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Brief Encounter

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Warning!

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!

If you wish to read material of this type, then read on and enjoy.

Summary: Brian is a locum teacher at various local primary schools in the district where he lives. Popular with the pupils and school administrators, he is in high demand. After a classroom encounter with the beautiful Beth, he finds a side of himself he never knew existed.

At the end of this story, there is a list of characters

Brief Encounter

It was a cold winter's night. The train rattled slowly along. It had been delayed for forty minutes. That was nothing new. It seemed to Brian it was delayed every night. This time they had announced through the tinny loudspeaker it was due to signal problems.

Brian was a teacher. He had been a teacher since leaving college himself twenty years ago. He had always taught primary aged kids. Not because they were less intellectually challenging, but because he seemed to have a knack, a skill, a rapport with that age group that made him a very good primary teacher. Maths and science were his main topics, although he had taught for so long, he could teach any subject.

There had been two seismic events in Brian's life. Firstly, five years back his wife had died. It was a head-on car crash. She and their unborn child had died instantly as well as the drunken, uninsured driver of the other vehicle. Brian had not looked at another woman since. Several female friends and teachers had made it known they were interested, but Brian wasn't.

The other event was when his mother had died last year from the cancer that had been eating her up ever since his father had died early in the pandemic. With the inheritance he received, he could have retired very comfortably. However, Brian wasn't one to sit around. He was a teacher through and through. He loved it and he loved the kids.

After inheriting the family wealth, he decided he could do without the pressures of being a fulltime teacher, so opted to become a locum. This gave him variety in both what and where and who he taught. He soon found his reputation as an excellent teacher and the shortage of qualified teachers in the deprived area he lived in, resulted in him being in high demand, finding he was working almost full time anyway.

Depending on where he was currently working, Brian sometimes drove, sometimes used busses, sometimes trains. So here he was on the 'slow train' heading home. It was a forty minute run and the train had started full, slowly emptying as they stopped, at yet another station, every five minutes. He'd found a seat and leaned back, staring, unfocused out of the window. It was dark and other than the passing of the lights of cars, houses and factories, there was little to see. It had started to rain, which depressed him, knowing he had a fifteen minute walk from the train station to his home.

As he stared out, he saw the reflection of the interior of the train. Being curious, he looked at the other passengers' reflections and started to study them, wondering who they were, what they did for a living, were they happy, how did they dress? As his eyes scanned across, his gaze met that of a young girl, who was sitting facing him. As their eyes met, she smiled, making him smile too. They'd both caught each other out.

Her name was Beth. She was a pupil in one of the classes in the school he'd been working at this week. Her mother, sitting beside her, had met her at the school gate and walked down to the station a few yards in front of Brian as he made his way too.

Rather than avert his eyes, as if they were entitled to stare at the window, he held her gaze and much to his interest, she held his. Her class had twenty eight pupils. They were all in Year Five, in the nine to ten age range. Other than her name, he knew nothing about her. She had a round face, framed by light brown, almost blond, hair, that would have come halfway down her chest had it not been tied back in a ponytail with a pink scrunchie. Her cheeks were rosy beneath, brown sparkling eyes. Her chin seemed to stick out slightly, as did her ears. Rather than detracting from her looks, they made her look decidedly cute.

Beneath her unzipped quilted coat, she wore the regulation school uniform of maroon jumper over a white blouse shirt, top button loose, with the maroon and blue striped necktie, pulled well down. He glanced down the window and could see her hands were folded over her pleated school skirt, under the wall mounted table between them.

He must have held her stare for a couple of minutes. Her expression never changed. It was as if he was looking at a sepia photograph of her through the grubby rain covered glass. In the reflection, she moved her knees apart. His eyes flickered down to where a gap of two or three inches had opened up, affording him a flash of thigh an inch or two above her knee. He looked up at her face. She was staring not at the window now, but at him. He'd looked where he shouldn't, she'd caught him and they both knew it.

She smiled at him. A silent message seeming to say: "I don't mind."

At that moment, the train slowed for yet another stop on his tedious journey home. Her mother tapped her on the elbow and said: "This is our stop, Beth. We'll nip round to the 24/7 and get Granny's shopping for her, then pop in and see she's OK for an hour or so and catch the six o'clock train back." The woman stood and reached for her coat from the overhead rack. In that moment, Brian's eyes looked down at the very moment Beth made to slide sideways along the seat. Her knees parted and for half a second, he saw her open thighs and the tight pink panties she was wearing, the thin crease of a camel-toe showing how tight the cotton was hugging her shape. As she stood, the moment over, he looked up to see she was looking straight into his eyes, her expression unreadable, and yet he knew he'd been caught again.

His mind was brought back to earth suddenly, as the woman said: "Aren't you Mr. Phillips from Beth's school?"

He tore his eyes away from the child and forced a smile. "Yes," he replied, "I am the peripatetic teacher standing in for Miss. Priestly. I should be there as a locum for another couple of weeks, or a little longer."

The train lurched, when the brakes were applied as they neared the station. "It's been nice to meet you, Mr. Phillips," she said holding out her hand for him to shake. "I shouldn't say this," she said conspiratorially, looking over her shoulder, as if the school board of governors were listening in, "but Beth's Maths and science have really improved in the few weeks you've been teaching her." She picked up her bag, as the train jerked to a standstill. "Must go, come on Beth, let's hope Granny is feeling better than yesterday." With that, she and Beth were gone.

Brian arrived at school early the following day. He'd expected the train to arrive late. In fact it was late, but he managed to board the earlier train that was also delayed, arriving ahead of schedule. After the school assembly, he headed for the class of year sixes for a maths lesson and the day started in

earnest. After that he had no class, followed by school break time. Afterwards, he had Year Five for science. He had forgotten Beth was in this class. She caught his eye as he walked into the room and holding her hand to shield her mouth, gave him a bright smile. She was sitting in the front row, but he tried to ignore her, concentrating on the pupils further back, trying not to focus on any one child. Why was he so aware of her presence? His eyes kept being drawn in her direction, but he managed to over-rule them, forcing him to look elsewhere.

He demonstrated a couple of electromagnetic experiments, before asking the children to write their notes on what they had seen. He sat at the desk at the front and, knowing they were all writing, he glanced across at Beth. She was sitting with her pen in her right hand and elbow propped on the desk, supported her forehead with her left hand. Her tongue was just visible in the corner of her lips, while she concentrated on writing.

Her knees were pressed together under the desk, facing at an oblique angle away from him. The hem of her pleated skirt had ridden up two or three inches above her knee. As if on cue, the knee nearest to him pivoted round, while the other remained where it was for a second. Then, her whole body pivoted round, until her knees were once again pressed together to her other side. However, in that one second window, in slow motion, seeming to take minutes, her thighs slowly opened up towards him, as he sat behind the teacher's desk. He could see her yellow panties and the little red hearts printed on them as if they were inches away from him. He could see the way the material was pulled into her cleft and the edges of her gusset failed to cover the bulge at the side of her swollen labia. He stared for a fraction of a second, as if a lifetime, at that glorious sight of the confluence of her thin thighs she afforded him, before he forced his eyes upwards, only to find her brown eyes staring back at him. She raised one eyebrow, while the corner of her lips curled up in the hint of a smile. They both knew he'd been caught yet again.

The rest of that lesson passed without incident, although the image burned in Brian's mind. He told the children about Michael Faraday and Humphry Davy and other heroes of science. He wasn't aware, but Brian had a way of captivating the childrens' attention when teaching any subject.

It was when he was just leaving the refectory after lunch, Brian had a text message from the school principal's office asking him to call in. The school administrator smiled at him as he entered. "Hello Mr. Phillips," she said brightly, "thank you for coming so quickly. I have a little favour to ask you. You don't have to do it if you don't wish to."

"Ask away," replied Brian, wondering what this could possibly be.

"I had a phone call from my friend, Olive Stevens," she said. "She tells me you met her on the train last night. She's Beth Steven's mother." Brian nodded, unsure where this was going.

"Well," she continued, "Olive's mother has dementia. The doctors think she doesn't have long to live. Olive spends as much time as she can with her mother and tries to visit every day, if she can, doing her shopping, cleaning, personal care. Well last night, she went round and it turned out to be a difficult visit and Olive decided she can't let Beth go there anymore."

"So where do I come in?" asked Brian reasonably.

"Well, Olive can't afford childcare, especially at that time of the day." Brian nodded, knowing this was a problem for may parents. "So she asked me if I had any ideas. Well I thought about it this morning, then you came up as a possible answer." He blinked in puzzlement. "Let me explain," she continued, "You live near the station two miles from Olive's mum. The idea I had was you could look after Beth, while Olive goes to her mother's. Olive would meet you on the train, like last night, then get off at the station before yours, visit her mother, then afterwards, catch a later train and come to your home, collect Beth and return on the next train back to town."

Brian sat down on one of the office chairs and looked at the administrator, whose name was Sandra, unsure if this was a windup or not. No it wasn't 1st April. Neither could he think of any reason he could give to get out of the request.

"So let's get this right, Sandra" he said, summarising what he understood she'd outlined. "I meet Olive and Beth Stevens on the train home tonight. Olive gets off one stop before mine, while I take Beth on to my home, alone, where I look after her until her mum comes to pick her up, what, an hour or two later?" He looked at her, hope on her face, seeing she was biting her lower lip. "How often would this be?" he asked.

"Every day," she replied, thinking he was bound to refuse. Brian sucked air in through clenched teeth. He was about to shake his head and decline, when a vision flashed through his mind of undersized bright yellow panties printed with red hearts tightly fitted over a shapely mound and the little girl who'd caught him three times doing so.

Brian had never looked at a young girl in a lascivious way and he'd never done or considered doing anything inappropriate. The only exception was Beth, who had caught him, not once, but three times; and that had started as an accident. So he had a squeaky clean reputation and was trusted implicitly by all the school principals in a radius of twenty miles from where he lived.

"Alright," he said, "tell Olive I will give it a trial run tonight. I shall be on the same train as last night and will meet them on the platform. I will talk the idea through with her and we'll see how it goes. How does that sound? Is that fair enough?"

"That sounds very fair to me," she said, relief showing clearly on her face. "Olive is a very old friend of mine," she continued, "we were at school together and help each other out the best we can. Both our husbands left us at about

the same time and now we try to watch each other's backs." She didn't admit her relationship with Olive had been intensely lesbian in nature and had been ever since they were preteens themselves. She recalled how grateful she was to Olive's mother, who had taught them all those years ago and now she was dying.

He got up and moved to the door. As he reached for the handle, she said: "Thank you Brian. I can't tell you how much this is appreciated.

* * * * *

The next class after lunch for Brian was maths with Year Five. Beth's class.

Beth was a quiet, intelligent girl, who loved her learning and Mum and Granny in equal measure. When she was little, Granny had always been so kind to her and she loved visiting her. Recently, Mum had spent every spare minute travelling over to see Granny as she began to become ill. Every time she saw Granny, she seemed to be more distant, as if she was shrinking slowly away from this world.

She smiled to herself, remembering back to when she was only five or six, when she had stayed over at Granny's and Granny had let her sleep in her bed. It had always been their secret and when Beth cast her mind back, even now, it made her little pussy tingle. Granny had taught her so much. She loved learning things, which was why she also thought she loved Mr. Phillips. He was the best teacher she'd ever had and she knew her science and Maths would score higher grades this term just because of him.

When she thought of Mr. Phillips, it made her pussy tingle too. Last night in the train, he'd looked at her panties. The first time was an accident. Then she'd let him see them again, on purpose, as she got up from her seat. Again this morning, he'd looked. She'd worn those yellow ones which had such a narrow gusset. He'd blushed without realising it. Again she smiled in anticipation. Mr. Phillips was taking the maths class. She had a surprise for him.

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen," he said as he strode into the room. Brian always treated his pupils in this way, never calling them boys and girls. As he reached the desk at the front, he held up a small net bag of chocolate eggs. "Competition time." He pointed briefly at the desks to his left, "You're team one," indicating the centre, "team two," then to his right, "team three. What is the next number in the sequence: 0 – 1 – 8 – 27?"

