay if I slip into bed with you?"

"Yes, of course, there's plenty of space left," Lucy answered, and to encourage him she moved aside to offer him the middle of the bed. "Is it not too early for you to go to bed?"

"I would rather lay awake in bed next to you than sit downstairs all by myself," Keith chuckled. He took off his clothes and saw she quickly gazed down at his semi-hard penis.

"C'mere girl and warm me up with that hot body of yours," he moaned deeply as he lay down in bed naked and pushed her closer to him.

Lucy's smooth leg moved over his as she snuggled up against him. Her hand rested on his arm, the muscles and hair leaving no doubt she was with a grown man.

"Do you love me?" Lucy asked, shyly burying her head into his chest.

"With every beat of my heart," Keith answered truthfully.

"How about those girls you regularly meet?" She held her breath, dreading the answer. Deep down she knew she started to love being the center of this man's world.

Keith shook his head while his eyes stared at her with an intensity she had never received from another man. "They're whores. A hole for my dick," Keith answered matter-of-factly, without any sense of embarrassment.

Lucy blushed, knowing how much he liked to have sex. She snuggled up to Keith even closer and then playfully punched him in the stomach. "You're hard!"

Keith stifled a laugh as his lips curved in a malicious smile.

"Are you ever not in the mood?" Lucy sighed accusingly as her hand went under the covers and started touching his hard chest and felt Keith's heart beating rapidly.

"Lucy..." he breathed, studying her eyes intently before he continued. "I have tried for years, but you've blossomed into such a stunning beauty. One I will not find anywhere else. All the times I came over to see your Dad you were there, prancing around in your PJs, giving me a goodnight kiss... Hmm... the feeling of falling in love so unknown to me I figured I was into young girls... thought the taboo of lusting after my best friend's

daughter gave me a kick. But then it became more than sexual desire, hmm yeah, I started wondering what it would be like to have you as my wife."

Lucy cast her eyes down, both from his words and the way he wolfishly gazed at her. She did not want to ponder his words and their meaning, but instead lowered her hand until her fingertips brushed his wild pubic hair. "I'm only doing this because I know you can't sleep with a hard-on," she whispered defensively and then clamped her hand tightly around his erection, squeezing it to check its firmness and springiness. Keith stifled a moan as he felt her little fingers holding his hard cock of her own volition.

With her free hand, Lucy lowered the covers until she could see the throbbing erection of the man she was in bed with. "You're so hard," she panted, confused that she was this worked up over seeing his naked body and feeling the heat of his cock glow into her palm. It impressed her that a confident, older man like him got so excited just from laying next to her.

Keith stroked her long blonde hair affectionately, happily submitting himself to her for the moment. Lucy felt an aroused tingling sensation in her belly traveling down below. She did not know why but she longed for the mature man. She was wet and in heat, yet too timid to act upon it. She gasped with hot excitement when she heard a heavy moan escaping Keith's lips the moment she started to jerk him off.

The look on his face was of a happy man. She managed to smile, but inwardly she was furious at seeing Keith smile back and at herself for doing this. His handsome smile infuriated her. And yet she felt helpless. She was in his bedroom. In his domain. With his erection in her hand.

"You're such a sweetheart," Keith whispered, obsessed with lust and desire for her.

Feeling genuine happiness upon hearing those words, Lucy kissed him. With no one else left, she wanted to make sure she wouldn't lose him too. His hands reaching, groping, his hot skin quivering with lust, she knew Keith yearned to be touched. He had eaten her pussy and in return she removed the covers all the way from his body, looking one more time at the swollen member and the veins swelling with lust.

Keith panted and held his breath as his large hands squeezed her full, feminine hips possessively. "Lucy..." he wooed. He swallowed but was rendered speechless by her beauty and innocence.

Lucy stepped out of bed and undressed until she was naked. Keith's eyes gave away the great interest he had in the blonde. She crawled into bed on her feet and hands but was stopped when she was only halfway. The cock of her father's friend suddenly loomed large in front of her face.

"I wouldn't be surprised if you never wanted to lay eyes on me again," Keith whispered, knowing exactly what she wanted to hear.

However, unknown to himself, his eyes had a kindness and intensity that warmed Lucy's heart. The friendly smile on his face seemed caring and almost loving, clearly showing how delighted he was to have her in his bed. Lucy felt like she was the only person in the world Keith was paying attention to. She couldn't help but like being needed this way. Nobody had ever needed her the way Keith did.

Heat coursed through her and she felt the tears of bitterness, joy and sadness stinging her eyes when Keith held up his cock, just mere inches removed from her parted lips. She looked up at his face as his free hand stroked back her long hair. His honey-brown eyes were staring right back at hers, dark and demanding like he owned her. The world went dark when Lucy closed her eyes and carefully lifted his strong masculine hand from his cock and replaced it with her soft feminine hand. Wrestling with her conscience she opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue.

"Yessss... you little thing!" Keith wooed lustfully, watching his throbbing cock, so very hard for the young girl on her knees above him, disappear into her mouth.

The use of her wet, little tongue pleased him immensely, and he looked down in pride when she caved in her cheeks and started sucking. Keith liked putting his tongue into her mouth and cunt, but this he liked the most. This was his drug. He'd become addicted to the little cocksucker. Words failed him and instead, he let his hands do the talking for him. He bobbed her head in his lap, gazing in awed silence at the glisten of saliva on his hard shaft every time Lucy's mouth reached the tip of his swollen penis.

Driven by pure instinct he began bucking up his hips. She'd had her lips around his rod of flesh for mere seconds before he had taken over. Lucy let it happen, feeling a chill run down her spine when two rough hands grabbed her hair so he could thrust into her wet mouth exactly at the pace he wanted. Keith, spurred on by her nails digging into his hairy legs, moaned deeply as his balls swung back and forth. He sighed in pride and joy, knowing other women wouldn't put up with this.

When he began to use her mouth with force, Lucy held it open as wide as she could, afraid to scrape him with her teeth and focused herself on breathing through her nose. Every time his cockhead bumped against the opening of her throat she steadied herself on his belly, convinced that he wanted her throat too.

Keith, however, slowed down to a leisurely pace, not concentrating on Lucy's sucking and licking, but instead feasting his eyes on the sexy blonde's adorable face. She looked even better with his cock pumping in and out of her mouth. The girl held her lips wide open and took the mouthfucking in silence, almost as if her mouth existed for this purpose.

Lucy's ears were rewarded with an appreciative moan every time her head came back up and licked around the hot tip of his penis. Keith lifted her chin a little, softly rubbing his thumb over the soft side of her pretty face, completely fascinated by the way she

sucked cock. She wasn't just doing it because she thought she had to. The little girl enjoyed giving head to him.

