

The Blizzard of 78

Snowed in with my neighbor's daughter

By Duckywriter

This fictional story contains sexually explicit material involving minors. If you do not wish to read this type of literature, or you are under age, PLEASE LEAVE NOW! Nothing involving the characters in this story actually happened or ever should happen. This is pure fantasy. If you understand that and like the subject matter then I hope you enjoy this story.

Chapter 1 - Storm of the century

In February of 1978 Oliver Kingston was a single, twenty-five-year-old man, living alone and working for a big manufacturing company in Massachusetts. He had been hired the previous March as a night shift supervisor, in spite of his mediocre college grades and uninspiring current job. He knew that he was hired because he had the necessary degree in Chemical Engineering and his boss had threatened to quit if the company didn't hire someone to cover the 11PM to 7AM shift. He was later told they were looking for a "warm body".

Oliver exceeded his boss's expectations and was settled into his new job and approaching his one year anniversary at the company. He lived by himself in a spacious one-bedroom apartment in a complex of twenty-five identical two-story buildings spread out across many acres. There was almost no interaction between tenants although Oliver had said hello to the elderly lady on the first floor and had smiled at his next door neighbor and her daughter. He didn't know her name or if she had a husband or other children.

Oliver's work schedule started at 11PM Sunday night. On Sunday, February 5th, the snow that had been predicted hadn't started. It seemed like another failed forecast from the New England meteorologists. Oliver finished his shift Monday morning and was told to come back at 1 PM for an all staff meeting. After working the night shift Oliver usually went straight to bed and slept for a few hours. It was snowing lightly when he got home and he set his alarm for noon and crashed.

When the alarm woke him up, he found the light snow had turned into a blizzard with heavy blowing snow. He called his boss and suggested that work was probably going to be closed soon because of the storm and he didn't think he could make the meeting. His boss agreed and asked Oliver to call the second shift supervisor. Oliver just missed him at home and the supervisor ended up spending four days stuck at work.

The storm caught most of the state off guard. Schools let out early and companies closed but employees were stuck on impassable roads for days. Oliver made himself some lunch and was eating it when he heard a commotion outside his door. It sounded like a young girl was talking to herself.

"It has to be here! Where can it be?"

He heard the sound of someone turning a doorknob back and forth and banging on the door. He finally got curious enough to open his door to see what the commotion was about.

"Hi, do you need help?" He asked the young girl standing in front of his neighbor's door. She jumped when she heard him.

"School got out early because of the storm and my mom isn't home. She was supposed to leave a key under the mat for emergencies but it's not there."

"Well, I'm sure she will be home soon. Did you try the lady downstairs? She might let you stay with her until your mom comes home."

"I knocked on her door but she isn't home either. My mom has a long drive and the roads are really bad. What am I going to do?"

"Do you have your mother's phone number at work?"

"Yes, do you think she is still there?"

"You can use my phone to find out if you want."

Oliver didn't like having an underage child in his apartment without her mother but he couldn't leave her in the cold hallway. He propped his door open and showed the girl where his wall phone was. She dialed her mother's work number and talked to a receptionist. After a brief pause her mother got on the phone. Oliver could only hear one side of the conversation.

"Mom! School got out early and there's no key under the mat! The man next door let me use his phone. When are you coming home? What? No! She's not home either. Hold on. He's right here."

The girl handed the phone to Oliver.

"Hi, I'm sorry, I don't know your name. I guess we're neighbors. I haven't seen you around much. I'm Victoria Stanton and my daughter's name is Virginia but everyone calls her Ginny."

"I'm Oliver, Oliver Kingston. Sorry we have to meet like this. When do you think you can make it home?"

"That's the thing, the roads are closed. We've been told we might be stuck here for days. I told them I had to get home for my daughter but they said it was impossible."

"I probably won't be going to work for days. I guess I could watch her for you until you can get here. I'm not sure about food. I'm not a very good cook."

"I don't know what to do. I don't like leaving my daughter with a strange man. You live alone, right?"

"Yes, I work nights so it's hard to meet people. Look, if you're worried about Ginny being alone with me, then call the police and ask them to take her to a shelter. I don't want any trouble."

"No, I'm sorry. I'm sure you are nice. I think a shelter would be worse, I mean scary for her."

Just then the lights flickered.

"Oh great. We're about to lose power here. I'll let you talk to Ginny again."

Oliver handed the phone back to Ginny and heard her say yes to a string of questions from her mother. There were a lot of "yes mom" and "I will" answers. She finally handed the phone back to Oliver.

"Okay, thank you for taking Ginny in. I told her to behave and that she had to stay there until I get home. I'll try to get the building maintenance to open our apartment so that she can get clothes and food. I don't want her staying there alone but you might as well use what's there. I'm trusting you with my daughter."

"Okay, call as often as you want. What's her normal routine. Any allergies I should know about?"

"She usually gets up at six for school but sleeps until eight on weekends. Bedtime is nine on school nights and nine thirty on non-school nights. I guess every night is a non-school night for a while. I really don't care about times as long as she's safe. She doesn't have any food allergies but she can be a little fussy. Don't worry about eating healthy. Give her whatever you have that she will eat. I can reimburse you for the extra expense."

"That's definitely not necessary. Ooops, we just lost power. I should go."

"Okay, thank you again. And Oliver..."

"Yes?"

"Ginny knows the difference between good touch and bad touch. Just so you know."

"That won't be an issue and if you're thinking about that, call the police and have her taken to a shelter. I'm just trying to help here but I don't want any trouble."

"No, no, I'm sorry, just being a mother. Thank you again. Bye."

Oliver hung up the phone and turned to Ginny.

"Looks like you are stuck here for a while Ginny. How old are you? Your mom didn't say."

"I'm eight. My birthday was last month."

"Well happy birthday. Are you hungry?"

"Just a little. I left my lunch at school when they rushed us out. Mr. Kingston, could I use your bathroom first?"

"Oh, of course. You can call me Oliver since we're roommates for a while. The bathroom is in here."

Oliver was glad that he had made the bed before leaving for work the night before. He showed Ginny the bathroom off the bedroom. It seemed like the apartment was designed for a single person since you had to go through the bedroom to get to the bathroom. When Ginny returned, he was making lunch.

"Peanut butter and jelly okay?" he asked as she came around the counter.

"Yes, that would be great."

Oliver was a terrible cook so he always kept a supply of easy to fix food on hand. He put two slices of white bread on a plate and spread the peanut butter on one and grape jelly on the other. When he put them together and handed the sandwich to Ginny, she took it but looked sad.

"What's wrong? Don't you like grape jelly?"

"My mom usually cuts the crust off." She replied shyly.

"But that's the best part! Just kidding. Here, let me fix it."

He took the plate back and brought out a sharp knife. As he cut off each crust, he made a big show of holding it up and eating it like it was a strand of spaghetti.

"Yum, definitely the best part. Thanks for sharing it with me."

Ginny laughed and accepted the trimmed sandwich back. He poured her a small glass of milk, saving some for his coffee in case he couldn't get to a store for a while. After making himself a sandwich with lunchmeat he sat at the table with Ginny and ate quietly. The wind howled outside as the storm intensified all day Monday. He wasn't very hungry because on his schedule breakfast was at 10PM, lunch was at 3 AM and supper was somewhere around 4 PM, after which he would sleep for a few hours, eat and go to work. It was the only way he could adjust to the night shift and after almost a year of it he was hoping to get a day shift job in the company soon.

Oliver turned on a battery powered radio and heard that the storm was supposed to last until Tuesday night. Every time he looked out the window the snow was higher against the sides of the cars in the parking lot. The apartment had hot air heat so with no power there was no heat. As the apartment chilled, he brought out sweatshirts and blankets for him and Ginny. Oliver's sweatshirts were not very wide since he only weighed one hundred and twenty pounds but he was five foot eleven so they reached down to Ginny's knees when she put one on.

They spent a boring afternoon and around three Oliver said that since he had worked the night before he had to take a nap. He left Ginny with the few magazines that he had and told her to not leave the apartment. He went into his bedroom, lay on the bed in his clothes and was asleep in minutes. She let him sleep for two hours then peeked in. When she saw that he was still dressed she decided it was safe to enter the bedroom and poke him.

"Mr. Kingston. It's getting really cold."

Oliver woke up slowly. He wasn't sure who was poking him until he remembered the storm. The room temperature had dropped with sunset approaching and the wind was still howling.

"Brrr. It is cold in here. Still no power, huh. I have an idea."

Oliver went in the bathroom and turned on the hot water. After a minute it turned steaming hot.

"Good, the hot water is heated with gas and it's still working. Let's make some steam heat."

He leaned over the bathtub closed the drain, and turned the hot water on full. While it was running, he went to the living room and looked out. He couldn't believe what he saw. There was a huge pile of snow hanging three feet off from the edge of the roof. The cars in the parking lot were gone, completely covered in snow drifts. It was going to take more than a day to clear the roads if this kept up.

"Ginny, I think we should move to the bedroom and close the door to keep the heat from the bathtub in. It won't be much but it should help a little."

Oliver turned off the water when it was no longer hot and left the shower curtain open. He could feel a little heat entering the room from the water.

"Okay, it's not much but it should warm things up a bit. Why don't you get under the covers and I'll stay on top. You can sleep in your clothes tonight. Just take your shoes off. Maybe we can play some card games to kill the time."

They were on their third round of "Go Fish" when the phone rang. Oliver answered it and gave the phone to Ginny.

"We're playing 'Go Fish'. It's a little cold but Oliver put hot water in the bathtub and it's better now. I don't have my nightgown though. Mom! No! Are you sure? Okay, I'll do that."

Oliver took the phone and explained about the hot water for heat and that they were hunkered down in his bedroom near the tub. She told him that she had told Ginny that it was okay to sleep in her clothes. She hadn't been able to get through to the building maintenance yet to get her apartment opened.

"I'm sure she'll be fine roughing it for one night." Oliver said.

"Mr. Kingston, do you have any sisters?"

"No, just one older brother, why?"

"Girls are different, especially little girls. One night is okay but she's going to need clean clothes very soon, especially her underwear. This is a lot to ask but tomorrow could you find something for her to wear and wash her tights and underwear with some mild soap and hang it up to dry? She will develop a rash if she wears dirty underwear."

"I guess I could do that. Did you explain it to her? Are you sure that's what you want?"

"I don't want any of this but yes, it's necessary. When this is over, I owe you a steak dinner somewhere. One more thing. Ginny sounds a little frightened. I'm sure this is pretty overwhelming. Could you sit with her and give her some hugs? I'm sure it would make her feel safer if you held her for a while before she goes to sleep."

Oliver said he would be glad to do that for Ginny. Later he told Ginny that he was sorry but, without electricity, they would have to have peanut butter and jelly sandwiches again for supper. He added ice cream for desert since it was already starting to soften. It wasn't much colder in the living room so he suggested that they wrap up in a blanket and she sit on his lap in his upholstered chair and watch the snow swirl outside. Their combined body heat soon had them nice and warm and Oliver found himself loving the feeling of Ginny's soft body as he held her.

"You're a cute little pixie." he said as he smiled at her and brushed a wisp of hair out of her eyes. She smiled and hugged him back.

Oliver had a dark secret that he had kept deep inside for years. He never outgrew his love for young girls. When he was seven or eight, he was always willing to play "House" with the neighborhood girls if he could be the daddy and kiss the mommy. He also liked undressing the dolls and pretending that they were real girls. As he got older, he naturally couldn't continue to kiss little girls but he was always ready with a hug or an offer to dance with the little girls at weddings. Just once he let his desires overrule his judgement and he let his hand drift as he was holding a neighborhood girl in his lap. Her loud cry of "I'll tell my daddy on you!" struck fear in his heart and he never tried anything like it again. Holding Ginny brought back those memories and he made sure to keep his hands above her waist.

When 9 PM finally came Oliver found a new toothbrush for Ginny and told her she would have to sleep in her clothes for one night. He put an extra blanket on the bed and watched as Ginny trying to keep her dress down as she slid under the covers. A couple times he got a glimpse of pink panties before turning his head away until he was sure she was covered.

"Goodnight sweetie, don't worry. You're safe here and your mom is safe at work. The power will be back on as soon as the storm lets up."

"Goodnight and thank you Oliver."

Oliver smiled at the petite girl. She looked so sweet and innocent snuggled under the covers he was tempted to give her a goodnight kiss on the forehead but decided that wasn't a good idea.

"You really are a cute little pixie" he thought as he watched her settle under the covers.

Her dark brown, almost black, hair parted in the middle and swept across her forehead to her ears. One side always seemed to want to break free and slip down over her eye. The dark hair framed a pure white face with not a single freckle or blemish. She had a little button nose and a small mouth that formed matching dimples when she smiled. Her hair was perfectly straight in back and usually held in a ponytail. Lying on the pillow it formed a dark waterfall of silky hair. He kept thinking that 'pixie' was the perfect description and it wouldn't surprise him if she sprouted wings and flew around the room.

He normally slept in pajamas but changed into a sweatsuit and left his briefs on. He slipped in on top of the sheet so that he wouldn't be next to Ginny and gradually fell asleep. Working the night shift meant he was constantly tired so he had no trouble falling asleep on his side of the bed, although he wasn't able to roll as much as he normally did.

Chapter 2 - Stormy night

Ginny had trouble falling asleep. She had been so frightened when she didn't find the key under the mat. When the teacher said that school was closing early she thought a snow day would be fun, but then she realized that her mother wouldn't be out of work for two hours. She had practiced taking the key and unlocking the door and she knew that she should sit in the living room and watch TV until her mother came home. Everything changed when there was no key.

Her first thought was that her mother had had an accident. The roads were terrible and even the heavy bus had a tough early, time making it up the hills. She was afraid she would be an orphan or freeze to death in the hallway. She was frightened when the man next door spoke to her and not sure she should go in his apartment. Her mother had warned her over and over to never go anywhere with a stranger no matter what they told her. Mr. Kingston wasn't exactly a stranger though. She had seen him coming home in the morning and sometimes bringing in groceries in the afternoon. He was so thin she thought he looked like Ichabod Crane from the headless horseman cartoon. She actually thought he was kind of cute.

When her mother said she had to stay with him her head filled with questions. Would she have to sleep on his couch, it didn't look comfortable. Would his bathroom be clean? What would she sleep in? Would he kiss her? That last one made her giggle. Of course he wouldn't do that. He was a nice man keeping her safe. She was surprised when he said he had to take a nap. Grownups don't take naps until they are as old as her grandparents. She hated to wake him but it got very cold in the apartment and the howling wind frightened her. What if the roof blew off?

When he thought of filling the tub with hot water, she thought he was a genius. Anyone who could think of that could handle a little snow storm. Her normal routine was to take a bath just before bed and to cuddle with her mother in just her bathrobe before putting on her nightgown. Unlike a lot of girls, she didn't wear panties in bed. Her mother said her skin needed time to breathe overnight. It felt weird to not only wear panties but to wear her tights and dress in bed. Her dress kept bunching up as she slipped under the covers and she hoped he didn't see her underwear. She wasn't very comfortable but she was safe and warm so she didn't complain. Everything was fine until Oliver laid on top of the sheet. His weight pulled it tight across her body like a straightjacket and she felt like she couldn't breathe. When she heard him snoring, she untucked the sheet from under the mattress on her side and could finally move and breathe. She drifted off to sleep thinking about being in the same bed as her neighbor. She couldn't wait to tell her friends at school about it.

Working nights meant sleeping during the day so Oliver had the darkest shade and drapes possible in his bedroom. When he woke up, he could never tell if it was

day or night. Since there was no power his alarm didn't work and it was a painful bladder that finally woke him up. He made a trip to the bathroom, remembering to close the door, and checked his watch to verify it was morning. He had slept until eight AM.

Leaving the bathroom, he walked to the window and opened the heavy drapes and room darkening shade. When he turned around, he was startled by what he saw. Ginny had pulled the blanket and sheet loose and completely uncovered most of her body. In addition, her tossing and turning had hiked her dress up so that her whole panty and tights covered bottom was exposed. He was going to look away and leave but the room was cold so he gently pulled her dress down and covered her with the blanket. He figured there was no rush to wake her.

Oliver drained the bathtub and refilled it with hot water to warm up the room. He thought that Ginny would want to wash up and the whole apartment was cold. When the water turned from hot to warm, he turned it off and closed the bathroom door most of the way to keep the heat in. Moving to the living room he looked out the sliding door to his patio to a scene from an Alpine movie. It was still snowing and blowing and all that was left of the parking lot was a row of antennas sticking up through a blanket of white. There were a few places where the snow had blown off of the roof of a car but generally the snow was above all of the cars. He couldn't imagine how it was going to be cleared.

He was thinking about what he had that Ginny could eat since he was low on milk for cereal. He was about to suggest dry cereal when the lights came on. Thank goodness for electric company workers. Oliver went into the bedroom and gently called to Ginny. He didn't want to shake her awake for fear of frightening her. She rolled towards him and moaned.

"Is it still snowing? Did my mom call yet?"

"Yes, it's snowing and it's early for your mom to call. Do you eat scrambled eggs? You're not allergic to eggs, are you?"

"I'm not allergic but they're not my favorite."

"Well you haven't tasted my famous grape jelly omelet. I'll make you one and if you don't like it, I'll make you regular scrambled eggs. I have lots of hot chocolate packets so you can have that to drink. We're low on milk so no cereal until we can get to a store or inside your apartment."

Ginny headed to the bathroom while Oliver tried to remember everything he had done wrong in cooking eggs so that he wouldn't repeat the mistakes. He kept the electric stove burner on low and let the eggs set before spooning in grape jelly on one side and gently folding the other side over and letting it finish cooking. He was lucky that the jelly didn't leak out and turn the omelet an unappetizing purple. He slid the finished product onto a plate and gave it to Ginny with some bacon. She cut into the edge with a fork and everything, tasted it. Suddenly her eyes

opened wide and she broke out in a big smile as the sweet jelly hit her tastebuds. The jelly completely overpowered the egg taste and she loved it.

"Mmmm, this is so good. You said you couldn't cook."

"I can't. That's just something that even I can't mess up."

He hadn't had a jelly omelet since he was about Ginny's age and decided to make himself one. The extreme sweetness was much more appealing when he was eight but it was a good memory. They were just finishing breakfast when the phone rang. Ginny's mother asked how things were going and filled Oliver in on the situation. The governor had declared a state of emergency and banned all driving on the roads until further notice. There were thousands of cars buried on the highway and all resources were being used to rescue people. Several had already died from carbon monoxide poisoning from running their cars with the tailpipe blocked by snow.

Oliver relayed that they had power and had just finished breakfast. He told Victoria that she didn't need to worry and asked her to keep trying to get maintenance to unlock her door. She figured a big apartment complex like theirs would have keys to each unit for when tenants moved out or for emergencies. Victoria said she would and asked to talk to Ginny. Again Oliver only heard one side.

"Mom, when are you coming home? Okay. Yes, I'll be good. Yes, we had jelly omelets, you have to try it. Oh. Do I have to? Okay, yes, I know. Does he have to see me? Oh good. Okay, love you."

Ginny hung up the phone and blushed bright red.

"Mom says I have to give you my undies to wash and I need to wash myself good with a wash cloth or take a bath."

"Was that all she said?"

Ginny looked at the floor and hesitated.

"She said if I can't get myself clean enough, I should ask you to help me. She said it was okay if you saw me and that you were like a babysitter, only a man."

"Well, let's see how you do on your own. If I need to help I will. It's okay, if I had a daughter your age, I would help her. Does your daddy help you?"

"I don't have a daddy."

"Oh, okay. Let's let the place warm up while I find you something to wear. Wait here."

Oliver turned the heat up a few degrees higher than normal and went digging for something that wouldn't immediately fall off of her. First, he found the box of safety pins that his mother insisted every house should have. "Thanks mom" he thought as he pulled out knit shorts from his summer clothes. They were more like boxers than shorts but if he pinned the elastic waistband just right, they might stay up on Ginny. A pair of draw string sweat pants with the cuffs folded up would do for pants and a flannel shirt would keep her warm.

"Okay Ginny. Can you dress yourself or do you need help?"

He was hoping she would say she didn't need help but he was willing to go into protective uncle mode if necessary and help her. She was just a kid and he was an adult. He didn't realize how silly it was to ask an eight-year-old if she could dress herself.

"I can do everything but unzip my dress. Mommy always does that."

Oliver lifted her silky hair and pulled the zipper down, opening the dress down to her panties. He slid the dress off of her shoulders and sent her into the bedroom where the clothes were laid out.

"Everything okay in there?" He asked after a while.

He had left the bedroom door open but was sitting in the living room facing away from the door.

"Yes. Almost ready. Everything keeps falling down."

"Why don't you put the shirt and shorts on and bring the pants out here. You'll be covered."

In a few minutes Ginny walked into the living room holding the knit shorts up with one hand and the shirt closed with the other. She hadn't buttoned a single button on the shirt. Oliver had to suppress a laugh.

"There you are, come stand here and I'll pin the shorts up."

