The Vicar's Granddaughter

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Published on Lush Stories on 15 Mar 2012

Emma had quite an experience during her summer at the vicarage ..

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"This is my granddaughter," said the vicar. "Emma is with us for the summer."

Stanley nodded to the young lady who was stretched out on the vicar's sofa reading a magazine about horses. She barely acknowledged the visitor, lifting her black eyelashes fleetingly, and continued reading as if her attention had been uninterrupted.

Stanley was nothing much to look at of course, just an aging podgy snub nose Englishman though he did have a slightly mischevious twinkle in his eyes.

The weather was sultry and the young lady was attired in a short black skirt and skimpy cotton top. Stanley regarded her with a sly grin. She was an attractive girl. He immediately noticed the shape of her lips, which if she applied lipstick and kissed his collar, would leave a typical Marilyn Monroe type lip-print behind. In fact her lips looked like they were shaped for a kiss permanently.

Emma's face was roundish and her nose was slightly prominent but straight on the bridge and rounded at the tip. Her hair was brown, tied in a neat pony tail at the back which kept her beautiful neck open to view. Little breasts and protruding nipples rose and fell as she breathed deeply and she was nicely formed there. From her varnished toenails Stanley followed with his eyes up her pretty ankles, slender white legs and fine silky thighs which bloomed with the sheen of youth. The area below the hem of her skirt to the knees was dotted with freckles, tiny speckles of red on white sensual skin.

"I will just go and see if I can find those railway magazines." said the vicar. "I'm sure they are somewhere up in the loft. Do take a seat won't you. Perhaps Emma will impress you with her knowledge of some fascinating matter, she's just completed her A levels you know."

The vicar left the room and after a few moments Stanley took a hard wooden chair and sat himself down in front of the sofa. Emma, surprised at this impertinence, looked up from her magazine with some derision in her brown eyes. Her mouth tightened and she put her nose in the air.

"The proud one are you?" chuckled Stanley and winked suggestively.

The young lady was unsure about this signal, and seeing his self assured cheeky grin, merely laughed it off with a "huh!" and returned to her reading.

"Study biology then?" asked Stanley, winking once again and with a tongue in one cheek he stifled his laughter.

"I beg your pardon?" said Emma, screwing up her brow and shaking her head a little.

Stanley leered at her, running his eyes from her feet, legs and breasts.

"Biology?" he repeated, gesturing with a shake of his head in the direction of her skirt.

"What are you babbling about?" said Emma with condescension.

"This, you know," he said and winked, grinning slyly and making his eyeballs outrageously large, horribly so, and then he leaned forwards, placing a hand on her bare thigh and sliding it up the young lady's skirt onto her privates.

"You!" Gasped Emma under her shocked breath, "why you, you, you, you dirty little worm." She panted chaotically as she tried to find the phrase. Stanley giggled through his nose, shrugged his shoulders shamelessly and revelled in the heat at his fingertips as he squeezed at her and tickled outrageously. Emma's head went back a little and she screwed up her nose as she fought against the violence of her breathing, trying in vain to make it stop.

"You disgusting filthy dirty old man." She hissed and struggled with her emotions, swept her hair back and fixing Stanley's wicked gaze, her eyes full of venom, she bit her lower lip and said. "I'll get you for this, you dirty old bastard." That last phrase amused Stanley considerably and he shook with convulsions of boyish giggles which he somehow had to stiffle.

"Ah! Found them at last" Exclaimed the vicar from upstairs, "I knew they were here somewhere."

Stanley gave Emma one last tickle and withdrew his hand, stood up, and put the chair back where it had been. The young woman drew her knees up and grasped her legs tightly with her hands. Somehow she managed to pull herself together before the vicar re-appeared.

"I'll be at the Red Lion at seven tonight", Stanley said to her quietly, "meet me outside."

Emma made a slight whimpering sound and gazed at him with disgust. She was red and trembling. When her grandfather appeared in the room she sprang up and dashed out of the room.

"How are you two getting on then?" said the vicar from outside the room and seeing Emma charge upstairs he continued "Where are you off to young lady? I've got work for you!".

"I don't think Emma likes me, she's been very unfriendly," said Stanley.

"Oh nonsense, she's just upset about the exams. Now look, I've got every issue from 1972 to 1978. Take them." said the vicar.

Stanley took the box with thanks and walked out of the house. The vicar called after him.

"You come for tea on Sunday, how does three-ish suit you?"

"That suits me fine." said Stanley.

The weather had turned sour and there was a light drizzle when Emma arrived at the Red Lion. Stanley was sheltering in the doorway and greeted his young guest and paid her a compliment immediately.

"You look lovely" he said, looking approvingly.

She was wearing a floral summer dress with shoulder straps and a pretty bow was tied in the middle. Under a little red umbrella her radiant skin bloomed in the early evening light.

"I really shouldn't ought to have come." she said. "You're awful, just awful. I think I should go home".

"Let's go for a driv.e" suggested Stanley and took Emma by the hand, leading her across the road to an aging Ford Escort.

Two young men crossing the street leered at her, turning around to look with envy at the balding old man going off with the ravishing young woman.

"Where are we going?" asked Emma as the Escort set off with a splutter and jerk.

"I've got a caravan not too far off." said Stanley, raising his eyebrows at her and sniggering. Then he put a hand on her leg and felt the firmness of it through the thin dress material.

