

Chapter 1: Get On Board, Little Children

She lives in a fairy tale, somewhere too far for us to find...

It's strange how a normal guy like me suddenly finds himself propelled to the past, to meet the child star that he was desperately obsessed with. There were a few problems to deal with—some life and death situations—but everything went well anyways.

Now here I am, at home with the Temples in their place at Brentwood. Shirley was downstairs having her bath, and I'm still sitting on her bed, unable to believe everything that's happened so far. I didn't notice someone by the door until there was a knock. I turned to face the person who broke me from my daze.

"Hey, I heard you'll be staying with us." There was a guy standing by the door, a little on the skinny side, wearing glasses. His hair was a little messed up, but I had an idea who he is.

"You must be Jack, Shirley's big brother." I smiled faintly and held out my hand. "Jonathan Gray, it's a pleasure to meet you."

"The pleasure's all mine," he shook my hand with a smile in his face. "Griff told me about what happened, and I wanted to thank you for keeping my little sister safe."

"I just did what any person would." I didn't need to lie, that sentence was the most sincere thing I said since I came here.

"I doubt *any* person would do something like what you did." He was grinning at me, and I guessed he has a point. "You're a hero for me, Jonathan. I just hope that's what you really are." The last sentence sounded grim.

"Come on, you think I have ulterior motives?" I started making my way outside the room, I couldn't stand anymore interrogation. "I was passing by and saw what happened, I couldn't just walk away." While saying this I was currently walking away from Jack. I stepped outside the room and made my way downstairs.

"Wait!" Jack caught up to me, "I think we need you. Shirley has a lot of threats to her safety, and having you close to her would really make me feel safe."

"After what just happened?!" I told him with wide eyes, "Of course I won't leave her side." But Jack wasn't looking at me anymore, he was staring down the stairs. I turned to follow his gaze.

Shirley was standing by the stairs, apparently listening to us. She was staring at me, wide eyed with her mouth open. She then closed her mouth and smiled while looking straight at me.

“Gosh, you really mean that?!” She seems to brighten up a lot. I went closer to her, noticing that she was only wearing a bathrobe that wasn’t even closed properly, revealing a beautiful nubile body, gleaming from the bath she just took. I looked her over, revelling in the site of her adorable nudity.

“Shirley, fix your bathrobe! We can see all of you!” Jack went to her to fix the bathrobe. “You don’t usually go around the house like that, what happened to your shame?” He was eyeing me and Shirley back and forth while saying this. Shit, I hope he didn’t catch me staring at her little sister’s naked body.

“Sorry Jack, but I’m awfully excited to be with Jonathan.” Shirley’s innocent honesty was really cute. Knowing her mother, I have a feeling Shirley won’t be allowed to go around the house without ample clothing. This means that she either wants to show off to me, or I’m more important than her mother’s discipline.

“Look, she’s just a kid. I don’t see problem.” I tried to sound non-pedophilic as much as possible.

“I know, but we might suddenly have visitors, and we can’t have them seeing Shirley like THIS now can we?” Jack was done fixing Shirley’s robe, and was making his way downstairs. He stopped to look back at us. “Or would you rather have her being seen as such?” I can’t tell if it was a joke or another interrogation.

“I think the public would like it.” I decided to take a risk and joke around with a chuckle.

Jack actually laughed at my joke. “Shirley’s a good dancer and singer and all, but I don’t think she’d make a good sexy model.”

“Hey, I’m not THAT fat!” Shirley said with a punch at her brother. The three of us broke out laughing.

Shirley went up to get dressed, while Jack went down to do some stuff. I decided to go with Shirley. I ain’t passing the opportunity to see her naked once more.

I entered her room, and if there was a limit to how much shock a human being can take, I am at my limit. She was standing in front of her mirror, still naked, with her hands on her crotch. From the doorway of her room, I can’t completely figure out what she’s doing, but I think she was spreading her pussy lips and checking herself out in the mirror. But that’s just what I think.

Shirley almost jumped when she saw me enter from the mirror. Her hands quickly made their way to her back and she turned quickly to me. She spun so gracefully like a girl doing a pirouette, and I fell in love with her even more. There was a look of guilt on her face, but it didn’t take away the look of innocence in her eyes.