Ginny stood in front of him and blushed bright red. The shorts were so loose she felt naked in front of Oliver. She looked at the ceiling when he pulled on the waistband of the shorts. He was a little shocked when, while trying to gather the material, he could see right down her front to her bare abdomen. He only glanced at it a second but it was long enough to make him blush too. He pinned both sides of the shorts tight enough that he didn't think they would fall down.

"Okay, let's take care of these buttons."

The shirt was bunched up in back and the only way to fix it was to open it wide and pull it up until it sat properly on her shoulders. He only glanced at her flat

chest for a second before starting to button the buttons, but it was enough to make him blush even more. When he finished, he helped her step into the sweatpants but the shorts bunched up in the pants and he had to slide his hand in to smooth everything back down. His hand slid over her little bottom as he straightened the material and he did it as quickly as possible.

Once Ginny was dressed, he picked up her clothes from the bedroom and brought them into the bathroom. He had some liquid laundry soap so he put a small amount in the sink and washed her tights and panties. It felt very strange handling something so private and he made sure to rinse them thoroughly before putting them on a towel rack to dry. He never expected to see a girl's underwear drying in his bathroom. The dress was a bigger challenge and he decided to just hang it up and not try to wash it.

Returning to the living room he unsuccessfully choked back a laugh.

"Don't laugh at me." She whined.

"I'm sorry. I couldn't help it. Come look in the mirror."

Ginny walked over to a full-length mirror and started to laugh. She looked like one of the orphans in the movie Annie. The shirt was huge on her and looked more like a dress. The sweat pants kept sliding down and showing the knit shorts and the folded-up cuffs of the pants reached to her knees.

"I guess I look pretty silly. It's warm in here. Can I take the sweatpants off?"

"I guess so, if you want to. Are you sure you'll be warm enough?"

"I think so. Can you help me?"

Oliver sat in the chair and waited until she had a firm grip on the knit shorts. He untied the drawstring and slipped the sweatpants off of her. The wind howled extra loud at that moment and she instinctively hugged him. He wrapped his arms around her slim body, landing one hand on her bottom, covered only by the thin knit shorts. His body was filled with warm feelings as he held the slim girl to his chest. He fought the strong urge to squeeze her bottom but still concentrated on the feeling of his fingers on such a private place. She was so fragile and so damn beautiful it scared him.

"Hey, don't worry. It's only the wind." He said to break the spell. "We're safe here. Let's see what they are saying about the storm on TV."

Oliver turned on the TV and Ginny sat on the chair across from him. The news wasn't good. The governor was estimating it could be four days before the roads were open. Six people had been found dead in their cars and there were still hundreds of cars to be checked. Doctors and nurses were being brought to work on snowmobiles. The weather report was for the snow to stop by midnight and for

bright sunshine the next day. Typical New England weather, blizzard on Monday and Tuesday and sunshine on Wednesday.

Oliver couldn't shake the feeling of hugging Ginny. She felt so helpless and it made him feel very protective when they were wrapped up in the blanket Monday night. He decided she must be a lot more worried than he imagined. When he looked at her, he saw how intently she was watching the weather forecast. He also saw that the loose shorts were giving him a clear view of her vagina. He looked up and she was still watching the TV so he looked again at the smooth hairless skin inside the shorts. He hadn't seen a preteen vagina since he was ten and played "you show me yours" with a neighbor girl. When he looked up again, she was looking at him and smiling.

Chapter 3 - Accidental Peeks

Ginny felt naked in Oliver's thin shorts. She could feel the air blow up the legs and onto her kitty. When he opened the shirt to adjust it, she thought he might take it off. It was both frightening and exciting. She didn't think he would want to look at someone as young as her with no boobs. The wind startled her and she jumped into his arms for a hug. She felt safe in his arms and even got a little thrill when he touched her bum. When she was watching the TV she got the feeling that he was watching her. She snuck a glance down at her lap and saw how open the shorts were.

"Can he see my privates?" She wondered. "Would he even want to see them?"

Ginny was playing a dangerous game and it made her shiver with excitement inside. At home it was just her and her mother so she would often walk from the bathroom to the bedroom nude and her mother wasn't shy about dressing in front of Ginny. Knowing that Oliver might be seeing her was different. She would have continued to let him look but her kitty was beginning to itch from sweat and little girl juices. She really needed to wash down there. She wondered how much she could get Oliver to help. The itch became too much to resist and she scratched herself right in front of Oliver. He was surprised at her boldness then remembered what Victoria said about little girls needing to stay clean down there.

"Ginny, you should wash up. You didn't get your bath last night. Let's go to the bathroom and figure something out."

He took her hand and led her to the bathroom where he filled the sink with warm soapy water.

"I'll unbutton the shirt then you turn your back to me and take it off, okay"

"Okay. I don't have boobs so there's nothing to see anyway."

He unbuttoned the shirt, keeping it closed then turned her around and slipped it down her arms and off. He put the toilet seat down and lay the shirt on it. After

dipping the wash cloth in the soapy water he squeezed the excess out and handed it to Ginny.

"You wash your face and front good and I'll do your back." He suggested with a slight tremble in his voice.

"Kay" was all she said.

Both of their hearts were pounding as he knelt on the floor behind her and thought about the next step. She was going to have to take the shorts off, she was going to be naked in the room with him. She knew that she was completely capable of washing herself, but Oliver didn't know that and she wasn't going to tell him. He was so cute the way he blushed but he seemed interested in looking at her so she would let him.

"Here." she said, shaking him out of his trance as she reached the wash cloth over her shoulder.

He rinsed it in the warm water and gently washed her neck and back down to the shorts. He had an idea for the next step.

"Ginny, step back a minute. I'm going to put the bath mat down for you to stand on. Then I can make the wash cloth wetter and it will catch the drips."

He placed the towel-like mat on the floor and she stood over it.

"Okay, I need to take your shorts off now, okay? Stay facing front."

Ginny took a breath in and said. "Okay"

Oliver's hands were shaking almost violently and his heart was pounding in his ears as he lowered the shorts and her cute bubble butt came into view. He stole a look between her legs as she stepped out of the shorts and put a hand on her bare hip when she lost her balance. He dropped the wash cloth in the sink and only squeezed a minimum amount of water out.

"Spread your legs honey and clean yourself good. Don't worry about the water dripping down your legs. Okay?"

Ginny was so embarrassed she didn't answer and just nodded yes. She was standing naked in front of Oliver, the man who saved her. She had a passing urge to turn around and let him see her. When she pushed the dripping cloth against her kitty, streams of water ran down her legs. It felt naughty, like she was peeing herself. She made sure everything was wet and used her fingers to open herself up. Sometimes a bit of toilet paper would get stuck there and irritate her skin so she used her fingers to make sure all of the inside parts were washed.

Oliver was sitting on his heels, waiting for Ginny to hand him the wash cloth when it happened. She didn't like the feeling of the water running down her legs so she wiped from her hip down to her ankle with the cloth, bending over fully in the process and presenting her pink rosebud and hairless pussy inches from Oliver's face. He just barely resisted the urge to touch her. This washing process was not going as planned. He had a huge erection and he hadn't washed her bum yet.

Ginny never realized what she had done. The dripping water made her so uncomfortable she had to wipe it away and besides, she needed to wash her legs. She handed the cloth to Oliver and waited. Her bottom was the only thing left to wash.

Oliver rinsed the cloth out and washed from her waist down to her legs starting on her right side and moving across to her left. He didn't linger on her bottom but felt every curve as he wiped. When her bottom was done, he quickly wiped the back of her legs then pressed the wash cloth against her vagina from the back and drew the cloth up between her butt cheeks and directly over her anus. When he finished, he placed a big towel over her back and wrapped it under her arms and around her. He asked her to hold it while he dried her. Oliver pressed the towel into her back to dry her and worked his way down her back and over her bottom. He turned her to face him and gently pressed the towel into her body, stopping at her waist. He used a small hand towel to dry her legs and raised up on his knees so that his head was level with hers.

"All clean! I think next time you should just take a bath. It would be much easier."

"Okay. Thank you for helping me."

"I'll leave you alone to let you finish drying and get dressed. I'll be in the living room.

Just then a huge gust of wind shook the whole building. Since they were on the top floor with cathedral ceilings, it sounded like the whole roof might fly off. Ginny let go of the towel and threw her arms around him. He instinctively held her in a protective hug but found he was holding bare flesh. He turned his head to avoid looking but ended up seeing her nude body in the mirror. It was so obvious that she was frightened that he only thought about comforting her. He put one hand on her back and the other half on her bottom and held her close.

"Hey, don't worry. That roof isn't going anywhere. Let's get you wrapped up again."

Ginny blushed bright red, even redder than Oliver. The wind frightened her so much she didn't think about the towel. Once it dropped, she couldn't reach for it without exposing her front so she just held on to Oliver. He was a gentleman and didn't tease her about being bare. He picked up the towel, looked at her eyes, put it on her back and waited for her to raise her arms. She took a step back and let

him look at her front before he wrapped the towel around her. Before leaving he pressed the bottom of the towel gently between her legs.

"Don't forget to dry here good." He said before standing, kissing her forehead and leaving.

Oliver collapsed in a living room chair shaking with nerves. He knew he hadn't done anything wrong, yet, but he had looked and looking at Ginny's nude body excited him more than any porn movie. Holding her and feeling her bare skin had almost given him a heart attack. He wanted more but knew how dangerous it was. Whatever he did had to be completely with her consent. He wasn't prepared for what happened next as Ginny came into the living room still wrapped in the towel.

"What's wrong Ginny, couldn't you find the clothes? I left them on the bed."

"I always sit with my mommy for a while after my bath. Can I sit with you?"

"Isn't that at night before you go to bed?"

"Yes"

"But it's ten o'clock in the morning and I'm not your mommy."

"I know. Can we watch cartoons or a movie?"

"How about if you put the shorts on? You can leave the towel on top."

"Okay"

She ran into the bedroom and came back holding the shorts.

"I can't hold the towel and put them on."

Oliver gave her a suspicious look. He knew she could have dropped the towel in the bedroom where he couldn't see her. He decided to play along and be careful to not make the first move. She might just be getting used to him and not be thinking of anything bad.

"Okay. Hold the towel tight and step into them."

He held the shorts open by her feet and waited for her to step into them. She had to put one hand on his shoulder to balance but she kept the towel closed. Everything was fine until he lifted the shorts past her knees. To pull them up over her bum she had to open the towel and once again he saw her hairless mound and thin line of her vagina. He felt his dick grow as he pulled the shorts up over her bum and touched her skin. He gave her bum a light tap and removed his hands.

"Guess we don't need to worry about me helping you take a bath tomorrow, do we."

"Guess not" she giggled and climbed onto his lap.

Holding her in his lap was torture. His dick wouldn't go down and the thin sweatsuit pants he was wearing let it settle between her butt cheeks. He found a cartoon channel but she told him the program was for boys. There were not a lot of choices in 1978 and the TV seemed to be against him that day. When he rented the apartment, he was one of the first subscribers to cable TV and it came with one adult channel. Most of the juicy stuff was late at night but there were programs during the day.

Oliver flipped through broadcast channels filled with soap operas and game shows. He stopped at a show with children but landed on a scene where the boy was getting his first kiss.

"Were they kissing?" Ginny giggled.

"Let's find something else."

He flipped through more soaps with adult couples in bed and stopped at a movie set in old New Orleans. He didn't notice that he was on the adult channel. The name of the movie was Pretty Baby. Ginny settled into his lap and he put his arm around her as they watched scenes of a photographer taking pictures of women in an old house. Oliver didn't know the movie plot but he was pretty sure it was a bordello.

He shouldn't have set the remote down because a few minutes later the photographer was setting up to take pictures of twelve-year-old Brooke Shields, a naked Brooke Shields. Oliver had stumbled on one of the most controversial movies ever made. Instead of covering Ginny's eyes he slipped her off his lap and went looking for the remote.

"She doesn't have any clothes on" an astonished Ginny finally said as she stood a foot away from the screen.

"Don't look. That's a bad movie. Where is that remote?"

"I wish I had boobies like she does."

Oliver only half heard Ginny. When he finally found the remote under the chair, he looked at the TV and his jaw dropped. Ginny had removed the towel and was standing topless and comparing her flat chest to the one on the screen. Oliver quickly turned the TV off.

"Ginny, what are you doing? You need to get dressed now. I'm sorry you saw that. That movie was only for grownups."

"But that was a young girl. Do grownups like to look at young girls with no clothes on?"

"No, they shouldn't. Sometimes in a movie they do things to tell a story that shouldn't be done in real life."

"That girl was pretty. Do you think I'm pretty?"

"Oh honey, you're beautiful. You're much prettier than that girl."

"Did you like seeing me with no clothes on?"

"Let's stop talking about that, okay? Grownups shouldn't see little girls naked unless they are the girl's parents or have a good reason like washing you with your mother's permission. Please go get the shirt and I'll button it for you."

Ginny reluctantly agreed to wear the flannel shirt but complained that it was scratchy. Oliver finally let her switch to one of his T-shirts big enough to be used as a dress. It was so loose he could see right down her front whenever he looked over her shoulder. They watched some cartoons and he used the last of his bread to make lunch. He hoped that the stores would open soon. There was a grocery store that they could walk to if the roads were cleared.

Victoria's afternoon call was interesting. Oliver tried to explain that taking care of a girl was a little more complicated than he thought and Victoria laughed and said she appreciated his efforts. He was going to apologize for the movie but decided to wait and see if the subject came up. He made a joke about the number of soap operas on daytime TV and said that they had finally found some good cartoons. Victoria said that Ginny could watch as much TV as she wanted. She said that the building maintenance required written permission to enter her apartment. They refused to acknowledge the stupidity of that.

"Did you wash her underwear? Have you found something for her to wear?" She asked at one point.

"Yes, they are still drying. She won't win any fashion awards but she's covered and warm. Victoria, I'm doing the best that I can here."

"Oh Oliver, I appreciate everything you're doing. Don't worry about anything."

"There is one thing. The whole wash cloth thing didn't work very well. I think she should just take a bath at night. I'll make sure the water isn't too hot and leave the towel where she can reach it."

Victoria hesitated, thinking about something in her past. Could Ginny be experiencing the same thing that she did at Ginny's age? She decided to remove a potential barrier.

"Oliver, I completely understand but I would feel better if you helped her in and out of the tub. I'm more afraid of her falling than of you seeing her little bottom. Because it's just her and I at home, we are pretty free about nudity. She's used to walking around our apartment with nothing on after her bath. I have to trust you on this. She would have told me if she was uncomfortable."

"Ha, that would never have happened in my house. My mother was quite a prude. Good for you for being so free. You should probably tell Ginny that it's okay too. I'll let you talk to her now."

Oliver handed the phone to Ginny and held his breath. If she said anything about the movie or him seeing her naked, he might be getting a visit from the police although it seemed like Victoria wouldn't have a problem with it. Ginny took the phone and thankfully didn't say anything that sounded incriminating. There were a lot of "yes" and "I will" and when Ginny said "I love you too" and "bye" she handed him the phone to hang up.

He checked the weather and the storm was almost over. It was being called the worst one on record, not just because of the snow, but because of the hurricane force winds and high tides that caused massive coastal destruction. The crazy thing was the forecast for the next day was for bright sunshine and temps in the forties. They spent the afternoon alternating between card games and TV. Around three they were both sleepy and he suggested that they lay on the couch and rest. He took the back and let her lay in front of him under a blanket. He found it very soothing to feel her warm body against him and he fell asleep before her.

Ginny alternated between being bored and excited. Oliver didn't have any good games or toys but it was exciting to know he had seen her bare and she kept thinking about the girl in the movie. The girl was naked and lying on a couch and the man was taking her picture. She wondered if Oliver would take her picture like that. She pushed her bum against his front and closed her eyes. When she opened them, he was still sleeping with his arm on her belly on top of the shirt.

It took a lot of wiggling for her to pull the shirt up from just above her knees to her waist so that she could put his hand on her bare belly. She couldn't go back to sleep with his hand there so she just enjoyed the feeling of him touching her and thought about that girl again. It was after four when he finally woke up and squeezed her.

"Mmm, that was a nice nap. Did you sleep?" He asked, still groggy.

"Yes, I like sleeping here with you."

The storm had just about ended but there was no sign of any attempt to clear the parking lots. If he was going anywhere, he was going to have to walk. They decided on canned chicken noodle soup for supper and he tried to teach her some different card games but he hadn't played in so long he couldn't remember the

rules. They played some simplified games of Gin Rummy and one called High, Low, Jack that he remembered. She didn't understand the concepts and he had to deliberately lose a few times to keep her interested. When bedtime came, they were both ready to end the long day.

"Why don't you use the bathroom first and we'll figure out what you can wear. Your underwear should be dry now."

"I only wear a nightgown to bed at home after my bath. This shirt is like a nightgown, I can wear this."

"Yeah, about that. I know you washed up this morning but maybe we should get you back on your schedule and have you take a quick bath now. Your mom asked me to fix it and make sure you didn't slip getting in and out. I won't look when you get undressed."

"It's okay. You saw that girl in the movie and she's just a little older than me."

"Well, that was just a movie but okay. Your mom would be mad if I let you fall in the tub."

Chapter 4 - First Bath Time

Oliver had mixed emotions about giving Ginny a bath. On one hand he wanted to see her body again and the thought of washing her was thrilling. On the other side, he was so nervous he was afraid she would sense it and become frightened. He had to make sure she was comfortable with everything he did.

He filled the tub high enough to reach her waist when she was sitting and called her into the bathroom. She stood facing him as he lifted the shirt over her head. Her sticker tits were completely flat and such a light brown color he could barely see them. He was surprised that neither of them blushed when she stood topless in front of him.

"Turn around honey and I'll help you out of the shorts and into the tub."

The elastic waistband of the shorts stretched enough that he didn't need to unhook the safety pins. He kept his eyes on her silky hair as the shorts slipped over her bum and down. She stumbled trying to kick them off and he grabbed her waist to catch her.

"Guess your mom was right. I should be here to help you."

His tub was pretty deep so he lifted her up and stood her in the water then held her hand until she sat down. He handed her the soap and wash cloth but she left the cloth in the water and began to soap her front with her hands. The warm water must have relaxed her because she began to chatter about school and her

friends and the storm in a continuous streak. Oliver thought it was adorable and gave her a string of simple responses to let her know he was listening. She didn't know that he was staring at her little butt the whole time. Ginny interrupted her talk to hand him the soap.

"Wash my back please. I can't reach there."

Oliver had to make a split-second decision to search for the wash cloth or not. He chose 'not' and rubbed his hands on the soap to work up a lather. Ginny pulled her hair to the front and he touched her delicate neck with a soapy hand. He felt a surge of excitement run through his body as he caressed her soft skin and washed her back down to her tailbone. After washing and rinsing her back for as long as he dared, he made a bold move, soaped up his hands again and tapped her bum.

"Lift up for a minute Ginny so I can finish back here."

He didn't say the word bum or bottom but what he was thinking was, "lift up so that I can touch your sexy butt."

Ginny didn't hesitate and pulled her legs around so that she could kneel in the tub. She had stopped talking and waited patiently for Oliver to finish washing her. He ran a slippery hand down from her tailbone, over her bubble butt and down the back of her legs. He repeated the motion on the other butt cheek then circled each cheek before soaping his hands again. He made one final pass up between her legs and continuing up her butt crack, washing her anus thoroughly. He tapped her on the shoulder to say he was finished.

"All clean back here. Ready to get out?"

"You need to wash my hair please." She said sweetly.

"Oh, but it's bedtime."

"Don't you have a hair dryer?"

"Um, I think so, somewhere. I don't usually need it. Sit there, don't stand up. I'll look."

Oliver went to the bedroom and found a small dryer on the shelf. He retrieved the bottle of shampoo and knelt down next to the tub.

"Okay, lay back and get your hair wet."

Ginny did exactly what he said and laid on her back until the water reached her ears, giving Oliver a full view of her vagina. She either didn't realize it or didn't care. He took a plastic cup and wet the top of her hair with bath water and nudged her to sit up. The picture of her immature sex was burned into his brain

as he put a generous amount of shampoo on her hair and began working it into a rich lather. There was so much lather he forgot about her front and started playing with her hair, pushing it into points and swirling it around.

"You have beautiful hair Ginny." He said as he combed it straight with his fingers.

After giving her a scalp massage and wiping some of the excess suds down her back he took a handful of bubbles and smeared it across her chest, and watched it run down between her legs. When it was time to rinse, he adjusted the water to warm and rinsed her with the handheld sprayer. She closed her eyes tight and leaned back to keep the soap out of her eyes and didn't see him staring at her vagina again. He couldn't believe how smooth everything was. When he was sure he had all of the soap out he lifted her back up to a sitting position.

"All done. Stay there, I need to get another towel."

He found two of his biggest bath towels and asked Ginny to stand up. He put one over her shoulders, under her hair and wrapped the other one around her long silky hair. When he lifted her out of the tub she turned and gave him a hug.

"Okay, let's get you dressed and then I'll dry your hair."

"You need to dry my hair first so my nightgown doesn't get wet." She instructed him.

"Okay. Guess tomorrow we need to start earlier. Let's move to the living room."