Lucy softly breathed, smelling the odor of Keith and of the hard cock in her mouth that demanded all her attention. She knew it was expected of girls to help their boyfriend reach orgasm, to make them cum. With her eyes being closed, Keith's hand, coarsened by working outside all year round, startled her from her thoughts. His touch was gentle though. She felt his other hand on the palm of her hand, laying next to his body.

All Keith wanted out of life was a sweet girl with a pussy as tight as legally possible, who didn't shy away from slutty acts like the one she was performing on him then. Lucy did so without any form of protest, and he smiled his deeply satisfied smile knowing he had taken all three of her holes.

"I got nothing but adoration for you. You'll make a dutiful wife someday!" Keith grunted. He winked when her bright blue eyes looked up at him. The look of innocence was still there on the face of the petite little thing that stood a little over five feet tall, and it hardened his cock. Lucy felt it on her tongue, and then heard the gasping breath of Keith when her palm accidentally leaned on both his heavy, hairy balls.

In an attempt to avoid the unpleasant taste of man cum Lucy quickly pulled Keith's dick out of her mouth, two sticky strings of cum hitting her nose and cheek.

Keith was not amused and snarled, "put it back in!" His eyebrows lowered and his eyes stared directly at her face, and Lucy knew him well enough to know he was very mad at her. "Put it--" he panted angrily, taking his cock in hand as the next splash of cum hit Lucy's lips. He groaned when she opened them and took his spurting cock inside her hot mouth again. "Please try to understand, little cocksucker..." Keith panted breathlessly, "If you stop now it'd be worse than never having done anything."

As she breathed in, the dripping warm, creamy load tickling her nostrils caused her to pull back, but Keith pushed his cock right back in. He wiped the cum off her nose, looking at it in disgust and then grabbed her long, shiny blonde hair, using it as leverage to force her mouth down on him again and again, pumping her mouth full, meanwhile purposely smearing his cum on her hair.

"Yes, just like that!" Keith panted with an open mouth, happily shooting load after load.

Lucy felt just like a whore as Keith began to bob her head quickly up and down on his hard cock, spurting the last powerful jets of cum before it reduced to weaker, smaller ones. Keith's trembling hands let go of her hair. His cock had pumped out most but it was still fully erect. Keith's heavy moans filled the bedroom, feeling her stay right on the head to milk it all out. It was followed by Lucy audibly swallowing his big load of hot cum.

He panted as her soft lips let go of his cockhead, meanwhile still feeling his cock flexing and throbbing violently as if wanting to cover the cute girl's face with more jizz. Lucy lowered her head onto Keith's chest, tasting him on her tongue and in her throat. She didn't think she could ever get used to Keith's fountain of semen.

Relieved by having blown his load he apologetically smiled at her, knowing he had essentially used the young girl as a cumdump. He pulled the bedcovers over their naked bodies and kissed her to sleep. With his need sucked out of him Keith drifted off in a peaceful sleep.

Not much later Lucy woke up. She felt an unfamiliar desire for a man's body. The hard flesh she felt on her touching fingertips was what she craved in particular. To her surprise, she was soaking wet. She did not understand why but she crawled on top of Keith's tall body, desiring that cock of his that stood up firm and hard.

She grabbed the pulsing cock in her small hand but then hesitated. Her other hand traveled down her belly to her pussy. It was smooth and small compared to the hairy mess and the rigid boner between Keith's legs. Her finger touched her clit... she panted a little and her bosom heaved as she thought back about how Keith had plunged his tongue into her there, and had licked and sucked her clit. He even seemed to have enjoyed that, not at all annoyed by the wetness on his face. Her thoughts drifted further to Keith savagely taking her ass on the dinner table, and the heavy breathing and moans every time he bottomed out. She could still feel the girth and length of his cock in her snug asshole.

Keith pretended to be asleep but he had woken up as soon as her soft, manicured hand started exploring his cock. Getting hard this early in his sleep and after having just cum in her mouth he knew it wasn't a night erection. It was because her body lay partly on top of his. Even in his sleep, his cock demanded her.

Lucy slipped off him, spread her legs, and tentatively ran her fingers over her smooth pussy which was wet and hot with need. When she rammed two fingers inside, her big blue eyes only focused on the big penis next to her. She bit her lip as she fantasized it was that cock that fucked her. Normally, she'd go soft and slowly, but she understood it was not the way of men. Her fingers went in and out faster, meanwhile bucking up her hips like Keith when he fucked her.

Keith's balls tingled when the smell of wet pussy hit his nose. He had so hoped she would lower herself on him, but he didn't mind doing it for her.

"You're horny, sweetie?"

Lucy's mind only registered sensations and lust. As soon as she saw the predatory look in Keith's eyes she knew she was no longer in charge.

"Get the fuck on my cock now," Keith growled, effortlessly landing her body on top of his erection. He moved Lucy up and down a little until his large cock found its way into her hole.

Lucy's conscience was a ticking time bomb, telling her she was betraying her father's trust, and that she shouldn't be in bed with a middle-aged man.

"Now, isn't that comfy?" Keith asked breathlessly.

"W-what's happening to me? I feel like I'm floating," Lucy stammered.

"Ssh, sweetie... you're just feeling a little horny."

But it was more than that. It was almost like she was in a different kind of reality, with odd thoughts and sharpened senses. Keith's hot tongue in her mouth, the sharp salty smell of him, his cock deep within her, and his hairy body underneath her penetrated her bewildered senses. When his hands began to rub her clit and felt up her tits she started to ride him. Keith had become too attached to her, there was no going back anymore. Without her father's care, Lucy began to believe this was her destiny.

A real man doesn't hesitate when he finds the right woman, and Keith was an expert in her opinion. Whenever he sensed she was a little nervous he'd intimidate her. Yearning and horror warred within her young body as she rode his cock and felt the warmth of his body underneath her. Lucy knew that despite her actions her eyes showed her anxiety.

Keith inhaled deeply, sniffing the air of sex, but Lucy knew that of the five senses Keith appreciated vision the most. His expressive eyes danced in amusement as he watched Lucy bounce up and down on his hard cock. She was panting heavily and her heart beat erratically seeing how much joy she gave her Dad's friend.

"Why do you tempt me like this?" Keith asked with a look of mock surprise. "Always keeping your pussy smoothly shaven, open and wet for me so I can fuck you."

Lucy felt happy, giddy, flushed, and warm all at once. "Shut up," she panted as she straightened her back, really starting to bounce up and down with her body. Every time the entire length of his shaft plunged into her it was accompanied by a heavy moan from the both of them.

Keith watched her swinging perky tits in absolute delight. She could interrupt his sleep any time if this is what the little, sexy nymph had in mind.

He loved it but he longed to dominate her just as much and put her in her place, that place being right under his cock as she braced herself for his hard thrusts. And yet, this was something special and exciting, to see the young girl lose herself in the sex, a little

shy but obviously enjoying riding his rock-hard cock. She'd lost herself in the relationship she had with him. She was here in his house, in his bed, to please him.