"Umm, sorry for not knocking, I guess." I tried to act like I didn't notice whatever she was doing.

"D-d-Did you see?" She was teary eyed. "I-I didn't mean to!" Her whole body was shaking, nervous. I, on the other hand, was excited. I tried to control my little friend from becoming stiff, but it was a losing battle. I made my way to the bed, hoping that sitting down will be enough to hide my growing erection.

"See what, you looking at yourself in the mirror?" I feigned innocence, but was hoping this goes the way I want it to. "Isn't that normal?"

"Um, I..." She was getting fidgety, and I kept on looking her up and down, head to toe. From her pretty face, her flat chest with cute little nipples, and an adorable puffy pussy, all coated with her fair and smooth skin.

"I wasn't just looking at myself, see. I was, um, looking at my..." Her hands were slowly making their way to her pussy.

"You were looking at your pussy, huh?" I decided to just break the goddamn ice. She gasped at my sudden interruption.

"I was, but I was just curious..." She walked slowly to me, and climbed up my lap. She put an arm around my neck, and laid her head on my chest. Finally, she looked up at me. "A while back before you rescued me, the bad man was doing things to my, um..."

"He was doing things to your pussy?" It's cute how she struggles to say the word. She nodded and laid her head on my chest again. "What did he do?" was all I could say, but I didn't want to hear it.

"He licked it, right here." She spread her legs so I could see what was between them, and used her left hand to point where she was licked. I almost fainted when she opened her pussy lips to emphasize exactly where. "A little bit here, and a little all over." She was tracing her vagina with her fingers.

I must say that I can hardly breathe, any more of this and I would surely die.

"I don't understand why, but it felt good." She was looking directly at me, straight into my eyes. My heart melted, my brain broke down, and the only part of me left to make decisions was my cock.

"Do you want to feel it again?" I asked, my throat dry because of anxiety. I laid her down on the bed so I could lock the door. When I went back to her she had already spread her legs even more, making my cock twitch with excitement. I could not believe this is happening.

"Hurry up, If mother catches us, we'd be dead." She was looking down at me, waiting for my move.

So I made my move.

Chapter 2: On The Good Ship Lollipop

You're still twice the woman I deserve...

With a heart beating faster than drums on a marching band, I crawled on her bed, kicking off my shoes so they wouldn't mess up the bed sheet. I went straight to her pubic area, fixing my eyes on her eyes, so I could tell if she was alright. She was staring at me, with those bright eyes that never lost their innocence, even as she lay naked with her legs spread, and her sex dangerously close to my face. I could smell her, and her scent was arousing, to say the least.

"Well? I'm waiting." She was looking straight at me, into my eyes, and I knew there was no turning back.

"Alright, here I go. And remember, not a word to anyone." She nodded, and I buried my face on her cute little fish pie. I started with a few kisses, and was rewarded with her adorable giggles. I switched to my tongue, and licked her up. The taste of Shirley Temple was incomparable, although I never really tasted any girl in my life. She was my first.

She was all quiet now, which worried so I checked up on her. She had her eyes closed, with her left arm covering her face. Her breathing had gotten heavier now; I saw her chest and stomach slowly rise and fall. No matter how perverted this situation seems for both of us, she still remained beautiful. And innocent.

I kept going at her pussy, licking her up like a hungry beast who's tasted the best meat life could offer. I thought I heard her moan, but she's hardly audible. I decided to focus my tongue on her clit, giving her as much pleasure as I think I could. I want to make this a good experience for her, so I can't mess up.

I wasn't sure if she was liking it, so I asked,

"How are you feeling?" She remained quiet and I thought she fell asleep.

"It's...great. Don't stop..." She said weakly, almost whispering. I kept licking and doing things with my tongue that can't be defined by words. Her legs had already clamped me to her crotch, preventing me from escaping. I was under the nymphet's spell, and I had no intention of fighting back.

Just when things are getting heated I felt her sit up, and push me away. I looked at her, feeling wronged, but at the same time feeling worried that I did something wrong.

She started running straight for her door, then stopped and went to her dresser instead. All the while I was just looking at her with a "*what the fuck?!*" look on my face.