Oliver pulled her towel closed and followed her to the living room. He had her sit on the couch near an electrical outlet and went back to the bathroom to let the water out of the tub and get a brush and the hair drier. When he returned, he almost dropped the dryer. Ginny had removed the towel around her body and was lying on the couch with one arm under her head.

"What are you doing?" He asked as he unsuccessfully tried to keep his eyes on her face.

"I'm posing like that girl in the movie. Can you take my picture?"

"Ginny, you need to cover up. I could get arrested for taking a picture like that."

"No one would have to know. Please take my picture. I want to feel pretty like that girl."

Oliver knelt down next to Ginny's head and tried to pull the towel over her but she was laying on it.

"Honey, you are much more beautiful than that girl. You're a beautiful little pixie. If you were older, well things would be different."

"That girl wasn't much older than me. It's because she's pretty and I'm not."

Oliver saw tears start to form in her eyes and his heart melted. He looked at her beautiful face and did something very stupid. He leaned in and kissed her. Right there with her lying naked on his couch he touched his lips to the lips of an eight-year-old girl and felt her lips melt into his.

"You're beautiful." He whispered. "Please don't tell anyone I did that. I will be in a lot of trouble if you do."

"I won't." was all she said.

Neither of them talked while he dried her hair as she sat on his lap. He managed to get her to drape the towel over her shoulders but she refused to hold it closed. He concentrated on drying and brushing her hair until it was silky smooth and shining. The wet spot in his underwear had grown quite large and he hoped it didn't leak through to his sweatpants. He also hoped she didn't realize what the budge was that she was sitting on. When he finished her hair he sent her to the bathroom to brush her teeth and pee.

Oliver's mind was racing as he waited for Ginny to finish in the bathroom. She was obviously bold and inquisitive but one slip to her mother and his life was over. He wouldn't survive one day in prison as a convicted child molester. He desperately wanted to see her naked again and to touch her but there was no way to tell if he could trust her. He had to smile when he thought about her trying to imitate Brook Shields in Pretty Baby though. The scenes in the movie were shot from a distance but he had been inches from Ginny. He understood why the main character could fall for a twelve-year-old girl. He was falling for an eight-year-old.

He heard "All done" from the bathroom and watched as she walked around the bed wearing just one of his T-Shirts. He knew she wasn't wearing anything under it. Things might have stayed under control if he had slept on top of the sheet like Monday night but she was about to change that.

"Oliver, please don't lay on top of my sheet. It made it so tight I couldn't breathe. Please get in under the sheet."

Now he was in trouble. He would be lying beside her with nothing between them. After finishing his turn in the bathroom, he pulled a spare pillow out of the closet and put it between him and Ginny. It wasn't much but it might keep her on her side of the bed. He tried to sleep but after an hour of picturing her laying on the couch he finally went in the bathroom, locked the door, and masturbated to relieve the stress. He came in about ten strokes and filled two tissues with his cum. It took another half hour for the adrenaline from ejaculating to work out of his system so that he could sleep.

Chapter 5 - Sunshine

Wednesday started out as a clear day with no wind and temperatures climbing into the forties. Since they had no schedule, he didn't set an alarm and left the dark shades closed. Oliver woke up to the scent and feeling of Ginny pressed against his front. The pillow was gone and her bottom was pressed up against his abdomen. He was still half asleep and decided he was dreaming so he closed his eyes and drank in the sensation of her body against his.

The next time he woke up Ginny was still laying against him and breathing softly. He lifted his hip slowly off the bed and set it down a tiny bit closer to her. He felt his dick grow bigger than it had in years and he slipped his hand in his pajamas to pull it up straight before moving against her bottom. One more micro movement brought her back against his chest and he settled into the pillow with the scent of shampoo and Ginny in his nostrils.

Her body was so delicate and tiny that touching it sent chills up his spine. The touch of another human was something he had missed for a long time. He hadn't held a girl close in six years, since his college girlfriend broke up with him. The feeling of Ginny's warm body against his was too good to resist. If he didn't take things any farther, what was the harm in holding her?

Oliver was relieved when he felt the shirt still covering her stomach. He was afraid the little pixie might be nude. His mind was a whirl of conflicting emotions. Holding her could be a sign of protecting her or it could be a way to get pleasure from her touch, or both. He drifted in and out of sleep, thoroughly enjoying the feeling of holding her until she stirred. He felt her lift up his hand and when she replaced it, he felt soft skin. She had pulled the shirt up past her belly button. That meant everything below her waist was uncovered.

"What are you up to little pixie?" He whispered in her ear.

She smiled but didn't answer and pushed his hand up under the shirt. She didn't have nipples to play with so he just hugged her with his hand on her belly button. He leaned forward and felt her hair on his cheek then tried to push it out of the way with his chin. His hand was trapped under her shirt by both of Ginny's hands and he gave up trying to get to her neck to kiss it.

"Did you sleep good?" He finally asked.

"Mm hmm."

"What happened to the pillow?"

"It was in the way." she answered matter-of-factly.

"This is nice but I don't want to get in trouble."

"I know. It's our secret. Will you take my picture on the couch later?"

"That would have to be a much bigger secret, much bigger."

"I know. It's my idea so I would never tell anyone."

"Let's not talk about that now."

Oliver closed his eyes and tried to pretend he was still asleep. He decided he couldn't be blamed for something Ginny did while he was sleeping. It worked too well and he was soon snoring in her ear. Her full bladder eventually won and she slipped out of bed and headed for the bathroom. After emptying her bladder and washing her hands she crawled back into bed facing him. She tried kissing him while he slept but his mouth was too close to the pillow and his morning breath was gross. She wiggled down until his hand was level with her bottom, hiked up the shirt again, and put his hand on her bare bum. She wished she could tell her best friend how brave she was but this was a secret that she could never tell anyone.

Ginny's head was under Oliver's chin and she pretended that he was hugging her and playing with her bum. His hand didn't move but just feeling it there was exciting. She thought about something even more exciting but didn't know if she was brave enough. His abdomen was very close to hers. She wondered if she pressed her body against his, could she make him grow down there? She had never seen a real man's penis but her friend found pictures in a medical book at the library.

Ginny lifted her hip up and moved closer to Oliver. She felt the material of his pajamas on her bare kitty. It was so exciting she was shaking as she pressed her body against his and tried to feel him growing bigger. The contact made her tingle down below and she pressed harder. Her body was flooded with good feelings and without thinking she put her hand on his butt and pulled herself tighter against him. She could definitely feel something long and thick inside his pajama bottoms.

Oliver stayed asleep but started dreaming about a beautiful girl rubbing the front of his pants. He always took a long time to wake up and, in his half-dreaming state he felt a naked butt in his hand and began to play with it. Ginny froze when she felt his hand move and just kept her body pressed against his as he rubbed and squeezed her bottom. When his dream progressed, he pulled Ginny in tight and began to hump against her. He was immediately filled with pleasure signals from his erection and gave similar ones to her. His orgasm approached and his movements quickened along with his hand's exploration of Ginny's body. As his excitement built, he began to wake up and when the first shot of cum splashed the inside of his pajamas he pulled Ginny against his dick and realized what had happened. He couldn't force himself to let go of her in the middle of ejaculating and let the waves of pleasure block out the seriousness of what he was doing.

"Oh God Ginny! I was sleeping, I mean dreaming and oh shit that shouldn't have happened. Are you okay?"

As the cum soaked into his pajamas Oliver realized that it wasn't a dream and that he had just masturbated with an eight-year-old's body. He had visions of being led away in handcuffs. In a desperate attempt to apologize he moved down until his face was even with hers and pushed her hair out of her eyes.

"Are you okay? Have I traumatized you for life?" He asked as he stared at the shocked girl.

Ginny's answer to his questions was to smash her lips onto his and hold his head still as long as she could.

"Mmmrfff, Ginny nooo ommmf"

He had to pull her hand off of his neck before he could break the kiss.

"That's not helping." He gasped. "We can't do that."

"But you were dreaming about me, weren't you? You want to kiss me, I can tell."

"I can't talk about this now. I have to get cleaned up."

"Because you made the stuff come out by rubbing on me. Can I see it."

"God no. I'm in enough trouble. Get dressed and we can talk after breakfast. I need coffee."

"You need to brush your teeth too." She laughed.

Oliver took some clothes in the bathroom and stepped in the shower. Washing the cum off made him semi hard again and he tried to think what to do next. He had cum hard, as hard as he could ever remember, and he had been dreaming about Ginny. He would swear that he was asleep but there was a point just before he felt the cum race up his shaft that he knew it was Ginny's bum that he was touching. It made the orgasm even more powerful knowing that it was her body next to him. He had just turned the water off when Ginny knocked on the door. He heard it open and turned to face the wall.

"Can I come in? I need to pee, bad." She was lying because she had peed earlier while he was sleeping.

"Can't you hold it? I'm almost done."

"Noooo. I gotta go now. I won't peek."

"Then hurry up. You're determined to get me put in jail today."

He heard the toilet seat being lowered and a slight sound of pee hitting the water. When he stole a glance over his shoulder, she was sitting with her legs spread and the shirt tucked under her chin.

"You can look at me if you want." She teased. "I don't mind."

"Ginny, this has to stop. Adults can't play these games with eight-year-olds."

"Sure you can. We just have to keep it a secret, an extra big pinky swear secret. I can do that."

"Would you please leave so I can get dressed?"

"Can't I watch you? You watched me after my bath."

"Ginny! We can talk about what we can and can't do after I get dressed and after breakfast, now would you please leave?"

Oliver waited until he heard the door close and turned to get a towel. After drying off he looked for his briefs in his pile of clothes and couldn't find them. The little pixie had taken his underwear. He stepped into his sweatpants and pulled on a knit shirt. He might as well be comfortable while he was stuck at home. At work he had to wear a dress shirt and tie. He didn't even think about getting another pair of briefs when he exited the bathroom. Ginny was in the living room wearing just the t-shirt she had worn to bed and watching the latest news about the roads.

"They say some stores are open and people are walking to them. Can we walk to the store later?"

"Breakfast first, then see if we can dig my car out and then the store."

"When are we going to talk?"

"Later. After the store."

Chapter 6 - Digging out

After a breakfast of instant oatmeal, Oliver insisted that Ginny put on the clothes that she was wearing on Monday, including the panties that he had washed. Oliver exchanged the sweatpants for underwear and heavier pants and they both put on heavy coats and gloves. When they stepped outside, they couldn't believe the sight. There were two rows of cars in the small lot for his building and the snow was over the roofs of most of them. His car was in the row closest to the building and there were a few tenants starting to dig out their cars. All they could do was dig around the car because there was over three feet of snow filling the middle of the parking lot. Oliver could see heavy equipment attempting to clear the lot in one of the other buildings.

He told Ginny to wait by the door and trudged through the chest deep snow to his car. He had a full-size shovel and a small folding one in the trunk and he grabbed both of them. After shoveling a path back to Ginny, he gave her the small plastic shovel and asked her to dig out as much as possible on one side. By the time the front-end loader cleared the middle of the parking lot he had his car cleared enough to back out of his space. Some people were lucky and let the heavy equipment do most of the work but if the owner wasn't there, the crew would attach a chain to the car and pull it out of the way. Oliver wondered how many transmissions were damaged by dragging the cars while in park.

He and Ginny cheered when the front-end loader cleared the last of the snow out of the parking spaces and Oliver could return his car to its spot. All of the public roads were still closed but at least his car was ready when they opened.

"Hot chocolate time." He announced as he put the shovels back in the car.

They returned to his apartment and closed and locked the door. No one had said a word about why the little girl from the apartment next to his was with him. Most of the people hadn't even said hello. It was that kind of place. Ginny immediately went into the bedroom and removed her wet leggings and socks. She didn't stop there and removed her panties too. She wanted to remove the dress but needed help getting the back open.

"Oliver, I need something to wear." She called from the bedroom.

"What about your dress?" He asked.

It's too scratchy and my stockings are wet. Got any PJ's I can wear?"

Oliver dug through his drawer and found a pair of short sleeve cotton pajamas. He handed them to her and started to leave.

"Can you unzip me please?" She asked while holding her hair up.

Oliver unzipped the dress down to where her underwear should be but only saw skin.

"Where is your underwear?"

"I took them off. I was all sweaty from shoveling. Can you wash them again for me?"

Oliver shook his head and smiled. He pushed the dress over her shoulders and let it drop. Ginny caught it and turned to face him.

"Don't leave." She told him with pleading eyes. "I want you to stay."

Oliver was torn. He had seen her naked in the bathtub but this was different. This was an invitation to watch her undress for his pleasure. He swallowed hard and decided.

"I can stay if you think you will need help."

The decision was made. He leaned on the door frame for support as Ginny slowly lowered the front of the dress down to her waist. It felt different to her. When she washed or took the bath, he didn't stare at her. He was just there to help like her mom would do. This time he was watching her undress because he liked seeing her naked. It was a kind of thrill she had never experienced and she loved it.

The dress went lower and lower until it was just above her mound. Oliver stared at her abdomen then looked into her eyes and smiled. If she liked him enough to put on a show, he wasn't going to just stare at her private parts, although they drew his attention back when she let the dress fall and spread her arms in a "Ta Da" movement. The dress puddled at her feet and she stepped out of it.

"You are a beautiful little pixie. Are you sure you don't have wings hidden back there?"

She laughed and turned around, showing her perfect ass to him before bending over and picking up the dress. She placed it carefully on the bed and slipped her arms into his pajama top. It reached down to below her bum and she considered not wearing the bottoms but she was cold. He knelt down and folded the cuffs up so that she could walk. Before standing he lifted the shirt up and quickly kissed her belly.

"Let's rest a bit and then have lunch. We can go to the store after lunch."

He decided to lay on the couch and have her lay facing him. He wanted to be holding her when they talked and having her sit on his lap like a little kid seemed wrong. He blocked out the fact that she was a little kid because she sure wasn't acting like one.

"Ginny, what am I going to do with you? I've already done so much that I shouldn't have that I could be put in jail for years. Are you trying to get me put in jail?"

"I told you, no one needs to know. I want to be that girl in the movie. I want you to kiss me and do stuff to me like I was your girlfriend."

"And what happens when your mother comes home?"

"Then I have the best memories any girl could have and maybe my mom lets you babysit me sometimes."

"Ginny, if you let one word slip, do one thing that you shouldn't know how to do, then she starts asking questions and tells you it's okay to tell her and they come and put me away for twenty years."

"You don't know my mom. She doesn't have time to notice things like that. She told you to help me take a bath so she's okay with you seeing me naked."

"You know it's not the same."

"I know. You liked seeing me take my dress off and I liked doing it. It made me all tingly inside."

"So what do you want? What's next if I agree?"

Ginny thought for a minute then had her answer.

"I want you to kiss me then after we come back from the store, I want you to take my picture like the girl in the movie. Do you have one of those instant cameras?"

"I do but I'm not agreeing to any of that yet. We can cuddle in the chair for a while."

They moved to the chair where he pulled her onto his lap. She sat across him with her back supported by his left arm and his left hand on her bum. He tucked her head under his chin and held her close for a while, rubbing her arm with his right hand and brushing her hair out of her eyes. She stayed in his arms a long time then started to sniff, first just the air and then close to his chest. She touched under his arm and withdraw her hand quickly.

"You're all sweaty. You smell."

"Sorry, shoveling is hard work. I was going to change but a little pixie distracted me."

Ginny smelled inside the shirt that she was wearing and wrinkled her nose.

"We need a bath. We can't go to the store like this."

Oliver thought about the prospect of being in the tub with Ginny and quickly dismissed it. It was too soon.

"How about a shower instead? You first."

"A bath would be better. You don't have to wash my hair until tonight."

"Ginny. There's a big difference between giving you a kiss and taking a bath with you."

"Don't be such a baby. You can cover your privates with a wash cloth if you're that shy."

"What if your mother calls?" Oliver was trying to think of any excuse to avoid bathing with Ginny.

"Oh, go take your shower and burn those clothes." She finally said surrendering to his excuses. "Add that to the list though. Take my picture like in the movie, kiss me, and take a bath with me."

Oliver sprinted to the bathroom before she changed her mind and locked the door. He hoped she didn't know how easy it is to unlock an interior door. He finished his shower, rinsed the tub thoroughly, and filled it with a few inches of warm water. He laughed when he heard her singing while he made lunch. Ginny came out of the bedroom with a towel wrapped around her and sat at the table. The towel slipped down below her nipples and she left it there. After a light lunch of fried slices of canned spam, Oliver dried her tights with a hair dryer and she reluctantly put her clothes back on. They put on their winter coats and headed out to walk to the grocery store.

Chapter 7 - Finally Food

The walk down three blocks to the store was surreal. They expected to see large mounds of snow along the apartment complex roads but when they got to the main road Oliver stopped and stared.

"Wow! Can you believe this?" He asked as they looked at the normally busy road. It looked like a bobsled run with six-foot-high piles of snow on either side. The sides of the snow banks were vertical like they had been carved and there was a two-inch-thick layer of hard packed snow on the road surface. Everything was white in all directions. All of the bushes and small trees were bent over and buried under snow piles. What surprised Oliver the most was the quiet. Except for the crunch of their shoes on the snow it was completely silent. Half way to the store they met some people heading towards them. They were following a boy pulling a sled full of groceries.

"I guess the store is open." Oliver said.

"Yes, quantities are limited but they still have some bread and milk and lots of dry goods." the person said as they crossed paths.

When they got to the store there was a collection of children, mostly boys, with sleds and signs that they would bring your bags to your house for five or ten dollars. Oliver had emptied Ginny's school backpack for her to wear and he had his own and some cloth bags with sturdy handles. People were smiling and talking and he thought that two days at home after surviving a disaster had made people more social.

They shopped quickly with Oliver saying "too heavy" to several of Ginny's choices. He reserved his backpack for the milk and loaded up on cereal, one of the few frozen pizzas left and other easy to fix items. Ginny suggested hamburger and hot dogs which he agreed to but limited the ice cream to a quart and added green beans because it was one vegetable she would eat. He paid for their order and they packed it for the trip home. He didn't think they needed help but he noticed how the boys looked at Ginny.

"Those boys really like you." He teased.

"What boys?" She asked

"You know. The ones with the sleds. They smiled at you."

"Eeewww, those boys are gross. I like you better."

"Thank you. It's good to know I'm better than a bunch of gross boys."

They arrived at his apartment and put everything away. They had real food to look forward to for supper. Oliver was drenched in sweat from carrying the bags with a heavy coat on but Ginny said she was cold so he made her a hot chocolate. Before Ginny could say anything more, he told her that they needed to do some laundry. She said laundry was boring and she wanted to stay in the apartment and watch TV. After a brief back and forth he agreed that she could stay but he was locking the door so that no one could come in while he was downstairs in the room with the coin operated washers and dryers.

Oliver found a clean T-shirt for Ginny to wear and unzipped her dress so that he could wash it. She stood facing him and pushed down her tights and panties, removing the tights by alternating stepping on the toe and lifting her leg until she had pulled them off. Oliver couldn't understand why she didn't just sit and pull them off with her hands but apparently that wasn't how it was done. At this point seeing her naked was becoming routine and he calmly handed her the shirt to wear. He offered a clean pair of his briefs but she said she could never wear someone else's underpants. Wearing nothing under the shirt was apparently acceptable.

Ginny settled on the couch under a blanket and Oliver took his hamper and a roll of quarters down and started his wash. He didn't like leaving his clothes unattended so he brought a book that he had recently discovered. It was an old porn book, apparently a classic, about a Victorian English university where sex was the main subject taught. As the washer churned away, he read page after page about ladies in fine dresses and fancy bloomers bending over the teacher's desk so that he could teach the class the proper way to have anal sex. Needless to say, when he put the clothes in the dryer and headed upstairs to check on Ginny, he was extremely horny.

Oliver unlocked the door, stepped inside and stopped short.

"What the heck?" He blurted out before quickly closing and locking the door.

The TV was paused on the scene from Pretty Baby and Ginny was lying on the couch in the same position and as naked as Brooke Shields was on the screen.

"I'm ready for you to take my picture now." was all she said.

He slumped in the chair across from her and shook his head.

"What if I met your mother in the hall and she came up with me? What would she say?"

"You couldn't meet her, I just talked to her and she said she probably won't be home until Sunday. She asked me if I was taking good care of you."

"And what did you tell her?"

"That you sweat a lot but I made you take a shower because you smelled bad."

Oliver laughed and shook his head.

"And what did she say?"

"She said I shouldn't be rude and if I needed to take a bath with you I should."

"You made that last part up. Aren't you cold?"

"No, I turned your heat way up so we can pretend it's summer."

"It's a good thing the heat is included in the rent or I would be sending you a bill."

Ginny stretched her thin body like a cat and smiled at him. His eyes followed her contours from her delicate neck, down her flat chest and over her slightly round tummy to her vagina. He couldn't stop looking at its thin line ending with two teardrop shapes between her legs. He wondered what it looked like inside and even what it felt like. He had so many missed opportunities when growing up. The girl down the street was happy to show him her pussy in exchange for kisses but he never thought to kiss her there.

"Ginny, it's very illegal to possess a picture of a naked girl your age. If I take one, I will have to destroy it after."

Oliver realized he had just agreed to take pictures of Ginny, illegal child porn pictures. He wished he could be sure that there was a safe place to hide them but if the police have a search warrant they can look anywhere, even in locked safes.