And he was right. Lucy craved his attention, the way he stared at her tits and ass like no other man had. She overlooked all the negative indicators that might be warnings not to get involved. She craved the feel-good chemicals in her brain when she had sex with Keith, and couldn't help but love being needed this way. Being seen by a man. Liked by a man. Loved by him at night in his bed. She liked the way he stroked her hair and took care of her in a way her father never was able to. Being around Keith alleviated the emptiness and horrible loneliness she felt. She yearned for all of it, like a drug she could no longer live without. She did not want those happy feelings to go away. She knew she became increasingly preoccupied with and dependent upon Keith, seeing less of her friends and spending most of her time with him but she failed to see the wrong in that.

The only thing Keith desired then was for her not to be shy anymore, and to let him fuck her without any struggle. He wondered what she'd be like in a couple of hours when the effect of what he had given her would wear off.

A lot had happened in her life, and Lucy didn't know any better than for this mood to be a part of her. She had changed and evolved into a young woman, horny and not shy to be with a man. Her pussy was meant for one thing which was to be filled with hard flesh and Keith's eight-inch cock was perfect. She rode his dick for a good five minutes, half amazed Keith let her without interfering. She stared at his face, his rough hands that for once lay there without pinching or feeling her soft skin. His age didn't bother her, and neither did his smug smile.

"Fuck you Keith!" she moaned in anger, scratching his chest in just the right way to make him shiver. Her other hand traveled down, over his stomach to where their bodies became one. "Is this all you can think of? Getting your cock wet with my cunt, yeah? Hmm, you can have it. And your cock better stay hard!" she hissed, the room filling with the sound of their bodies fucking, her little cunt ignoring its tightness, bouncing on his big dick like a whore.

Overwhelmed by the fire in her eyes and her talking about his cock like that, Keith's powerful body involuntarily shook beneath her. Lucy combined all the strength in her small, lithe body and used all of her lightweight to fuck him.

Keith was treated to a wet, squeezing pussy and two hands grabbing his throat. Stunned he felt his cock flex hard and shoot semen... his eyes rolling back while Lucy's pussy lifted up and down on his erection, her screams filling the room. Lucy kept him firmly in place, keeping her squirting, little cunt sealed around Keith's throbbing cock. Her heart skipped as her fingers closed around his neck, seeing the effect she had on Keith, the power she had over him. He just lay there, shaking and moaning vigorously. She felt a mad desire to moan together with him.

They lay there together, recovering in their sweat, while Keith wondered if she had second thoughts. His hand stroked her hair again and again, as if wanting to reward her and let her know she had done well. His eyes were starting to get heavy, and embracing her tight body he dozed off, haunted by vivid dreams of sex.

When he woke up, Lucy had already left. He texted her and was relieved she agreed he would pick her up at school when she was done. When he did she was quiet but Keith didn't want to press her. As long as she allowed his cock in her pussy he was satisfied. The chatting would come naturally.

Wanting to make amends for the past, Keith cooked dinner for her. He couldn't fix things for her Dad but he had to show Lucy she could live a good life with him.

"So, how was school?" Keith asked with a happy smile as he served the food.

"You want to know what I learned today?"

Keith nodded. He was genuinely interested, his mind wandering to her male teachers and how jealous they would be of him if they knew.

"I learned about OCD today. It's a disorder that leads to repetitive behaviors, up to the point where these obsessions and compulsions interfere with daily activities and cause significant distress. They try to ignore it, to stop it, to get rid of it forever but it only increases their distress and anxiety. Ultimately, they feel driven to perform compulsive acts to try to ease their stress. Despite efforts to ignore or get rid of bothersome thoughts or urges, they simply keep coming back. This leads to more ritualistic behavior -- the vicious cycle of OCD. It reminded me of you, Keith." She paused before she continued. "You're a sex addict. You need to fuck, fuck, fuck. I bet you've been thinking about fucking me the second you picked me up from school."

A faint smile and a sharp breath of air through his nostrils was the only indication that Keith was amused by this.

"Do you not have anything to say for yourself?" Lucy asked in an annoyed voice.

Keith chuckled as he looked up at her pretty face. The conversation made her all the more innocent and sweet.

"You're wrong. I know what you speak of, my mother had it, she kept checking doors and windows until one day she just stayed inside. I don't have this disease because fucking is something I enjoy doing. People with compulsive disorders do things they don't like."

"I spoke with my history teacher today," Lucy announced. "I told him my boyfriend wants sex during the day and even in the middle of the night. He told me that wasn't okay. That I have a saying in this too."

"Of course he did," Keith laughed knowingly. "He's a married man and would gladly empty his bank account if he could just once empty his balls in a cutie like you. Unfortunately for him it will never happen and he knows it. That's why he wants to deny me this, out of jealousy. I bet he liked talking to you about sex, though. School's doing you no good, Lucy... I haven't been to school much and look at me."

"I wish you weren't such an airheaded, selfish man thinking with your dick nine out of nine times. Maybe I could love you then." Lucy raked a hand through her hair, but even something as normal as that reminded her of Keith's breath in her hair, his hands touching it.

Keith sighed. "I love you, baby. Aren't you happy with the gold necklace I gave you?"

"Well, yes..." Lucy agreed.

"If I'm not mistaken I seem to remember you enjoyed yourself last night," Keith stated matter of factly.

"How about me enjoying the moment for once?" Lucy spat as her eyes narrowed. "How about me not blaming you for everything? How about how good it feels to finally forgive you?"

"What are you talking about? You like fucking as much as me."

"I'm pregnant Keith. I'm carrying your child." She kept her eyes glued to his face, wanting to see the response in those expressive eyes of his.

With all the fucking and ramming the back of her pussy and planting his semen there, purposely shooting his copious amount of seed as deep inside her as he could, he was clearly actively trying to impregnate her. Keith wouldn't even warn her about it, and every time she'd end up with a surprise creampie of fifteen strong, creamy spurts until eventually she got used to it. She became more convinced and worried with every creampie though.

It didn't come as a surprise when she found out he had knocked her up. From mother nature's point of view, the late teenage years are prime breeding years, and Keith didn't exactly waste time.

The emotion in his voice was unmistakable. "Come here... and let me feel... Lucy."

She stood up and timidly made her way over to him. It was like she wanted him to accept the baby, and when Keith's palm touched her just above her panties and started moving it higher Lucy stepped closer until she placed her hands in his neck, smiling coyly when she saw the raw emotion on his face. "Will you be a good Dad?"

"Yes," Keith laughed wholeheartedly, not missing the profound meaning behind her words. He searched for the right words to describe what was going on inside his beating heart but failed and wished he was as good with words as those poets and philosophers. "I'll take good care of you both and see protecting you as my life purpose."