"Sorry, I've got to pee. But then I can't go downstairs naked can I?" ,she was saying this while rushing to put her clothes on. I wiped my face, which was quite wet from her juice.

“Let me help you with that.” I went to her, her head was stuck trying to wear her dress. She managed to wear it anyway, without my help. “Oh, never mind then.”, I proceeded to straighten her dress instead. It was a cute short dress, flowing an inch past her knees, with a pink hue and white floral design. *She's so beautiful whether she's naked or dressed*, I thought to myself. I just smiled to myself as she ran downstairs, knowing that I was close to giving her an orgasm.

I can't wait to see what's in store for me.

Chapter 3: The Little Princess

Sara smiles like Sara doesn't care...

I went downstairs, checking out the interior of the place. I didn't get the chance to look close at the paintings and other decorations at the living room, because Shirley zipped past me and grabbed my hand, dragging me along with her.

She looked at me with an enthusiastic grin,

“Let's go, I'm gonna ride Little Carnation today!” . If I'm not mistaken, Little Carnation is the name of her horse cart, which means we'll probably go their stables. *This is it, I'm a part of Shirley's everyday life!*, I thought to myself, walking alongside Shirley and holding her hand. I have never felt so good in my life, and my life has been utterly boring until this whole time travelling shit happened to me.

We went outside, and the evening glow of the sun made the sky the same color as Shirley's dress. I looked at her, smiling as she bathed in that pink light. She was so beautiful, and if I could've fallen more in love with her I just did, and I kept falling as I look at her. I smiled at her, looking into her eyes, hoping she gets my message. She looked down on the ground, fidgeting and fixing imaginary crumples at her dress, and I could've sworn I saw her blush, although it was hard to tell. I just stood there looking like a dumbass when she held both my hands, and looked up at me with a face that seems to say that she got the message.

"I-I guess it's a little late for a ride now, huh?" She said out of the blue, snapping me out of whatever spell I was in.

"Yeah, guess you're right...", I muttered, my eyes still fixated on hers, "We should go back inside, your mother might be waiting for you or something." I offered her my hand, and she took it, and we walked together, holding hands. Perhaps this could really be my chance, to finally be with someone I love.

She took some flowers from their garden, possibly to put in her bedroom. We went back inside the house, just in time as Jack seemed to be looking for me.

"There you are, Jonathan!" Jack said, running up to me. He looked like he needed my help with something.

"What's up?", I replied, immediately realizing that the phrase wasn't invented yet during the time. They must have noticed my use of words, for both Shirley and her brother are looking at me with quizzical looks on their faces. "Um, that's just a... saying from where I came from. It means 'What's going on?'", I tried to hide my nervousness with a chuckle.

"What's up? UP?", Shirley imitated, her head tilted back, eyes staring at the ceiling. She lost her balance, wobbled, and I moved as fast as I could to catch her from stumbling down. Holding her in my arms, I lifted her up and carried her, enjoying the giggles coming from her. "I thought dancers are supposed to be good at keeping their balance?", I joked.

"ANYway-", Jack patted me at the back, "I was wondering if I could use your help in the kitchen, can you cook?". We started to their kitchen, which I may describe looks just like a normal kitchen should look, a little more well-kept than I'm used to, at least. "I thought you had a maid or a cook..." was all I could mutter.

"Mabel had something scheduled today, so she took a day off." I nodded at Jack, remembering who Mabel is. Mabel is Griff's wife, and she's also some sort of maid to the family.

"Good thing I can cook", I told them with my wittiest grin; cooking was one of the few things I had confidence in. I let Jack lead me to their kitchen tools.

A few hours and a few messing around later, we managed to conjure edible looking meals. I'm surprised myself to see that I can cook an ideal American dinner, as I'm used to canned goods back home.

"Well that wasn't so bad If I do say so myself." I was absurdly proud of me for this. Shirley then attacked me with a surprise hug, and I almost fainted due to surge of cuteness.

“Good job, Jonathan!” Those words alone would be enough, but she followed up with a smooch to my cheek. If I still wasn’t in love her from before, I would have surely fallen in love now.