"You're one of those dirty old men aren't you?" said Emma softly and her head went back.

"You lecherous creep, you should be ashamed." she moaned.

Stanley sniggered and felt the pretty student's legs, rubbing and pinching her gently through the summer skirt. Emma breathed deep and deeper still when his hand went up to her bosom, untied a lace knot and slipped his hand inside where quivering bare breasts thrilled to Stanley's middle aged hand.

"You've got a nice pair there" he remarked with a chortle, and his fingers played with a nipple teasingly.

"Like that do you?" he asked.

"You bastard." Emma whimpered, "You dirty, filthy bastard, I'm going to tell granddad everything."

That made Stanley snigger in his disgusting, lecherous way, through his nose, as was his habit.

The car took a turn down a small private road in the countryside and after a short drive they arrived at a small cottage with a caravan sitting at the side. The house was boarded up and badly overgrown with creeping ivy. Stanley and Emma got out of the car.

"It's rotten with damp." said Stanley. "I'm having it demolished and a new house built. It's a good plot. Nice and private."

He looked at Emma and gave her wink. "The caravan's cosy though let's go inside and brew up."

It was a small caravan and inside there was just a bunk for two and a small table. The curtains were drawn so Stanley opened them to let the light in and then filled a rusty old fashioned kettle and set it on a tiny gas cooker. Emma stood in the tiny space by the bed and look with amusement.

"I wish I had one of these," she said, "it's so compact."

"Yes," said Stanley, "I love it out here."

He sat on the lower bunk in front of the young lady. Emma noticed his hair, thin on top, combed across his shiny scalp and kept in place most likely with brylcream. The next thing she knew Stanley was helping her off with her dress. He folded it neatly and put it on the top bunk. All she had on now

were a pair of red satin knickers.

"Turn around." said Stanley.

He manipulated Emma at the hips and swiveled her around and then lowered her knickers and she lifted her feet as he removed them, stowing them above.

"Eee that's a nice bum." he whispered and touched her beautiful white skin with his hands.

He parted her cheeks and forced her to widen her stance and made her bend over a little. She did as he desired and gasped a little but was otherwise silent.

"That feels nice," he said, "beautiful."

She drew in breath sharply and whimpered when he began to touch her private parts including her anus.

"You just love it eh!" he chuckled wickedly. "And you call me a dirty old man. Just listen to you. I know what you're like. I can tell, you'd want me to stick it up here eh!"

He pressed his thumb at her anus and Emma yelped, almost toppling over head first, but steadied herself by placing hands on her knees.

Presently Stanley allowed Emma to stand and turned her round and touched her breasts.

"Here love," he said, "get comfortable."

He made space on the bed and Emma laid down. She opened her legs slightly and Stanley touched her, his fingers prodding through the dark hair. She arched her back and breathed sharply. Stanley stopped for a moment and lowered his trousers, taking off his underwear and slinging them away.

"What do you think of that? Go on suck it then!" he urged his young guest, and presented his cock to her wet lips. He snickered devilishly and touched her privates again and pushed his dick into Emma's mouth and she held him at the base.

"You outrageous girl" he moaned, "Oh you dirty little girl, what would your grandfather say, my goodness."

He stood above her next to the bed, one knee behind Emma's head, and she pleasured him slowly,

circling with her tongue and wrapping her moist lips around him like it was the most natural thing in her existence.

As the kettle began to boil Stanley suddenly began to breath sharply and deeply.

He withdrew from her eager mouth and took hold of himself at the base and Emma watched his dark red cock swell in front of her face. She went to touch him there but he stopped her.

"Stay still don't move!" he said desperately, like he was in pain.

The kettle whistled furiously and shook on the cooker. His cock burst then and a thick white spurt hit Emma in the face just under an eye and she cried out. The second gush hit her stronger still, on the nose and up into her hair. Stanley almost killed himself laughing in his wicked way as he took aim at Emma's pert young breasts, soaking them in his gooey white mess. Then, as he neared completion he turned her over and jerked himself, letting the remainder dribble onto her legs, bum and back.

"Lovely!" groaned Stanley. "I needed that, how about that cuppa then? Kettle's boiled."

He reached over and turned off the gas. Emma turned over, touched the cum on her face and smelled it.

"You beast!" she said weakly. "You filthy beast!"

Stanley shrugged his shoulders, laughed and filled a teapot then took a bag of sugar cubes.

"One lump or two?" he said with a giggle.

On Sunday Stanley arrived as he had promised and had a splendid time with the vicar as they discussed various aspects of model railways. They planned a fund raising event in September in which they would combine their collections and show them off in the village hall.

Emma was rather aloof with Stanley at the table and this caused him to complain.

"You know vicar, I really don't think your granddaughter likes me, can't think why. I think it must be all this railway talk."

"Oh she's been a bit moody the last day or two that's all, I think she's fretting over her exam results." said the vicar and he went out of the room to get some wine from the cellar.

Stanley winked at Emma and she flashed him a big white smile, her brown eyes shining with all their sparkle. He put his hand under the table and up her skirt, touching her between the legs.

"Meet me tonight at the Red Lion?" he said with a snigger and a wink, "six thirty?"

"Oh rather!" answered Emma and she undid her blouse buttons and showed Stanley her young breasts for a moment before her grandfather returned.