"You'll have to, Keith. Because I'm going to be a college dropout and end up home. Wasn't it you who said a mother's place was in the home? Besides, who would hire me now?"

"Don't worry about all that, baby," Keith grunted. "I've got money, you stay home and take care of the baby. We have to move though. Come with me to Canada? This is the perfect time. Your father won't be able to stop you now. And when the baby is born he'll come and visit us. Come leave with me and I'll give you the life you've always dreamed of. You'll be my princess and I'll be your king."

Lucy watched him in amazement; Keith's eyes were hopeful but searching, his smile engaging and reassuring, yet the desperation showed on his face.

Her father would never allow her to live her life with his friend, but she was wise enough to make her own choices. If her father had taken his responsibilities she wouldn't be in this situation. Keith had taken her virginity while her father was chilling downstairs.

Ever passive around Keith she wanted to believe him, listen to him, and obey him. It was the only thing that was familiar to her. She looked up to him, and being found attractive made her feel good and confident. She was no longer little, she was with an adult man and wanted to be treated like an adult, have adult conversations, and be looked at with adult eyes. With a child on the way, she wanted him at her side. She was convinced he'd dote on her, embrace her as his wife and forget about the other women. Lucy wanted to give her child the best start in life.

"I need you, Keith," Lucy stammered in a dropping voice, close to confessing her feelings.

"I'll always be here for you!" Keith confessed as he stood up and lifted Lucy in his arms. "You'll always remain my little girl though, mom or otherwise."

Lucy squealed when he lifted her high in the air with enormous pride.

"Look at you, you're a mother now! You make me so happy! You're going to stay with me, right? You're not going to run off to those pigs in blue, are you?" he asked with a wicked smile.

"Fuck those pigs in blue. They are not going to help me. Who else is going to help me take care of my little baby?" she asked, being rewarded with a broad smile. The sincere love she had seen in him had confused her at first, but she believed it was genuine, and now that he was bound to her and became a father everything would change.

"You'll never be more beautiful than you are now. Lucy, you're so young..." he whispered, holding her in a tight hug as her legs closed around him. "If you don't come

with me to Canada I'll just throw you over my shoulder and sneak you out of the country."

Lucy first didn't notice but when he kept staring she realized he was looking at her breasts. They exchanged a glance in silence, but she could tell by the boner in his pants he was excited and craved sex. When Keith blatantly pressed his hard-on against her she knew he was still very much sexually attracted to her and that it was only a matter of time before he'd be on top of her.

Knowing that he was passing a message was good enough for Keith. He just smiled, pressing his erection into her soft body. He smiled even broader when she cast her eyes down in shame.

"Let's put one more baby in your belly. Wouldn't it be nice to have a twin?" It may have been a question but the answer didn't interest him. This was the perfect time to turn her into a dutiful wife. "Sweetie, I'm going to put you down now, you're getting heavy," Keith spoke hoarsely.

The anticipation of what was going to happen left Lucy trembling on her legs. Knowing what was behind the tent in his pants she couldn't help it.

Her thoughts weren't unknown to Keith. Some may call it corruption and abuse of power, and he suspected people would gossip and joke about their relationship once they found out, saying he was preying on young girls, or even worse, saying she dated older men for a reason, stereotyping her as a golddigger. But they would overcome these difficulties, and with a baby on the way now it would raise an eyebrow here or there but what did he care?

It was likely all of this concerned the young woman, but a fresh start is what Lucy needed. They needed to move and build a life together. Away from those prying eyes and shocked parents that did not understand or those hypocrites who wanted nothing more than to have what he had.

She was a lovely girl, healthy and very clever, with no daddy issues on her part or holding up her hand, she was adorable and shy, and now she'd become pregnant. He'd push the stroller as much as he could, with her at his side for the world to see. She needed to know that it was nothing to be ashamed of. He'd provide for his family and the only thing he desired from her was kids and to be a good housewife.

It was inevitable that he would take on a nurturing and guiding, almost parental role in the relationship, but he sensed that was exactly what the darling needed. He longed to see her baby bump and her breasts swollen with milk, while she depended on him, letting him buy food for her, trusting him with the life of the precious life inside her, asking him questions, seeking his guidance in life, and the oh so many little things that he just loved to be a part of, her little hand in his, seeking his strength as she balanced

herself on one foot, the times she'd be helplessly lost and lonely in a foreign country, looking forward to seeing him come home from work again.

His thoughts raced as he lay her on the bed and stroked the soft skin of the girl he loved more than anything.

"I-- I want to tell my Dad," Lucy stammered, staring straight into Keith's eyes.

"Why?"

"He's going to be a granddad. I want him to know."

Keith nodded. "After our child is born, otherwise he might... he might respond in another way than one you might like."

"He needs to know now!" Lucy spoke loudly as she sat up in the bed, pushing Keith off her in the process. "He deserves to know. He's my father and--"

"Your father has a lot on his mind right now," Keith roughly cut her off. "He will assume our boss made you pregnant, and honestly I don't think it's the right time to tell him it was me."

Admittedly, it made him feel ashamed but he could do without Liam's drama in his life.

"We'll invite him over once the baby is born. We'll tell him I take care of you both and uh... that we have two bedrooms, one for you, one for me. That way he won't get suspicious. He trusts me."

Lucy stifled a laugh. "Are you afraid of my Dad? Is brave Keith scared my Daddy's going to rescue his little girl, his paternal instinct finally kicking in to beat the living shit out of his former best friend?"

"Don't be ridiculous." Keith laughed a little. "He looks up to me. It will be awkward in the beginning but everything will be all right in the end. We will remain friends for life."

He spoke in a confident manner and it matched his belief in himself. The trick was to let Liam think he was the one that drove his daughter into his arms. Had Liam not asked him to take care of her? To look after her? Well, then he should be prepared for the consequences.

Everything Keith hoped for happened. Lucy did go with him, on the condition she could visit her friend Melissa and her Dad as much as she wanted to. Keith worked hard and

at night fucked her just as hard, telling her it'd be good for her pregnancy. When her belly swelled he told her the doctor had told him it's good for labor.

Keith hid the disappointment from her when she gave him a daughter. Even though he was happy for her, and would love his daughter he longed to have a son and teach him his profession.

"Let me have a son," he begged one evening.

It had been a while, even for Keith. Lucy wouldn't let him near her pussy, only using her mouth on him to give him release.

The girl, young and willing to please, let him inside her again, and soon was left with another fresh creampie. She didn't think she'd get pregnant so soon after her first child, but her body, young and fertile welcomed the man's semen, melting with her egg and growing inside her womb.

The desire to please led to obsession. Boundaries became blurred so she started to accept Keith's point of view. Up to the point where decisions revolved around the needs and authority of him alone.