Dinner wasn’t as awkward as I thought it would be, Shirley’s family asked me the usual stuff, like where I came from and what I’m doing in this place, all of which I already had a well-planned and strategized answer to (I had time to make up my story while preparing dinner). I made sure that there will be no loopholes or weak parts to my fabricated history: I was working at a diner in Brooklyn, but when the company had to lay off some people I was one of the unlucky ones, and I wanted to spend some time a little far away to gather myself and find a job in the process.

After I finished my story everyone just looked at me quietly, well everyone except Shirley who suddenly stood up.

“Ooh! I have an idea!” We were all dumbfounded and just stared at her. “Why don’t you be my babysitter?”

“Honey, I don’t think that’s an awfully good idea.” Mummy to the rescue again, sigh. “After all, isn’t that Griff’s job.”

Shirley just looked at Griff with a strange sense of disappointment, “I dunno, Griff is my bodyguard, but he doesn’t feel like a babysitter. I need someone fun like Jonathan here.”

“Well I...” I was silenced by surprise, this wasn’t so bad, but I didn’t see this coming. And I hate it when I can’t foresee the possibilities of an event.

“I guess it’s not very far-fetched to have someone to be Shirley’s playmate, considering this is her proposal” Mummy (forgive me if I keep calling her that) looked straight at me, “But we can’t offer you much except for lodging and a small salary per month until you find a job.”

“Ma’am, you have given me more than enough, I couldn’t possibly be anymore grateful.” I tried to be as sincere as I could, holding back thoughts like ‘*While you’re at it, can I have your daughter’s hand in marriage?*’

Chapter 4: Animal Crackers In My Soup

"You won't be alone tonight..."

I was making my way up to Shirley's room when I saw Griff waiting for me by her door. Looks to me like I have to work on some trust issues with him, with the way he's looking at me. Or glaring at me.

"Look here Jonathan Gray," he edged closer to me, still glaring straight into my eyes, "I don't trust you at all."

"That makes one of us; I never lied a single time since I came into this household." I leaned on the wall, arms akimbo, with my best smart-ass grin on my lips.

"I find your story hard to believe"

"Really, which part?"

"The part where I found you in the same place as Shirley's abductor"

"If I was with the guy, don't you think Shirley would've told you?" I raised an eyebrow, acting cool knowing at least that I don't have to lie through this one. "You wouldn't take me for *< i>that</i>* kind of person, now, would you?"

"No, I take that you're the kind of person who's wise enough to manipulate others to get what he wants."

I was going to answer when a sound from the stairs made me turn my head, it was Shirley. She just finished climbing the stairs and saw us.

"Jonathan! Griff! Good, you're both here," She had on a beautiful pink nightgown, not sure if it was silk or cotton, reaching just an inch below the knees. Her angelic smile was the best thing she could wear on her pretty face. I struggled to calm myself down, feeling my breathing and my heartbeat speed up. She was intoxicating, if I wasn't in love with her before, I sure as hell am now. (Getting tired of that phrase, yet?)

"Hey Shirley," I turned to her while Griff started walking away from us.

"Griff, why don't you stay with me and Jonathan? I'm not yet sleepy anyway." Shirley held to Griff's shirt, probably staring him down with puppy eyes.

"I'm not comfortable spending time with this man, I don't see how you could be, Shirley," Griff held her hand, let it go, and started making his way downstairs. "You be careful with him, I don't trust him at all."

Shirley shrugged it off, with an adorable look of puzzlement in her little cherubic face. I shrugged it off too, knowing that he's just doing his job but he will be a hindrance if I wanted to take things further with Shirley.

"After I protected you from that molester, I'm guessing Griff doesn't like the idea of me doing his job," I told Shirley as she took me inside her room, hand in hand. She just smiled at me and we played with her dolls. As awkward for me as it is to play with dolls, I couldn't pass up the chance to be with her.

We had fun, and when Shirley announced that she was getting sleepy and wanted to go to bed, I wanted to tell her that we could have fun in there too. But I had to hold back, moving too fast was strategically fatal, and I can't risk the good relationship that we were building up.

She let me sleep in her bed, and she cuddled next to me. Had you been in my situation, I'm sure you know how it feels to have to restrain yourself from making any form of advances. But in case you do not know how it feels, let's just say you can feel a battle between an angel and the devil raging inside you. Your heart and your head feel like a battlefield, waiting to be taken by whoever wins the war. In my case, it felt like the devil was winning, slowly but surely. I do not think I can survive this night, and I fear for Shirley. I can only hold back so much darkness.