There was a general hubbub, as the three teams got their heads together. The children were whispering in each other's ears, trying to work out the conundrum. Beth never moved from her seat, but put her hand in the air and said to her team-mates: "I know."

"Go on Beth," said Toni, knowing she was shy and needed encouragement, "tell Mr. Phillips."

Time suddenly seemed to slow to a crawl for Brian, as every child in the class looked at Beth, as she turned to face him and her knees parted as she said: "Sixty four, Mr. Phillips." Brian only half heard her words, because his eyes were suddenly riveted to a tiny pair of lime green panties. Tiny because they were obviously several sizes too small. Between her thighs, he could see more flesh than cloth. The material had pulled tightly into her cleft, her labia seeming to envelope the thin paltry cotton into their embrace. The vision last for less than two seconds, but to Brian the image was imprinted in his mind like a photo.

He blinked, forcing his mind back to the present. "Yes, correct, well done Beth. Here's the prize for team 3." He handed over the net bag of chocolate eggs. "Now I will explain about cubes and cube roots, and why the answer to the question was 64." He could feel Beth's eyes following his every move through the rest of the lesson, as he tried to avoid her magnetic gaze, at the same time wondering why she had changed her yellow panties for the green ones.

Beth knew her panties were now soaking wet. She would put the yellow ones back on after the class. She'd stopped wearing the green ones last year, when they got too small. She'd forgotten about them until this morning, when she'd rummaged through her panty drawer looking for something to show him. She didn't really know why she had done it. All she knew she liked Mr. Phillips and she knew he liked looking between her legs. She had seen his eyes as they focused there. It had been only for a fraction of a second, but she'd seen the instant he'd connected with her. The tiny rise in his eyebrows, the involuntary twitch in his cheek, the sudden jerk in his chest as he unconsciously inhaled.

At the end of the class, he held up two more little bags of chocolate eggs and said: "Teams one and two, you've done very well this afternoon, here is your reward." Beth grinned. Somehow she just knew he was going to do that. She loved Mr. Phillips and wished she could get to know him better. She also knew she only had five minutes between this class and the next. She had to get to the girls room to change her panties and relieve the tingling which had become almost unbearable in the last twenty minutes.

* * * * *

Brian was still thinking about the events of the day as he walked out of the school gates, hands in pockets, shoulders hunched against the cold wind as he headed towards the town railway station. Suddenly he heard his name called from behind. He turned and was face-to-face with Beth's mother. "Hello Mrs. Stevens," he automatically said, "Oh, please call my Olive," she responded. She never broke stride and with hand clutching Beth's, her free hand slipped through the crook of Brian's arm, dragging him along at her brisk pace.

They got to the barrier, flashed their train passes and headed for the train waiting on platform 3. As usual it was busy and they had to walk through the train almost to the last carriage before they found three seats together free.

"Thank you for helping me out," she gushed. "Sandra, in the office told me you would be able to help me out. I am very grateful. You're sure this isn't too much to ask?" she asked, knowing he couldn't change his mind if he'd wanted to.

"No, it's no trouble at all, err... olive. What time do you think you might call round to collect Beth?"

The question seemed to catch Olive guard, as if she'd not thought that far ahead. "Umm, would eight o'clock be too late?" she asked.

"Don't worry about the time," he reassured her, "I'm not doing anything tonight, or any other night this week, other than perhaps preparing tomorrow's classes and catching up on a little reading. The important thing is to make sure your mother is comfortable and has everything she needs." Olive smiled gratefully at him and nodded her thanks, suddenly gripping and squeezing his forearm in her hand.

During the journey, as the train rattled along, Brian didn't get any flashes of panties, like he'd been given the previous night, because Beth was sitting beside him, not across from him. Instead, she dutifully got out her workbooks, which were spread on the table and made a start on her homework.

Olive made polite conversation, before announcing: "Oh yes, you'd better have this, just-in-case." She handed him an envelope. "It is a simple letter explaining you have permission to look after Beth if anyone asks. It's also got contact phone numbers and that sort of thing in case there's an emergency.

At last, the train pulled up at Olive's stop and she quickly hugged Beth, thanked Brian for the hundredth time and alighted onto a poorly lit platform.

"How's the homework going?" he asked the obvious question.

"I only have geography and French tonight. I've done the French already and the 'jog' will only take another ten minutes."

"Alright," he said, "we'll be at my stop in another couple of minutes. Better pack up the books and finish the homework at my home." She nodded and started to clear up her papers. A minute later, the train started it's distinctive jerking, as it slowed for the next stop. Brian wondered if the brakes had some sort of fault, or if the bored driver tapped on the brake pedal for fun.

They alighted at the station along with half the remaining passengers. As they walked to the exit, Brian was surprised, when he felt Beth's little hand slip into his. He didn't react in any way, other than to squeeze her fingers gently as they walked along side by side.

* * * * *

“I like your house,” Beth announced, after she’d hung her coat up, dumped her book bag on the kitchen table and wandered around the ground floor, looking, touching, picking up everything of interest which caught her eye.

“I’m glad you like it,” he responded, while looking into the fridge for something to eat. “Do you like fish?” he asked, her pretty little nose wrinkled at the question. “Umm, how about some chilli?” After he exhausted the options of what was in the fridge, he said: “McDonalds?” Her face instantly lit up.

“Mum says they’re full of things I shouldn’t eat,” she stated.

“So are we having fish, or McDonalds which your Mum won’t hear about from me?”

She grinned conspiratorially at him. He opened up the online app on his phone, while she spread her geography books on the table. By the time the delivery arrived, twenty minutes later, she had finished and had laid the table ready. They sat in silence on opposite sides of the small kitchen table, as they started to eat. Then suddenly Beth, as if she was asking where he went for his holidays, said: “Do you like looking at my panties?”

Brian’s life flashed before his eyes. It was one of those moments when a million thoughts go through your head in a fraction of a second. He could lie, bluff, pass it off as an accidental glance. But then he knew she’d caught him each time so instead he said: “Why did you change into the green ones, when the yellow ones you had on before looked very nice?”

“So you did look then?” She gave an enigmatic look at him through slitted eyes.

“You did it on purpose,” he responded. “I don’t make a habit of looking up my students’ skirts, you know,” he said defiantly. “It’s the quickest way to lose my job.”

“Well you did this time,” she grinned openly, I saw you do it four times. So answer my question: Do you like looking at my panties?”

Brian decided to take the bull by the horns. Denial could get him into trouble just as easily as admitting his guilt. She knew what had happened and might tell her mother or school principal if he upset her by lying. “Yes,” he replied, “they were very nice panties on the very pretty legs of a very pretty girl. On the one to ten panty scale, they score eight or nine.” She grinned at his silliness.

“Hmm, thought so,” she muttered in response to his confession, as she picked up a French fry, dipped it in some ketchup, inspected it, before biting off half of it. She seemed to move her lips in an exaggerated way, pouting almost. At the same time, he saw a half smile forming on those same lips.

The meal finished with nothing more on the matter being said, although both knew the subject wasn't closed. A tension seemed to be hanging in the air as they cleared the table. Beth got a damp cloth and wiped up, while Brian took the waste out to the rubbish bin.

"Can I watch some T.V., Mr. Phillips?" she asked politely.

"Of course you can Beth," he said, "on condition that when you're in my home you call me Brian. I'm only Mr. Phillips at school, OK?"

"OK," she smiled, holding up her hand, which he quickly high-fived.

They went through to the lounge. He sat down on the three seater couch, in his favourite spot, picked up the remote control and switched on the T.V. Beth sat on the other end of the seat, a two foot gap between them. He thumbed the controls, bringing up the onscreen guide, before handing the controller to her. "You might as well have this," he said, "I don't watch a lot of T.V. I tend to watch movies."

"Oh what movies do you like?" she asked with some enthusiasm.

"Oh, I quite liked that film Avatar: The way of Water and, what was that other one, M3gan, which was about a lifelike doll, which takes on a character of its own."

"What was your all time favourite movie?" she suddenly asked.

"I think my all time favourite was one which Stanley Kubrick made over sixty years ago about the relationship between a twelve year-old girl and an older man. It was called Lolita. At the time it was hailed as a wonderful groundbreaking movie, but today it's rather frowned upon."

"I've never heard of it," she said. "Why do you like it?"

"Hard to say," he said, having never thought it through himself, "I guess it was the honesty and openness they had in their relationship, even though their ages were so far apart. They loved each other. They had ups and downs, like she wanted to meet boys her own age. In the end, she dies in childbirth and he dies of heart failure caused by his grief."

"Can we watch it?" she asked avidly.

"I don't think you'd enjoy it, Beth," he said honestly, "but I have an original copy of Blue Lagoon if you'd like to watch that. It's about a boy and a girl who are castaways on a desert island. The story is about how they grow up and eventually have a baby of their own."

"You said it's an original copy," she said astutely. "What does that mean?"

"Oh, there was a lot of a fuss about the nudity in the film, with the children swimming and running around with no clothes on. So after a while the makers censored it and cut out scenes and blurred out their bodies. They spoilt it, but as I said, I have an original copy. Shall we watch it?" She smiled and nodded as he set the movie running.

Brian knew it wouldn't matter if her mum arrived before the end, as the last part has no nude scenes, just a happy family reunion and they all live happily ever after.

It was only as the opening credits ended, Beth had swung her legs up and folded them under herself as young girls do. Five minutes later, he was aware her feet were up against his thighs, as she stole more couch space off him. Five minutes more, they were both watching the onscreen Emmeline and Richard, as they ran along the sand at the edge of the sea, while Paddy remonstrated with them to put some clothes on. In the following scene, Emmeline swims away from the camera, her thighs opening and closing, her cleft and vagina following suit.

As that scene came to an end, Brian realised Beth had turned in the seat. Her head was now resting on the armrest, while her feet were both tucked under his leg, her knees pointing at the ceiling. He watched out of the corner of his eye, trying hard to keep them on the T.V. screen. He glanced quickly at her and smiled saying: "Enjoying the movie?"

"Yeah," she replied, "I've never heard of it before. It's really good."

"You know Brooke Shields?" he asked. She nodded. "Well, she plays the part of Emmeline as she grows older. I think it might have been her first film." Beth turned to the screen with more interest. Brooke Shields was one of her screen heroes. Her feet moved apart, one under Brian's bum, the other under one of his knees. Her own knees were pressed together, her skirt pulled well down hiding her knees and upper calves.

The ship that might have rescued them, passing the island, was ignored by Emmeline, who now was besotted by Richard. Then, Emmeline steps on a venomous stonefish and becomes seriously ill. Beth leans towards the screen in concentration, seemingly unaware her knees had parted a couple of inches. Brian caught a flash of yellow out of the corner of his eye, trying desperately not to turn his head.

Beth leaned back again against the arm rest as the scene ended. She watched in awe as Richard did everything he could to save Emmeline, unaware her knees had parted even further. Unaware Brian had now turned his head to watch, unaware even that her skirt had ridden up as her knees parted.

Brian looked at Beth's yellow panties, drawn tightly over her young body. The material seeming to follow the contours of every dip and curve of her pudenda, her deep cleft showing as if painted yellow. Even the little nub of her

clitoris could be seen pushing at the material from beneath. He heard a sharp intake of breath, and felt eyes studying him. He looked up into her pretty face seeing an unreadable expression; a Mona Lisa smile; something hidden deep in her mind only showing hints in her face.

Nothing was said, as they held each other's stare for five or ten seconds, before he felt movement as she let her knees spread even further. Her left knee was pressed to the seat back, while her right was horizontal, pointing at the T.V. screen. As her legs parted, the pleated skirt hem slipped up her thighs to the top. Still he didn't look, their eyes locked together. Then she gave him an imperceptible nod, as if granting him permission.