Keith's sex drive was something she struggled to keep up with at times, but according to him 'no matter how much your wife or girlfriend says she loves you, if you don't fuck her properly, there's a lot of chances she could cheat on you'. She'd tell him she didn't even meet people, staying inside the house most of the time to take care of her young baby but it fell on deaf ears. Keith wooed, talking her into the bed whenever their babygirl was asleep. It was as if seeing the result of their coupling increased his libido, resulting in unbridled bestial pleasure, the sexual hunger in Keith only growing.

There were times when Lucy wished she had never met Keith, but when Melissa showed her school books and pictures of some cute schoolboy she was in love with, Lucy felt herself grow apart from her best friend.

Just one glance at her babygirl smiling as her little hand grabbed at her and her doubts vanished. There was no doubt in her mind Keith would die for his child. Could anyone ever love her daughter as much? Lucy did not know her role as his wife was quite different than most wives, and she felt miserable her father was on the outs with Keith, but she felt gratitude as well; Keith worked hard to provide for his family, and after having worked in the burning sun not one complaint would escape his lips.

She was greeted by an ever-smiling Keith who kissed baby Nikki and her before he disappeared into the shower. She'd cook for him and then at night between getting up to feed the baby she would suck him off. Soon Keith demanded more and told her it'd be a quickie. Lucy was glad she could sleep in the next day and recover, and was astonished Keith had enough strength left to have sex with her three times a night.

In the morning he would often wake her up with his erection, wanting her to be awake and aware and submissive to him. There were times though when he'd just stare at the cradle next to their king-sized bed, the emotion in his eyes so unfamiliar to her it was almost heartbreaking. One morning Keith extended his finger, touching Nikki's cheeks with his fingertips and he started to speak. Lucy did not know whether Keith knew she was awake but she could hear him whisper to their babygirl, "Daddy's very lucky to have married your Mommy. I've been restless all my life, but I am at peace within my heart, with my decisions and the future that awaits."

Lucy turned to her side, choking back the tears. All the time she'd look at her daughter she knew that... that lovely... lovely little girl... was born out of... out of rape. Her having been coerced into sex was a deep, dark secret she'd forever hide from her daughter. But there was another side to this man, a loving and caring side that had shown more and more since she'd given birth. She sighed in contentment. Maybe Keith wasn't as bad as her father had told her the last time they spoke when he almost shattered her hopes of living a normal life.

Yet, alone, cut off from her friends and father, with no driver's license, Lucy was at the mercy of the whims of Keith. When her birthday came he gave her another necklace that made a lot of noise so he could know where she was at all times. Not asking or considering her opinion he put it around her neck, controlling another person like he had never controlled anyone before.

To Keith this was perfectly fine. In the domain of the family, a father held authority over women and children. Women should only focus on motherhood and being good wives. She needed to love him unconditionally. He was married now and wanted to be liked, loved and appreciated. As his wife and lover he expected unconditional love, both physically and emotionally. If she wanted to keep his honor she should be there to support him, stand by his side and be available and take care of his needs. It'd prove that she loved and cared for him.

He was delighted she was everything he desired in a woman. Lucy treated him with love and respect. She was ever patient, cooked for him, and took care of all the household duties with no help from him who played his role in providing the money. She sought his opinion, dressed up the way he liked, accepted him as he was, and last but not least did activities of his interest (mainly sex) bringing them closer as a couple. She put him first and sought his opinion. What pleased Keith just as much is that they had developed a sense of humor, and how he could make her laugh.

Lucy quickly adapted to her new life. But there was one thing in particular that bothered her... She didn't know much about him. Keith's past, his friends, his parents, they were topics Keith didn't want to talk about, telling her she 'done all right for a girl', with a shifty, rather criminal smirk on his face, an evil glint in his eyes. She had successfully secured a male to provide for all her needs for the rest of her life, he would say.

Lucy naively thought that Keith wanted so much sex for the purpose of begetting a son, but she soon found out that such nobility and unselfishness couldn't be expected from a man like him. He demanded sex every day. Lucy learned to curb her opinions and thoughts to ensure peace. She served and obeyed his demands.

"We are all sexual beings and the act of cumming inside is a natural, primal, and instinctual one," Keith would tell her. "Besides, being physically wrapped around your womanhood is an incredibly emotional experience I can't get enough of, on top of that I believe it's in a woman's blood to crave being claimed and bred, know what I mean?" He smiled when he asked.

Lucy took off the ridiculous gift Keith had given her before opening the door to let her friend in. Melissa had traveled the last miles by taxi, glad to finally see her friend after so long. They had lots to talk about but the first thing Mel did was take the baby in her arms. Lucy didn't have many people to show off her baby to and swelled with pride.

Keith emerged and hugged his young wife's friend. Feeling her young breasts he held on a little longer than necessary.

"Look at you, you haven't aged a day. Still the lovely young girl I remember!"

Melissa giggled, blushing heavily at the older man's compliment. "You don't look bad yourself, Keith."

Keith chuckled in amusement. "I have a young family to take care of, it keeps me young. And believe me Mel, I've never felt such strong urges to make a baby. I guess it's my mind telling me a girl her age ensures healthier offspring and to grasp the opportunity. In the end, what can I do? It's hard-wired into men to put a baby in a woman's belly."

"Uh, yeah... I guess so," Melissa laughed.

"You don't think I'm too old, do you?" Keith asked, flashing her a smile.

"No, no way, absolutely not!" Melissa replied defensively.

"So, tell me..." Keith said as he looked at Nikki. "When you look at our little girl, do you feel any desire to have a baby yourself? A sweet babygirl like her... so little, so sweet, a mini version of yourself... wouldn't that be nice? To let go of your studies and stay home and just relax all day, playing with your child... let your man take care of you?"

"That doesn't sound so bad," Mel said somewhat perplexed, astonished by Keith's attention for her but he had always been kind.

"Not at all," Keith nodded in agreement. "It works well for Lucy. She told me she's never been happier now that I have given her a baby. We are planning on more children. Many women my age are coping with infertility so I can honestly say I feel flattered her body responds this way. And now that I see you with our baby this thought washed over me how fun it would be for Lucy if you'd have a kid too. It'd bond the two of you, one I can't explain."

"Oh... maybe with the right man," Melissa confessed somewhat nervously.

"So you do like the idea of having kids?" Keith asked with a grin.

"Yeah, of course!"

"You know what needs to be done to get those nice babies, yeah?"

"Yeah," Melissa laughed shyly.

'What am I, invisible?' Lucy thought, seeing Keith laugh as he continued talking to her friend, while Melissa giggled, her face reddening.

"It's why mankind still exists, because it feels real good for a man to... make babies."

"I guess so," Mel laughed.

"I know so," Keith explained to her. He turned and smiled at Lucy before he continued talking to Melissa. "We do it in the morning before I leave for work, before we go to sleep and in the middle of the night when Lucy's done with breastfeeding."

