The Encounter

By JimBob

This is a story of my love for my dear little Alice, one of the many little girls I have loved and lost.

My name is Jim. I am an old man now, but I was young when I met her. I was an American boy full of piss and vinegar and intent on sowing my wild oats. Then I met Alice, and she gave me a ride to the highest highs and lowest lows of my young life. I’ll never forget Alice.

I was on a visit to my Aunt Emily, who owned a small land holding near a small village just outside of London. It was near the end of my visit and I was bored with exploring her small woodlot. Alice's rich Grandfather's estate, on the other hand offered miles of woodlots, streams and ponds for exploring, fishing and skinny-dipping, a veritable treasure trove for a boy of sixteen.

Now, my dear readers, you may look over my shoulder as I write of my memories of my time with my sweet little lover...

I was skirting the edge of the estate when I saw a young girl riding by on the other side of the fence. I thought it must be the granddaughter my aunt had told me about. I remembered our conversation...

"Watch out for her." my aunt said. "She will take your head right off if you cross her up."

"She's just a little girl." I pointed out.

"Yeah, but she has a temper, and she acts like she owns the place. I know you like to explore, but you better stay off that estate."

I nodded, but I secretly decided that no rich and spoiled little girl would cause me any problems. After all, I was bigger than her, and tougher, and I figured I was smarter too. Besides, I was part Indian, and I was good at sneaking through the woods, Indian style.

So as soon as the girl was well past, I crept through the fence and started through the woods, stalking along Indian fashion, placing one foot directly in front of the other, careful not to step on twigs.

Suddenly I hear the drumming of hoofs, and a girlish voice calling out, "HEY! Hey you boy! Stop right there!"

I ran, dodging through the trees. No girl could stay on a horse in conditions like this. I slowed down and began to stalk once more.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"OUCH!" The damn kid, yes, you Alice, had snuck up on me and you hit me on the head with your riding crop! That made me mad! I turned, and when you went to kick me, your foot came out of the stirrup, and I grabbed it and pulled you off the horse while you whacked me again. We crashed into a bush with you on top of me. You dropped the crop, but started hitting my face with both fists. With a mighty effort, I managed to throw the little wildcat I had grabbed off of me. You got up, and watched while I got up too.

"Listen, you little...” was all I got out as you suddenly grabbed my reaching hand as I charged, and you did something magic with your arms as you whirled around and threw me. I landed hard in another bush. "Ouch! I think you broke my arm!"

This time I stayed down low, and I charged into you on my hands and knees. I hit you in the stomach with my shoulder and knocked the wind out of you as you went down with me on top.

While you tried to catch your breath, I managed to get both of your arms over your head and secured there with my big hand around your wrists. My whole weight was on your torso, holding you down. My knees were between your thighs, holding your legs open so you couldn't kick me. You were quite helpless. When you caught your breath, you began to struggle, testing my strength and finding I had the upper hand at the moment.

"Let me up, you big idiot!"

"Nope. Not until you promise to quit beating on me with whips and stuff, and let me get out of here."

"I'm going to tell my Grandpa..."

Your voice trailed off as I saw a drop of sweat on the tip of your cute little nose. I leaned my face down and licked it off. The drop was salty and I smacked my lips, savoring the taste. When I pulled my head back, I saw your eyes were closed, and your lips pursed and slightly parted, as if awaiting a kiss.

As your eyes opened, I leaned in again. This time I kissed those parted lips, and as you seemed receptive to it, I slipped my tongue in and licked around. It was heavenly, warm, soft and inviting. I felt your tongue meet mine and they entwined in that blissful struggle.

"Ummm." you murmured, and your body moved slightly under mine.

My cock, which in the last three years had grown from my finger-sized child one to my six inch plus more adult one, began to stir and harden. As I raised my head, I saw in your eyes that you were aware of my boner pushing into your soft tummy. I kissed you again as I slid down a little, so my cock was pressing into the correct part of your body.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"I'm Alice." You told me several names after Alice, but just Alice will suffice for now.

"I"m Jim. How old are you Alice?"