"I need to get the clothes out of the drier. Put the shirt on and we can decide about the picture when I get back."

Oliver took his clothes basket down and waited the few minutes for the dryer to stop. His mind was racing with a million thoughts. Could he stop this before it went too far? He hadn't touched her yet except for washing her bottom but he really liked washing her bottom. He kept switching between thinking it was the chance of a lifetime or a life ending mistake. When he pulled Ginny's panties out of the dryer and folded them, he made his decision. He brought the clean clothes up to his apartment, set them down by the bedroom doorway and walked over to Ginny.

"You're absolutely one hundred percent sure you want me to take your picture like that?"

"Yes, more than anything!"

"And you swear you will never, ever, ever tell anyone about it. Not your mother or a teacher or your best friend who you tell your deepest secret to. Especially not your friends."

"I pinky swear promise."

Ginny held her little finger out and Oliver locked his with it. A pinky swear was supposed to be unbreakable.

"Okay, we need more light. You get ready and don't walk in front of the doors."

Oliver opened the floor-to-ceiling curtains in front of his balcony doors. The room was flooded with sunlight and he could see the piles of snow filling the balcony. There would be enough room for him to stand on it when he burned the pictures. He had decided that there was no safe place to store them in spite of his deep desire to retain them.

Ginny pulled his T-Shirt off and got into position on the couch. The movie had started up again while Oliver was down stairs and she had turned it off when the main character had hit Brooke Shields character violently. She bent her arm and lay her head on it then lay on her side with her legs together.

Oliver went to his closet and pulled out his Polaroid camera. He checked the counter and found he had six pictures left. He cursed the fact that the film was so expensive that he didn't keep extra packs on hand. Returning to the living room he once again enjoyed seeing Ginny's nude body. He decided to take two pictures and show them to her before taking more. The first was a straight on shot and because she had her legs together, didn't show much detail. He moved to the couch and took her upper leg and bent it, placing the foot on her lower leg. The movement opened her pussy to the camera's view and he carefully framed the picture and pushed the shutter button.

The motor whirred and the picture shot out of the front of the camera. It took a couple minutes for it to develop and, unlike what most people think, it would hurt the image to wave it back and forth. He set it on a table and waited. The first image to appear was the couch with a ghostly image of a girl gradually filling in and becoming cleared until he could see Ginny in all her naked glory. The camera had high quality lenses and you could see individual hairs on her head and every detail of her immature vagina. He took the two pictures and handed them to Ginny.

"Wow! I'm so skinny." she said as she studied the pictures.

"Only a girl would look at that picture and find something to criticize. You look beautiful and sexy as hell and I'm going to hate to destroy that picture."

"No. You can't destroy it! Don't you like it?"

"I love it but I love not being in jail more."

"I pinky swore. I would never break a pinky swear. Would a kiss be better than a pinky?"

Oliver thought that a kiss might be a nice thank you for taking the picture. He got up from the chair, put the pictures on top of his desk, and knelt next to the couch to kiss Ginny. She leaned in and suddenly pulled back.

"You never washed after we went to the store. You smell bad again. You need a bath, now."

Chapter 8 - Stinky boy

"Okay, I'll take a shower then help you with your bath."

"I want you to take a bath with me." she begged.

"That's not happening. Your mother has given me permission to see you. She didn't give permission for you to see me. It's very different."

"Why is it different?" she argued.

"Because adults don't expose their private parts to children. It's wrong and very illegal. If you want me to clean up you need to stop arguing with me."

Oliver went in the bathroom and locked the door again. After relieving himself he pulled his shirt off and sniffed it. He cringed at the sour smell and admitted that Ginny was right, he needed to wash sooner after physical activity. New England weather was crazy. The air temp might be thirty but the bright sun and heavy coats made you sweat like it was summer.

He was tired from all the activity and closed his eyes as the warm water relaxed him and washed the sweat away. He almost jumped out of his skin when he heard Ginny's voice too clearly to be from outside the bathroom.

"Don't use up all the hot water."

"Ginny! What are you doing! How did you get in here?"

"Our bathroom door sticks. My mom showed me how to turn the thing that unlocks it."

"Well you shouldn't be in here."

"I need to wash so I don't get a rash. Sit down and cover up with a wash cloth. I won't look at you if you don't want me to."

Oliver was trapped. If he tried to force her out, he would have to face her and let her see his erection bouncing up and down. She gave him what seemed to be the best option. He closed the drain plug, switched the flow from the shower head to the faucet and sat down. The washcloth barely covered his dick but it was his only option.

"Okay, you win. Open the curtain and let me help you in so you don't fall. Keep your eyes forward, no peeking."

Ginny pulled back the curtain and looked at him with the biggest grin she could make. She had won and was going to take a bath with Oliver. It didn't matter that he covered up. She knew he was naked under the washcloth and that he was looking at her nude body. She stepped in and sat down in front of him. She wiggled back, spreading his legs, until her backside was pressing against his balls. He tried to put the washcloth down between them but that would have uncovered the tip.

"Happy now? My life depends on that pinky swear you know."

"A pinky swear is unbreakable." she reminded him.

Oliver washed and rinsed her back then made a decision much bigger than deciding to take her picture. He put both hands on her shoulders and leaned in close to her ear.

"Ginny. You know how we got so hot and sweaty today."

"And one of us got stinky, yea?"

"You know what your mother said about girls needing to be very clean....um, down there."

"Oh! Yes! Yes, she told you that didn't she. It's important so I don't get a rash. If I get a rash, you'll have to put cream on it."

"Right, so maybe I should wash you there to make sure everything is extra clean, no sex, just washing. If that's okay with you. You can wash yourself if you want to."

"No, I think you should wash me. I don't want to get sore down there."

"Know what?"

"What?"

"I think you're not just a pixie, I think you're a naughty pixie. Give me the soap, naughty pixie."

Ginny couldn't believe he had agreed to the bath. She was sure he would have chased her out of the bathroom. Her insides had itched like crazy when he took her picture. The second one was so naughty with her privates open like that and then he talked about kissing her. She wanted the kiss but when she saw the wet marks under his arms and smelled the sweat, she just reacted and told him to wash.

Standing outside the bathroom door she heard him pee and flush and start the shower running. She remembered how to turn the little slot on the doorknob to unlock it and sneaked inside. If he wouldn't agree to the bath on his own, she would help him see that it was okay. She had watched him wash himself for a couple minutes before saying anything. She thought it was funny the way he jumped and covered his front when he heard her speak.

Deep down she knew he wanted this. He was too nice a man to start anything but somehow, she knew he wanted to touch her private places. When he suggested that he wash her she knew she was right. He wanted to touch her and washing was a perfect excuse. Her mother had even said that he might need to help . All she had to do now was keep him from chickening out.

Oliver took the bar of soap from Ginny and sighed deeply. His hands were shaking and his dick was on a hair trigger. What he was doing, and about to do, was far beyond babysitting. He was about to molest a very willing eight-year-old girl and he had to hope he could trust her. He finally decided that if he was arrested, he had enough money to pay a lawyer to get him out on bail and then he would go directly to the top of the ten-story garage at work and jump off. Ginny was the first really good thing to happen to him in years. He would not be leaving anyone behind, he had actually thought about ending it all before, and the pleasure Ginny was offering seemed more than worth it.

"Okay naughty pixie, let's start with washing your back."

Ginny didn't mention that he had already washed her back. He soaped up his hands and washed from her neck down to her tailbone. He gave her a shoulder massage and washed up the front of her neck to her cheeks. He scooped up some water to rinse her back and wet her front and heard her gasp as the water ran down her belly and pooled between her legs. It was time to put his life in her hands. He took the bar of soap and slowly rubbed it back and forth across her front, from shoulder to shoulder, across flat nipples and smooth, slightly round belly, across a tiny waist and over her belly button and finally down, across and up her triangle, touching her only with the soap bar and never with his fingers.

He took a deep breath in and placed both hands on her chest. With almost painfully slow movement he caressed her front, teasing nipples and promises of future breasts, down smooth skin and a cute little belly button and back up. She undulated under him, as she craved more of his touch. He could sense what she wanted but he resisted as his last shred of fear held him back. When she lifted her bottom up and tried to push back towards him, he overcame his fear and let his hands slide down, over even smoother skin, up and over a soft mound and down either side of her valley.

Ginny moaned in ecstasy when he finally touched her down where her need was greatest. She wanted more and tipped her head up to look at him towering over her.

"My mommy always says to make sure the middle is extra clean."

"I know sweetie. Just be patient. I've never done anything like this before."

Oliver moved his right hand up to her abdomen and started to move it down, sliding his middle finger over the top of her mound and down into the fold of skin below it. He felt her labia separate and let him in to where the skin was so delicate, he was afraid it would tear just from being touched. Inside the folds was a channel of heat and impossibly smooth skin that made them both gasp when he touched it. He slid over her clit, still hiding in its hood, over the little tube where her pee comes out, down a pink chute to a tiny opening at the end of her miniature canyon. It was the most erotic feeling he had ever had and he struggled to keep from cuming and from rubbing her too hard.

"Was that okay?" He asked when he reached the end of her vulva.

"Yes, but don't stop! It needs to be washed a lot. A whole lot."

Ginny leaned back against him and closed her eyes as he slid his two hands up across her labia and back down three or four times. He let his fingers open her up and noticed that she jumped when he hit a certain spot just below her mound. He had read enough porn books to figure out that it was her clitoris and he started massaging her there, alternating between rubbing the outside and sliding his

finger up and over her clit directly. He could tell by her breathing that something was happening but he had never seen a girl or woman have an orgasm so he didn't know what to expect.

Inside Ginny's body alarms were going off. Blood vessels were opening and blood was surging into her clit, expanding it and making it push out of its hiding place. Ginny's expanded so much the shiny pink tip pushed past its hood and waited. The next time Oliver's fingers passed over it a new surge of pleasure flowed through Ginny's body.

"Oh! Wow! Mmm. Oooo"

Ginny began to make cooing sounds every time Oliver 'washed' the area of her clit. When he began to lightly rub circles over her clit she broke out in a fit of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, oh! Ha, yes! Don't stop! Ha, ha, ha."

"What's so funny?" He asked as he continued to lightly play with her pussy.

"It's so! It's just. It's so good. Oh God! I didn't! OH FRICK! Ha, ha, I didn't know It could feel this good."

Oliver smiled as his fingers brought Ginny higher and higher. His dick was screaming for attention and Ginny's bum rubbing it was bringing him closer and closer.

"Lift up for a second." He asked as he nudged her bottom up.

She raised her bum up and he quickly lifted her onto his lap with his dick caught between her legs. Her eyes went wide when she saw the crown of his dick poke up against her vagina. The extra stimulation of his erection rubbing her between her legs lit her fuse.

"Let's do it together." he said as he began to push his dick up between her silky thighs. He went to work on her clit and brought her to her orgasm just as the first pulse of cum raced up his shaft. She began to pant with a squeaking noise as her body craved more of the stimulation that it was getting.

"Hee, Hee, Hee, oh yes, Hee, Hee, faster, OH My GOD! Yeeessssssss"

She dissolved into a long moan as her whole body stiffened and then shook. Since he had never brought a girl to orgasm before, he was amazed at the effect it had on Ginny. While Ginny was trembling in his lap, he was having the best cum of his life. No amount of jerking off with his hand could come close to the stimulation of sliding a soapy dick through the closed upper thighs of a young girl while his hand played with her pussy.

Ginny hyperventilated until she was so dizzy she had to stop and hold her breath. Wave after wave of feelings she had never experienced before flowed from her clit to every muscle in her body. Oliver kept rubbing until her clit finally became so sensitive that every circle of his hand was like an electric shock. Ginny held on, knowing it was too much, but never wanting it to end. She would suck in a breath and let out a series of "Oh God, Oh God, don't stop, ayeee" until she was out of breath and take another deep breath and repeat the process. Oliver had stopped cuming minutes earlier and was softening slightly when Ginny reached her breaking point and had to pull his hands off of her pussy. She covered herself with both hands and pressed in, trying to keep the good feeling inside and protect her super sensitive clit from more stimulation. He moved his hands to her belly and wrapped her in a hug.

"What was that?" She finally had the strength to say "what happened to me?"

"Well Ginny, it was supposed to be washing but that was sex, at least one kind of sex. There are lots of different kinds. It's not something you should know about so you can't talk about it with anyone. Are you okay? I hope I didn't scare you."

It was, um, wow."

Oliver laughed. "It sure was wow."

"When can we sex again? I need to catch my breath first but when?"

"You need some time to calm down. It wouldn't be good for you to be all red down there when your mom comes home and I need a long time to recharge."

Ginny was leaning with her back on his chest and when she looked for Oliver's dick, she saw the blobs of cum on her abdomen and legs.

"Your stuff came out and landed on me"

"It's okay Ginny. It won't hurt you. It rinses right off. How about a kiss?"

Oliver splashed water on her then diverted her attention from the cum floating in the water by getting her to turn over. She moved her slippery body up and down, giving them both bone crushing aftershocks. She pressed her lips to his and felt his tongue licking her lips. When she opened her mouth, he pressed in and touched the tip of his tongue to hers. It felt very grownup and sexy to let him put part of his body inside hers. She didn't think there was any way his dick could fit anywhere inside her so his tongue was a nice alternative.

"What am I going to do with you? You're a sexy little pixie and I can't resist you. I just hope you know how important it is to keep this all secret."

"I told you, a pinky swear is unbreakable. Would you do something for me?"

"Anything!"

"Would you please change the water? I don't like sitting in water with your stuff in it."

"You realize that stuff is what goes inside you when you're older to make a baby, right?"

"I don't care. I don't like sitting in it."

"Okay, stand up and I'll rinse you off."

Oliver let the water out then took the shower head off its holder and rinsed Ginny thoroughly. She laughed and covered her pussy when he pressed the jets of water against her clit. They were about to get out when she remembered her hair.

"You didn't wash my hair." she said as she combed her fingers through it.

"We wash your hair at the bedtime bath. This was the after-shopping bath."

Ginny thought a second and laughed. "So there should be a good morning bath too, right?"

"Oh definitely. People get very sweaty in bed at night, especially if they are being naughty."

"Will we be naughty in bed?"

"Is a pinky swear unbreakable?"

"Yes"

"Do you want to be naughty in bed tonight?" Oliver wanted to make sure she was comfortable with everything they did.

Ginny grinned from ear to ear. She was so damn cute he could picture her with pixie wings.

"Yes!" was all she said and the die was cast.

It might end in disaster but Oliver was going to be as naughty as Ginny would let him that night and until her mother said she was on her way home. He secretly wished he could get to a library to find out how young girls could have sex and if it would leave any signs that her mother might see. It would have to be a medical book and he probably wouldn't understand all the big Latin words.

Chapter 9 - Sex Ed.

Ginny insisted on drying Oliver from the waist down so that she could study his genitals. He warned her to be very gentle with his balls and by the time he was partly dry his dick was sticking out at eighty percent hard. She wasn't interested in the rest of his body and gave him a quick wipe with the towel. When he turned around, he felt her hands on his butt, squeezing and exploring. For once he was glad he had almost no body hair. He doubted that Ginny would touch a hairy bottom and he found that he really liked his relatively smooth one being touched.

When it was Ginny's turn, he knelt down, wrapped her in a towel and hugged her as he rubbed her back. He took the ends of the towel and wiped her front, pressing the towel against her pussy and holding it there as he gave her a kiss. He wasn't comfortable being a nudist so he put on sweats with no underwear and let her pick out one of his T-Shirts to wear. He dug out some sneaker socks and insisted that she keep her feet covered.

"So, what do you want to do until supper?" He asked once they settled in the living room.

"Can we do sex again?"

"No, I think your body needs a break or you're going to be very sore tomorrow."

"Can we watch that movie but skip the parts where he hits the girl? I didn't like that part."

"I guess we could. Just don't tell anyone. It's rated R for a reason."

Oliver found the movie and started it running. He gave Ginny a brief explanation of the plot about a young girl being raised in a brothel and the photographer who falls in love with her. He wasn't sure how to handle the scene where she loses her virginity to a paying customer but finally decides to just tell her.

"You mean he puts it inside her? Where?"

"There's an opening at the bottom of your privates. Inside is your vagina. It feels really good for a man to put his dick inside there and moves in and out. That's how babies are made but your mother should be the one to explain that part."

"She's too busy. You do it." Ginny said impatiently. She had paused the movie and pulled the shirt up to look at her vulva.

"Okay, guess this day can't get any stranger. Time for sex education 101."

Oliver knelt in front of Ginny and spread her labia open with his thumbs. He took her finger and brought it to the tiny opening to her vagina. He had never been this close to a vagina and was as interested as Ginny.

"There is a flap of skin called the hymen that seals the hole and keeps dirt out."

He obviously knew very little about female anatomy so he was making it up as he went along, using his limited knowledge. His parents had never given him the sex talk and most of what he knew he learned from his older brother and the porn books he had recently been buying.

"Why did she say it hurt?" Ginny asked.

"Well, he had to push through that little piece of skin and it can hurt if she is really young. It's like a scratch and it only hurts once. Some girls use their finger to push through it. That's enough education, let's finish the movie."

Ginny went back to watching the young girl running around the brothel in a nightgown and then living with the photographer who wanted to take her picture with no clothes on. She had seen that part so while it was on, she slipped her hand under the shirt she was wearing and started searching for her hole. She thought she found it and was very gently testing to see if her finger would go inside when Oliver noticed where her hand was.

"You're going to make yourself sore. Why don't we skip the movie and rest for a while. I'm still not used to being awake during the day."

He put her on the inside of the couch and lay down facing her. With his left arm under his head he brushed the hair out of her eyes and smiled at her.

"We should have picked up some barrettes to keep this hair out of your eyes."

"I like you touching it though." she said quietly.

"I like to see your pretty eyes before I kiss you." he said then moved closer and touched his lips to hers.

"I thought we were resting." she said with a sexy grin.

"In a minute."

Oliver caressed her body from her neck to her bottom then pulled himself closer until he could feel her abdomen touching his growing erection. She tried to reach inside his sweatpants but he caught her hand.

"Later. This is rest time."

"But I want to do sex now." she whined.

"Trust me. You don't want to be sore down there."

He returned to kissing her and then settled in and closed his eyes. He had to pull her hand away from his dick several times but finally she gave up and closed her

eyes. He smiled as he listened to her soft breathing then drifted off to sleep himself. He liked being on normal hours and decided he needed to talk to his boss about moving to the day shift. They didn't have a day shift supervisor and his boss had hinted that they needed one. The only thing that would keep him on the night shift was the possibility of watching Ginny after school until her mother came home.

Oliver woke up to a feeling that every man should experience at least once in his life. He woke up to the feeling of a little girl's hand wrapped around his very hard dick. Ginny had woken up first and had gone exploring. She had pulled open the waistband of his sweatpants and looked at his flaccid member then reached inside and watched as her light touches had awakened it and made it grow to its full size. She found that she could wrap most of her hand around it and that the warm skin moved with her hand.

Oliver thought he was dreaming but the bright sunlight streaming in and Ginny's increasingly adventurous investigating woke him up. He lay with his eyes closed until he was approaching another orgasm then reached down and pulled her hand off of his dick. She jumped when he touched her and looked up at him.

"You slept long enough. I want to do sex again." She practically demanded.

"We can do lots of stuff but men can only make their white stuff come out a couple times a day and I want it to be special."

"So what can we do? Should we take another bath?"

Oliver lifted her chin up with two fingers and kissed her. While they were kissing, he slid his hand down her back and over her bare butt. She returned the kisses and enjoyed his hand on her bottom but she wanted those good feelings that came from her kitty. When she tried to put his hand on her pussy he resisted.

"Ginny, it's too soon. I promise I'll do something special after supper."

Oliver was not a cook but even he could fry a couple hamburgers, toast some English Muffins and open a bag of potato chips. He insisted that Ginny put a pair of his knit shorts on so that she didn't sit on his dining room chairs with a bare bum. Before supper he changed to a light T-Shirt because Ginny was running the heat full blast to support her new nudist lifestyle. After they ate, he looked across the table at her with a serious look.

"Ginny, I love every second of being with you but I hope you understand it all ends when your mother gets home. You can't think that you'll be able to sneak out and come over here for sex. All of this has to end when the roads open and your mother can come home."

"I know that. That's why we need to do everything before she comes home."

"Ginny, you're too young to do everything. It wouldn't be right and it would leave marks. Your mother would know the first time she washed your hair and saw the redness."

"Oliver, I already figured that out. When my mom calls tomorrow, I'm going to ask you to go in the bathroom so I can tell her some stuff. Then she will want to talk to you. It's all going to work out."

"Tell her what? You're not going to tell her what we've been doing are you?"

"Of course not. A pinky swear is unbreakable. Don't worry."

Oliver didn't like putting his life in the schemes of an eight-year-old but he did that the first time he kissed her so there was no backing down now.