He tore his eyes away and slowly, oh so slowly looked down her body to the sight of his dreams. She was lying on the couch, her little legs spread out wide apart, the thin yellow cotton stretched to the limit. To Brian, the sight of her camel toe was more sexy than if she'd been naked. It stretched all the way from the dimple where her mound rose up, down between her puffed up labia to where her vagina could be seen as a deep shadow through the cloth. Her perineum a flat surface, before the crease of her bottom continued down and under, where it met the seat cushion.

He openly stared. This wasn't a secret classroom flash, but an open salacious display given willingly by her, which he was equally willing to accept, appreciate and be thankful for, as long as she was willing to let him look.

"I knew you enjoyed looking at me," she said after several minutes of silence between them.

"You are right, Beth," he muttered, seeing a dark patch starting to appear over her vagina, spreading as he looked. A scent of little girl musk caught his nostrils.

"You really are a naughty man," she said through a coquettish smile, "I wonder what the school principal would say if she could see you now?"

"I wonder what she would say if she could see you now?" he responded. She grinned and blushed at him.

Suddenly Beth swung round, her feet landing on the floor, as she quickly stood up, her skirt dropping back into place. "Where is the loo?" she asked. He pointed out the way and picking up the remote, paused the movie, then rewound it to the beginning of the scene they'd missed, as neither of them had been concentrating on it for the last five or ten minutes.

She returned a few minutes later, brushing her skirt straight as she did so and sat back on the couch, tucking her feet under his legs as before, her knees tight together, her skirt over them almost down to her ankles. He could see she'd combed her hair and the smudge of McDonald's ketchup on her cheek had gone.

"Ready to resume the film?" he asked. She nodded, turning her face towards the T.V. The scene opened once again with Richard trying to suck the poisoned sting from Emmeline's foot.

This time it was only a matter of five minutes and her knees parted a couple of inches in a re-enactment of what had happened before. He tried desperately not to look, but as he failed and turned his head, her knees clamped together, her face still facing the screen, a small smile on her face. A game was being played and they both needed to play their parts.

Another five minutes passed and her knees parted again, just the same two inches. Brian was patient this time and waited. Another few minutes went by and the scene of the storm and childbirth seemed to captivate Beth, as her knees suddenly fell outwards into the same positions as before, her thighs now wide apart, her skirt now having slipped up to her waist. Without trying to hide his actions, while she pretended to concentrate on the screen, Brian turned towards Beth and looked, his lower jaw dropping, his mouth open in astonishment. She'd changed her panties. Instead of the yellow ones, she now wore the same green ones she'd worn this afternoon in class. The ones which had to be several sizes too small for her. Apart from the gusset being only an inch wide, he could now see the waistband was half-way down her mound, almost as low as her dimple. But what almost made him cum was the way the thin, almost transparent, material pulled into her cleft, how her labia enveloped the gusset, as it seemed to sink out of sight between them.

He sat and stared. He didn't pretend. He ogled her, looking at her pudenda only slightly disguised beneath the scanty green cloth. Even from two feet away, he could feel the heat radiating from her, while her arousal darkened what little he could see of her gusset, her intoxicating odour pervading his being.

Beth was beside herself. She knew her favourite teacher was staring at her most private place; only her thin green panties hiding the little he couldn't see. She'd had to dash to the toilet, to wipe the wetness away and to quickly diddle herself to a rapid cum, just to ease the tension she had felt building up in her since she'd got here. It was while she was there she'd decided to put on those other panties she'd worn this afternoon, the green ones. She'd seen his expression when she'd let him see them in class. But now, here she was letting him see her wet, tight, panties hardly hiding her pussy at all. It made her feel sooo horny; it was mmmmm. In that moment, she made a decision. She wanted him to touch her. "Brian," she said through her clenched teeth, in a little girl squeaky voice, "would you like to....."

The doorbell chimed, 'ding dong'. Both of them froze for a second, their thoughts miles away from the movie, or Olive Stevens' arrival to collect her nine-year-old daughter from her teacher's home.

* * * * *

Beth came with the best climax of her whole short life. Her fingers were moving at the speed of light as they strummed her hard clitty. Her head was arched back, her chest and tummy curved like a bow, her bottom inches off the bed as the intense pleasure swept through her beautiful body. Her eyes were screwed tight shut, as her mind concentrated on visualising Mr. Phillips's face, while he stared at her wide open pussy. She knew he would love to look at her without her panties on. Then she thought about him touching her there, and she came once again, making her gasp out loud.

"Are you alright, Beth?" called her mother Olive from downstairs.

It needed all her self control for Beth to shout back "Yeah mum, I'm fine."

Olive smiled to herself. She knew full well that Beth had a crush on Mr. Phillips. She hadn't stopped talking about him the whole way back home on the train. When Olive was younger, she too had felt that way about one or two of her teachers, and had always thought about them when she masturbated at night. So she had no problem in letting Beth enjoy herself in her bedroom. She was only nine, what harm could come of it?

Brian lay on his bed naked. His cock tightly held in a vigorous two handed wank. The memories in his head overwhelmingly stimulating. He knew he would cum in record time and it would be a goody. He would need a shower afterwards; he knew he'd be covered in it.

* * * * *

The following day, started like any other. The train was late, but Brian was early and caught another, arriving at the school in plenty of time. As he walked up the corridor, a voice called him. It was Sandra, the school administrator. His heart skipped a beat for a moment, wondering if he was about to be disciplined for what had happened the previous evening.

"I just wanted to thank you for helping my friend, Olive out," she said smiling brightly. "She called me first thing this morning. I can't tell you how hard she works to keep body and soul together and make a nice home for her and Beth, then her mother falls ill. She needs all the help she can get, Brian, so thank you again." He responded with his own embarrassed thanks. As he was leaving, she said: "Olive asked if you would be willing to help each night after school. She thinks her Mum is on the downhill slope and it's only a matter of time now." How could he refuse to help out? Anyway, memories of Beth were so fresh in his mind, he wouldn't have dreamt of refusing. Sandra smiled at his back as she recalled Olive describing how Beth had a crush on him and how she had masturbated so loudly.

The classes came and went through the morning. He didn't have Year Five until after lunch, when he had two back-to-back lessons with them; a history lesson followed by maths. As usual, he launched straight in. "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, today we are going to learn about the Black Death,

also called Bubonic Plague. Who can tell me when it first came to Europe? One hand went up. Without even looking, he knew who it was. "Yes, Beth."

"Mid fourteenth century, Mr. Phillips."

"Quite right, 1347 to be exact, well done Beth. Over the next few years one third of the entire population died from that terrible disease. Then, over the course of the next few hundred years, it kept happening again and again until the last major outbreak took place in London in 1665, when 100,000 died, which was a quarter of the population of the city."

The children were enraptured by the lesson. Usually the lessons Miss. Priestly gave bored them so much they didn't listen. Nothing keeps the interest of children more than a bit of blood, death and gore.

Beth was sitting in the same place as the day before, on the front row, to the right as he looked at the class. She was concentrating on the lesson and made notes as he spoke. She was sitting, her legs together, angled away from him, as she had yesterday. Her hem was two or three inches below her knees and beneath that were her immaculate white socks. He looked her in the eye and as if he'd asked her, she twisted round ninety degrees, her knees now facing him. But will her as much as he did, they remained resolutely together. He detected a slight coquettish smile on her face, of innocent ignorance of what he was thinking.

"Pull yourself together, man," he told himself, "you're a teacher, not a lech."

The class drew to a close. He allowed them a five minute break, while he prepared his notes for the maths class. Some went to the toilet, others went to the vending machine along the corridor, others remained where they were, chatting to each other.

He called the class to order, as Beth, the last to return to the room, quietly closed the door behind her and resumed her seat. She was different. Somehow different, but he didn't know why.

Ladies and gentlemen," he started the class, "yesterday we explored cubes and cube roots. Today I want to introduce a Greek gentleman to you. His name was Pythagoras. He was a philosopher, lived over 2300 years ago and was interested in many things including Religion, Politics, Mysticism, Music theory, Metaphysics, Ethics and what we are interested in today, Mathematics.

The pupils were captivated, as he expanded on the life of Pythagoras, their teacher explaining the theorem credited to and named after him about the properties of right-angled-triangles.

Beth was so absorbed by the lesson, she quite forgot the mischief she had planned. Then she suddenly understood the concept of the square of the hypotenuse being equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. But

what amazed her was how Mr. Phillips – Brian, made it sound so obvious, she wondered why she hadn't known it long ago. She just loved the way he taught them. It made her pussy tingle. Suddenly she remembered what she had to do.

Brian glanced at his watch. The lesson had been a success. Not everyone grasps the concepts of geometry, but he was happy that this time they had. He looked across the front row and caught Beth looking at him, admiration in her face. His eyes dropped below her desk, where her knees were still pressed together. Then at that moment, they separated a few inches, her thighs partly appearing.

Brian realised what was different. She was wearing tights (pantyhose). He wasn't sure, but he thought in this school, they weren't permitted as school uniform. Her legs glowed golden from the sheen of the sheer nylon. Her knees moved once more, her thighs opening to his view. Despite being in a class of just under thirty children, his eyes went wide, his mouth dropped open. Her knees snapped together breaking the spell. Every eye in the room traversed to Beth, where they saw nothing out of the ordinary. As the bell rang for the end of the day's classes and the children filed out, Brian had an image imprinted in his mind. She had been wearing nothing under the tights. She had just shown him her beautiful bare hose covered pussy. He never recalled the class emptying out, but when he came to his senses, he was alone; well almost alone, he was accompanied by one of the hardest erections of his entire life. He just hoped it had gone unnoticed.

* * * * *

As Brian walked towards the school exit, Sandra's face appeared at the door of her office. "Oh, Mr. Phillips, could you spare a moment?" He stepped inside and closed the door. "Olive's mother has had a bit of a turn. She was called in a couple of hours ago. Would you mind escorting Beth to the train?"

"No problem," he assured her. "Where is she now, do you know?"

"Yes, she's waiting for you down at reception. She walked down there a couple of minutes ago." As she watched him go, she detected a change in him. Yesterday she'd half expected him to refuse to childmind Beth. Now he seemed almost enthusiastic to help. She wondered what had changed.

* * * * *

They boarded the train, which left surprisingly on time. They were at the front of the train and easily found some seats, where Beth immediately sat and spread her homework books out on the table to do her work before they arrived at Brian's home. So Brian busied himself in jotting some notes in preparation for the following day's lessons.

"Fancy a pizza?" he asked as they walked out of the station atrium. Without waiting for her reply, he added: "There's a really nice owner managed place

we pass on the way to my home. C'mon, I'll treat you." As they walked, he hoped she might treat him later.

They arrived at Brian's house earlier than the previous night, full of pizza and anticipation.

"Can we watch another movie?" Beth asked as they walked into his sitting room. She sat down in the same place as last night, on the end of the couch. He on the other. She quickly swivelled round and pushed her feet under his legs, like she had done the day before.

"Sure, what would you like to see? Frozen, Hotel Transylvania: Transformania, The King's daughter, Belle? You name it, I'll play it, if I can get it."

She looked a little uncomfortable, as if she was unsure what to say. Then she just came out with it and asked: "Can we watch Lolita?"

He was unsure what to say, but remembering her actions the previous night and realising he himself was no better than Humbert, the lead character in the story, he sighed and put the movie on.

"Yeah, this is what I want to see," she said. Without looking at him, she added: "What would like to see Brian?"

The film opened, introducing Humbert's early life and his first love, Annabel, who died just before they might have consummated their love aged thirteen. It follows his early career and failed marriage. Remembering Annabel, he retains a yearning for young girls who he calls his nymphets. He moved to New England and lodged in the house of Charlotte Haze, who had a 12 year-old daughter Dolores, also known as Lolita.

It wasn't long after, Beth suddenly said: "Humbert is a teacher like you, Brian. He likes little girls too." It was a simple statement, but the truth of it reached right into the core of his being. He could see the many parallels between himself and Humbert in the film.

"Would you teach me Brian?" she asked. It was such a simple question, but the ramifications were infinite. He felt her staring at the side of his head, as he faced the screen. He slowly turned, looking at her. This time she wasn't teasing, coquettish or even smiling. Her face was serious, an expression of hope. Both of them knew this was a watershed moment, when both their lives could change irrevocably. All that was needed was for him to acquiesce.