"Oh, that's... nice," Mel replied, a little shocked by her friend's sex drive.

"Three to five times a day. Just a heads up for what awaits a pretty girl as young as you." Keith laughed and Mel giggled along, blushing at the subject but kinda liking how he was so open about their sex life.

Lucy felt a brief flash of jealousy and thought it to be very inappropriate of Keith to tell Mel about the frequency of their lovemaking. But she was much more shocked at what else he had to say.

"Lucy likes to be on top. She may seem shy but she has a wild side only I know."

"Keith, I-- can you change her diaper?" Lucy interrupted their conversation.

Keith took the baby in his hands and left, smiling to himself when he did. It may embarrass his pretty wife but he liked to brag about it, especially to women, and Mel was the only girl whom he could share this with. He could tell she liked hearing it, knowing it. She must have had her own thoughts about her young friend burning all bridges and leaving with her much older boyfriend, pregnant at eighteen.

Lucy asked Mel about her studies and her mom, but Mel's mind was elsewhere; Lucy sat on top of Keith's dick, seven or eight inches Mel remembered her admitting, fucking herself in the middle of the night, right after she had taken care of their little baby. Lucy was a little slut she concluded in a fit of jealousy. It wouldn't surprise her if they did it a couple of times in the middle of the night, while they were half asleep.

She herself was still a virgin, untouched by a man, playing with her pussy when she felt horny, while her best friend already gave birth. She felt jealous of Lucy's financial stability, Keith's car, and the house Keith and Lucy lived in, even though her friend had not worked a day in her life.

That evening Keith had sex on his mind like every day when the sun went down, and he felt a thrilling desire to prove to their guest that he wasn't kidding when he had told her his wife liked fucking.

He had waited, up in his bedroom, until they said their goodnights and Melissa disappeared into the guest room.

"Hey," he smiled, glancing at Lucy coming in while he undressed.

"Hey, didn't see you much this evening."

"Yeah, thought I'd give you girl time. She's a nice girl your friend. I've always liked her... Come to think of it, she's one of the coolest people I know."

"What makes you say that?"

"Oh, I don't know," Keith shrugged nonchalantly, "she's cool with me, not bothered by my age at all. If anything, she seems to see it as a plus. I like that."

Melissa heard them talking. She couldn't make out what they were saying but she did overhear Keith mentioning her name. In a weird way, she felt left out, alone in this bedroom with the waterbed on the ground while they were snuggled together with an adorable baby at their side. The more of the house she saw the more she envied her friend. Her boyfriend was richer than any boys their age and his laid-back attitude and the casual mention of sex intrigued her. She thought it was kind of sad for Lucy that her father did not accept Keith as his son-in-law. She laughed at the absurdity of it; her own father was of the same generation as Lucy's husband.

"Not now, Keith, Melissa is next door!" Lucy whimpered. Little did she know it excited the man, it turned him on to let Melissa know what he did to sexy girls. Maybe she'd even get horny.

"Be a little happy and more interesting. My boring day needs a lift."

Lucy pulled down her PJs until she was completely naked. She recognized the hunger in Keith's eyes and she smiled a little. "A quickie then." When she saw him naked and excited she giggled, a little louder than needed. "You're hard for me?"

"Yes," Keith grunted. "And I always get my way!"

Lucy sank on all fours, presenting her body to him. She whimpered a little when he entered her in one hard thrust. She chose this position for a reason. It was his favorite and thinking back about the flirtatious behavior of her friend she felt a sick desire to get back at her and prove that she was Keith's 'favorite girl'.

Keith immediately went at it, forcing her to bounce off of him every time he thrust forward, reaching under her to grab at her swinging tits. When Lucy begged him to go slower it almost ruined the mood for him.

"Be quiet and let me! If you scream I'll fuck you even harder!"

The skin-to-skin contact of their bodies excited her though and she moved his hand over her breasts, as Keith kept banging into her from behind. She braced herself, she hated it when he took her this roughly, and to her there was little love in it.

Deep down, the thought of Keith having sex with Mel scared her. She'd do anything to keep him.

"Fuck me, Keith!"

The sounds coming from their bedroom came as no surprise to Melissa, but when it became rather loud, the bed creaking and Keith moaning, Melissa had trouble falling asleep, the thoughts and images of them fucking racing through her brain.

In the meantime, Keith had put Lucy on her back and enthusiastically licked her smoothly shaven pussy, licking her from bottom to top. The lips were red and swollen from the hard fucking, his tongue in her as deep as it went.

"Love you," he whispered, planting a wet kiss on her slit. He moved his tongue over it, deliberately avoiding her little clit. He stifled a laugh when she started moving her body into his mouth.

He licked her slit, moving higher over her body until he took her perky breast into his mouth, sucking on it.

"Keith, don't..."

"Uhhmf," Keith moaned as he stuck his tongue in her mouth. "They just look so sexy," he breathed. He smiled and lowered his head in her lap. "I'm going to eat your pussy now."

He buried his face there while his hands trailed down her skinny legs. Inhaling the sweet aroma of her little pussy, he pressed his nose against it and began rooting like a pig. He liked seeing her wet and he wanted her to cum, and tongued her tiny nub of flesh, inserting two fingers in her little hole.

Lucy was a doll in his hands and she wondered what the future held for her. How many more kids did Keith want? Even though he was rough and insensible he was a good lover, and a good father too.

Her face reddened, her back arched, her fingers dug into his skull and she felt her heart skyrocket. Melissa had never experienced this, but she had a man between her legs, her husband and he loved licking her cunt. She gasped feeling his hot tongue licking her clit while she started fucking herself on his fingers.

Suddenly Keith crawled on top of her, moaning as he took his dick in hand and a jet of cum hit her face. More loads followed, Keith moaning between his breaths. "Take it in your mouth, darling." He turned and lowered his body, licking her pussy at the same time Lucy took him into her hot, little mouth.

Her breathing quickened with him, sucking his cockhead while Keith's stiff tongue licked her sensitive flesh. With one jerky movement of her hips, she came.

Melissa's cheeks flushed with embarrassment hearing her friend having an orgasm, but she also felt a flush of excitement at hearing them having sex.

Keith had interrogated Lucy about her friend and knew for some time then that she was a virgin. Thinking about the girl, in her bedroom, listening to their fucking sent him over the edge and made him cum, but his thought went further than that. He knew he had to have her. He wanted to be her first. He, an older man taking her virginity just like he had taken Lucy's. He was hard for the next few hours and waited until after Lucy was sound asleep. He slipped out of bed, his heart beating loudly, and glancing at Nikki the gnawing guilt in his conscience nearly overwhelmed him, but his manly need too great, his desire for virgin pussy too hard to ignore, he slipped into Mel's bedroom.

"Keith?"

He nearly jumped when he heard Melissa's voice in the pitch-dark call out to him.