"I'm eight, but I will be nine in a month."

"Wow! Alice, how did such a little girl learn to kiss like that?"

"I'm not a little girl! My Daddy and I kiss like that all the time."

My cock jumped at that and my imagination ran wild. As I moved into the saddle of your hips and thighs, I felt the firmness of your mons and the softness of your pussy through your pants and knickers.

"Ah, ah," you said, and you began to struggle again. This time not to get away, but to get closer. My cock was coating the inside of my pants with precum, as I Imagined your vagina was pouring out your love juice to prepare for my penetration.

How did I come to know so much about girls, and, "doing it?" Well, I spent last summer on my Uncke Bill's horse ranch in Kentucky. One day my thirteen year old cousin Connie and I were at the corral, watching a stallion and a mare mate. When Connie saw the buldge in my pants, she decided that I needed to know the facts of life, so she took me up into the hay barn for some rather intense one on one private instruction. After I had mastered the basics, she brought in nine-year-old twins Cindy and Mindy, and I learned all about threesomes and foursomes. I also came to realize that my persons of interest for sex had become little girls just two or three years short of entering puberty. Girls like you, Alice.

Now here I was, with the most beautiful little girl of eight, almost nine, pushing her pelvis up against mine like she was begging for it. Was I a cocksman, or what? I released your hands, and you reached down under your left butt cheek and dug out a sharp pointed rock and tossed it to one side.

"There! That damn rock has been digging into my arse long enough!" You said, as you rubbed that part. You no longer struggled, but lay there quietly, eyeing me with curiosity.

"Oh... I um, I thought you wanted to... Um, ah, I mean you wanted me to... Ah, um..."

"What?" You interrupted.

"You know, do it!"

"Do what?"

I looked into your eyes, but you looked so innocent I couldn't tell if you were putting me on or not. "Fuck!" I said, more in frustration than as an answer to your question.

"Okay." You said. "Men keep touching me down there and I want to find out about that part of it too."

Oh man! I began to frantically open buttons. Your chest and small nipples were soon exposed. I gasped at the sight and bent to kiss and lick them, while fumbling with your jodhpurs, vainly looking for a fastener.

"Let me do it." You said, and pushed my hands away.

I rose to my knees on one side above you as you opened your belt, and the waist snaps, and slid your pants and little white knickers down, showing me your beautiful white body and tan thighs with your treasure between them as you lowered them to your boot tops. As I watched, I fumbled my own belt and buttons open, and pushed my pants and jockey shorts down to my knees. You were gazing at my erection as I was gazing at your cute little bare slit. I was hardly able to take my eyes off your beautiful body, but you raised your arms in a "take me" gesture, and I stripped off my T shirt, crawled back between your legs and fell foreword onto you. The touch of your chest and stomach was hot and it fanned my lust to a burning flame. Frantically, we both fumbled to guide my erect cock into the proper hole. Twice we almost had it and twice I pushed too fast and it slid away.

"Wait!" I said as I raised my body away from you. "I need to taste you."

"Hurry!" You said, as you took my head in both hands and guided it into the place that needed attention. "Hurry!"

My nose tested your delicate little girl rutting scent as my tongue searched for and found your little clit standing erect between your lips. It's delicate folds opened easily to the assault of my rough tongue tip. I tickled the hard little kernel of your tiny erection as you thrust your pelvis up to meet my mouth. I sucked the little bud into my mouth as my tongue pummeled and caressed it. You made little mewling cries of passion and pleasure until I release your clit and move my head an inch or so lower in spite of your hands trying to hold me there.

I had to check. My tongue slid in between your slippery lips and searched for the membrane all little girl virgins have there. You didn't have it, Alice. I searched in vain. Not even a trace. I even brought in a finger to search deeper. No trace of a hymen at all. I was disappointed and distressed. I left a dollop of saliva between your lips as I moved back into position, and I leaned in to kiss you as my now rock hard cock found your hole and slid into your vagina. You were so tight and hot.