Much to my own surprise, I held back, somehow I did. Good thing I did, too, for I felt someone watching through the door— it was ajar, though we never really intended to close it. It's probably Griff; I couldn't blame him for doing his job, of course. I tried to get a better look without making it obvious I was awake, and apparently it wasn't Griff, it was Shirley's mom. I guess that shouldn't surprise me either, I calmed myself down and finally fell asleep.

I woke up to the sound of birds singing along with Shirley's humming, she seems to be playing around with some dolls. I rubbed the sleep off my eyes and got up, feeling pretty good regardless of all the throbbing and aching muscles all over my body.

"Good morning sleepyhead!" She was radiating a cheery atmosphere, truly a great way to start a morning.

"Morn', sweetheart." , It was all I could muster given the current circumstance. It felt like I was still asleep, and dreaming that I'm in a world where time-travel is possible. Fortunately, I wasn't dreaming. Memories of yesterday still linger like the bitter-sweet taste of dark chocolate.

"What does 'Morn' mean?" She cocked her head to the right. *Déjà vu* surged through me as I remember her autobiography mentioning this same question she asked Joel Mcrea.

"It probably means 'morning', " I didn't notice that I said the same thing Joel Mcrea said. I was so sleepy that none of this is registering properly in my head.

"Then why don't they just call it 'morning'?" Her forehead wrinkled, and her brows were trying to meet, it was adorable.

"Didn't you ask Joel Mcrea that same specific question?" I heard a slight irritation in my voice, and that blasted me out of sleepiness. Wrong move for me, I thought.

"Well he didn't answer me—" She stood up, all of sudden, almost shocking me, "How did you know that?!"

I stared at her in disbelief, trying not to accept the fact that I'm slowly blowing off my cover. Nobody could have known of the conversation she had with the actor a year ago, except maybe her mother and a driver. I couldn't tell her that I read it from an autobiography she would write in 20 years. I was faced with a difficult decision, lie to her or tell her the unbelievable truth?

"Look Shirley, I..."

Lie.

Tell the truth.

I don't know what to do.

I had to decide.

Chapter 5: Heaven's Gate

"And I don't what the world to see me, 'cause I don't think that they'd understand..."

"I love you."

What the hell did I just say?

"I—"

"I like you too," I felt her arms surround my neck and her sweet presence almost crushed me. She pressed her face dangerously close to mine, our foreheads touching together like the start of a violent chain reaction. "But you didn't answer my question."

"I love you, and that's why I can't tell you." I had nothing else to say, the agile mind so quick to bluff that I am proud of became a puff of smoke. I could've thought of a quick legit lie, but I didn't want to lie to her, and even if I did, her beauty and my love for her seems to render me unable to lie straight to her face.

"Oh, that's awful, I'd really like to know" She inched away from me with her arms crossed, her smile turned into a frown, and I died a little bit inside.

"I just can't tell you right now," I looked down, disappointed at myself, knowing that sooner or later I'm gonna have to tell her the truth. "I'm sorry," but no one was there to hear me, I soon realized as I looked up to see her run out of the room. Great, I thought to myself, I pissed her off.

I stood up from where I was kneeling, regret eating at my heart. Should I have told her the truth? Should I do what I do best and lie? I shrugged it off for the meantime and made my way out of her room.

My heart almost jumped when Griff greeted right after I went out her door.

"What do you want so early in the morning?", I tried not to sound annoyed after the little argument I just had with Shirley. Here's hoping he doesn't know what just happened.

"I'm her bodyguard, you really think I wouldn't notice that little stunt you pulled in her room?"

Great, if he heard it all, I'm in quite the trouble.

"Who are you really, Jonathan Gray?"

"I already told you about myself. I kept no detail out."

He inched closer, and for once I couldn't trust my poker face to stay calm.

"You said that you were laid off from wherever you were working at in Brooklyn?"

I kept looking at him, there couldn't be loopholes in my story right?

"There weren't any companies in Brooklyn that laid employees off this month."