Chapter 10 - Naughty Pixie

After supper he insisted on watching the news. The pictures of thousands of cars still covered in snow were shocking. The death toll from carbon monoxide in trapped cars was up to ten people with a couple more dying of hypothermia. There were stories of snowmobile clubs providing rides to doctors and nurses and even bringing EMT's to houses to deliver babies because the ambulances couldn't get down clogged roads. The governor was still predicting that the main roads should be open by Sunday. The thousands of stranded cars would be towed, one at a time, to big parking lots where the owners could claim them. Oliver turned off the TV and looked at Ginny.

"Well, looks like your mom won't be home for a while. I hope she's comfortable. At least she's safe and warm."

"Can we please do sex now?" she asked

"I know something that shouldn't make you sore. Let's get comfortable and lay on the couch again."

Oliver pulled his shirt off and helped Ginny take off hers. He didn't want her attacking his dick again so he left his sweatpants on and started kissing her forehead and cheek and neck, moving down to her flat chest and soft belly. When he reached her waist, he gently removed the knit shorts, spread her legs, and lay between them on the couch. Ginny thought he was just looking until he bent down and put his whole mouth over her kitty.

"Isn't it gross down there?" she asked.

"We took a bath earlier, it's fine. It's supposed to be the sexiest taste there is."

"Okay, if you're sure, you can try..OH WOW! "

Ginny's sentence was cut off by Oliver licking from her hole up and over her clit. She received a burst of pleasure from his wet tongue touching her most sensitive spot. He watched as her clit visibly grew as blood rushed to it and it peeked out of its protective hood. Oliver thought back to the neighbor girl who had let him look close at her vagina when he was nine. If only he had thought to lick it at the time maybe he wouldn't still be a virgin.

He covered her vulva with his mouth again and sucked and licked the entire area including pressing her clit against the roof of his mouth. He loved the smoothness inside her pussy lips and he licked down to her hole at the bottom. He wondered how far his tongue would reach inside and decided to test it. Pressing his tongue inside Ginny set her off like a Fourth of July fireworks show. She pushed her hips up and pushed his head down with both hands.

"Right there! Oh yes. Mmmm there too. Oh Oliver! Don't stop!"

Oliver had no intention of stopping. He managed to push half his tongue inside Ginny and the sweet, salty liquid that greeted him was like nothing he had ever tasted. It was girl juice, the arousal fluid produced by a young girl's vagina and he loved every drop. To keep Ginny from bucking him right off the couch he put both hands under her bum and slurped her genitals like a kid eating watermelon. It didn't matter if you had watermelon juice up to your ears, that sweet taste was worth it. It was the same with Ginny's pussy. He felt Ginny's movements getting stronger and knew that she was close.

Her whole genital area was sopping wet and he coated his finger with her juices and started playing with her butthole. He had interrupted her pleasure but she rose right back up and squeezed his head between her legs as his tongue drove her crazy. He curled his tongue lengthwise and pressed in until his lips were touching her vulva. He had pushed through the hole in her hymen and was stretching it every time he pushed his tongue through it. As he licked, he played with her rosebud then pushed his finger deep into her rectum. That sent her over the top and he held on as she was rocked to the core by her orgasm. There were a lot of "Oh God's" muttered in the next few minutes as he continued to stimulate her through her orgasm.

He stayed with his cheek resting on her inner thigh after she pushed him off of her pussy, then moved up to lay next to her again. She wasn't sure she wanted to kiss him while the stuff from inside her kitty was still wet on his face but he made her feel so good she pulled him in for a kiss.

"How was that?" he asked smiling. He was thinking of all of the "firsts" in his life he had experienced in two days and all the ones left to try.

"You put your tongue inside me, and your finger in my butt. What's up with that?"

"Some girls like it. Some even take the man's penis up there. It's very sensitive and can feel really good."

"Easy for you to say. No one ever put something up your butt."

"Can you keep a secret?" he replied as he considered telling her his.

"Duh. Pinky swear. Remember?" Ginny said with an annoyed tone.

"Okay, okay. Well, I like feeling things in my butt. When I rub myself, I have a special toy to put up there. It feels really good."

"Sounds weird but okay. Do you think your thing, your dick, would fit in me?"

"I'm pretty sure it would in back. The front would take more time and would probably hurt the first time."

"Okay, I'll have to think about it. Wanna make out until supper?"

Oliver laughed and said that was a great idea. He gently moved her hair out of the way again and touched his lips to hers. He started out barely touching her and then built the tension with stronger kisses and small licks. He started caressing her body then reached down and pressed his wrist against her vulva and let her grind against it until another orgasm took control of her muscles.

"Oliver! It's happening again! Oh Frick! It feels so good! I love this! I never want to stop!"

He held on for the ride, occasionally getting a kiss or two in between holding her tight to his body. By the time she calmed down she was drenched in sweat.

"I'm going to need another bath." she giggled.

"Pew. Stinky girl." he replied laughing then hugged her sweaty body to his.

Oliver thought it was very erotic to press his bare chest to Ginny's sweaty body. She had an earthy scent, not a bit sour, and the sweat made her skin slippery and sexy. He kissed her until she became fidgety again.

"So what now Miss Pixie? It's a little too early for our bath."

"I want to do everything! If I only have until Sunday then I want to do everything before then. Can we start with another one of those movies? I liked the one with the young girl."

"Okay, they sometimes have what they call 'Art Films' on. They are usually in a foreign language with subtitles but they use young actors a lot."

Oliver turned on the TV and checked the listing. There was a movie starting about a boy about ten years old whose mother takes him to a nudist resort. Oliver laid on the couch with Ginny in front of him. He checked that the deadbolt on the door was locked and covered them both with a soft lap blanket. It felt like they were in their own private tent as the movie started.

Ginny laughed as she saw the boy in the movie dressed for winter with a heavy coat and hat with ear flaps. It was obviously summer and his mother undressed in the parking lot and led him to the reception desk. It was funny to see the boy in heavy clothes with his mother standing naked beside him.

"I wish I could go to a place like that. I wouldn't keep my clothes on."

"They would kick me out. Men can't walk around with a hard-on, it's not proper. There, see that guy."

The scene changed to a series of cabins and the boy was led to the family next door by his mother. There was a man, woman and girl about fifteen sitting under an umbrella. They were all nude and the boy's mother explained that he was still too shy to undress. The man's penis was limp and flopping between his legs.

"Will the boy ever take his clothes off?" Ginny asked. She liked the idea of seeing a young boy's penis.

"I hope so. He's missing out on a lot of fun."

They watched as the older girl gradually convinced the boy to take off the hat then the coat and progressed through the movie until he was down to just his underpants. The girl hadn't pushed, and in one sexy scene she blindfolded him and put his hand on her small breast. Oliver hadn't seen the movie and he was enjoying the shots of the girl. He was surprised that there were frontal nudity shots of her but he later learned that the actress was twenty-one and therefore legal.

Ginny watched with fascination as the boy removed layer after layer. She couldn't understand why any boy would want to stay dressed when there was a naked girl asking him to strip. Her kitty began to need to be touched so she took Oliver's hand and put it on her pussy. She instantly felt better as the good feelings flowed through her body. He leaned over and quietly talked to her.

"I don't want to make you sore. Let's go slow until the movie is over."

She nodded yes and watched as the boy stood in front of the nude girl and pushed his final piece of clothing down. She had closed her eyes and when she opened them, she smiled at him. He sat next to her and at the end of the scene she turned her head and gave him a simple kiss on the lips. That was it, no hug, no sex, just a chaste kiss between two nude children.

The rest of the movie was about him having to leave and didn't show much. When it was over Ginny turned and faced Oliver.

"Why didn't they do sex?" She asked.

"Because sex is private and for adults so they couldn't show the boy having sex."

"But we do sex" she replied like she was saying we do yoga or we do puzzles.

"Yes we do and it's illegal and I am counting on your pinky swear to keep me out of jail."

"A pinky swear is unbreakable. Can we do sex now?"

Oliver laughed and hugged her then gave her a quick kiss. He stalled her until nine PM when he finally agreed that they could take a bath together and get ready for bed. He washed and rinsed her hair first then sat her on his lap with his dick between her legs and her back against his chest. Like the earlier bath, he thoroughly washed her body, including the sensitive parts, until she screamed in pleasure. She pulled his dick tight against her while he shot small volumes of cum against her pussy and under her fingers. They rinsed and dried off and she sat on his bare lap in the chair while he dried and brushed her hair. He was going to miss these quiet times when the only sound was the brush turning snarled strands into silk. When they climbed into bed together, their nude bodies touched as he gave her a goodnight hug and kiss. It would be very hard to sleep that night but Oliver didn't care because he knew he would wake up to a naughty pixie in his bed.

Chapter 11 - No more waiting.

Thursday morning promised another bright, sunny, but cold, day. Oliver again woke up to the scent of a little girl in his bed. He could smell traces of the men's shampoo he had used to wash her hair and when he moved lower to touch his cheek to hers, he picked up that unique scent that children have. When they are babies it's all baby powder and diaper cream and when they are teenagers their sweat turns sour and gross but preteen girls like Ginny have a unique, intoxicating scent. It's earthy and musky but not sour and if she's aroused there are additional girl smells that drive men crazy. Ginny had all of them that morning and Oliver was in no hurry to wake her. He was in a hurry to pee though, and slipped out of bed quietly.

After relieving his bladder he decided to brush his teeth quickly so that his 'morning breath' wouldn't push her away. He slipped back into bed, back to the beautiful, nude girl who had taken over his life. Her body molded to his as he rested his dick between her legs. He didn't want to cum right then, he planned to save that for something special, but starting the morning with his dick between her legs was too tempting to resist.

Ginny woke up slowly and realized where Oliver was. She squeezed her bum cheeks together to say good morning and took his hand, that was resting on her hip, and placed it on her kitty. Warm feelings flowed through her as he gently pressed in but didn't rub. He caressed her like that, slowly moving his dick between her legs and holding her vulva until they were both trembling.

"Can we do sex now?"

"Shhh. Don't talk, just enjoy it."

Oliver opened the drawer of his nightstand and found the jar of Vaseline. He made sure he could reach the surprise and then scooped two fingers of the lubricant out of the jar and spread it on her anus and the surrounding area.

"Oh! What's that?" She asked as she felt the Vaseline liquify on her hot skin.

"Shhh. Trust me. Just relax. I'll stop if you really don't like something."

"It's okay. You just surprised me."

He knew from experience that he needed to get a good quantity inside so he played with her for a couple minutes to get her well lubricated.

"Ginny, push out gently like you're going to poop. It helps to relax the muscle back here. Not too hard, just a little push."

He felt the strong muscles of her rosebud relax slightly and he pushed his Vaseline coated finger inside. He felt her hot smooth rectum as he worked the Vaseline in and out. Ginny tensed up a few times but didn't complain.

"Doing okay?" he asked.

"It's weird like before but it doesn't hurt. Now what?"

"Just be patient."

Oliver applied some side pressure to her sphincter and gradually coaxed it open a little wider. He retrieved a small vibrator from the drawer, dipped it in the Vaseline, and slipped it into Ginny as he removed his finger. Ginny felt the difference right away. She was going to complain when Oliver turned the vibrations on.

"Oooo. What's that? Wheee. That's different. I think I like it."

"It gets better. Roll over and lay on top of me."

Oliver kicked the covers off of them and held the vibrator in her butt as she crawled over him. She had a big grin on her face and kept wiggling her bottom

side to side. He stretched out with his head on the pillow and pulled her up until he could reach over her bottom and under to her vagina. He arranged his dick to sit along her slit and pulled her labia open to surround it. The slippery hot skin touching his dick almost made him cum right then.

"How about a kiss while we play and then we can try something even better."

Ginny had learned to be a very good kisser in three days and she lowered herself down and sucked on his lower lip before pressing her tongue in his mouth. Oliver played with her bum cheeks with one hand and worked the vibrator in and out with the other. Everything was so slippery he had a hard time holding the vibrator but at least there were no traces of brown showing.

Ginny liked the nice feelings the vibrator was giving her but she didn't think it was as good as Oliver rubbing her front. Oliver, on the other hand was in Heaven. He knew how much he loved the vibrator in his ass when he jerked off alone. He was still warming Ginny up and to keep her interested he started moving her up and down against his dick. The stimulation of the side of his dick on her clit gave her the intense pleasure that she wanted. He tried to slow her down to avoid cuming but she wasn't going to be denied and he had to move up the time for the next step.

Oliver had a problem, he had never done the next step. He didn't know how to get his dick in her butt with her laying on him. He really didn't want the first time to be from behind where he couldn't see her pixie face. He kissed her hard, licking and sucking on her lips and kissing her neck.

"Ginny, you're so beautiful and sexy. You're driving me crazy with desire. I want to be in you. I want my dick inside you so bad. Can we try it?"

"Will it fit? We can try it. I want to try everything." She answered and continued grinding her clit into his dick.

"Lift up for a minute." He instructed.

When she was up on her knees, he reached under her with a tissue and grabbed the vibrator. He quickly wrapped it with the tissue and put it aside. Then he held his dick up straight and told her to lower down slowly. She tensed a little when his tip touched her anus but everything was so slippery at that point that he was able to lift his body up slightly and start to push inside.

"Sit down slow. Stop if it hurts." he whispered.

He was trembling with excitement at giving her part of his virginity. He had never put his dick inside another person. He always thought it would be his wife on their wedding day but things worked out different and there was no one he wanted more than Ginny. Well, of course he fantasized about making love to Dorothy Hamill, the Olympic figure skater, but that was only a fantasy. Ginny was real and

as she moved lower and lower, he experienced the indescribable feeling of his dick sliding inside her body.

Ginny was feeling a whirlwind of emotions. She thought the vibrator was just a fun toy but all of a sudden Oliver was asking to put his dick inside her and now she could feel it going in and it was wonderful. She was taking him inside. It wasn't as good as her front but it was close. When she felt her clit touch his abdomen she shivered with excitement and smiled at him.

"You're inside my bum." she giggled.

"I am and it feels fantastic. How about a kiss?"

Ginny leaned forward, pulling Oliver part way out of her, and kissed him. He lifted his hips and pushed his dick back in as far as it would go.

"Oh wow! That felt good. Can you do that again?" She asked

Oliver was very happy to comply and started a rhythm of pumping in and out of her bottom. The Vaseline did its job and kept everything very slippery. Ginny began to concentrate on his movements, in and out, in and out, enjoying the sensations and the extreme naughtiness of him putting his dick up her bum. She kissed him hard and took one of his hands and pushed it down between their bodies. It only took a few rubs of her clit to set her off and as she tightened her muscles, including her sphincter, she sent him soaring. He was the first to moan as he pushed as deep into her as he could and stayed there.

"Oh shit. It's so good, so good!" He said as the first shot of cum sprayed inside her colon. "I'm cuming inside you Ginny, can you feel it?"

Ginny could feel it but her orgasm had stiffened every muscle and slammed her eyes shut so it was a while before she could answer. She hugged him tight and eventually kissed him as her muscle control returned. He continued to slowly pump in and out of her as aftershocks kept his dick hard an unusually long time. He kissed her cheek and forehead and eyes and smiled a lover's smile at her.

"God, I love you!" He finally said after a big sigh.

"I love you too. I like your surprise. Can we do it again soon?"

Oliver laughed and explained again that he needed recovery time. He held her tight and rubbed her back for at least half an hour. When he asked her if she wanted to take a bath, she insisted that he wash his dick thoroughly before putting any water in the tub. He took the vibrator with him to the bathroom and washed it and his slippery dick completely. They were both worn out from all the sex and he gently washed every inch of her body, including her bum crack and rosebud, with soapy hands and rinsed her off. They were both quiet as he dried

her body. They didn't know it but they were both thinking that her front hole was where he needed to put his dick next.

Ginny dressed in another of his T-shirts and knit shorts. He had to argue with her to put socks on. Breakfast was cereal with hot chocolate for Ginny and coffee for him. He had just finished loading the dishwasher when the phone rang. Oliver answered and it was Victoria making her morning call.

"Hello Oliver, how are you and Ginny doing?"

"Everything's good here. Ginny survived my cooking last night without turning green. How are you holding up. Are you still expecting to be here Sunday?

"There's a rumor that the roads might open Saturday. I'm doing okay except for being in the same clothes for four days. We are trying to use the restrooms to wash up but there are no towels and limited space. I'm lucky that my building has a large cafeteria. The building owner and my company are providing free meals until this is over but there isn't much variety and the portions have to be limited. Maybe I'll lose some weight after all this."

"How's the sleeping there?" Oliver asked then hoped that Victoria didn't ask the same question.

"Well, I'll never complain about camping with an air mattress. We use removable chair cushions for pillows and sleep on the floor. At least we have rugs. I'll be so happy to get home and take a long shower and sleep in my own bed. How's Ginny doing for sleeping? I hope she didn't push you onto your couch with her kicking, if you have a couch."

Victoria closed her eyes and crossed her fingers. Would he say what she hoped he would?

"No, no." Oliver laughed as convincingly as he could. "She's usually asleep before I go to bed and once my head hits the pillow I'm out until morning."

"I can't wait to see Ginny. Is she being good? I hope she isn't giving you any trouble."

"Are you kidding? She's an Angel. No trouble at all."

"Oh good. Oliver, we are very lucky that you were home on Monday. I'm sorry if I sounded overprotective. I can tell you're a special person and I'm glad you are there for Ginny. She needs a kind man in her life. Her father hasn't been in the picture since she was born. Oh, and you can call me Vicky. I feel like we are friends now."

"Okay Vicky. It's been my pleasure. She's a great kid, a little bossy at times. Just kidding."

"Ha, ha. I can believe that. I had a kind neighbor like you when I was growing up and he was very good to me. I'm glad Ginny had you to protect her this week. I'm sure you made her feel very safe and warm. She likes to cuddle you know."

"Oh yes. There isn't much else to do here so we do a lot of cuddling."

"Has she gotten over her shyness? I hope she has warmed up to you by now."

"Shyness? No, that's not a problem anymore." Oliver said, looking at Ginny. She smiled at him, pushed the briefs she was wearing down, and wiggled her bare bum at him.

Vicky paused for a minute and hugged the handset as if it was Ginny. She had hoped this day would come but never dreamed it would take a blizzard for it to happen. Ginny was growing up fast and was about the age when Vicky had more than a casual friendship with the man who lived next door to her.

"Okay, well I should talk to Ginny now. I just wanted to thank you for the way you are taking care of her. She's a special girl and I already know, from what she has said, that you're a special man. Look after my little girl for me. There is something beautiful and loving about the friendship between a young girl and a kind man. If I know Ginny, she has already shown you that."

"She is definitely special. I feel like I've made a new friend this week. I think she wants to ask you something personal. She asked me to go in the bathroom."

Oliver handed the phone to Ginny and was planning to stay but she shooed him away before starting to talk. He had noted that Victoria knew that Ginny was sleeping in bed with him and she didn't object. He didn't know how to take the rest of Vicky's conversation. She couldn't possibly know what he had been doing and approve of it but it sounded that way. He wondered what the story was with Vicky's neighbor.

Vicky waited for Ginny to come on the line, once more holding the phone to her breast. She recalled when she was Ginny's age, when the man next door would play his Beatle's records and invite her in to listen to them. He was about Oliver's age, working a night shift like Oliver, and home alone during the day. She would sit on his lap and pretend it was Paul McCartney who was holding her with his hands between her legs. The day he kissed her for the first time was something she would never forget. She wondered if Oliver had kissed Ginny yet. If he hadn't, he must be one of those homosexuals like the two men who lived together in apartment A. She hoped he wasn't.

When Ginny took the phone Vicky started talking first.

"Hi sweetheart. Are you okay? I miss you so much."

"I miss you too mom. I'm fine. We walked to the store and I got cold but I'm okay now."

"Ginny, you need to remember it's winter and put some clothes on."

Ginny hesitated and looked for some tissues. She could feel Oliver's cum seeping out of her rectum and into the loose briefs she was wearing.

"I wear clothes mom. Oliver has stuff I can wear in the apartment. I'm even wearing his shorts as undies."

"Yes, of course. I just want to make sure you are comfortable. Are you happy with the way the week has gone? With Oliver I mean. Is he kind and gentle all the time?"

"Yes. He's great. What do you mean mom?"

"Oh nothing. I just want to make sure he isn't pressuring you into doing anything you don't want to do. He is a man after all and you are a beautiful girl."

"He would never do that." Ginny replied. She wondered what her mother was talking about. Did she suspect what they were doing?

"Okay honey. I have to go. You have fun with Oliver. You can sit with him like you sit with me after your bath. I know how much you like to cuddle and I bet Oliver likes it too. Just do what you feel is right and show him how much you appreciate him taking care of you. Don't wear the poor man out though. Bye."

"Mom, wait. When are you coming home?" Ginny sounded upset to her mother.

"Maybe Saturday honey. Is everything alright? What's the problem? You can tell me."

"You know how sometimes it's hard for me to poop and it hurts when I go? Well my bottom hurts and you usually put some stuff on it."

"Oh honey, Oliver might not have the ointment that I use but he probably has something for cuts and scratches. It's a lot to ask but if he agrees would you let him put something on you! It's hard to reach back there on your own."

"He would have to touch my butt! I guess I could close my eyes and pretend it was you."

"Was there anything else honey, I need to hang up soon."