His own expression softened from one of intense surprise. The corners of his lips rose in the smallest smile. Equally simply, he replied "Of course I will. We will learn together." Still holding her gaze, he was aware that her knees had dropped outwards, like last night. He raised his eyebrows in question. She replied with the smallest nod.

He held her gaze for a few more seconds, before letting his eyes run down her chest and tummy to.... She was still wearing those tights from this afternoon. But as he looked, he could see they were almost transparent; the thinnest sheerest nylon he'd ever seen and beneath, she wore.....nothing. He sat there looking, studying, absorbing one of the most wonderful sights he'd ever seen.

"God, that's just so beautiful," he whispered so quietly, she almost missed it. It made her pussy tingle and her tummy feel warm inside. He liked her, she thought, he really liked looking at her. The tingles intensified in her pussy, before they eased off. For a moment, she had thought she was going to cum right in front of him.

Brian looked at her spread pudenda, only veiled by the misty haze of her tights, hiding nothing at all. Her little thighs thickened slightly as they neared her hips and curved into the delta of her girlhood. Her full mound pushed at the nylon as if trying to escape, a broad dimple heralding the start of her magnificent open cleft which plunged down and under her bottom. The hardened nub of her clitty stood out from her cowl, just above the opening of her dark mysterious vagina, which he could see just winked open enough for him to watch her pale, damp hymen that seemingly moved with her breathing. Below, was her perineum flat and smooth and taut and pink, then her bum crack with her tiny anus part way down, seemed to be winking at him, as he blatantly looked at it.

His eyes flicked back up to hers. He could see she was enjoying him looking, his eyes returned down. Memorising every dip, bump, undulation and niche. She had beautiful thick, plump labia, which although stretched open with her position, he knew would display the most wonderful cleft if her legs were straight and together.

He must have stared at her for a full five minutes or more, watching her vagina glistening with her arousal mucus as it flowed from her, soaking into and darkening the nylon and running down into her bottom leaving a spectacular snail trail of silvery, musky, scented little girl fluid.

Suddenly, the impossible happened. Even as he watched, her whole pussy started to open and close in two or three second cycles. She threw her head back and called out, as her spontaneous unexpected climax crashed in, sending her into a spasm of ecstasy.

Beth leapt up, squealed "Oh my god," and rushed out to the toilet. He heard various noises, which he couldn't identify, then the unmistakable sound of her gasping, "ahhhhhh, ohhhhhh, nnnggggg, jjeeeeeee, oohhh, hhaaaaaaa, yessss," as she came over and over. Then there was silence for a minute or so, followed by the toilet flushing and water flowing as she washed. Then the door opened and she returned, grinning at him, a beautiful blush lighting up her pink cheeks.

"I've decided you are a very naughty teacher," she said as she resumed her position, her feet tucked under his legs, knees tight together, her skirt hem over her white knee socks. "You make me do things I would never dream of doing if you weren't there," she said matter-of-factly.

"But I haven't asked you to do anything," he said innocently.

"That's what I mean. You just look at me, and it makes me feel all funny inside." Then, as if she'd been prompted, she said: "Now where did we get to with Lolita? Oh yes, could you rewind it, I want to watch them do it again."

Brian smiled to himself at her words, as he picked up the remote, knowing in a few minutes she wouldn't be concentrating on it anyway. But she proved him wrong, and they remained like that, with her modestly sitting, while the romance of the story unravelled onscreen. The first warning he had was when he felt rather than saw her move. He studiously kept his eyes on the screen, knowing that was her little test. From the corner of his eye, he saw her knees part and her skirt slide up her thighs. He decided to test her instead, by keeping his eyes on the screen. This went on for several minutes.

"You know you want to look, Brian, so why don't you?" He couldn't help smiling, but kept looking forward. "Go on," she urged, "I have another surprise for my naughty teacher and I want to ask you something." That got his attention and with pretend reluctance he turned towards her, looking at her beautiful face. She smiled and repeated: "You know you want to look, so why don't you?" He looked. He gasped. She had removed her semi transparent tights. It wasn't the fact he could see more of her, because he had already seen every sexy millimetre of her, it was recorded forever in his mind; it was the fact that she had removed the last barrier between her body and his eyes. She wanted him to enjoy her body and she got pleasure from doing so.

Brian didn't know how long he sat there looking at her. She was just so beautiful in his eyes. Her whole girlhood was perfection personified. Her liquid secretions ran from her open pink, coral and cream vagina in a continuous trickle, down through her bum crack onto the cushion beneath her. It glittered in the light as it flowed like mercury, making a dark stain beneath her.

Something she'd said minutes or years ago finally penetrated his mind. What was it? Then he remembered. "Thank you for my surprise," he smiled, "I liked it very much indeed. What was it you wanted to ask me?"

"Would you touch me?" she simply asked.

He didn't move at all for a few seconds. Up until now, all he'd done was look. He'd not asked her, coerced her or suggested she do anything. Everything had been her doing. He'd been a teacher for twenty years and the one thing he knew full well was touching was a jail sentence. Looking could be passed off as his word against hers. Then, he knew he wanted to touch her more than any desire he'd ever felt. He would risk anything to fulfil the desire he'd

secretly held all these years, which his conscious mind had never been aware of, like Humbert in the movie. He now knew he had to have her.

"I can do better than that, my darling. Do you trust me?" Her eyes sparkled with excitement. This was the moment she'd dreamed of for the last two weeks, since she first saw him walk into her class. She nodded, wondering what he was going to do. Brian slipped onto the floor, kneeling. He quickly took her calves, one in each hand and lifted them up onto his shoulders, pivoting her round as he did. He quickly looked up at her face, seeing the wondrous expression on her face as she realised what he was about to do, before she felt his whole mouth engulf her pussy.

Beth couldn't help herself. She'd cum without being touched earlier. Suddenly she erupted again. She could feel such wonderful sensations coursing through her young body. His tongue was exploring her. She felt it at her clitty one moment, then dipping into her pussy, then into her bum. Then it flickered her clitty again, then she felt him suck her, as if trying to taste every last drop of mucus in her body.

"Ooohhhh gooodddd here it cummmsss again, yeesssss, ahhh," she gasped.

Brian felt her whole pudenda jerk under his lips, as they sucked at her vagina, her own labia seeming to pulse in response, while his tongue drilled as deep into her as it could, pressing against her springy hymen, her little girl mucus now flowing freely from her as though she were leaking.

Then she felt his fingers there. A new sensation coursed through her young body as his middle finger slipped through the little hole in her hymen, sinking deeper into her depths. Beth was beside herself now. Her orgasm, instead of abating seemed to be intensifying, as she felt him sink deeper and deeper into her. She'd been cuming hard for several minutes. He could have raped her and she couldn't have, wouldn't have stopped him, so absorbed by the intensity of her cataclysmic sensations which continually surged again and again through her little body. But there was one more longing, one more tension to be released, one more desire to be fulfilled. Deep inside her she felt this tingling. She'd felt it every time she'd seen him in class, driving her to do crazy things in the hope he would like her. Now, though the feeling was so intense, it was driving her mad with need.

His finger sank deeper and deeper into her, feeling her exquisite passage, wriggling as it moved against her most sensitive place, getting close to that spot which so needed relief. She felt it touch 'that spot'. Instantly, she screamed. She'd had a wonderful orgasm before, but now her sensations went off the Richter scale. Her calls of intense pleasure would be heard down the street if he didn't do something quick. But there was no need, because Bath passed out. So intense was her orgasm, her mind just shut down.

For a moment, Brian wasn't quite sure what to do. He knew she was OK, because his finger deep inside her could feel her pulse still racing, while her chest rapidly rose and fell with her breathing. So he just delighted in feeling

her, looking at her, enjoying her. After a few minutes, he realised she had fallen asleep, a contented purring snore came from her lips as she settled into a deep, exhausted slumber.

He knew her mother could call for her at any time. He needed to wind things up. There was just one more thing he needed to do. With his finger still inches inside her vagina, he used his other hand to unfasten his belt, unclip and drop his trousers and pull his boxers down, releasing his raging erection. He could just reach the coffee table where there was a small pack of tissues. He was working his cock hard as soon as the wad of tissues was freed from the pack and only just got there as he exploded over the nine year-old child. Despite his best efforts, some drips still dribbled down onto her mons and into her cleft, joining her own girlie secretions.

Brian suddenly came to his senses. The place was a mess, she was half naked, as was he, a dodgy film was playing the last few scenes onscreen and the place must smell as if an orgy had taken place. He quickly dressed, cleared things up, put a children's video on to play, opened windows at the back of the house, found her panties in her bag and without even waking her, managed to slip them up her legs, before pulling her skirt discreetly down to her socks. He lay her along the length of the couch, still sleeping. He had just shut the windows, when the doorbell rang.

"Hello Olive," he welcomed her in. "Would you like a coffee?" She nodded and entered.

She smiled when she saw Beth asleep on the couch, looking so innocent. If only her mother looked as peaceful as Beth. She heard Brian in the kitchen rattling cups. "How is your mother today?" he asked, as he came back into the room clutching two steaming mugs. Her expression gave him all the answer he needed. "That bad, hey?" she just nodded sadly.

"Well don't worry about Beth," he soothed. "She's no trouble at all. In fact I was just thinking I wish all my students were like her." He tried not smile as he put the mugs down on the table coasters. "Seriously, though, how is your Mum?"

"Doctors say her dementia is only part of the problem," she said, seeming happy to unload her burden. "Because she was confused, she never said she felt pain. Pancreatic cancer. Now beyond treatment, so we agreed to start end of life treatment." She looked at him. "I know Beth likes you, Mr. Phillips..."

"Brian, please Olive," he interrupted.

".... Brian," she continued. "Mothers know more about their daughters than they realise. My Mum understood me and I understand Beth." She paused, took a sip of coffee before she continued: "Beth looks up to you. She says you're the best teacher she's ever had. She loves learning, but sometimes doesn't connect with the teacher and so progress is slow. But in your subjects, even I can see she has advanced in leaps and bounds. You must be on her

wavelength. But there's more." Again she paused and sipped from her mug. "She has a crush on you, Brian. Beth's father was gone before she was even born. She craves a father figure. I know she sees that in you. I see it too. Someone she can relate to, who can guide her, teach her, be there for her. Someone she deeply respects. She is going to be so upset when you move on and Miss. Priestly returns to the school."

Brian shifted uncomfortably in his seat.

"I'm sorry," she continued, "I have embarrassed you. I have only spoken my mind. But I have a favour to ask of you, err Brian. You have already been such a help, I hesitate to ask, but I have no one else to ask."

"Ask away," he said, smiling, "I can always refuse if it's my body you're after."

She smiled politely at his weak joke. "No, in the next few days, I am going to be told my Mum has hours to live and I need to know Beth is somewhere safe, where she is happy to be and can still get to school. I wondered whether you would be willing to help me out?"

"If I can I will," he said, feeling silly about his earlier quip, "what do you want me to do?"

"From tomorrow, would you be willing to let Beth stay over, here at your house? Then in the morning, bring her to school?"

"I, err, I," he muttered, "would have to clear it with the principal. I don't know how the ethics committee would see the situation."

"I have sounded out Sandra. She says your vetting procedure was completed just before you joined our school. Your criminal records check glows brighter than a halo. I am happy with that. So if the principal says 'OK', will you do it for me? Please say you will."

"I suppose I could....."

"Oh thank you Brian, you are a star." She leaned over and kissed his cheek, making him blush. He hoped Beth's pussy juice couldn't still be smelt on his face.

At that moment, Beth stirred. She stretched and with a half smile of contentment, opened her eye in thin sleepy slits. "Hi Mum," she said quietly, "how's Granny?"

"As well as can be expected, darling." Replied Olive. "I was just thanking Mr. Phillips for looking after you," she said changing the subject. "Would you mind if you had to stay over with him for a day or two? I might need to stay with Granny for a few days."