You gasped at the sudden stretching pain, but nothing could stop me now. Slowly I pushed my hard cock into your tight hot sheath. Every fraction of an inch gave me an ocean of sensation. I wanted it to go on forever. But it could not. My pubic bone mashed into your clit, and gave you a big thrill. It stopped my penetration way before I was ready to have it end. You did not enjoy that penetration as much as I, for your little body tensed and you let out a low moan with a gasp at the end.

I rested, lying still and savoring the feel of all the soft little girl wrinkles and ridges in your soft cunt arranging themselves around my cock.

I looked into your eyes. You were calmly staring back into mine. "Alice, why did you lie to me? You weren't a virgin. Who were you with before me?"

Your eyes never flickered. "I didn't lie to you. If you mean my hymen, I was born that way. I never had one. Are you going to ride me now?"

I cannot describe the warm feeling that went through me at your words. I believed you were telling me the truth. I did a slow pull out and push back in. "That hurt?" I asked.

"No. It hurt a little when you first went in, now it kind of tickles and tingles down there. Ride me, Jim! Ride me hard!"

Then I pulled back slowly almost all the way out, and then pushed slowly back in again. Oh, such bliss. We kissed and kissed again. You moaned in passion. I began a faster tempo, emulating the speed and action of my masturbation. Your body began to respond as your hips moved when you masturbated, but this was oh so much more sensation for both of us. You were frustrated by your legs practically being bound by your pants. So was I. But it was too late to stop and fix it. The sensations kept building. We both moved faster. There came a slap, slap, slap noise as our thighs and bellies met. I began to grunt with each thrust, you gave me little cries of encouragement and appreciation. My steel rod plunged into your quivering sheath over and over. There was a tension in our bodies, like a river building up behind a dam.

Then I gave a cry, and began pumping into you so fast that my bum became just a blur, while you just tried to stay with me as it built up. Then I gave a mighty grunt/groan, and pushed into you as hard as I could. The first spurt of hot semen against your cervix caused your dam to start to crumble, and as I relaxed and then tensed with each spurt, you began to buck and relax to your own climax until we both lay there quietly, both exhausted.

"OH! That was my best cum ever!" You cried out

I silently agreed with you.

After a few minutes, I began a slow in and out movement again.

"No, wait," you said.

"Aw, can't we do it again?"

"Sure, but not here. I know a nicer spot. Where there is softer grass, and more hidden. We can get all naked."

Very slowly and reluctantly, I pulled my cock out of your hot little cunt, and as the still hard head slipped out with an audible "pop," a stream of my cum mixed with your love juices ran out and down through your butt crack. You sat up and held your lips down there open, so we could both see it flowing out of the still open hole there.

"What's that stuff?" You asked, screwing up your nose and making a face.

"My cum," I said with some pride. "It makes babies."

"Not in me." You didn't seem too impressed. You dragged two fingers through the goo running out, rubbed it between your fingers and then brought them up to your nose for a whiff. "Phew!" You said, and wiped the mess off on my T-shirt.

"Hey!" I yelled.

"It's your stuff." You said. Then you took the shirt and wiped down your crack and down your bum crack too. Then you stood, using one hand to hold the shirt down there, and the other on my shoulder to pull yourself up. You then used me to steady yourself, as you wiped some more. "Here!" You say, and handed my sodden shirt back to me.

"Gee, thanks!" I say, but the sarcasm is lost on you. You are busy adjusting your knickers so they are just so, after you have given that cute little girl twist, wriggle and tippy-toed grind to get them up over your bum. I pulled my pants up and stuffed most of the T-shirt in my pocket. I remembered how arousing certain smells could be, and I figured our scents combined would bring back many pleasant memories of this encounter.

When you had your knickers and jodhpurs up and adjusted to your satisfaction, you didn't bother to button your shirt, but you asked for a leg up onto your pony. You lead the way as I trotted along side of you. When you turned once to tell me something, I saw that the ride had jolted more cum out of you and your whole crotch was wet again. With your shirt hanging open, your rosy little nipples stood out on your white chest.