"Yeah, when we were shoveling, I got all sweaty and I've been wearing Oliver's shorts for underwear and I've been washing but it's all red down there again. It kinda stings. I'm too embarrassed to ask him about it."

"Okay, let me talk to him. If he has some lotion, you can put it on yourself. He might need to see your privates, and Ginny."

"Yes mom."

"He's taking care of you when I couldn't be there so if he needs to do something like put cream on you it's just like if I was doing it. We owe him a lot for taking you in. He could have just called the police and you would be in a scary shelter this week. I think he needs to look at that rash and make sure there are no blisters."

"Mom! He will have to look at my kitty!"

"It's your vagina and he's a grown man. He isn't interested in little girl's privates. Please let him check you, and Ginny, if he needs to help you wash down there it's just so that you don't get a rash."

"Okay, okay. If you say so. I'll get him and you can explain. I'm going to hide in the bathroom. I love you. And mom, Oliver is really nice, I like him a lot. If someone has to look at me down there, I'm glad it's him. I love you"

"Love you too Ginny."

Victoria smiled as she waited for Oliver. Ginny's last statement meant more than all of the fake modesty. The important thing was she sounded comfortable and happy. There was no hint that Oliver was doing anything Ginny didn't like. Victoria hoped he was doing something that Ginny would like a lot. Something Victoria had liked very much. Maybe Ginny's redness wasn't just from sweat. If that was true, she hoped Ginny wasn't overdoing it. Ginny never did anything half way, even things she wasn't supposed to do.

Ginny put the phone down and went to the bathroom. She told Oliver to go talk to her mom and everything would be great. He was surprised that she stayed in the bathroom and wondered what Ginny's plan was. He said hello to Victoria and waited for instructions.

"Oliver, I hate to put you in this position but Ginny has some embarrassing girl problems. First, she has been constipated and is sore from passing hard stool. Do you have any Vaseline in your apartment?"

Oliver choked back a laugh and swallowed hard. "I think so, why."

"Well, to be blunt, she needs you to put some on her rectum. It will help it heal and she can't reach far enough back there. You could wear gloves if you need to."

"Poor kid. No wonder she didn't want me to hear. I can handle that. Stuff like that doesn't bother me. I'll just wash my hands good after. Was that all?"

"No, she has a more embarrassing problem. I explained about girls needing to stay clean and dry in their private area and Ginny said you have made sure she took baths but she says she is all red down there. It will be very embarrassing for both of you but you need to look closely at her vagina and make sure there are no blisters. If you have any antiseptic ointment, you could put that on the red spots or the Vaseline. Red is okay but blisters can get infected and that could be bad. I know it's a lot to ask but it's necessary."

Oliver paused for half a minute.

"That's going to be really hard for Ginny. Is she okay with me looking at such a private place? She has her back to me when I help her into the tub."

"I told her that you were taking my place and anything you did was like me doing it to keep her healthy. Obviously neither of you like it but it's important. You might even need to make sure she is washing the area enough."

"Don't worry Vicky, I will take care of that tonight and I'll try to make it the least embarrassing as possible."

"Oliver, you are a guardian angel. I don't know what we would have done without you."

"Well it's been an adventure but she's a sweet kid so It's been my pleasure. Guess we will see you Saturday maybe."

"There's one last thing. Ginny is a very affectionate child. She needs lots of hugs and kisses to be happy. Please don't be afraid to touch her. If you avoid physical contact, she will sense it and be upset. I know you don't have children but I can tell you one of the joys in life is cuddling with a child. I don't want you to be cold to Ginny because you are afraid someone might say what you did was inappropriate. To me the only inappropriate affection is unwanted or forced affection and I can tell from Ginny that you would never do something like that."

"Vicky, I'm not sure what you're saying. Let me give you an example and you tell me if it's appropriate. Ginny wants me to hold her in my lap after her bath before she gets dressed. Is it appropriate for me to hold her wrapped in just a towel? Most people would say no."

"Oliver, that's just affection, perfectly appropriate, sometimes she skips the towel when I hold her. Forget what I said on Monday about good touch and bad touch. If you're giving comfort to Ginny in a scary situation it's not bad touch. Ginny will tell you if she's uncomfortable. Use that as your guide. I have to hang up. Someone is waiting for the phone."

"Okay bye Vicky and don't worry about Ginny."

Ginny came into the kitchen and approached Oliver.

"That was weird. Did my mom sound weird to you too?"

"Definitely. If I didn't think it was impossible, I would say she was encouraging us to keep doing what we've been doing."

"Yeah, that's what I thought too and what was all that about you needing ointment on your privates? You are a naughty pixie!"

Ginny just stood in the doorway smiling. She had removed the shirt and shorts and looked good wearing nothing but a smile and his socks.

"How did you ever convince your mother to ask me that?"

"Easy, she knows I get rashes when I get sweaty and a sore bum when my poops are too hard. She doesn't need to know that you are making me red."

He moved to the chair and sat his naked pixie in his lap. They watched the latest news about the storm and a couple game shows and then it was lunch time. Ginny didn't want to leave his arms.

"Let's go. I need to wash the sheets and some of my clothes and start the car so the battery doesn't die."

"Can we do sex in the car?"

"Ginny! Lunch now!"

They were both starving and he agreed to make her two grilled cheese sandwiches, with no crusts, for lunch if she put some clothes on. After lunch he stripped the bed, took a laundry basket with the clothes they had worn and dressed to go outside. He told her that he would start his car while the washer ran and that he would be back as soon as possible. Just before he left, she stopped him.

"Can I live with you? I don't want this to end."

"Ginny, you know it has to end when your mother comes home. Do you think she would just give you to me?"

"I know it's impossible. I still want it."

Oliver carried the laundry to the basement, started the washer and headed outside. His car started right away and he let it run while he cleared the windows and made sure the tailpipe wasn't blocked. He thought about the people who had died in their cars because they chose a little heat over safety and filled their cars

with carbon monoxide. By the time he finished, it was time to switch the wash and he headed upstairs after starting the dryer.

Chapter 12 - Panic on the balcony

Oliver opened the door to his apartment and stepped inside. He didn't see Ginny and assumed she was in the bathroom. When she wasn't there, he started to panic and wonder where she could be. When he looked out of the balcony sliding doors his heart stopped. Ginny was sitting in the snow naked with her arms around her knees and crying. He rushed to the door, unlocked it and pulled her inside. Kicking the door closed with his foot he brought Ginny to the couch and began to strip off his clothes. She was shivering violently and could barely talk and all he could remember about hypothermia was don't put hot water on frostbite and skin to skin contact was the best way to warm her. He put a blanket behind her and lay against her front, putting as much of his body in contact with hers as possible.

"What in the world were you doing?" he asked as her shivering seemed to be quieting down.

"I, I, I, I sss,saw some people on the TV j,j,j,jump in the snow in ba, ba, bathing suits."

"So you decided to jump in the snow naked? You could have died. How long were you out there?"

"Just a few minutes. The door closed when I peeked over the railing and I couldn't open it."

"I'm supposed to be keeping you safe. I would never forgive myself if something happened to you. I love you, you crazy kid."

"You love me? Like a real boyfriend love me?"

"Of course I love you. Are you getting warm yet? You still feel cold."

"I'm getting better but don't stop hugging me. Maybe you should warm me from the inside."

"Right! Warm liquids! I can make some hot chocolate."

Ginny shook her head in disgust and wrapped her hand around his dick. The excitement and his pounding heart had brought it to full hardness.

"No dummy, this warm liquid. Put it inside me."

Oliver didn't say anything. All the fear and stress converted to lust and he was hit with an overwhelming desire to fill her vagina with his cum.

"Put it in me. I know you want to. I can't wait any longer." she begged

Her body was screaming for him to put his erection deep in her vagina and squirt his stuff in there.

"Be right back!" he said and he ran to the bedroom and grabbed the Vaseline. There wasn't time for foreplay to get her ready.

"Lay on your back." he instructed as he dipped into the jar. He spread a small amount on her labia and pushed some into the opening to her vagina. He rolled her towards him, picked up another small amount of the magic gel on his finger, and started kissing Ginny as he probed her insides slowly and gently. It was all new to him and he wished he could see as he pressed into folds of skin that resisted and then let him pass. When he was up to his second knuckle, he started to slowly turn his hand from palm down to palm up and back, curling the tip of his finger to stretch her insides as he went. His dick was leaving a puddle of precum on the couch as he kissed his young lover and continued to stretch her open.

Ginny was panting hard by the time Oliver's palm touched her abdomen. She was flooded with emotions that were all new to her and a need to feel his dick where his finger was. She didn't want to tell him what to do but if he didn't start soon, she would. Once Oliver felt his palm touch Ginny, he knew that it was time to see if she could actually take him inside. He wasn't unusually big but Ginny was a little pixie and they were both virgins so it was all new to both of them.

It never occurred to Oliver to have Ginny on top, controlling the speed. He just rolled her onto her back, moved between her legs and started rubbing his dick where his finger had been. He didn't even ask if she was sure or if she was ready. He just found her hole and pressed forward. Nothing happened at first and he just leaked precum into her. Pressing his dick against her slippery pussy felt wonderful so he continued to enjoy it as he pressed and released, pressed and released.

"It's not going in." He finally said. "I'm too big."

"You're not pushing hard enough." she answered.

"I don't want to hurt you."

"You're not. I'll tell you if you do."

Oliver bent over and gave her another kiss then straightened his arms and let his weight lower his abdomen. Ginny reached down and guided his dick to her opening. When she closed her eyes and sighed she felt herself stretch, and felt something big and soft slip inside her. Once the widest part of Oliver's bulbous crown passed her tight ring, he was able to continue to slide into her until their

abdomens touched. He was no longer a virgin and he had given his virginity to an eight-year-old girl, a girl who was also no longer a virgin.

"Ginny, I'm inside you! Can you feel it? Oh shit, sorry, language, it feels so good."

"I love you Oliver. Is this sex."

"This is sex, well part of it. Let's try this." He said then pulled back and pressed his dick fully into her again.

"Oh wow! That's so good!" She exclaimed as his dick rubbing her vaginal walls set off fireworks inside her.

"You're so beautiful. Want me to move faster."

"God yes! Do it. Keep going until you put your stuff inside me."

She wrapped her legs around him and kicked his butt with her heels as he pulled back and plunged into her tight hole over and over, grinding their pubic bones together each time he bottomed out.

Oliver didn't even try to kiss her. He was putting all his concentration and all his weight into pounding her vagina with his dick. Each penetration turned some of his anxiety into pleasure. Each withdrawal turned fear into love. He loved Ginny and the shock of almost losing her drove his need to give her his body, his seed, deep inside her.

Ginny forgot about the cold. Oliver was loving her one hundred percent. He wasn't treating her like a delicate child, he was having sex with her. She was embarrassed to even think the word but he was fucking her and she loved it. She felt the familiar tremors in her kitty and felt her heart racing. Her body needed more oxygen so she started panting like a dog. As the feelings built, she received shocks of pleasure that made her jump and squeak in the now familiar "hee, hee, hee" as she panted.

Oliver picked up the pace and thoroughly enjoyed his first ever fuck. Ginny reached between them and played with her clit as every thrust of his dick sent shockwaves of pleasure through her body. In spite of the number of times he had cum in the past three days, there was no way he could hold back the sensations Ginny was giving him. He curled his hips, thrust into her fully once, twice, three times and exploded.

"Oh Ginny, oh Ginny, oh Ginny!" he said over and over as he pushed so much cum out of his body that it hurt with each pulse.

Oliver locked his elbows to hold himself up and pressed his abdomen tight against Ginny's body. Each blast of cum made him push against her as if he could push the

cum deeper into her womb. His flow was cut off momentarily when Ginny's orgasm tightened all of her muscles and squeezed his dick. She had been swept away by a massive orgasm triggered by Oliver slamming his dick against the back of her vagina. He had caused a brief pain when he first pushed through but the pleasure she got from him moving inside her made her quickly forget the pain. She felt every inch of his dick inside her and every movement sent her higher.

She opened her mouth and tried to cry out but her muscles tightened so much that no sound came out. Waves of intense pleasure, stronger than any before, flowed out of her vagina to every cell in her body. It wasn't just sex driving it, it was love, the knowledge that she was loved and that Oliver was giving her part of his body to warm hers. She closed her eyes and hung on as his pulsating dick sent her higher and higher. She felt him stretching her insides. She felt him pour his hot seed into her. Every twitch of his dick sent a burst of pleasure through her until it all blended into a whirl of feelings. Ginny started her orgasm chant.

"Hee, Hee, Hee, oh God! Hee, Hee, Hee, don't stop, Hee, hee hee" with her pulling on his back and pushing his dick deeper into her with each pant.

The whole couch shook in rhythm with her breaths. Oliver was starting to shrink inside her but she still kept panting and pressing and occasionally shouting when she would hit the right spot on her clit. It was a good thing that Ginny's apartment, next door, was empty. Ginny turned from a pixie to a sex demon when she had a dick inside her and he knew that their remaining time together was going to be wild.

Oliver was surprised at the amount of cum that he had produced since their anal sex earlier. He had pulsed at least six times with at least four being good quantities blasting into Ginny. When they both came back to earth, she pulled him down to lay on her and they kissed until she said he was too heavy. He rolled to the side and pulled a blanket over their nude bodies.

He eventually shrank so much that he slipped out of her, then rolled onto his back and let her lay on top of him. She continued to hyperventilate for several minutes, gradually slowing her breathing and hugging him. They both experienced aftershocks, his so violent he had to hold her tight to keep from pushing her off the couch. Finally, she fell asleep in his arms and he was filled with warmth just looking at her beautiful face. Oliver didn't want to move. Feeling Ginny's nude body on top of him after being inside her was the most wonderful thing he had ever felt. He closed his eyes and stroked her hair for a long time until one of their stomachs growled.

"Can I have that hot chocolate now?" Ginny asked.

Oliver pulled out another pair of his briefs and insisted that Ginny wear them until their bath. He was pretty sure the cum would wash out of his clothes but didn't know how he would get it out of his chairs. She protested at first but eventually gave in when he said that he didn't have any more knit shorts for her to wear.

He checked his kitchen cabinet and decided to make real hot chocolate from whole milk and cocoa powder. He followed the recipe but added extra sugar. When it was ready, he and Ginny sat at the table and sipped the steaming hot liquid.

"This is so good!" She exclaimed.

"Sometimes it's worth taking the extra time."

Oliver noticed Ginny kept shifting in her seat.

"Are you okay? Are you sore down there?"

"A little, I guess. And I'm still leaking. How much stuff did you squirt in me?"

"Every drop I had." He said laughing.

"Come on, finish your cocoa and I'll get you some clean underwear and put some ointment on you like your mother told me to."

"Wasn't that weird? She knew I could do that alone."

"Well, she asked me to look for blisters inside where you couldn't see."

"I guess. She never did that before."

They watched some afternoon game shows until supper time then he heated up one of the frozen pizzas in the oven and called her to come sit at the table. They sat across from each other smiling like fools.

"I'm not a virgin anymore." he thought as he looked at Ginny's pretty face.

"We did it! We actually did it!" She thought. "I wonder how long until we can do it again?"

Chapter 13 - After sex glow

Ginny wanted to jump in bed for more sex but he convinced her that he needed recovery time. He found a two-hour PG-13 movie and let her watch it even though she was only eight. After the R rated movies she had watched a PG-13 was tame. He spent half the movie pushing her hand away from his dick and the other half caressing her body but avoiding her vulva. When the movie finally ended, she jumped off of the couch where they had been laying.

"Bedtime Bath!" She announced proudly. "I've never had so many baths in one week."

"You've never had baths like ours in your life. Make sure you wash yourself good down there. We don't want you getting a real rash."

"I like it better when you wash me. Can we do it in the bathtub?"

Oliver knew that 'it' didn't mean wash.

"We can do 'it' almost anywhere but you need to give me a little more time to recharge and you need to take it easy or you will be really sore down there."

"I don't care how sore I get. I want to do sex as much as possible until my mom comes home."

Oliver laughed as he walked to the bathroom and turned on the taps. He had skipped shaving that morning and decided he would shave after their bath, something he regretted when Ginny refused to kiss his scratchy face. He was going to miss these relaxing baths. He usually took a quick shower and shaved at ten at night to wake himself up for work. When the tub was full, he dropped his clothes and sat in the warm water.

"Ginny! I'm in the tub. Are you coming?" he shouted. He hoped there was no one in a nearby apartment that heard him.

Ginny walked in to the bathroom, stood in front of the toilet, dropped the briefs she was wearing, sat down and sent a loud stream of pee into the bowl. They had crossed another barrier. He had never watched her pee up close and he wondered what it looked like. Did it spray everywhere or come out in a stream like his penis did? He couldn't see from where he was sitting and she wiped and stood up quickly. He offered his hand to steady her as she stepped into the tub and started to give him a kiss.

"Ouch! You're all scratchy. No kisses until you shave."

"Okay. Sorry. Come sit down and soak for a bit."

He sat her on his lap with her legs outside of his and her back to him. His 'still soft' dick took its position between her legs and he started to wash her neck and chest. He gave her a wet wash cloth to wash her face while he moved down to her belly button and lower. He felt his dick rise when she reached down and pulled it into her butt crack. By the time he was pushing his finger inside her to wash out the cum she had him hard enough to poke up between her legs. She drove all common sense out of his mind with her touch and he gave in to her teasing.

"Okay, okay, okay. We can try it but I'm going to shave first so that I can get some kisses. I'll shrivel up and die without your kisses."

Ginny was surprised when he pushed her off his lap, stood up and got out of the tub. She watched the water drip off his bum as he stood in front of the sink and

shaved the stubble off. He never had a heavy beard so he was done in a couple minutes. By the time he finished his dick was soft and floppy though. He decided to find out how bad Ginny wanted sex.

"Looks like I shrunk again. Think you can fix it?"

Oliver sat on the edge of the tub with his feet in the water and spread his legs out wide. He flipped his dick up and down a few times in a 'come and get me' move. Ginny moved between his legs and took it in her hand. She wasn't sure what to do when it was that soft.

"How do I make it big again?"

"Well, I think it would really love your kisses and it's nice and clean now."

"Just kisses?"

"Well licks are good too, better than kisses actually."

Ginny knew what he wanted and had already decided to try it but it was fun to tease him.

"It's too small and floppy to even kiss."

"So put it in your mouth and play with it. You'll see how fast it grows."

Just thinking about Ginny's mouth on his dick was making him start to grow. She held his dick with two fingers and covered the tip with her lips. When it didn't shoot up and choke her, she put the whole head in her mouth and started to lick around it. She liked that there was no taste, just skin. Oliver started to grow as soon as he watched his dick enter her mouth. Within a minute she could wrap her hand around his member and she was backing up so that he didn't choke her. She liked it when licking the underside made him jump and groan. It wasn't sex but if it got him hard this fast, she would do it again.

Oliver told her she did a good job and to stop so that he could sit in the tub. He told her to sit on his lap facing him and slowly lower herself down on his dick. It was only their second time and only two hours since the first time so she was still tight and he didn't expect to cum.

"Oh yeah! That's so good." She purred. "You can move now."

He held back a laugh at the way she was ordering him to fuck her.

"How about some kisses and then you kind of rock yourself back and forth? If I do the moving will rub you raw before I cum. We don't want that. I'm inside you Ginny, my dick is inside your vagina. Just enjoy that for a while."

Ginny leaned forward and gave Oliver lots of sweet kisses. She found that when she kissed him, she pulled herself off of Oliver's dick. She tried to set up a rhythm of kiss and sit back, kiss and sit back but he knew what she was doing and stopped her after four kisses.

"Ginny, you'll spoil the rest of our time together if you get sore. Just sit up and rock back and forth. You know what feels good."

Ginny leaned as far forward as she could without pulling him out then gave Oliver a big kiss and sat up straight taking all of him inside her. She could feel his dick pressing on the back of her vagina and when she pressed on her abdomen, she thought she could feel him inside her. She rolled her hips so that her clit rubbed against his pubic bone. The movement sent shocks up her spine and she smiled and repeated the movement. Oliver held her hips and helped with the movements until she started the same "hee, hee, hee" pant that she had done in bed. He let her continue, getting louder and louder and panting faster and faster until he felt his dick responding. When he thought she was almost at her peak he thrust into her, lifting her up three inches and then dropped down, pulling his dick out a small amount. He repeated the move four times which was enough to send her flying and give him the spark to send a few ropes of cum into her vagina. He might not be producing as much volume but the intensity of the feelings when the cum shot up his dick was just as strong.

He pulled Ginny into a hug and slowly pumped his dick into her throughout the rest of her orgasm. He hoped she was wet enough to not get sore down there. He stroked her hair and rubbed her back and bottom as he shrank out of her. When she finally calmed down, he asked her to lay back and he gently caressed and washed her vulva and abdomen thoroughly and slipped a finger inside to pull out any traces of cum. He dried her like a delicate flower and insisted on putting some antiseptic ointment on her pink vaginal lips. He gave her a clean pair of navy-blue briefs and she took them without objection. She had decided that wearing his underwear was an intimate act and not something gross.