Beth's face lit up. Her mother instantly realised staying with Brian was not going to be a problem. "Well, we'll speak about it more in the morning. In the meantime, young lady, it's time I got you home to bed." She turned back to Brian and said: "Thank you again. I will leave a suitcase with Sandra tomorrow with all her things." She looked at her watch. "If we're quick, we can just catch the next train back to town." With that, they were gone.

* * * * *

The following day soon came round. Being Thursday, the school had gym, swimming classes and various sports in the afternoon and lessons only in the morning. Brian didn't have Year Five that day, so didn't see Beth until lunchtime, when she came to his table at the end of lunchtime. There were other teachers present, who took little notice of the nine-year-old, when she came to the table and said: "Mr. Phillips, my Mummy asked me to give you this." She handed him an envelope with his name written in neat handwriting. He thanked her and slipped the envelope into his class notes.

He had a class of Year Twos and threes next, who were exempt games for various reasons. Whereas before his mind never drifted away from the subject he was teaching, he found himself taking glances up the skirts of some of the six and seven-year-olds and being rewarded with flashes of white, pink, blue, green and in one case, he was almost sure, skin! He quickly pulled his mind back onto the English class he was trying to teach. But all the time his mind kept wandering to Beth and what may happen later that evening.

While the class was reading a couple of pages for composition, he pulled the envelope out of his file. There were two sheets of paper enclosed. One was a letter headed "To Whom it may Concern" stating that he had her permission to take Beth home and fuck the arse off her. Well, it didn't quite use that phraseology, but as far as Brian was concerned, that's what it would amount to, he hoped. The other piece of paper was written in Beth's own hand writing. All it said was: "I have another surprise for you." His cock lurched at the words.

* * * * *

Brian pulled the case along the pavement. It was the type with an extending handle which everyone uses through airports. As he walked along, it made a clackety-clack sound as the wheels passed over the cracks in the paving slabs. It had got dark early tonight with the heavy cloud, which had now turned into continuous drizzle. The station wasn't too far and when they arrived they felt like two lovers caught in a summer shower, laughing. Their train had been delayed and a kind station employee pointed out the ladies waiting room had a fire burning and as he had a little girl with him, it would be alright to go in and wait there.

The waiting room was at the far end of the platform, and only had three or four ladies sitting waiting for their various trains. They all looked up at Brian and

Beth as they entered. They probably all assumed that they were father and daughter and each resumed reading their Mills & Boon novels, newspapers or whatever they had been killing time with.

As they sat there, Beth got out her homework and made a start. She knew when they got to Brian's house, homework was the last thing she'd be interested in doing. Brian looked around the grubby room, listening to the sounds of the railway station outside. He suddenly smiled thinking. When he was very young, he had seen a film about a couple who met in a waiting room very much like this one. It had stared Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard and the screenplay had been by Noël Coward. In that film, the couple met weekly and fell in love. Both had other people in their lives who they also loved and would be hurt if they took it any further, so the film ended with them reluctantly parting. The film was titled 'Brief Encounter'. In the cinematography world, it was considered a classic alongside the likes of Casablanca, Citizen Kane, 2001: A Space Odyssey and the Maltese Falcon. He wondered how brief his encounter with Beth would be and how deep their relationship would become. Very deep, he hoped.

Their train was announced. It was only half an hour late and by the standards of recent reliability, Brian felt that wasn't too bad. They were able to get seats together. Brian put Beth's suitcase on the rack, sat and as usual, started to make notes on the following day's classes, while Beth finished her homework.

"What do you fancy eating tonight?" he asked, as they walked hand in hand from the station forecourt.

She hesitated before looking up at him and in a low voice said: "Your cock of course."

Brian's heart missed a beat. Did this nine-year-old just say that? Yet he knew she did and he knew she would. She added that she was doing the main course, he the starter.

They called into the fish and chip shop round the corner from his house and were soon sitting in his kitchen enjoying the battered cod. When they finished, Brian cleared the wrapping paper away.

He was about to ask her what movie she'd like to watch, when Beth suddenly said: "Would it be alright if I had a bath?"

"Certainly," he replied, "there should be plenty of hot water at this time. I might even have one after you."

She suddenly blushed beautifully and said: "I saw your bath upstairs, it's big enough for two."

"Are you sure it's what you want?" he quietly asked. "You know what it might lead to?"

Although her face was almost scarlet now, she looked at him in that determined way of hers, he respected so much, which she used in class, when other children were staring at her, but she wanted to get her point across. "I know exactly what it will lead to. I love you Brian," she said, looking him in the eye. "I know you really liked looking at me before and I want you to teach me. Will you teach me? I want to learn everything."

"Yes, my darling," he said holding her stare. He reached across the table and added: "Shall we go up?"

Brian owned one of those egg shaped high sided baths with taps at the side, designed so two can sit leaning against the ends facing each other. He turned the water flow on and added a generous amount of bubble mixture still in the cupboard from when his wife was alive.

"May I undress you?" he asked simply as he joined her in his bedroom. She smiled, hoping he would and stepped closer to him. "But there is something we haven't done yet and we need to do first." She frowned in puzzlement. "I have never kissed you."

Beth grinned at him, nodding. He was right. She had displayed herself to him brazenly several times. He had licked her out last night until she couldn't stand it any longer, and yet they'd never kissed.

He sat on the end of the bed and guided her to sit on his lap crossways. He wrapped her in his arms and she threw hers around his neck. She pouted her lips and pushed them hard against his, teeth clashing.

"Wow, slow down Beth," he gasped. "Follow my lead. Do everything I do." He gently pressed his lips to hers, then opened them a fraction, feeling hers do the same. He opened a little more and pressed his tongue lightly to her opening. He immediately felt her tongue touch his. In moments, their tongues were performing the dance of love. Beth started to pant through her nose, her tongue now moving quicker in and out of his mouth, chasing his tongue, while her grip on his neck tightened.

"Well, that's the first lesson in kissing," he said as he finally pulled away from her, "You passed the test with a score of A1." She giggled, trying to kiss him again. He held her away, rising, "I'd better check the bath water before it overflows." She heard the water stop flowing in the bathroom as she sat on the bed waiting. She realised all her nervousness and uncertainty had gone. She wanted this, really, really wanted this. "Now," he said as he returned, "Time for me to undress you. You can make yourself useful too." She looked at him wondering what he meant. "You can undress me at the same time."

They stood face to face, he smiling, she grinning. They both reached forward and started to lift the other's woollen jumpers up and off. Brian had to bend forward to help. But it stuck over his head, making them both start to laugh. At last it was pulled free, but they were still giggling. They started to unbutton each other's shirts, waiting until all the buttons were loose, before reaching up

and slipping their fingers under the collars over their shoulders, slipped them down their arms, watching as the garments dropped to the floor.

They both looked down. Beth saw Brian's thick blond, curly chest hair. She reached out and ran her fingers through it, combing the curls. It made her pussy tingle, seeing and feeling his six-pack chest. Brian also reached both his hands out, his fingers running down from her shoulder, over the rise of her chest to her tiny brown areolæ, each with a ring of tiny pink goosebumps surrounding perfect nipples little larger than pencil erasers. As he looked, he realised they were slightly raised from her chest, and hard with arousal.

Their hands moved on down, seeking the buckles holding his trousers and her skirt and seconds later they were both standing in just their underwear. While she looked at the huge bulge of his erection pushing his boxers out, he gasped at the semi transparent panties she was wearing, hugging shape, hiding little. They only looked for moments, before reaching down, pushing the elastic waist bands down. Beth stared at the first erection she had ever seen. His seven inch cock, nearly as thick as her wrist, was pointing at her face, a thin glittering spider web drip finding a path to the floor.

Brian looked at Beth in awe as she stood before him, feet eighteen inches apart. He'd already studied between her thighs in great, pleasurable detail, but now, for the first time, he could see her whole body. Her abdomen dipped in below her ribcage. His eyes moved down, her innie tummy button punctuating her flat skin, before the rise of her plump mons, which seemed to him shaped like a half egg long and narrow, split with a deep cleft, curling down and under her. He was mesmerised, seeing her wide, deep dimple seeming to pulse, below which her hood was just showing, hiding her clitoris, which he'd met so intimately the night before. "Beautiful," he gasped. Nothing more needed to be added. She was perfect.

"Please turn around," he asked, watching as she moved in profile, pausing for a moment, letting him see just how proud her mound was, her bottom projecting out behind, balancing her tummy out front, then facing away, her buttocks seeming to fill his vision. She was slight of build and he could just make out the line of her ribs and the slight narrowing of her waist, soon to be accentuated by puberty, her bottom rose out before curving down, split by her wonderful crack. Her feet were just far enough apart for him to glimpse her tiny anus. He so wanted to clasp her buttocks, to push his rampant cock between them, but knew everything comes to he who waits. "Beautiful," he repeated, "let's have that bath."

They walked into the bathroom. He held her hand as she stepped over the high side of the tub, leaning back at one end, splashing water over some of the bubbles covering the surface. Brian climbed in the other end, being careful not to step on her legs. For a moment he sat, before leaning back, his bottom sliding towards her as his shoulders sank beneath the bubbles.

Beth started to giggle. He looked at her pretty face just above the water, and realised what she found funny. His rampant cock was stick up out of the

water, like a pink lighthouse. Even as he watched her face, she became serious, glanced at him, seeking permission, before slowly reaching out her hand and touched it with a feather light finger.

"You can hold it if you like," he said quietly. Without taking her eyes off his crown, she opened out her hand and her fingers curled around his shaft, moving all the time, feeling his shape, hardness, exploring for the first time. She found his foreskin slipped down when she held his end as she moved down, his glans pushing through the skin. She let go, as if it had burnt her fingers. "It's alright," he reassured, "you can pull it all the way down if you want." She resumed her grip and tenderly pushed downwards, watching with fascination as his purple, helmet shaped glans appeared. She saw pre-cum oozing out of the little hole at the end and dabbed a finger there, watching when she lifted it as a spider web like line of mucus joined her finger to his cock, stretching longer and longer.

She leaned forward so she could get a closer look and without hesitation, took hold of him with both hands, one above the other and instinctively started to move up and down his length. He let her do this for a minute or so, before he put his hand over hers and said: "Do that any more and you might get a shower as well as a bath and then the fun will end."

She laughed as she let him go, leaning back against the end of the bath once again. "Wanna give me a wash, Brian?" she asked, letting her chin sink in to the bubbles, blowing a little cloud of them towards him.

He picked up the bar of soap and lathered up his hands. Grabbing one of her feet, he ran his soapy hands along her calves, knees and mid thighs. Soaping up again, he repeated it with the other leg.

"I want you to get up, Beth," he said, soaping up his hands again, "kneel either side of my legs, facing away from me, so I can wash your back." She was quickly in position, as he washed her shoulders and arms, then her back, before massaging soap into her wonderful tight buttocks. He soaped up his hands again and ran his fingers up and down her crack, dipping into her anus each pass. He then rubbed the bar of soap up and down her valley a few times, ensuring it was really slippery and dropping the soap in the water, brought his middle finger to her anus and very carefully pushed in.

"Would you bend over for me Beth?" She put her hands on her knees and leaned forward, feeling his finger slip slowly into her bottom. He didn't go in too far just yet. He wanted to let her know he was interested in her whole body, not just her pussy and soon pulled his finger out.

"Come and sit on my lap," he said, as he placed his hands on her hips and guided her down. As she sat, she felt his long, thick cock push up between her thighs and when she leaned back against his chest, she felt it nestle nicely into her cleft, his crown sticking up in front of her mound a couple of inches, as though it was her cock.

Brian curled his arms around her chest in a warm hug, letting her settle comfortably. At last, picking up the soap once more, stretching around her front, he slowly washed her chest, letting his fingers flicker over her small but hard nipples, making her breathing quicken. His hands slipped down and pretended to wash her abdomen, fingers dipping into her tummy button, making her giggle. The fingers of both hands arrived at her mons together, slowly moving up its rise, feeling her shape, soft skin over firmness beneath, finding her dimple, one finger slipping in, while others massaged her mound, while her breathing quickened again.