Just as you signaled to show we were almost at your special place, we heard a voice call out, "Hey!" We both stopped and turned and looked. There were two boys about my size and age, and a much bigger, older boy that looked to be eighteen or nineteen and was almost a man.

I didn't like the looks of this. "Run, Alice!" I said. "Whip that pony and run for home!"

But you started out in the same snotty little princess voice you had used on me. "Hey you boys! This is my grandpa's estate! We don't allow people to trespass! Now get off our estate and go home!" Your little rant had the same effect on them as it had on me. They kept on coming.

Too late, I remembered. "Alice, Your shirt!" RUN!" I shouted.

You looked down, clutched your shirt together, then too late, you decided to take my advice and run. The Big Boy roughly pushed me down, caught you in two big strides and pulled you kicking and screaming right out of the saddle. The Big Boy smacked the pony on the flank, and it went off at a fast trot. The other two boys had tackled me and after a brief fight, were holding me down.

The big guy carried you, and the two boys drug me, and we went on a ways to a secluded spot with a picnic table and benches by it. The Big Boy gave the ones holding me a knife and told them to cut my shirt up into strips and tie me up to a tree by the table.

They did a good job of tying me. I could only watch as they held you for the Big Boy as he stripped off your boots and shirt, then your jodhpurs. I started yelling for help, and to shut me up, they stripped off your knickers and stuffed them in my mouth. I could hardly breath then, as I had been hit in my nose and it was almost plugged with blood.

Now you were naked, and still fighting them, swearing like a trouper, and kicking and trying to bite. Then the Big Boy cuffed you a couple of times, and the second one pretty nearly knocked you out. They picked you up and put you on the end of the table with your legs extending over the end, until the two boys spread them and pushed them up until your knees were up by your shoulders. I heard you grunt in pain, as your body was forced almost double.

Then the Big Boy stepped in close to your bottom and loosened his belt and dropped his pants and underpants to his ankles. His hard cock flopped out, more than twice as thick as mine and almost eight inches long. He told the two boys to let your legs go so your feet were up by his shoulders. He told them to just hold your two arms out straight from your sides. Then he stroked his big cock a couple of times and pulled the foreskin down so the big purplish head was all exposed. He rubbed the head up and down your slit, paying special attention to your clit.

When you felt this stimulation, you stopped trying to get loose, raised your head, and looked down your body. When you saw that big hard tool aimed at your cunt, you cried out in alarm and started trying to get away from it. But Big Boy had the tip started in between your lips. Then he just held your hips tight and slowly stretched your little opening as he pushed it right on in. This was in spite of your cries of pain and struggles to get away from it.

"OW! Ouch! Stop! Jim, help me!"

I struggled to get loose, but the shirt strips held me tight. I figured that Big Boy would split you open and kill you and then they would kill me too. But I was wrong; the big head was pushed into your little hole with a lot of wiggling and yelling. The rest of the shaft was not as thick. I saw you both relax as he stopped pushing. As you relaxed, you began to move your bottom around to ease some of the strain his size was causing. As you did that, and the pain eased, you began to feel tingles and thrills in your lower belly that you had not felt before, not with your or my fingers, or my much smaller cock in there.

You showed no more pretense of fighting. You tensed as Big Boy began to push his big rod into your tiny body. It went in quite easily now, as you were still well lubed with my semen and your juices. You cried out and jumped as the bulbous head crashed into your cervix.

But Big Boy had done this before, and he knew he had filled your little vagina. He pulled back out a little, and then left his cock in you so he could soak up the feel of your tight little sheath around his big hard rod. You seemed to be moving your bum around a little, as if testing your cunt's ability to take that monster. Actually, almost all your pain was gone, and you were really starting to feel quite pleased that you were able to handle his monster cock.

You looked up into his eyes, as he looked down into yours. You tightened the muscles in your pussy around his shaft and then relaxed them. You did it again. He grinned down at you, and nodded to the two boys to let your arms go. They did, and you moved them in near your body, but made no move to fight anymore.