The evening ended with her wrapped in a towel and sitting on his lap while they watched a silly talent show until bedtime. He put fresh ointment on her inner vaginal lips, which were looking a little less red, and they climbed into bed with the anticipation of what their last day together would bring. Ginny hoped it would bring lots of time with Oliver inside her, giving her that wonderful white stuff that made her feel like a grown-up woman. The fact that they both slept nude again was a good sign.

Chapter 14 - Friday finally comes

Neither Oliver or Ginny slept much that night. She kept cuddling up to him and holding his dick and he had to keep telling her to wait. They finally went to sleep and Ginny was the first to wake up in the morning. She slipped out of bed and rushed to the bathroom. She was happy that the pee didn't cause any pain but she washed herself anyway to be safe. She brushed her teeth and snuck back into

bed with her bum pressed against Oliver's soft dick. She tried to stay awake but the warm bed and warmer bedmate finally lulled her to sleep.

Oliver woke up about an hour later and checked to make sure Ginny was still sleeping. He tiptoed into the bathroom and almost laughed out loud when he read the note on the mirror written in Ginny's young child handwriting.

"Dear Oliver,

Please shave and pee and brush your teeth then come back to bed and put your dick inside my kitty. I want to wake up with you inside me.

Love Ginny."

He followed her instructions for hygiene and slipped back into bed. She looked like an Angel with her dark brown hair a mess on the pillow and the sound of her soft breathing. He started with his head close to hers and soaked in her wonderful smell. He wished he could have gotten some of her fruity shampoo because his smelled too masculine so he moved lower and nuzzled his nose under her ear. Here he could enjoy her earthy little girl scent and feel her soft skin on his cheek. He boldly reached around and touched her pussy just enough to pick up the intoxicating scent of her young femininity. One sniff made his dick stand at attention and he moved back up the bed until his head was above hers and his dick was level with her bottom.

Oliver rested there, too excited to fall back to sleep and waiting for Ginny to return to her soft breathing. When he was sure he hadn't awakened her, he moved forward, touching the tip of his dick to her upper thighs where they join her buttocks. He pressed forward just enough to make his dick feel good and to get his precum flowing. He could reach the Vaseline if he needed to but he didn't like the sticky feeling of it on her skin.

Ginny stayed mostly asleep, dreaming about Oliver sliding his dick into her over and over. Her dream made her wet inside and when Oliver's precum let him slip between her legs he rubbed across her opening and was greeted with the slippery liquid. He thought it must be his precum until he detected the unmistakable scent of little girl arousal. He smiled and pressed forward again, her scent making him even harder.

He hadn't entered her from behind in bed before so he had to move around a lot to get the angle right. He eventually moved so much he woke Ginny up and when he pressed forward the next time, she reached down and pushed his tip inside her waiting vagina. Instantly she was rewarded with the erotic sensations generated by his hard dick stretching and stimulating her insides. He felt her hand and reached around to put his hand on hers.

"Good morning." he whispered. "This was a great idea."

"Mmm hmm. I want you inside me all day."

"I doubt that I can stay hard that long and it would be really hard to pee if I did."

"You can take it out long enough to pee but you have to put it right back in."

"Let's just enjoy right now. Do you want me to rub you?"

Ginny thought about how good it felt to have Oliver's dick inside her and decided it was enough. She didn't want to get sore.

"No, just hold me and stay inside me."

"You know I have to move, right? It feels too good to skip that part."

"I know, it feels good for me too."

Oliver pulled back and slowly pushed his dick back into Ginny's hot vagina. He gave himself three slow pumps then put his hand on her chest and hugged her tight. When he felt himself softening, he gave her three more slow, sensual fucks, bringing himself to full hardness and eliciting moans from Ginny. They played this love game for an hour, fucking and stopping, fucking and stopping until she pushed his hand down to her clit and squeezed his dick with her vaginal muscles. No words were spoken but he knew what she wanted and within minutes he cried out her name and filled her young vagina with his seed. He held her tight as she pushed his hand tight against her clit and started the familiar "he, he, he" in even shorter, faster bursts until she felt like she was exploding inside and let out one long "eeeeee" through clenched teeth.

They both panted like tired dogs as their mutual aftershocks caused them to trade shudders and pulses of intense pleasure. It was another half hour before he slipped out of her and pressed a wad of tissues between her legs. He didn't want to spend time washing sheets that day. Oliver was the first to get up. He went into the bathroom and washed the cum off of his dick. He slipped on some loose shorts and a T-shirt and headed to the kitchen to start pancakes for breakfast.

Ginny lay in bed with a contented smile on her face. She loved having Oliver's white stuff inside her. She didn't understand how it made babies but she knew that it was a special gift from a man to a woman, or in her case a young girl being made to feel like a woman. She crawled out of bed when she smelled the bacon cooking and headed to the bathroom to pee and clean up. She didn't want anything irritating her down below because she intended to have Oliver back inside her right after breakfast.

Oliver found some frozen blueberries in the freezer and made blueberry pancakes with bacon and hot chocolate for Ginny and coffee for him. They ate slowly with big grins on their faces. They each were thinking what a wonderful way to start the day and when could they do it again. Ginny was wearing a pair of his briefs, maroon color today, with safety pins to make the waistband smaller. She had on one of his T-Shirts that was so big it slipped off of one shoulder and let her nipple

peek out. Oliver was surprised that he felt himself getting hard again already. It was going to be a wild day.

They both jumped when the phone rang and he was surprised to find that it was his boss from work calling to say that work was starting Sunday night. He found out that his boss and the second shift supervisor had spent four days stuck at work before the second shift guy had walked home. Oliver dreaded going back to the night shift and when he said it would be hard to adjust again, his boss said that it looked like he could move to days in a few months.

The pancakes were a big hit and after them Ginny curled up in the couch like a contented cat while he loaded the dishwasher. He suggested that they walk to the store to get bread and milk for her mother. Ginny didn't like having to get dressed but he convinced her that he needed time to recharge and getting out in the fresh air would be good. Oliver took his time thinking every minute that he stalled was another minute for him to make more cum to give to Ginny. The kids with sleds were still there and the boys all checked out Ginny when they walked by. She took Oliver's hand and smiled at them with a "I've got a real man" smile.

They took their time and bought the essentials for Vicky to have when she returned home. They were heading out past the boys again when Ginny stopped and bent over to fix her shoe. She gave the boys a clear view of her tights covered ass. There were no panties to be seen.

"What did you just do?" He asked as he stopped to see what the holdup was."

"Oh nothing." She said sweetly.

"Ginny, you're too young for that stuff. People are going to suspect something."

"Sorry. I was just teasing them."

"Let's get going. Your mother should be calling soon to tell us when she will be home."

They put Vicky's milk in the refrigerator and were watching the news when the phone rang. It was Vicky and she wanted to speak to Ginny first. Ginny took the phone and asked when her mother would be home.

"They say the roads will be opened at 8 AM tomorrow. I'll have to take back roads so it will take me at least an hour to get there. I can't wait to see you and to take a proper shower. Are you still being good?"

"Yes mom. You ask that every day."

"I know honey. Today is your last day at Oliver's apartment. Have you liked staying there?"

"I miss you but yeah, he's been really nice and we can still be friends, right? He could maybe watch me when you have to work."

"We can talk about that later but he made you feel safe while I was away, right?"

"Oh yes. When I got scared he hugged me."

"And when he saw how beautiful you are I bet he kissed you. Did you like it? "

"Huh? What did you say?" Ginny's heart rate jumped up when she heard that.

"It's okay Ginny. When I was your age, I met a man like Oliver and he was very kind and gentle to me. You don't have to tell me any details. I just want to know that you're happy. You haven't been forced to do anything, have you."

"Oliver would never do that! Mommy, what are you saying."

"It's okay sweetie. I'm just saying if you've been thinking about doing something with him you only have until tomorrow morning to try it. Just be safe and only do what you both want to do."

"Um, okay Mommy. Is there anything else?"

"Let me talk to Oliver."

Ginny handed the phone to Oliver and shrugged her shoulders. He took it and said hello. From the way Ginny looked and after the last call from Vicky he didn't know what to expect.

"How did it go with the private thing? Was she very red?"

"Everything is fine. She closed her eyes and I made it as quick as possible. Nothing to worry about."

Vicky thought about Oliver looking at her daughter's private parts and shuddered a little.

"Oliver, I have something important to say and I want you to listen and not interrupt me until I finish. Can you do that?"

"Of course Vicky, what is it?"

"Oliver, when I was Ginny's age, I had a neighbor about your age. He was the nicest, kindest man I've ever met and one summer he taught me things that people say a little girl shouldn't know, things about my body and his."

"Vicky I"

"Oliver please, let me finish! I don't regret one second of the time that I was with him. It's a memory I will cherish forever. I know my daughter and if there was anything going on that she didn't like I could tell it in her voice. I can tell that she likes you a lot, maybe the way I liked my neighbor. This didn't come out of thin air. I've seen you around and I always thought you were kind. I watched you clear the car off for the lady downstairs after the last storm. You're thoughtful and that's what I want Ginny to see.

If you and Ginny haven't made the kind of memories that I did, you only have a few hours left. Once I am home things will get awkward. I believe you are as kind and gentle as my neighbor was, or I would never say something like this. I don't want you to admit anything but do you understand what I mean?"

"Vicky, I don't know what to say. If you're trying to trap me it's a sick payback for keeping Ginny safe."

"That is the opposite of what I'm trying to do. Maybe I'm completely wrong about you, but if I'm not, I'm telling you have my blessing to show her that special kind of love and no one but you and Ginny will ever know. I certainly won't tell anyone. Like I said, I've been in that situation and it was a completely positive experience for me. Now do you understand?"

"I think I do Vicky. Without admitting anything, my only question is how long did you have your special friendship with your neighbor? I'm going to miss Ginny terribly if today is the last day I get to spend time with her."

"I understand but I don't think a long friendship is good for either of you. I need to talk to Ginny once I get home before I can make any commitments. You should assume today and tonight will be the last time you will be alone with her. That might change depending on what Ginny says when she and I are alone but it won't be extended past September when school starts again."

"That sounds better than I expected. Naturally if you get stuck for someone to watch her on school vacation or half-days, I would be happy to. I just need to get some sleep before I go to work at 11 PM."

"That actually would be a big help and is how I first started spending time with my neighbor. I have to go. I will see you and Ginny tomorrow morning. I can't wait to hug her. "

"We will have breakfast ready for you when you get here. You can shower first if you want. Your daughter is very insistent on good hygiene."

"I'll remember that. Give her a big kiss for me."

"I will. I definitely will." Oliver replied enthusiastically.

"Ha, ha. I'm sure you will. If I know my daughter, she will give you some back. Bye Oliver and thank you again for keeping my baby safe."

Oliver stood with his mouth open, holding the phone after Vicky hung up until it started beeping. He put it on the receiver and turned to Ginny.

"What did she say?" Ginny asked as she walked over to Oliver.

"She said we should do this!" he exclaimed and lifted her up and sat her on the table and kissed her.

She laughed hysterically as he pulled his briefs off of her and pushed his shorts down to his ankles. He was hard as stone by the time he pulled her to the edge of the table and inserted his dick in her.

"You are crazy. What did she say?"

"She didn't come right out and say it but she pretty much said she had a man like me as a lover when she was your age and she wanted you to have the same thing. We still have to be careful and not talk about it but...Oh Ginny..."

Oliver couldn't keep talking because Ginny had wrapped her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck and was lifting herself up and down, grinding her clit against the base of his dick and slipping him in and out of her vagina. She smashed her lips to his and pushed her tongue in his mouth. She was giving back everything he had taught her and he had to lean against the wall to keep from falling over.

"Did she say to do this?" She asked as she curved her hips and squeezed his dick with her pubic bone.

"Did she mention this?" she asked as she lifted high up and dropped on his dick, giving him a rush of pleasure.

"Oh God Ginny! You're an animal today!"

"No, I'm a naughty pixie, your naughty pixie, and you can do whatever you want with me."

"This WILL do just FINE!" He said as he thrust into her over and over.

When he felt his legs giving out, he sat her back on the table and let her lay flat as he continued to plunge into her. She looked uncomfortable so he pulled off his shirt and rolled it up as a pillow for her. With her flat on her back, his dick was pressing against the abdomen side of her vagina, across her immature G-Spot and she started to rise.

"Oh Oliver! That's so good! Don't stop!"

He continued to press into her, a little slower so that he didn't make her sore, and watched as she closed her eyes and concentrated on the river of pleasure starting to flow from her insides. He smiled when she started to pant, the sure sign that her orgasm was approaching.

"Hee, Hee, Hee" she squealed as she pushed towards him with every thrust.

"Oh Yeah, Hee, hee, hee, so good!" she continued as she felt herself rising higher and higher.

She sat up and grabbed his legs and pulled him into her body, faster and faster. Her squeaks got shorter and louder with shouts mixed in as she climbed toward her orgasm.

"He, he, he, he, he, eeeeaya! He, he, he, ahhhh!"

Over and over she would pant then yell when a surge of pleasure would hit her. Oliver picked up on her excitement and couldn't hold back any more. He pulled her tight to his body and sent every drop of cum he had, racing up his shaft and into her waiting vagina. She felt him thicken and press the walls of her vagina and she exploded with her own orgasm. His eyes screwed shut as the first two spurts of cum stiffened every muscle in his body. He held her hips to keep her close and to keep from falling over as the extreme pleasure made him dizzy.

On the table, Ginny's eyes also closed briefly as the wonderful feelings washed over her again. Oliver had shown her pleasures beyond her wildest imagination and she wanted to experience every second of them. She trembled so violently he pulled her into a hug and brought her to the couch with his dick still deep inside her. He sat, then laid down with her on top of him. She felt so wonderful on top of him that it caused a couple extra spurts when he caressed her bum and pulled her into hugs.

Ginny continued to tremble while laying on him and with each shake he would hug her tight and kiss the top of her head. If he died right then he would feel like he had lived a wonderful life. He never imagined that the shy nerd that he was, could have such a mind-blowing experience. He didn't want to move. She felt so good he stayed and caressed her body and her silky hair until long after he slipped out of her. He thought about the stains on the couch and didn't care. If he had to replace it, it would be a small price to pay.

It took Ginny a long time to come down from her high. There was something about laying on the dining room table while he entered her that was more stimulating than anything they had done before. She slowly relaxed in his arms as she lay on him on the couch and floated in the feeling of his hands touching her.

Chapter 15 - You do it.

Ginny fell asleep on top of Oliver and he pulled a blanket over her and dozed off himself. They slept until long past lunch time and ate a quiet lunch together. Ginny's plan for non-stop sex was running into the reality of both of their physical limitations. After lunch Oliver suggested a walk around the apartment complex to see how high the snow banks were. Ginny didn't want to get dressed again but suddenly had an idea and stopped resisting. She washed up quickly in the bathroom and put on her clothes.

They walked by three buildings like theirs, all with snow banks at least twelve feet high. The equipment used to clear the snow had been huge. They reached the community center and stopped cold. Oliver looked at Ginny and laughed.

"That's something you don't see every day."

"Is that a car?" she asked

"Sure is, the bottom of one anyway."

Buried in a snow bank was the undercarriage of a car. A snow plow had pushed it across the parking lot and tipped it on its side, landing it in the pile of snow. The sun had warmed it enough to melt the snow on the exposed bottom of the car.

"I wonder what the top looks like?" he said as they walked by the strange site.

"I wonder who owns it?" she asked.

"Probably the insurance company. It looks like a total loss."

They continued their tour and returned to the apartment. Ginny made a quick trip to the bathroom but didn't change her clothes. She climbed up in his lap and suggested that they watch some TV. He was surprised that she didn't want to immediately take a bath or change clothes. After he made a trip to the bathroom and washed his face, he walked out to the living room to talk to Ginny.

"Don't you want to take your dress off and get comfortable?" he asked.

"You do it" she replied

"What?"

"You take my clothes off. I want you to undress me."

Oliver stared at her with a big smile on his face.

"You are a naughty pixie. Let's go in the bedroom."

They moved to the bedroom and Oliver opened the curtains and shade, filling the room with light. He knew that no one could see directly in his second-floor window but seeing the blue sky made it seem like they were outside. He led Ginny to the side of the bed and kissed her with her head cradled in his hands. Turning her around, he unzipped her dress and saw that she was wearing her own panties.

Turning her back around to face him, he bent down and kissed her again before sliding the dress off her shoulders and letting it slip down to her waist. He held it there with one hand while he caressed her neck and moved his hand down and over her nipples.

"You are so beautiful it's scary."

He let the dress fall then picked it up when she stepped out of it. Kneeling down, he kissed her nipples and belly then hugged her with his cheek against her soft skin. When he slipped his fingers into the waistband of the tights she sucked in a breath. He stretched the tights out as wide as possible and moved them down over her bottom and down her front. He pressed his nose into the crease in her panties and inhaled her sex as he hugged her tightly. Ginny wobbled a bit from the sudden stimulation and dug her fingers into his hair.

Oliver left the tights at her knees and stood up. She was surprised when he picked her up and laid her on the edge of the bed. He continued to remove her tights and when he got to each foot he uncovered it, kissed the bottom and sucked on each toe. Ginny didn't know what to think and just smiled at him. When he finished with the second foot, he discarded the tights and kissed his way up her legs. She jumped and giggled when he licked under her knees and sighed when he kissed the soft skin of her inner thighs.

After planting a kiss on her panties, he slipped his fingers inside the waistband and lowered the panties two inches. He kissed the exposed skin and lowered them some more, waiting until she lifted up to get them over her round bottom. She felt very naughty when the elastic rubbed the top of her legs in back, indicating that her whole bottom was exposed.

Oliver saved the best for painfully last. He moved her panties down to her mound, just above where he might see her crease, and kissed all of the exposed delicate skin. He left his mouth on her mound and as he pulled the panties the rest of the way off, he pressed his tongue into her crease and licked down to her opening. Ginny exploded with an unexpected orgasm when his tongue entered her. She pressed her body up and his head down while a cascade of pleasure rocked her body.

Oliver was not expecting her to orgasm that fast so he wasn't sure if he should keep licking her or move on to the next step. As usual, Ginny took the lead when she looked at him with fierce eyes and practically growled.

"Get your clothes off now!"

She moved up the bed to the pillow as he ripped off his clothes and moved between her spread legs. He was inside her in an instant and closed his eyes as the feelings of pleasure and fulfillment washed over him.

"Oh Yes, yes!" He sighed as his dick slid fully inside her and bumped the back of her vagina.

The fresh air and walk had revitalized him and he entered her fully hard and ready for action.

"Mmmm" she purred. "That's where you belong all day today."

Oliver didn't want to rush anything. Each micro movement sent chills up his spine. Being inside Ginny was like a religious experience. He loved her more than he had ever loved anyone and the feelings she gave him were orders of magnitude better than anything he had ever experienced.

"I love you so much Ginny! I love you, I love you, I love you. I can't think about tomorrow, I want this to last forever."

Ginny had tears in her eyes as she hugged Oliver and smiled at him. Only her mother said things like that and it was different coming from her mother. She was filled with love for this man who had taught her so much in four short days. Part of her wanted him to stay hard inside her all day but part of her wanted him to move, to give her those immense feelings that only came from sex, from him rubbing her insides with his hard dick. She decided to hold on a little longer and let him decide what to do.

Oliver felt the same way and tried to make small movements in and out, in and out, withdrawing his dick until the air cooled it then slowly, exquisitely sinking it back fully into her hot, liquid velvet tunnel. He thought he could continue for a long time but when he looked at Ginny she wasn't panting, she wasn't making the cute "hee, hee" sounds. If he wanted his lover to experience what he was then he had to move, he had to "do sex" with her. He looked into her eyes and smiled.

"Let's fly together." He said as he pulled back and quickly thrust into her.

"Yes! Oh please yes!" She said as she wrapped her legs around him and kicked him with her heels.

Oliver gave her a quick kiss and raised himself up on stiff arms. He pulled back and thrust into her again, immediately reversing direction and repeating the motion. Ginny's insides lit up like a fire in a fireworks factory. Every thrust was like a shot of adrenaline and by the fourth thrust she was pulling on his body and shouting encouragement. She rose quickly, skipping a few preliminary steps and

getting right to where every thrust he made in was met with a verbal response from her.

"Hee, hee, oh mmmmm, yike! Ya-eee, ha, ha, ha, oh! Mmmm, yeah!"

He pumped, she yelped! He thrust, she cried out in pleasure until he couldn't hold back any longer and pushed her to the bed and stayed there as the cum boiled up his shaft and flooded her insides.

"Oliver! Yes! I can feel it inside me! Oh fffffrrrrrrrkkkk"

Ginny blasted off to distant galaxies as her biggest orgasm of the week hit her. Oliver's profession of his love added fuel to the fire he lit in her vagina. She saw lights and stars as her whole body tensed and she pushed against him, trying to get just a tiny bit more of his dick inside her. She started to tremble and pulled him down on top of herself as every pulse of his dick set off atomic bombs inside her.

She felt him pulse once, twice, five times? Ten times? She lost count and nearly lost consciousness as the intense feelings hammered her young body. Oliver enjoyed the feeling of her skin on his but realized he was crushing her and lifted up on his elbows so that she could breathe. He wanted to kiss her but her head was too far below him so he kissed the top of her head and pulsed as the first of many aftershocks hit him. Each one would make him slam his dick into her, setting off Ginny's aftershocks. If this was what the rest of the day was going to be he didn't know if he would survive it.