Well that's just, crappy.

"You sure? 'Cause I'm living proof that you're statement is wrong." I tried to look sure of myself, keep on bluffing, that's all I can do right now.

“We’ll see, now why don’t you explain why Shirley just went down looking so agonized?”

“Huh? I didn’t do anything.”

“Why do I have a hard time believing you?” And with that he made his way downstairs, leaving me with cold sweat and an ominous feeling eating at my heart.

A few seconds must have passed before I decided to go downstairs, feeling scared for how Shirley decides to follow up on our little argument minutes ago. But to my own surprise, the only thing that greeted me was the beautiful smell of-

“Pancakes?”

“It’s called breakfast, you twit!”

I spun around to that familiar voice, although it sounded quite mad this time. And she’s with her brother.

“Mind that tongue of yours, now.” He ruffled the little sweetheart’s hair and turned to me with what I consider a “goodmorning grin”(if such a thing exists), “Ain’t she a peach?”

“Oh. Yes. Totally.” For once my mind was in a state of insubordination, not working the way I want it to. “Swell.”

“Either you’re still asleep, or just hungry.”

“Little bit of both I think,” I conjured my best grin available and off we went for breakfast, which is pancakes courtesy of big brother Jack.

I must say the pancakes were all right, the kind that’s soft and fluffy enough to make you feel like you’re chewing on a cloud or something. The syrup was pretty sweet, too, and I must admit I’m quite the sweet tooth. We had some apple juice, too, and for once I don’t feel like I’m in the past regardless of the lack of television, cell phones, and the internet. I never thought I’d actually be comfortable with this kind of lifestyle.

Then again I still have a few complications to take care of. Both Shirley and Griff are suspicious as to who and what I am, and if I’m not careful then I might as well be good as dead right now.

The rest of the day was actually quite uneventful. I spent most of the morning with Jack, getting used to the house and stuff. I’m pretty sure that Griff had his eyes on me even if I can’t see him. Shirley was busy playing with the horse, Little Carnation, or something like that. All the while she wouldn’t even look my way.

I have to straighten up this problem, but I don't know what or how to tell her. For the rest of the day I tried to devise a plan to fix everything. I came up short, and by evening I still had nothing. Shirley was about to take a bath and I thought I should just move on instinct for once.

I don't know how I managed to, but I was able to sneak to the bath with Shirley. Maybe luck was my lady, as I like to believe. Shirley was a little surprised to see me, and boy was I awed to see her, but I put my finger on my lips(I'm sure you know what that means) . I didn't think it would work, but she nodded, her eyes directly on mine. She smiled when she noticed I couldn't stay my gaze on one fixed point. I couldn't help, so I ended up eyeing her all over, over and over again.

"You like what you see?" She told me with that innocent giggle you can only get from an 8 year old angel. I tried to keep myself strong, but I'm sure she can notice how hard it's getting for me to breath. I'm pretty sure I was in heaven and hell at the same time.

I inched closer, noting how adorable she looks without her clothes on. Even just this would be enough, but this isn't what I came for. I tried not to, but the cat ended up getting my tongue, and I just slumped down the tiles, the two orbs in my head lost their composure and was just staring at this beautiful naked princess in front of me. Fair skin all over, with just the right amount of baby fat in the perfect places. I wanted so bad to reach out and touch her, but saner heads prevailed.

"Shirley," I tried my best to look composed, but I think I failed, "I think I should tell you what I really am."

She got up, went to me, and sat on my lap. I held her close, sensitive to every part of her body making contact with mine. Even through my clothes, I could feel her warmth, and I just know that I'm about to cross a Rubicon. There's no looking back once I go through with this.

"I'm going to tell you who I am, but first I need you to promise that you'll trust me, and believe me, okay?"

"Okay, just don't lie to me again."

"I won't."

I held her even closer, tighter, and I pressed my lips to hers. She didn't hesitate or fight back, not even for a moment, and I knew then that she had completely given herself up to me. I don't know if she has any idea of what I'm doing, or about to do, but she gave me her trust and belief, and that's enough. I'm going to tell who and what I am. Then I'll tell her what she is to me.

And after that, I don't know.

Just this once, I'll stop thinking and let instinct take over.