Then, while looking into your eyes, he began to very slowly and gently move in and out of you. Just a bit at first, then as you began to respond and move your hips around, he increased the speed and depth of his strokes. You reached up and grabbed your knees and pulled your bent legs back and wider apart. The pace picked up yet again, and the Big Boy was on his toes now, leaning over you and clutching your bum cheeks and riding you hard. Your pants and gasps turn into little cries, not from pain now, but from your growing pleasure as the waterfall of thrills and tingles started and quickly became almost too much for you to bear.

I could not believe my eyes and ears. Here was this big galoot that had caused you so much pain and made you cry for help just a couple of minutes ago, and now you were smiling up at him and encouraging him to fuck you harder and faster? I was tied to a tree slightly to one side so I could not only see his flanks tensing as he pushed into you, but I could see between your bodies and watch his thick shaft repeatedly plunging into you. It was an erotic sight, and my raging hard-on was pushing my jeans out in a big bulge. But your cries and his grunts of passion were disgusting to me. So I turned my head away.

I could imagine all the intricate little ridges and valleys of soft tissue in your cunt rubbing over the hard ridge of that big purple head as it stretched your sheath on each thrust. Damn! I had been exercising my tool to try to make it grow bigger until I thought my arms might fall off, and I had been proud of it until I saw Big Boy's monster.

Suddenly, I realized the cries and grunts had stopped. I had to look. Big Boy was straining into your crotch, and your legs were spread so wide I thought he had split you wide open. But you had just reached your peak, and your big lover was just reaching his. As he strained against you, you suddenly brought your legs around to dig your heels into his bum to force him even deeper into you as spurts of hot cum splashed into your depths. Both of you groaned with the strain. I was as jealous as I could be. The big jerk had taken my girl and with that monster tool was obviously giving her a much bigger cum than I had given her. It was plain to see she was no longer suffering any pain, but rather it was the sweet pain of climax.

After you both finished your cum, Big Boy pulled his cock out and bent to pull his pants up. Suddenly, we heard the roar of a far off car engine coming fast. Big Boy noticed my bulge and motioned for his two flunkies to untie me and bring me over. They put me on top of you and guided my stiff cock into your body. I did not resist. I couldn't help myself; I had to start riding your exhausted body. Then the three boys rushed off and left us to our devices.

Your Grandpa and a couple of his men rode up and found pitiful little you being ridden hard by this nasty yank teenager. I was very roughly tied up and thrown into the boot of the big car. After some discussion about hanging me from the nearest tree, you were tenderly collected and then driven home. It seems the pony went home alone, and they came looking for you. Lucky for me, they believed your story, mainly because I had been beaten up, and I still had your knickers in my mouth. I was planning on keeping them, but they made me spit them out. Anyway, they cleaned me up and sent me back to my aunt, after telling me I would be shot on sight if I trespassed again. After that I was a good boy until the day before I was to leave when I decided I had to see you again.

Sure enough, as I snuck up to your estate, I saw you setting out on your pony. I figured you might head for the spot where we first met, so I crept over there very quietly. I found no Alice there. So I thought about the other place, and made my way there. I heard a horse whinny and decided I was right. Then heard it again, and again. That was no horse! I crept through the trees and there you were on the table, naked, and Big Boy was riding you! You were making little cries, and saying„ "Hurt me Big Boy, hurt me!“ He was pinching your nipples and riding you hard.

Sick at heart, I watched for a while stroking my cock, and after I had my cum, I crept on back home to my aunt's house. It seems that you and Big Boy had a little secret. What no one else knew was that he had whispered in your ear that first day, for you to meet him there at a certain time on a certain day for a good hard ride. And you did just exactly that, Alice.

Well readers, JimBob is at it again. I have lost all my central vision and I am now legally blind. However, with the aid of magnifiers, I have found a way to read on my computer screen, Though I am slower than any first grader. I can type if, believe it or not, I do not look at the key I want to hit. I have a friend who is proof reading and editing my stories. Thank you Jim G. for proof reading and correcting my many typos and spelling mistakes. And thanks to the little English girl, the lovely Alice, for inspiring me to write this one.