When Oliver felt himself shrinking, he put his arm under Ginny and rolled over, taking her with him and managing to stay inside her, although shrinking fast.

It was only the extreme need to pee that forced her to move.

"Oliver, let me up. I gotta pee"

She stopped at the bathroom doorway and said. "wanna watch?"

"Oh, are you a naughty pixie? We haven't done any really dirty stuff."

"I want to do everything but right now I gotta pee. Are you coming?"

Oliver knew he had a dirty streak. Ever since he read a porn story about couples peeing on each other he wondered what it would be like to feel a girl's hot urine on his dick.

"Hold it in! I'm coming!" he said as he rolled off the bed.

Instead of sitting in front of the toilet and watching, he picked her up and stepped in the tub with her.

"What are you doing? I gotta go!"

"You said you want to do everything so go. Sit on my lap and go. Just pee though!"

Ginny thought he was crazy but she didn't have time to argue. A few drops had already leaked out and she was holding herself with both hands. She stood facing him with her feet on either side and sat on his dick.

"Move back a little please." He instructed and guided her to where her pee would splash directly on his still soft dick.

She couldn't get the flow started while looking at him so she looked at the ceiling, relaxed and let it go. Her stream was so forceful she could hear it and when she opened her eyes, she saw Oliver smiling and watching as she washed his growing dick with hot pee. The smell wasn't too strong but she held her nose in mock disgust and waited until she finished. He leaned in and kissed her gently and smiled.

"Thank you. We don't ever have to do that again but I've always wanted to know what it would be like."

"And did you like it?" she asked with a smile.

"Oh yes. It was very naughty and very good. As long as no one gets hurt, naughty or dirty things can be fun."

"Can we rinse off now and wash please? I feel very yucky."

Oliver laughed and pulled down the sprayer head part of the shower. He adjusted the temperature, giving Ginny a few quick cold sprays, causing her to squeal, before getting it set to a nice warm temperature. After thoroughly rinsing them both he turned off the water, soaped his and Ginny's body thoroughly, and rinsed them again. He didn't want to take the time for a bath right then but he made sure Ginny's genitals were thoroughly, but gently, cleaned.

They dried off and Oliver decided to just wear a bathrobe he had in the closet. He gave Ginny a clean T-shirt and insisted she wear another pair of his briefs to keep her privates dry. He even found some after-shower powder and patted between her legs with it. He didn't want her to be sore when her mother picked her up.

"What can we do now?" She asked. Now that she was washed and powdered, she felt like trying something else.

"Ginny, you have to give me some time to recover and if I keep rubbing you, you'll be so sore you won't be able to stand up to meet your mother tomorrow."

"Can we watch another movie?"

"Let's see what's on. Maybe we can cuddle on the couch and watch something."

Oliver turned on the TV and switched to the adult channel. It was another art film and there were two boys and a girl skinny dipping. He laid on the couch and opened the bathrobe up, inviting her to cuddle with his nude body. He pulled her in close as the camera zoomed in on the three children walking out of the water and laying on the grass. They acted like it was perfectly normal to be nude together outside.

"I wish we could swim like that." Ginny said as the camera circled the three beautiful bodies.

"Me too but that will never happen in this country. There are family nudist clubs but single men are not allowed in and there's no sex in them."

"It was fun being all bare on the balcony, for about two seconds."

"If it was more private, we could try something but the people across the way can see everything and we can't drive anywhere yet."

Oliver and Ginny settled in to watch the rest of the movie. He was content to just feel her body against his but she was restless. When the movie was over, she turned to face him and started to give him kisses. Ginny kept reaching down to stroke him but he kept saying not yet. As much as Oliver wanted to be inside Ginny his body had finally said "enough" and no amount of stimulation was going to make him hard for a while.

"What else can we do?" Ginny finally asked. She didn't want to admit that her privates were beginning to get sore.

"Ginny, you've worn me out and I need to make supper soon."

"But I like you touching me and my mom said if we were going to do stuff it had to be today."

"She told me the same thing. I hope she lets me keep seeing you. I wish my work schedule was more normal."

Oliver thought I'd all of the sex related things they had done and tried to think of something they had missed. He finally thought of something related to what Ginny had said.

"Wait here, I have an idea." he said as he lowered her to the floor and got up.
"Get undressed."

Ginny was always ready to take her clothes off for Oliver. She left them on the chair and laid on her back on the couch. She hoped Oliver had thought of a new way to make her kitty feel good.

Oliver dug around under the bathroom sink and found the prize he was looking for. He returned to the living room holding a bottle of aloe lotion for sunburns. It was the only lotion he had.

"Roll over please. It's massage time."

"Oooo, I've never had a real massage." Ginny cooed.

Oliver sat on the edge of the couch at Ginny's hip and poured a generous amount of lotion on her back.

"Ah! That's cold!" she complained.

"Oh, sorry. Guess I should have warmed it in my hands first."

Oliver spread the lotion across her back and started to kneed her shoulders and neck. He kept the pressure light since he didn't know how to give a real massage. He stroked and lightly pinched her back muscles but since she was so petite there wasn't much muscle to massage. She was hoping he would get to the good parts but after massaging her lower back and waist for several minutes he skipped over her bum and moved down her legs.

Oliver worked her leg muscles until they were soft and flexible. He rubbed the lotion into her feet and gave her an extended foot massage in spite of her being ticklish. When her feet were done, he put two hands on her thigh above her knee and slid his hands up, along the muscle and up to her bottom. He lightly touched between her legs then repeated the motion. The effect was to relax the leg muscles but light a fire in her vagina.

After ten strokes up each leg he moved up and poured a pool of lotion in the hollow at her lower back. He dipped a hand in the lotion and spread it over her right buttock and over to her hip. He did the same with her left cheek then reversed the direction, starting with her hip and sliding across the bottom of her butt cheek and down between her legs. He could feel the intense heat from her pussy as he slid the side of his hand across it.

Ginny moaned when she felt the lotion covered hand slide between her legs. When she tried to hump against his hand, he gently held her down and continued to rub and kneed her bottom.

Oliver was beginning to get excited at the sensations from touching Ginny but his dick was still completely deflated. He didn't mind because touching Ginny was such a pleasurable experience in itself. When he finished her bottom, he quietly told her to roll over.

Oliver's heart melted when he looked at Ginny. Her face was so young and innocent, with that wisp of hair covering her eye and her little mouth smiling at him. He studied her perfect body, just soft enough that her ribs didn't show but still flat on top with a little roundness in her belly extending down to her almost baby like vulva. He couldn't believe that such an immature pussy could have taken him inside but she had and would do again if he asked.

He started with her face, smoothing bits of lotion on her cheeks and temples, across her chin and down her slender neck. He spread lotion on her shoulders and across her boy-like chest, over nipples waiting to pop out in a few years and down over her belly. She was disappointed when he moved to her legs but after giving them a quick coating of lotion, he started the same movement on her upper thighs. He put both hands on her leg above her knee and slid the two hands up the inside and outside of the thigh until the inside hand turned and wiped up over her labia and the outside hand slid over her hip to her waist. The movement worked her muscles and stimulated her insides.

By the time he finished her legs, Oliver was so overcome with emotion from touching Ginny that he filled his hand with more lotion, lay beside her, and let his hand rest on her abdomen. He slipped his left arm under her head and let his slippery right hand move down and press gently into her crease.

"We're going slow this time." He whispered as he moved his finger up from her hole to her clit.

Ginny didn't say anything, she just looked into his eyes and gasped each time he touched a sensitive spot. Oliver was making love to her in a special way. There would be no grinding or "hee, hee" pants. As she began to rise, she took deep breaths in and let them out slowly with trembling sighs. Instead of active panting and shouts, she let out little moans that caught in her throat. She rose slowly and steadily, her shaking increasing as he touched and caressed her most private place. He didn't push inside and he didn't let her touch him below the waist. This one was all Ginny and he wouldn't have it any other way.

As their kisses became more passionate, he changed to rubbing big circles of slippery lotion over her mound and down between her legs. She was getting closer and her kisses became hungry, tongue probing, kisses with her lips attacking his like they were a melting ice cream cone. When her orgasm finally came it was almost silent, the screams caught in her throat by the overwhelming surge of energy flowing through her. Every muscle tightened, Ginny reached around him and pulled her body into his hand, sending tsunamis of pleasure throughout her body. The orgasm was as intense as the others but different. The quiet and the gradual buildup made it almost a religious experience. She would remember it for the rest of her life and unfortunately compare future orgasms to it. Almost all would fall short.

They lay together for most of the afternoon, holding, touching, napping even, and waking up in each other's arms. He pulled the bathrobe over and made their own

little cocoon, shutting out the world for a few hours. When it was time for supper, she laid on the couch and watched as he dug through his freezer for something nutritious and easy to make. He settled on chicken pot pies. Ginny said she would eat it and all he had to do was put them in the oven and wait.

They watched the early afternoon news. It was official, all roads would be open at 8AM Saturday. People were encouraged to stay home unless necessary but huge traffic jams were expected as people who had been trapped for a week returned home or shopped for food. Oliver tried to keep Ginny occupied until bedtime. He knew that it would probably be the last time he would get to sleep with Ginny and he wanted to go to sleep with her vagina full of his cum.

Their last bath together was playful. Ginny teased him but didn't try to get him to go inside her. She seemed to understand how important their last lovemaking would be. She touched him, of course, and enjoyed his touch as he gently washed her from head to toe, but he didn't linger at any one spot and they ended the bath in a heightened state of arousal. He had washed her hair and she sat on his lap as he dried and brushed it until its dark brown strands shined like fine mahogany. He turned out the lights and led her by the hand to his bed, the bed they had shared for five days that seemed like a lifetime. He didn't know how he would return to his other lonely life.

Oliver set his alarm for seven-thirty. He wanted to have breakfast ready when Vicky arrived. When he drew Ginny's naked body to him, he pushed her stray hairs out of her eyes and behind her ears.

"My little pixie." he whispered. "I love you, you know."

"I know. I love you too."

"Want to do sex?" He asked with a smile.

"Yes please, more than anything."

Their lovemaking was similar to her orgasm on the couch but with the added pleasure of his iron rod sinking deep inside her vagina. They kissed and teased each other, him lifting up so that his dick pressed against the wall of her vagina and made a bulge in her abdomen, and her squeezing her vaginal muscles and milking his dick. When it was time, he started a slow, even rhythm, in and out, in and out, gradually moving faster and pressing deeper until they both cried out in mutual ecstasy. He came so hard his cum flowed out of her and onto the sheets in a river. He didn't care. If there were stains, they would remind him of her.

They both trembled with sheer joy as he pumped more and more of his seed into her. She pulled him down on top of her body and wrapped her legs and arms around him, shouting with pleasure each time she felt him thicken and send more of his wonderful liquid inside her. Oliver raised up slightly on his forearms so that she could breathe but kept most of his body in contact with hers. He blasted so

much cum into her, so fast, that he began to shrink almost immediately after the last pulse. He pressed a wad of tissues between her legs and rolled to his side, hugging her close.

"We made a mess." she said smiling.

"Good sex is messy. I love you so much Ginny. Goodnight."

"I love you too."

It took a long time for them to fall asleep and the alarm came much too early. Oliver wanted to let Ginny sleep a few more minutes while he showered but he had just started to soap up when the bathroom door opened and Ginny came in, peed, and joined him in the shower. They shared their last naked kisses before it was time to dry off, get dressed and wait for Vicky.

Chapter 16 - Vicky returns.

Oliver got everything ready for breakfast and then joined Ginny in the living room. She sat on his lap, put her arm around him and hugged him tight. He surrounded her with his arms and put his cheek on the top of her head.

"I'm not leaving." She finally said.

"Yes, you are. Remember when you said you would have the best memories a girl could have? So do you?"

"Yes, but I want to make more. Maybe If I explain to her."

"Stop! Don't forget the pinky swear? The one that is keeping me out of jail?"

"Yes but..."

"No buts. We don't know what your mother might do if she finds out what we've been up to. She might call the police or she might come after me with a kitchen knife. You can't break your pinky swear."

"Okay, I won't."

"Let's just cuddle until she gets here. She misses you terribly so be nice when she arrives."

They hugged and exchanged soft kisses until there was a knock on the door. Ginny ran to the door and opened it. Her mother knelt down and gave Ginny a big hug and kissed her cheek.

"Oh honey, I've missed you so much!"

"I've missed you too mommy but you smell gross. You need a shower!"

Vicky looked at Oliver who was standing behind Ginny laughing.

"Told ya."

"Ha, ha. You did. Come on Ginny. You can tell me about your week while I get cleaned up and changed. I may burn these clothes. You probably want to put on something comfortable too."

"Okay, then can we come back for breakfast? Oliver has everything ready."

Vicky stood up and put out her hand.

"Hello Oliver. I would hug you but you know..."

"Ha, ha. Yes, I know. I couldn't buy a hug from Ginny after shoveling until I got cleaned up. It's just bacon and eggs but you and Ginny are welcome to breakfast if you haven't eaten."

"I should be cooking for you but it's a date. Give us a few minutes."

"Take your time." He said as he watched Vicky and Ginny enter their apartment and close the door.

Oliver sat in his living room chair, the chair that had been filled with Ginny's warmth a few minutes before and now was cold and empty. He stared out the window wondering, should he run? What if Vicky was grilling Ginny right now, dragging the details out of her about how he seduced an eight-year-old girl. What if Ginny broke the unbreakable pinky swear? He couldn't think about that. He wouldn't know where to run to other than the parking garage that he would occasionally thinking about jumping off of.

Over in Vicky's apartment she led Ginny to the bathroom and started talking to her as she stripped off her clothes and turned on the shower.

"Oh Ginny! I never appreciated a shower much until this week. It feels like I need to scrape the dirt off."

"You were pretty stinky mommy, like Oliver was after we shoveled."

"He said you wouldn't hug him until he showered. Does he give good hugs?"

"Oh yes, he gives great hugs."

"And did he hug you in the shower?"

"What? No! Why did you ask that?"

"Okay Ginny, don't get upset. I understand there may be private things that you don't want to talk about. I just need to know that everything that happened with Oliver this week was something that you wanted to happen. He didn't pressure you in any way?"

"Mommy, he would never do that. He loves me and I love him and I want to stay his friend. Didn't you have a special friend like Oliver?"

Vicky was startled by that comment. She had shared her secret but now it was being discussed in the open. Vicky finished her shower and moved into her bedroom to get dressed. It felt good to put on clean underwear and clean clothes. She brought Ginny out to her living room and sat her on her lap.

"Yes, Ginny. I had a very special friend like Oliver when I was your age. He taught me a lot and made me feel very special like I think Oliver did for you. The thing is, my mother never knew about my neighbor, no one did. If anyone had found out he would have been sent to jail for a long time if my father didn't kill him first."

"You won't kill Oliver, will you?" Ginny asked with a frightened look.

"No, no. Oliver took you in and took good care of you. You certainly smelled better than your mother did after this week."

"Ha, ha. Yeah, you were pretty stinky Mommy."

"We should go have breakfast with Oliver. We can talk some more later. I want to know as much as you feel you can tell me before I decide if you can visit him again."

"You have to let me, you just have to!"

"I probably will. Let's go eat. I'm starving!"

"You need to try his jelly omelet."

"I think I'll just have a bite of yours."

Ginny and Vicky knocked on Oliver's door and caused him to jump and nearly fall as he raced to the door. Ginny gave him a big hug that almost knocked him over. Vicky gave him an equally big grownup hug and thanked him for taking good care of Ginny. He finally noticed where Ginny got her looks. Vicky was quite beautiful with similar features minus the hair always falling in her eyes. Oliver fussed in the kitchen while he and Vicky made small talk and Ginny told her about digging out the cars and the car on its side in the snow bank. They sat down to eat and Ginny insisted on Vicky trying her jelly omelet.

"Mmm, sweet, very sweet."

Oliver agreed "I know. I loved them as a kid but they're too sweet now."

"Oliver, for a single guy you did an amazing job this week taking care of my little munchkin."

"No Mommy, I'm a pixie. Oliver said I'm a pixie, he even checked to see if I had wings."

"I can see where that fits." Vicky said as she pictured Oliver looking at Ginny's bare back in the tub.

Vicky finished her breakfast and looked at Oliver with a serious look. He figured it was decision time.

"Oliver, I told you both that I had a special friendship with my neighbor when I was Ginny's age. What's different in this situation is my parents never knew about it. If they, or any other adult, had found out they would have done the "right thing" and reported him and destroyed his life. I'm in the uncomfortable position of being pretty sure that you and Ginny are like me and my neighbor."

"Do you think you were hurt by your neighbor?" Oliver interrupted.

"Not a bit. All I have are good memories but it only lasted one summer then he got a new job and we both agreed to end it. That's why I'm thinking that you and Ginny should end this special friendship when Ginny's summer break is over in September."

Ginny's eyes and mouth opened wide. Did she just hear her mother say she could keep seeing Oliver.

"Do you think it would be too awkward for the three of us to do things together some times?"

"You mean like a family?" Ginny asked.

"Well, more like friends, very close friends." Oliver answered.

"Very, very close friends." Vicky responded and they all had a good laugh.

"So Oliver, are there any other surprises you can tell me about, just so I won't be totally shocked if I find out."

"Well, we did get pretty bored and Ginny may have seen some things on the TV that were a little beyond her age."

"Oh really? Anything I might like?" Vicky asked with a smile

"Probably not."

Ginny excused herself to use the bathroom and Vicky moved close to Oliver.

"So, how close have you and Ginny become?"

"I think it's best if I don't say that out loud."

"You're probably right. She loves you, you know."

"I love her. I don't want to stop seeing her. I'll accept whatever conditions you put on it. My only problem is my damn night shift hours. I have to sleep from about four to ten PM to make it through the shift. Right now I only have Saturday night off but that may change and I may get Friday and Saturday soon. I'm hoping to be on the seven to three thirty shift soon. It would be too late to watch Ginny after school though."

Ginny returned from the bathroom as Oliver finished talking.

"How about this for starters?" Vicky said while looking at Oliver. "You come home from work on Saturday, sleep until noon then spend the afternoon with us. We will have supper together somewhere and Ginny can have a sleepover at your place Saturday night. I'll get lots of chores done on Saturday night and Sunday and you send her home around noon so that you can get some sleep before work. Does that sound fair?"

"Mommy! Really? I can stay at Oliver's every Saturday night?"

"Until he gets sick of you, or until September fifth when school starts, yes."

"Vicky, you've made me the happiest man on the planet."

Ginny ran to Oliver and received a big hug, then kissed him full on the lips in front of her mother."

"Eeeww, no kissing in front of Mommy." She said laughing.

Vicky and Ginny returned to Vicky's apartment with the bread and milk that Oliver had bought for them. Vicky spent most of the day holding Ginny and telling her all about her relationship with her neighbor when she was little. She didn't press Ginny for details and eventually Oliver released Ginny from her pinky swear, just for her mother, and the details came out slowly over the course of the next few months. They formed a special mother-daughter bond sharing secrets about their lovers. The last things Ginny told her were about almost freezing to death on the balcony and about peeing on Oliver. She explained that Oliver said it was a one-time thing and they never repeated it.

When it was bath time the first night Vicky was home, Ginny didn't want to take her bath alone.

"Please Mommy, you get in with me."

"Ginny, I haven't taken a bath with you since you were a baby. What's this about?"

"I just want to be close to you and I want you to make sure I'm washed good so I don't get a rash."

"You mean washed good like Oliver washed you? Ginny, a mother is not supposed to do that. I could get in a lot of trouble if anyone found out."

"No one will find out, I pinky swear promise I'll never tell anyone. A pinky swear promise is unbreakable. Please Mommy!"

Vicky saw the desperation in Ginny's eyes. She had given secret approval for Oliver to show Ginny things beyond her years. It made sense that Ginny wanted the same closeness to her mother. She slowly undressed and slipped into the tub behind Ginny. Memories of washing her baby came flooding back. Memories came back of Ginny as a toddler, pulling away when Vicky tried to dry her, and streaking through the apartment in her birthday suit. Finally, memories of her neighbor touching her so gently and releasing such strong emotions. Vicky had washed Ginny into another orgasm before she realized what she was doing. Along with the memories of her neighbor, Vicky made some new ones that night.

The only thing that ended in September was the weekly overnights. Vicky had taken a liking to the nerdy guy next door and they continued to do things together and as they got closer, Vicky sometimes joined Ginny in Oliver's bed. The following year Oliver made it official and proposed to Vicky. They were married in October of 1979 and Ginny came along on the honeymoon at Disney World, sharing the groom with her mother at night. They almost wore poor Oliver out but he was the happiest honeymooner the resort had ever hosted, for reasons only known to him, Vicky and a certain naughty pixie.

Over one hundred people died in New England because of the storm and the damage estimate was over five hundred million dollars. People were saying the Blizzard of 78 would be remembered as the worst New England storm of the twentieth century. Oliver, Vicky and Ginny certainly would remember it for the rest of their lives.

The End