It was only the movement of a quarter of an inch and his finger found her clitty poking up from her cowl, hard, hot, aroused and as soon as he touched it, her back arched involuntarily away from his chest, as she emitted a gasp. Her hands suddenly reaching for her own flat boobs, as the new, but now familiar sensations once again shot through her lower body. She uttered a guttural sounding almost like despair, but was instead deep, deep pleasure. Brian felt her thighs tense either side of his hard cock. She crashed into another intense orgasm, her belly lifting up and splashing water, as she slapped down again.

Beth called out once more, "Ohhhhhh, ahhhhhhh, hahhh, hahhhh, yessssssss." Brian couldn't believe the intensity of her climaxes, but more importantly how quickly they consumed her little body. He wondered how long this would continue for, as he applied such little pressure to her clitty, while she enjoyed one of the most spectacular orgasms.

He continued to strum her and she continued to call out and clamp her thighs either side of his cock in a wonderful sensation as close to fucking as possible without it happening. He didn't expect to cum yet, although he was now feeling super sensitive, but then he felt her fingers suddenly find the underside of his cock and press him hard into her cleft, his frænulum being massaged unintentionally expertly by her tiny finger tips. He knew the dominoes of his own climax were toppling passed the point of no return.

"Look down Beth," he simply stated. She felt him swell against her fingers and inner thighs. She lifted her head from under his chin and looked down, just as a tiny white bead of creamy fluid oozed from his tip. She looked closer, then he seemed to explode and a whole jet of cum shot from him straight into her faces, hitting her between the eyes and along her nose. Before she could blink another spurt came out almost as quick and powerful as the first, hitting her chin, leaving a line along her chest. The next few spurts were less voluminous and covered her tummy and mound. Every pulse of cum seemed to coincide with another deep spasm of her own. She'd once been told sex was messy, but she'd suddenly learned how much pleasure could be derived from it as well. She already craved whatever he might teach her next, her wonderful teacher.

Without her thinking, Beth's tongue, came out and licked along her lips. She tasted semen for the first time. She knew what it was. Friends had told her about blowjobs. Some said it was disgusting, some yucky and some OK. Beth decided it was OK. She was pleased, because she wanted to make Brian as

happy as he had made her feel, and if he would enjoy a blowjob, then she would give it to him.

After the earthquake of their mutual orgasms subsided and the water stopped slopping over the side of the bath, Beth flipped over and cuddled into his front, her knees either side of his hips, his still tumescent, but softening cock pushing into the valley of her bottom. Her arms wrapped as far round his body as she could reach, her cheek was pressed to his hairy chest, her ear above his heart listening to the boom, boom, boom as his pulse gradually slowed.

How long they remained like that, neither knew nor cared. It was the cooling of the water which drove them out. Soon, they were both wrapped in large, soft, fluffy towels and went through to his bedroom. Neither even considered she would want to sleep in her own bed as they dropped their towels and slipped under the covers, cuddling, trying to get warm again. After a few minutes, Brian was aware of little fingers moving over him, exploring, touching, feeling and learning. This girl always wanted to learn. He was only too willing to teach her.

Brian dozed for a time and when he, awoke, he had no idea how much time had passed. He opened his eyes to find Beth's face less than a couple of inches from his, a grin forming, knowing he was now awake. He felt her move against him. Then he became aware of two things simultaneously. First she was fondling his already erect cock and secondly, he knew he was ready. It must have been hours since he came. He glanced at the bedside clock and realised that, in fact, it was only eight o'clock, the night was yet young.

Without saying a word, she moved down his body, so she could inspect him more closely; or so he thought, but then he felt her tongue on his tip, then her lips, then her mouth surrounding him. He reached down and took hold of her legs below her knees and in a quick movement, lifted her up and across. In a moment she was lying along his front, her legs either side of his head, her mouth still encompassing his cock; it was a classic 69 position.

He waited a few seconds, enjoying the way she sucked and rubbed and licked and massaged him in her mouth. Then, he brought his mouth to her cleft and, encompassing her whole pudenda in his mouth started to give her the pleasure which he knew would make her cum in seconds. He wasn't disappointed and neither was she. Her distinctive moaning vibrated along his cock, increasing the pleasure she gave him, making him harder, stiffer, more aroused.

He used every technique he knew, to give her as much pleasure as he could. Her orgasm continued non stop, her clamping vagina testified to the intensity, her calls of utter joy confirming what he already knew. It was only a couple of hours since he'd cum, and he knew he could make this last. And it did. Finally, Beth called out: "Enough! Can we stop for a minute? I can't take it any more and besides, my mouth needs a rest."

Brian rolled onto his side and suggested they cuddle for a while. She spun round and moved up the bed, her back now against his chest, his arms automatically enveloping her little body. She shuffled back, her bottom against his belly, his knees under her thighs, spooning together.

“You’re not cross with me are you?” she asked “You know for not making you cum in my mouth.”

“Not at all, my darling girl. Besides there are so many other ways of making love, we’ll just try another and another.” He curled his stiff cock along her cleft, pre-cum making everything so slippery. It dipped into the entry of her vagina, lodging there just for a second.

“Do you want to....you know, do it to me?” she asked in a quiet voice.

“Yes my darling,” he replied, “I want to do it very much; but I also want to make it special for you, so not tonight. Tonight we just get to know each other better. Tonight I will let you do anything else you want.”

“You can do anything you want, if you like,” she giggled.

He moved his cock back and forward a few more times, letting his cock settle deep into her cleft. “Hmm that’s nice,” she muttered sleepily, “would you make me cum again.....?” Suddenly, she was asleep, her little snore buzzing quietly.

Over, the next twenty minutes, Brian explored every inch of her, he could reach, with his finger tips. His crown had moved back and forth continuously through her cleft, finally resting in the recess of her bottom. He touched her tiny nipples, feeling them pucker up in arousal. She might be asleep, but her subconscious was wide awake, enjoying what he was doing to her.

He cuddled tighter into her, holding her body against his and just stayed still, enjoying the feel of her warmth as she breathed in her sleep, heart beating gently under his hand holding her flat breast.

He was almost dozing off himself, when he felt a tiny movement. His cock which had been pressed to her bottom, slipped in a fraction. He felt his crown pushing through his foreskin and into her rectum. He didn’t add or remove pressure, he just lay like that, wondering what would happen. A few minutes passed and once more he felt movement and his helmet shaped glans popped through the tight elastic cuff of her sphincter. Still not moving he waited. Then at last, he felt his end start to slide slowly into her, inch by glorious inch, until at last his pubic hair was pressed into the softness of her buttocks.

“You’re in my bum,” she muttered from under the covers.

“Yes,” he confirmed, “it’s really nice. Do you want me to pull it out?”

“No, if you like doing it there, I don’t mind. But on one condition.”

"What's that?" he wondered out loud.

"While it's there, you have to make me cum. Deal?" she said.

"Deal," he agreed, reaching down to her mound, seeking her slippery cleft, finding she'd already lifted her knee to grant him better access. Like before, he'd hardly even touched her swollen clitty, before he felt her rectum clamp on his cock, as her climax returned. He couldn't believe how sexually supercharged this girl was. He didn't have to thrust into her, although he did from time to time, because her clamping was giving him all the pleasure he desired. He gave her all the pleasure she could handle and in return, her rectum gave his cock all the pleasure it desired. Finally, he felt the unmistakable tensioning in his prostate, as his semen surged up from his balls, along his shaft, and exploding seven inches into her bowels, making her call out with the new sensation of him cuming inside her. Spurt after spurt went into her bum as he unloaded the biggest cum of his life, into the love of his life.

"Cor that was nice," said Beth after about ten minutes of remaining silent and still. Brian moved to pull out, but she called out: "No, leave it there, I like it. Let's sleep like this." And so they did.

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They would have overslept if Brian's Alexa alarm hadn't called them. His semen had dried in her, sticking them together, making them laugh as they tried to separate. Brian had to struggle to peel himself free, remembering as a child how his father had thrown a bucket of water over two dogs who'd got locked like this. Finally they managed it. They took a quick shower together, with Brian making sure there was no semen left to leak into her panties, by pushing his middle finger as far into her as he could. As soon as she could turn around, she washed his cock several times, saying: "I think I need to make sure it's extra clean."

They had a quick breakfast and were soon out of the door, heading for the train station and school. When they boarded, they had the carriage to themselves, until they reached the next station, when it seemed to really fill up.

"Today's Friday," Brian said as they found their seats, "Is there anything in particular you'd like to do tonight?"

She looked at him with an expression he couldn't read before she said: "Could we go on a date, Brian? You know, see a movie, have a nice meal, go somewhere different. So I will always remember."

"Remember what?" he said stupidly.

"My first time, of course," she said, giving him a stern look.

"Yes, darling," he soothed, realising his faux pas, "tonight we will go anywhere, do anything you like. Tomorrow is Saturday. We can have a lie in and if you're not too sore after tonight, we will do anything you want. Oh we're stopping at the next station," he said looking out of the window. "Looks like the train will be crowded."

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Through that long day, time seemed to crawl by for them both. Brian tried to put as much effort into the classes as he could to make them as interesting as possible. He had Year Five three times during the day and Beth seemed, understandably distracted. But she made up for it several times by putting her feet on the cross rail under the desk and spread her legs out for him to see her tight white panties. During the second class, she did the same, except she had removed the panties. Then in the third class, she managed to wriggle her hands under her thighs, fingers reaching her pussy, which she was holding wide open for him to see deep into her. Her antics made her laugh silently and his day drag by even more slowly.

At last the time came. As he walked along the corridor towards the reception, Sandra's face peered out of her office door. "Ah, Mr. Phillips," she said, "I'm glad I've caught you, could you spare a moment?"

She closed the door behind him as he entered. "I thought I should just forewarn you, Olive's Mum has taken a turn for the worse. Olive thinks it won't be too long. They've got her on morphine, so she isn't in any pain now. Olive hasn't left the hospice for two whole days. She asked me to ask you if you are happy looking after Beth?" She paused while he nodded and murmured his assent. "She's ever so grateful, Brian," she continued. "She says she'll make it up to you when this is all over." Sandra had a look in her eye as if she knew how her friend intended to thank Brian. As far as Brian was concerned, she'd already done that through Beth.

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"We'll catch a late train," announced Brian as he and Beth walked out of the school main entrance. "I thought we would walk down to the multiplex cinema, have a bite to eat and watch the movie of your choice. It's Friday night, family night. There's plenty of films to suit younger audiences."

"What if I don't want to watch something suitable for younger audiences?" she teased. "What if I want to watch a porn film?"

He laughed, "Do you think in your wildest dreams you, a nine-year-old would be allowed in to see one of those?"

"I know, shame isn't it," she giggled, "we'll just have to watch that new Disney cartoon, won't we?" She looked around to make sure they weren't overheard. "Then afterwards, we can have the real thing." His cock twitched at the

thought. Then it went rock hard when she added. "You can film that if you like, Brian. You won't need to go to the cinema after that." She giggled and squeezed his hand as she started to skip along beside him.

They ate in a small privately owned steakhouse next to the cinema, before going in to see the film. Just as the adverts and previews started up, a voice said: "Hello Beth, how's your Granny?" They both turned and Brian recognised another girl from Year Five, who's name he knew was Toni, together with a woman who was so like her, she had to be her mother, together with one of the year three girls, who he guessed was six, or more likely seven, called Terri. Beth turned and smiled at her friend. "Oh, hello Mr. Phillips," said Toni, "I didn't realise it was you."

Brian quickly explained about Beth's grandmother and why he was looking after her. He leaned over towards the woman and whispered that Beth's Granny was on end of life treatment right now. She turned sorrowfully to Beth and said: "So the most popular teacher in the whole school has brought you to the cinema to watch a film. Isn't he kind?"

"Yes," acknowledged Beth, smiling up at Brian.