"I, ah, you're awake then... I just came to see if you... were able to sleep? If you want to sleep on the couch I'd understand. This waterbed-- I-- I slept on it once. Lucy too. It's not that great."

Melissa had been up, listening to the baby crying, thinking they'd go it again but no sounds had come since. Now Keith was here in her room, and remembering Keith's hands playfully touching her ass at her home when her parents weren't home, she swallowed before she sat up, a little nervous about talking to him in the darkness of the bedroom with the door closed. She did not know Keith was having a hard-on for her.

"It's not that bad... It's better than my own bed."

"Oh, that's good to hear," Keith chuckled a little nervous himself. There was a silence that felt awkward to the both of them and when Keith spoke again Melissa heard he'd decreased the distance between them. "I lied about what I said earlier, you know about uh, the sex? Since Lucy's given birth she's having a severe lack of sleep, our little baby keeps crying you see. The thing is I can't help but need it. A woman..."

Melissa's face instantly flushed, her hands trembling to find the light switch. She was uncertain about what to say, feeling anxious and yet flattered that he would ask a young woman like her. Perhaps he sought her advice since she was Lucy's age? Or maybe he wanted her to talk to Lucy?

When she turned on the light she was shocked and blinked her eyes in bewilderment at the sight that greeted her tired eyes. Keith's hand covered a prominent bulge in his thin, gray cotton pants. She'd never seen a man in this state, except that time when Lucy gave him a blowjob.

Keith recognized the look of resignation and curiosity and lifted his shirt over his head before he dropped his pajama pants. Melissa's eyes were glued on his cock as he slowly approached her. His penis was erect, his balls heavy, and there was no mistake in what he wanted when she looked up at his intensely gazing eyes.

"Lucy doesn't need to know," he whispered reassuringly before he lifted up her bedsheets to take a peek and stared at her naked pussy. He looked up, smiling at her blushing face. She'd been playing with herself and he knew why. She'd been eavesdropping.

Having Lucy as his wife was the best thing that happened to him, but he desired to experience it one more time. Just once. To take a girl's innocence, with his cock big enough to leave a lasting impression on little girls.

"I know you want me in your bed," Keith whispered, smiling when her eyes went to his cock as he flexed it. He bend down, lowered her bedsheets and then quickly landed his body on top of her. "That's one hot little cunt," he mumbled.

Melissa had been fingering herself ever since she'd heard them fuck. It was one of her hottest experiences yet, and to her shame she hoped Keith might have a good-looking older friend that could give her the life Lucy lived.

Of course, she did not know Keith liked it rough, liked anal, and liked to command Lucy. She saw the clothes she wore, the jewelry, the house, the baby in Lucy's arms, and she melted.

Keith's face was suddenly closer than it had ever been, and even though he was much taller than her it took him about three seconds before she felt the tip of his erection against her very wet pussy. Unknowingly she had kept herself wet for Keith, the older man that had married her friend.

"We can't," Melissa whispered in shock. She couldn't have sex with Keith. Not him.

She nearly gave a yell when Keith's lips touched hers. She trembled, feeling the strength in Keith's entire body when his tongue licked hers.

The desperation in her voice only turned him on more. Mel was a little cocktease, and now that she had come to visit him in his country he wanted nothing more than to send her home with her cunt full of semen.

"Hush, just think of that adorable baby that'll be Nikki's best friend." His palm cupped her pussy, rubbing up and down, while his tongue never left her mouth.

Melissa, too, felt the guilt, only much stronger than Keith. She felt like a slut for betraying her best friend when Keith's hands lowered her underwear much further and when she spread her legs wide for him. It was wrong, he was the father of the baby she held in her arms earlier that day, he was the husband of Lucy, but she'd had thoughts about him, lewd and lascivious, and she blamed Keith's lewd and suggestive remarks... she liked the older man... his dad jokes, the way he looked at her, smiled at her, showered her with attention, the big house he lived in. His big cock. How he didn't seem to mind her lack of confidence. It gave her a boost knowing he liked her presence even though he had Lucy at his side who had always been the prettiest of the two.

His smirk was a hint of his confidence. Melissa lifted her shirt, baring her breasts. She felt no more shame upon seeing the lust in his eyes. If Lucy did this she could too. It would be a mistake not to make love now that the opportunity presented itself with a handsome man like Keith.

"Is Lucy asleep?"

"Huh? Yeah-yeah," Keith moaned, relishing the sensations of the naked, young body underneath him. It reminded him of that first time with Lucy, although that went a little differently.

"You can't tell her. Not ever."

"I won't," Keith promised. Melissa thought his eyes were sincere, besides, why would he tell Lucy?

She didn't mind she could never be his girlfriend. But the desire to be his wife tonight was overwhelming. She glanced down and in a reflex closed her legs. Keith chuckled, touching her cheek gently, caressingly. It reminded Melissa of her father, the moment he'd see her he used to beckon her lovingly and draw her close to him to fondle her caressingly.

"Keith-- I... I..." she began talking but the words didn't come out.

Keith licked his lips, looking from her legs back up at her face, savoring the last few seconds of her being a virgin. "I know."

Melissa flushed. She was in the hands of an older man and he knew. Regardless, it felt good to be taken seriously as an adult. Her hands reached out to his hips, touching a man for the first time.

It wasn't expected or how she had envisioned her first time; the middle-aged man paying her a nocturnal visit the very first night she stayed over at their place, with his penis swollen with lust, very ready for penetration.

Keith looked down, speaking to her with no trace of emotion in his voice. "I'm going to fuck you now. Do not make a sound."

The room went dark. Melissa's mind numbed and suddenly had trouble breathing when Keith reached down and was prodding her there where her own much softer hands had touched on so many equally dark but lonely nights.

Keith was in his element, unfamiliar and immune to the problems and struggle Mel dealt with. His fingers went inside, moaning appreciatively at the tightness and that she was as ready as him. He grasped his shaft and pushed into her body, spontaneously kissing the girl. He grunted, feeling her return the kiss and her hot tits against his naked skin. His cock hardened inside her pussy, she was tighter than Lucy and more willing too. Even in the dark, he could see her eyes twinkle with mirth, her mouth hanging open as she let go of him and lay down, spreading her legs wider for him.

Keith gave her a flirtatious smile. This wasn't going to be a one-night stand. He knew that look; the young woman was horny and desired sex. He was surprised to find out she was a great kisser and that any sense of apprehension had gone. She gasped as he bottomed out, her eyes growing large as if asking if he had it all inside her.

Slowly but steadily Keith began to teach her what it was like to have sex as he moved up and down, back and forth.

Lucy is asleep. She needs rest. I am helping her. It's the best thing for her. It's okay to encourage Keith by kissing him and pushing back into his heavy body atop mine. I don't want to be a virgin any longer and see how my friend surpasses me in just about everything in life. I deserve to finally have sex. I want that man.

