Claire's Awakening 5: Mr Williams

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Don't steal my stories.. Write your own! You can't steal memories like these ;) xXx

Mr Williams enjoys watching Claire's journy of self-exploration..

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Dave Williams lived alone. He was 46 and looked good for his age. 6”2, dark brown eyes with long curly lashes and almost black hair – short and tousled. His wife Helen had left him a year ago for his best friend John. The split had left him devastated and he hadn’t left the house much since. His days were now spent surfing the internet for porn. Sweet virgin teenage pussy. It was a growing obsession, spurred by his neighbour’s daughter Claire. Sandra and Pete had always been good friends of his, but since Helen had left they had been pretty distant.

Over the past year Dave had watched Claire bloom into a beautiful young woman. Her breasts had grown round and firm, her waist had become more defined and her ass had become a magnificent booty. Many nights had been spent searching for a porn star resembling her, but it was becoming clear that Claire was one of a kind.

Each morning he sat at the kitchen table eating the usual burnt toast and swigging his sugary tea whilst watching this beautiful creation dance around her room. She had developed the lovely habit of opening her curtains before dressing... This morning, Wednesday, she had acted differently. She woke earlier than usual and then spent a long time posing in front of her mirror. He was fascinated by her choice of underwear – the white with tiny pink hearts. Usually she only wears those when she goes out with friends on a weekend...

Now he was sat in his study at computer. He was positioned next to the window, waiting for the evening show. He looked out across the street and directly into Claire’s room. She was late home again... Why hadn’t Pete picked her up in the car? Something was up. Had she found a boyfriend? Dave prayed to God that she hadn’t.

His attention went back to the girls on his computer screen. A blonde bombshell was screaming like a banshee, while a head of brown wavy hair sucked hungrily from her pussy. Dave leaned back against

his chair, resisting the urge to grab his throbbing member. He imagined the girl was Claire, licking her best friend's clit. He enjoyed thinking that this was what happened at their sleepovers... His boxers strained against his erection. His t-shirt hung loosely across his body. An old 'Sex Pistols' top from his younger days.

A light went on over the road; Claire was home. The smile on her face told him she'd had a good day. Very good – she started taking off her clothes right in front of the mirror. She'd forgotten the curtains again. Dave's hand slid into his boxers, gently running his fingers across his testicles. Something was different. Claire took off her bra and let it fall to the floor like tissue paper. He let out a deep moan. She was gently caressing her breasts. He'd never seen her do that before! He grabbed hold of his shaft and began slowly running his hand along his dick. Oh god, her hands were running across her stomach... He tightened his grip. Claire was sliding down her pretty little boxers. She was naked. For the first time ever, he could see her body in all its teenage glory. She'd shaved. The skin around her little hole was pure. Her hands slid between her legs. Dave thought he was going to explode! One of her lean fingers disappeared inside her. Her face was a picture of sheer delight. Her finger re-emerged and she gently sucked on it. Claire seemed to be happily surprised. He groaned again, louder, as she did it again and again. He'd died and gone to heaven. He was watching this sweet little teen fingering her virgin hole... All of a sudden she disappeared. Dave panicked. Was that it? Where had she gone? He silently begged for act 2. Soon she was back with a stool and what looked like a hair brush. He was intrigued.

Claire gently placed the stool in front of the mirror. Then she lifted the leg furthest away from the window and placed it onto the stool. Dave's grip tightened further, his cock felt like steel. His hand started pumping harder. The hair brush. Was she really going to do it? His question was answered, she picked it up. Watching her reflection in the mirror the whole time, she slowly spread her dripping kitty lips and pushed the handle into her tunnel. Seeing her head tip backwards, he began to grunt. Claire was really going for it, pummelling her pussy hard and fast. Dave's hand joined her. He imagined it was him inside her. He was getting closer. The pressure was building up inside him.

The stunning teen across the road stiffened, her hand working faster. The other started to rub her hot spot frantically. Dave's penis started to spasm out of control and he came in a pool of spunk and sweat. Claire reached her peak. He could almost hear her screaming with him. He sunk back into his chair, watching the brush fall from her virgin hole. His cock gave one last twitch as she fell to sit on the stool.

Dave was shocked, frozen to the spot. He'd just had a mind-blowing orgasm watching his neighbour's teenage daughter masturbating with a hair brush!

"Life couldn't get much sweeter than this!" He thought.

Oh, he couldn’t have been more wrong!