They settled down. There was Terri, then Terri and Toni's Mum, then Toni, then Brian then Beth; Toni and Beth, the two friends both wanting to sit either side of their favourite teacher. But they hadn't reckoned on Terri, who decided she wanted to be closer to her favourite teacher too, not on the far end of the line. She got up and squeezed along the row and standing in front of Brian, demanded she sat next to him.

"Shush," said their mother, who had introduced herself as Sam. "Toni and her friend are sitting next to Mr. Phillips."

"But that's not fair," she said, her voice rising in the quiet cinema.

"Quiet," said her Sam, "or I will take you home."

Terri pouted, but stood her ground. Then, just as they saw she was about to create again, Brian said: "Terri, would you like to sit on my lap?" She looked at Sam, who smiled with relief and nodded. Brian reached forward and lifted the little girl up onto his lap. She immediately leaned back against him, put her thumb in her mouth and five minutes after the film started, started to fall asleep.

Brian looked across at the girls' mother and indicated his coat on the floor by their feet. Realising what he meant, she picked it up and laid it across Terri to keep her warm, while she slept on his lap. Brian looked and smiled at Beth, then down at Terri. Beth couldn't cuddle into his side, it would be too obvious, so she lifted the end of the coat, slipped her hand underneath so she could tease his cock through his trousers.

Brian looked again at Beth, one eyebrow raised, before slipping his hand along under the coat and up her skirt, finding, as he already knew she was wearing no panties. They both knew he couldn't make her cum, because she was always too noisy when it happened, but she found it nice to have his hand there, knowing his cock would be there later that night. They settled down to watch the film.

Brian didn't waste any time, though. With his other hand, under the coat, he slowly worked Terri's skirt up over her knees and after about ten minutes, it was bunched up near her waist. Her legs were outside his knees, so as he spread them, her open thighs opened even further.

It had taken quarter of an hour to carefully, secretly get her into this position, but it was now with exquisite anticipation he slipped his fingers down under her waistband and into her panties. He felt the rise of her podgy mound, seemingly larger in proportion than, say Beth's, whose mound was under the palm of his other hand. He slipped his fingers down her cleft, feeling the skin of her cowl as they passed down to her tiny vagina, where they explored for a minute, enjoying her shape, her smallness, her girlhood and just inside, her tight little hymen. On they travelled, over her perineum, little bigger than his finger tip, before dipping into her anus encased between two buttocks which were pressing against Beth's hand and his cock.

Brian lay back in his seat as the Disney movie went on. Afterwards, if anyone had asked him to name a character or what the story was about, he would have been incapable. Instead, he would remember Beth trembling under his fingers, as he carefully kept bringing her up to the boil, then easing off, while she in turn kept squeezing his cock, while he continued to molest the sleeping Terri, who shuddered once or twice, as if she'd cum in her sleep.

It was so frustrating for Beth. In the last couple of days, she'd cum more times than the rest of her life put together. He'd said she was noisy when she came. She didn't think so and every time he got her nearly there with his fingers, he stopped. Here it came again, she thought, and then he pulled his fingers away again. She'd have to do something about it. She reached down to where his fingers were hovering over her clitty and pressed him to herself, immediately feeling the surge of pleasure flowing where she needed it. Her other hand was already pressing against his cock inside his trousers. She squeezed his end, the way way she knew he liked it. Then she paused.

Beth felt something strange. She felt movement. Then, she realised what it was. Brian was fiddling with little Terri. He was feeling her up, inside her panties. She thought for a second, then she had an idea. She released his cock and moved her hand the couple of inches to where his hand disappeared into Terri's panties and quickly slid her hand over his. He froze, realising she'd caught him red handed, or was that sticky handed? Then, she pressed the fingers of her other hand against his, where they were still over her own clitty. Three thrusts of light pressure told him what she wanted and immediately he started to rub her clitoris in earnest.

Beth leaned back feeling his one hand giving her the pleasure she so craved and feeling his other starting to molest Terri again. "Well," she thought, "he gets what he wants and so do I." At that moment, her orgasm crashed in. She was ready though. She had her scarf ready and as soon as she felt the tingles starting to intensify, she shoved a wad of the scarf into her mouth and pressed it against her nose to muffle the sound. Fortunately, the action onscreen was loud and covered any noise she made anyway. When she had settled down after her big cum, Beth did something she would never have dreamed of doing before. She pulled Brian's hand from Terri's panties and brought his fingers to her mouth and sucked them for a few seconds, getting a taste on another girl's pussy for the first time. A taste she liked and immediately she knew it wouldn't be the last time. She thought about her friend Toni, sitting the other side of Brian and wondered if she might like to come round for a sleepover when her Mum was back home again. She really liked Toni and wondered if their relationship could be closer still.

The film came to an end. The lights went up and people started to stand, making their way to the exits. Brian had Terri's skirt down back over her knees and looked across at Beth. She looked at him, both thinking similar things. He knew she had caught him messing with Terri, but then she'd tasted his fingers. It made her an accessory. He wondered what was going on in her mind.

Toni and Terri's Mum, Sam stood, pulling her coat on, while Brian stood little Terri on her feet and helped her get her own coat on. "Mummy," said Terri, "I think I need a wee."

"Can you wait until we get home darling?"

The child put her hand to her pussy and looked puzzled. Brian wondered what she could feel. "Yes, I think so," she replied.

Sam turned to Brian and said: "You must have a special way with children. She's very shy with men. She would never usually sit on anyone's lap except mine and certainly never a man's. It must be because you teach her class sometimes. It explains why all the mothers say you're the most popular teacher at the school. It's a shame you are only on as a temporary locum."

"I think I must have the magic touch," he said. He heard Beth snort with derision behind him.

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Brian closed and locked the door behind him. As he turned back to face her, Beth leapt at him, her arms locked around his neck, her legs around his waist. "I have a bone to pick with you," she said as he started to carry her up the stairs.

"Hmm, what's that?" he asked, his fingers under her skirt, pushing aside the elastic of her leg hole.

"Two timing me during our first date with that Terri," she complained. "And don't do that, I am trying to tell youuuuuu, oohhh, haaa, nnnngggggggggg. Gaawwwddd," she muttered as she crashed into another orgasm before they even reached the top of the stairs.

"I have a number of questions for you," he stated, when she'd calmed down again.

She raised her eyebrows in surprise. "What?" she asked.

"Do you want a fuck then have a bath, or have a bath then a fuck?"

"I want a fuck, then a bath with a fuck, then another fuck and if we have time, another bath, preferably with another fuck," she gave him a coquettish look, before adding: "if you're up to it, old man." He put her down and as she moved off, swatted her bottom with his hand. She jumped into the air, looking over her shoulder, grinning. "That's child abuse," she retorted, "I'll report you."

"There's several things you could report me for," he grinned back.

"Yeah, molesting that seven-year-old Terri for a start."

"Do you mind?" he asked, partly worried she may have taken offence.

"No," she replied carefully, "on one condition."

"What's that?" he asked, puzzled.

"You do everything I want and make tonight and tomorrow morning really, really special for me."

"I would do that anyway," he said.

"Well let's get on with it," she said suddenly showing new eagerness, "the night's not getting any younger." He laughed to himself, wondering where this nine-year-old came up with that comment.

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It was an hour later. Brian and Beth were laying naked on the big bed, all the covers cast aside onto the floor. They hadn't taken their hands off one another in all that time. Beth's intense orgasm had commenced, as usual, within seconds of his fingers touching her clitty and had continued uninterrupted ever since.

"I want to be on top for my first time," she announced after being silent, apart from her climactic moans, for the last ten minutes.

Brian moved to the middle of the bed. He looked at Beth with wonder in his eyes. He'd never met anyone quite like her. She was certainly a force of nature, and yet she had a vulnerability conducive with her age. Even now, she held his hand against her, ensuring her pleasure continued, as if he might pull away or even change his mind.

She studied his long thick erection for a moment, as if trying to decide how she was going to mount it. Then she swung her leg over his upper thighs and sat across his hips, with his cock pressed into her cleft, his crown touching her tummy button. Now kneeling, she lifted herself up as high as she could. But she couldn't get high enough. She grunted in mild frustration, moved her feet into a squatting position and holding his cock with one hand, his hip with the other, lifted herself up and guided him down through her cleft and into the recess of her entry.

Her arousal and his pre-cum, both mixing in large quantities ensured they were incredibly slippery, as she started a very careful lift and drop movement. Brian helped by holding her waist, taking some of her weight as she went up each time. Beth, as Brian had already discovered many times, was one very sexually charged young girl, and as soon as his cock started to push in and out of her entry, her orgasm resumed intensely. She started to rock her head side to side, back and forward. She moaned and called out loudly. Her hands had now moved to his chest and were painfully holding clumps of his hair. Her eyes were tightly closed, while the tip of her tongue stuck out of the corner of her mouth in concentration.

She rocked back and forth, the pressure on his crown increasing, as she dilated a fraction, his rounded end slipping in and out of that impossibly tight entry. Then his crown popped through the tight cuff of muscle at her entry and she froze. He was up against her intact hymen.

She opened her eyes and looked at him. "Help me, Brian," she pleaded, "I need your help, make me cum." It was more of an instruction than a request. He reached down and, using his thumb, started to massage down her cleft, finding her clitty almost buried in her own vagina by his cock. He applied gentle pressure and moved the pad of his thumb in circles and sure enough, she started to cum almost at once. What happened next took Brian completely by surprise. Her head shot back as her climax peaked and she uttered an animalistic cry that might have been intense pain or pleasure, agony or ecstasy, then she just dropped her whole weight onto his cock. Instantly he was four or five inches inside her, her hymen ripped away, her passage forced open in a moment. She screamed, all movement suddenly frozen.

Slowly, Beth opened her eyes, where tears were now pouring from, down her flat chest onto his belly. "Fuck, that hurt," she said, as if it had been all his fault.

"I didn't know you were going to do that, Beth" he said quietly. "If I'd known, I would have stopped you. Do you want to stop and try again another time?"

"Not fucking likely," she said in a defiant tone. "The stinging is easing off. Give me moment. My friend's older sister told me the only way to do it was like that. Get the pain over and done with."

"Well, she's wrong, Beth," he said. "There are many more gentle ways to do it. It might hurt a little, but not too badly."

"Well you might have told me before," she muttered.

"Shall we have a look to see if you bled much?"

She carefully lifted up a couple of inches. They both looked down at his cock protruding from her vagina. There were streaks of blood along its whole length. "Jeez," she muttered, wiping her finger along his shaft and inspected her finger tip. She showed it to him, "look at all that."

"It won't bleed for long, Beth," he reassured, hoping it was true.

"Well you better make me cum to get my mind off it, hadn't you?" she said, a glint of mischief returning to her face.

Brian started to work his magic on her clitty once more and in moments, he felt her reacting. But what he also felt was the incredible tightness of Beth's vagina sheathing his long cock in its embrace. It felt better than anything he'd ever experienced before. But, like Beth, when she dropped, she took his foreskin with her and from the pain, he thought it had been ripped off. She might sting, but so did he.

The stinging sensation abated slowly in them both, as she started to feel those wonderful surges of pleasure rising and falling through her vagina. As she began to clamp on him, so too did Brian begin to feel the wonderful sensations of her nine-year-old vagina caressing, massaging, giving such wonderful ecstatic pleasure on his manhood. Other than his thumb on her clitty, he didn't move a muscle, and for a while, neither did she.

But soon, the feelings of wonder, ecstasy and rapture overcame the diminishing pain she'd felt, and her body started to tell her it wanted more. She lifted herself a fraction, dropping back again, as if discovering whether the pain would return, which didn't. She lifted again and again, each time a little higher, her movements bolder. Her body's instincts driving her on.

Soon, Beth was lifting almost off his end, before dropping down until his crown pushed hard into her cervix, where she felt another surge of wonderful tingles, pushing her up once more, until his tip rubbed her clitty, which seemed to get pulled inside her own pussy as she dropped making it feel so wonderful, before the cycle repeated over and over.