Keith was stunned Melissa could awake such passion in him after he'd had plenty of sex with Lucy. The excitement of taking a pussy for the first time returned with full intensity. He wondered what was going on in her mind, if he caused her pain, what her father would have to say now, sending her off to the second-largest country in the world, out of his reach and sight, a mistake Keith would never make with his own daughter. He knew men had no boundaries when it came to sex.

Observing the motion of the waterbed and the swinging of her young tits he nearly lost control. But he did not want her to think this was just a quick fuck to get his rocks off. "Melissa..." he whispered lovingly, "I've had a crush on you since we met. I can't help it, you're so incredibly sexy, great tits too. You can't imagine how often I have jerked off in the shower fantasizing about doing this with you."

Melissa swooned, kissing him hard, not minding the sharp pain she felt between her legs. He had penetrated her hard, forcing her tightness to open wide to accommodate his thick girth. The concept of love so unknown to her she opened her mouth. "Keith, I want you. I love you," she said as her eyes teared, gasping in ragged, choking breaths when Keith answered by pushing hard against her small hips.

Melissa lifted her hand, and grabbing his hair pushed him down to her chest. Keith needed no more encouragement and his lustful moan was muffled by the flesh of her breasts, enveloped in his eager mouth. Mel, very sensitive and overwhelmed by the older man's hunger for her body, flattered that he would choose her over Lucy, stroked his head, giving him silent permission to do as he pleased with her.

Keith wanted to growl out loud, she was so hot and tight and young and inexperienced and lovely and apparently so in love with him, his brain raced with the possibilities. He could tell Lucy he had to go back for some job and stay at Melissa's place, leave Lucy and the kid at home so he could have a good night's sleep, and relive that romance and unbridled bestial pleasure, let Mel truly know and feel what his cock could do to a pussy as tight as hers.

He kissed her, ramming the back of her pussy. He would never admit it but when he announced he was about to cum and Melissa told him to pull out, the thought of knocking her up, binding her to him like he had Lucy, made his dick flex and explode hot jizz into his new lover. Melissa's frantic kissing ceased, and she started wriggling under him. Keith enjoyed the feeling while he came inside her, and hoped it was because she was starting to cum too and not because she was trying to escape her fate. Girls her

age better understood that a cock as big as his, with hefty, full, round balls hanging low in the sack would result in offspring, and whether they liked it or not, this is what sex was for and why mankind still existed in the first place. He wasn't going to neglect this responsibility that his ancestors had honored for so many centuries.

"I love you too, sweetheart," Keith whispered in a soothing voice, pushing her deeper into the waterbed with ease. "If it turns out you're preggy you come live with me, you hear? You and your kid will be comfortable and well looked after. You won't have to do anything, you just stay home and gossip with Lucy all day hmm, stay healthy, shower daily, dress nicely for me because I like something pretty to look at after a long day of work. But as a token of your good will, the thing I demand in return is for you to spread your legs every now and then."

Melissa had never even considered starting a family at her age, let alone with a man who was much too old for her and was married to her best friend. However, just like with Lucy, Keith had entered her life and changed her forever. He approached her at a time when her heart was open and too young to see his true motives. She mistook his desire to bed girls for love, but he pursued her with such passion that she could not help but be opened. She was permanently undone. A man like Keith, confident and strong, and firmly established financially, captivated the schoolgirl. She opened her lips, this time not to speak but to kiss him. Keith gladly accepted her tongue. Melissa moaned. Boys were always chasing after Lucy, and she felt her ego stroked that Keith wanted her as much as he wanted her friend.

Keith reluctantly lifted himself off her. He had to, before he'd fall asleep right on top of her and got discovered by his young wife. He tucked away his flaccid penis, something he liked looking at. It meant he'd shot his heavy loads of hot cum into the depths of a woman. He stared at her, no more a virgin, bent over, and touched her face, kissing her lips tenderly. "Sweet dreams, darling."

Melissa stared into the darkness, a thousand thoughts flashing through her mind. The feeling between her legs jolted her out of her reverie. Warm creamy loads of cum demanded her attention. She wondered what Lucy did after he was done with her, she'd had sex with the same man after all. It was no wonder Lucy had become pregnant so fast. Keith had made a mess. Everything stopped. She was frozen, silent. She drew up the bedsheets, and closed her eyes, ignoring the semen leaking out of her and the soreness she felt.

"Keith?" Lucy asked as he walked into their bedroom.

Keith's heart nearly gave out, hearing her soft voice as soon as he had entered their bedroom. "Hush, I took a leak. Just go to sleep," Keith replied slipping into the bed, drawing her close to him.

"I love you," Lucy mumbled drowsily, grabbing his hand and nuzzling into him.

The terrifying, icy feeling of shame and self-hatred reared its ugly head, and he almost gave himself away by the trembling of his hand, yet he knew he'd visit Melissa again

the next night for the entire two weeks she would stay with them. Fully conscious, feeling and thinking very clearly, he had visited her at night when she was most vulnerable and exposed, deliberately pushing deep into her pussy when his cockhead started to spill seed, his penis as deep into her as possible.

Maybe Lucy was right. Maybe he really was addicted to sex and pussy. He thought living with Lucy would change and satisfy that urge. But it was just too easy. Their age difference was so great he was dominant over her in every way, and she depended on him in every aspect of life, but this power dynamic gave him a thrill, and he desired that with Melissa too. He wondered if she could suck cock.

He doubted it would result in a happy marriage though. Maybe it was for the best if he stopped now that it was still possible. There was hope left for him, right here in his bed, safely nuzzled into his protecting arms, young and excited by the prospect of her life before her. Yes, he'd tell Melissa it was a one-time thing only. An unfortunate series of events. He had provided her the pleasures and delights of good sex and now it was up to her to find a man to experience that with. But not with him. He could not do that to sweet Lucy.

He put Lucy to the test that night, Lucy passing with flying colors, taking his seed three times that night without a whimper or complaint.

When the sun shone in Keith whispered, lazily stroking her belly. "I want a son. I already thought of a name."

Lucy sighed, long and deeply. "I had such a weird dream last night. You wanna hear it?"

Keith flashed her a smile and nodded after kissing her good morning.

"I dreamed you were on a sailboat with your trophy wife at your side, accustomed to the affluent lifestyle you provided her. You floated around on the waves, your kids named Kyle and George were there too. To anyone interested you seemed overjoyed and proud of yourself. But I knew you better than all of them. There was something amiss, Keith. Your eyes were vacant, your thoughts and dreams elsewhere."

Keith yawned and stretched, chuckling a little, shaking his head. "I don't like that dream." He lowered his pajama pants and pressed her by her long, blonde locks towards his morning erection. He sighed deeply and then remained silent.

The end?

As always, don't forget to rate, review, or send me feedback!

Also, let me know if you would like me to continue writing this kind of stories.

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