Up and down she went, like the movement of some great pumping engine; up and down. Beth's mind was in a wonderland of pleasure. She had never ever felt sensations like this. It was just so, so Brian held her, as her weight

fell forward onto his chest. She'd passed out again. "One thing about this girl," he thought, "she sure knows how to enjoy herself."

Judging from last time, he knew she might be out for seconds or much longer. He wanted to try something, so quickly lifted her by her hips, pulling out of her and pushed his cock up the inch to her anus. There, grabbing his end, he wanked himself for a few seconds, squeezing out a load of pre-cum, before pushing his end into her bum. He'd been there before the previous night and knew she could take him, so carefully but continuously he fed himself in; all the way in. Then just as carefully, he pulled out again and lifting her once more, fed his cock back into her cunt until he pressed up against her rubbery cervix. As he hit her end, she grunted in her comatose state. Finally, reaching down with his fingers, he located her opening, and pushed his middle finger into her rectum as deeply as he could reach. He moved it around for a few seconds, enjoying feeling her texture, tightness, warmth and shape, before simply laying still, waiting for her to wake.

She stirred after about ten minutes. He thought she'd gone back to sleep, when she suddenly said: "You've got your finger up my bum again."

"Yes," he confirmed, "I like it in there."

"Well, you know the deal we made."

"I know," he sighed as if in resignation, "I have to make you cum."

"Mmmm," she muttered.

Brian started some very short, gentle thrusts, feeling his crown nudging her rubbery cervix. On the third cycle, she grunted, on the fifth she cried out: "Ahhhhh, hhhaaaaaaa, nnggggggg, gawwwddd, that'sssss niceee."

Brian's movements went slightly deeper and faster, as she got back into the rhythm. Her cries and moans continued non-stop as he thrust into the nine-year-old, feeling the tightness of her vagina as it squeezed his cock like the proverbial silken vice. Once or twice, as he pushed harder into her end, her cries intensified and he wondered if she was going to pass out again, but each time she seemed to recover with renewed energy and vigour.

At last after, how long he would never know, he felt the first signs of his own prostate calling time. The finger deep in her bowels felt the surge of his cock as the first pulse shot up his shaft, deep into her immature womb. By now, he was thrusting forcefully into the child. She was being bounced around like a rag doll. But, judging from her cries of ecstasy, all she was aware of were the overwhelming sensations of wonderful pleasure surging through her little body.

At last it ended. Both panting, sweat sticking them together, as the last bodily twitches of their love making gradually died away. Neither said anything for several minutes, while they caught their breath. "Fuck, that was nice," she

stated a moment before he heard her snore, a little buzzing sound as her breath blew the hairs on his chest. He lay there thinking for a few minutes. He'd just broken every rule in the book. He'd groomed a nine-year-old, he molested her and fucked her. He knew he could be arrested and they'd lock him up and throw away the key, leaving him at the mercy of hairy arsed villains who hated pedos. But even as he lay there, he knew he had no regrets and he knew he would do it again and he knew from now on, he would be on the lookout for other little girls just like her.

It might have been two in the morning. He woke up, eyes still closed trying to work out what had alerted him. Then he felt movement. Beth was still lying on his front, his softened cock still just inside her entry, although his finger had slipped from her bum at some point. She was slipping her fingers down between them, to her clitoris. Despite having cum for hours the previous evening, and had a long sensuous first fuck, she needed to now masturbate herself.

He didn't move, as her fingers found their target and started a gentle circular movement. He already knew she had a hair trigger and wasn't surprised when she took her first deep breath when her vagina clamped on his end. She didn't escalate her movements, just lay there enjoying herself. But she paused for a moment when she realised he'd started to grow inside her, lengthening, thickening, arousing. She continued rubbing herself, but now moved very gently on him as well. Brian was happy to let her do all the work and just lay there enjoying the sensations of her pussy running up and down his cock. At last, he came, and his load shot deep into her, filling her deepest place for a second time. Her cry of surprise was immediately replaced by the familiar cries of her orgasm.

She lay on him letting her fluttering sensations die down deep inside her, before laying her cheek back on his chest. She was about to drift off to sleep, when he repeated her exact words: "Fuck, that was nice."

When Brian woke up, he found Beth laying on her side, facing away from him, curled up in a foetal ball. He looked for a minute as her flank rose and fell with her shallow breathing. Her tiny bottom was pointing at him and between her thighs, her labia bulged out in a peach shape, her reddened vagina and surrounding thighs encrusted with dry semen. He moved forward and reached across and cuddled her into his front, her thighs now pressed to the top of his, her curved back encased in his abdomen and chest.

He reached down with his hand, his fingers exploring. Because of her position, her bottom was pulled open, her valley just a dip. Her anus felt gritty with dried semen, but new pre-cum, he knew, would soon cure that. On his fingers moved towards her treasure chest.

"Don't you fucking dare touch me there!" she suddenly said. Brian was startled. Firstly he hadn't realised she was awake, and secondly her tone was

forceful. Did she regret last night? Did she hate him for what he'd done to her? Would he soon be in jail? She suddenly rolled over and faced him. His fears all dispelled instantly when he saw her little grin. "My fanny hurts," she said. "It's fucking sore this morning. What will my Mum say if she sees the state of it?" Brian shuddered at the thought of that last comment.

"So what do you want to do until your Mum arrives? Fancy getting up and doing a bit of gardening or housework?" he teased.

"Fuck off," she said with a grin, "I didn't come here to work as your skivvy."

"I've been meaning to have a word with you about your language." He dodged as she threw a pillow at him, fascinated as her bottom wiggled with the movement.

"I didn't say we can't play around," she said, refocusing her mind, "I just said I'm fucking sore.... You know, sore from fucking, as in an adverb. So don't talk to me about language.

"You have me confused, Beth," he said, mystified, "do you want to mess around or what?"

"I only said my fanny hurts," she grinned again, "I didn't say anything about my bum. But you know"

"I know," he said interrupting her, "as long as I make you cum."

"There you go," she chortled, "you might be the teacher, but you're learning fast." She deftly dodged him trying to backhand her buttock.

Beth quickly got into position on the middle of the bed on her hands and knees, looking over her shoulder at him in anticipation. She had moved her knees about eighteen inches apart, knowing from last time that worked best for her. Brian shuffled up on his knees behind her, his cock now as rock solid as it had ever been. He took it in one hand, while reaching around and under her with the other. He found her nub poking out stiffly from its cowl and as soon as he touched it, there was a sharp intake of breath.

"Jeez, that's nice," she uttered after a few seconds. "Oh yes, that's good. Yeah there, that's the spot ... here it cumms... Ooooohh, haaaaahaaa, nnnnnngg." There was a pause, then she added, "Go on Brian, shove it up my bum, we haven't got all day..... haaaaahaaa, nnnnnngg."

Brian guided his cock to her entry, pressed in firmly, then holding his foreskin, pushed, so his cock slid in through it, popped through the tight entry of her sphincter. He paused for a moment, letting her anus adjust, before pushing in, all the way in, until his pubic hair was grinding into her tiny, soft buttocks. Like before, Brian didn't need to thrust much, because her clamping was doing all the work for him, giving him all the pleasure he could wish for. So their movements were minimal. He massaged her clitoris, making her cum

continuously; she clamped on him, raising his arousal. So Brian gently and slowly pushed in and out of her, feeling her warm depths squeezing his cock exquisitely. He was in no rush, enjoying feeling his cock deep inside this nine-year-old, taking his time, while she came and came, while his fingers worked their magic on her.

At last, he came unexpectedly blasting deep into Beth's bowels, flooding her with his semen, giving her as much delight as he received. They knew this wouldn't be their last time ever. Olive had said she would call round to collect Beth around noon.

Soon afterwards, they were lying cuddling, face-to-face. They just looked at each other in silence, letting their pulses and blood pressure resume to normal. "When do you finish with our school, Brian," she said, genuinely sorry he would no longer be there soon.

"End of next week," he replied, "unless Miss. Priestly needs to stay away longer." She sighed at the news. They lapsed into silence again for a minute or so.

"Brian," she said in that tone little girls use when they aren't sure how to say something important, "If I tell you a secret, would you tell me one?"

"I suppose it depends on the secret, Beth," he replied. "What did you want to know?"

"Weeell," she said, slightly nervously, "when little Terri was sitting on your lap, in the cinema, I saw you fiddling with her."

"Yes, I know," he said, "thank you for not saying anything."

"That's OK." She smiled briefly. Then said "Did you enjoy touching her, Brian? I mean she is only seven. Did you like it?"

He wasn't quite sure where this conversation was going, but thought he would play along. "Yes, as a matter-of-fact, I did," he said. "I like it almost as much as touching you."

"Thank you for telling me your secret," she said, avoiding his gaze. "Now I will tell you mine. When I was little, I used to sleepover at Granny's a lot. She used to let me sleep with her in her bed. Well, we loved each other and when I used to sometimes play with my clitty, she used to do it for me and make me feel really nice. Then, when I knew what you were doing, it made me tingle inside. Not because you had your hand in my panties, but because I wanted to put my hand where yours was, you know in Terri's panties. I really enjoyed sucking your fingers afterwards as well."

"So, do you want to, like do things with Terri?" he asked.

"No, I have thought about it since. And although I wouldn't mind touching her up, I realise I want to do it with someone my own age."

"Do you have someone in mind?" he asked.

"Yeah," she smiled again, "but I don't know how to approach her or, you know, find out if she would."

"Who is it?"

"It's Toni. We've been friends for, well, ever since I can remember. I like her and well, she's the one I....."

"I understand," he said. "So what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know," she said sadly, "that's why I thought I would tell you my secret, so you could, perhaps, help me."

"Thank you for sharing your confidence. Hmm, let me think for a moment," he said, a spark of an idea coming into his head. He remained silent for a couple of minutes, his eyes closed in concentration.

Beth thought he was falling back to sleep, and was about to say something, when his eyes sprung open "I have an idea," he said at last. "It might not work, because it depends on so many things, any of which could go wrong."

She lifted herself and bending her arm, propped her head on her hand.

"Why don't we ask Toni and Terri over for a sleepover?" he said. "They could both come here and that would give you all the opportunity you want with Toni. What do you think?"

Her face lit up. "That would be brilliant," she paused, "what about Terri."

"You leave Terri to me," he said in a tone which even she didn't misunderstand. She grinned at him "So you mean while Toni and I are making out, you and Terri will be...."

"Well that's what I thought," he interrupted, "but as I said, anything could go wrong."

"When would you ask them over?"

"Well, no time like the present," he said, fumbling for his mobile phone.

Half an hour later, Brian ended a call with Olive. She'd been on the point of calling him herself. Her mother was now comatose and might last the weekend, but that was about it. So it was agreed Beth would stay with him overnight until Sunday night, or go into school with him Monday. When he

explained that he'd contacted Sam, Toni and Terri's mother and that they were coming over for a sleepover for the night, she became quite enthusiastic.

"Oh that's a great idea," said Olive, "the girls will look after each other. I promise I will make it up to you, Brian. I will call Sam and let her know my situation.

"So what time are Toni and Terri coming over?" asked Beth.

"In a couple of hours time," he said. "What do you want to do between now and then?"

"Well I thought a bit of breakfast would be nice," she said, that coquettish grin reappearing on her face, as she reached across to grab his flaccid cock. In a moment, she had engulfed him in her mouth, feeling him grow. "I wonder if Toni might like a go at this if she gets the chance?" she said as she slurped her tongue around his end. "Now, remember what the deal is, while I suck your cock?"

"Yeah I know, I have to make you cum." With that, his whole mouth encompassed her pudenda as they settled once more into the sixty-nine position they both so enjoyed.

Brian's adventures will be continued in: 'Close Encounter'.

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LIST OF CHARACTERS

Brian Phillips – protagonist
Beth Stevens – 9yo student
Olive Stevens – Beth's mother
Sandra - the school administrator
Miss. Priestly – teacher away on maternity leave
Cathy – Brian's long dead wife
Toni – 9yo old friend of Beth in her class
Terri – 7yo sister of Toni
Sam – Toni & Terri's mother